

Julie

by Bingo

Note: This is a story for adult readers

Chapter One

Julie was fifteen and had spent the whole night making the biggest decision in her life. It wasn't an easy decision and not one her parents would specially like though she believed they would come to accept it.

The decision wasn't made because of external pressure; she wasn't coerced. And the decision wasn't made because of an obsession or predilection. She couldn't have explained why in precise terms, not that it mattered, since once made her decision would become a fait accompli and was irreversible.

Partly it was because she was tired of being a virgin, partly because of a senior boy, Jeremiah, everybody called him Jerry, who was on the football team, handsome, just everything. She hoped one day Jerry would notice her and date her and discover how wonderful she was.

Julie wasn't pretending she was wonderful or expecting Jerry to do anything one did on a date. She couldn't pretend the first date would lead to a second, and a third and they'd go steady. Julie knew she was short, rather plain looking, had no special attribute to her figure like jaw dropping tits or tiny waist. She wasn't even cute. Too many freckles, everywhere, except the palms of her hands and probably the soles of her feet but she'd never bothered to look.

She clutched the book bag close to her chest and pretended she didn't hear the ho's giggle in the back of the school bus or the boys' voices.

Some kids had rides that took forever; Julie's stop was almost last. Almost first to be picked up, almost last to be dropped off on the corner two blocks from home. Her ride was close to an hour.

"Fuck," the ho shouted. There was a moment's silence and then laughter from the back. She never looked. Hos and teases were not the study of good girls in her high school.

The ho screamed, a long wail that ended abruptly. "Fuck." There were other sounds. Like someone was clapping softly, giggles, a whisper. Someone's pens hit the floor and rolled to the front of the bus.

Julie tried to stop them with her foot, the pens rolled past her. She was always too clumsy to do anything effectual. Her palms were moist. Her mother was going to hate her. Forever. The ho's moans were driving her crazy so she turned around, faced the back of the bus, down the aisle, saw a couple of others watching, the rest in the bus were bored or talking.

The ho faced her, naked, bent over a seat back, hands clutching the seat back in front of her, mouth open. The boy fucking her was leaning over her back, straining as he moved. His face was beet red and eyes were shut. He finished and another took his place.

Julie was a virgin, hadn't the slightest idea what the ho was feeling, much less why she was carrying on so. The bus had only one ho, no teases, the rest were good girls who blushed easily, like Julie was blushing right now, having just seen one, a boy's erect penis. She turned around hastily.

Penises were a fact of life, but little understood if one was a good girl. The bus passed over some bumps and the ho shrieked. There was laughter. She always shrieked at the same spot, day after day, the whole year Julie had ridden the bus.

It sounded like the ho was having fun but Julie couldn't be sure. Good girls didn't talk to hos, barely passed the time of day with teases. The boys didn't seem to mind or care one way or the other. Hos were hos.

The semicircular drive for the school was packed with kids, some just off buses, the bus ahead was unloading as hers pulled in. Julie was a ninth grader, was for the first time in her life in a school as big as this one with over 2,000 students, grades nine through twelve. Another month and Julie would graduate, that was more or less assumed at this point. Julie was smart and a good student. Chemistry and geometry which were accelerated classes, literature and Bible study. She had tried out for chorus but hadn't made the grade. Which was typical. Julie was smart but not a top student, not like some of the others, certainly not like Jerry.

Julie got off the bus and looked to see if her friend Amy was around. She wanted to see Amy first before doing anything.

She saw the ho leave the bus, silent at last, a group of three boys after her, straightening their pants, making sure their shittails were

tucked in. The ho carried her book bag to the row and dropped it and waited.

Every day hos and teases lined up along the sidewalk, unless it was raining, then they used the gym. The hos were naked and easy to identify. There was little chance a good girl would ever, accidentally, never on purpose, converse with a ho. It just wasn't possible.

Teases were usually just as easy to identify. Handjobbers had their top bare except for a bra. Blowjobbers wore no bra and those who thought they were something special, did without a skirt or jeans. The really stuck up ones wore thongs which is why they were called teases. Of course, they were still virgins in the sight of man, though perhaps not in the sight of the Lord.

There they were, hos and teases and their swarm of boys making use of them rather than sullying themselves with self-pollution. Of course the hos were going straight to hell and of course no boy in his right mind would marry a ho after they'd graduated. There were more girls than boys in the school, that was an accepted demographic. Maybe ten hos, though she'd never counted, and forty or fifty teases.

There were boys who never resorted to teases or hos, Jerry was one. Most didn't, at least not frequently, otherwise the row would be swamped, which it wasn't.

Amy said, "Hi."

"There you are." Julie's hand touched Amy's arm.

"You look tired. Did you?"

"I thought about it all night. All night, and I'm going to."

Amy's face changed, was cruel for a moment, then that was gone and the Amy she knew was back. "Do you have to? I mean, today?"

"I have to. Do you think we can, maybe?"

"Probably not." Amy stepped back. "I'll see you in Bible class?"

"I'll be there."

"Today? Can't it wait?"

Julie shook her head, left her friend, and didn't look back. Her mouth was dry; she wasn't using her nose to breathe. She chose the close end of the row, wanting to get this over as quickly as possible. Somehow. Knowing it wasn't going to be quick enough.

Rather than give a false impression, it was simply amazing how many silly girls gave false impressions on purpose, she knelt to untie her shoes. Some girls who weren't came awfully close to looking like teases. Julie had wondered if there were some who, secretly, while

pretending to be good girls, actually were hos and teases in everything but name. She knew it was true, but wondered what it must be like for them.

Socks were set in her shoes; she rose to her bare feet in the grass, quickly pulled off her top and bra. It took longer to step out of her jeans. She felt like everybody was looking at her, couldn't bear to return their stares. She folded her jeans, slipped off her underwear and felt extraordinarily bare. "Just a minute," she said as someone touched her. She gathered her clothes, stuffed them carefully in her book bag. She was a ho in everything but a minor fact. She'd never wear clothes again, unless someone married her and made her good. Which wasn't likely to happen. She knew that.

"Okay," she said not looking up. She could hear the others next to her in the row.

She was pushed to her knees, then shoved forward onto her hands. He was doing something behind her, to her privates and she wasn't sure she liked it.

She gasped because of the sharp pain which was mostly gone now. She opened her mouth and held out her tongue when he pressed against her, curled back her tongue when he backed away and his fullness briefly left her. Wetness dripped down her leg. He was done, another took his place and it still hurt.

She was receptacle for their seed, created for procreation and so that their seed would never touch the ground. She felt back there, touched him moving, a strangeness. The first penis she'd touched in all her life. It was slippery and velvety soft which was a surprise. In her it felt hard, like a stick or metal rod.

She was being fucked and it wasn't much fun. She had her purpose, she was sure it was God's plan that she be a ho, be available for any boy's, or man's, use. She hoped that Jerry would see her, notice her and perhaps one day use her. But she didn't expect that. She was on her hands and knees because of Eve's sin. Her life was now dedicated as an expiation of that sin rather than wallowing in it.

The bell rang but the fucking went on.

She was going to be late for class.

Chapter Two

Mrs. Lambert gave her a stare as Julie walked into class late and sat at her desk after dropping the book bag to the floor. Julie saw that a pink ribbon was tied to the back of her desk. That was so the next person who had to use the desk could make an ostentatious display of wiping the seat first. Hos were dirty, slimy in fact.

Julie had laughed with everyone else but all of a sudden the joke wasn't funny. Not that it wasn't based on some sort of truth. She was filthy, but it wasn't her fault. She'd tried to use the girls' room so she could clean up but the smokers threw her out. They told her to use the boys'. She didn't and she looked it.

"Are you settled?" Mrs. Lambert gave a long pause. "Miss Lester."

"Sorry, ma'am." Julie had her book and papers ready. Julie could hear whispers and giggles behind her.

"Anything to draw attention to your state. We are not impressed, are we, class?"

The class' reaction ranged from cheers and hoots to solemn nos. Most of the girls in the class refused to look at her. For good reason.

Julie had sometimes dreamed she was naked in school -- shame-filled and awkward dreams. At the moment she was ashamed, a bit chilled by the air conditioner but the real experience was more intense. She felt the surface of the wood seat rather than just its hardness. She was blushing up a storm, but found she could, if she wanted to, look at people. Straight in the face. There wasn't much they could do to her, or so she thought.

Mrs. Lambert taught geometry and was writing a theorem on the board. Julie heard whispers behind her, felt a note touch her bare arm. She took it not looking back. The note said: "Hey cunt, someone really ruined your ass, didn't they? Suck my dick."

