**Naughty Girl**

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**Naughty Girl Ch. 07 Bernice is manipulated by Carol**  
  
Bernice lay in bed worrying. She was a mature married woman, yet she was letting Susan, a nineteen year old girl, take over her life. The girl decided what she had to eat, wear, and everything else. There was no escaping the dominant girl because she drove her to school, and had grounded her. Susan had even put her on the pill! A young girl shouldn't be deciding she couldn't be trusted with boys, and so put her on the pill.  
  
It was an awful thought, that her past record made it a prudent decision. Last night she and Jim, an eighteen year old from school, had sex. Only later did she realise, Susan had set her up, by sending the young guy to her room. This was all terribly wrong!  
  
It felt so difficult to resist the downward spiral of her life, as though she were being dragged back in time. How in hell had this happened? Why was she still here, letting it happen?  
  
Her husband left her for another woman, even after she tried so hard to spice up their marriage. The feeling of being a bad girl after all the things she did over the last few days, was difficult to deal with. Being treated like an adolescent, and sent back to school, was all a terrible mistake. She had never experienced such dramatic events in her life, so it was difficult to figure out how to cope.  
  
It was all so overwhelming. Feelings of guilt over what she had done with those boys, the terrible loss over her husband abandoning her, inadequacy from bullying in school, all combined to shake her confidence. It left her unable to make a single decision about anything. Was that why she was letting others decide the course of her life?  
  
She was escaping from making decisions by going back to school, and regressing into more innocent times. With the regression came the old uncertainties of adolescence. The bullying at school made it all the more real. Being aware of what was happening didn't help, it just left her feeling deeply inadequate and helpless.  
  
The only good things happening were Paul's promise to look after her, and of course, Jim. Jim was eighteen and reminded her of a time of innocence, when problems were small and manageable. In those days problems regularly grew and faded, quickly changing from day to day.  
  
Jim was a shining light in her life. He made her feel good. She smiled to herself, while cuddling a pillow. She could be a good girl with him. He gave her pleasure, and a reason to go to school; just to be near him. It was silly to be in love with such a young guy, but pushed the unease from her thoughts.  
  
Bernice concentrated on him and their time together. He was nice, and wanted her, which at the moment she needed so badly. He kissed so gently and cuddled her so warmly, she wanted to please him in return. She drifted off to sleep thinking about him, with a smile lighting her face.  
  
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"You look happy this morning," Susan said, when Bernice walked in for breakfast.  
  
"I am, very," Bernice replied.  
  
"Here's a coffee to take your pill," Susan offered.  
  
It was crucial that she took back control of her life, and not submit to others, especially to Susan. Looking at the pill for a moment, she realised it was important to take it. As a married woman, becoming pregnant by that young boy, Jim, would be disastrous. She scooped it off the table and took a sip of coffee to wash it down.  
  
She was hungry, and so she had to accept the breakfast Susan prepared. It was all happening again. She was accepting Susan's decisions, unable to break the habit.  
  
"You look properly dressed for school today. Those clothes I bought you are much more suitable for school," Susan commented. "Just a moment. What are you wearing under the skirt. Not another naughty pair of panties I hope," she scathingly said.  
  
Reluctantly Bernice lifted the short hem, to show the girl her panties. She at least had some decent white panties to wear, and Susan accepted them. It was unpleasant for a mature woman to have a young girl inspect her underwear before school. The condescending smile pushed her firmly in place once again.  
  
Walking into school she looked like everyone else, going unnoticed, blending in. Her thoughts too became concerned with school routine, by checking the next class, and which books were needed. In school it was difficult to shake off the overwhelming sense of being a student, and there was no way of escaping from school once through the security gate.  
  
The morning went quickly while concentrating on assignments and class work. She even felt pleased to receive praise from a teacher. School lessons of the past came back to her, and she had a greater understanding of everything at her age. After all, she had been to university, and was ahead of fellow students. Success in class gave her an incentive to join in and try harder.  
  
She looked like a student, was treated like one, and behaved like one, so it was easy to think like a student in school. Without noticing she took on the attitudes of those around her. It seemed peer pressure worked despite her age.  
  
When lunch time arrived she went in search of Jim. She only had fifteen minutes before having to go to Miss Perez. Just to see and talk to him was a priority. First stop was her locker.  
  
"Hey Bernice, you coming to the gig Saturday?" Jilly asked.  
  
"Like yea, if my aunt lets me. She's strict. Won't let me go anywhere," Bernice grimaced.  
  
"Like the skirt. Wish mom would let me wear them that short," Denise said, while rummaging through her locker.  
  
"Like, I'm getting Jegins on Saturday," Carol bragged.  
  
"Like, what's that?" Bernice asked.  
  
"Sounds like a disease she picked up," Jilly laughed.  
  
"The slut was bound to," Denise added.  
  
"No! They're like, err, jeans and leggings, together like," Carol told them.  
  
"My aunt buys everything for me. Don't think she'll go for them," Bernice commented.  
  
"Did she buy that skirt and top? Like wow! She's cool," Carol said.  
  
"Like, not cool, I don't get to chose anything," Bernice complained.  
  
"What's with you and Jim?" Jilly said, with a sly smile.  
  
"Not much," Bernice said, looking shy.  
  
"You've been at it!" Denise giggled.  
  
"Like of course! That's all they want, then they dump you," Carol butted in.  
  
"He's not like that, he's nice," Bernice insisted.  
  
"She's dropped her panties, and really lost it," Jilly said, and they laughed.  
  
"Well, like, I really like him, and he really likes me," Bernice asserted.  
  
"Go for it girl. Let him fuck you, then if he comes back for more, you'll know," Carol told her, as though she were an expert.  
  
Bernice spied Lara approaching. Trying to keep her head down to escape the bully, she felt a hand on her shoulder. She trembled in fright from the contact. It didn't seem ridiculous to her; a grown woman, being frightened of a schoolgirl. Lara may only be eighteen, but she was bigger and more powerful. In school, and she also had the power of a gang behind her.  
  
"Have you made up your mind yet?" Lara casually asked. She glared at the others, who wisely departed.  
  
Bernice kept her head down, and murmured something non-committal.  
  
"You won't need to visit Perez at lunchtime. You'll have more time with lover-boy," Lara laughed.  
  
Hell! How did the bitch know about Jim? More time with him did sound tempting. Avoiding that horrible teacher was necessary too, as she was becoming more threatening every day. The drawback of being in her gang, was having to do as she was told. Shit! What did that matter. How much worse could it be than being ordered around by Susan.  
  
"OK." Bernice murmured.  
  
"Not very enthusiastic. I'm offering to protect you from Perez, and anyone else who tries to pick on you. Not that anyone would dare, once you're in my gang," Lara pointed out.  
  
"Thanks. I want to be in your gang Lara. I agree," Bernice spoke up.  
  
"You agree to do whatever I tell you, right?" Lara said, while poking Bernice's chest.  
  
"Yes, I agree. Whatever you say," Bernice capitulated. Giving in was just so much easier than fighting everyone. All the girls had friends built up over the year, or even longer. As the new girl, she had no one. A boyfriend wasn't the same as having girlfriends.  
  
"I'll settle things with Perez. Here, take this to Greg. He'll be in the sports storeroom," Lara said.  
  
The girls eyes bored into her, daring her to refuse. She wondered why, as it was just a matter of taking a message to the boyfriend. Maybe she was chucking him over for someone else, and the messenger would have to take the outburst of anger.  
  
She found the store room, and Greg. Without a word she handed him the note.  
  
Looking around the room she noticed the lack of equipment. It was typical of the school, as it ran on the minimum of expenses. The fees they charged the wealthy parents were high. The teachers were poor quality and poorly paid.  
  
Greg interrupted her thoughts. "Sorry," she stammered.  
  
The big black athletic guy didn't seem angry. He was silently laughing at her.  
  
"Do you know what's in the note?" he asked, looking highly amused.  
  
"No," she said, only just refraining from calling him, 'sir'.  
  
His presence was more forbidding than most of the teachers. From what she heard, he hardly attended classes, while he conducted some outside illegal business from inside school. So much for the school's reputation at rehabilitation. The staff didn't care whether students worked or no, just so long as they were here, and didn't make trouble.  
  
"Lara is off this afternoon, and wants to make sure I don't stray with some blinder. She wants to keep me happy," he smiled. His whole face lit up when he smiled.  
  
He put his head to one side and looked her over. "She's given you to me for the afternoon," he chuckled. "She knows how randy I am, and knows I won't get hooked on a little thing like you," he said, seriously considering her.  
  
"Get undressed. I want to get a good look at my present," he said. He glared at her with full-on menace, while she just stood there looking bemused.  
  
"You belong to me, girl. Get them clothes off," he told her.  
  
He didn't turn his back to save her blushes, it was to answer the phone. There was no need to consider the options. Between the two of them she was in trouble if she didn't do exactly as she was told. With a trembling of her bottom lip, she began undressing.  
  
Although used to stripping off in school, this was different. Surely he wasn't going to use her! It must be some kind of joke between them. Even Lara wouldn't have sent her over here for the boyfriend to screw. He had said strip, so she took everything off. She just hoped it was a humiliating test of her loyalty to Lara.  
  
He turned around and looked her up and down.  
  
"Nicely shaved, girl. You could join my girls at night, earn yourself some money. I'm a good pimp. Get you checked out regularly in a friendly clinic," he offered.  
  
She was so nervous it took a moment for what he was telling her to sank in.  
  
"No! I. I couldn't," she stammered. He looked at her fiercely for a moment, as though he wouldn't take no for an answer. The impressive muscles of his neck rippled, and chest muscles swelled. He looked powerfully aggressive, and not the person to cross.  
  
Physically she couldn't to fight him off, and the words to talk herself out of this failed her. She stammered something incoherently, despite realising it was important to talk him around. With those big hands he could do anything he liked with her.  
  
She felt like a little doll before him. Standing naked before such a powerful figure made her feel so very weak and vulnerable. She felt stupid to have stripped off, as now she couldn't just run away to find a teacher. Besides, his dominant physical presence had her petrified, so she just stood before him, unable to move.  
  
"They all say that. After the first time it becomes easy. I know for sure, girl," he leered. He looked her over, wondering how old she was. Certainly more than twenty, so she was fair game. She was obviously easy to dominate, and so he figured she would do as she was told, without too much trouble.  
  
The door opened and both of them looked toward it. Jim stood there looking at her, then glared at Greg.  
  
"What are you doing?" Jim asked. His expression was a mixture of disappointment and anger.  
  
"Nothing YET. What's it to you?" Greg asked, with a look of amusement.  
  
"She's my girlfriend," Jim said, looking hopefully at her.  
  
"Yes, he's my boyfriend," Bernice asserted.  
  
She felt more guilty than ever from having let this nice young man down so badly. He had genuine feelings for her, and the hurt unmistakably showed.  
  
"She's going to be one of my whores," Greg teased.  
  
"I'm not!" Bernice whined.  
  
"You going to save the girl," Greg laughed.  
  
"I'll fight for her if I have to," Jim declared.  
  
