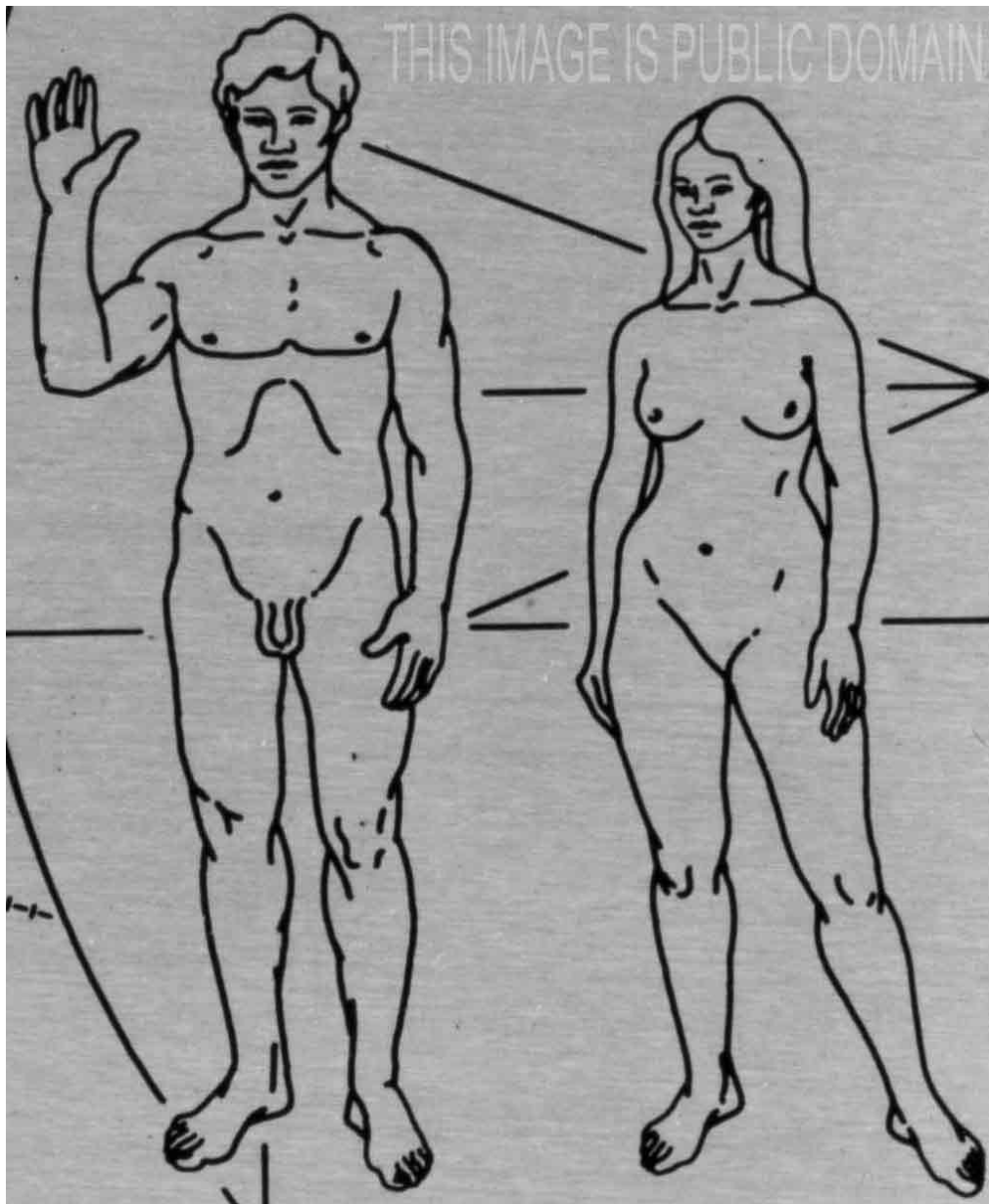


Allison/Emanuel Naked in School

Partial Edition

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



Pursuant to the Berne Convention, this written work is copyrighted with all rights reserved by the author unless explicitly indicated. For questions or concerns, email technite86@yahoo.com. Copyright 2012

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

D'inspiration (or d_inspiration_pseudonym) <technite86@yahoo.com>

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

.....
Sunday Night
.....

Allison

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

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

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

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

She finished with her preparations and climbed into bed, muttering a quick prayer that nothing would threaten the chameleon act she had performed for so long. She drifted off to sleep, not realizing that in the next room her sister was asking Eris for an interesting year.

Emanuel

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

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

.....
Monday Morning
.....

Allison

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Emanuel

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

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

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

Allison

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Emanuel

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

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

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

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

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

Allison

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

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

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

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

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

Emanuel

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

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

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

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

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

Allison

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Emanuel

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Allison

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

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

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

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

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

Emanuel

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

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

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

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

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

Monday Afternoon/Evening

Allison

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Emanuel

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Allison

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

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

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

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

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

Emanuel

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

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

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

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

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

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

Allison interjected “My safe place.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Allison

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thank you, she replied with her smile.

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

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

I second that, she replied.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A bitch, pure and simple Emanuel answered.

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

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

"Not that I can remember," Allison responded.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Emanuel

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And why is that? she asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Allison

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Can he come over tonight?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Dinner’s at five, just so you know.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“You... what... saw... how?”

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

“Maybe. What’s his name?”

“Emanuel Lopez.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Emanuel

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

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

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

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

“Yes Ma’am.”

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

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

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

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

“Ready sweetheart?”

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

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

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

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

“If you say so,” she replied back.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I definitely like it she responded as she blushed.

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

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

Allison

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

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

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

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

"I will allow it."

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

Her mom smiled, replying "Sure thing honey".

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

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

Emanuel

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Allison

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

“Of course it’s for you my precious.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

As she thought this, the negative ideas disappeared.

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

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

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

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

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

The thoughts left again.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Emanuel

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

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

“Heavy breathing?” one student responded.

“In later stages, yes.”

“Hard nipples and moaning?” another one asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Correct.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Allison

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Are you okay Lady?” he asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I am called Richard,” he replied.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“No problem” he replied.

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

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

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

Yes, exactly.

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

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

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

Right he replied back.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“It’s that good or bad?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Do you want my help?” he asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Emanuel

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

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

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

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

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

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

No problem Manny.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Already have one she responded.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“And you Ms Kirse?”

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

Emanuel smiled as he heard this.

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

“Yes ma’am” the boy replied.

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

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

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

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

"That's disgusting!" Allison exclaimed.

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

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

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

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

"Maybe towels would work," Emanuel suggested.

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

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

Allison

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

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

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

What about this morning? she thought.

I'll explain that too he replied.

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

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

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

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

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

"Sure, go ahead" Allison replied uncertainly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tell me then sweetheart, why does that matter?

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

She gulped nervously as Emanuel thought this to her.

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

“I don't mind sir,” she responded.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Thank you sir.”

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

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

And they are?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Understood,” Laura responded.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Emanuel

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He pulled forward and started to gently massage her breasts.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

What next he thought to Allison.

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

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

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

I figured that much Ally he replied.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Open your eyes Allison thought to him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Allison

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

Huh? What time is it? he replied weakly.

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

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

“Okay precious, but I need you to sit up before I can move” he replied gently.

“Oh... sorry” she replied nervously, quickly sitting up and looking over at him. She noticed the smile on his face as he sat up, and breathed a sigh of relief.

“I don’t offend easily precious. You don’t need to worry so much” he said, as he stared deeply into her eyes.

“Okay” she replied, still feeling a little nervous as she stood up and looked for her shoes. She finally spotted them in a corner on the opposite side of the room. She turned to Emanuel quickly with an inquisitive look on her face.

“Laura moved them there after you nearly kicked them off your feet earlier.”

“And when did this happen?”

“Just as you were having your orgasm. You looked like you were about to explode.”

“I felt that way. I wonder if that’s how Laura felt.”

“That’s exactly how I felt” she heard Laura reply as she entered the room.

“How are you coping with being naked so far?” she asked, watching as Laura’s face reddened.

“Okay at the moment, but I’m very worried about going to lunch. How do you cope with all the staring?” she responded, less nervously than Allison had expected.

“It’s more a matter of ignoring the nastier looks and trying to feel flattered by the more... gentlemanly ones.”

“Gentlemanly looks?” Laura asked, puzzled.

“When the looks is more admiring of your beauty, and not one of pure lust.”

“That makes sense. Which do you get more?”

“Lustful. Without a doubt.”

“How about the look Emanuel’s giving you right now?”

“That’s a lover’s look. A weird mix of both, but respectful most of the time.”

“Most of the time?”

“Yeah... there are times when lustful takes over, but they’re restricted to moments of horniness and wild bedroom moments.” *And possibly a little love as well* she thought softly.

Maybe. But I can’t say for sure yet she picked up lightly.

Same here. She turned back and looked at him again, thinking more strongly *Is it bad of me to want to control this a little? You know, to have some thoughts to myself?*

Certainly not. I understand the need for privacy sometimes.

“Shall we go then?” she asked as she suddenly noticed a sly smile on Laura’s face. Allison stared at her and watched as the smile quickly disappeared. She turned back around and walked out the door, taking Emanuel’s hand as she did.

She smiled as they walked in silence, enjoying most of Emanuel’s attention. She wondered briefly how the three of them must look to some of the other students.

Well the boys, no doubt, must view you as an extremely lucky bastard.

The girls, no doubt, feel the same way about you, my precious.

True, but what about Laura?

They’re probably thinking anything from ‘who’s that girl?’ to ‘I wanna fuck her!’ to ‘I can’t believe she did that!’

True she responded as Allison let her mind drift, a small part of her focused on Emanuel’s touch.

A few seconds later she felt Emmanuel squeeze her hand. “We’re here, precious” he said gently. She brought her mind back in, quickly realizing they were now in the cafeteria. “Are you okay, Ally? You look like you zoned out there.”

“Yeah. I was just enjoying your touch, sweetheart.” She watched happily as the frown of concern on his face changed into a smile. “Don’t forget – you still owe me an explanation for this morning.”

“You know how I was telling you about Kempo yesterday? I was taking a rank test this morning. You must have tried reaching me during the oath or one of our meditations.”

“Oh”. *I actually thought for a moment this morning that you hated me.*

Really? I hope our earlier discussion dispelled any possibility of that thought returning.

It certainly did sweetheart. “Does the invite to a class still stand?”

“Of course. You may want to read these first though” he said as she grabbed the pamphlets from his waiting hands. She slipped them into a side pocket of her bag and turned back to him.

“And how did you do on said test sweetheart?”

“I’ll show you when we sit down.” She smiled and pointed toward a small table where Tony and Laura were sitting. “Hey Laura. Have you met Tony yet?”

“Of course. I think my state of dress helped to get his attention.”

“Now, Tony, I hope that wasn’t your only reason.”

“Of course not Allison. She looked a little lonely and sad as well.”

“Good” she said as she sat down next to Emanuel. “Can you show me now sweetheart?”

“Sure” he replied as he opened the gym bag, pointing to the black belt laying on top of a pile of clothing. A moment later she spotted the tip of the brown belt below it.

“Wow... Congratulations sweetheart” she said happily as she leaned in towards him. She smiled as he leaned in as well, their lips connecting in a kiss a moment later. A few moments later she was interrupted by a familiar voice.

“I never thought I’d see you doing that anytime soon.”

She broke the kiss and looked up. “Emily? I haven’t talked to you since last year. What happened over the summer?”

“Well, mom and dad insisted on me working the entirety of it – one job at after another. All near my aunt’s house in New York City. Being the dutiful daughter I am, of course I obeyed.”

“I’m guessing that’s the reason for your transformation.”

“I assume you mean my clothes. Yes, my experiences there are the main reason. And can I assume this boy is the reason for yours?”

“You’d be correct if you did. If it weren’t for him and the support he’s been giving me, I don’t think I would have survived and thrived to this point. I probably would have turned out like Edward.”

“Aren’t you forgetting something else?”

“Oh, silly me. My boyfriend and Program partner is Emanuel. The other naked girl is Laura, a volunteer and recent acquaintance, and the guy wearing clothing is Tony. He’s one of Emanuel’s teammates.”

“As in athletic team?”

“Yes, baseball. I think we should go somewhere quiet. We have some girl things to catch up on. I’ll be back soon sweetheart.” *I have a few things I need to talk to her about in private, and I promised Tony a favor earlier as well.*

“Okay precious.” Allison stood up, quickly leading Emily to a quiet corner.

“Em, before you say anything about our pact from last year, let me explain a few things. As for my choice in Emanuel, he could have chosen anyone from the school this time around, especially his former partner, but he chose me. He’s the sweetest, nicest boy I know, and he’s the one who scared off the boys that tried to assault me yesterday.”

“That was you they were talking about?”

“Yeah. Besides that, we may both be falling in love with each other, and I know he’s not hiding anything from me.”

“And how do you know that?”

“We don’t only have an emotional bond. We also share a telepathic one. I know it’s hard to believe, but we can actually share thoughts with each other. You can test it if you’d like.”

“Okay, but what about the other one? What proof do you have that he’s different?”

“I was very nearly attacked earlier today by two jocks. Tony stepped in and protected me, despite the fact that it might cost him membership on the team.”

“So?”

“So, he’s had a crush on you for some time now, and is just as sweet as Emanuel. Give him a chance.”

“Okay, but on three conditions. One, your boyfriend has to pass my test. Two, it has to be a double date with you two and three, he has to ask me.”

“What do you have in mind then?”

“I’ll tell him a secret you have no way of knowing otherwise. If you get it correct, then I will believe you.”

Manny, sweetheart, listen carefully. Emily is going to tell you something while I stand over here. Think to me whatever it is she tells you.

This is a test then? Okay, so apparently she had an imaginary friend called Lingar as a child, part human and part lion.

Is that it?

That’s it. Allison watched as Emily walked back towards her.

“Okay, what did I tell your boyfriend?”

“You told him about Lingar, the imaginary friend you had as a child that was part lion and part human.” Allison smiled as a look of shock slowly passed over Emily’s face.

“It’s actually... actually real...” she muttered under her breath. “Can you ever shut it off?”

“Manny’s done it once, and it gets significantly weaker at a certain range.” As she started back towards the table with Emily she quickly thought *One last thing Manny. Talk to Tony real quick – let him know that if he asks Emily out when we get back, she’ll say yes. Use the gut feeling clause if you need to.*

Gotcha. A few moments later Allison smiled as she sat back down and felt Emanuel’s arm draw her in closer.

“Uhm... Emily, would you consider going out with me sometime this week?” Tony asked nervously.

“Okay, but only if we double with these two.”

“Works for me if it works for you guys.” Allison looked at Emanuel, asking silently what she already knew the answer to. She smiled as he nodded his head.

“Of course it’s fine with us. Is tomorrow around six okay?”

“I’ll have to check with mom first, but I imagine that will work” Emily replied.

“We don’t have practice tomorrow, so we should be fine” Tony added. Allison quickly wrote her number on a napkin and handed it to Emily.

“Call me later when you get the answer.” She slowly laid her head down on Emanuel’s shoulder.

“Where should we go?” she heard Emanuel ask.

“How about that coffee place on main street?” Tony asked back.

“Sullivan’s? We were there last night. How about the Italian place a few blocks from there?” Allison suggested.

“Vincenzo’s? I’ve been there a few times. They’re quite good and fairly inexpensive” Emanuel added. Allison watched as Emily nodded her head in agreement.

“Vincenzo’s it is then” Allison said quickly, laying her head back on Emanuel’s shoulder and letting her eyes close.

Emanuel

Emanuel quickly looked down at Allison then brought his attention back to the others. “Did she go to sleep?” he heard Tony ask.

“Not yet, she’s just enjoying being near me” he replied, smiling as Allison did.

“Oh, how did your test go this morning?”

“Quite good actually. I’d show you the new belt, but I don’t think she’d let me move to do so.”

That’s right sweetheart. You are my pillow slave until the period is over.

“I believe you man. Only an idiot would try to separate you two with the look on her face.”

“Oh, by the way, thanks for looking out for my precious one here earlier.”

“It was the right thing to do. Besides, Freddy and Mike have never been all that bright, and act tougher than they really are.” Emanuel looked down and realized Allison had fallen asleep. “My only concern is that Coach might actually listen to those two.”

“If he does, and even suggests letting you go, I’ll make sure he knows – you go, I go. That should stop any threat real easily.”

“True, he practically worships you.”

“I don’t deserve it. I just get lucky sometimes. Anyway, the period is about halfway over, and I’d like to finish eating before the vultures come around.” Emanuel watched as Allison started to stir a little. *I wonder what she’s dreaming about?* he wondered for a moment before returning back to his food, tuning out the mindless chatter around him. He looked at Allison one more time and let his mind start to wander.

He felt his mind replay the events of the day, mentally naming each move he and Kara performed. He felt his mind blank and a moment later felt an odd presence just behind him. “If we could only just get Romeo and Mr. Hero out of the way man... we could have a lot of fun with that chick.”

“Yeah man, I know what you mean. It must be boring being good all the time.”

“Yeah. Speaking of, how do we get rid of those two?”

“Well, Romeo shouldn’t be too much of a problem, he has other engagements after all. But Mr. Hero could become a major thorn in our side if we’re not careful.”

“We’ll just have to spin for Coach one of our lovely stories. That should take care of Mr. Hero, and hopefully Romeo with him.”

“Yeah, and then we can get her tomorrow.”

“Yeah” Emanuel focused closely on the conversation as he listened to the two scheming.

Who are those two after? Wait, Mr. Hero must be Tony, and that makes me Romeo. That chick must be... Allison. He felt his anger begin to surge, and opened his eyes, noticing Tony staring at the two.

“They’re up to no good bud. You should warn her when she wakes up.”

“I was planning on it.”

“Oh, do you think your Sensei would mind taking on another student? Coach has been heavily hinting that I should try to be more like you, and that sounds like a very good way to improve my reflexes and such.”

“I’m sure he’d have no problem with more genuinely interested people joining. Just make sure you’re doing it for yourself, and not because Coach wants you to.” He watched as Tony glanced down at his watch.

“You should wake her up. Bell’s going to ring in a few minutes.”

“Allison, precious, time to wake up” he said gently. *I know you must be really comfortable here, but the bell is going to ring soon, and I’d like to get to Art early. Well, only really to avoid as many rule three’s as possible.* He smiled as Allison lifted her head and smiled.

“Let’s get going then” she said softly.

“I’ll see you at try-outs Tony.” Emanuel said as he stood up, grabbed his bag, and grabbed Allison’s hand. “Shall we?”

“We shall” she replied as she gently led him towards the exit. As they walked, he turned his head towards hers.

“I don’t know why, but I’ve got the sneaking suspicion you were awake the entire time I was talking to Tony.”

“I never actually fell asleep. I tried, but I felt something was wrong and somehow couldn’t.”

“So you over heard those two knuckleheads as well.”

“Yeah, but I’m actually worried. They may not know when not to talk, but they sounded like they have their act together with that plan.”

“True, but I’m banking on Coach believing Tony more than them. They’ve done stupid shit in the past and Coach has heard of it before.” He turned around for a moment, then turned back.”

What is it sweetheart? What’s wrong?

I could swear I just felt someone following us. Do you mind if we stop walking for a moment?

Sure, why?

I want to see if I misread my feelings, or if someone is actually there.

I still don’t understand, but I’m sure you’ll explain later. He nodded his head quickly and focused on his surroundings.

Okay, the classrooms feel normal, and there’s someone in the girls’ bathroom, but none of them match the presence I felt earlier. The offices feel okay, and there’s three people in the stairwell...wait, that’s them.

So we should avoid that staircase, right sweetheart?

Exactly. How much of my thoughts were you paying attention to?

All of them. Is this something else I'll learn from your Sensei?

Exactly. "We should continue on then precious."

"Okay" Emanuel shuddered as they passed the stairwell. Suddenly, the door opened, and three boys stepped out, a mischievous look on their faces.

"We invoke the right of rule three. Spread 'em whore" the biggest of them said roughly. Emanuel watched as Allison did what the boys asked.

Are you okay precious?

I'm handling this okay, but I may need your help in a little while.

"I wanna fuck you like the whore you are" another started.

"No. The most you can do is touch my breasts."

"And what right do you have to set limits on what I can ask for?"

"Rule three allows me the right to deny any request for touching that I don't want to happen. Besides, you have to ask respectfully, and that you certainly didn't do."