No one had touched her ass. She looked over her shoulder. The class cutups, Alexander, Lance and BJ grinned at her from the back of the room. Lance touched his forefinger and thumb together making a circle which he pierced with the forefinger of his other hand. Julie shook her head and turned back to the front of the class.

"I'm glad we have your undivided attention, Miss Lester." Mrs. Lambert pointed to a good girl. "Traci, why don't you finish the theorem for us." Traci received a smile when she stood at the front of the class.

Miss Lambert used to like her and it wasn't fair. Julie wrote the theorem in her notebook and ignored the pieces of paper being thrown at her. She wasn't sorry she'd become a ho even though, so far, it had been no fun at all. She scratched her bare leg and looked down. The smear of blood and yucky stuff was starting to flake off in spots, was still wet in others. No fun at all. Her pubic region was pretty much totally exposed since her red hair was fine and sparse. She covered herself with her left hand and looked up. Mrs. Lambert was staring at her with a weird glint in her eyes. Mrs. Lambert turned abruptly to Traci and gave a big smile. "Almost perfect." She fixed the errors and turned to the class. "I want each of you to prove the theorem. In ten minutes we'll examine the best and worst," said to Julie, "efforts."

"Mrs. Lambert," Alexander said. "Could I have a hall pass?"

"No."

"But I really need to. Really, really need to, awfully bad. Please."

"Oh stop being pitiful." Mrs. Lambert leaned against her desk clicking the chalk in her hand on the metal top. "Why don't you and your two partners in crime, leave us in peace. Go." She clicked the chalk on the desktop. "If your proofs aren't finished when we're ready, that'll be that. An F for the day."

Alexander gave her arm a tug. "What?" Julie said looking up at him.

"You know what, Miss Lester," Alexander said. He tugged her arm and she rose out of her seat. He pushed her ahead of him and she looked back as she left the room. Lance, Alexander and BJ followed and their faces were closest. What she noticed was the faces of the others in the room. Grins, leers from some of the boys, heard a few snatches: "Did you smell that?" "Some people." "Kiss, kiss, kiss."

The hall was darker after the well lit room. It was almost quiet. At the far end she could hear shrieks and see a crowd by a door.

"You taking biology next year, whore?" Alexander asked. "Down on the floor."

She sat.

"Aww come on. You can't be that stupid."

"Hands and knees," Lance said as he unzipped his pants.

"Mr. Trakis really puts his ho through it in biology. He wants her pregnant by the end of first term." Alexander stood in front of her. "You know what to do."

She winced when a cock entered her cunt. "Your titties aren't good for much," Lance said. "Fuck, you're tight."

BJ, at least that's who she thought it was, pulled on her nipples. He said, "Yeah, Mr. Trakis doesn't care what'll do it, dog, horse, billy goat or good ole people cum."

Alexander pinched her nose and pulled up. "Are you stupid or what?" He slapped her. "Suck me off."

"I'm done," Lance said.

"I'm next." BJ let go of her nipple.

Lance went back in the classroom.

Alexander's cock pressed against her face. "Suck it. Shit. Hurry up. I don't want an F."

"Owww," she said. BJ's thrusts almost knocked her off her knees. "Oh."

"She is tight, Alex. You should feel this." He thrust rapidly.

Julie moaned, couldn't crawl away from them.

"Suck it, bitch."

She opened her mouth and tasted Alexander's penis. She wanted to turn away. BJ's thrusts slowed.

"That's right," Alexander said. "We're having a party tonight and you're coming."

"Coming," BJ laughed and almost knocked her over.

"Don't bite me, bitch."

She felt BJ leave her, was able to back from Alexander. "I can't."

"You can't what? Shit. I'm going to get an F because of you."

"I can't go tonight." His cock pressed against her eye. She pushed it away.

"Fuck you, bitch. Open up."

She opened her mouth, tried to pull away as he invaded her; he held her head. "You'd better be there. That's right. Choke on it."

"Alexander, if she says no, she means no." The principal's voice came from right beside them.

Alexander didn't let go of Julie's head but did back away enough for her to breathe. She wanted to barf.

"Julie, when you're finished I want to see you in my office."

She tried to nod, couldn't. She gagged as Alexander fucked her face.

"Tell your father I enjoyed the sermon last Sunday. Most thoughtful."

"Yes." Alexander thrust, held her head, pulled back. "Sir."

"Send her along when you're done. Remember what I said. You shouldn't try to force her."

Julie's choking continued long after the principal had left them, Alexander had finished, leaving her crumpled on the floor. Her face was wet with her tears and his stuff and she was sore down there.

She'd known being a ho wouldn't be all fun, but hadn't imagined how unfun it could be. Sin was supposed to be pleasurable. This was worse than being a good girl. The ho's shrieks down the hall had reached a crescendo and became unearthly moans.

Julie wiped her face, didn't have anywhere to wipe her hand so used her chest. She sat up, leaned against the cool cinderblock wall for a moment, slowly stood. The moans stopped and after a minute people left the door. She could hear a man's loud voice.

She walked down the hall, heard distinct words as she got closer. She paused to look in the room and saw a ho's nude body twitching on a lab table. Mr. Trakis was lecturing on stimulus and response as he coiled the thin electric cable that lay near the ho. He touched the ho and she jumped, gave a moan. "Almost ready," Mr. Trakis said. "Do I have a volunteer?"

All the boys raised their hands.

Mr. Trakis looked to the clock. "There's time for those with last names starting from A to M to participate in this experiment today."

There were groans from some of the boys as others jostled for position in the queue. The good girls watched raptly, few bothered to take notes.

Julie made the turn and took the north hallway which was the administration wing. The main office was brightly lit, a phone rang briefly and somewhere a computer keyboard was being used in quick bursts.

Julie found her hand naturally falling into position to protect her privates. "Mr. Strong wanted to see me."

The secretary looked at her sternly and pointed with her pencil.

Julie felt really naked under the secretary's judgmental gaze.

Chapter Three

Julie sat on the leather couch and the secretary shouted, "Not there, you filthy--" Julie jumped up and looked around. A bare anteroom to the side held a rank of pink-bowed wood chairs. One was occupied by a ho who stared at her.

"Get away." The secretary scrubbed the leather seat with paper towels.

Julie sat in the anteroom, a few seats from the ho. She corrected herself. From the other ho.

"What are you looking at?" the ho asked angrily.

"Nothing." Julie dropped her eyes.

"Hey!"

Julie looked up and the ho stuck out her tongue and giggled. Julie dropped her eyes.

It was a long wait. Julie picked stuff off her legs as it dried. She kept her privates covered with her other hand. Her breasts itched but she didn't dare scratch. The administration offices were cooler than the classroom and her skin formed goosepimples. She wished she had something to read. She had an F in geometry, her first F ever. Ever! And she was miserable for it. She couldn't see the clock, but knew by the bells she was missing English, her favorite class.

She'd been looking forward to taking biology next year. Butterflies and their coloration and intricate patterns fascinated her. Butterflies and moths. She didn't think biology under Mr. Trakis would be that much fun, considering her current state.

Most hos never graduated, though some did, a few even went to college. Those who had it worst were the secret hos, those girls who thought they could do it and no one would find out. Someone always found out and during assembly they were denounced, their accuser usually some poor innocent boy who'd been tempted by the wanton sinner to join her in lustful acts. These girls were stripped and shamed before the whole school, two assemblies worth of entertainment so that all 2,000 plus students could participate and know.

Those hos usually were too shamed to come back the next day. It was the same for girls who became pregnant, and even if they'd wanted to, those hos couldn't stay in school once it was that obvious.

Faggots got it worst. They were beaten and driven forth. Julie didn't like faggots, no one did. Being a faggot was unnatural.

"Mr. Strong will see you now."

Julie looked up and the secretary pointed to her left. Julie rose, passed by the ho who scowled at her and then winked. Mr. Strong's door was open.

"Come in. Sit down. Let's see." He flipped through papers. "Julie Lester. Julie."

A wood chair with a pink bow was set in front of his large wood desk.

Mr. Strong left his seat and closed the door. He returned to his seat and smiled at her.

Since she was a ho anyone could use her, even the principal. She swallowed, stopped scratching her breast, and put both hands in her lap.

"No longer a virgin I can see." He tossed the papers to the side. "What's the date?"

"May fifth."

"Tuesday."

"Yes, sir."

"What year?"

"197 BR."

"That's right. Before Rapture. What's the other date?"

"Thirty-two AR, sir."

"After the Revolution. Yes." He put his hands together as in prayer, opened them and set them flat on the desk. "After the Revolution."

She swallowed and this time he heard her. "Relax."