"No Jim. He'll hurt you. You can't fight him," Bernice cried out.  
  
"Please, let him be. Don't hurt him. I'll, I'll work for you, whatever you want," Bernice stammered. She didn't think about the consequences, she just needed to protect Jim.  
  
Greg's phone rang again, and he took the call. Murmured answers, and head nods were all he gave away. Jim and Bernice didn't even understand that much, for they were intently looking at each other. She tried to communicate that he must leave. He looked at her with anger. He began to understand she had said those things to protect him, but why was she naked?  
  
The tension between them grew unbearable.  
  
Greg completed the call. "Later! I need to go. Got an appointment," he grinned. He stopped in mid stride. "The panties," he said, with a hand outstretched. "Need them as a trophy to show Lara. If she asks, you sucked me off. Right?" he fiercely told her.  
  
"Yes, sir," she hesitantly spoke.  
  
She was relieved to see the hulk shrug his shoulders and smile. "The rooms yours this afternoon. Lara arranged with your teacher to be absent for the next lesson. She's good at that stuff. So you two get to it, that is, if he's really your boyfriend. If he isn't, your one of my girls," he laughed, and left.  
  
"I'm sorry, Jim. Lara sent me over here. She gave me to him. I didn't know. . ." she cried.  
  
Jim hesitantly put his arms around her, then gripped her tight.  
  
"It's OK," he soothed.  
  
He was still wondering why she was naked, but the answer could wait. There was an inviting pile of exercise mats by the wall. He sidled her over to them and sat her down next to him. He kissed away her tears. Holding her chin he worked his way around her face and neck.  
  
"You saved me Jim," she sighed. "Tell me I'm your girlfriend," she whispered.  
  
"You are, you're my girl," he hoarsely replied.  
  
He heard her breathing heavily and took it as a signal to grip her breast. She was completely naked and he liked what he saw. His hard cock was a testament to that. They fell back on the soft mats. She began to fumble with his zip and soon had it open. He wished he had removed his shoes so that he could remove his jeans, but it was too late now.  
  
"Do you love me, Jim?" she pleaded.  
  
"Yes, I love you, I really love you, Bernice," he declared.  
  
She sidled down his body to reach his cock. She sucked it into her mouth as though ravenous. She slobbered over it and sucked it all the way in. He was already hard, and she felt him stiffen, growing even harder in her mouth.  
  
She tenderly kissed the end of his cock and gently squeezed his balls. Moving to his side she slid up the mat. He moved on top of her and she parted her legs. Their breathing was ragged with deeply drawn in breaths.  
  
"Tell me you love me, Jim," she panted.  
  
She felt his cock rubbing between the lips of her pussy, trying to find a way in. With one hand between them she guided him. The feeling of his hardness entering her was wonderful. She gave out an urgent moan of need. He drove home deeply. With both hands on his lower back she urged him on, to thrust harder and faster. The need for him was burning through her veins. The need for an orgasm was imperative, overtaking life itself.  
  
"I love you, I do," he replied.  
  
Feeling short sharp thrusts, pumping deep into her vagina, it was a sign he was about to cum. The knowledge that he was about to spurt his youthful vital sperm into her body, pushed her over the edge. A tortuous orgasm rippled from her tummy, to rack her body with burning flames.  
  
"Keep still, hold it deep," she implored him.  
  
The presence of his cock pushing hard into her, was fulfilling. She felt his whole body jerk, with his cock deeply embedded, pushing at the walls of her vagina. She imagined his sperm filling her womb, and cried out with uninhibited joy.  
  
"Fill me up, fill me with your wonderful cum," she implored him.  
  
He pushed into her one more time. He shuddered, then held perfectly still. Their breaths gushed from open mouths. They sucked in air as though emerging from the sea. He collapsed upon her and she wrapped her arms tight about him. He rolled to her side, with his arms about her, still with her arms clinging to him. They lay in each other's arms for a long while.  
  
"You're my hero. You saved me from him. Thank you my wonderful lover," she whispered.  
  
"You're mine aren't you," he said, half questioning, needing to hear her say it.  
  
"Yes! I'm all yours. I love you, and want you," she whispered close to his ear.  
  
Her lips kissed his ear, neck, and the side of his face. He turned it toward her, letting her kiss his eyes, nose, and lips. She wanted to show how grateful she was, and how much she needed him.  
  
A few days ago she would have been appalled to be in school, making love to a young guy like this. Falling in love with an adolescent would have been thought ridiculous. Now she was besotted, unable to control her feelings, declaring her love for a teenager.  
  
A married woman with a responsible job, shouldn't be naked in the arms of a young lover. That she was in school, pretending to be a student had been forgotten, as everything in the world had. All that mattered was that she was in the arms of her lover.  
  
At last they stirred from the dream like state. He didn't remember removing his jeans and t-shirt. They glanced around the store-room looking bemused, as though spirited there by fairies.  
  
"There's a sink in the corner, I need to wash up," Bernice said.  
  
The sticky state of her thighs showed how much he had cum inside her. As an experienced, married woman, she had no qualms about washing herself in front of him. He found it fascinating. She laughed at him and he became embarrassed. It was his turn to wash. Instead she took hold of his flaccid cock and rolled it between her soapy hands.  
  
"There's nothing I won't do for my hero and lover," she explained.  
  
She still held his cock, when he firmly gripped her shoulders in both hands.  
  
"Your mine now. You'll do what I say, not that thug. I won't let you work for him. I want you," he forcefully told her.  
  
"Yes! I'm yours, all yours Jim, honest," she declared.  
  
The small girly voice showed how she felt inside. Being his girl, and so strongly meaning it, deepened the feeling of being a schoolgirl. It was difficult to think of herself as a married woman with responsibilities. In any case, all that was lost. That past life had somehow vanished, as though it had been a fantasy life. The reality was that she was in school, with her boyfriend.  
  
They slowly got dressed, between hugs and kisses. The first lesson after lunch was over, so they had to hurry to the next class. Bernice kept the hem down with both hands, as Greg had her panties. They entered the classroom with everyone else, barging and crowding in through the doorway.  
  
Bernice felt a hand up her skirt and flinched. A quick glance over her shoulder found Jim grinning at her. She grinned back. They sat close together during the last lesson, with Bernice fighting him off when he tried to lift the skirt. He wasn't serious, just teasing her.

It was so very naughty sitting at her desk in the short skirt, without panties. Wriggling and pulling at the hem was an automatic movement, which she tried to hide in case she was noticed. The teacher hardly noticed anyone, unless they were too boisterous. He relentlessly carried on with a droning lecture, whether anyone took any notice or not.  
  
At last the lesson finished and it was time for home. Jim had swapped his locker with someone so as to be near hers, so they would meet up between classes. Jim took her hand once they were outside, directing her back toward the storeroom.  
  
"We can't, my aunt will be waiting," Bernice reluctantly told him.  
  
She nevertheless let him drag her along. He was so insistent, from knowing she wasn't wearing panties, he couldn't wait until tomorrow. Besides, the storeroom was Greg's domain and he had only lent it to them for the afternoon. When they might have a chance to be together again was out of their hands. The furtiveness of their relationship made it all the more exciting.  
  
"Just a quick cuddle," he said, as they fast paced toward the building. She didn't believe it, but went along with him.  
  
On opening the door they froze. Jim quickly pulled it back almost closed. They peered through a thin crack, to see Greg's bare ass heaving up and down. A woman was under him, groaning from each thrust of his powerful hips. Jim and Bernice turned to each other with wide open eyes, in awe of the scene.  
  
They recognised the woman as one of their teachers. Miss Benet's eyes were rolled up in her head, and she was making loud pitiful noises. His feet and legs were pushing hard into the soft mat, as he pounded into her.  
  
"Fuck your teacher hard, you bastard! Punish your slutty teacher for being a whore," Miss Benet whimpered.  
  
They couldn't hear everything she said, as it came out as a string of garbled sounds.  
  
She cried out again, this time loud and clear. "Make me you're whore, you bastard. Yes! I'm your white teacher whore. Pound me hard!" the woman exclaimed.  
  
Jim pulled the door silently and firmly shut. They looked at each other with shared grins.  
  
"He was really giving it to her," Jim commented, with something of admiration in his tone.  
  
"A teacher. I wonder if Lara knows," Bernice mused.  
  
"She's a bit old. Near thirty, or even older," Jim laughed.  
  
Bernice shuddered at the remark. She was very close to the woman's age, though in a lot better shape.  
  
"Yea! It makes me shudder too. I wonder if she was telling the truth? You know, what he said to you. About making you one of his whore's," Jim pondered.  
  
"You can't mean it. Miss Benet is a teacher, she can't be working for him," Bernice sounded incredulous.  
  
"The way she was enjoying it, he might have her doing anything he wanted. Besides, she would lose her job if anyone found out. He could blackmail her into working for him," Jim surmised.  
  
"I don't know. In the throes of an orgasm she might say anything. It wouldn't mean much," she pointed out.  
  
"How did she know about the stuff he does? That didn't look like the first time. Maybe he does it to her, then makes her work for him," he said.  
  
Bernice didn't think the guy would want to screw the teacher if she was whoring for him. Anyway, that didn't matter. What mattered was, did Lara know about him screwing a teacher.  
  
"It makes sense now! That's why he let us stay in the storeroom, and made me agree to lie to Lara about sucking him off. He was arranging on his phone to meet Miss Benet. That's what all those furtive calls were about," Bernice enthused.  
  
Without realising it they were beside her ride home. Susan looked at them through the open window.  
  
"You two getting in then?" Susan growled. She was in a hurry to get home.  
  
Bernice got in the back and Jim with her. She would have to tell him to go very soon after they arrived home, in case Paul got back and found them together.  
  
"You can stay if you like Jim. Her uncle is away at a meeting," Susan said, over her shoulder at him.  
  
"OK. That will be good," he said, and gave Bernice's hand a squeeze.  
  
She would like it too, except that Susan was again arranging her life. They could only be near when sharing a class, or when someone allowed them to be together. Bernice was still feeling troubled when they arrived home.  
  
"You had better phone home to say you're going to be late," Susan told Jim.  
  
"They won't care. Won't notice I'm not there," he stated grudgingly.  
  
"Her uncle will be away until tomorrow, so you can stay the night if you like," Susan suggested.  
  
Bernice turned back from the sink, where she was peeling potatoes. The mischievous look on Susan's face was a picture. It felt as though the girl was arranging for her to be fucked tonight. She looked at Jim and smiled. Why not? She hurried through her chores, eager to get to her room.  
  
"Can I go and do my homework, Miss?" Bernice asked, unconsciously calling the girl 'Miss'.  
  
Susan heard the small word, and understood its significance. Bernice was mixing a teachers authority with hers. Susan thought about the woman's young sounding tone of voice. Up until then Bernice had fought to keep her identity, as a mature woman. With Jim here Bernice was accepting Susan's authority, and behaving like a schoolgirl with a crush.  
  
"Wait!" Susan demanded. "Lift your skirt. Show me," Susan said firmly.  
  
With a look of hurt that only an adolescent can muster, Bernice slowly lifted the hem.  
  