"Fine then, may I play with your tits?" the boy asked, still a little roughly.

"Yes"

I'm proud of you precious, standing up for your rights.

Thank you sweetheart.

How does his touch feel?

Much rougher than you sweetheart, but it's not bad actually. I won't be getting off anytime soon though. He noticed the other boys start to chuckle a little.

"What?" he asked, pausing. "What's so funny?"

"You claim to be this great lover Fred, but she's not getting wet at all" one of the others said.

“You think you can do better?”

“Yeah. Lady, would you allow me to try?”

“Sure, go ahead”. Emanuel watched as the boy started to gently massage Allison’s breasts.

Well, is he actually doing anything, or is he merely on the opposite end of the spectrum?

That was the case a few moments ago, but he’s getting closer to perfect touch.

So just a little harder and he’ll be able to succeed?

Exactly. Do me a favor sweetheart. Watch the expression of the first guy in a few moments.

Okay, he’s smiling right now, but I think I just made out a small frown. Yes, definitely starting to frown. And now it’s turning into shock. Jaw dropped shock?

Exactly.

And he’s starting to walk away now.

So it’s safe to say his pride’s been hurt?

I suppose. Are you close enough that he should continue, or should we be on our way?

I think we should be on our way. I’ll need at least another three or four minutes of this for even a small orgasm. “I hate to interrupt you, but I really need to get going to class.”

“Oh... am I not good enough either?”

“No, if you had another five minutes or so, you’d succeed. I just don’t have five minutes to spare.” Emanuel smiled as the frown on the boy’s face quickly turned into a smile. “Shall we be on our way Manny?”

“Yes, let’s Ally.” He quickly smiled at her as he grabbed her hand. They walked in silence. Twice Emanuel felt the urge to open his mouth, but decided not to. As they neared the art room, Allison turned to him.

“Manny, sweetheart, what are you holding back?”

“Something I’d like to say, but I’m worried it’ll cause more harm than help.”

“Go ahead and say it. I know anything you say is it out of caring.”

“I’m proud of how you’ve reacted to all the activity so far today. It’s almost unbelievable how quickly you’ve turned around.”

“That’s what you were worried about saying? I almost don’t believe it myself, but I’m trying not to dwell on that thought.”

“I’m more concerned about what the counselor will say later.”

“Yeah, she could do a lot of damage very quickly.”

“Especially since modern science doesn’t believe in such lightening fast healing. So long as you don’t listen to her negative ideas, you’ll be fine.”

“Yeah, and as long as you’re by my side, I can do anything.”

“Let’s continue then.” They continued on their way again in silence. About a minute later, Emanuel felt another presence nearby. *Two people, maleficent intent, two corners down. It can’t be them though... they’re not that stupid.*

Do you mean tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum from earlier sweetheart?

Of course. We can avoid them entirely by turning at the next corner, and not the one they’re waiting around.

Let’s do that then. A few moments and three turns later, the art room finally came into sight.

“We made it precious.”

“Good”

“Shall we?”

“Yes sweetheart, let’s.”

Allison

Allison watched as their teacher looked up. “You two are early again. Will this be becoming a habit this week?”

“Of course. The other students are just a little too grabby right now” Emanuel replied.

“Wait a day... until the Program loses its newness. Things will become less crazy then.”

“I hope that’s the case. I don’t know if I could survive the rest of the week being this bad” Allison replied.

“I’d like to give the class a little more drawing time today, but I also recognize that you have the right to relief. Would either of you mind taking your relief time now, before class starts?”

“Sure, that sounds perfect actually. What do you think sweetheart?”

“Agreed, and I have the perfect idea of how to maximize our time. Can we use the couch Mrs. Rose?”

“Of course”

“So sweetheart, what’s your idea?”

“We’ll, it’s really two ideas. The first is mutual masturbation – we watch each other play. The other is sixty-nine.”

“Sixty-nine?”

“Essentially, we give each other oral at the same time.”

“Option two then” she replied, watching the nervous look cross his face. “Don’t worry sweetheart. I know you can get me off.” *Besides, if you need any help, you just need to ask.*

“True. We better hurry then.” She looked quickly at him as they approached the couch. “I can be on the bottom if you’d feel safer that way.”

“Thank you sweetheart, that will help.” She watched as Emanuel laid down. “So, how do we do this?”

“You lay down on me, your head near my penis.”

“Oh... I should have realized that.” She watched the smile that crossed his face, and felt herself relax. *Okay. I’ve done this before, I can do this again* she thought as she assumed her position. *He’s already hard. That should speed this up.* As she thought this, she felt Emanuel start to gently lick her clitoris. *Oh...this will be harder than I thought.* She continued lifting and lowering her head.

The next few minutes seemed like an eternity to her as she struggled to focus despite the building orgasm. Suddenly, she felt his body start to tense. *Success* she

thought as the urge to pee came out of nowhere. *Uhm... sweetheart, I feel like about to pee. Please stop.*

If you want me to, sure, but if you want what Laura got, you should let me continue.

Continue then. A moment later, Allison felt Emanuel start to tense up again. *You're going to cum soon, aren't you sweetheart?*

Yes, but if I'm right, so are you. A moment later, just as she was about to respond, she felt an orgasm that felt like a tsunami start to wash over her. A few seconds later, she felt the orgasm subside.

"Emanuel, I hope you didn't break her, otherwise you'll have to pose alone."

"I'm okay Ms. Rose, just a little in shock. That was the most intense orgasm I've ever had."

"I could tell. If your scream wasn't proof enough, than your partner's face has to be. Why don't you sit up and see for yourself."

"Can I just turn around instead? I feel safe on top of my Manny."

"Very well." She slowly started to pick up her weight, gasping as she lost balance and her butt fell on Emanuel's chest. "Are you okay sweetheart?" she asked, before turning to look at his face.

"I'm fine precious. Let me help you up this time." She felt herself suddenly rise in the air as Emanuel's arms enclosed around her. She closed her eyes quickly, and felt a soft thud against her butt. "It's okay precious. I didn't drop you, you can open your eyes." She quickly opened them, noticing for the first time the odd liquid that dripped off Emanuel's face.

"Did I do that?"

"Yeah, but it's okay. You wanted to squirt, and squirt you did."

"Are you sure it's okay?"

"I'm sure. I was more concerned I had knocked you out with that orgasm."

"You two should get cleaned up before the rest of the class shows up. There are paper towels behind the curtains."

"Thank you Ms. Rose. Shall we precious?"

“Yes”. As she stepped behind the curtain, Allison looked at Emanuel again. “Sweetheart, did I satisfy you as well? I was so caught up in that orgasm, I couldn’t tell if you were enjoying it as well.”

“Best yet precious. I came harder then ever before just knowing we were orgasming at the same time. It felt like we were one.”

“You mean like the nap we took earlier?”

“Exactly like that. Oh, I think you should probably wipe off your face as well. I think you were enjoying that orgasm so much you were unable to swallow properly.”

“How about we just leave our faces the way they are? I don’t actually care what everyone else sees us like this.”

“Works for me” he replied as she watched him start to lean in towards her.

You’re aware I might still have some of your cum in my mouth sweetheart, right? Are you sure you want to kiss me?

Yes, I’m sure. Besides I’m pretty sure I wasn’t able to swallow all of your either. She smiled as their lips met, and a moment later, felt his tongue break through gently. She felt him draw her body in closer as their tongues slowly danced together.

“Okay, if you two don’t want to get cleaned up, that’s fine by me. But, class will be starting soon and I need you back up front.”

“Okay Ms. Rose.”

“Now, what to do about positions for you two... Did you enjoy the positions yesterday?”

“We certainly did, but maybe something... romantic would be better.”

“Such as a cuddle position or two Emanuel?”

“Exactly”

“Okay then, since the period is about to begin, you two might as well get into the first pose. Sit down next to each other. Allison, lay your head down on Emanuel’s shoulder.”

“This pose feels very natural to me. I could almost fall asleep like this.”

“Agreed. Her head feels as though it belongs on my shoulder.”

“Good. Your classmates will be here in a second.” Allison felt her eyes close a moment later.

Emanuel

Emanuel watched as the last few people ran in as the teacher said: “Class, take out your sketch pads and start drawing.”

“Draw what Ms. Rose?” a redheaded girl asked.

“Aren’t you going to tell them to get into a more sexy position?” another girl asked.

“No, that is their pose. And, before anyone of you thinks to ask, our participants will not be requesting relief today.”

“Isn’t that breaking the rules?”

“No, because they assured me they don’t need any.”

“Ms. Rose isn’t lying. We really are fine at the moment.”

“Well, you heard him class. You have fifteen minutes to draw.” Emanuel smiled as the class grumbled in unison.

Do they only think about sex? Perverts. Ally precious, are you awake? Emanuel awaited a response, and got an odd blank feeling a moment later. I guess she’s asleep then. That orgasm must have taken more out of her than either of us thought. I wonder how everyone is drawing me. He scanned the room quickly. Okay, a few of them are taking this seriously. The guys are all focusing on Allison, and...wait... three of them are focusing on me? Okay, that’s not a problem. I’ve had a few guys rule three me. He noticed the redhead staring at his penis. She’s not terribly subtle.

Agreed sweetheart. About as subtle as that group of guys in the back.

Had a nice nap?

Yes. I didn’t realize an orgasm could drain that much energy. Anyway, I’m sure my breasts will look much bigger than they are in their sketches.

Yeah, that girl is no doubt doing the same with my penis.

“Pencils down. Do you two need a moment to move your legs, or can we go straight into the next pose?”

Do you need any time precious?

I'm good. "No, we're good."

"Okay, Allison lay against one of the sides of the couch, and leave your legs open. Emanuel, sit between her legs, with your back to her front. This is a reversal of a traditional cuddle position."

This feels interesting precious. I feel safe this way, almost like I don't have to rely on myself. It feels good.

I know, it feels empowering. I feel like I can actually help someone.

"Start drawing class."

"But their position is wrong. They should switch places" a girl remarked.

"No, this is right. Besides, we already spooned today."

"You heard her. Start."

Although, I wouldn't mind doing it again Manny.

Heh heh. Am I leaning too hard against you? I mean, I like feeling your body against me, but I don't want to hurt you.

You're not. The mammogram mom made me have last year hurt. This doesn't.

Good.

Manny, do you think the class is enjoying drawing us like this?

I'm not sure, but I imagine some of the girls want to be sitting in front of me at the moment.

Oh, I'm turning you on that much?

Yes precious, you are. Your scent is intoxicating, and your skin against me is driving me crazy.

Any part in particular?

Well, your breasts, but mostly because they're the most obvious.

Mostly?

Yes, mostly. I also happen to like them quite a lot.

No fair. You're making me blush.

Like you're making me?

Heh heh. We must be quite a sight right now.

Judging by some of the stares we're getting, I agree.

Anyone particularly fixated?

The red head in the back and her brunette friend next to her.

Let me guess, both are blushing, and one is starting to shift around uncomfortably a lot.

Mostly correct. The brunette has a hand down her pants. You have your fair share of admirers as well. Three guys, all in the front.

Actually sweetheart, one of them is looking at you.

He's not the first.

You've had others?

Yeah, one even made a request.

And?

I declined. I'm not comfortable with the idea of another guy touching me like that.

Aw, but that would be so hot.

I take it that's a fantasy of yours?

Yeah, but I wouldn't force you to indulge me.

I need to think about a few things in relative privacy precious. Okay?

Sure. Does this mean I'll get a wall if I try to send something to you?

Possibly. I should only need a minute or two. Emanuel breathed in and out slowly a few times, feeling his mind drift away from Allison's for a moment. What does this all mean? The last time I felt this safe in someone's arms was when Mom was still alive. And that was a distinctively different from this. And, why do we share the connection we do? I've dated before, but I've never felt anything like this. Could this be what is meant by

romantic love? Could I possibly be in love with this girl? And, if I do, does she feel the same? It's so confusing... so...

Allison

Allison breathed a sigh of relief as she felt the connection restore itself. *I wonder what is so confusing to him? It has to be pretty big to knock him out like that.* She listened to for a moment to his soft breathing, smiling as her synchronized back to it. *Could he be feeling what I'm feeling? Could it be this is love, and he loves me too?*

She felt doubt start to wash over her. *No, it's impossible. I'm a mess, and he's close to getting his life together. There is no way he could want me. No, that's the impossible thing. He's confused, yes, but he also said he feels safe with me. Besides, he's in no better shape than I am right now. We can both support each other through our issues.* Allison breathed a sigh of relief as the doubt left.

I'll have to ask mom later if this is love. I know her and dad seem to know exactly what the other needs or is thinking, although, maybe not on this level.

Ally, precious, what just happened to me? I felt an odd scream building, then, now.

You lost consciousness for a few moments.

The thoughts took that much out of me?

Yeah.

“Okay class, pencils down.”

“Ms Rose, could we look at some of the classes' work? We're curious to see how we're perceived by others.”

“Okay Allison, I don't see a problem with that. You have until the bell rings.” Allison watched as Emanuel walked straight back to the red head and brunette.

So?

Definitely bigger than I actually am. Oh and your breasts are almost non-existent.

Figures they'd do that. I'm looking at the serious artists' piece, and he has you pretty accurate. I imagine he got me right as well.

Let me see. Yeah, he has you accurate. The three in front don't though.

Bigger or smaller?

Two bigger, the other smaller. I think the other guy is the one who was staring at me.

That makes sense. Suddenly the bell rang.

“So, what do you two think?”

“Some of them drew certain of our body parts too big or too small. But, we expected that” Emanuel replied.

“You two should probably be on your way to whatever class you have next. Do make sure to think of some poses for tomorrow.”

“Okay” they said in unison.

“Back into the fray then sweetheart.” A minute later, Allison thought *What’s going on here? Normally we’d be swarmed with requests. But, so far, none.*

I know, it feels really strange. Almost like we lost our newness.

I hope it’s only that. They continued, walking in silence. “Manny, I know we only recently met and all, but I don’t know very much about you. Last night was nice and all, but those questions felt like the kind you’d find in a romantic movie or something.”

“What do you want to know?”

“Well, uhm... don’t answer if it’s none of my business, but have you had a girlfriend before?”

“Maybe three or four. Do you want details, or is number enough?”

“As detailed as your willing to go.”

“Well, first was Sarah. We’d only been dating for a few weeks when I heard her bragging to her friends about a plan to humiliate me. Some sort of really serious anti-jock sentiment.”

“Were you acting like a jock?”

“No, I’ve never identified as a jock. It’s partly why I’m friends with Tony. Anyway, I broke that off later that day. She still managed to pull the prank off, but it didn’t quite have the intended effect on it’s new victim.”

“Wait, you dated the man-slayer?”

“Yeah, I’ll tell you the full story another time. Second girl was a week later, merely wanted the prestige of dating a jock. That ended as soon as I discovered that fact.”

“How long did that take?”

“Four days. Not the greatest actress by any definition. Number three was genuinely interested, a girl named Joanne. We lasted about three weeks, but conflicted on too many important things. The split was clean and quick – we departed on good terms.”

“So all of this was, what, two years ago? Did you ever do anything sexual with them?”

“Not really. None of them lasted long enough to go beyond making out.”

“So I’ve been your first so far then?”

“Yes, and I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

“I take it that large gap of time has contributed nicely to your ‘highly desired’ status.”

“Yeah. Would you believe we’re at the classroom already?”

“We are? Wow.”

“I assume you two are my Program participants for the week?” she suddenly heard from within the room. “Come in – I have a few things to discuss with you before the class starts. Ms Kirse I presume?”

“Call me Allison.”

“And you young man, must be Mr Lopez. Can I assume you’re happy about not having to take math?”

“You can call me Emanuel. Yes, very happy. I’ve heard horror stories about Mr Bonett.”

“He’s actually a really good teacher believe-it-or-not, but his voice does tend to put students to sleep. Anyway, call me Nancy, rather than Mrs. Sneider.”

“Are you going to be using us like some of other teachers have?” Allison asked.

“Unfortunately, I have to. The local Program committee insists upon it. However the extent of that will be performing some dialogues and scenes. I’d have people doing that anyway.”

“What kind of scenes?”

“Again, due to the Program committee, mostly romantic pieces with intimacy – I take it that won’t be a problem with you. I’m also adding in some scenes dealing with conflict and sorrow. Now, onto the first important question – the committee wants me to pull a few scenes out of this book. The problem is none of them are written any better than amateur porn. I’d rather not use them, but I can only do so if either of you has major objections. Do either of you have objections to these scenes?”

This could be a chance to avoid some of the elements of pushing. Should we precious?

Yeah. “We both object” Allison said.

“Good. Just sign these forms and it will be made official.”

“What’s the next thing?” she heard Emanuel ask.

“Well, it’s more of a desire, but I’d like to put on some variation of a classic play with the actors as naked as possible. So, I’m wondering if you two would like to try out for it later on. Extra credit will be given of course.”

“I’ll need to think about it. With baseball practice and Kempo, I don’t have a lot of free time.”

“If you’re concerned about practice, rehearsals won’t start until after baseball season is over. And, Allison, I know you don’t have any extra-curricular activities that would get in the way.”

“I may be joining Emanuel in studying Kempo. But, besides that, you’re right. I’ll think about auditioning.”

“That’s all I can ask of you. Anyway, best take your seats. They’re the two up front with the pillows on them.”

“Pillows? They’re going to feel so much better than the cold, hard seats we’ve had so far” Allison said.

“I figured you two would appreciate something comfortable to sit on.”

“I take it you’re not a great fan of the Program, are you Nancy?” Emanuel asked.

“I’ll admit I’m not terribly fond of it. It feels a little too pushy to me. Encouraging kids to accept and explore their sexuality is fine and all, but not everyone is ready for the

same degree of exploration at the same time.” The bell rang, and a moment later she watched as the entire class seemed to enter at once.

Emanuel

It’s almost like they intentionally did that.

I have to imagine they did. It’s the only probable way for that to happen.

That’s true.

“Okay class, in case you didn’t realize it, we have two Program participants this week. We will not be changing to a different subject, and we will not be using the highly suggestive scenes some of you may have heard about.” Emanuel smiled as the class let out a collective groan. “Neither Emanuel or Allison felt comfortable doing them, and to be honest, I don’t like them either. Now, if any of you want to do them, you can volunteer for the Program this week, and I will include the scenes. Remember that I will need a guy and a girl for that to be possible.”

“But, those scenes are all about sex. Isn’t it anti-Program not to include them?” a student asked.

“No, if anything the scenes can damage the cause as much as help it. Emanuel, I take it you have more to say about this?”

“Yes. Although at first glance it may seem like the scenes, in all of their detail, would support the Program’s aims. However, such graphic scenes have existed for decades – that’s all pornography is. The difference is that pornography has typically held a very negative stigma. The scenes that are being suggested are designed to not have that that stigma, and to take away the turn on factor pornography has had.”

“Isn’t the point of the Program to get us more comfortable to our own bodies and sexuality?” the student asked.

“Yes, and thus take away the special, almost forbidden factor that heavily contributes to that voyeuristic tendency. Think about it – would a woman’s body hold the same sway if you were used to seeing it?”

“But aren’t you and Allison kind of mandated to do them then? You are Program participants.”

“That may be true, but those scenes would more likely harm us than help us right now. Don’t forget that the Program is primarily designed to help those participating in it.”

“Do I have any volunteers for the scenes?” Emanuel watched as eyes looked around.

Just as I figured. Nobody's brave enough.

Sweetheart, I feel the urge to call them all cowards. Do you think it would be wise for me to do that?

Sure, why not? Might give one or two the push they need.

“May I say a few words to the class?”

“Go ahead Allison. I think I know what you intend to say, and it will sound better coming from you then from me. I only ask that you stand and face the class while you do so.” Emanuel watched as Allison stood up and noticed a fire light in her eyes.

“I had hoped that at least one of you would volunteer for the Program. Sure, it's not the easiest thing in the world to do, but so far it's been worth it. But I guess if you want to remain voyeuristic, secretive perverts like our parent's generation, it's your choice.”

“Class, I can see that you have some questions you're itching to ask. We'll start with *Taming of the Shrew* tomorrow, and you can use this time to ask any questions you'd like of Allison and Emanuel. Once they've turned their desks around, you can start one at a time. Allison, Emanuel, remember that you don't have to answer a question if you don't want to.”

“Okay, girl, second row, green shirt.”