He said nothing for a minute and she really wanted to scratch but couldn't. "Is it what you expected? It never is." He didn't wait for her answer. "There's a lot to learn. Your lot in life, as a woman and now a whore. How to best practice your profession, the oldest known. Eve's daughter." He stood and walked around the desk and stood by her. "Untouched, virginal, now dross." He stroked her cheek. "Ask me."

"Sir?" His finger stroked her cheek. She scratched her breast, dropped her hand back into her lap.

"Ask me."

"What do you want me to do, sir?"

"A lot to learn. Go ahead and scratch." He left her and sat on the couch behind her.

Julie didn't dare now that he'd seen her do it once. She knit her fingers together. The backs of her hands were moist with boy stuff.

"I was born twenty years before the revolution, had experienced much of the unsanctified life. And now thirty-two years. I've watched you kids create a tiny microcosm of adult life and dilemmas. Answer me. Are there any bad boys?"

Julie thought. "Faggots?"

"Faggots is correct. One of the many faces of lust. Is Alexander a bad boy?"

Was the principal calling Alexander a faggot? "No, sir. I don't think so."

"I don't think so, either. You shouldn't let him make you do something you don't want to do. Shouldn't let anyone."

"But--"

"You're a whore. I know. Surely you've heard of Mary Magdalene."

"Yes, sir." Julie couldn't see the point he was making. Mary was a housewife who followed Christ.

"In some versions of the Bible she is called a whore."

"No!" Julie turned to Mr. Strong. "She wasn't."

"No, you're right. She wasn't, was she? That's one of the errors the Revolution corrected. What then made you choose to be--"

"I don't know, sir."

"You weren't forced?"

"No, sir."

"Of your own free will?"

Yes, sir."

"You've never, no it's plain you haven't. Why not be a tease?"

"I want . . . I wanted . . . I don't know, sir."

"Your parents could send you to private school. No one need know. It's not on your record yet."

"I don't think so, sir." Her parents were devout. They might decide to move because everyone would know. Or they might send her away. But even then she couldn't hide what she'd become.

"Face the desk." She turned away from him. Nothing was said for several minutes. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, sir. I'm sure that this is what I am."

"What or who? There's a difference."

She didn't see the difference. "What I am, sir."

He passed her and sat at the desk. He made a note on a paper, tossed it and the pen to the side. "Go ahead and scratch your goddamn tit."

She blushed and lowered her eyes. She'd not often heard someone use the Lord's name in that way. But it was true. She scratched.

"Are you enjoying yourself?"

She looked up at him and at his smile. She put her hand back in her lap.

"If you ever, I mean that, ever have any problems come straight to me. Anything. You can tell me anything," he had to look at the sheet, "Julie. What I do in cases like yours is team you up with a mentor, someone who can help you find your way. You'll be attending classes with her this week. Don't worry, your absence from your classes is permitted. Crissi should have been here, but I guess she was detained." He smiled. "You can wait for her. Do you ride the bus? Let's see. I think Denise is on your bus. Would you want to go home with her tonight? Put off the inevitable? No. Then I guess that's all. There's not much more I can tell you." He folded his hands. "Any last words?"

"Thank you?"

"That'll do." He held the door open for her.

Julie stood and there was a sucking sound when she left the chair. She itched worse than ever and she couldn't raise her eyes.

"Those freckles look cute, Julie." He winked at her and she looked back down. "Tell Mrs. Saunders I want to see her."

"Yes, sir."

Mrs. Saunders was out of her chair as soon as she saw Julie, heading toward Mr. Strong's office with a wad of tissue.

Julie sat a few seats from the ho, looked up when Mr. Strong stood in the entry. "Crissi. You're to take on Julie here and show her the ropes this week." He turned to Mrs. Saunders by his side. "I asked you to tell me, Martha."

"I didn't know." Mrs. Saunders waited with more tissues.

Julie followed Crissi out into the hall.

"Evil bitch," Crissi said. She grinned at Julie. Crissi had brown eyes, black bushy brows and short blonde hair. She was pretty, slender with a shape Julie had always envied because it wasn't her own. Two boys whistled as they passed. "Busy," Crissi said to them. "Catch you another time." She took Julie's hand. "We're late for gym. Boy's gym." Crissi winked. "So you like to fuck, do you?"

"Not really." Julie stopped scratching. "It hurts."

"Poor girl. Then you just watch."

Chapter Four

Julie said goodbye to Crissi, watched her walk through the crowd of students by the school buses. Crissi was remarkable to say the least. Julie got onto the school bus, tried to ignore the bus driver's leer, and sat in her usual seat. This morning how she'd face her parents was a long time off. Now she'd be home in forty minutes and her mom would see her evident fall from grace. Her little daughter was a sinner.

"Ow." She rubbed the back of her head and turned in her seat.

"Fucking whores sit in the back of the bus." The good girl next to the speaker kept her eyes averted.

Julie didn't bother arguing, got up from her seat, carried her book bag to the back. Most of the girls didn't look at her directly, most of the boys did. A few even said stuff which she ignored. The back seats were empty; she chose the one on her right and took it.

When she looked up several boys were looking at her.

Crissi had told her she needed to learn to not let everyone walk over her. She didn't need to do anything she didn't want to do. While it might be possible to be chaste for the rest of her high school years, boys generally didn't take no for an answer. Men were even worse. Some were a lot worse. Denise's father let his poker buddies fuck her which was pretty creepy. Denise was okay, Crissi said, even if she was a little strange.

Crissi told her if she could, Julie should find a steady boyfriend. Crissi herself enjoyed gym class and a shower room full of hot smelly boys.

"I'm not interested right now," Julie said to the boys on the bus. "Maybe sometime later."

A blond boy got up and sat on the other back seat. "What's your name?"

Several of them leaned over their seat backs to try to see more of her.

"Julie." She kept her hands in her lap. There were times when she forgot she was naked, and then moments like now when she was all too aware. She knew she wasn't a centerfold, didn't like how her stomach had a couple of folds when she sat down, like now. And her breasts weren't shapely. And she wasn't pretty.

"Julie." The blond boy said her name slowly. "Julie, I like to know the name of the girls I fuck."

"Maybe tomorrow."

"Why wait?" Several of the other boys agreed.

"I'm tired," she yawned, "and besides you haven't told me your name."

He grinned at her. "Tom." The other boys started laughing.

"I don't fuck Tom's on Tuesdays." Julie looked out the window to her left.

Everybody was expecting something to happen but nothing did. The bus engine started as the last person got on. Denise walked slowly toward the back of the bus. "You're in my seat, Perry."

"Today's your lucky day, slut," he said to Julie. "My name's not Tom."

"Fuck off, Perry." Denise sat across the aisle from Julie. "We haven't been formally introduced."

"Julie."

"Hi, Julie. My name's Denise." Her smile was artificial. "So you're the new girl on the block. God knows we need another ho on this bus."

"Hey, Denise," someone shouted. "Suck my dick."

"Get yourself a tease. I don't suck tiny cocks." Denise grinned at Julie. "The boys on this bus are a shy lot."

"I've noticed."

"Casting their whatnots before us swine. Let go of me, asshole. I'll let you know when I'm ready." Denise turned back to Julie.

"Alexander said you were going to be at his party tonight."

"I told him no."

"But you'll be there." Denise didn't blink, gave a smile. "Really you should."

"No."

"You'll be sorry." The bus hit the bump and several kids squealed. "God, I miss not getting fucked at that spot." Denise turned to Julie. "You know how to give the car behind us a thrill? Watch."

Denise stood and pressed her breasts against the glass of the rear door. She wiggled and squirmed against the door, licking the glass. Jerry grabbed her. "Fuck off, will you." She slapped his hands away, turned to Julie and winked. "Your turn."

"I'm shy."

"I said, Fucking your turn. Now." Denise pulled Julie to her feet and pushed her against the door.

Julie's side of her face was pressed against the door, her hands held down by her sides.

"I think you made everyone in the car barf. Bad girl." Denise shoved Julie into the door and pressed. "Back off boys." Denise spun Julie so she faced the front of the bus and thrust her over a seat back.

Julie couldn't breathe. "Hold her," Denise said. Julie felt others grab her to hold her still or to feel her.

A heavy weight fell on top of Julie. It was Denise. "Her ass only. I'll get you wet. Whoever fucks me can finish on her hair. That's a good girl." Denise patted Julie's rear.

"I don't want to, let me go." Julie tried to squirm free.

"I think this bus has a mouse on it. Hear it squeaking?" Denise slapped Julie's ass. "Fuck her right here."