"You've been at it again! No excuses this time, girl. Who have you been with today?" Susan growled. She was angry, as though responsible for the woman. She knew their game was dragging her in, but couldn't help it. It was fun chastising an adult, so why not join in.  
  
"No! It wasn't like that. I went to Greg. Then Jim," she stuttered then fell into silence. How could she explain any of it, Susan wouldn't understand.  
  
Susan looked at the woman's thighs. It was bad enough not wearing panties. The woman had a trickle of dried cum on her thighs. Had she screwed two guys today?  
  
"I thought you liked Jim? Who's this Greg?" Susan asked.  
  
"It doesn't matter. I do like Jim. Like, Greg's no one," she explained resentfully.  
  
"So you've just been with Jim in school," Susan quickly said.  
  
"Yea. No!" she complained, looking done down, and caught out.  
  
"If you want me to keep your secrets from Paul, you need to tell me everything. Go to your room, and finish your homework. Be a good girl and do as I say, deal?" Susan heavily spoke.  
  
"OK. I will," Bernice capitulated, and dragged her feet out of the kitchen to her bedroom.  
  
If she thought about it clearly, she wouldn't have thought of this as her bedroom, as it wasn't even her house. Thinking about her house, would lead to feelings of hurt, over her husband abandoning her. Thinking of this as her bedroom fit in with her new life. It was also where Jim was waiting for her.  
  
He gave her a big beaming smile. "Homework first," she grimaced.  
  
"I've done both of ours," he grinned.  
  
"Well maybe we should do something else until dinner," she coyly spoke.  
  
Her head was down, and she swung her hips from side to side, looking cute and innocent. It was wasted on him, as he just grabbed her arm to pull her onto the bed.  
  
"Hey stop it," Bernice complained.  
  
His hands were everywhere, too fast to fend off.  
  
"Don't! You'll snap the buttons off," she told him.  
  
She undid the blouse, knowing he would carry on until she relented. He wrapped his arms around her in a tight embrace, determined not to let her go. He pulled her up to his lips, not her lips, it was her nipples he was after.  
  
"No! Be gentle. You'll suck them off," she complained.  
  
"Like you suck me off?" he teased.  
  
She refused to be baited. She tried not to get aroused, despite his best efforts. It didn't feel right.  
  
Susan had arranged for him to be here in her bedroom. The girl had put her on the pill. She had just sent her to her room to be with Jim, and had arranged for him to stay the night. It felt as if Susan was arranging for her to be fucked. Everything in her life was being decided by others. She had lost all control, unable to decide anything in her life.  
  
He pinned her arms to her sides, and kissed behind her ears. He had finally got the message. He licked an ear, and nibbled down her neck. She struggled to get free, but he held on. He fell on top of her, pushing her into the soft cushions, trapping her. He sucked her top lip into his mouth and nipped it. She thought she opened her mouth to put a stop to his nonsense.  
  
His tongue invaded her mouth, toyed with her tongue, and darted away. She left her mouth open for more. His lips sealed themselves over hers and they kissed. Long and hard, with their mouths contorting, as their heads slowly moved around. Bernice was lost in a world of delight. She was hardly aware of a hand drifting up her skirt.  
  
When fingers played melodious tunes on her thighs she remembered her vulnerability, from not wearing panties. It was too late. He had wound her up and was preparing to take her. He was taking his time, toying with her. His fingers were teasing her lips, which were already wet and open for him. He continued to play with her, while she gripped his back, pulling on him, unable to tell him to fuck her.  
  
If he continued much longer she would demand it. However embarrassing that might be, she couldn't stand much more. Pleading with this boy to fuck her was bad. That he had heated her up to this point was damning. She should have more control than this. She took a deep breath, ready to ask him to take her.  
  
Susan knocked on the door. "Dinner is ready. Leave what you are doing and get to the kitchen," the demanding voice ordered.  
  
The startled pair parted. Jim stood up looking guilty, but Susan didn't enter. Bernice looked equally guilty, and pulled down the little skirt.  
  
"I better go wash my hands," Jim murmured, looking embarrassed. He needed to wash her smell from his fingers.  
  
"No time for anything, it's on the table," Susan shouted to them from the kitchen.  
  
Bernice slowly worked spaghetti around a fork, then dipped it into the sauce. It was difficult to swallow. The smell of her sex was wafting across the table at her, from Jim's hands. The sensation of his fingers still lingered down there. She fidgeted on the hard seat, rubbing her lips on it. Her sex ached for him.  
  
Susan's interruption had been planned. Despite not wanting to give in to the girl, the urge was driving her crazy. She looked across the table at Jim with an intense stare. If he bent her over the table she would let him take her, in fact she would cry out for him to fuck her. She squirmed on the chair again, grinding her sex onto the seat.  
  
"You're hands are sticky Jim, lick them clean," Susan smiled at him.  
  
He looked furtively between the two women, as though caught out, and was being dared to reveal it. Both of them were looking at him. He put the fork down and licked his fingers. He licked between two fingers, and while separating them a pair of legs. He licked the top of them as though it were Bernice's pussy. The taste of pussy was new to him. It wasn't distasteful. He could get use to it.  
  
Bernice was looking at him with a strange look on her face. Had he done something wrong? Susan had practically ordered him to lick his fingers, so what could he do?  
  
Bernice felt torn. Of course the girl knew the smell. Susan had got Jim to lick her sex juices from his fingers, in front of her. He seemed not to notice Susan's knowing look. The audacious act was turning her on. The way he licked those fingers, made her think of him licking her down there. She couldn't wait to get back her bedroom with him. There wasn't a chance in hell that she would be coy with him, or resist at all. Her entire body ached for his touch.  
  
"I'll do the washing up. You two can go and play," Susan knowingly smiled. "Wait," she said. Seeing how eager they were to leave the kitchen, she just couldn't help frustrating them.  
  
They waited, looking agitated. Susan felt a pang of jealousy. The young guy was around her age, much younger than Bernice. He wasn't exactly handsome, yet looked nice. He had a cute ass. She thought he should be screwing her not Bernice. The thought went as quickly as it had come. It left her a little shocked.  
  
"Have you completed ALL your homework?" Susan asked.  
  
"Yes," they chorused.  
  
"Go on then, go to your room and play like a good girl," Susan laughed.  
  
Susan watched them skip out, looking so alive they might have flown. The woman wore a glow of arousal that looked positively radioactive. He too looked obviously eager. Understandably so. He was a young eighteen year old, being given permission to fuck an experienced woman.  
  
He could be forgiven because he was unaware of who, and what she was. Not her though. She had thrown away all the inhibitions that usually weighed upon a mature woman. She had become an irresponsible teenager, ready to please her boyfriend. Susan chuckled to herself. It was fun playing with an adult, and so amusing manipulating her. The very idea of sending her away to screw that young guy was wicked!  
  
This time she would leave them to it. Like young lovers they were eager to explore each others' body, for the pure pleasure it brought. She would listen to them from her bedroom and play with a toy. When she heard them orgasm, she would join in. It promised to be a good night.

**Naughty Girl Ch. 08 Paul returns home**  
  
Susan dropped Bernice and Jim at school. She watched them walk hand-in-hand through the school security gate, and couldn't help laughing. If she hadn't known Bernice was a twenty-four year old, married woman, it was possible to believe she was around nineteen years old. That Bernice was smitten with an eighteen year old boy, showed how acutely the woman had taken on the role.  
  
Bernice was using the role as an escape from the awful realities of recent events. Thinking of herself as a naughty schoolgirl, was preferable to being a shockingly bad woman. She was trapped in the role, and falling into it more deeply each day. Being with fellow students had her regressing to such an extent, she not only spoke, and acted like one of them, she was even thinking like an irresponsible adolescent.  
  
Susan found it amusing manipulating the woman while she was so emotionally unstable. She pushed Bernice and the boy together, until the inevitable happened. They had sex like young teenagers. It proved the woman had a problem. It seemed she couldn't resist a man once excited. Even the young eighteen year old boyfriend had her worked up out of control.  
  
Putting Bernice on the pill, as though she were an irresponsible youth, had pushed the woman into submitting to her completely. Thinking about the birth control pills reminded her that her friend had left a message. In case she wanted more money for supplying the pills, Susan avoided phoning back.  
  
What Susan didn't know was that her friend was trying to warn her. The friend hadn't been able to get the birth control pills, so handed over a placebo instead. Bernice wasn't on the pill after all. Even Susan would have drawn the line at manipulating a married woman into becoming pregnant. It would be a disaster if Bernice became pregnant by a young boy of eighteen.  
  
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Bernice was sitting in class, daydreaming about her boyfriend, Jim.  
  
'Eh? Sorry Sir, like, what was the question? I guess forty-two. Sorry sir, I mean it is forty-two.' Bernice breathed a sigh of relief that she had calculated correctly.  
  
Double Maths wasn't a great subject first thing in the morning. She glanced at the clock, willing it to gallop toward break time, when she could meet up with Jim.  
  
He didn't realise she was a married woman, and thought of her as only slightly older than him. It was wrong for her to lead him on, though, in class it was easy to think of herself as a teen. With her whole life falling apart she needed his affection. What he wanted was sex, and as a woman she had the experience to provide it. The young guy wanted sex every time they were together, and she needed him to cool his ardour.  
  
It was nice that he was so much in love with her, but she couldn't cope with his youthful enthusiasm. They needed to slow down. She felt as though he, and everyone else, was rushing her into things without giving her time to think anything through.  
  
The whole class was bored so they all looked up when the door opened, looking thankful for a distraction. Lara boldly marched in, and strode up to the teacher.  
  
'I've come from the boss, he wants to see Bernice,' Lara told the teacher.  
  
The offhand way she spoke to a teacher revealed her lack of respect. Picking and choosing which classes to attend, was normal for her. This maths class might even be one of hers, though she had never been seen attending. Not even the teacher knew for sure if she was one of his pupils or not.  
  
He was about to berate her for interrupting his class, then thought better of it. Knowing her reputation, he wasn't sure what she might do if he crossed her. It was easier to play it safe, not wanting to find out where her power and arrogance stemmed from. Maybe she had something on the boss, as she called the principal.  
  
'Well, yes, take her then. Go on girl,' he ill-naturedly told Bernice.  
  
He sniffed, and pushed a pair of thick framed glasses up his nose. When he turned away from her, in dismissal, Lara grinned at his back for all the class to see. She took a firm grip of Bernice's arm to march her out to the corridor.  
  
'These are yours!' Lara accused.  
  
Lara held up a pair of white panties, dangling them in Bernice's face.  
  
Looking around frantically, Bernice was relieved to see the corridor was empty.  
  
'Why did you give them to Greg?' Lara menacingly hissed. 'He takes them as a trophy from conquests.'  
  
Lara rubbed the offensive garment in the girls face, then stuffed them in her mouth.  
  
Bernice felt sick. The smell and taste of stale sex juices was bitter. A mixture of dried, crusty, and wet sticky cum, filled her mouth. The panties acted like an ineffective gag. Lara pulled the panties from her victims mouth, and put a hand to her throat.  
  