“Isn't it hard being naked like this?”

“At first, it was really hard and very scary. But, it's not so bad now” Allison replied.

“Aside from the fact that I've been hard all day for one reason or another, it's no more awkward than showering after a game. Truth be told, I don't think it would matter as much if we were all naked right now.”

“Uhm... Mrs. Sneider, would you allow a student to be naked in the class if he/she wanted to?” the girl asked.

“Of course. Not only is it your right under the new laws, but I was thinking of offering extra credit to any student willing to read naked. Oh, and I talked about this to Mr Litski earlier, and any student is free to attend school naked for as long as they wish, without being held to Program rules.” Emanuel watched as the girl quickly stood up and shed her clothes. “Will anyone else be joining Ms Larae?”

Allison, precious, are my eyes deceiving me, or are the three that just stood up guys?

They're guys alright.

“Any more questions?” Emanuel asked.

“Yeah. Is it weird putting on clothes at the end of the day?” the now naked girl asked.

“Oh, yes. Definitely weird. If it weren't for the fact that I'm sure I couldn't get away with it at home, I'd spend all day naked.”

“I don't know if I'd go that far, but it certainly is odd to feel something against your skin again” Allison added.

“Does it feel odd having other people touch you?” a raven haired boy asked.

“Depends on who's doing the touching and how gentle or rough they are” Emanuel replied.

No fair! I was going to say that.

“And his touch must drive you crazy” another said.

Was that sarcasm in his voice precious?

Yeah, the guy must think himself to be real funny.

“Lenny, you might want to think twice about speaking of such things so lightly. You may never get laid if you continue like that.”

Not a teacher to mess with, huh?

Agreed precious.

“Those who wish to get dressed again should do so now – the period ends in a few minutes. Allison, Emanuel, if you would like to leave early, go ahead.”

Allison

Allison looked expectantly at Emanuel as she grabbed her bag and sat up. “Ready?” She smiled as he got up and smiled back. “Just one more class, and we're done for the day sweetheart.”

“Not quite. At least, as far as my schedule is concerned.”

“Oh, right. You have try-outs today.”

“May have try-outs. Coach may decide to let me go. In that case, I’ll have to deal with my dad.”

My poor Manny. I wish there was some way I could help you.

If I think of one, I’ll let you know. “Does Lesummer have any other special award winning recipes to spring on us?”

“Possibly her peach cobbler, maybe a tort. Nothing beyond that.” The loudspeaker came to life.

“Allison Kirse and Emanuel Lopez, please report to the Vice-Principal’s office.”

“I wonder what we’re wanted for”. A moment later she added “Any thoughts Manny?”

“Huh? I guess we’ll find out when we get there.”

Manny, sweetheart, what’s bothering you?

I’d rather not talk about it right now.

Okay... I’ve never seen him this preoccupied before. It’s almost like he’s anticipated something really bad has happened.

“Good. You two are here. Emanuel, the varsity baseball coach wants to talk to you. He’s waiting for you on the field. Allison, Mrs. Luden wants to have another session with you, and Mrs. Benerdon has ordered it. She’s also going to be sitting in on your session.”

“Wait, is the even legal? Doesn’t that breach client-patient confidentiality?”

“Yes, it does, but neither of them particularly cares about that Allison. Emanuel, you should head to the field now – you can leave when he’s done with you.”

Good luck sweetheart.

Thank you, you too precious. “Sir, would you be able to lift the pda rules for now?”

“For this room, sure. Within reason of course.”

Your lips, on mine, now.

Of course precious. Allison leaned in and felt the electricity as their lips met. A moment later, she felt the world start to fade.

“Okay, that’s enough for now.”

Aww... I was enjoying that.

I can see that precious.

“You may want to keep that blush going Allison. Mrs. Luden will certainly have less to say as a result.”

Emanuel

“Let me know how your session goes, okay precious?”

“Of course. The same with you.”

I hope Coach only has a few questions for me. Maybe he... nah. He wouldn't, would he? A few minutes later, he noticed the doors to the field.

“Do you think he’ll fall for this?” he heard a figure whisper nearby.

“Of course. He is Romeo after all. Romeo always does what’s honorable. And it’s not like he has Mr. Hero to help him.”

Those two are moving faster than I thought they would.

“Do you think Luden will do her part?”

“I’m sure of it. After all, if she doesn’t, she’ll have the prince’ breathing down her neck if she doesn’t.”

Precious, beware. Luden and Benerdon may be in league with dumb and dumber.

Thanks sweetheart. I’ll be careful.

It’s only the two of them. I know they’re there, so I’ll be fine as long as they don’t have a gun.

“Do you have the piece?”

“Yeah, my dad never locks it very strongly. I couldn’t find any bullets for it though. He must use it as a scare piece.”

“It’ll do.”

Hmm. At least it’s not loaded. “Coach?”

“On the field. Come on out.”

“Okay” He entered quickly, noticing Coach down on the ground, his hands tied behind his back, and Tony lying on the floor nearby.

“Run while you can. Those two...”

“Relax coach, I know about them. In fact, they’re right behind me.”

“Huh? Lie down now, or I will blow your brains out.”

“Okay, getting down now.” Emanuel smiled as they moved closer. *They think I’m harmless. Freddy’s moving to the front, and Mike’s staying behind me. On 3, 2, 1.* Emanuel quickly jumped up, kicking strongly out in a roundhouse, taking the two down. “I won’t cause you two any damage – it’s not my way. But stop trying to harm those I care about. Otherwise, I will use whatever force I have to in the future. Are you okay Tony?”

“A little injured, but I can help you tie them up.”

“Please do. I’m going to untie Coach. You okay Coach?”

“Yeah. Weren’t you afraid of their gun?”

“I overheard them talking. It’s empty.”

“A scare-tactic... Give me a second to call security.” He watched the coach walk towards the emergency phone and dial it. “Security? This is Coach Fulton at the baseball field. There are two students here I need picked up... One attempted, one successful assault... No, both are secured... Okay, thank you.”

“How long?”

“Three or four minutes. Tony, they’re bringing the nurse along to make sure they didn’t do anything serious.”

“Thanks Coach.”

Precious, how are things on your side?

Well, she's pushing me to discuss only negative experiences so far, but nothing too bad. She's tried trapping me once or twice, but I caught it. Thanks for the warning. How are things by you?

Tony is a little injured, and the idiots attempted to use an empty gun as a scare tactic, but otherwise I'm okay.

A gun? When did they have the time to get that?

I'm not sure, but Freddy grabbed it from his dad's drawer at some point today. They're done for though. They'll be suspended for sure.

So that leaves me to deal with Luden and Benerdon.

Not quite precious. I can still help you from where I am.

Aww, thanks sweetheart. Luden just got an odd look on her face when I blushed just now.

Well, you can tell her the truth on this.

Hee hee...

Security's here. I'll stay open in case you need me.

"Are you okay Mr. Lopez?"

"Tony is the one who may be injured."

"Where did they hit you?"

"Once in the leg, a few times in the ribs, and twice in the face."

"Nothing seems wrong facially, and the leg feels okay, but that rib feels a little tender."

"It does hurt when you touch it."

"I think you should get that x-rayed to make sure it's nothing serious. Come with me and I'll write everything up and call the ambulance."

"Okay"

"Emanuel, how did you know where they were going to strike?"

“It’s part of my training. It’s taken a couple of years to develop, but it tends to come in handy.”

“What exactly is the nature of it?”

“Kind of extra-sensory in a way. It’s mostly the ability to ‘feel’ so to speak where people and objects are around you.”

“Does it take long to learn?”

“To the extent I can use it? Several years. For basic use? a couple of months”. Emanuel watched a familiar look cross over the coach’s face. “I’d recommend against what you’re thinking. Sensei doesn’t have the space for the rest of the team, and only takes people who are serious about studying and want to study for themselves – not because an authority figure ordered them to.”

“I can understand that. I feel the same way about anyone who plays for me. You may as well stay here and wait for try-outs to start.”

“Mind if start stretching Coach?”

Allison

“Ms Kirse, I really can’t help you if you don’t answer my questions.”

“Ms Luden, I don’t believe you can help me anyway.”

“And why do you believe that dear?”

“You haven’t once asked me about anything besides my parents and Emanuel. Furthermore, you are convinced that I can get nothing positive out of this experience. Finally, you’re allowing Principal Benerdon to be in the room during what should be private between me, you, and anyone I choose to share this with.”

“Please, Allison, ignore me. I’m only here in a supervisory sense.”

“Principal Benerdon, I can’t. Besides, I hardly see the point of starting a new topic with only two minutes left before the day ends.” *You’re right sweetheart, they’re up to something. Benerdon’s claiming to be doing a supervision, but I can’t believe they work like this. And, they’re getting very frustrated that they have yet to succeed. Just like I’m sure the other two feel right now. Thanks again for the warning, I’m not sure I would have been able to stop them without it.*

You’re very welcome precious.

Do you happen to know when the day ends?

About thirty seconds or so.

Perfect.

Have good try-outs sweetheart.

Thank you precious. RING!!!!!!!

“Well, there’s the bell. My mom will be waiting for me.” Allison closed the door and started towards Mr. Litski’s office.

“I don’t know Mrs. Benerdon. I’ve never seen such rapid change before. She could just be faking it.”

“Deborah, what did I say about being formal after school hours?”

“Sorry Gloria, it’s an old habit, that’s all.”

Impossible? They consider such change impossible? Maybe they’re right. Maybe I should cancel the shopping trip today. But, what would Manny think about that?

I think you’re forgetting the most important thing precious. Only your opinion really matters here. Not someone who’s never learned what she needed for her field, or someone who’s afraid of change.

True, I forgot about that. Thank you sweetheart. Allison let her mind blank as she grabbed her clothes and quickly got dressed. *One thing for sure, clothes feel really odd after being naked all day.* She quickly got on the bus, letting her mind drift. What seemed moments later, she notice her home come into view.

“Your stop Ms Kirse. I hope the Program’s treating you well.”

“You could say that. Thank you.”

“Before you go, I heard from my cousin that in other schools they allow the participants to strip on the bus, which allows them to avoid that strip show.”

“Split river allows that?”

“As far as I know, they can’t stop anyone who wants to. State and National law and all that.”

“Thank you for the information.”

“Enjoy the rest of your day Ms Kirse.”

“You too.” *That could make tomorrow less stressful.*

“Good, you’re home. Have you thought of where you’d like to go shopping?”

“Actually mom, I’m not sure. I want clothes that fit better, but I still want to look respectable.”

“I know just the place. We can head out now if you’d like.”

“What about my homework?”

“You can get to that later. You’ve received nothing but straight A’s so far – homework can wait for an hour or two.” Allison quickly climbed into the car. “How was your day?”

“I don’t think you could handle me telling it mom.”

“Give me some credit. I’m no stranger to sex. Your father and I used to go at it several times a night.”

“Mom, unless your next sentence is about how you stopped after Sarah was conceived, I’d rather not hear it.”

“And some say the Program is not needed” she said with a sigh.

“You don’t understand mom. I know you and dad do, but I’d rather not think about it. Not until I’m married with kids anyway.”

“Try me anyway, I’m not as easily shocked as you might believe.”

“Since you insist. Mostly it was normal for the Program, poses, my breasts got most of the attention. I did give and receive some oral though.”

“Really? Anyone in particular?”

“Manny and Laura.”

“Any... special... feelings when she did?”

“No mom, I’m not a lesbian if that’s what you mean.”

“Just asking. We’d accept whatever you are of course. Did either of them complete the job?”

“Both, Manny a couple of times and a few smaller ones from the others who touched me. Actually, is it normal to faint after an orgasm?”

“He’s that good? You’re very lucky. It’s taken me years to train your father how to do that.”

Alison sighed loudly “Mom... please. Is it possible to fall in love after only knowing each other a day?”

“Of course. How do you feel when you’re with him?”

“Peaceful, like I could remain with him for the rest of my life happily. At the same time, excited and horny. His touch sends electric shocks through my body, and we connect deeper than I have with anyone, even George.”

“Sounds like love to me. Next thing you’ll tell me is that you almost can read each others' minds.”

“Actually, we can. I know it’s hard to believe, but it’s true.”

“If that’s the case, don’t let him get away. Do you need any advice Allison?”

“I could use some actually. I’m afraid I’ll do something wrong and he’ll just up and leave.”

“Remember three things about relationships – one, they take open and honest communication. Two – they take work, and contrary to what movies and TV say, true love is never easy. Finally, love, and therefore relationships, need forgiveness and acceptance from both people. Oh, look... we’re here. Tell me more about this boy.”

“Like what?”

“What he does, etc...”

“Well, he’s an important member of the baseball team. I’ve seen his name on the deans’ list and he’s a black belt in the marshal art he practices.”

“Aside from the black belt which I assume is recent, he already told me everything else. Tell me things he didn’t tell me, things he’d be afraid I’d judge him for.”

“Really mom, he’s not that kind of guy. He’s more likely to think something’s not important and not mention it. The only thing I can think he’d leave out is that he’s taking Home Ec.”

“That’s a rare find. Sometimes I wish your father could cook.”

“You could always try to teach him. Wow, this place looks huge.”

“It is. Let’s start over here.”

“That’s kind of cute.”

“The cut is even right for you. So, when’s the next date?”

“Tomorrow for dinner. We’re having a double date with Emily and Tony”.

“I remember Emily, but who is this Tony?”

“One of Emanuel’s teammates. He’s helped me out a few times. How about this one?”

“Cuts’ wrong. Try this one instead. Helped how?”

“Oh, right. I didn’t tell you everything. Well, the experience hasn’t been all good. I’m sure the school told you about yesterday. Tony helped me earlier today when two of their teammates were thinking about the same thing, and reported them despite their threat to have him lose his place on the team. This one?”

“Try it in a darker tone. And what happened to these boys? Do I need to threaten the school?”

“No mom, the first group is facing assault charges, and the second tried to get revenge afterward, but were stopped again”. *Is Tony okay sweetheart?*

Yeah, he won’t be playing this season, but he’s looking forward to tomorrow.

“By Tony again?”

“No, Manny actually”.

“Try this one. You’ll need new jeans as well, and maybe some fancy underwear”.

“Can I get some skirts and maybe a dress?”

“Sure, the prices here are reasonable”.

Wait, Manny, won’t we need to reschedule the date? Isn’t Kempo tomorrow?

We’ll be fine. The dojo is near the restaurant. We can if you’d like to.

I would, but I’m not sure Emily can.

Sensei does have a shower room and space to change in, and I can bring you a duffel bag to carry your nice clothes in tomorrow morning.

Right, Vincenzo's has a dress code. I almost forgot about that. We'll go straight from there then. How are try-outs going?

Boring, but necessary. It's not looking good though. Nobody so far is good enough to replace Tony, and we need to replace those two idiots as well.

I'm sure your coach understands.

Yeah, but it's still hard.

“How about this one mom?”

“Full length would be better for right now, but grab that for spring or summer.”

“Mom, can I study the art Manny does?”

“And how much will it cost me?”

“Nothing beyond the uniform, if that.”

“How does the instructor pay his rent?”

“Second job and donations.”

“Okay, but on one condition. Your grades must be kept up. If they start to fall, you stop.”

“Okay”

“So, where's the date happening?”

“Vincenzo's. Why do you ask?”

“Partly to see what kind of taste he has, but mostly to figure out what kind of dress you need.”

“Can we make sure it's wrinkle resistant as well?”

“Why?”

“We're going straight there from the kempo class.”

“You’ll need a small make-up kit as well then.”

“Just for the date? Isn’t that kind of wasteful?”

“In general. It’s always good to have one just in case. Ah, that’s perfect.”

Any luck so far sweetheart?

Yes and no. A couple of people good enough to replace the idiots, but no one with close to Tony’s talent. One good thing though. The rest of the team has figured out that it is unwise to force themselves onto a participant.

Any particular reason why?

Not the one you might think. Coach made it clear that if he hears even a rumor that such behavior happens again, that player will be black listed from the team. The rest of the coaches will apparently follow suit.

That’s good to hear.

“I think that should be enough Allison. You know what to do.”

“Of course mom. I think I should start with the dress first.”

“Remember that you shouldn’t wear a bra under it.”

This is rather difficult to zip up. “Well?”

“Perfect.”

“Are you sure it doesn’t show too much cleavage?”

“Positive. Enough to make sure he won’t look elsewhere, but it also covers enough. Try the skirts next.”

“Well?”

“A little too long.” What seemed like moments later, Allison stepped out in the final outfit. “Good. We should check out now... your father will be home soon, and I’d rather not hear him complain about dinner being late.”

“Okay, just give me a second to get changed.”

Could you keep yourself open precious? We managed to fill all the slots, and Coach is sending us all home early.

Sure. If it'll cheer you up at all, you'll love my new wardrobe.

Really? And when do I get to see this?

Our date tomorrow night.

I can't wait.

“Two hundred seventy dollars ma'am.”

“Is that a lot mom?”

“Actually, I'm getting off easy. Your sister typically costs me at least four hundred, for only half the outfits.”

Emanuel

I wish Dad could be like this park. Still relatively whole and unhurt. Unchanged even. Am I ever going to get my old Dad back? Especially now.

“Hey! You okay?” Emanuel looked over at the voice as the rider rode up next to him.

“Yeah, just lost in thought at the moment. I have to know, why were you so cold to Allison today?”

“She's not right for you. She'll hurt you.”

“You're not giving her a chance. Why? What do you have against her? This isn't like you.”

“I can't tell you. Not yet anyway.”

“Kara, you know I normally wouldn't push, but we're embu partners and I need to be able to trust that you're not holding something in that could hurt either of us.”

“Fine. This isn't how I planned it would be, but... I like you. I mean like you like you. Ever since we were young. As long as you've dated scum, I've felt like I had a chance still. But she seems really nice, and she's the first person you've really been happy with.. That scares me... a lot. Leads me to think this will never be more than a childhood crush.”

“I half-hoped that wouldn't be the reason. I don't want to hurt your feelings, but you're my best friend, and I need to be honest. I've never held any romantic feelings towards you.”

“Not even physical attraction?”

“Well, I do find you attractive. And I hope we’ll always be best friends.”

“I can’t say I’m not disappointed and a bit sad, but thank you for being honest with me. I suppose I should apologize to her then.”

“I’d appreciate that. Out of curiosity, did you tease her when you were younger?”

“Probably. I was a bit wild back then. I’ll add that to the apology. Are we good then?”

“Yeah. Oh, she’s coming to tomorrow’s lesson.”

“Will you be wanting to switch partners then?”

“Maybe later on. I’m sure she’d be more comfortable with Ken as a partner for now.”

“True, and he needs a new partner anyway.”

“I’ll see you tomorrow then.”

“Okay.”

Moments later, his home came into view. *Hopefully Dad’s still out or asleep right now. I’d rather not deal with him right now.*

“There... there you are. I have some words for you young man” he heard a slurred voice rattle off.

Great, he’s home and drunk. “I don’t want to talk to you while you’re drunk. I have homework to do and dinner to make. We will talk when you’re sober.”

“Was... was I not clear? I am still your fa... father, and I demand that you hear me.”

“No dad, and if you try to stop me, I will defend myself.”

“Then you’ll need to get through me.”

“Fine, since I have to, I will.” *He’s going to step out of the way. He always does.* Emanuel stepped forward and brought up his fists. *All I need to do is get a little closer and... there. Now, just grab my bike, and I’m good.*

Are you okay Manny?

Yeah, I was afraid for a moment that I may actually need to hit my Dad.

Have you tried suggesting therapy to him?

Several times. Every time he's insisted he's fine and I'm the one who needs help. Anyway, I've got some homework to do, and I feel like getting an early night tonight. I'll see you tomorrow.

Okay. Good night then.

Allison

“Allison, honey, are you okay?”

“Yeah, I'm just concerned for Manny.”

“May I ask why?”

“His dad went a bit nuts when his mom died, and has gotten worse recently.”

“Sounds scary. Were you just... communicating with him now?”

“Yeah, why?”

“You seemed to glow strangely for a moment.”

“Interesting. No one else has mentioned anything yet.”

“Well, as your mother, I can see things others tend to miss.”

“Only because you know me so well.”

“Is it safe to assume you want him at your eighteenth party this week?”

“Of course.”

“Have you put any thoughts into any special ideas for it?”

“Not really. Let me do my homework and I'll try to think of some.”

“Okay. I'll call you when dinner's ready.”