Julie cried as she felt like she was being cut in half over the seat back. Denise squirmed on Julie's back as they both were fucked. Julie's ass hurt with a deep inside raw hurt. First one, then another, and another. Denise too, with them squirting on the back of Julie's head.

"I can't breathe," Julie shouted. She heard the bus stop and front door open. "This is my stop."

Denise climbed off her. "Who said you could stop fucking her. In the ass. So it hurts."

Julie tried to get away but she was being held down from above. "I want to get off. Stop."

"Oh stop if she's going to sulk. You can fuck me." Denise said into Julie's ear, "Sweetheart, you're going all the way with me. To the end of the line. Then we do the bus driver and he takes us home."

"I want to go home."

"You will after Clarence splits you wide open. Our Clarence has a massive cock."

Julie tried to buck free. Denise was being fucked close by, screaming as usual.

"I can't breathe like this."

Someone's fingers invaded Julie's cunt. "Find something we can stick in here."

When the bus dropped Julie off it was close to five. She was so mad she was trembling all over. All of that and then Denise was

apologizing to Julie after giving Clarence a blowjob. Denise was crying, babbling about her drunk father and stuff that Julie didn't really want to hear.

"Fuck." It felt good to say it. "Fuck."

And she was supposed to ride the bus tomorrow morning like nothing had happened. Let a bunch of -- she couldn't think of a good adjective -- boys fuck her. None of the day so far had been like she'd really imagined.

It was two blocks to her home and all the neighbors were getting a show except no one was outside and there weren't any cars. They'd all know in a day or two. Fun for Mom and Dad. Mom was waiting at home; dad wouldn't be home from work until close to seven.

Julie went in the front door hoping her mom would be in back, in the kitchen. Her mom was in the living room, reading.

"I don't want to hear about it," Julie said.

"Stop right there. What do you think--" Her mom stood, eyes dropping to Julie's feet and rising slowly. "Thou unclean vessel of lust. How dare you? After all we've--"

"I've had a long day, Mom."

"I didn't raise you to be this."

"To be what?" Julie asked. She waited a minute, turned and went upstairs. Unclean vessel of -- fuck. She thought her mom would at least try to understand.

Julie closed her bedroom door, left the book bag on the floor and fell onto her bed. She really hurt. She was afraid to look or touch herself. She was sure she was bleeding if not worse.

The phone rang and Julie ignored it. Her mom knocked at the door. "Reverend Fox's son will be by at eight to pick you up. He called earlier."

"I'm not going."

"Does he," there was a short pause, "know?"

"Alexander fucking well knows because he fucked me in the hall outside geometry and I'm not going. Tell him to fuck off."

"I can't just -- whatever has gotten in you?"

"I need to take a bath."

"Julie?"

Julie ignored her mom and started a bath. She shut the bathroom door and looked at herself in the mirror. She looked a mess. Covered

with boy yuck, but no bleeding showed. She soaked in the hot bath water, washed her hair, washed all over, touched herself, there, where Crissi had showed her, but didn't really feel like it so she stopped.

She lay in bed dozing, woke to hear her parents arguing downstairs, woke again when the doorbell rang followed by angry knocking on her bedroom door.

"Fuck off," she shouted.

When she woke at two a.m. the house was quiet. She went downstairs, made a sandwich and took one of dad's beers, and carried them upstairs.

Chapter Five

Julie lay on her bed at home and rested after a second day as a ho in school. Her parents argued downstairs though they weren't as loud as last night. Her father refused to see her and her mother had nothing really serious to say -- all of her mother's speech was tired religious platitudes dealing with lust and endless whatevers.

Julie was surprised at her parents' reaction. She'd known there would be a reaction of some sort but had never imagined anything so extreme and bizarre. Her parents were actually talking about putting her into a home for wayward girls. Her father balked at the expense, wondered if a clitorectomy wouldn't be cheaper to put her firmly on a path of service to the Lord.

Julie hadn't even known about the clitoris -- that she had one, where it was, and what it could do. She was still a little vague on the last. Thanks to Crissi she was learning.

As for service to the Lord, one of the reasons she was a ho was because she wanted a change, to step outside the status quo. She hadn't realized there'd be quite such a thump, but so be it. Things didn't add up, a lot didn't make any sense. Like girls not being allowed to read the Bible. Boys could, and their Bible class was different from the good girls'; she, as a ho, now had to attend the boys' class. She still wouldn't be allowed to read a Bible, but the teachers talked about entirely different subjects. War and the responsibilities of manhood for the boys; submission to one's husband and male leaders for the girls.

And of course both got a heavy dose of the rapture. Bad girls didn't go to heaven, meaning hos like her. Good girls did -- virgins. Married women were partially bad girls since they did it, but if they led exemplary lives might be accepted in heaven. Julie was beginning to believe hos went to heaven too, otherwise who would fuck and suck the men there.

She turned on her light and called Amy's house. She hadn't talked to Amy all day at school. She'd seen her, but Amy had always been too busy. "Mrs. Johnson, is Amy there? This is Julie."

"I'll see, just a minute."

Julie waited, wondered what time her parents were going to bed tonight. She hadn't eaten yet and her stomach was growling. "Amy?"

"Julie, I'm not supposed to talk to you."

"Who said that?"

"You know, everyone."

"Why not?"

"You know why. I've got to go."

"But we're friends."

"Yeah. Please don't call." Amy hung up.

Julie put the handpiece in the cradle and lay on her back. No more good girls who were friends.

It was funny because she'd never would have talked to Crissi if she hadn't been a ho, and talking with Crissi was more fun in a way than talking with Amy. Crissi could talk about anything -- school, boys, just plain stuff -- but with, and here Julie was caught for want of the right word. Crissi could talk about anything. There weren't forbidden subjects. She could talk about good girl things too, and somehow they were more exciting when Crissi talked about them.

Julie got her notebook out of her book bag and found the page with Crissi's number. She dialed and when the phone was answered said, "Hello, this is Julie Lester, a classmate of Crissi's. Is she there?"

"Hi, Julie. Crissi's on a date and probably won't be home until late. Did you want me to have her call you?"

"Not after ten. I'll see her tomorrow. Thanks." Julie hung up the phone and wondered at Crissi's mom. She sounded sane. And Crissi was dating. She'd never mentioned it.

Julie had a journal she'd kept since she was twelve, spending at least half an hour every night on it. Until Tuesday night. Now the journal of her ho life would be part catalog and part description of her discoveries. She didn't trust her parents not to pry so had stopped making entries. Besides, the catalog portion was just too bizarre. How many, when and where and what they did. And it had always, so far, been just that. How many was never just one, never relaxed, never romantic -- it was hard to imagine a ho having romance in her life after yesterday morning.

Her journal entry for today, in her mind, not on paper: The bus ride to school wasn't hell and Denise wasn't a bitch. Maybe Denise realized she wasn't intending to compete with her. Besides, her plan, made late in the night, of spitting on anyone who came too close, worked. Sort of.

Crissi said she didn't have to do the row if she didn't want to so she didn't and no one seemed to notice. For some reason being naked

in school was weirder today than yesterday. She was more intensely aware of people's reactions, wasn't caught up so much in herself. She met Crissi and they went to Crissi's classes which meant she had no run ins with Alexander and that she was grateful for.

At boys' gym she was again the bystander. Jerry assisted the coach in this class along with a slender boy with glasses and neither partook. Jerry actually smiled at her, or maybe it was to Crissi standing slightly behind her. Otherwise Jerry pretty much ignored her.

After class, at lunch, Crissi explained some things, quietly. Like the tall boy in glasses and how maybe he liked Julie, though it was too early to tell for sure. Did she notice, and Julie had to admit she hadn't. She'd been studying Crissi's technique for dealing with people and for sex.

And then Crissi had said there was more but it was secret and they couldn't talk about it in school.

The rest of the day had gone like the morning -- Bible study, English and study hall. Crissi took art but that was only two days a week for some reason, Thursday and Friday instead of study hall. Crissi wasn't in the accelerated program but as far as Julie could tell was smarter than most of her classmates.

The bus ride home was a bit more -- tortured wasn't the proper word. Julie had ended up giving a dork a handjob since Denise wouldn't fuck him and it was her turn, or so Denise said.

So Julie gave the handjob and took the yuck in her mouth since that's what Denise said was done. It was funny, but there'd been teases and hos, in school and out, around her most of her teen life and she'd never watched what they'd done or how. Good girls never would watch.

Julie had gotten a cheer when she'd swallowed, looking up with a weird look on her face because it was yuck and tasted different but not bad.

So her catalog today was one handjob and a mouthful of yuck and it was after nine and she was hungry and it wasn't fair.