'Tell me what happened, and make it quick!' Lara spat.  
  
'They are mine, but not the dirty stuff,' Bernice choked.  
  
'If not yours, who's?' Lara fiercely glared at her.  
  
'It's Miss Benet!' Bernice yelped in fear.  
  
'So you know the taste of her pussy do you? Been playing in her dirty little secret garden have you?' Lara growled, not believing her victim.  
  
'We saw her, and him, together,' Bernice blurted out.  
  
'Who's we, and where?' Lara asked, while pinching Bernice's cheeks together.  
  
It was difficult to talk, though she managed to tell the bully what she and Jim had seen yesterday.  
  
Lara let go of her face, and held onto an arm with a fierce grip. She stood still, except for a tapping foot, while deep in thought.  
  
'Miss Benet?' she murmured.  
  
Bernice kept quiet about their theory that Lara's boyfriend, Greg, might be running her as a prostitute. Today it sounded farfetched, and too outrageous an idea. Yesterday their imaginations had soared beyond the possible.  
  
'Keep those in your hand. Come with me,' Lara ordered.  
  
The classes were starting to file out for a break. However humiliating it was, Bernice dare not hide her panties, after Lara had ordered her to carry them. One or two students noticed, and they pointed at her panties dangling in one hand. There was muffled laughter, though far less because she was with Lara, who was obviously in a bad mood.  
  
'Good morning, Miss Benet, how are you today?' Lara smiled.  
  
The teacher was on her way to the teachers rest room, but she plonked her bottom back down on the hard seat on seeing Lara. A look of dread crossed her face, and was just as quickly hidden.  
  
'What do you want Lara, I'm in a hurry,' the teacher stated.  
  
Lara held Bernice's arm up, to dangle the panties in front of the teacher.  
  
'Enjoyed yourself with Greg, did you?' Lara asked.  
  
'Stop this right now! I'm a teacher, not one of your little friends that can be bullied,' Miss Benet crossly spoke.  
  
She tried to get up, but her legs gave way. She began to perspire, even looking ill, with a pallid face.  
  
'Bad teacher! Screwing around with a student. Wouldn't be nice for you if that got into the papers. Would it!' Lara leered at her.  
  
The bully was recounting the tale, and embellishing it with her own knowledge of Greg and his dirty ways. It was terrible to see a teacher squirming, and ducking from the missiles thrown by Lara. Bernice felt sorry for her. She even wished she'd taken the blame. Maybe she could have told Lara that Greg forced her.  
  
'You got off when he called you his whore slut, didn't you!' Lara meanly growled.  
  
'Yes,' the teacher murmured miserably.  
  
Her head was almost touching the desk, after wilting from the verbal blows.  
  
'Louder Miss Benet. Save your soul and confess,' Lara teased.  
  
'I did all those things. I enjoyed it the first time. Not anymore. He makes me do it. He won't let me go!' the teacher sobbed.  
  
'He threatens to tell on you, if you don't do as he says,' Lara said.  
  
'Yes,' the teacher sighed.  
  
She was still tense, and Lara figured she was holding back. The stupid woman should have been relieved to share with someone, yet obviously not with Lara.  
  
'What about the rest? Tell me all,' Lara prodded.  
  
'He won't let me sleep with my husband,' she snuffled into a tissue. 'He's wondering why. He thinks I'm having an affair,' she said, and blew her nose.  
  
'There's a reason for that, because you are, with Greg! Tell me. Tel me all, and I might be able to help you,' Lara firmly told her.  
  
'I can't, it's too dreadful. I've been so wicked!' She started crying again.  
  
Bernice wondered if she was telling the truth. Would she help the hopeless woman, or use her as she did everyone else. Lara knew Greg well enough, and heard the rumours that he ran prostitutes. Was this teacher involved? Surely not. Greg was using the woman, but what for.  
  
'Now!' Lara loudly demanded.  
  
'He makes me sleep with men. . . for money. In a house on the edge of town. I have to go there and meet. . . men, strangers,' she managed to say, then broke.  
  
Her forehead bumped the desk with silent tears pooling on it. Her whole body seemed to crumple, like a discarded can. Bernice pulled some tissues from a box and tried to mop up the mess of running makeup.  
  
'Leave her! Don't say anything to anyone. I'll sort the bastard out, you hear me?'  
  
'Yes,' the teacher mumbled.  
  
Lara pulled Bernice from the classroom and told her. 'Go on, get back to class, or whatever you're supposed to be doing.'  
  
Jim was waiting by the lockers, wondering where she had been. She felt sorry for the teacher, and even more afraid of Lara than she had been. Bernice began to recounted what happened, but he stopped her.  
  
'Break times nearly over,' he complained. The hurried outpouring was cut short.  
  
'Wait, someone might overhear you. We need to go somewhere quiet,' he told her.  
  
They set off for the sports storeroom, hoping it would be free, and it was. They settled on a pile a mats, hand in hand.  
  
'So tell me, what happened?' Jim asked.  
  
Bernice hurriedly went through the events with Lara and the teacher. Mention of her panties reminded her she still gripped them in one hand. She dropped them on the floor as though they were a dirty rag.  
  
'So we were right, she's been whoring for Greg!' Bernice concluded.  
  
'Bloody hell! I guess once he had sex with her, she was blackmailed into it. After the first time she did what he told her, so then he had even more on her,' Jim said, in wonder at the guys nerve.  
  
'What's Lara going to do about it?' he asked.  
  
'Don't know. She seemed to think it was possible to fix him,' she said.  
  
'Why? I don't understand why she would bother,' he queried.  
  
'She'll have another teacher under her thumb, that's why,' she pointed out.  
  
'This is a really shit school!' Jim emphatically sighed.  
  
He put both arms around her and started kissing her.  
  
'Not now, we've got to get back to class,' she complained. 'Mmmm, that's nice.'  
  
His kisses were tickling her neck and ears.  
  
He whispered to her, 'We can't go in now, we're late. No one will miss us.'  
  
'No more, that's too nice,' she murmured.  
  
Their lips met for a long smooch. With tongues entwined they became oblivious of where they were, or what they were doing. Instinct took over, guiding their hands and lips. She tried to close her legs, not wanting to go too far in such a dangerous place. Trapping his hand between her thighs wasn't a good idea.  
  
His fingers had learnt what to do. Finger tips pressed and stroked her lips. It wasn't possible to say she didn't want to, for he could feel how wet she was. Her lips were opening up to the insistent pressure. She needed to break away before it was impossible to stop herself, or him.  
  
A firm touch to her swollen bud had her gasping. He had discovered her weaknesses too well. He knew exactly how to touch her, and how to excite her, and bring her to a state of helplessness. Her legs fell apart in surrender. His hand cupped her sex, with a finger massaging her clit.  
  
She heard herself mewling like a pathetic beast. For a split second her husband's taunting observation flittered through her mind - she became a helpless slut when excited. It was true! The thought passed when she fell back in his arms, and he tried to roll on top of her. She struggled, and managed to get on top of him.  
  
She sat astride of him for a moment, lifted herself up, and lowered her sex onto the head of his cock. For a moment she wondered what in hell she was doing. The resolve of earlier, to cool him down, didn't last long.  
  
'I'm your slut, Jim. I'm going to ride you until you cum. Lay back and enjoy,' she purred.  
  
He keenly watched her body slowly lowered onto his penis. His hardness was disappearing into her inch by inch. When she had consumed it all, he looked up to see her eyes firmly shut. She was licking her lips, and squeezing her nipples. She was hotter than a volcano, and his cock was burning, ready to shoot red hot lava into her.  
  
At the same moment they both exploded. His sperm shot into her, pushing her over the edge into an energising series of quakes. It shot through her body tingling her all over. She sat on his hips, holding onto his cock, needing to feel it inside. Her chin fell onto her chest. It looked as though she were deflating, crumpling onto his body, ready to sink into him, for them to become one.  
  
He reached up and pulled her onto his chest. She let out a little whimper of regret on feeling his cock pulled from her body. She lay her head on his chest, feeling it thump, listening to his heart pounding.  
  
She should have felt some guilt over skipping classes. She should have felt a big regret over having sex in school. It should have been a massive regret having sex with a young guy, when she was a mature, married woman. To avoid the pain of guilt, and all the wrong she had committed, she had to believe she was just an adolescent, without the overburdening responsibilities of maturity.  
  
They lay in each other's arms for awhile, bathing in the afterglow of a satisfying orgasm. Slowly they came around to where they were and how dangerous it was. Anyone could walk in on them. As lovers they didn't care. They petted pleasantly, not needing to talk.  
  
Bernice was happy to lay in his arms for awhile. She stroked his face, while they simply smiled at each other. A wicked grin was shared. She felt his cock becoming hard against her thigh. Her panties were still pushed aside from when she mounted him.  
  
'No! Not again!' she complained.  
  
She held him away from her ears and neck, knowing he could overcome her resistance given the slightest chance. His kisses would have her opening her mouth to him, then her legs would part.  
  
'You've made me feel young and carefree again. You make me forget my problems. I'm falling in love with you so deeply I don't care about anything anymore,' she revealed.  
  
He was about to ask her what problems she had, but a more urgent question came to mind.  
  
'I should have asked. . .' Jim started to say, and felt too embarrassed to continue.  
  
'What? You're not just my boyfriend, your my lover. You can ask me anything,' she smoothly said.  
  
'Are you on the pill?' he hesitantly asked.  
  
'Yes. Susan put me on the pill,' she giggled.  
  
As a mature woman it had been humiliating having that young girl make such a personal decision for her. It had made her feel stupid and helpless. Now she was glad to have submitted to such an indignity. She was grateful to the girl, as now she could throw caution to the wind.  
  
He hadn't thought about it before. Susan was supposed to be her aunt, yet sometimes Bernice seemed older. It was of course possible, but then why did she yield to her so much? There again, he didn't know why Bernice was in this school.  
  
He suspected, and Susan had hinted, it was because she couldn't control her sexual urges with boys. Hence she had been put on the pill. He looked at her, knowing she couldn't resist him. He knew how to work her up until she was like a bitch in heat, and that was fine by him. She certainly knew more than he did, but he was glad to learn from her.  
  
There was a sink in the corner for washing the sports equipment. They cleaned themselves up as best they could. They hugged and kissed for awhile, then left the storeroom. They collected lunch from their lockers, and ate while talking about nothing and everything. They both avoided the subject of family.  
  
Bernice walked back into class after lunch. She sat next to Lobelia, one of the girls she had become friendly with.  
  
'You've been with Jim then,' she stated.  
  
'How did you know?' Bernice asked, and flushed red like a traffic light.  
  
'The wet patch at the back of your skirt,' she laughed.  
  
'Did anyone else notice?' she quietly asked.  
  
'Everyone,' Lobelia pointed out, purposely not sparing Bernice's blushes.  
  
Bernice squirmed on the hard seat, feeling her panties squish with his sperm. Damn! Whatever was showing was getting worse.  
  
'They'll taunt me after class,' she complained.  
  