What seemed minutes later she heard “Dinner!” As she entered the dining room, she realized something was different. Her sister, normally very chatty, was silent, and her

father seemed very nervous. Halfway in, he started to open his mouth as if to say something several times, then closed it again.

It's almost as if he wants to ask something, but he's too afraid to. Oh well. She let her mind start to drift.

“Allison, are you okay?”

“I'm okay mom, just a little tired. I think I'll call it a night.”

“Okay sweetie. Sleep well.”

Well, today turned out much better than I had guessed it would. As she lay down, she let her mind drift back to the events of the day. As she finished, she couldn't help but feel as if something was still wrong as the black took over.

Emanuel

Emanuel stirred in his bed. *Ugh, Dad's still trying to keep me awake, isn't he? If only he knew my thoughts could do that for him... If I don't start getting answers to these questions soon, I may start going crazy. Maybe Sensei could answer some of them. I'll have to ask him tomorrow. Hopefully I can get enough...* he thought as sleep finally overtook him.

.....
Wednesday Morning
.....

Allison

“Manny, where were you? I needed you, and you said you'd help me anytime.”

“My patience is gone. You need help so often now. I don't have the energy for it anymore. I just can't.”

“But... you promised. Doesn't that count for something?”

“Maybe at one point.”

“But...”

“Enough. I'm leaving. Don't ask me to stay.”

“No... please. I can change. Honest. I really can.” A blaring noise suddenly filled her ears. “What is that noise?”

“Wake up!” she heard a female voice shouting.

“But I’m not asleep. Really.”

“Allison, sweetie, you’re having a nightmare.” Allison felt the room fade and noticed her bedroom appear a moment later.

“Huh? What time is it Mom?”

“Time to get up. Can I ask what that was all about?”

“Something I shouldn’t be worrying about.”

“That’s often the case. Breakfast will be ready in fifteen minutes.” Allison nodded her head and wandered into the bathroom.

Manny wouldn’t do that, would he? Besides, it’s not like I’m completely dependent on him. I handled yesterday pretty well. Ouch... too hot. Okay, that’s better. Now where’s that soap? Ahh... there it is. She quietly started to lather her body, wondering what her father so badly wanted to ask the night before.

“Oooh... no, I don’t have the time right now” she exclaimed as her soapy hands made their way down her breasts. “Besides, I’ll have more than enough orgasms today.” *Sweetheart, are you awake?*

Yeah. Even if I wanted to sleep late, I couldn’t.

Any particular reason?

Mostly things I’m not comfortable discussing right now. Dad’s screaming all night didn’t help either. I’ll see you at school, okay precious?

Yeah. “That’s odd. He’s normally much more willing to talk to me.”

Maybe he doesn’t like me anymore.

No. I refuse to believe that. She reached for the nearby shampoo bottle. *When he is comfortable enough to speak with me about whatever it is, he will.*

“Allison! Phone for you!”

“Be right down mom!” She quickly rinsed the shampoo from her hair, turning off the water as she opened the door. *Maybe he decided he’s ready. Now, where is that hair tie? There it is. Hmm... jeans or a skirt? Jeans will survive the duffel bag better, but a*

skirt will probably look nicer. But, a skirt is more likely to be stolen. “Sarah, would a skirt or jeans work better for today?”

“Jeans. It’s too windy for a skirt.”

Allison quickly pulled on a pair of white panties and blue jeans, a white lace bra and simple pink t-shirt. *There. Conservative, but still pretty. Manny, are you okay?*

Emanuel

He’s finally asleep. I don’t know much more of this I can take.

Manny?

Yes precious?

Are you okay? I felt your presence, but you seemed preoccupied.

Dad finally fell asleep. He’s been up all night yelling, and I barely got any sleep as a result. Anyway, I’ll see you at school, okay?

Yeah.

A feeling of dread passed through Emanuel. *Huh? I haven’t felt dread this strong since... uh oh. I’ll talk to Sensei about this before I do anything else.* He dropped his thought wall for a moment. *Precious, I may be a little late... something came up that I need to take care of before school. I’ll do my best to be on time.*

Can I ask what it is?

I’m not at liberty to say actually. Sorry.

I understand. Good luck.

Thanks. “Okay, there’s my duffel, and there’s the spare, but where is my book bag? Right... already on the bike.”

Allison

“Good, you’re down. Say a quick hello to Grandma and eat up. The bus should be here in about ten minutes.”

“Okay mom. Hi grandma... I’m good... School’s going okay... Yes, I am in the Program... No, not out of choice... It’s a graduation requirement now... That wouldn’t work Grandma... I’d need to move to another country, that’s why... No, they have it

too... I don't know, Pakistan maybe?... Yes Grandma... Not yet Grandma... Not for that reason. I do have a boyfriend... No, he respects my wishes... I don't believe that anymore... Grandma! How could you say that?... That's enough Grandma, have a nice day."

"Which one did she use?"

"The W word."

"I tried to tell her times are changing, but you know how people can get as they get older."

"Yes mom, you've told me a million times."

"Exaggeration's not nice kiddo. Eat up."

"Yes mom."

But, what if Grandma's right? What if the Program is designed to make whores out of us all?

No. What would the government have to gain from a nation of sexual promiscuity? That can't be their reason.

Of course that's not their reason. There's only one possible reason: to put doubt into people's minds about religion, and thus lead to other evils like cloning take over. As she thought this, she felt herself start to slip.

No, I can resist this. I don't need... she thought as she felt the walls come up around her. No! I want those pancakes she thought as she watched in horror as her body pushed the plate away.

"Are you okay kiddo?"

Allison watched in shock as she nodded her head. *No! Mom, can't you tell something's wrong?*

"If you say so."

She knows...but she knows there's nothing she can do.

Emanuel

"Thank you Sensei. Your wisdom has helped me again."

“Kenshi, you know I consider it a great honor to help my students. I have a strong feeling she’ll need your help soon, and I trust you will select your words and actions with great care.”

“Of course Sensei. Thank you again.”

“Make sure you are not late for school.”

“Of course. I will see you this afternoon then.” *Allison, precious, I’m on my way.*

Thank God. I need you Manny.

What’s the matter?

I don’t know. I somehow slipped into my safe place, but it doesn’t feel safe any more. It feels like a prison now.

I’ll get there as soon as I can. Where are you now?

On the bus, but it’s no more than five minutes from school.

I’m at least ten. Try to hold out as long as you can.

Okay, but I doubt I’ll last long once the strip show starts. I feel like I’m going crazy.

What you’re feeling would drive most people crazy.

How did I deal with this before?

You didn’t. That’s part of why it was a safe place before.

Oh... that makes sense. Try to hurry, it’s my turn to strip, and my body isn’t moving for some reason.

I’m just approaching the building.

Allison

“Allison? Are you okay?” she heard a familiar voice ask.

No George, I’m not okay! she thought as her head nodded.

“Allison, why is the crowd getting antsy? Why are they even here?”

I’ll be right next to you in a few seconds precious.

“Miss Kirse, if you refuse to strip down, we can and will do it for you” a security guard said.

“That will not be necessary. I can help her.”

Manny!

“Allison, you can’t really allow this stranger to touch you like that.”

He’s not a stranger George. He’s my Program partner and boyfriend.

“I don’t mean any disrespect, but what gives you the right to dictate Allison’s behavior?”

“I’m her best friend, and have been since we were young. And who are you?”

“Emanuel, her Program partner and boyfriend” *Oh no... we just went through this with Kara.*

Manny, beware. George has attempted to beat up anyone who even tried to flirt with me.

I can hold my own, and I’ll do my best not to hurt him.

Thank you sweetheart.

“Mr. Lopez! You and Miss Kirse better start now.” Allison watched George wander off as she felt a hand touch her shoulder.

Try to relax precious. The sooner we strip, the sooner we can get somewhere quiet.

Where maybe this can be broken?

Exactly.

Allison felt her body tense up and freeze for a moment. Suddenly, she watched as her left arm flexed upwards. Her right followed moments later. She felt the temperature drop as her shirt was lifted gently over her head. She felt a tug on her bra straps, and a moment later, an easing of the tension. She felt two small bounces as Emanuel gently lifted the bra off. *By the way precious, I love the new jeans on you. They fit your curves very nicely.*

Thanks. They’re coming off next I’m guessing.

Once I take my shirt off. She felt her arms lower and settle against her sides. She felt a tug on her jeans and heard the zipper being pulled down. The wind hit her legs a moment later as she felt the denim slide down. She watched each leg get lifted as the denim was pulled gently off and placed down again.

I don't hear any noise from the crowd.

They're too fixated on the fact that your face looks kind of catatonic. Although, there are a few guys with nasty looks in their eyes.

So they want a live sex doll? Pigs.

Agreed. Ready for your panties to come off?

Yeah. Could you do me a favor?

What do you need?

Be careful not to do what you did yesterday.

Because sexual touch might make it worse?

Exactly. Allison felt a gentle tug at the side of her panties. Are they done yet?

Almost... Uh oh.

What now?

Somebody alerted Benerdon. She just arrived.

How does she look?

Fake look of concern. I've spotted a smile or two though. We're done.

Good, let's get out of here.

Let's make for Litski's office... Benerdon is starting to follow us.

Guide me then.

Okay

"Mr. Lopez! Miss Kirse – I'd like speak with you for a moment."

Great... we need to comply, as much as I hate the idea.

Not necessarily precious. Class does start soon. “Is it important Mrs. Benerdon? We need to get to homeroom.”

“It can wait until Allison’s session with Ms. Luden.”

Thank you sweetheart.

Not a problem precious. We’re here

Allison watched as their homeroom teacher looked up at them. “Miss Kirse, Mrs. Benerdon has requested to have a meeting with you and Ms. Luden right away. I have a pass waiting for you.”

You’ll remain open to me, right?

Of course precious.

Emanuel

Emanuel shook his head as he watched the two boys talking in the corner. “Are you nuts man? She’s a zombie.”

“I know. I don’t have to worry about her feelings that way.”

What a jerk. “Do not be talking about my partner and girlfriend like that. It’s disrespectful to any girl, and I will not allow you to talk about her that way.”

“How can you date her then? It’s not like she can respond to you” the first boy replied.

“We have our ways of communicating.”

“You can do what you like to her, right?” the other asked.

“I respect her too much to do that.” *Stupid pigs. No respect for women.*

Zombie comments?

Yeah, they sicken me. At least I haven’t heard any animated blow up doll comments yet.

I have. Benerdon just made one.

What did Luden think?

She just laughed.

I take it you're standing outside the door?

Just entering. The body's kind of on auto-pilot.

We'll break it as soon as possible. Did they spot you yet?

They got very quiet very fast. I don't believe they realize we're communicating. And now Luden's beckoning me to sit down. She's asking me if I'm okay! Can you believe that?

Can I assume she received a head nod?

You'd assume correctly. They're smiling when they think I'm not looking. I should be out soon.

Good. I'm afraid Jenkins will really focus on you today though.

Maybe she'll give a different diagnosis than Luden has.

Maybe I can ask her about some good psychologists if you wish.

Please! The sooner I get someone outside, the sooner I can stop seeing Luden.

Any idea when they're letting you go?

Luden looks she wants to keep me all day, but Benerdon's eying the clock uneasily. And Litski's errand girl just walked in.

A rescue attempt?

Looks that way. Benerdon's starting to squirm a bit. I'll see you in Psych.

Allison

Three... two... one...

“Very well, you may go now Miss Kirse. I'll see you at our normal time.” Allison felt her head nod.

Finally free of that wretched woman. Allison smiled as she noticed the blissful quiet of the hallway. Suddenly the bell rang, and Allison watched as the rushing crowds parted before her. *Not again!*

What are they doing now?

Leaving me plenty of space, what else? It looks like I'm Moses, and they're the Red Sea.

We need to get you back to normal soon then. How close are you to the room?

Thirty seconds maybe. You?

Just arrived. Apparently, Litski wants to see the two of us after Psych is over.

Maybe to allow us some alone time before Luden's second try?

Hopefully.

"Allison, good. Please sit down here in the front."

You were right sweetheart.

"I understand you've had a difficult time recently with a condition you know little about. I may be able to help, but I'll need to run a few tests. All things I can do during class time. Is that okay with you?"

Allison watched in horror as her head shook. *Have you told her about our gift?*

Yes, and I think she's accepted it as possible.

Let her know I'm giving my permission for the tests.

"Are you sure Allison?"

"Ms. Jenkins, she wants me to let you know that you have her permission."

"Your gift I take it. I need to test it first. Emanuel, please come here a second."

Why is she pulling out a blindfold?

To the test our gift.

"Now, what is the image on this card I'm showing Allison?"

Looks like one of the Greek gods. Aries I think.

"Aries, the Greek god of war."

"One more."

It's a... lolcat? The cheeseburger one.

“The cheeseburger lolcat.”

“Very well, you can translate for her then. Oh, and before I forget...” Allison watched as Ms. Jenkins removed the blindfold and mentioned to Emanuel to sit down as the bell rang. “Is everyone here? Good. Now, do either of you want relief?”

“I’m fine.”

Allison shook her head.

“Then let’s start. As some of you may have noticed, Allison is in an unusual state right now.”

“Yeah, she’s a zombie!”

“Zack, that is an inappropriate thing to say. She is not a zombie, nor is she walking around in a coma. Today, we will attempt to diagnose what is causing this state in her. Before anyone asks, she has given me permission to do so.”

“How do we do that?”

“We’re going to start with some simple questions, and then move onto a few simple tests.”

“But, how will she answer? She doesn’t seem able to speak.”

“Body language and other non-verbal communication will do for a lot of them. For the more complicated answers, her boyfriend will be able to help. He knows her well enough to fill in what we cannot interpret. Now, Allison, I want you to answer truthfully. Are you able to understand me?”

She nodded her head.

“Good. Is today Thursday?”

She shook her head.

“Good. Are you in the Program?”

She nodded her head.

“Good. As you can see class, she understands what I’m asking, and has the basic knowledge we expect people to have. Now, I’m going to ask Emanuel to assist me. Please touch Allison where I ask you to. Allison, if you feel him touching you, nod your head. If not, do nothing. Emanuel, please touch her left shoulder.”

Allison felt her body stiffen.

“Okay, now touch her right breast. So far, no response. The base of her spine please.”

Allison watched in horror as nothing changed.

“Gently squeeze her left butt cheek several times. Still no response.”

I wish I could feel this Manny. I should be getting turned on by being around you, but nothing's happening.

“Now, let's test your motion detection. Follow my finger.”

Allison watched the finger move from left to right and back several times.

“Catch this ball.” A small red ball came toward her, and Allison watched as her hands reached out to grab it. “Stand up and walk to the back of the room.” Allison walked forward, avoiding the outstretching legs of Zack.

“Zack, if you try again, I will send you to Mr. Litski's office. Allison, come back and sit down again.”

Allison noticed the chair had moved back a little and made for it, sitting down.

“As you can see class, Allison's perception of movement and space is functioning normally. However, she doesn't seem to feel anything. There is one last thing we need to check. Allison, please play with yourself.”

I'm trying to, but my body won't let me.

“Interesting. Allison, are you happy in this state?”

Allison watched as her head nodded. *No, I'm trapped. I don't want this.*

“Ms. Jenkins, she's actually really distressed.”

“I agree. Her eyes tell me that much. This is most likely depersonalization disorder, a condition found in the dissociative family.”

“So she's not a zombie?”

“Correct Zack. Depersonalization often looks like comatose or zombie-like behavior. However, unlike a coma patient, the person sometimes feels trapped in their

body, as if they're mind is contained in a prison, a realm where they once may have felt safe. Does this sound about right Allison?"

Yes!

"Another key thing about this disorder is that it sometimes looks like dissociative identity disorder, as can be seen by Allison's body seeming like a different personality. The difference here is that the person knows exactly what's going on."

"What's the cause of it?" a girl asked.

"Most of the time, some serious, long term trauma in the past that hasn't been dealt with. The trauma is too hard to deal with, so the effect is similar to post-traumatic stress disorder, except that the range of experiences and feelings the affected person avoids gets bigger and bigger until it encompasses everything."

"How do they survive then?" another girl asked.

"Depending on how strong their self-preservation instinct is, it could be relatively easy for them – they could hold down a basic job and have the skills to live a basic life. Some need significant help and end up spending most of their lives in a psych ward."

This can be stopped before I get that bad, right?

Of course. I got the name of someone good you can see. The dependent factor is how hard you're willing to work.

"That's all for today class. I want you to think about this type of disorder and imagine if you were affected by it. Write up your imagined experience."

"Let's go precious." *Do you mind if I think in private for a few moments?*

You'll tell me whatever it is later?

Yeah. I just need to figure out how.

Oh no... Is he going to break up with me? Will he use the 'let's be friends' or the 'I need space'? Allison felt her mind start to go crazy as they walked in silence.

"I wanna touch your tits!"

Great, just what I need... She watched as her head nodded.

"Awesome! Who said zombie's aren't hot?" Allison tried to glare at the boy.

I'm not a zombie you ass!

We're almost there precious. "That's enough. We have somewhere to be."

"Aw... but this is my greatest fantasy."

"Too bad kid. Find someone willing to act like a zombie then."

"Fine. You win." Allison watched the boy skulk away.

"A few more doors, and we're there precious."

Good. I'm about to go completely crazy here.

Any idea what you need me to do to help you?

Not really.

Hmm... We'll figure it out.

"Good. You've arrived. Take however long you need, but afterward I'd like to speak with you Allison."

Allison nodded her head.

Emanuel

"Feel free to use the back. I imagine you two would like some privacy."

"Thank you sir. Let's go precious." Emanuel watched sadly as Allison walked emotionlessly to the nearby couch and sat down. "Any ideas yet?"

Maybe you can start with touching? Oh, and could we stick to thoughts?

Of course. Touch like hugs and massage or sexual?

Sexual. That's what triggered it this morning.

Okay. Anything particular?

Can you try to do what you did in art yesterday?

I can try. Spread your legs a little please. Emanuel watched as Allison's eyes reflected a deep sadness.

I'm sorry sweetheart. The only thing I can control is my eyes.

Then I'll need to do all the work. Emanuel gently pulled her legs apart.
Interesting.

What?

Although your feelings are being blocked, your body is actually turned on.
Emanuel smiled for a moment, and started gently rubbing his finger gently up and down her vaginal slit. A few minutes later he looked up and noticed the sad look had gotten stronger. *Nothing precious?*

Yeah. Maybe your mouth will work?

Maybe. Emanuel slowly started his way down Allison's body, kissing as he went. Finally he came upon her vaginal opening. He started to gently lick around her clitoris, drifting directly over it a few minutes later. *Well, that's doing something for your body. Any feelings out of it?*

Still nothing.

Uhm... what else then?

I don't know. I'm out of ideas.

Are you sure sex was what set it off?

Well, there was the... impossible.

Please tell me about it. I have a feeling it's important.

Will you tell me what you've been thinking about if I share the nightmare?

I had been meaning to tell you soon anyway. I need to speak it aloud though.

Okay.

"I love you. I truly love you. I want to try to always be there for you, to help you as much as I can." Emanuel watched happily as the coldness seemed to melt away. His smile grew as her mouth started to open.

"Hold me... please" she said softly, tears starting to escape from her eyes.

"I'm happy to." Emanuel's smile grew even larger as they seemed to melt together. "What was your nightmare about?"

"About you leaving me, and me getting stuck in a never ending pattern of getting worse and worse. I love you so much. I'm afraid to lose you."

“Whatever comes our way, we’ll take it on together. Right?”

“Right.” Emanuel watched as Allison looked up at him for a moment.

“As right as this moment might seem now, I guarantee you it’s not.”

“Why?”

“You know why.” He watched silently as her face fell for a moment.

“Yeah... I know. Can we stay like this until it’s time to meet with her?”

“Of course.”

Emanuel looked out of the corner of his eye and noticed the door had opened.
“Allison, I take it you’re fully with us again. I just need to speak with you for a moment, and you can go back to your cuddling.”

“Just me?”

“If you need Emanuel near you, he can be. I’ll get to the point, seeing as you have your meeting with Ms. Luden soon. I’d like to know, if you’re willing to tell me, what they said yesterday.”

“During the session, nothing out of the ordinary. They did mention something odd after it though. I’m not sure it’s of any use.”

“You’d be surprised what can be useful.”