Her catalog yesterday was more extensive and confused because she really wasn't sure exactly what and who some of the time.

The phone rang and she ignored it. Then her mom shouted something from downstairs so she picked it up. "Hello?"

"Julie? This is Crissi, my mom said you called."

"Back from your date?"

"No, I'm calling from the library. It's not exactly a date but it's simpler to call it that. What's up?"

"I just wanted to talk, but if you're busy, I'll see you tomorrow."

"You're okay?"

"Today wasn't as bad as yesterday."

"That's good. I'd better go. Two things. I've talked to Nellie and she's going to give you blowjob lessons starting tomorrow using her boyfriend. She's a tease; you'll like her. And the secret is Jerry, the guy you like; he's gay."

"What's gay?"

"A faggot. But don't tell anyone and if I find out you did I'll kill you. Slowly. Jerry's a nice guy but you'll have more fun, of a certain kind, with someone else. There are some, though, who'd say you have good taste. I'd better go."

"I'll see you tomorrow."

"Remember. It's a secret."

"I won't tell."

"Good girl. Guys like Jerry offer a great shoulder for girls like us to cry on. Plus they really understand guys. I don't. Better go. I'm a chatterbox. Goodbye."

"Goodbye." Julie hung up.

Jerry being a faggot was hard to believe. Not impossible and in a way comforting. In a way scary. She still liked him and he was great to look at but that's all it would ever be, she guessed.

Fuck.

She grinned, said it out loud. "Fuck." Then several times, "Fuck. Fuck. Fuck." It felt good. She whispered, "Cunt," and that felt good too. Jerry would never want her. "Cunt," she said it louder. He would never, "Fuck," her. She wanted to scream the words but didn't want to make her parents any more upset than they already were.

"Fuck."

Julie got off her bed and danced through her room; whenever she touched anything, she said, "Fuck." She disarranged everything, removed neatness from her life. She transformed the bedroom into a ho's bedroom, filled with mystery, wonder and a strange feeling she wasn't used to experiencing.

Chapter Six

Art class was the last class on Thursday and Julie hoped she could sit at the back of the room and hide. After lunch with Crissi and Nellie and another tease whose name she couldn't remember everyone who'd seen them together thought they knew all about her.

Crissi was good looking and Nellie was good looking, at least she had a great body and wore a thong that covered only about two square inches. Nellie's face didn't live up to the expectations her body presented but that didn't matter much -- she had great puffy lips. The other tease was slightly shy (if it was possible for a tease to be shy), average in looks but with a head of hair she constantly tossed around. Julie would give up all her freckles to look half as good.

So she's in the presence of these girls and getting noticed but not for her brains. Alexander was nasty to her in the hall; boys mauled her as she walked through them following Crissi to class.

Besides all that Julie was supposed to go through blowjob training after school with Nellie and her boyfriend. She could hardly wait. Yeah.

Art class was mostly girls, including a couple of teases and another ho, besides Crissi and Julie, with a few boys. The boy with glasses from gym class was there and three others. The teases and ho were the surprise and how the other good girls interacted with them, as if they were people rather than fuck puppets.

Crissi went up onto the platform and left Julie to fend for herself. She found a seat in the back and watched as the teacher arranged Crissi in a pose. The weird thing was Julie knew who Crissi was representing but it somehow wasn't right. Mary Magdalene was a housewife, Martha was the prostitute, but Crissi wasn't standing at the table with a bowl like she was a housewife worn down with the drudgery of cooking and cleaning. Crissi as Mary looked sexy.

Crissi told her later after class the teacher wanted her just fucked look, which Crissi had no trouble doing at all.

The teacher sat beside Julie as the class drew Crissi. Neither said a word. Julie was nervous because she was naked and feeling it and the teacher was not loathsome but young, under thirty Julie guessed.

After ten minutes the teacher had Crissi take a break and put the other ho on the platform in some standard position -- standing, feet slightly apart, bent slightly to the left with her arms making a circle.

"He's a sadist, you know that?" Crissi sat next to Julie. "Try standing in one position and not moving for ages. He ask you out yet?"

Julie shook her head.

"Tell him yes. Tonight. After seven and see if I can come along."

"Why?"

"Because Jim's a great fuck. That's why. Please say yes and make sure I can come along too."

"Why?"

"Because he's a great fuck, silly." Crissi winked at her and stretched her legs. "The ho on the dais is Crystal. She's okay. No, really, she's okay, she's just into art and artists and is kind of obsessive. Jim will fuck you once, maybe twice and that'll be it. No more. She thinks somehow she's going to get him to marry her. If not him then one of the art fags."

Julie blushed and looked down.

"They're not really faggots. Well some of them aren't. Here he comes. Remember, say yes." Crissi jumped up, "Ready, skipper." She took the teacher's hand and led him to the platform where she replaced Crystal.

The boy with the glasses sat next to her. "I saw you in gym."

"I'm with Crissi this week. Normally I'm a ninth grader."

"Wanna fuck?"

"Not really."

"That's nice. I kind of believe you. Don't you get cold undressed like that?"

"It's not bad so far. It's warm. The weather."

"The weather is warm. And it rains mostly on the plains in Spain."

She looked at him.

He grinned at her. "My Fair Lady based on Shaw. Pygmalion. While we're talking about the weather, is it okay if I touch you?"

"Do you have to?"

"I think I do." He eyed the ceiling for a moment. "Yes, I think I do."

"Camels spit."

"I've heard they do."

"And I'm a camel."

"One hump or two?" He gave her a lopsided grin. "I couldn't help myself. Let me touch you and if I transgress you can cover me with spit."

"Are you an art fag?"

"Only my analyst knows for sure. Get ready." He held up a finger and slowly turned it back and forth. "Ready?"

"If you must." She prepared herself for a grope.

He touched her on her nose. "Yes, you are real, all right."

"You are an art fag."

"How'd you guess?"

"A real man would have shoved three fingers up you know where."

"Sorry to disappoint."

"You don't, or at least haven't yet. I'm not sure I trust you."

"Are you free tonight?"

"Mister, I'm the kind of girl who'll never charge you a penny."

He grinned. "Have you thought about trying out for theater?"

"Not really. Besides, I don't believe they let my kind up on stage."

"Costuming is sometimes a problem, but honey, we're all whores."

He tapped her wrist with his fingers, lifted them, keeping them straight in the air. He widened his eyes and said, "Ohhhh. I transgressed."

"We'll let that one slide. What were you planning for us to do tonight?"

"Oh, the usual. Fellatio, I just love anal sex and of course the old standby," he lowered his voice, "vaginal intercourse."

"You'd better ask someone else, then."

"You're all booked up." He sighed and slumped his shoulders. "Perhaps you can sneak in, between getting your orifices stuffed, a drive, a talk and maybe dinner. A hamburger. Please?"

"A drive, a talk, dinner and that's all?"

"I know you're busy." He looked away.

"Why? I mean there are hordes of other people. Good girls."

"Simply boring. I mean it."

"Okay. What time?"

"You will?" He faced her. "You name the time and place and your humble art fag will be there. With bells on. It's an old Ford and I pray you aren't prejudiced."

"Let's say six, in front of school."

"I'll be there."

"What's your name?"

"Frank, why do you ask?"

"I'd just like to know."

"And yours?"

"Julie."

"Juliet of the Spirits."

"Julie."

"Oh, her."

"Yeah, the ho."

"Sweetheart, we've all sold ourselves for something."

"I haven't yet."

"You will. Just wait and see. Here comes your friend. I need to get back to work. At six."

"Thanks, I think."

He saluted her and ambled away, both hands in his pockets.

Crissi sat next to her. "What was that all about?"

"I have a date."

"With Jim?"

"With Frank."

"Wrong guy."

"We'll see."

"Really?"

Julie nodded. "Tonight. After blowjob practice."

"Isn't Nellie a sweet gal?"

"Why's she doing this?"

"She owes me a favor."

"I'd better not ask."

"It's a long story. What did he say to get you blushing like that?"

"Who?"

Crissi waved her hand toward Frank who was drawing. "You know who."

"I'm blushing?"

"Everywhere."

"Oh." Julie put her hands in her lap.

Crissi grinned. "Look at Crystal. I think Jim is punishing her. She must have said something."

"Sorry about tonight."

"Doesn't matter. Just, when he asks, make sure you ask if I can come too."

"He's not going to ask me."

"He will. He already wants me to find out if you'll be coming back. He likes whores." Crissi grinned.

"We'll see. I have chemistry this time normally."