'Don't worry about that, they won't dare. You're under Lara's protection, and they all know it. Besides, they're jealous, and want to know all about it,' Lobelia reassured her. 'Here, stuff this in your panties.' She gave Bernice a handful of tissues.  
  
As subtly as she could she pushed them under her, hoping to mop up the mess.  
  
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With Bernice out of the way it was easy for Paul to gather information about the department she ran. Travelling to other offices around the country merely confirmed his conclusions. A trip to head office was next, where he would make a presentation to the CEO. The expensive management would be let go, and that included Bernice.  
  
Susan reported on the phone that she was still looking after the woman. He wondered why Bernice was still going to school and hadn't simply gone home. He chuckled over how she had trapped herself into the situation when they first met.  
  
She had been too ashamed to admit she was a married woman, when he found her cavorting with those boys in the woods. He pretended to mistake her for an adolescent schoolgirl, and she went along with it.  
  
He hadn't meant to keep up the pretence for so long. It was all a ruse to keep her out of her office. A few days more and the presentation would be made, so he could go home, and set things right.  
  
She would soon lose her job. Her husband had walked run off with a woman he worked with. He'd used the mortgage payments on entertaining her and setting up a new life. The house was repossessed so she didn't even have a home to go back to. He felt sorry for her and wondered what to do with her.  
  
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Paul walked in on his niece and Bernice chattering in the kitchen. He was shocked at how much she had changed. She was no longer acting like an adolescent, she had become one.  
  
'Uncle Paul, like it's so good to see you, yea?' Bernice beamed at him.  
  
'How have you been? Has Susan looked after you?' he asked.  
  
'OK, I guess,' Bernice shrugged.  
  
'Be a good girl and go to your room, I want to talk to Susan,' he said.  
  
'What's been going on here? She's, err, different,' he said.  
  
'I was going to ask you the same thing,' Susan said, looking at him meaningfully.  
  
She wanted answers, which he didn't want to go into. Susan was curious as to why this woman was acting the way she was. He couldn't explain it himself, so what could he say.  
  
'She's a married woman, Paul. Why is she going to school, and acting this way? What are you two playing at?' she demanded to know.  
  
'I need a cup of coffee,' he said.  
  
Not having to look at her while she fixed coffee helped. 'Her husband left her, and other things left her feeling vulnerable. She's regressed to being an irresponsible adolescent. It seems to have got out of hand,' he mused.  
  
'It makes some sense I guess. Depends on what the other problems were,' Susan pointed out. When Paul didn't offer anything else, she filled in the gap. 'A problem with men?' she asked, and put a cup in front of him.  
  
'Something like that. Has she been a problem, anything to do with boys?' he asked.

'She has a boyfriend, and that seems to keep her out of trouble,' Susan said.  
  
'What do you mean?' he asked.  
  
'She brings him back here,' Susan said.  
  
'What? To her room? Why did you let her do that?' he crossly asked.  
  
'She's an adult and can make her own decisions, maybe,' she said.  
  
'Maybe is right. I guess so. Do they have sex?' he asked.  
  
She didn't answer him, but gave him an old fashioned look. Damn! Bernice was a married woman, sleeping with a boy from school. What in hell was he going to do with her? He hadn't expected her to last long in that school. She was too old and looked it when she was dressed in business attire. In the kitchen just now she looked young enough, and acted the part too well.  
  
'Does she always talk and behave like that?' he asked.  
  
'Like a kid you mean, yes, she does,' Susan said.  
  
It looked as though he would have to keep up the pretence until figuring out what to do with her. They were both caught up in a web of lies. Bernice now believed in the farce, or so it looked. He went to her bedroom to try and figure out what to do with her.  
  
'How are you?' he asked.  
  
'OK,' she said, and continued to leaf through a girly magazine.  
  
'School alright?' he asked.  
  
'Yea. Oh! I forgot, like, I'm going to be in the school play, fab, eh?' she enthused.  
  
'That's great. What part to do you play?'  
  
'It's all about a girl who runs away from home and gets into trouble. I'm her friend, and let her stay at my place,' Bernice gleefully told him.  
  
'That's nice, sounds great. Is your boyfriend in the play?' he asked.  
  
'Yea, it's like funny, cause he's my boyfriend in the play,' she said, then realised she'd admitted having a boyfriend.  
  
'It's OK. You're entitled to see who you like,' he said.  
  
'Sure it's OK? Like, you don't mind, uncle?' she asked.  
  
'Sure it's OK. You are careful aren't you,' he said, before he'd realised what he was saying.  
  
'Yea, of course. Like really, Susan put me on the pill,' she returned.  
  
'Oh! OK then, I guess. Is he nice, does he treat you well?' he asked.  
  
'Your cool, uncle Paul! He's fab. He cares about me, like really. He's gentle, you know.'  
  
Paul wasn't too sure he wanted to know what she meant. He had been dragged into the conversation, responding as though she were his young niece.  
  
'I care about you too. I want to do what's right for you.' He sat on the bed next to her.  
  
'Your house is up for sale. It means you don't have a place to go to,' he clumsily said.  
  
The look of pain on her face had him responding, by putting an arm around her.  
  
'It's OK! You can stay here for as long as you like. I'll look after you, promise,' he said.  
  
She wrapped her arms around him, hugging him tight. 'Thank you uncle. You've been so kind to me, I promise to be a good girl,' she said.  
  
The little girly voice was more pronounced than before. He was drawn to the expressive sincerity. He wanted to protect her, though what from, he was unsure about. It was so difficult to think of her as a mature woman, pretending to be young again. She had carved out the role for herself from necessity, then found it convenient, and comforting. At least that was what he figured, and what he told Susan.  
  
'When are you seeing your boyfriend? What's his name?' Paul asked.  
  
'Seeing Jim tomorrow. Didn't think you would approve so he stayed away,' she demurely said.  
  
'I'd like to meet him. I'm sure he's a nice lad, if you picked him,' he smiled at her.  
  
'He is. Thanks for everything uncle. You're so cool,' she said, and kissed his cheek.  
  
'Well, you had better do some studying, or something,' he awkwardly said.  
  
In the doorway he turned to look at her. She looked up at him, and gave him a big smile. He hadn't notice before, but her hair and makeup was in the style of a young girl. She was in her twenties, but with baby-face features she got away with it. The flat shoes and short skirt fitted the image, which she had carefully crafted over the last three weeks. Someone who didn't know here wouldn't look too closely so they would be fooled.  
  
'Be good,' he said, and gave her a smile.  
  
'Like yea, uncle. I'm your happy little girl, uncle,' she giggled.  
  
In some ways it was disturbing. As an act it was good, but she believed it, which was bad. So, what to do with her now?

**Naughty Girl Ch. 09**

Bernice couldn't face up to a series of traumatic events that occurred over the last few weeks. She'd been caught having sex with a group of boys, lost her job, her husband had sold the house, and he ran off with his lover.  
  
When mistaken for an adolescent, she continued the pretence to escape the consequences of her misbehaviour, and the trauma of events. She hadn't anticipated being trapped in the role, or being sent back to school. Although she was twenty-four, it was easy to act like an adolescent with fellow students to mimic. She sank into a familiar role in the classroom, acting like a schoolgirl, which had been natural enough a few years ago.  
  
Susan had been asked by her uncle, Paul, to look after Bernice while he was away. She was only nineteen, and enjoyed manipulating a mature woman. She kept her off balance by treating her like a naughty teenager, and found it amusing driving her deeper into acting like an adolescent.  
  
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'It's Saturday morning Bernice, no school, you should be in a good mood. Spit that gum out, and eat your breakfast,' Susan cajoled Bernice.  
  
'I'm not hungry. Like, really, I want to go and see Jim,' Bernice sullenly spoke.  
  
'Have you tidied your room?' Susan asked.  
  
'It's all right,' she mumbled.  
  
'Does that mean you have, or you haven't? Don't bother. Eat your breakfast and I'll check for myself. Don't you dare leave the table, young lady!' Susan warned the woman.  
  
Marching back into the kitchen, Susan looked at the woman acting like a sullen girl, and couldn't help laying down the law.  
  
'Your room is a mess. You didn't wash the dishes last night, or take out the trash, and your homework isn't finished. Do you want a spanking, girl?'  
  
'No! You're not my mother, you can't,' Bernice complained.  
  
She folded her arms under her breasts, and pouted in defiance.  
  
'You want this, don't you? No pill, means no naughty games with your boyfriend,' Susan baited her.  
  
'You can't do that! I need the pill,' she said, with an anguish laden voice.  
  
'Do you want me to tell Paul you've been a naughty girl?' Susan warned.  
  
'No! Don't you dare! You bitch,' she murmured.  
  
Susan was standing over Bernice, becoming all the more frustrated with her.  
  
'That's it, you're grounded. You will not be going out with Jim this weekend,' Susan angrily said.  
  
'You can't make me!' she growled.  
  
'Stand up!' Susan demanded.  
  
Susan pulled her off the chair, and sat down on it. She pulled Bernice over her lap and slapped her panties. In a temper she pulled the woman's panties down, and slapped her bare ass.  
  
For the first two swipes, Bernice waggled her legs, trying to wriggle off Susan's lap. Figuring out it would be over as soon as she capitulated, she stopped squirming. A few more hard slaps and Susan came to her senses.  
  
Damn! The woman's silly behaviour was having an effect upon her too. Susan was behaving like her own mother. Susan reminded herself Bernice wasn't a girl, she was a married woman, behaving like an adolescent. Her uncle Paul told her how it accidently started, but that didn't explain why the woman was carrying it on so effectively.  
  
Susan pulled Bernice onto her lap, to cuddle the sobbing woman. Bernice was trying to escape from the adult responsibilities thrown at her recently, by regressing back into adolescents. Susan was beginning to understand, and have sympathy for the poor woman.  
  
'What's the matter Bernice. Are you having trouble with Jim?' Susan sympathetically asked.  
  
'No. He's nice, and makes me happy,' she sobbed.  
  
'What about school, are you being bullied?' she asked.  
  
'Sort of,' Bernice murmured.  
  
'Tell me all about it, I want to help,' Susan quietly spoke.  
  
'At first there was a bully. I've joined a gang, for protection. It's OK now. They look after me,' she sobbed.  
  
Bernice continued relating what was happening in school, leaving nothing out.  
  
Susan listened to the woman's outpouring, trying to make sense of it. It was surprising to hear that a teacher was having sex with a student. That he blackmailed the teacher into being his whore was shocking! The school was a last chance for delinquent rich kids. Parents paid the school to take their offspring, when no other school would. In some cases, where the parents paid enough, the school would take them on to avoid criminal charges.  
  
It was the only school that would take Bernice, who looked barely young enough to be accepted as seventeen, even though she was twenty-four. The principal only accepted her because he knew Paul, and owed him a favour.  
  
'That's appalling, darling,' Susan said, while cuddling her. 'We can't let you go to that terrible school.'  
  
'It's OK, really. Like, I've settled in, yeah? I'm doing alright in class, and made friends,' she quickly said.  
  
She didn't mention the real reason for going to school was to meet up with Jim.  
  