“Well, as soon as I closed the door behind me, I overheard Ms. Luden mention not believing such rapid change possible. She was just loud enough that I’m sure she meant me to hear it.”

“I’d agree with you, but it would be very difficult to convince the school board on your word alone. Regardless, you should be especially careful around those two now.”

“I don’t think they’ll be able to catch me off guard like that again.”

“Good enough. You both should be on your way then.” Allison grabbed Emanuel’s hand silently and slowly walked toward the door.

Allison

“Do you think they’ll try again precious?”

“Of course. Seeing as my greatest fear is out in the open now, I don’t see them succeeding.”

“Hey! It’s the zombie girl. Let’s have some fun” a nearby boy said.

“Not a zombie. I don’t appreciate the name.”

“You said she was a zombie. Zombies can’t talk. I’m out of here” another boy said. Allison smiled as the group slowly scattered.

“Couldn’t you just act like a zombie for me?” the boy asked.

“No, that’s not reasonable.”

“Aww... Fine, I’m not interested then.” Allison watched the boy leave with a pout on his face.

“We’re here precious.”

“Into the fire then.” *Benerdon’s in there again.*

“Please come in Miss Kirse. Mr. Lopez, you can head to your next class.”

“With all due respect Principal, I’ve been granted leave to be here.”

“I insist that he sits next to me. Otherwise, I will not speak a word after this to either of you.”

“Very well Miss Kirse. If you insist. Remember, I’m not here.”

“Of course Principal”. Allison looked up at the clock, and upon looking at it what seemed moments later, realized a half hour had passed.

How many times is she going to ask these same questions?

As many times as is necessary to get the answers she’s looking for most likely sweetheart.

“Let’s try this from a different angle then. Any events of note from your childhood? Relatives that disappeared for mysterious reasons and the such?”

“Well, there was my uncle Martin. I remember we were really close up until I was eight. Then he seemed to stop coming around.”

“Have you seen him at any family functions?”

“Actually, he should have been at my grandmother’s sixtieth last year. And I don’t remember him being at Thanksgiving or Christmas for sometime.”

“What are your memories of him? Anything that stands out?”

She’s awfully professional today precious.

I know. She sounds like she knows what she’s doing today. “Well, I remember he was very into hugs and the such.”

“Anything else?”

“He was particularly fond of touching my leg... I never thought much of it.”

That doesn’t strike you as a little odd precious?

I tend not to think about it. You’re right though. It is a bit odd.

Anything else Ally?

I know mom and dad refuse to talk about him. He also seemed rather fond of my chest. Allison felt her eyes close and felt her mind start to wander.

Suddenly, she saw herself sitting on her uncle’s lap. “Ally, can you make uncle happy again?” Allison watched as her younger self lifted up her shirt. “Good. You know what to do next.” Allison watched in horror as the events continued to unfold.

“Martin! We’re back early”. Allison watched her uncle’s face drop in horror as the door opened. She watched the shock appear on her mother’s face and the fury on her father’s.

“What the fuck do you think you’re doing pervert?! Get out of my house now!!”

“Robert... It’s not what it looks like. She consented.”

“She’s eight, and my daughter. OUT NOW – or I will hurt you.” Allison watched as her uncle jumped up and ran out the door. Her mom fainted a moment later as Allison fell.

“Are you okay sweetie?” Allison watched as her younger self got swept up into her father’s arms.

“Miss Kirse – did you hear me Miss Kirse?”

“Huh?” Allison’s eyes opened. “What did you ask?”

“Never mind.”

“Actually, I just remembered something”. Allison watched as Ms. Luden’s face lit up.

“Yes?”

“I know where my problems stem from.”

“Really? And that is?”

“The abuse. It came from Uncle Martin.”

“Why didn’t you mention this before?”

“I didn’t have access to it until now.” *Thank you Manny.*

For?

For helping me to face my fears. For helping me to face things that are unpleasant and hard.

“Miss Kirse, if you’d like, I can remove your obligation to complete your week in light of this revelation.”

“I’ll finish my week Mrs. Benerdon.”

“As you wish. You can both leave now if you wish.”

Emanuel

“Are you sure you’re okay with this precious?”

“With telling Luden or completing the week?”

“Staying on.”

“Of course. I want to prove to myself that those acts from long ago can’t control me anymore. And I want to stay by your side.”

“And how are you dealing with this revelation?”

“Surprisingly well... ready for a boring history class?”

“The teacher can’t be that bad.”

“Well, I was kind of distracted on Monday. It’s all stuff I already know anyway.”

“Ms Kirse, I trust you will be zoning out today as you did Monday.”

“Maybe ma’am.”

“Will this become a habit for the rest of the year?”

“Probably only for the rest of the week.”

“I’ll hold you to that. Would either of you like relief?”

“I’m good actually.”

Are you sure about that Manny?

Yeah. After all the time we’ve had alone today, doing anything in front of people feels odd.

Same here.

“How about you Allison?”

“I’m good as well.”

“As you wish. Take your seats and we’ll start.” Emanuel felt Allison’s hand grasp his as his tiredness caught up with him. He saw an image form in front of his eyes a few moments later – one of him and Allison watching their kids tearing the wrapping paper off a large pile of presents one by one. Suddenly, a bell started to ring in the background.

“Did I forget to reset the alarm?”

“No, it’s time to wake up. Class just ended sweetheart.”

“Huh?” He watched the image fade as the classroom came into view. “Oh... to lunch then?”

“Yes, to lunch my sleepy one.” He smiled as they made their way silently to the cafeteria, holding hands the entire way.

.....
Wednesday Afternoon
.....

“Are you sure you heard right?” Emanuel heard a familiar voice ask as they stepped through the double doors.

“What do you mean?” another familiar voice asked back.

“I don’t hear any cooing coming from them”.

“Nobody ever said lovebirds coo all the time.”

“Ha ha you two. That’s one of your more original ones.”

“Glad you enjoyed it Emanuel” the first replied.

“Manny, do you know these two?”

“Yeah. Allison, these two jokers are Luigi and Mark. Guys, this is Allison.”

“Uhm... hi. Are you teammates of Manny?”

“Yeah. I take it whatever was bothering you earlier was taken care of?”

“Meaning?”

“I think Mark’s referring to your entrapment earlier today, precious.”

“Oh. Yes, I’m feeling much better now.”

“Glad to hear it” they replied in unison.

“Anyway guys, we have only a half hour to eat before we can be interrupted. I’ll see you in practice Thursday.”

“Of course. Nice meeting you Allison.”

“Nice meeting you too Luigi”. Emanuel watched as the two walked away. “I take it their jokes aren’t funny?”

“No, they’re usually funny. Their material is usually more clichéd, that’s all. They’re good guys.”

“Did you bring the extra duffel bag?”

“Yeah. I’ll give it to you when we sit down okay?” Emanuel scanned the tables, spotting Tony and Emily sitting down at a nearby one.

“Sure”. *Manny, why is Tony naked?*

I'm not sure. Whatever the reason, it seems Emily is too. “Did you guys get drafted into the Program or something?”

“Nope. We’re just doing this to support you two.”

“Ok. How’s the leg feeling?”

“Not great. Thankfully, not bad enough to keep me from making our double date tonight. Feeling better Allison?”

“Yes, thank you. Where are the others?”

“Laura will be joining us shortly. It looks like the other guinea pigs are mingling with the clothed people.” Emanuel noticed Laura step behind Tony.

“Very astute of you Tony. That’s because Frauhold instituted a policy that Program participants are not allowed to sit alone.”

“But, you see Laura, we are not Program participants yet”.

“That doesn’t help much. We need some clothed people to not be in violation of the policy.”

Emanuel looked up, noticing Kara and George sit down next to them. “I don’t think that will be a problem. Laura, Tony and Emily meet my best friend Kara and Allison’s best friend George”.

“Allison, this is completely undignified. You shouldn’t be forced to be naked right now.”

“George, I know you mean well, but I kind of like this experience. Besides, I have my friends and boyfriend to help me get through the hard parts.”

“You mean he wasn’t lying to me earlier?”

“He wasn’t lying to you. Besides, without him I wouldn’t be able to speak to you right now.”

“Whatever.”

Does this storm-off mean he’s given up?

Unfortunately, no. He’ll regroup his thoughts and try again.

Is Kara laughing because she’s figured out what we already know?

Most likely.

“Uhm... Allison... I’d like to apologize to you for my recent behavior. I was jealous of your happiness with Emanuel. And, I’m sorry for anything I did when I was younger.”

Did you wrangle this apology out of her?

Actually, it was all her idea.

“Thank you. I accept your apology. The duffel you promised me sweetheart?”

“Oh, right. Here you go.”

“Turn around for a moment? I don’t want to ruin the surprise of the dress.”

“Of course.”

“Oh, wow. You’re in for a treat man”.

“Tony, no spoiling the surprise.”

“How could that ruin it? I expect what I said to enhance it.”

“I hope for your sake that you’re correct.”

“I recommend less talking and more eating. You two only have ten more minutes before we become fair game.”

“I’m almost done, and Emanuel shouldn’t need too much longer”.

“Precious, can I turn back around?”

“Of course. Laura, do be careful – ice is known to be slippery.”

“Of course. That’s why I wear ice skates though.” Emanuel relaxed as he heard the two girls giggle.

“Maybe they were abducted by aliens and switched for the two sitting there.”

“You mean aliens really exist?”

“Amanda, stop putting such ridiculous things into my partner’s head. You know how trusting she is. Barbara, haven’t I told you before to take what Amanda says with a handful of salt?”

“Well, yeah, but it wasn’t my fault this time. This packet doesn’t contain that much salt.”

“Barbara, it’s just an expression. It means to not automatically believe everything she says.”

“But Lucas, where else can I get my fun from?”

“That’s not my problem Amanda, and you know it. Why don’t you just get a normal hobby like everyone else?”

“Lucas, isn’t there a rule against us all being this close together?”

“During the no-touch part of the lunch, sure. But, I figure it this way Emanuel – having us all nearby when they can make requests makes it easier for them to do so. At the same time, we get better crowd control.”

“Well, it looks like you’re right this time.” Emanuel watched as at least twenty people quickly surrounded them. He noticed their eyes focus on Allison. “Let me guess... you all want to touch the ‘zombie’ right?” *Do you want any help dealing with this crowd precious?*

Yes please.

“Maybe they do, but I have a request for the red head” the lone girl answered.

“Me? What could you want from me?”

“Three things: First, your name, second, to play with your breasts for a few minutes, third, to get coffee with you sometime this week.” Emanuel watched silently as Laura’s cheeks became the color of her hair.

“Laura, yes, and when did you have in mind?”

“Friday, after school?”

“Okay, but only if you tell me your name as well.”

“Shelly. Time to play.”

Allison

Allison watched interestedly as Shelly made her way through the crowd and sat down next to Laura. *Now, what can I do to get these freaks away from me? Maybe... No, that would only dissuade a few of them. Allowing whatever they want to do would be Just as bad. Perhaps...* Suddenly, Allison felt a familiar tingle start to run through her body.

Wait a minute... Manny isn't touching me, yet something's turning me on. Actually... "Manny, I need you to get me off NOW!"

"As you wish. Anything in particular?"

"Eat me" Allison looked over her shoulder as Emanuel knelt down behind her.

"Turn around so I can precious."

"Oh right". Allison quickly swung her legs out. "Are you okay sweetheart?"

"Yeah. You have one hell of a kick though."

Is that bad?

You'll learn how to control it. It looks like some of the freaks have left.

"Oh... right there. Don't stop." Allison felt a wave of pure pleasure start to form as another familiar urge emerged. *Manny, it feels like I'm going to squirt again.*

Are you asking me permission?

Yes.

You don't need to. Warning me is nice though so I can prepare for it.

"I'm... I'm cumming Manny!" Allison watched as a clear liquid started to leak from Emanuel's mouth as the wave peaked what felt like minutes later. Allison heard screams of freak and weirdo echo through the crowd.

"Wow. Can you do that too Laura?"

"Uhm... Yeah..." she answered nervously

"Cool. You'll have to show me how later."

"Sure."

Manny, did I cum too much for you to swallow?

Don't worry about it precious. My main concern is your happiness.

Wait, where did the crowd go?

The strength of your orgasm must have scared them off.

“Ms Kirse, what a surprise. I didn’t think you’d be one of us.”

“What do you mean by that Mrs. Frauhold?” *Where did she come from?*

Not sure, but I imagine she’s here to make sure the new rule is being followed.

“Why, a squirter dear. Not many women ever become comfortable enough to allow themselves to experience the sheer power of such an orgasm. Most women don’t have a partner as willing as yours either though.”

“Is it really so hard to find men who enjoy making their girlfriend feel good?”

“Yes, as strange as it may seem to you Mr. Lopez. Ms Kirse, don’t let this one go.”

“I don’t plan to.”

“Would you like to get on our way to art precious?”

“Ms Kirse, surely you wouldn’t deny yourself the chance for more pleasure by leaving early?”

“Actually Mrs. Frauhold, I would prefer to get to class a little early. I’d like to repay the favor to Manny.” *Did I just say what I think I did?*

Yes precious. I think we should leave before she comes up with any more objections. “We’ll see you guys at the restaurant later.”

“Restaurant?”

“Tony, would you mind enlightening Mrs. Frauhold?”

“Happily.”

Thank you sweetheart. I’d rather not get caught by the rush of gropers.

I understand. We should probably walk a little faster.

Why?

Large crowd behind us. Feels kind of threatening.

“We want the zombie! We want the zombie!” the crowd started to chant.

Great. I figured that’s what they’d want.

The demonstration in the cafeteria wasn't enough to persuade them?

Morons. Want me to deal with this precious?

Please.

“Back off. The zombie thing wasn't funny the first time, and still isn't funny. Now go before I report you all for harassment.”

“Zombie! Zombie! Zombie! Zombie! Zombie!” the crowd continued.

“Thank you for trying sweetheart, but they won't listen to you it seems. I should try. Okay, listen up you idiots. I will not go back into that state, nor will I pretend to be in that state just so you can get off. Either find some other girl who's willing to and leave me alone, or give up on the idea and get help.”

“Zombie! Zombie! Zombie! Zombie!”

Precious, I think the only way to deal with these idiots is to bring them past Litski's office and let him hear their screams. He might be able to do something about them. Just make it clear they're bothering you as we pass it.

It looks like that's our only option. How much further is his office anyway?

Forty or fifty feet maybe?

Good. I don't think I can take much more of their chanting.

Not much further now.

“Enough of that you freaks! If I hear one more chant of that word, I'm going to rip off your arm and shove it down your throat so far it'll come out of your ass!”

Whoa... you weren't kidding about not being able to take it, were you precious?

Yeah... It's driving me absolutely crazy. Please, hold me back if I try to make good on that promise.

“You ten – in my office NOW!”

“But, what about the zombie?” a voice in the crowd asked.

Resist the urge precious. Allison felt Emanuel's arms wrap tightly around her.

“No buts. In here now before I bring you all up on charges off harassment. Allison, Emanuel – please be on your way.”

Manny, let me go so I can seriously hurt that one!

No. Resist it. Allison felt her body get turned around as Emanuel’s lips gently met hers. A moment later she felt a calm settle over her.

How did you know that would help?

I didn’t. I took a risk, and I’m glad my guess was right.

“When we get to art, I have a lot to repay you for. Thank you.”

“I hope you ten realize it’s only due to Mr. Lopez’s quick thinking that any of you are unhurt right now. I also hope that you realize how much trouble you could all be in for harassing a Program participant. In fact, as punishment for your actions, starting now you are all in the Program for one week – and this does not count as your required week. Strip down now – I will see it that your clothes will be in the appropriate place by the end of the day.”

Wow. I didn’t realize he could get that loud.

I know Ally. I think they got off easy though.

Maybe. Hopefully this gives them some perspective on how we feel. Did we get here this fast yesterday?

I don’t believe so. Then again, we had our minds on other concerns yesterday.

True.

Emanuel

“Ah, right when I expected you two. The back and couch are open to you if either of you needs relief.”

“Thank you Ms. Rose. Where do you want me precious?”

“On the couch will do nicely. Sitting if you would, facing me.”

“You have an idea I take it?”

“Of course. Now just sit back and enjoy.”

“As you command, my precious”.

Good. You're hard enough for me to go straight into it.

Are you sure about what I think you're going to do?

Yes, I'm sure. Emanuel watched as Allison quickly stuck a few fingers inside her vaginal opening and moved them about for a few seconds. *That should be enough.* He watched in surprise as she grabbed his now hardened penis with that hand and rubbed a few times. *Now a little for up top.* He watched further as she dipped the hand back in and put a large amount of juices in between her breasts.

Huh?

Just watch and enjoy. No thinking or questions.

As you command. He watched as she leaned her body forward, closing her breasts around his penis as they connected. *Oh...* He smiled as she started lifting and lowering her body while keeping her breasts together. *What gave you this idea precious?*

If you must know, I thought about what we did yesterday, and I realized that I'm big enough to pull this off. Besides, guys are supposed to like this. Are you?

Very much. Is this what sex is likely to feel like?

If popular culture has any truth in it, yes, only more warm and wet. We'll know for sure when the time comes.

Are you getting anything out of this?

Actually, I am feeling turned on again. Is that strange?

Well, popular culture would say yes, but I think it's fantastic.

Yeah, because to you it means it'll happen more often.

I'll admit that's a bonus of the situation. You know in my mind your happiness comes first.

I know. That's part of why I love you. And you know I'm happy to make you happy.

That's part of why I love you too. I'm really close.

Cum on them like you did yesterday.

“Allison... I’m... cumming!” Emanuel watched as white ropes quickly covered Allison’s breasts, feeling the wave of pleasure pass as he did.

“Well well... you two certainly aren’t afraid to experiment. I see the Program is having the intended effect.”

“Yes Ms. Rose, although it hasn’t exactly been smooth sailing.”

“Growth rarely is Allison. Am I right in guessing neither of you wish to clean up?”

“Yes. Should we just sit here until class starts?”

“Actually, I’d like you to get into your pose. Emanuel, fold your legs in front of you on the couch facing the door. Allison, sit facing him, also with your legs crossed...”

“And look into each others' eyes?”

“Why, yes. How did you know?”

“It’s a very classic lovers pose.”

I didn’t figure you for that much of a romantic Manny.

This also happens to be a position in Tantric traditions.

As in Tantric sex?

As in Tantric philosophies in general. Tantric sex is just about extending those general ideas into the realm of love making.

Oh... can we maybe... try it at some point?

We’ll need to do a lot of prep work first, and it takes complete trust in each other to achieve. We can work on some of the prep if you’d like some time.

I’d like that. I’ve heard the orgasms in it are unbelievable.

Precious, you’re aware that the point of Tantric sex is not the orgasm, right?

“It’s not?”

“What’s not Allison?”

“Nothing”

“Ah, the secret messages lovers often send non-verbally. Don’t let me stop you two.”

If only she knew how right and wrong she is. Ally, Tantric sex is about sharing energies. Sessions of Tantric sex can go on for hours or days even if done properly, without either person climaxing once.

So, no pleasure?

Oh, there’s plenty of pleasure to be found in them. Its focus is on the feelings of the moment, and not the big ending.

So, it’s kind of like one big orgasm that builds and builds, and ends when you want it to?

To some degree. The climax isn’t the important part.

“Class, get out your materials and start drawing. You have twenty minutes.”

Then, if the climax isn’t the important part, what is?

The sharing of each others bodies.

Oh, so it’s one of those journey more important than ending things.

Exactly.

And how do you know so much about this?

Well, I was curious and did some research.

Typical male thoughts.

I may be different in a lot of aspects, but I am still a guy. I do have guy desires and curiosities.

I know. Tone is kind of hard to tell with this.

Oh, you were joking... yeah, it is.

So, what else am I going to learn in Kempo?

Besides what I’ve already mentioned? Kicks and punches, grapples and locks, dance like combinations called Embu, and some Japanese.

Oh, okay. Are Embu hard to learn?

To learn the steps, no. To get the timing right yes. Yesterday two of my fellow students were performing theirs, and one of them fell a second behind the other. As a result, he wasn't able to respond to a particularly hard kick and injured his knee in the process. You won't need to worry about them for a while though.

Why?

You only need to perform an Embu when trying for the next stripe or rank. It shows you have enough mastery over one set of techniques to learn the next.

Is it really that hard to get the timing down?

Yes and no. Part of that comes from trusting your partner. Then, establishing the rhythm is much easier.