"Julie, some classes will be unbearable. Others are like this. Mr. Strong will give you a tremendous amount of leeway. You'll just have to wonder what the fuck he's doing when you're in his office and he's sitting behind you."

Chapter Seven

Julie was led by Crissi to the parking lot behind the school, through the parking lot, dodging cars as people raced to be the first ones to wait at the exit. There was always a gridlock, never an accident of any note, and the parking lot would be empty in fifteen minutes after the last class. This was something Julie as a bus student learned over the next few days after becoming a ho. The uses of the parking lot during and after school.

Crissi took Julie to the corner of the parking lot next to the cafeteria at the opposite end the wing where art class was. Julie felt like she was on parade for some reason. People seemed to notice her for the first time. Even good girls in passenger seats or back seats with their eyes and mouths open.

Nellie was there along with the other tease, Nellie's boyfriend Will, and five other boys. Julie held back. "I thought it was just going to be Nellie and her boyfriend."

"And a few others. You need practice." Crissi took her hand.
"Come on."

Julie followed. It looked like she was going to have to pay for today's respite. "How much practice?"

"A lot. When are you meeting Frank?"

"Six."

"We'll see." Crissi grinned. "Don't worry. None of these guys will last that long."

Nellie gave Julie a serious look. "You're late."

"Sorry," Julie said. "Hi," to the other tease.

"You're kidding," the other tease said.

"Look, Sandi," Crissi said to the other tease, "you don't have to watch or say anything."

"I want to see tubby do it. Fuck Will for me, tubby."

"Sandi, that's your name, right? Fuck off," Julie said.

"Ohhh, I'm--"

"That's enough, Sandi," Nellie said. She turned to Julie. "Ignore her, okay?"

"Yeah, ignore me, tubby."

"Down on your knees," Nellie said to Julie.

Julie tried to get comfortable. They were on a paved segment but there were tiny stones that dug into her knees.

"Good girl." Nellie looked at Sandi and winked. "Okay, open your mouth and stick your finger in. No problem, is there? The problem is a dick is a lot bigger than your finger."

"Mine is. A whole lot bigger," one of the boys said.

"Who said you could talk?" Sandi said.

"What is your problem, tease?" another boy asked. "Are you on the rag or something?"

"Or something, junior."

Nellie turned to Crissi. "This is distracting."

"Sandi," Crissi said. "Why don't you and I take a walk?" She and Sandi left them.

"What's with her?" Will said.

"You wouldn't understand. Why don't you get yourself ready?"

The other boys snickered as he unzipped his pants.

"Watch how and what I do, and then it's your turn with the others." Nellie felt in Will's jeans giving him a kiss before going to her knees.

Julie watched carefully but what stuck with her was how Nellie used her hands, not just on Will's penis but on his legs and stomach, and how she used her tongue, licking and stroking the penis. Most of Nellie's technique she couldn't see. Julie was surprised at how quickly Nellie moved from one stage to the next, varying the stroke and touch. She swallowed Will's yuck and said, "Yummm."

Julie tried to follow Nellie's example but the first boy was in her mouth and thrusting wildly, causing her to gag. He grabbed her hair and held her head as he came. The other four followed the same pattern, leaving her face and chest covered with yuck. Two boys wandered off after they were done.

"Well," Nellie said. "How do you feel?"

"Used."

"That's how you wanted to feel, right?"

"Ummmm, no. I know this isn't romance but I was hoping for finesse."

"You want finesse, you'll have to train them. Okay, Steve, Todd and Scott. You and this ho need to go into training. Every day after school, here."

"Hey," one of them said. "That's not what we signed up for."

"You want blowjobs, don't you?" They nodded. "Every day, right? Well, I'm not going to give them to you. Sandi's not. You want to get off you need to make at least a little effort." The boys were looking at each other.

"Hey, guys," Julie said. "This has to be more fun than self-pollution."

"I guess." The boy said to Nellie, "Why does she have to be fat?"

"She's not fat."

Julie didn't think this was such a great idea. "I ride the bus. I can't be here after school every day."

Nellie looked at her and shook her head, turned to the boys. "Come on. Work with me."

One of the boys looked at another. "Do you want to?"

"Not really."

"We have stuff to do." They left.

"You stay, Will." Nellie glared at her.

"So far, this little class of yours has been a super tremendous ego boost for me. Can I leave too?"

"Shut up." Nellie went off with Will and talked.

Julie stood, watched them argue and decided she needed to get the yuck off her. She went to the dumpster in the hopes of finding something to use to wipe it off.

"Julie," Nellie said.

Julie looked over and saw Nellie, Sandi and Crissi talking. Will sat on the curb. She joined them.

Crissi smiled at her, Sandi was subdued and Nellie asked, "Is it true you're going out with Frank tonight?"

"That was the plan."

"And you were a virgin until Tuesday morning?"

"I have yet to kiss a boy but since Tuesday, yes, I'm no longer a virgin."

"I'm going to loan you Will. He'll get his cock sucked and I told him he could fuck you."

"Thank you."

"But if I find out you're trying to steal him from me, I'll kill you."

"Thanks, but no thanks." Julie turned to go.

"Julie," Crissi said. "Let's take a walk."

"Why--"

"Don't say anything for a minute, all right?"

Julie followed Crissi across the parking lot back toward the art classroom.

"This way," Crissi said. She held her hand out for Julie's.

Beyond the classroom at the end of the wing was a hedge. Crissi pulled Julie into it and pushed her against the wall. "Hold still." Crissi licked the yuck from Julie's face and chest.

"How can you even--"

"Shut up."

Julie felt Crissi's hand on her privates, fingers probed her cunt, glanced past her clitoris. "We can't do this. It's not--"

Crissi kissed Julie while stroking her.

Julie didn't know why she let her, but she did. Her legs opened and she kissed back. After five minutes her first orgasm roared through her; she nearly fell.

Crissi's kisses were sweet; minutes later became urgent as her fingers rapidly fucked Julie. Julie's hips thrust and she held onto Crissi as she had two more orgasms.

They were kneeling when Crissi relented. Julie trembled weakly as tears ran down her cheeks. She could smell a distant tobacco smell and hear the traffic at the busy intersection across from the school.

"Ready?" Crissi asked.

"How did you . . . we shouldn't . . . why?"

"Don't kiss Will, but it's okay to kiss Frank." Crissi stood. "It's traditional to reciprocate in some fashion. I'm a whore and don't expect it. But maybe next time you will. Okay?"

"I'm sorry." Julie wiped her face.

"You taste pretty good with their semen all over you. When we get back, Will should be ready."

"Okay." Julie tried to catch up. "Thank you. I--"

Crissi smiled over her shoulder. "Now you know. It's a secret. Okay?"

"I won't tell anyone."

"Sandi can't say it, but she's sorry she called you tubby."

"That's what I am."

"You're not just one five letter word. Not tubby, not whore."

"Yes I am."

"Tell him you want him to cum in your mouth."

"Okay." Julie saw Will and the teases waiting. When they got closer, Will looked up. He stood, dusting off his fanny.

"What, no hard on?" Crissi said. Will shrugged.

"That's okay," Julie said. "Will, I'm kinda sore right now, but you can fuck me. Let's make it tomorrow. I want to suck your penis."

"Dick," Sandi said.

"Cock," Nellie said.

"Because I know, in a week or two of steady penis sucking," she grinned, "and swallowing your yuck, there's a good chance I'll start to look like Nellie."

"You wish," Sandi said.

"If you can make me cum, I'll let your friends fuck me too. Special rate for you. Two sucks and then a fuck." She turned to Nellie.

"Okay?"

As she waited on her knees she felt different from earlier. She wondered if it would be okay to touch herself. She thought it would be, so she did.

Chapter Eight

Julie was in Frank's car and it was nice being with him but she hadn't figured out why Nellie and the others thought it was so important. "Did you want a blowjob?"

Frank laughed as he turned into the McDonald's parking lot. "I'm going to defer in discussions of sex until after we eat."

"You're blushing."

"It's hot in here. I should have had the air conditioner on. There's a t-shirt for you in back."

"Don't want to be seen in public with a ho?"

"Actually," he turned to her and leaned against his car door, "this is a bit of a thrill for me."

"So why the shirt?"

"No shoes, no shirt, no service. You'll see the sign on family oriented places. Like McDonald's. Want to go to a movie? You can take your shirt off after the lights go out."

"You haven't a romantic bone in our body, have you?" She got up onto her seat and looked into the back seat. "This it?"

"That's it." He got out.

Julie put the t-shirt on inside out and joined him at the restaurant door. "See?" he said pointing to the small sign on the door.

"I always thought that was a joke."

"I think it was meant for teases more than anyone else."