'If you really want to stay there, I guess you can,' Susan reluctantly agreed.  
  
'You won't tell uncle Paul will you? Please,' she humbly implored.  
  
'He needs to know what's going on. He's responsible for you,' Susan pointed out.  
  
'Please, Susan, I don't want him cross with me. I've nowhere else to go. I'm completely alone,' she sniffed.  
  
'You've got Paul and me to look after you, darling. You've got Jim, he makes you happy,' Susan comforted her.  
  
'Yes, thank you Susan, you do look after me. Like, you're real nice. You let Jim stay here, and like, you know. I'm sorry, really I am, honest. It's good that uncle Paul took me in. I really don't have anywhere to go now the house is sold, and my parents have gone,' she sadly spoke.  
  
Bernice was twisting reality, to fit the fantasy world she now lived in. Her parents died several years ago, and it was her husband who sold the house. She'd tried hard to please him, by playing naughty sex games. While she was pushing herself beyond her sexual limits, he was planning on running away with some floozy from the office.  
  
'Dry your eyes, and we'll go shopping. If you're a good girl we can pick up Jim, and bring him here for dinner,' Susan brightly spoke.  
  
Bernice gave her a big hug, and kissed her.  
  
'Talking of Jim, you'd better take your pill. Better to be safe than sorry,' she chided Bernice.  
  
'Thank you, Susan,' Bernice coyly spoke, looking embarrassed. 'I'm so sorry for being a naughty girl. I'll behave myself, and do as I'm told, I promise,' Bernice sincerely said.  
  
Bernice had been mortified over having a nineteen year old put her on the pill. As she subsided into thinking like an adolescent, and thinking of Susan being responsible for her, it became a routine.  
  
It was easy to forget she was a married woman and treat her like a schoolgirl. The way she spoke, dressed, and behaved, mimicked the girls in her class. She was even thinking like a teen now. Susan guessed she would surface from the fantasy world, when she was ready to face the awkward realities of life. In the meantime, Susan was willing to play along.  
  
'I'm pleased to hear it. I'm sure you're going to be a good girl. I'll buy you some clothes, something really nice. You get to chose anything you want, OK?' Susan offered.  
  
'Like, thanks loads, auntie Susan. You're fab, like, real cool,' Bernice gushed, and kissed her again.  
  
They squeezed each other, and laughed brightly.  
  
'We'll treat ourselves. We'll have lunch out, and spend loads of Paul's money,' Susan laughed.  
  
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Susan held Bernice's hand as they walked into a store. Their relationship was stronger after the tears and cuddles. Susan had intended buying the woman something more appropriate to her age, with the idea of shoving her out of the fantasy she lived in.  
  
'Oh! Look at those yoga pants, they're fab!' Bernice exclaimed.  
  
'Maybe it would be better getting something a little older looking,' Susan suggested.  
  
'Can I help you? Something for your daughter?' an assistant asked.  
  
Susan was wearing a business suit, usually worn for interviews, with the intention of encouraging Bernice back to her usual attire. The idea seemed to be backfiring. The assistant mistook her for an older woman, and Bernice for a girl. She should have been angry at being mistaken for Bernice's mother, yet it made her feel good.  
  
She squeezed Bernice's hand, feeling warm and caring. Susan and Bernice looked at each other, and smiled at the assistants' mistake.  
  
'Mom, I really like the pants. They would look fab under a skirt.'  
  
'OK, honey, go ahead,' Susan said.  
  
They looked rather thin and insubstantial to be worn outside, but it seemed that's what seventeen year olds were wearing these days. It slipped Susan's mind that she was only nineteen, and Bernice was a woman. Susan was waiting to start a college course, and in the meantime, Paul had asked her to look after Bernice.  
  
'The skirts are over there,' Susan said.  
  
Eventually Bernice decided on three outfits, and wanted to wear one of the combinations. She walked out of the changing room in a cropped t-shirt, over a pair of stretchy shorts.  
  
'Are you sure about this?' Susan asked.  
  
'Sure, it's fab! You don't want to dress me up in girly clothes do you, mom?' Bernice laughed.  
  
'No, just something, different. It doesn't matter, you look great. I'm sure Jim will love it,' Susan told her.  
  
She meant to put a stop to being called mom, but it seemed to comfort Bernice. She wasn't going to win over the clothes issue either, so gave up. The top was too filmy, and the shorts were too tight. Still, at her pretend age it didn't seem too bad.  
  
'Thanks, mom, like, really, you're brill,' Bernice gushed.  
  
A surge of emotion washed over Susan. She wished her mother had time from a busy career, to share a girls shopping trip.  
  
'I need something to eat. Come on, where do you want to eat?' Susan asked.  
  
It turned out to be where friends from school hung out, and she wanted to show off her new outfit. Susan didn't like the way boys were looking at her so called daughter. On the walk there, the shorts had ridden up between her legs. The stretchy material cupped her cheeks, and worse, they formed a camel toe in front. The material for both the top, and shorts, was far too thin.  
  
Susan felt old and motherly before her age, and only just refrained from correcting Bernice.  
  
To hell with it! The woman could decide for herself what to wear. As a mature married woman, she looked like a slut. As a teen it was almost acceptable, especially to the young guys ogling her. They were nudging each other and pointing, though Bernice was taking it all in her stride. Susan wondered if the woman was a bit of an exhibitionist.  
  
After a difficult lunch, Susan left the cafe, forgetting about picking up Bernice's young boyfriend. She was feeling uncomfortable with the way the woman was dressed, and that she was supposed to be looking after her.  
  
In the parking lot she bumped into her friend from the pharmacy.  
  
'Hi, Susan. I'm glad I bumped into you. I've been trying to contact you. It's those pills I got you. I couldn't get the real thing. They're just dummy ones,' she explained.  
  
'What? Damn it!' Susan exclaimed.  
  
She looked at Bernice sitting in the car. The woman had been sleeping with a young boy from school, without protection. Shit! Bernice was a married woman. She couldn't get pregnant with a young boy. Her life was already a mess, and this would be a disaster.  
  
'You'd better take these. A couple of day after pills, and a month's supply of the pill,' she offered.  
  
'A bit late now! Damn! Why didn't you tell me?' Susan angrily asked.  
  
'I couldn't with the two of you in the pharmacy. Afterwards, you didn't answer my calls, and text,' she justified.  
  
'OK. No point in recriminations. I'll get her to take the morning after pill, and see what happens. There's a pregnancy test here. Fuck! I hope she's not pregnant. Can you get next months pills? Thanks, I appreciate your help,' Susan said.  
  
She wasn't happy and they drove home in silence. Bernice caught on to her mood, not guessing how serious it was for her.  
  
'Thanks for the clothes, Susan,' Bernice quietly said. 'Have I done something wrong?'  
  
'No. It's me. I've let you down, I'm so sorry, sweetie. The pill you've been taking is the wrong one. My friend gave me these, a morning after, and a day after pill. You'd better take one now, and another tomorrow,' Susan apologised.  
  
'Oh! I see. That's pretty bad, isn't it,' Bernice said, looking shocked.  
  
'Go to your room, and let me know if you feel sick or anything. I'll phone Jim and tell him you're not well. Best keep away from him for awhile,' she said. 'I'm sorry sweetie. It'll be alright, I'm sure.'  
  
Bernice wandered out the kitchen, looking pale.  
  
Susan felt bad. If the woman was pregnant all hell would break loose. Paul would blame her, but that wasn't what bothered her. Susan's mother called her sweetie, when she was younger, and now she was using it with Bernice. It showed how she too had sunk into the roles of parent and child. The shopping trip had been nice, and she enjoyed Bernice calling her mom. Now this disaster had to spoil things.  
  
Bernice lay on her bed, thinking about the dire news. All her responsibilities as an adult had been abandoned, leaving decisions to Paul, and Susan. It had been too easy leaving everything to them, and so avoid facing her troubles. She rubbed her tummy, wondering how she felt about having a child. How could she accept having a baby, with a young boyfriend from school?  
  
It didn't seem possible. How could she possibly cope with a child. Her entire sense of reality seemed to be changing. It was hard to get a grip on who she was, and what she should do. Leaving everything to Paul and Susan seemed the only possible thing to do. She was just a schoolgirl, dependent upon Paul and Susan's good will. They would look after her, and decide what to do. She trusted them to make the right decisions.  
  
Susan heard Bernice retching and rushed to the bathroom. Nothing came up, so she guided the woman back to bed. She grabbed a bowl, and sat close.  
  
'You'll be alright, don't worry. Paul and I will help you, whatever happens. You're my sweetie and I promise to look after you,' Susan cooed.  
  
She kissed Bernice's forehead, and cuddled her.  
  
'It's my stupid fault. I need looking after, and you do it so well. I loved our shopping trip. It was so good being together, like, being with my mom,' Bernice whispered.  
  
'I'll be your mom for the rest of the day, if that will make you feel better,' Susan promised.  
  
'That will be nice, mom,' Bernice said, as she fell asleep.  
  
Susan left her to phone Jim, the boyfriend. It was lucky he picked up the phone instead of his parents.  
  
'Hi Jim, I phoned to tell you Bernice isn't well. She's alright, just something she'll have to get through. No, I don't think that's a good idea. She's asleep at the moment, and won't want you to see her looking a mess. Alright, maybe tomorrow, I'll ring to let you know. OK. Bye,' Susan said.  
  
The guy was thoughtful, and concerned about her, so that was nice. He couldn't be blamed for the situation she was in. Men never had to face up to these things. At eighteen, he could hardly be expected to take on the responsibility for a family. If she was pregnant, neither of them was in a position to face it.  
  
Susan sat heavily in the kitchen with a mug of coffee. She'd only taken a sip, when she heard Paul coming in.  
  
'What's up?' he quickly asked.  
  
'Bernice isn't well,' she said.  
  
'What's wrong, I'll go and see her,' he said, looking worried.  
  
'She's asleep, don't disturb her. It's woman's trouble,' she informed him.  
  
It was a half truth, but how could she tell him of her abject failure.  
  
'Oh! Well, I guess you can handle it,' he said. 'I've got a new contract, and need to write up the notes,' he said, and quickly left.  
  
On Sunday Bernice was sick after taking a day after pill. They both hoped it would protect her, yet knew it might be too late. Susan reassured her, and continued to call her sweetie, while Bernice called her mom. It was reassuring for them both. They shared an unspoken thought, that it might be nice to have a baby.  
  
Jim was far too young to shoulder the responsibility of being the father of her child. Bernice was still a married woman, and to become pregnant from a young boy would be a blow to her already fragile sate of mind. Yet the thought of having a baby left them both with a warm comfortable feeling.  
  
Susan sat on the bed holding her hand, making soothing sounds when she retched.  
  
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Monday morning came around to find Bernice up for breakfast, and well enough to go to school.  
  
'You sure you're alright?' Susan asked, as Bernice got out the car.  
  
'Like, yes, I'm fine, mom,' Bernice said, yet again.  
  