Do you think I'll ever get good enough to become your partner?

At some point, sure. For a while though, you'll probably be working with Ken.

I take it he's the uninjured of the two you spoke of earlier?

Yes. Paul was a second behind from the start, and that hurt him when they moved into the hard strikes.

Any thing else?

Two very important things actually. First, you'll learn when to fight and when to avoid conflict altogether. Second, how to draw strength from within yourself while still being open to help from others.

Could you teach me whatever oath it is you say?

Of course. It starts with 'In attaining this Art, we pledge to affirm the founders'

Meaning?

To recognize those who laid down the ideals we follow.

Oh, okay. Please continue.

'To be honest with our teachers'

That makes sense.

'To respect those ahead of us, to not disdain those behind us'

So, look up to those who know more, and not think lower of those who know less?

Exactly. 'To give as well as receive help, to cooperate, and to give ourselves to contributing to the Way.'

I understand the first two parts of that, but not the third.

Basically to continue on the traditions.

Oh. Is there more?

Yes. 'We resolve to settle with our pasts and practice with purely focused hearts as if we were newly born into this world.'

Understandable.

'We pledge to train in this Art only to help people, never for personal reputation or profit.'

Hence the reason your Sensei doesn't charge. Anything else?

That's it for the oath.

What did I catch you saying then?

You probably tried to reach me during the creed or one of our meditations.

Please teach me them too.

We should probably wait for the next pose for the creed – it's kind of lengthy.

How about the meditation then?

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

That doesn't make a lot of sense to me.

It's a very eastern idea. The concept is based upon the idea of Dharma – the idea that our souls are like a crystal clear lake.

You mean like a mirror?

That's another way of looking at it. Evil actions make the water or glass dirty and harder to see through.

Wait, see through? Doesn't a mirror reflect images?

Not the soul's mirror. It shows the true self, the inner being. Anyway, evil actions make it harder to see this image. Keeping away from them cleans up the mess, and allows the true self to be seen easily. This is the great source of strength that's referred to.

That seems very different from the system I was raised in.

What sect is your grandmother?

Catholic.

That was going to be one of my guesses. Regardless of that, it's helped me many times to keep from giving up during a hard situation.

Yeah, I can understand that. Still, it seems a long way from the idea of a vengeful God who imposed ideals that no one beside himself can follow.

The Catholic god has always seemed a bit odd to me. I mean, the idea that you have one life to get things right seems odd.

I more find it odd that the salvation granted can be rendered moot by leaving certain sins un-confessed before dying. Shouldn't saving someone from the effects of sin mean that protection is permanent?

I suppose.

"Pencils down. I'll leave the final pose up to you two."

"Do you have one precious?"

"Actually I do. All you need to do is stand up."

"Okay."

Allison watched Emanuel quickly uncross his legs and stand up. You may get a laugh out of this one sweetheart. "We're ready."

"Start drawing then class."

"But, they have the roles wrong again" a girl complained.

“No, this is right.”

Heh heh... reverse of your typical proposal scene... good thinking.

Yeah, I thought it would be a fun one. Do you think some day you might be the one kneeling in front of me?

Someday, yes.

Question – how did you figure out my grandmother is the religious one?

Well, you mentioned on our date Monday that neither your mom or dad is particularly religious, and you wouldn't have chosen the words 'system I was raised in' if you came to the beliefs on your own. Someone had to have taught you, and your grandmother was the only other option that I knew of.

Okay, that makes sense actually. What did you mean by 'I suppose'?

Do you want the short version or the long one?

The long. We have the time after all.

As you wish. I remember going to church when I was very young, maybe around seven or eight. But, then my grandfather passed away suddenly – and his death hit my mother hard. Apparently he hadn't liked my mother's choice in churches. Basically, he made it clear that as long as she was a Protestant, he'd never talk to her.

So it was either a go back to being Catholic or nothing at all?

Yeah. He was also convinced she damned herself by her choice. It didn't help that my father was only mildly religious either. So, rather than seeking help, she stopped going. And, since my dad was never particularly willing to go, I never went back after that.

Did your grandfather know about your mom's cancer?

I have to believe so. Why else would he have shunned her so badly when she became a Protestant? Anyway, I started questioning what I had been taught about then, and mom's death and dad's reactions ruined Judeo-Christian beliefs for me.

So you once believed?

I was taught... I don't know if you can call it true belief if it's that easily shaken off. Isn't true faith supposed to be unstoppable?

At least that's what I've heard. I guess we're just a pair of agnostics then?

Technically I could be considered a mix of Buddhist and Hindu beliefs. I would consider myself more agnostic though. I take it you've come to question what you've been taught as well?

Yeah. I don't believe I told you, but Monday night was the first time I didn't feel compelled to pray before going to bed.

Compelled? Any idea by what?

Fear. It always felt kind of wrong that fear was the only reason I'd pray at night, but then again, I hadn't really felt at peace for a long time. It was the only way I could at least try to get to sleep, and even then it didn't fully stop the feelings that prevented me from recuperative sleep.

And how did you feel Tuesday morning?

Better than I had in a long while. A little nervous about how the whole strip-show was going to go, but beside that pretty much on top of the world. Because I finally felt safe being myself.

Yeah, I know the feeling. As much as I put on a 'completely whole' image, I've only recently started feeling truly safe with letting some of my insecurities show.

"Pencils down. Would either of you like to see some of the class's work?"

"Yes please." Sweetheart, I'm curious to see how those girls from yesterday drew the second pose.

I'm more curious to see the one guy's rendering of that. So?

They got most of it correct.

Most?

Yeah, they put their own heads where mine should be.

Funny, the guy did something like that too. Only, he imagined what he'd look like in your place and drew that instead.

Did the other guys swap out your head for theirs?

One did. The other turned the pose into something pornographic.

Does he want to pass this class?

Apparently not.

“You two can head to your next class.”

“Thank you Ms. Rose. Ready precious?”

“Yes.”

Allison

Look precious – one of the idiots from earlier.

Wow, he’s certainly popular... I can see why actually.

Well endowed?

That’s putting it lightly.

Wow... I think we actually did him a favor.

Perhaps, but only if he doesn’t bring up the Z word anymore.

You never know precious, he may find someone who actually likes that kind of role-play.

Hmm... I hope for his sake you’re right. Do you think we have time for you to tell me the full story you promised yesterday?

Unfortunately, no. We’re here.

“Again? How is it we’re here so fast again?”

“Good question.”

“Please, come in you two. Allison, you’ll be reading Katherina, and Emanuel will be Petruchio.”

“Which act Mrs. Sneider?”

“Ah, yes... thank you for reminding me Allison. Act two, scene one where Katharina and Petruchio first meet.”

“This looks like it’ll be fun.”

“I had hoped you and Emanuel would be good enough sports to read those parts. Oh, before I forget, would either of you like relief before the class gets here?”

“Have you spoken to Ms. Rose?”

“Why do you ask Allison?”

“She likes to ask us the same thing”.

“If it means more class time for me to focus on, all the better. And, yes, I did speak with her yesterday – she gave me the idea.”

“It’s fine by us”. *Manny, do you need any?*

Actually, I’m still good from earlier. You?

Same here. I’d love for you to do what you did at lunch, but I don’t want the pillow to get wet and sticky.

Yeah... that would make sitting on it rather uncomfortable. “We’re good at the moment.” *I think I’ll be ready next period though.*

Same here.

“As you wish. I am curious to see an actual woman squirt though.”

“Uhm... how did you find out about that?”

“I did talk to Ms. Rose yesterday. I was curious about that scream I heard as I was sitting here.”

“Oh... maybe tomorrow then. I’m still satisfied from lunch though.”

“Today as well? You are the real deal then. I must make sure Ms. Jenkins knows about this.”

What! “Uhm... no offense meant, but does Ms. Jenkins really need to know?”

“Allison, you can’t keep that a secret for long from any of your teachers. Especially if the Program Representative knows about it.”

So does this mean I’ll forever be known as ‘that girl that squirts’?

At least it’s a better title than ‘pencil guy’ or ‘pinky’.

Do you really think some poor guy is going to get one of those labels?

There's bound to be someone at some point in the year. More likely, we'll see two or three. Looks like the class is waiting outside the door again.

So they did do that intentionally.

“So she does know. You’ll never be able to get rid of that name now” Allison heard Mrs. Sneider remark.

“I was afraid of that. How did you know Frauhold found out?”

“Your face gave it away. Look at it this way – it’s a better name than say pinky.”

“Pinky? You mean someone already has that name?” Alison responded.

“Yeah, someone from the team actually. I will not mention who though.”

“Thank you, Emanuel. You’ve just confirmed what I suspected all along” Mrs. Sneider responded. Allison watched the smile that crossed her face.

Was anyone on the team in that group of boys earlier?

Yeah, pinky and butterfingers.

Butterfingers?

He has a tendency to let the ball slip out of his glove.

I didn't take you for a gossip Manny.

I'm not – it's just that the names fly around the locker room so often that they slip in automatically sometimes.

Oh.

“And three... two... one. Class, next time, anyone I see waiting for the bell to ring will get five points off their final grade. I know your reasons, and they’re disrespectful. Open the books on your desks to Act two, Scene one. Follow along with Allison and Emanuel. You two can stay at your seats. Start where I told you before.”

“But, doesn’t this go against you picking on the naked students?”

“No Ms Larae, it does not. I picked them because I feel they will enjoy reading the characters I selected for them. Please start now.”

“Gladly”. Allison watched Emanuel pause and begin. “Good morrow, Kate; for that’s your name I hear.”

“Well you have heard, but something hard of hearing: They call me Katharina that do talk of me.”

“You lie, in faith; for you are called plain Kate, and bonny Kate and sometimes Kate the curst; But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate, For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate, Take this of me, Kate of my consolation; Hearing thy mildness praised in every town, They virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded, Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs, Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.”

So, she's an independent woman being sought after by someone not afraid to use trickery and manipulation to get her.

Very interesting relationship dynamic.

“Moved! in good time: let him know that moved you hither Remove you hence: I knew at the first You were a moveable.”

“Why, what's a moveable?”

“A join'd stool.”

“Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.” *He's not going to make it easy on her, is he?*

Don't count her out yet though. “Asses are made to bear, and so are you.”

Quite an exchange of wit between them. “Women are made to bear, and so are you.” *What do you think she means by bear?*

Not sure, too many things it could mean. “No such jade as you, if me you mean.”

I take it she doesn't intend to have children then.

That seems to be his meaning of the word.

“Skip down to where Katharina slaps Petruchio. No need to act that out unless you wish to.”

“I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike me again.”

“So may lose your arms: If you strike me, you are no gentleman; And if no gentleman, why then no arms.” *Wow, a no-nonsense sort of girl.*

“A herald Kate? O, put me in thy books!”. *One might almost wonder why he gives her so much ammunition.*

True, but he handles her well. "What is your crest? a coxcomb?"

"A combless cock, so Kate be my hen". Another attempt to get her to say yes.

"No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven." And back and forth and back.

"That's enough for now. Take a few moments to think about the characters – feel free to read forward if you wish."

They make quite a pair, don't you think precious?

Yes. A lot like that couple on SNL.

The couple that shouldn't be? I'm inclined to disagree.

Why?

There is no wit between them, just angry yelling and nasty comments.

Katherina's comments may have intelligence behind them, but she's still very rude for the social structures of the time.

But at the same time, she's merely strong willed. It may not be socially acceptable, but she's not outright mean like the wife. I'm not saying the husband is any better.

Manny, sweetheart, did you read the whole scene with her sister Bianca? The girl is just plain mean... even if her remarks are witty and well thought out.

What do you mean... oh. That's what I get for not reading all of the scene.

"Now, what are your thoughts about Katherina?"

"She's a bitch."

"Lenny, that's not a nice thing to say".

"Actually, I can see why Lenny might think that."

"And why is that Emanuel?"

"Not only are her comments toward Petruchio completely uncalled for, especially within the culture she's part of, but she has a reputation for being that way towards suitors."

“I agree. In addition to what Manny said, the scene opens with Katherina torturing her sister. So, although Lenny’s choice of wording should have been rethought, he has the right idea.”

“Anyone disagree with Allison and Emanuel?”

“Yes Mrs. Sneider. Katherina is merely trying to maintain what limited freedom she’s earned.”

That’s a decidedly feminist perspective of the character, wouldn’t you agree precious?

Yes. That kind of enthusiasm can be very scary sometimes.

“Oh my, look at the time. Class, I just remembered I have an urgent meeting to get to – you may all leave early.”

That’s out of the ordinary.

Isn’t it sweetheart? I wonder why Nancy suddenly felt so uncomfortable.

Probably anticipating some flaming comments about the Program.

That makes sense.

Be on your guard precious – There’s a group with nasty intentions nearby.

How nearby are we talking?

Ten or twenty feet maybe.

I think I can see them now – the group hanging out by the bathroom, right?

Yes. Looks like they’re not the only group.

Another one focused on me?

Actually, this one is probably focused on me. See that group of girls to the right a couple of feet?

Them? Wait, isn’t the one in the middle the man-killer?

Looks like you’re right. I think that is her.

“Well, well. Look who it is girls – my ex. And with his little slut in tow. Was I not woman enough for you?”

“Ladies, don’t listen to the venom this one drips. The reason I dumped her was because she saw me as a jock, not a fellow human like I wanted to be seen. Sarah, don’t you know you’ll never meet someone nice as long as you keep acting like a bitch.”

“Wait, did you just call me a bitch?”

“No, I said you’re acting like a bitch. There’s a big difference between acting like something and being something.”

“I’ll make you pay for calling me that word”.

“I’m sure by now you know the penalties for harassing a Program participant. Would you like to continue, or leave now and we’ll forget that little threat ever happened.”

“That’s it slut. I was going to spare you, but now I’ll take care of you first. Spread ‘em – now. Girls, make sure he can’t go for help.”

I think we’re in trouble precious. They’re merely blocking me from getting to you or away – I can’t use any of my training until they actually try to hurt me.

Don’t worry about it. If she tries anything funny, she’s in for a huge surprise.

“Good. Now, this will hurt – but you’ll learn to enjoy it.”

A surprise?

Litski’s standing about five feet behind you.

Oh, that kind of surprise.

“Ms Landers, hand that dildo to Emanuel and come with me now.”

“Mr. Litski, this is not what it looks like. She asked me to do this to her during second period.”

“That would be impossible, as Allison was in my office during part of that time, and the rest of the time can be accounted for by the Principal. You can’t talk your way out of trouble this time.”

“Fine, but I better get my vibrator back before the end of the day. I just bought it.”

“That will also be impossible. School policy states that items used to harass other students become school property under my control. Allison, if you’d like to keep it, you

may. The rest of you girls, head to class right now or I will consider you accessories, and you will receive Ms Landers' punishment."

"Thank you sir." *Wow, my first sex toy, completely free.*

I had hoped to be the first to give you one, but you know what they say.

Yeah. You can still get me my first vibrator. Besides, you've had the honor of many more firsts, and you'll get the most important one.

True. We should be on our way then.

"Looks like those boys decided I wasn't worth it once Litski showed up."

"Actually, they left as soon as you mentioned the price the freaks paid for their deeds."

Allison reached out, gently grabbing Emanuel's left hand. *I'm so lucky I found my Manny.*

And I that I found my Ally.

How far is Home Ecc from here?

Not sure. Actually, we're here.

"The eye-candy is early I see. You must be Allison. Class, please welcome Allison."

"Oh, I can see why you're taken... she's very pretty."

That's the black haired girl you told me about?

Yeah.

Ask for relief, and pick her.

You are aware you'll need to pick another girl if you wish help.

Not necessarily. I could always request you.

That would be a little difficult position wise.

None the less, it's possible.

True.

“Now, would either of you like relief, and if so would you like help?”

“We’d both like relief, and I know who’s going to help me.”

“Are you okay with that Emanuel?”

“Yes.”

“And who would like to help Emanuel?”

girl. Allison watched several hands shoot up and Emanuel pointed at the black haired

She likes you.

What gave it away, her smile or the look in her eyes?

Her smile. How did you know she does?

She asked me if I was taken on Monday.

What did you tell her?

That I was. So, how are we going to do this?

I’m horny enough that your fingers should be enough. Could you stick them inside a little bit this time though?

Sure. Do you want me to stop at your hymen?

Please. I want to save that for when we have sex.

Okay. “Do whatever you’d like short of stripping and riding me.”

“Okay. I want to save that for my future husband anyway.”

Good. I’d have had some choice words for her if she was ready to experience you that way before I get to. Ohhh... that feels really good sweetheart.

She’s trying to deepthroat me. I don’t think she’ll be able to succeed though.

You never know. I didn’t think I’d be able to.

Yeah, but you persisted until you did. Damn... “I’m so close.”

“Me too... a little faster Manny.”

Faster you say? I have an idea.

Allison felt a finger start to circle around her clitoris as the other two continued to thrust in and out. *You're... evil... you know... that, right?*

Is it evil to make you... feel good? “I’m cumming!”

Wow... wait, is she swallowing?

Looks that way. I thought the numbers said only 20% of women swallow.

Well, lucky you. Two of the girls you’ve played with like to.

“Good, no clean up required it seems. Everyone, put on your aprons and start on today’s assignment. Allison, you’re going to have to work with Emanuel... I’m afraid we don’t have enough stations for you to have your own.”

“That’s not a problem”.

“Remember, no horseplay or foreplay though. If you want to do that in the kitchen, do it on your own time and at your own risk.”

“Of course Mrs. Lesummer.” *So, what are we making this time?*

Apple pie? Is that really that hard to make?

Harder than you might think. A lot of elements to mess up.

“Precious, would you mind preparing the crust while I mix up the filling?”

“Why, because you need more brute strength to make the filling?”

“Actually, I think you’d need more to roll out the dough. I want the filling job so I can cut the apples.”

“Fine... be sexist if you must.”

“A lover’s spat already? That’s a new record in my book.”

“Lover’s spat Mrs. Lesummer? You must be mistaken. Couldn’t you tell the sarcasm in my voice?”

“I wasn’t sure if I was hearing that correctly. I rather my class not be the one to break up relationships.”

“After all we’ve been through so far, it will take a lot more than a simple argument to break us apart.” *Manny, we shouldn’t play like that anymore.*

Did we get the black haired girl’s hopes up again?

Yeah. “Are you done with the filling sweetheart? I have the bottom crust all ready for you.”

“Just finished actually.”

“Mrs. Lesummer, they have an unfair advantage.”

“Jennifer, do remember he did beat all of you on Monday by himself. Besides, it’s not like I don’t grade fairly – his chocolate cake was the best of all the class.”

“But... it’s still not fair.”

“Don’t let anyone tell you life is fair Jennifer. Shouldn’t you be focusing on you baking?”

“Sweetheart, can I have the knife for a moment? I want to try something.”

“Of course. May I ask what?”

“Just watch and see”. Allison quickly folded the second piece of dough into twelve equal portions, cutting each piece as neatly as she could. “Manny, would you lay these across vertically, equally spaced?”

“I think I know where you’re going with this.” She watched as he quickly did as asked. “Should I do the horizontal, or would you like to handle that?”

“That part takes a woman’s touch... I should do it.”

“Woman’s touch... as you wish.” Allison quickly placed the horizontal pieces, weaving them in between the vertical ones.

“Isn’t it pretty this way sweetheart? Could you pass the melted butter please?”

“Of course. I take it you need the brush as well?”

“I could always just use my fingers, but I suppose the brush will be faster.” *Butter does make a decent lubricant after all.*

Yes, but Lesummer did say no foreplay.

I know.

I like playing with you too. So, how long do you think this should take to cook?

Twenty minutes maybe. “Do you think we have enough time for the man-killer story now?” Allison smiled as every other girl looked in their direction.

You did that on purpose, didn't you? “I think I have enough time. Anyway, as I told you before, it started two years ago. We began dating in September, maybe October. Remember though, this was before she acquired the man-killer name. Things go smoothly for the first two weeks – we went on a few of your typical type of date, you know; coffee, movies, that sort of thing. Towards the middle of week three, we went on what would be our final date... I believe it was to a local museum. Her favorite artist was being featured that day.”

“Another few minutes.”

Are they still looking over here?

Some of them yes, but I know everyone's still listening. Continue.