"You order for me." Julie came up to his shoulder when she stood next to him. They didn't touch.

At their table, Frank spread out their meal and fanned out an array of ketchup and mustard packs. Julie added condiments to her burger and ate. She was famished.

"We could go to a movie, drive around, hang out at the mall, whatever you want to do."

"You're serious all of a sudden," Julie put down her burger and dipped a french fry in ketchup.

"I was doing pretty well before you brought up the subject of sex."

"Let's see. You're an adolescent male, healthy, probably have sex on your mind about 75% of the time. Is it because I'm fat?"

"You're not fat."

"Thanks, but you didn't answer me." She pointed a soggy french fry at him. "It's okay," the french fry flopped downward. "Boy, that's strange." She wiggled the french fry and it swayed limply. After eating the french fry she noticed the look on his face. "It wasn't a relative of yours, was it?"

"The spitting image of great-uncle Josiah. It was tragic seeing him end like that."

"I know I'm fat and I probably shouldn't be eating Josiah and all your cousins but I'm hungry. What's the chance I can sleep in our car tonight?"

"All night?"

"Sure. You can take me to school tomorrow morning."

"I'm not sure--"

"I can pee in the bushes. Your parents."

"Mom only."

"Your parent won't even have to know."

"You're kidding."

"I'm serious. My parents are wacko right now. It's taking them a lot longer to get used to the idea of my state than I ever imagined. My father wants to send me away."

"I know a place where we can talk after dinner."

"Want to hear about my day?"

"Okay." He folded his hands onto the table and was attentive.

"After school a tease friend is helping me get my blowjobs down, that's why I asked you. So she's letting me suck off her boyfriend and he can fuck me too. Two blowjobs, one fuck."

"Sounds equitable." He was smiling.

"I thought so. He's to tell his friends. I blew five of them after school but they wanted me to be prettier and have a body like his tease girlfriend so they didn't want to set up a daily schedule for use of me."

"I just love shoptalk."

"I did other things which I can't talk about. What does an orgasm feel like? For you?"

"You're not going to wait until we're out in the car, are you?"

"I'm wearing a shirt and shoes but I'm still a ho. Well?"

"It depends. They aren't all the same."

"They aren't?"

"Whimpers and shouts, but I have to say even the meanest whimper is damn fun."

"Of course you," she jerked an open fist.

"Sometimes."

"I've done it. Just not by myself. Not without people around. I had my first orgasm today. It was fantastic."

"I'm sure it was."

"So do you usually do it by yourself or do you--"

"By myself and I think the discussion is getting pretty personal."

"Are you a virgin?"

"No and yes. I've done it but there are a lot of things I've never done yet. Some I want to do, some I'll probably never do."

"Would it be okay if I watched?" She grinned at him, chin supported by her hands.

Frank started putting stuff onto the tray. "Ready to go?"

"Any time. Can I watch?"

"I think putting on that shirt has made you perverse."

"I think so too." She followed him out of the restaurant. "Can I ride in the back?"

"Why?"

"I want to see what it feels like to do it all by myself. You can't watch."

"Are you crazy?"

"I don't think so, my parents do."

Frank shut the door after her and got into the front of the car.
"Don't worry about the seat."

"So I can?"

"Sure. I'll drive around. You'll diddle yourself and have all the fun and afterwards I'll take you home."

"You sound angry." She balled up the t-shirt and put it under her head. She sat up, took off her shoes and socks and lay back down.

"I had a preconceived idea of how the evening would go."

"It's okay to talk. I haven't started yet."

He laughed. "Dinner, the mall or a movie, maybe a drive somewhere. Scintillating talk. Like in class earlier."

"I think if I weren't fat, I wouldn't disappoint you so much."

Frank started the car and drove. "But you've kept me off kilter."

"I'm starting now. You can keep on talking if you want."

"Sex. Sex. Sex."

"Ummmm."

"And more sex. Okay, here's a question. Do you like to have your ass fucked?"

"It hurts. I'm not sure I can talk at the same time." She sat up. "I'm brand new and everything hurts. Not blowjobs. They make me want to upchuck. And then there's the yuck."

"The yuck. After you barf?"

"No, what comes out. The yuck. All over. What should I do?"

"The first thing I'd do would be to change your hair color. Black or some fakey color like pink or green. Change the cut. Short, close to the head or maybe a pageboy. Straight bangs would be nice."

"I was talking about the yuck. Guess where my finger is?"

"I have a pretty good idea. Feel good?"

"Un hunh. Want to stick your finger in me?"

"I'd have to join you in the back seat."

"That would be okay."

"Eye shadow and lipstick if possible. Wear high heels. They'll tone your legs, make you taller and give a sway to your walk."

"Will can't kiss me. He's the tease's boyfriend. But they said I could kiss you."

"Who's they?"

"My tease and ho friends."

"That's nice."

"I thought so. I've never kissed a boy."

"Never?"

"Just fucked and stuff. No one wanted to go on dates with me before."

"Your candor is frightening."

"I know we'll never go steady or anything, but this is nice."

"I don't think I can let you sleep in my car until I check with my mom. One's filial duty. Mater, my girlfriend, though perhaps I

shouldn't call her that since she's rather loose in her affections and a public masturbator."

"You going to join me back here eventually?"

"Eventually." The car hit a series of bumps.

"Hey, I know where we are. Denise is right. That was awesome."

"Mater. This promiscuous slut I know--"

"You know all the right words." Julie began to masturbate in earnest.

"Wants to sleep in my car at night. In the driveway. She has good qualities. Doesn't snore," he paused but she didn't respond, "and allows boys to fuck her after she's sucked them off twice. The only problem is she's a whore."

"Fuck." Julie stiffened, then relaxed. After a minute she opened her eyes and saw him looking at her in the rearview mirror. "I don't think that one counted since you were watching."

"Just your face."

"Doesn't matter. Don't watch this time. Okay?"

"Dear, I need to use the rearview mirror every now and again. I'm driving."

"Just pretend I'm not here." Her finger on her slippery slit slid deftly, just missing her clit.

"Easiest thing in the world."

She lightly stroked her clitoris. "Think your mom will say yes?"

Chapter Nine

Julie crossed her ankles on Friday and turned slightly away from Frank in art class. "There was no reason to be so cold to me in gym today."

"I wasn't cold."

"I don't know what you'd call it. Positively frosty." She pushed herself upright in her seat. There was a brief sliding sensation.

"I was talking with a friend."

"I know what you were doing."

"What was I doing, then?"

"Kiss and tell. Not an ounce of honor, not a smidgen."

"Believe it or not, I was talking to him about you. Not discussing your osculatory habits or your penchant for inappropriate behavior."

"You can be astonishingly crude."

"Thank you."

"You're so very welcome."

"Am I forgiven?"

"Hardly." She grinned at him. He had an amazing cowlick of which he seemed totally unaware.

"I've been struck from your card? Must I hang my head in shame? Must I--"

"Don't overdo it."

"What about you? You've been a madcap all day, tossing your favors every which way. You seem hell-bent to break some bizarre self-imposed record. How many can you--"

"Be nice, now. I'm a lady and you should try to be a gentleman."

"Sleep with." Frank grinned. "That's not an invitation to divulge numbers."

"Not nearly as many as you think. It's not my fault Denise went berserk on the bus this morning and what happened on the row afterwards wasn't my fault at all. Some people made incorrect assumptions." She slid down in her seat, crossed her ankles.

"And of course there was gym."

"In a locker room with a horde of nasty young men."

"It looked to me like you were eating up all the attention."

"It was disgusting."

"Shave your crotch. That's a surefire attention getter."

"Frank, seriously. Are you mad with me?"

"A little. I think I prefer the shy, feisty girl of yesterday. Since last night I've felt like I'm one of your escapades."

Julie watched Jim as he arranged Crystal on the platform. Crissi came to them and sat on the other side of Frank.

Frank leaned back in his seat, Julie said to Crissi, "Frank's mad at me."

"He is?" Crissi stretched and shook her legs. "What does he think you did?"

"It's not what I've done as much as my throwing myself at him last night."

Crissi nodded, settled into her chair. "She's not said a word about last night."

"We ate at McDonald's, drove around for a little bit, I took her home. I think Crystal looks pretty hot up there."

"She's a good looking girl." Crissi leaned forward, said to Julie, "I'm not going to be able to stay after with you this afternoon."

"That's okay," Julie said. "I think I can manage Will on my own."

"How's he doing?" Crissi said.

"Yes, how's poor Will doing?" Frank said.

"He's had his two, he's looking forward to a fuck."