Since the weekend she called Susan mom. It started as a joke between them while shopping. From the loving way Susan cared for her while she spewed, it seemed appropriate. They'd shared lots of hugs, when she wasn't being sick, and she promised to behave herself, and not get into trouble again.  
  
'Hi, you alright?' Jim asked.  
  
'You look worse than me,' she quipped.  
  
'I was worried. Were you ill, or just grounded?' he asked, looking suspiciously at her.  
  
'Like, I was ill, but I'm alright now. Tummy's a bit sore, where I was being sick,' she explained.  
  
'Thanks for that,' he said, screwing up his face in mock disgust.  
  
'See you at lunchtime, OK?' she said.  
  
'Sure,' he replied, and they departed for their classes.  
  
Bernice walked in and sat down as though she had never left high school. She'd left over six years ago, and been to university, and now she was back. It was easy to sink into the routine, and easier to cope a second time around. Most of the students couldn't be bothered, but she enjoyed the lessons, having come back to them afresh. She enjoyed knowing the answers, and therefore eagerly completed her homework. Having more confidence to join in with the groups of girls was good too.  
  
Lunchtime came around and she met up with Jim by the lockers.  
  
'No, we can't. Leave it for a couple of days, OK?' she told him.  
  
'You sure you're alright? I care about you. OK. Whatever you say, I don't mind,' he said.  
  
It looked as though he did mind, yet he was genuinely concerned about her, which reached into her emotionally.  
  
A few days went by, and she was pleased to find Jim didn't pester her. Paul asked if everything was alright, and why her boyfriend hadn't been around. Susan helped her with her homework, even though she didn't need it. They tidied up the house together, and shared funny moments in their lives.  
  
Susan was trying to get her to talk about her past life, with the idea of helping her get over the trauma of the last few weeks. She didn't push it, with the strategy of letting Bernice come to terms with what happened in her own time. They became genuine friends, although Susan continued to supervise her as though she were a teenager.  
  
Each day the pregnancy tests were negative, and both began to relax. As strange as it was, they formed a bond as mother and daughter. Both accepted their roles, becoming comfortable with the relationship. Bernice needed a caring mother figure, and Susan enjoyed having someone to care for.  
  
The usual daily routine was firmly in place, with breakfast, a hug, and Bernice being dropped off at school.  
  
'Oh, I forgot, I need my sports kit tomorrow. Can you remind me to check it tonight,' Bernice said, as she got out the car.  
  
'No need, it's clean, and in the bottom draw,' Susan smiled.  
  
'I was supposed to do that! Thanks, mom,' Bernice laughed.  
  
She leaned in and kissed Susan, and they shared a grin.  
  
'Enjoy yourself, sweetie,' Susan said, and winked.  
  
Bernice understood what she meant. She was referring to kissing and cuddling with Jim, in the sports storeroom. Something they'd talked about recently, though she hadn't revealed they had sex.

'Aww, mom,' she grimaced, then laughed.  
  
'Don't be a naughty girl though, or I'll spank you when you get home,' Susan warned, with a mock sternness.  
  
'I'll be a good girl, mommy, promise,' she said, putting on a little girl voice.  
  
'Get going or you'll be late,' Susan admonished her.  
  
Bernice walked in past the security guard, knowing she was trapped there for the day. It was no longer a scary feeling, rather it felt good. Being in school had become an adventure. She'd made friends, and there was Jim, her boyfriend. She thought about him more than the schoolwork, and still she had good grades.  
  
She was a mature married woman, pretending to be a high school student. At first it had been a necessity to push the past to the back of her mind. To survive she'd had to fit in, and behave like one of them. Joining a gang, making friends, and having a boyfriend, were a means of surviving, and she was doing it much better the second time around. The good feeling of being successful and a popular student, made the pretence a pleasure, rather than a necessity.  
  
At lunchtime she met up with Jim. Over the past few days they'd kissed and cuddled, avoiding going too far. Susan had given her the green light, by telling her Jim could come over this evening. They were close enough to read each other's minds, so she knew what Susan meant.  
  
Bernice pulled away from a long tender smooch.  
  
'We can, if you want to,' Bernice said.  
  
'Are you sure? Is everything alright now?' he asked.  
  
He'd asked her what the problem was, and if he'd caused it, though he hadn't the courage to ask if she was pregnant. She could see that, but hadn't let him off the hook.  
  
'Sure. I thought I was pregnant, but I'm not,' she plainly stated.  
  
'You should have told me. I wouldn't abandon you. I would marry you, or whatever you wanted,' he said.  
  
His sincerity reached inside her, leaving her feeling warm and protected. A moment of reality surfaced. She imagined marrying an eighteen year old boy, and what people would think. She looked at his smiling face, and the thought was drowned out by his love. It might be just a youthful infatuation, but he believed he was in love with her.  
  
'I love you Jim,' she passionately murmured.  
  
He pushed her back onto the pile of matting, and kissed her more ferociously. His hands were all over her body. She madly scrabbled for his belt and undid his trousers, without thought, just from the need. He pulled her panties down, knowing she didn't like them merely pulled to one side. He rolled on top of her, and she guided him in.  
  
'Do it, Jim, faster, harder,' she implored him.  
  
He was breathing hard, unable to answer, not needing to.  
  
He powered into her, knowing how she liked to be screwed, though it was from his own need. Instinctively he pounded away at her, not really hearing her words, but reacting with enthusiasm to the arousing sounds.  
  
'Fuck me hard! Do me, Jim. Pleasure you're girl. I'm your girl, Jim,' she ground out between gritted teeth  
  
'Yes! Now, cum now, fill me up. I want your lovely cum, Jim,' she beseeched him.  
  
Whether he understood or not, the urgency in her voice set him off. He thrust in deep, and hard. He kept his cock buried inside her, pushing hard with his strong legs, as though trying to return to the womb. His cock throbbed, and pumped strings of hot young sperm into her. After so long without, it felt as though a gallon of rich young sperm was spurting past his one eye. She felt as though he were filling her entire body with potent sperm.  
  
He collapsed on top of her. They lay there sated, breathing heavily.  
  
Miss Perez walked in and came to a halt. Her eyes widened in anger. She strode over to the recovering pair, looming over them.  
  
'Get your clothes on, and follow me, NOW!' she shouted.  
  
'Miss Perez, it's my fault!' Bernice yelped, in fear.  
  
'I'm in no doubt of that! As I told you before, you are a slut, girl,' Miss Perez heavily stated.  
  
'You boy, go to your class, or wherever you're supposed to be,' she ordered.  
  
'Just go,' Bernice implored Jim. 'I'll be alright,' she reassured him.  
  
Jim reluctantly left the sports store, looking over his shoulder, eyeing both of them. She'd told him about Miss Perez some time ago, and he figured she could win her around again. He just hoped the price she had to pay wasn't too nasty. He hung around outside, in case she needed him.  
  
Miss Perez took a hold of an ear, and walked toward the door. Bernice meekly followed her toward the main school building, while glancing at Jim, trying to tell him to keep away. At the principal's office they found he was out. With her anger abating, she took the girl to the welfare office, hoping to at least find that stupid woman in.  
  
'Sit there. I don't expect much from that one, but when the principal returns I'll make sure you're punished,' Miss Perez told her.  
  
A woman called Bernice into her office. Julie sat behind a desk, making Bernice stand before her.  
  
Bernice was a married woman, and an adult, dressed as a teenager. Nevertheless, she looked as scared as a teenager should be. She no longer had the natural authority of a mature woman, and couldn't stand up to this younger woman. If she did, it would only make matters worse. She was about to be punished for having sex with a boy in school, which frightened her, and kept her in place.  
  
'I don't think we've met before. My name is Miss Kent. Miss Perez is right, you are in trouble young lady. The principle might expel you,' she began.  
  
'Please, Miss, I like the school, I don't want to be expelled. I can't let my uncle and Susan down,' Bernice interrupted.  
  
She liked the school? That was a first. Not even the teachers liked the damn place. There were too many bad cases to manage, and that was why she hadn't seen this one before.  
  
'There are alternatives, if you're sure you want to stay,' Miss Kent offered.  
  
The social worker looked at the admission notes, while the girl wittered on, apologising. There wasn't the usual social report most students turned up with. She would have to judge for herself what was wrong, and why the girl was here. There was something wrong with everyone at this school, including the staff.  
  
'Please, Miss, I'll do anything,' Bernice sincerely spoke.  
  
It's a good job she hadn't promised that to Miss Perez, Julie thought.  
  
'It says here you're living with your guardian. Is that right?' she asked.  
  
'Yes, Miss Kent. Paul, and Susan. They're like a mother and father to me, and look after me well. I don't want to let them down,' Bernice nervously said.  
  
This was a lot different to the unruly students she normally dealt with. There was something wrong with her, otherwise why was she here. She decided to take the trouble to investigate, to see what was at the bottom of it.  
  
'You're seventeen, is that right?' she asked, looking sceptical.  
  
'Yes, ma'am,' Bernice replied.  
  
She felt like a naughty schoolgirl standing before the principal. She'd never been in so much trouble in high school. Discovered having sex in school was dreadful. She felt she would die of shame.  
  
'Whatever it takes, I'll do my best to put things right, honest ma'am,' she said.  
  
It sounded as though she were about to burst into tears.  
  
'I'll have to inform your guardian, will he be at home?' she asked.  
  
'No ma'am. Susan will be in,' she added.  
  
'It says here Susan is your aunt, is that right?' she asked.  
  
'Yes, ma'am. She's like a mother to me,' Bernice sniffed.  
  
'Here's some tissues. Go wait outside, while I phone her,' she said.  
  
'You're aunt is on her way. We'll try to work something out so you can stay in school, but I can't promise anything. Go to your class, and come back here at end of the day. Be a good girl, or it will count against you,' Julie said.  
  
'I'll be a good girl, ma'am, I promise, honest,' Bernice gushed.  
  
She scampered off with a feeling of dread, tempered with just a slight glimmer of hope. Surely they wouldn't kick her out of school. Lara had told her she could get away with anything in this damn school. The trick was not to get caught.  
  
She'd got caught by the wrong person, at the wrong time. Miss Perez wanted to make her a personal pet-girl, but she'd escaped the teacher through joining Lara's gang for protection. So the teacher had a score to settle, and it looked as though she had won.  
  
Susan and Paul met outside the school, and walked in looking worried. They were directed toward the social workers office, and knocked.  
  
'Thank you for coming so quickly, I appreciate that,' Julie said.  
  
Most parents just wanted their offspring out of the way, so they could get on with their self-important lives. Though these two weren't parents, they were concerned guardians, which was refreshing. Intrigued over why they let a nice girl like Bernice attend here, she decided to get some background information.  
  
Paul and Bernice kept to the truth as much as possible, only filling in with lies when necessary. Especially keeping quiet about her age, and being a married woman.  
  
'She has a problem with boys,' Paul said. 'Can't stop herself,' he added.  
  
'To make a decision about what to do, I need to send her for assessment. All the students have a report on record, but not Bernice. She will be away for at least a couple of days, at an assessment centre,' Julie explained.  
  
'What happens at this assessment place?' Paul asked.  
  