“Thursday comes around, and I drop her off in front of her second period class. Math if I'm remembering correctly. Anyway, I turn around the corner, when I start to overhear her talking to her friends. One of them asked ‘are things proceeding okay?’. I remember being shocked by her response. ‘As expected, I've got almost everything I need. And he's completely oblivious to it all’. The bell rang at that point, so I was unable to hear anything else – I doubt that particular conversation went on any further anyway. So I wait until we'd normally meet up on our way to third – we shared English then, and I acted as if I heard nothing. I wanted to know more before I made any decisions.”

“Wait, why?” Allison heard a nearby girl ask.

“I thought you ladies were listening in. I considered the theory that she was planning a special good surprise, and didn't want to jump to any conclusions from one overheard conversation. Anyway, as we walked, I noticed one of her friends come up and whisper something in her ear. I acted as if I didn't notice it. As the friend left, I noticed Sarah pinch her right butt cheek. Of course I asked what that was about.”

“And... what did she say?”

“Mrs. Lesummer, I didn't think you'd be interested in this story. She was silent for a few seconds, and I could see sweat starting to appear on her forehead. She finally responded with ‘oh, that's just our way of saying see you later’. I didn't point out that she hadn't pinched back, nor did I reveal catching a glimpse of the annoyed look on her friend's face. You know, the ‘are you trying to blow our cover’ annoyed. During English I noticed another friend pass a note that contained what looked like a map of the field for the next day's homecoming.”

“Take it out and put it on the rack, then please continue.”

“Done precious. The final piece of evidence I needed I got when she opened her bag to put away her books. I noticed some super glue and a tube of icy hot. I realized she was up to no good. The note fell, and I noticed scribbled on it an x under the bleachers. I broke up with her a few minutes later, while we were the only one’s left in the room. She didn’t take it well, especially when I managed to accurately guess her plan.”

“Which was?” the nearby girl asked.

“Some of you look like upper class-men. You should know it at the very least.”

“Actually, we only know what we saw. It was never made entirely clear just how she did it to the poor guy though” another girl asked.

“I think that should be kind of obvious by now. She knew which way we were going into the locker room for halftime. She knew that particular spot was well secluded, and that it would be very easy to pull someone in without it being realized by anyone on the team. So she schemed to pull me in there on our way in, offer me a quick hand job to take some of the stress off, and planned to have me hold onto my balls while I did. Then she planned to pull out the icy hot and liberally coat my penis and balls with it.”

“So, what would that have done?” the same girl asked.

“She put the super glue on his sides as she pulled his pants down, to keep his hands stuck. And icy hot is known to cause great pain to certain areas – the male groin included. Somehow she got her new victim in time, and before I could warn the guy, she hit him with it. Anyway, from what I understand she used so much icy hot that his testes got so injured that he’s unable to produce anymore sperm. Worst of all, the icy hot also over sensitized his penis, so that he orgasms whenever touched for more than minute.”

“Oh, that’s why she got the name man-killer.”

“Yes precious. Poor guy hasn’t been the same since.”

“I heard she just got put into the Program as punishment for attempting to assault a participant.”

“Wow, news travels that quickly here?”

“Apparently so precious.”

“Wait, Allison is the one she tried to assault?”

“Yes Mrs. Lesummer, and only because she tried to stop Sarah from getting the revenge she wanted on me. I actually pity her.”

“Why? After what she was planning to do to you, I’d expect you be happy she got drafted.”

“No Jennifer. She’s pissed off so many people here, she’s going to be picked on worse than Steven has been in his three years here.”

“Steven?”

“You may know him as pimple face or dork-wad.”

“Oh... why didn’t you say so in the first place Emanuel?”

“Because, Jennifer, he’s still human and deserves to be treated better than that. Despite his poor social skills and poorer hygiene.”

“I hoped you learned two important lessons today class. Firstly, that all people deserve some respect. Secondly, to always pay attention to your baking first, then whatever stories happen to be going on at the time. It looks like only Emanuel and Allison, Jamie and Kayla even finished their pies on time. Kayla, you clearly burned yours.”

Allison watched as Mrs. Lesummer went around to the remaining finished pies, tasting them in between sips of water. *Do you think we did good enough for the A sweetheart?*

Yeah. Jamie’s looks a little undercooked to be honest, and smells like she forgot the cinnamon.

“Emanuel and Allison get the A. Jamie, are you sure you included every ingredient?”

“I’m sure Mrs. Lesummer.”

“You forgot to mix in the cinnamon. Any particular reason why?”

“I was wondering why you’d put something spicy into a sweet dessert, so I left it out.”

“Uhm, Jamie, the cinnamon may be spicy on it’s own, but when put into things containing natural sugars, it helps to pull out the sweetness better.”

“Well put Allison. You may go now class.”

“Precious, would you mind cutting a piece and putting it on that plate?”

“For Mrs. Lesummer? Of course not.”

“Good. I can finish wrapping up the rest of it if you’d like to bring it up to her.”

“Gladly”. Allison carefully carried the plate as she made her way to the teachers desk. “For you Mrs. Lesummer.”

“If you two continue this, I’m going to need to start skipping on dessert. I take it you two are anxious to be on your way.”

“Yes actually. We have a limited amount of time to get to the dojo precious.”

“Is there room on your bike for both of us and all of our stuff?”

“It’s stronger than it looks. We should be okay.”

“Actually, would you mind if I don’t bother putting on my clothing until we get there? I don’t want to put clothes on yet.”

“I was actually considering doing the same thing. We’ll need to slip into our uniforms before we enter the dojo though.”

“Out of respect for the teacher?”

“Exactly.”

“Is there anything else I should know before meeting the teacher?”

“Did you read the pamphlet I gave you?”

“Yeah.”

“There’s a few things not mentioned in there, but I can tell you them on our way over.”

“Okay.”

.....
Wednesday Evening
.....

Emanuel

“Mainly, there are two important things to know about meeting Sensei for the first time. First, when you step through the curtain separating the outer area of the dojo and the inner, put your hands together near the upper middle of your chest and wait there until he acknowledges your presence. Secondly, shoes, socks and other belongings go in the cubbies before the curtain. Besides that, the obvious things: when addressing him, speak in a polite tone of voice and call him Sensei.”

“I was nervous there was going to be more to it than that.”

“Things are never quite as bad as you initially think they will be.”

“I can’t help it if I’m nervous though. I want to make a good first impression.”

“No need to worry about that. Sensei has the sometimes unnerving talent of being able to discern a person’s true nature no matter how good of an actor they are. He’ll like you the moment he meets you. He will give you one piece of advice if you choose to continue studying though.” *As soon as we step through those doors, we should be safe.*

Here’s hoping. “And that is?”

“Don’t let our relationship negatively affect your training.”

“Meaning?”

“Don’t let anything that happens in the relationship get in the way of your training.”

“Oh... that makes sense.”

“Would you like me to bring my bike over, or should we walk through the crowd together?”

“As tempting as the former is, I’d like be swarmed as a result.”

“As you wish. It’s right this way” he said, pointing toward the nearby bike rack with one hand, grabbing Allison’s hand with the other. *Look out precious... the freaks are back.*

Great. Just what we need right now.

Don’t worry. Just keep on walking, we’re almost there. “Sorry, no requests. School’s over and we don’t have the time.”

“But... you two are still on school grounds... you have to comply” one of the boys said as the group quickly surrounded them.

“True, but so do you. Remember, you are all in the Program now.”

“Uhm... never mind then. Let’s go guys.”

“Yes leader.” the rest of the group replied.

Emanuel watched the group quickly retreat. “I was hoping that would work.” Emanuel closed the distance to the bike, Allison’s hand still in his. He quickly grabbed her bags. *Okay, this one there, then... that should work. Now for mine and...* “Ready precious?”

“Yes. How did you know how to get all the bags to fit?”

Emanuel climbed onto the bike. “General strength with spatial challenges and the training I suppose. I’ve never really thought much about it.” Emanuel felt Allison climb onto the bike, wrapping her arms around him as he started to peddle. “Precious, is there something wrong?” he asked after a few silent minutes passed.

“I’m trying not to focus on the wind hitting my body. Riding naked is very uncomfortable.”

“Agreed. Next time we need to go somewhere, we put on our clothes first.”

“Yeah. How much further is the dojo?”

Emanuel quickly glanced at his surroundings again. “Not too much longer. Two or three minutes maybe?”

“Good. Is it bad that I’m still nervous?”

“About meeting Sensei? Not really. I remember I was all nerves when I first met him. You have nothing to worry about. You have my word.” Emanuel felt Allison lay her head on his shoulder. *There’s the Chinese restaurant, so one more block.* “Brace yourself precious... I’ve never attempted to park my bike here with two people on it before.”

“Okay.”

Emanuel felt her grip tighten. *Good, no traffic around. That should make getting to the other side of the street easy.* Emanuel quickly maneuvered across the street, and in one motion came to a stop in the nearby bike rack. “We’re here.”

“Really? This doesn’t look like a dojo.”

“Really. It looks a lot more like a dojo inside. I promise.”

“Uhm... won’t your Sensei mind that we’re naked?”

Emanuel felt Allison's arms loosen as she stepped off the bike. He quickly followed suit, securing the bike with its lock a moment later. "I don't believe so, but if you wish you can wait in the changing area after I dress, and I can bring your uniform to you. Or, you could always quickly pull on some of your clothing from this morning."

"I'll take option one. How thick is the curtain?"

Emanuel quickly grabbed their duffels from the bike, slinging his over one shoulder and grabbing hers in the other hand. "It's one of those beaded ones, but they're close together. You have nothing to worry about. Are you ready precious?"

"I suppose."

"You'll be fine. I promise". Emanuel watched the nervous look lessen a little as Allison grabbed his hand again. He quietly started on his way into the dojo's entrance hall. "See?"

"Yeah... I still wish it was solid cloth though."

"I didn't realize you were in the Program Kenshi Emanuel. You may enter with your special friend now if you'd like."

"How did he know we were... oh, right."

"Precious, obviously Sensei isn't bothered by our nakedness. Do you want to just enter and get your uniform?"

"But what about the other students?"

"The only other student here right now is Kara, and she's already seen you."

"May I ask your name friend of Kenshi Emanuel?"

"Allison, Sensei."

"I appreciate what you are doing, but it is not necessary until you decide to study here. Do you wish to watch a lesson first, or would you like to jump right in?"

"I'd like to jump right in please Sensei."

"Very well Kenshi Allison. I will send Kenshi Kara out with a uniform that should fit you. Kenshi Kara, please assist Kenshi Allison."

"I think a medium should fit you. Here Kenshi Allison."

Emanuel watched Allison quietly grab the uniform that made its way through the curtain. “Thank you Kara.”

“For future reference, within the dojo, it’s always Kenshi, then the person’s name. Don’t worry if it takes you a little while to get used to it, Kenshi Allison.”

“Thank you Kenshi Kara. Manny, why does the word Kenshi keep coming up so much?”

“I’ll tell you inside the changing area. I’d suggest you wear a bra under the uniform though.”

“Right. Hand me my duffel please?”

Emanuel quickly handed Allison her duffel bag, then reached into his for underwear and his uniform. “That room is the changing area.”

“Oh... it’s not bad. So?”

“Right. Kenshi is the word for student. It’s a term of respect.”

“In the same way you use Sensei for your teacher?”

“Our teacher, but otherwise correct. That really does fit you well.”

“You’re only saying that because it’s form fitting.”

“Is it wrong for me to think you’re beautiful?”

“No. How do I bow again?”

“Just like this”. Emanuel put his feet together and brought his hands together at chest height. “Then bow, and hold it until Sensei says to be seated.”

“Okay. And I do this as soon as we step through the curtain?”

“Correct. It looks like Ken is near.” Emanuel quietly put their bags inside one of the cubbies.

“You mean you feel he’s arrived.”

“Same idea.” Emanuel watched with concern as Allison stood before the curtain. “If you’re still nervous just repeat what I do.” Emanuel stepped through the curtain, raised his hands together, and waited. He watched Allison do the same a second later.

“Please sit down and prepare your spirits Kenshi Emanuel and Allison. Kenshi Emanuel, please guide Kenshi Allison in anything she needs to know.”

Emanuel bowed quickly and found an empty spot on the mat near Kara. He watched Allison take the spot next to him. *This preparation is fairly simple. Breath in and out slowly, focusing on each breath as it enters and leaves your body.*

Won't Sensei be angry that you're not speaking this to me?

Even if he doesn't know exactly how, he'll know I'm giving you all the information you need. Just continue to focus on your breath until it's time for us to stretch and say the oath.

“Kenshi Ken, please sit and prepare your spirit. Kenshi Allison will become your partner until Kenshi Paul recovers.”

“Yes Sensei.”

When did he come in?

He stepped through the curtain a few moments ago. He seemed kind of confused about the additional duffel bag though.

Hopefully it all makes sense to him now. How much longer will we be doing this?

As long as Sensei deems it necessary. Have patience precious.

Allison

Allison felt her body finally relax what felt like hours later.

“Kenshi, we will start the lesson with stretching.”

Huh?

Did Sensei catch you off guard?

Yeah.

Then you know you were properly prepared. Follow what I do.

This stretch seems familiar.

Have you ever taken Yoga?

Yes. Why do you ask?

Similar preparatory practices. After all, the point is to get the muscles ready.

True enough. Ouch.

You okay precious?

Yeah. I'd forgotten how much stretching can hurt.

It's better than getting injured. We're almost done anyway.

Good. Then what?

Well, since Ken needs the refresher, and you're new here, Sensei will probably do a review of the basics. Then, if there's time, he may teach me and Kara something new.

I hope there's time then.

"Kenshi, that's enough stretching. Kenshi Ken grab a blocking pad, Kenshi Allison pay attention to what Kenshi Kara and Emanuel show you."

Allison stood up and moved over to where Ken was standing with a foam pad. Is this typical sweetheart?

Not really, but it makes sense that Sensei would ask this of us. After all, how better to show that we know what we've been taught than by teaching it? Make sure to pay equal attention to where Kara will be hitting me, and how she does it.

Okay. Allison watched Emanuel and Kara bow toward each other. Is that the normal foot position to use?

Indeed.

Allison watched as Kara's arms started to punch Emanuel in alternate strikes. Wait, that doesn't look like punching I'm familiar with.

Martial arts techniques are very different from ones found in your average street fight. Do you see how Kara's body turns as she punches, and sounds kind of like a snapping noise?

Yeah.

That allows all the moving energy of the body to be put into each punch. They're much stronger and precise as a result. Oh, and they're a lot harder for the average street brawler to stop too.

Why?

You know how street brawlers sometimes wind back for a punch?

Allison watched Kara stop. *Yes. Why is that important?*

Because, it's a lot easier to see that coming than the quick punches you just saw. Now you try... don't worry about hurting Ken.

Okay. Allison mimicked Kara's motions, and felt a small vibration as each punch landed on the pad. Is this small aftershock normal?

Allison watched Emanuel nod his head. *Think about when you learned about forces in physics. It should make sense.*

Oh, right. When should I stop punching?

Allison watched Emanuel in thought for a moment. *About ten more should do.*

Allison turned her attention back to the punching and counted down each one. *Three... two... one.* She stopped for a moment and breathed in and out a few times. *Now what?*

Blocking of course. It's not good enough to know only how to attack. Allison looked down for a second. *No need to punish yourself for not knowing that.*

But, I should have realized that.

Remember the oath? We come into this assuming we know nothing. Therefore, you have nothing to worry about.

Allison felt a pout appear on her face. *If you say so.*

Allison watched Emanuel turn towards her and lightly shake his head. *A pout? Precious, a smile is far more becoming on you. Now, watch what Kara does as I take the lead and attack.* Allison watched Kara's arm move to block each punch Emanuel aimed at her.

I think I get it. Does that work the same way for kicks?

Nope. Kicks get deflected away from the body. Although, with training you can learn to deflect or even step out of the way of attacks. Think you can try it?

Allison smiled. *It looks easy enough.* Allison looked at the large pad Ken was holding. *Do I need that pad?*

Allison watched him shake his head. *That pad is too big for that kind of training. She watched his finger point towards a smaller set of pads nearby. Those fit on your arms, and are much better suited for the job. Go ahead and grab them.*

Allison walked over to the wall and grabbed the small arm pads, then made her way back to in front of Ken. She caught the slightest look of confusion on his face as he attempted to force a smile. “Are you ready Kenshi Allison?”

She smiled back, realizing just what he was confused about. *He hasn't picked up on our gift yet, has he?*

Allison watched Emanuel smile at her. *I doubt most of the people around us have picked up on our gift. Sensei's probably the sole exception right now. Are you up for a little wager?*

Sure. What are the conditions? “Yes Kenshi Ken.”

Allison felt a punch hit her chest. *Pay a little more attention to his strikes. You'll see the motion he makes when he's readying a punch. I'll tell you the terms after you finish with this.* Allison focused all of her attention on Ken, and raised her arm as the next punch came flying in.

Yes! Got one! Suddenly, another punch landed right in her solar plexus. Allison doubled over for a moment. *Ouch... that actually hurt.*

Allison stood back up and looked over at Emanuel. She watched him shake his head with a pained look on his face. *Remember something precious... when in combat or training never take your focus off of your opponent or partner. Just be glad that punch wasn't at full strength.*

Allison felt a look of shock appear on her face. *That was pulled?*

Yeah. Not well, but enough that it wasn't the best he could have hit with.

“Are you okay Kenshi Allison?” she heard Ken ask.

Allison breathed in and out a few times, then turned back towards Ken. “Yes Kenshi Ken. Please continue.” Allison resumed her footing and watched Ken do the same. *Okay, focus on Ken.* Allison watched the next punch snap towards her stomach, and moved the pad just in time. *Only a few more, and he'll be done.*

Watch out precious. Sometimes Ken decides to be fancy and do the last few in rapid succession.

Okay. Allison watched Ken's right hand come flying in towards her stomach, and quickly moved the pad into position. Suddenly, just as the right hand started to pull back,

the left came flying in. *Ahh... this is what Manny meant. If I shift the pad just a little to the right... got it!* Allison smiled as Ken repeated this pattern two more times, slowly enough to give her time to move the pad into the proper position. Allison's smile brightened as a surprised look crossed Ken's face.

Uh-oh... Ken shouldn't have done that. Sensei is standing up and heading towards you two.

Do I need to do anything?

Not until he gets to you. Just remain respectful and bow towards him like you did to Ken.

“Kenshi Ken, that was a very disrespectful thing you just did. Maybe your old partner was used to it, but a new partner demands care until you are used to each other.” Allison watched Ken bow with his head hung low.

“Understood Sensei.”

Allison watched the Sensei turn towards her. “Kenshi Allison, you did very well in blocking those punches. However, I feel it unfair to ask you to continue today with a partner who does not understand the caution one takes with a new partner. Therefore, I will end the lesson early today. I hope you will return and learn more with us.”

Allison smiled and bowed. “Thank you Sensei. I will definitely return another day.” Allison's smile broadened as the look of worry left the Sensei's face. She watched him turn once again towards Ken.

“Kenshi Ken, as your action reflected poorly on yourself and this dojo, I feel an apology is called for towards Kenshi Allison. Understood?”

Allison watched Ken bow with his head low again. “Yes Sensei.” She watched him turn towards her. “Kenshi Allison, I should not have treated you as if you were my last partner. I am deeply sorry and ask your forgiveness.”

Allison's smile brightened even more. “I accept your apology.”

“Very well Kenshi, you may all leave. Kenshi Ken, I would like you to stay behind so I may discuss something with you. Kenshi Allison, the shower room is in the back of the changing area.”

Now what sweetheart?

Reverse the process we did coming in. Bow when we're at the curtain, then step through.

Emanuel

Emanuel glanced again up at the clock in entrance hall. *It's a good thing Sensei allowed us to finish early. She's been in that shower for a half hour now.*

Yes, so? Getting ready for a nice date usually takes longer.

Not when all you really need to do is quickly clean your body. It's not like your hair needed washing.

Actually, it did. Besides, I'm fast for a girl.

Really? And I suppose you're almost ready then.

“Finished actually”. Emanuel turned around and couldn't believe his eyes. He attempted to open his mouth, but somehow couldn't. He watched the smile that crossed Allison's face. “Speechless huh? Mom was right about this one.”

“She certainly was. You look gorgeous my precious.” Emanuel looked again at the dress Allison was wearing – a sleeveless, full length, skin tight black dress that managed to show just enough cleavage to catch his eyes.

“You mentioned a wager earlier?”