'They will conduct a psychological review. They could recommend a placement in a rehabilitation centre, or a change in her care. It's more likely they would recommend carrying on as usual,' Julie said.  
  
'What kind of changes in her care?' Paul queried.  
  
'A different school, or a different environment. I'm sure a change of guardianship wouldn't be considered, though it is possibility. I'm sure that won't happen, as she's happy to think of you as her parents,' Julie quickly added.  
  
'Is there some way around that assessment place?' Susan enquired.  
  
'As you're just her guardians, it's the rules I'm afraid. Don't worry, it will be painless,' she smiled.  
  
'If we were her parents would she still have to go?' Susan asked.  
  
'Of course, you would have more rights as a parent. As a parent the rules are different, so it would be your decision. Alternatively, you could place her in another school, which she doesn't want, but that's still up to you,' Julie explained.  
  
'Could you give us a moment to talk about this. It's a bit of a shock,' Susan said.  
  
'Of course. I'm sorry if I made it sound more than it is,' Julie apologised. 'I'm sure it will go well. It's a legal requirement to ensure her rights are being observed. Just a short talk with her established you are doing a good job.'  
  
Susan waited until the door was closed, then whispered to Paul. 'We can't let her go!'  
  
'Why not. You heard what she said, it's just routine,' he said.  
  
'If they start delving into her mind, they'll find out she's well over seventeen, and a married woman. It will be worse if they think it's all in her mind. She might be transferred to some rehabilitation unit. That means a mental hospital. What if they appoint the state as her guardian? She needs our help, Paul. We need to get her out of this way of thinking, and back to normal,' Susan forcefully spoke.  
  
'Shit! I didn't think of that. It's a mess. Shit! Any ideas?' he asked.  
  
'We could adopt her. To get around the rules,' she murmured.  
  
'Oh? That sounds drastic. You sure? I can't think of anything else either,' he sighed.  
  
They called the young woman in.  
  
'If we adopted Bernice, would that solve the issue? I mean, with parental rights, could we avoid this assessment place?' Susan asked.  
  
'Why do you want to avoid it? It would be an opportunity to gain a clear idea of what is troubling her,' Julie asked.  
  
Susan didn't know what to say to that.  
  
'We don't want her to have a record on file. She went through a rough patch when her parents died, but she's coming along fine. To have a psychological assessment sitting there in her file, would damage her future prospects,' Paul explained.  
  
Julie thought about it for a moment. Was it her wanting to know what was going on with Bernice, outweighing her better judgement? Thinking of the interview with Bernice, and how highly she thought of these two, she changed her mind.  
  
'Yes, it would make a difference. I could delay sending through the assessment centre forms. In the meantime you could apply for adoption. I'm sure it would just be a formality, as you've supplied a normal, and happy family environment for her,' Julie said.  
  
She gave them a warm smile of encouragement.  
  
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Once home they were quietly contemplative, while Paul made coffee.  
  
'Are you sure about this, Susan?' Paul asked.  
  
'I don't think we have a choice. We need to help her through this, and not pressurise her. You've seen how she is. She's regressed. Not to childhood, but to adolescence. You had a part in all this, and owe her something,' Susan lectured.  
  
'I'm not sure we can go as far as adopting her. It seems too weird,' he mused.  
  
'If this gets out, what will it do to your career? Think about that,' she added.  
  
'No, forget about that. Of course we should think of her first,' he replied.  
  
'If we don't do something, she might end up in a home for mad kids. Or maybe farmed out to strangers to be brought up. They wouldn't know her background, and would treat her like a teenager. She would become fixed in that frame of mind, unable to escape it,' she grumbled angrily.  
  
'All right. I feel guilty and responsible. You win,' he said.  
  
'Alright, so how do we go about it?' she asked.  
  
He looked at her with a grimace on his face. 'There's several problems I can foresee,' he said.  
  
He raised a hand to stop her interrupting.  
  
'One, she's an adult. Two, she's a married woman. Three, we aren't married. Four, it just isn't right,' Paul pointed out.  
  
'You provided a false birth certificate for the school, and she's signed guardianship papers. No-one needs to know she's married. We could get married to provide a certificate,' she quietly added.  
  
'Us? You're my niece!' he exclaimed.  
  
'Not by blood. You're a close friend of the family, only called uncle because my parents have known you for so long,' she reminded him.  
  
He took a deep breath. 'This is all getting out of hand. We can't get married, just to do something that is basically wrong.'  
  
'I don't mind marrying you,' she said.  
  
He studied her with a penetrating stare. 'You mean it, don't you,' he said.  
  
She dropped her eyes away from him, and nodded her head.  
  
'It's not just to protect her either, is it,' he said.  
  
'Could be someone worse, I suppose,' she defiantly spoke.  
  
He plonked himself down on the sofa, close to her. He put an arm around her, to hug her tight.  
  
'You're fond of her aren't you. I am too. She's vulnerable and brings out a protective streak in us. I love you Susan, but never thought of you as a wife,' he said.  
  
'Why not? I can cook and keep house,' she crossly spoke.  
  
'There's more to marriage than that,' he told her.  
  
'I know! I don't mind that,' she murmured.  
  
'What? No! I meant a relationship. You don't mean, err, we, err, sharing a bed. . .' he tried to say.  
  
'We'd be married. It would have to look normal. Isn't that what normal married people do? We'd be her parents and have to behave normally, to give her a chance to recover,' Susan said, trying to talk around her offer.  
  
'Susan. Susan, I couldn't let you. Of course, I would, err, welcome, I mean, you're attractive. You're a beautiful young woman, too young. I'm twenty five. You deserve someone your age,' he fumbled around, unsure how to let her down.  
  
'You don't want me. Is it Bernice you want?' she demanded.  
  
'Yes, no, it's not like that. Of course I want you, what man wouldn't. I've already messed up things for Bernice, and don't want to make them worse. I don't want to mess things up for you,' he said.  
  
'I do love you Paul. It was an infatuation when I was young, but now, it's real. I've lived here with you both for awhile, and know how I feel,' she earnestly spoke.  
  
'I know you used to have this thing about me. I didn't know you still felt that way. You sure? More importantly, are you sure you want to marry me?' he asked.  
  
The serious look on his face made her heart flutter.  
  
'Are you asking me?' she said, with a look of fear on her face.  
  
'Alright. Let's see what we really have here,' he challenged.  
  
She watched him go down on one knee. He took her trembling hand in his, lifted it to his lips, and kissed the back of it.  
  
'Susan, I've always cared about you. I'm proud of you. You're a caring and understanding woman. You'll make a wonderful wife, and I want you to be my wife. Make me happy, say you'll marry me, say yes, Susan,' he sincerely spoke.  
  
'Yes, oh, God, yes, Paul. I so want to be your wife,' she said.  
  
She exhaled, not realising she'd been holding her breath. She fell on top of him, wrapped her arms around his head, and kissed him. They rolled across the floor, embracing and smooching, not daring to let go of each other.  
  
Eventually they lay still, panting heavily. Instead of rushing to the bedroom, they had things to say.  
  
Paul put a finger to her lips, as though a finger might stop a gun firing.  
  
'I can't believe it. I thought about who you might marry, and how I would feel about it. Felt jealous! I didn't dream you would want me,' he said.  
  
'Somehow I knew. It was just a dream when I was young, alright younger, but now! It feels so right, and so wonderful, I could burst with happiness,' she laughed.  
  
'I meant it, Susan, I want to marry you,' he heavily said. 'It's not a joke, or a convenience, it's real. You do realise that, don't you?' he asked, while searching for the answer in her eyes.  
  
'Yes, yes. Oh! Yes!' she laughed.  
  
'We'd better prepare for our daughter,' Susan said.  
  
'I thought we were going to wait until after the wedding. So you could wear white,' he explained.  
  
She laughed, as everything he said was wonderful and funny. 'Not that. Wait until later,' she cajoled him.  
  
He helped her up off the floor, and pulled her into his arms. 'Are you sure about this?'  
  
'Yes! Even if it doesn't work out with Bernice, we were meant for each other,' she sincerely said.  
  
'It does seem right. I've always had a feeling women knew what was happening, before I had any idea of what was going on,' he mused.  
  
'Let me go, I need to straighten up before collecting Bernice from school,' Susan said.  
  
She only just refrained from calling Bernice their daughter. She would have to give him time over that little detail.  
  
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Bernice got in the car, looking very sorry for herself.  
  
'Yes, we spoke to the school welfare woman. Don't worry, we'll sort it out. Best wait until you get home. No, you're not in trouble,' Susan reassured Bernice.  
  
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'It all depends on you, Bernice. We won't do anything if you don't want to. What do you think?' Paul asked.  
  
He was hoping she would see sense and squash the idea. He also wondered how that would leave Susan and him. A moment of madness wasn't a good way to start a relationship. He had to admit his heart was ruling his head, yet he had to admit, there was something in what Susan said. He looked at Susan, and his heart skipped a beat. She would be disappointed if Bernice refused. If he didn't go ahead she would be hurt.  
  
'Yes! Like, wow! I'd love you to be my mom and dad!' Bernice exclaimed.  
  
'Perhaps you should think about it. It's a big step,' Paul solemnly spoke.  
  
'Sure, like, really, it's a fab idea,' Bernice excitedly whooped.  
  
After hugs and a few tears between the two women, Paul sent Bernice to her room. Paul used the excuse that he and Susan, had to talk about the arrangements.  
  
Bernice lay on her bed in shock. The initial euphoria had passed, with stark realties of the situation starting to sink in. Over the past weeks, she had conveniently shut out the dreadful past weeks, as though it had been a bad dream. She didn't want to think about it, for it hurt too much.

She couldn't help it. Painful memories kept surfacing. The way her husband left her, and sold the house. How he had led her along, letting her think she was saving their marriage, while he played around with another woman. It was agonizing, yet it unwillingly surfaced.  
  
She was a married woman, an adult, pretending to be an adolescent. She was going to high school, and had an eighteen year old, schoolboy lover. A nineteen year old girl was making all the decisions for her. Now it seemed they were going to take complete control of her, through adoption. The school thought she was seventeen, so that meant she would be under Susan's control for the next four years, until she was supposedly twenty-one.  
  
Susan had put her on the pill, and decided if her boyfriend could stay the night or not. The girl had taken over her life, taking all decision making away from her. Bernice would be nearly thirty, while still having to obey a young woman, and deferring to her decisions.  
  
They had explained why they were doing this to her. Going to an assessment unit might result in disaster. She could end up being put into an institution, or given to a more suitable couple to be cared for. Having strangers treat her like a child was a terrible prospect. If she told anyone she was twenty-four, and a married woman, they would think she was mad, and lock her away.  
  
Paul and Susan were doing their best for her. They were protecting her and looking after her. There was nowhere else to go, and no one else to go to. There was Jim. He couldn't look after her, but he loved her. As long as she could stay in school, she could see him every day. The warm feeling of that thought, brought a smile to her face.  
  
Of course she would agree to being adopted. She would have a loving family, an attentive lover, and be protected from the harsh realities of life. It wasn't a jail sentence, it was a second chance.