Emanuel looked quickly at the clock again. “I completely forgot what I was going to propose earlier. Besides, we should be on our way – we're due to meet Emily and Tony in fifteen minutes.”

“Best not to keep them waiting then. By the way, you look very handsome yourself.”

Emanuel felt himself blush a deep red. “Thanks.” He smiled and grabbed Allison's left hand with one hand, and his duffel with the other. He smiled as a smile appeared on Allison's face, and started towards the door.

“Manny? Do we need to ride the bike there? I don't know how comfortable I'd be riding like this.”

“Not at all. We can make it there in ten minutes walking. I'll just need a moment to secure the bags in the basket. Give me a second, okay?”

“Okay.” Emanuel turned towards the bike and carefully loaded both bags into the basket, then reached into his bag. *Now where is that spare rope? Right, in the front pocket.* Emanuel took the rope, folded it in half and fed the folded end through the handles of the bags. *Now, it goes under the bags and through the basket, then back*

around and through the bight. Pull tight, feed each end under it's nearest side and finish with a square knot.

He smiled. "Perfect." His eyes traveled quickly to Allison's eyes, which were wide open in amazement.

"Where did you learn how to do that?"

"You know the town dock right?" he asked, watching her nod her head. "The last two summers I worked there. Naturally I worked out by the boats a lot, and I managed to pick up a few tricks with ropes and knots." He paused for a moment, than continued "Actually, I'm surprised you didn't see me there."

He watched Allison look down for a moment. "I haven't been down there in years" she answered nervously. "Is there anything else you need to do?"

Emanuel smiled and grabbed the right handlebar of the bike. "Nope. Would you mind grabbing the other handlebar? I don't know how steady I can keep the bike by myself." He watched a smile appear on her face as she did just that and started to walk. He smiled back and started to walk as well, finding himself lost in her eyes.

Suddenly he looked up and noticed the restaurant approaching. "We're here already? Didn't we just start walking a few minutes ago?" Allison asked, her face turning towards the awning.

His smile deepened. "Seems that way, doesn't it? I'm just amazed we didn't accidentally hit anyone as lost in the moment as we were."

"That's the dumbest thing I've ever heard. It's kind of hard to miss a pair of people walking a bicycle like you were" Emanuel heard Tony quip.

Emanuel spun around, face to face with Tony and Emily, less than a foot behind him. "When did you guys get here?"

"We've been behind you for the past ten minutes, trying to get your attention. Talk about being lost in lala land."

Emanuel sighed lightly. "Fair enough Tony. Incidentally, you both look very nice." He turned back towards the bike and started to undo the knot.

"Nice rigging job there. One question though – why didn't you finish it off?"

Emanuel glanced back at Tony. "Why bother? That would have just created more work for me to do to untie it."

"True enough."

Emanuel finished untying the knot, then quickly recoiled the rope. *He was hoping for something more in that answer, wasn't he? Very odd... I'm sure I'll find out later.* He dropped the rope back into its pouch, closed it, and lifted the bags out of the basket, handing one to Allison. "Go in ahead of me, I need a minute to lock up the bike."

Manny, is Tony acting a little strange right now?

Yeah. I didn't know he knew how to work with rope. Could you keep an eye on him until I'm done out here?

Of course. He watched Allison grab his bag as well. *Might as well get both checked in at once.*

True. Thanks precious.

Allison

Allison quickly made her way towards the maitre'd. "Ah, Signora Kirse, benvenuto. Would you like to check your bags?"

Allison smiled and held out the bags. "Yes please. How is your family Giovanni?"

"Molto bene" he said, pausing for a moment. "Forgive me signora, I forgot you do not yet speak Italian."

Allison chuckled. "You worry too much Giovanni. I do now know Italian, even if it is only rudimentary." She smiled as the door opened and Emanuel made his way toward her. "Giovanni, this Emanuel, my beloved. Manny, this is Giovanni."

Allison watched Emanuel smile. "It's been too long Giovanni."

"Indeed signore. How is your father?"

Allison watched a frown settle on Emanuel's face and reached for his hand, gripping it lightly. "Not well. He never did recover after Mom passed."

"She is missed by many. Forgive me, I fear I have held you too long. Enjoy your date." Allison felt her face start to grow red. "Don't think me a fool signora. I've been in this business for many years."

"Right. Let's go find Emily and Tony" Allison said nervously, looking into the main portion of the restaurant. "Ahh! They're they are, right in the back" she said, sliding her hand up to Emanuel's arm and started walking rapidly.

“No need to pull so hard precious.”

“Took you long enough. Did you get lost in lala land again?” Emily snarked.

Allison glared at Emily. “Very funny. We were merely catching up with Giovanni.”

“Whatever. Hurry up and decide what you want... I'm hungry.”

Allison glared again. *So, any favorites here?*

Not really. Unless they've changed chefs recently, I remember everything being pretty good.

How about we try today's special?

Actually, that sounds like a good idea. I'm sure it's nice and fresh.

Allison looked up as their waiter approached, and look at Emanuel and Tony. “Buona sera signore. Are you ready to order?”

Tony answered first. “I'll have the penne summer salad.”

The waiter turned to Emily. “Signora?”

“I'll have the ravioli with the red sauce.”

“And you Signore?” he asked, looking at Emanuel.

“We'll have the fish special” Emanuel answered. Allison watched an odd smile appear on Tony's face.

Manny, did you catch that smile from Tony just now?

No, what kind was it?

Allison thought for a moment. *Almost one of those “aha” or “I knew it” ones.*

Hmm... I'm sure I'll find out before too long what he's thinking about.

“Anything to drink?”

Allison watched Emanuel look around at everyone. “Is water okay for everyone?” She watched Tony and Emily nod their heads.

“Va bene.” Allison gripped Emanuel's hand under the table. A few moments later, she looked up in surprise as the waiter approached with a bottle of wine and four glasses. “A gift from Signore Giovanni to celebrate your first dates here.”

Allison looked at the bottle questioningly, then turned toward the waiter. “Does he do this often?”

The waiter thought for a moment. “Mi dispiace. I can not say either way – I am too new here. I will be back shortly with your food.”

Allison looked at Emanuel and Tony. “Huh... Do either of you know the quality of this bottle?”

Tony smiled. “From the look of it, that's the house White Zinfandel. It's actually quite good.” Allison watched Tony pour some into the four glasses, handing one to everyone. He lifted his and began “To an enchanting and enlightening evening.”

Allison watched Emanuel lift his. “Salute”. Allison followed suit as Emily did, and noticed Emanuel look down at his watch.

Emanuel

Emanuel looked down at his watch again. *Five minutes and counting.*

Sweetheart, what are you doing?

Measuring how long this awkward silence is going to go on for.

He watched her sigh loudly. *Rather than timing it, why don't you do something about it?*

Fair enough.

Emanuel started to open his mouth when Tony spoke up. “So, interesting week we've had so far, huh?”

“Right... and I'm sure you're looking forward to your Program week” he heard Emily quip back. He watched Allison glare openly at Emily.

Emanuel sighed. “Really guys, do we need to discuss Program stuff now? I think Allison would agree with me that that's not proper dinner material. Aren't you more interested in getting to know each other?”

He watched Tony's head drop a little. “Sorry... it was the best I could think of at the moment.” Emanuel watched as Allison continued to glare.

“Yeah... I'm sorry I jumped on you like that. Old miss-conceptions are hard to get rid of.”

She's not being sincere, is she precious?

Yeah. Let me see if a private chat helps to change anything. “I need to check my make-up. Care to join me Emily?” he watched her ask, a slightly evil smile on her face.

A grimace appeared on Emily's face. “Sure...”

Emanuel watched Allison get up. *You girls sure are effective. She looks like she's about to go in front of a firing squad.*

That's not entirely inaccurate.

Emanuel watched Tony nervously watch the girls walk away, and breathe in. “Are you Allison's Dom?”

“Allison's what?”

“I take that as a no.”

“Really, what do you mean by that? I'm not familiar with the word.”

Emanuel watched Tony's nervousness return. “I'm not sure of the best way to explain it... but here goes nothing. You know how during the main season, when Coach says run five miles one week, we do? How whatever he says we respect and do?”

Emanuel nodded. “Yeah.”

“Well, that's kind of what being a Dominant is like. Their submissive has given control to them over some or all of his/her life.”

“Ah, okay. Just out of curiosity, what led you to think that?” He watched Tony breath a sigh of relief.

“Your skill with that rope earlier, and the fact that you ordered for her earlier.”

“Well, the rope work I picked up down at the docks”.

Emanuel watched Tony slap his forehead. “Right... I should have remembered about that. And the other thing?”

Precious, do you mind if I let Tony in on our gift?

Not at all. I'm still working on Emily anyway, so you have a little time.

Good enough. “I don't know if you'll believe me, but here goes. We're able to communicate telepathically with each other.”

Emanuel watched a look of incredulity appear on Tony's face. “That sounds a bit... crazy... but I suppose I can accept that.” The look remained.

“You want proof of some kind, don't you?”

“Yeah.”

“By the time we finish tonight you'll have your proof.” *You about done precious?*

Yeah. We're on our way back. How did Tony take it?

He's a bit skeptical and expects proof by the end of the night.

Same sort of thing that we did with Emily?

Yeah... and I know exactly what will work too. By the way, I found out what he had suspicions about.

Really? And that was?

He thought you were my submissive. Emanuel watched as their waiter returned with their food. *By the way, the food has arrived.*

Yay... What the heck is a submissive?

Ask him later... that can be the proof. Emanuel watched the waiter finish placing the plates on the table.

“Enjoy your meal.”

“Grazie.” Tony replied.

Emanuel watched the girls return. “Ooh... the food's here. Let's dig in” Emily remarked.

And after all that I said... Oh well, it's her loss if she doesn't talk to Tony. “Looks delicious.”

“That it does. Let's eat everyone.” *Let's see if it truly is.*

How so sweetheart?

If it's good, there shouldn't be any conversation for at least ten minutes... maybe more. Emanuel glanced down at his watch, then turned to his food.

Any idea what type of fish this is sweetheart?

I think it's salmon. There's a spice here I can't quite place though. He looked down at his watch again. *See what I mean? It's been ten minutes so far, and not a peep from either Tony or Emily.*

How about what we're doing? Wouldn't this count?

Not really... we don't need to stop eating to communicate like this. Besides, even we stayed completely silent for the ten minutes.

Okay, fair enough. Any ideas how break the silence?

I might have something. Give me a second to figure out how to word it. Emanuel turned to Tony. “Now, I know a lot about you, and Allison knows a lot about Emily. Why don't we share some old stories to help acquaint you two?” *I predict Tony will love the idea, and Emily will hate it.*

She's not giving him a fair chance & doesn't know what she's missing.

I have a few stories that might catch her attention. Emanuel turned towards the girls. “Here's one for starters. Do either of you remember the Shakespeare class that was proposed last year?”

He watched Emily's eyes raise a little. “Yeah” she said, pausing. “I was part the group that established the petition for it. We got enough signatures too... stupid Benerdon went and vetoed it.”

“Right. Well, I remember the day Tony spent half of practice talking about nothing but how excited he was for even the possibility of the class. In fact, I believe he was the first to sign the petition.”

Emanuel smiled covertly as Emily's eyes lit up. “Really?”

“Yeah, He was seriously pissed off when Benerdon pulled her little stunt.”

“Let me guess – that very day he nearly destroyed a perfectly good practice dummy.” Emily responded. Emanuel shivered at the venom the sentence was saturated with. Suddenly, he heard her exclaim “ouch!”, then mutter almost inaudibly “stupid bitch.”

Uhm, precious, what did you just do?

I promised if she acted up again, I'd put my heels to good use. He watched an evil smile flash on Allison's face for a few seconds, only to be replaced by more glaring at Emily.

I don't think it helped. She looks more surly than before.

Emanuel watched the glare turn into a frown. *Yeah, I think this is the best we can hope for the night.* "I'm feeling kind of tired. Perhaps we should get dessert to go, and call it a night."

Emanuel watched the pained look on Tony's face. "I suppose so." Emanuel looked up and watched their waiter return.

"Was the meal to your liking?"

Emanuel smiled. "As always."

Allison

Allison looked up at the waiter. "Is the dessert display accurate today?"

"Indeed signora. Would you care to take a look?"

Allison smiled. "Of course." She watched as Emanuel shot a quick glance at Tony.

"I think I'll join you."

Do you want anything sweetheart?

I'm fine.

The waiter pointed towards a glass case on the wall. "This way signore."

Allison followed quietly, watching Tony's pained face grow worse. "I really fucked up, didn't I?"

Allison patted him on the shoulder. "Not at all. You were understandably nervous. Emily's just being bitchy and stubborn, that's all."

She watched a confused look appear on his face. "Then why did Emanuel suggest I join you?"

"You and he were talking about submissives earlier. What is that?"

She watched the shock appear on his face. “Holy shit... he wasn’t kidding. That’s actually pretty cool.”

Precious, Emily’s heading out on her own. I tried to reason with her, but...

Allison sighed. *I figured she might try that. Don’t worry about it.* She pointed to a dessert. “I’d like a piece of that, to go please.”

The waiter smiled. “Certainly signora. Signore?”

“I’d like that, to go as well”

“Benissimo.”

Allison watched Tony turn towards her. “Let me guess” he paused “she left already”. Allison nodded her head. “Oh well.”

He’s really bummed about Emily sweetheart.

I’m not surprised. Do you have your desserts yet?

Yeah, we just got them. Is there anything else we need to do?

Nope, we’re all paid up, and I have the bike ready to go. Oh, did you get a chance to give Tony his proof yet?

Allison smiled. *Yeah, but he hasn’t explained it yet.*

Remind him then.

“So, you never told me just what a submissive is...”

She watched a look of embarrassment replace Tony’s frown. “Oops, right” he paused in thought. “Basically, he or she gives control one or more areas of his or her life to someone else.”

She smiled. “So you took our gift as that? Interesting.”

“If you want to know more, I have a few books I can lend you two.”

“Maybe. Let me see what Manny thinks.” *Manny, sweetheart, Tony has offered to lend us some books on that submissive thing. Interested?*

It’s worth maybe looking into. Would you be okay with that?

So long as we play that by ear. I mean, it sounds interesting, but...

Allison rounded the corner to the coat check, just in time to see Emanuel smile by the bike. *I understand, not a problem.*

Allison smiled at Tony. “We’re interested in your offer.”

“Okay. I can bring them to school tomorrow. Get home safe you two.”

Allison smiled, and quickly sat on the bike behind Emanuel. “You too... and don’t sweat about Emily too much. Hopefully she’ll come around soon.”

She watched a half smile quickly cross his face. “I’ll try.”

Ready precious?

Yeah. Do you anticipate any problem with your dad?

Hopefully he should be asleep by now. If not, hopefully he’ll be too busy drinking. Anyway, Emily aside, did you have fun?

Yeah. How about you?

Yeah. “I almost can’t believe the week is half over” she heard him state.

Allison wrapped her arms around Emanuel. “I don’t know about that. This week feels like it has dragged on.” She felt a tense silence lapse for a moment.

“Precious, I’m sorry. What I said came out a bit insensitive.”

“Don’t worry about it sweetheart. I know how you meant it.”

She felt a sigh of relief from him. “That’s good.”

Allison watched the buildings go by for awhile, and then closed her eyes. “I wish I could stay like this forever.”

“Me too, but we’ll get to your house before too long. We’ll just have to look forward to tomorrow.”

“True.” *Then I might as well enjoy this as long as I can.* Allison felt the world start to disappear.

What seemed moments later, she heard Emanuel say “We’re here precious.”

“Already?”

She watched him turn around and face her. “It’s been nearly twenty minutes precious.”

She smiled weakly. “I forgot how much time tends to fly.” She paused for a second. “You’ll see me to my door, right?”

She watched the smile light up on his face. “I wouldn’t have it any other way.” He stepped off the bike slowly, grabbed her bag, and offered her his right hand. “Ready precious?”

She smiled and took his hand, climbing off the bike. “Yes sweetheart.” She wrapped her left arm with his right, and started towards the door. As they reached the front of it, she watched as he stopped her and put down her bag.

“Tomorrow then” he said, as she felt herself get pulled close to him. She felt the world disappear again as they kissed tenderly. What felt like moments later, she felt him pull away from her. “I’ll let you know when I get home, okay?”

She felt her smile brighten. “Of course.” She watched as he walked back to the bike, climbed on, and headed off. Suddenly the door opened.

“Okay young lady, inside” her mom said with a small smile on her face. “Can I assume it went well?”

Allison looked puzzled for a moment. “For the most part, yes. How did you know?”

Allison sat down across from her where her mom had settled at the table. “Only good dates end with ten minutes of kissing.”

“We kissed that long?”

She watched her mom chuckle slightly. “Ah... the bliss of young romance. What went wrong?”

“Emily. She couldn’t get past her prejudices, and hurt a decent guy in the process.”

“Hopefully she comes around. What did Emanuel think of the dress?”

Allison smiled. “He was speechless.”

“Perfect. How did the Kempo class go?”

She smiled again. “I enjoyed it. Can I continue studying?”

“As long as your grades stay up and it's okay with the teacher.”

Allison leaped up from the chair, ran around and hugged her mom. “Yay!” Allison started towards the stairs.

“Wait a second... before you head upstairs to do whatever homework you have...”

Allison turned back, slightly surprised. “Actually, I don't have any today” she said, pausing. “What is it mom?”

“You were acting a little strange this morning, but you seem okay now. What happened?”

“Remember what I was telling you about Monday?” Allison watched her mother nod her head. “Well, Ms. Luden had the right ballpark, but the wrong disorder.”

“And you were affected again this morning?”

Allison nodded her head. “Yeah, only this morning I felt trapped, not safe. Only Manny managed to help me out of it.”

“And do you know the cause of this disorder?”

“It's called depersonalization disorder mom. And yes, I do. Did Uncle Martin ever do anything to me when I was eight?”

Allison watched a look of pain appear on her mom's face. “You remember that?”

“For the first time, yeah. Although I still haven't remembered what happened after you fainted.”

“I didn't come to for a good hour or two, and was still in shock for awhile after that. I would need your father to help fill in the blanks. Anyway, I'm afraid bringing up more details might trigger that feeling again.”

Allison frowned. “That's possible. Maybe it would be better if Manny is around when you guys tell me more.”

Allison watched her mom smile. “It seems we owe this young man a lot. When can we expect this talk then?”

Allison paused for a moment. “Maybe Friday after Kempo? I'm pretty sure he has practice tomorrow.”

“That sounds fair. What would you like to do for your birthday?”

“I haven't thought about it. Maybe a small party?”

“Here or somewhere else?”

“Is there room in the budget for a restaurant?”

She watched her mom smile. “I think I know the perfect place. And perhaps you'd like him to spend the night afterward?”

Allison felt herself blush deep red. “Yeah... Are you sure dad won't mind that?”

“It sounds like you might really love this boy. Besides, I'm sure I can soothe any worries your father might have.”

Manny, would you like to sleep over the night of my birthday party?

Of course. I didn't know I was invited.

Allison felt herself smile brightly. *Of course I'd invite you. I haven't mentioned it yet because mom just got me thinking about it now.* She paused for a second. *Are you almost home?*

I just pulled into the driveway. Thankfully, dad seems to be asleep.

“So?”

“What do you think the answer was mom?”

She barely picked up on the low laugh her mother laughed. “Don't forget to ask him about our talk.”

Oh, before I forget again, mom and dad can fill in some of the details of what happened with my uncle. I'd like it if you could be there to support me when they do.

When did you have in mind?

Friday after Kempo?

Sure. So should I bring a few days worth of clothing with me?

Yeah. Although, who knows if some sort of mandatory outreach may come up.

We'll cross that bridge if and when it happens. Anyway, the sooner I get to sleep, the less chance I risk of dad waking up. Sleep well my precious.

You too sweetheart.

“It must be nice being able to communicate as easily as you two can”.

Allison smiled. “Yeah. Is there anything else we need to talk about tonight?”

“Nothing that can't wait. Sleep well sweetie.”

Allison started back towards the stairs. “You too mom.”

She quietly climbed up the stairs, letting her thoughts start to drift. A few minutes later, she climbed into bed. *Good night Manny.*

Good night precious.

I wonder what tomorrow will bring? she wondered. Finally, she felt her eyes close as peace overtook her.

.....
to be continued
.....