"How delightful," Frank said. "I'll be seeing you ladies later." He got up and went to his bench, pads and charcoal. Picking up a pad he began drawing Crystal.

Julie shrugged. "I don't even know if this evening is still on. I've managed to piss him off."

"How did last night go?"

"We had fun. Didn't do anything except neck a little."

"So it was a bust."

"I had a great time and probably went overboard. I want to impress him." Julie shifted position. "I'm positively sticking to the seat."

"It's not easy for a normal man to be close to a whore. A gay man has no problem usually. He can commiserate or be in total awe, but a

normal man doesn't know whether to be jealous or not, whether to be a lot of things."

"Sure. I understand that. But I am a ho and will never ever be a silk purse. He suggested I dye my hair, get it styled in a certain way, wear makeup. Today he told me to shave my cunt. Is that what he wants or is he being kind?"

"Those are good suggestions if you want to make a certain impression."

"Frank is pretty much the first boy this week to take me seriously but . . ." A group of boys noisily ran down the hall. "I need to ask him something and then I'll be right back."

Julie stood behind Frank for a minute and watched him finish his drawing. It was good. Really good. No wonder he could sit and talk with her during class if he could toss something like that off in a few minutes. "Frank."

"Just a minute." He didn't look up. He quickly sketched in shading and put the pad down. It took a second but his grin returned after he looked up.

"Is tonight still on?"

"Of course tonight's still on. Whatever gave you the idea it wasn't?"

"I don't know. What do you want me to be? I'll be that person for you."

"Do whatever you want for the party tonight. But as I said, it's a costume party and it's no fair if you go as a whore. You need to wear something."

"That's not what I was talking about."

"I know. But do wear something tonight. Let the poor wannabe whores have their moment. I have something on my mind. Don't pay any attention to me."

"I have to go. At five?"

"In front of the school."

"I'll need to go somewhere to get my costume."

"Okay."

"I don't have any money."

He blushed. "I think that can be taken care of."

"Sure?"

He nodded. "Have fun with poor Will."

"Maybe he'll bring his friends again." Julie went back to Crissi.
"We're still on for tonight."

"You don't sound so sure."

"I don't want to fuck everything up and I may have already. I
don't know. You ever have a boy who just couldn't do it?"

"Now and again."

"So it's not because I'm fat?"

"You're not fat. Sometimes it happens. Last night?"

Julie nodded. "He didn't act worried or anything. Just said better
luck next time."

"Don't put any pressure on him."

"That shouldn't be a problem; of course I'll put pressure on him.
He's taking me to a party and I'll do something stupid. I've been
stupid all day."

"Having fun?"

"Kind of. I'm not . . . It was better, you know. Behind the hedge."

The bell rang.

"Thanks." Crissi stood. "Trying to make it happen sometimes
keeps it from happening. Take your time. Be a little choosy."

Julie went with her to the parking lot. "I'm not sure choosy is what
I need."

"I may see you tonight at the party."

"I won't see you next week, will I?"

"Now and again. Take art and we can have class together."

"I will. Thanks."

Crissi smiled. "Don't mention it." She bugged out her eyes. "What
are you looking at?" They both laughed.

The walk across the nearly empty parking lot was lonely for Julie.
The day felt like it was almost over as the school quickly emptied of
activity. She felt lethargic, and if Will wasn't there waiting for her
she'd not stay for long.

Julie saw Frank and Jerry over by Frank's car and it looked like
they were arguing. Their voices weren't raised; her impression came
from the type of movements Jerry made. Frank didn't look angry, just
tired and frustrated.

She tried to not call attention to herself and they didn't notice her.
Naked, seeping yuck. None of it had been really worth the trouble. She

was orgasmic, but not when she was being fucked. Her fingers alone made her orgasm, and perhaps the thrill of being watched which wasn't what she'd expected at all.

She saw Will waiting for her by the cafeteria. Nellie was with him and several others. Some of his friends did decided to come back. The more the merrier. For them at least.

She waved but they stood motionless like sticks lined up on the curb. She didn't feel like drama and that's what she was headed into. It must be the weather, a storm coming or something. A car pulled alongside her.

"Okay if we watch?" Frank asked from the driver's seat.

"Hey, you are a pervert."

"The worst sort. Have you met Jerry?"

"I've seen him around. Hi, Jerry." She lowered her voice. "Should I ask him?"

"Sure, let's see what he says." Frank turned to watch Jerry.

"Jerry, do you want a blowjob? Two blowjobs will get you a fuck."

Jerry blushed, shook his head.

Frank said, "We'll just watch. When you're done we can take you where you're going."

"To hell?"

"It can be arranged. Sure."

Chapter Ten

Julie got in the back seat of Frank's blue Ford and felt entirely too naked. Having Frank watch her at blowjob class was bad enough but Jerry too made it much, much worse.

"All settled?" Frank asked before starting the car. No one talked in front, and she thought it best if she didn't speak. Naked, covered in yuck, and embarrassed for how good a time she'd had. She's felt no discomfort this time over the boys' comments and some of Nellie's suggestions had even been worthwhile.

"We're going to a place where you can clean up, then a quick meal and shop for your costume." Frank's eyes watched her in the rear view mirror. She couldn't tell if he was smiling.

"Have you assured Jerry that I'm not always like this?"

"Adorned? He saw you in gym class today, remember?"

"Well, today's been sort of strange."

"Strange days are upon us, then. You'll have to be good at the party, so I hope you have all that nastiness out of your system."

"Nastiness"

"In a good way. You were quite diverting to watch."

"Jerry?"

Jerry mumbled something.

"I don't know if that was a yes or no or hi or whatever. Probably whatever."

"Jerry's a little shocked that you're going to be my girl for the evening."

"You mean it?"

"Sincerely. I find you fascinating."

"You have a thing watching flaps of flab wiggle."

"I wouldn't call them flaps exactly. Besides, being this close to a real live whore is terribly exciting for the both of us. You could look like a spotted Tasmanian devil and we'd both still be all atwitter."

"I have a fan club!" Julie leaned on the front seat back between Frank and Jerry.

"Certainly the real live whore aspect. Other aspects, like the smell are a bit off-putting."

"Yeah, the yuck is a bit much."

"Not the semen, dear. You smell very much like a woman in heat. Goodness knows where those hands have been."

"You watched so you know."

"We definitely know."

"Are you coming to the party, Jerry?"

Jerry nodded.

"He's coming with us," Frank said.

"Good. Definitely, I'll stay on my best behavior then. I'm probably going to see if I can get switched to art in the last period. Is that okay with you?"

"You'll model?"

"If I can. Frankly I think I need to be there so Crystal can be protected from your advances. Jerry, are you a fan of self-pollution?"

Jerry snorted and Frank burst out laughing.

"Are you?"

"Jerry's choked on his tongue. Self-pollution is a fact of life for most teenage boys."

"It's a fact of my life too. The strange thing is I don't get off much when I do it alone. If other people are watching, that's a different matter. Jerry, if you want to watch, you can." Julie settled back in her seat.

"We're almost there, little show off."

"I'll be quick."

"We're there, Julie."

"That's not fair. Where are we?"

"The Super 8 by the highway."

"A motel?"

"For later tonight. You two stay here while I get the room." Frank got out of the car and said from the open door, "Julie, you need to be on your best behavior until we're in the room. Okay?"

"Sure." Julie let her hands rest on the seat. "Do you want to talk?" Jerry slumped down in his seat. "Oh well."

A few minutes later the clerk came out to check the car. "The missus, hunh. And little junior. Okay kid, you can have the room. Hell, I was a teenager once. But keep it quiet, no parties or stuff." The clerk went back into the office with Frank.

Frank came out with a key and parked near their room. "You'll be relieved, Julie, that I didn't even need to dangle the promise of your favors to get a room."

"Why not? You're not ashamed of me, are you? I could have done him for you."

"I'll remember that for next time."

"If there is a next time."

"If. You need to shower and scrub thoroughly, dear girl."

"Oh, all right." She followed him into the room. "Why isn't Jerry coming?"

"He's a bit miffed with me."

"If he's your friend he probably has good reason to be."

"A very good reason to be, as you'll find out later."

"You can join me if you want."

Frank actually seemed to consider it for a minute. "No, you shower by your lonesome. Try to make it ten minutes or less, if you can."

"If you watch, I'll be quicker."

"I need to talk to Jerry for a minute. You're on your own, kiddo."

"Maybe there's a reason I should save myself."

"None that I can think of."

Julie turned to go to the bathroom and felt a swat on her fanny. She gave a yelp even though it didn't hurt and covered her cheeks as she rushed off.

She couldn't hear anything when the shower was running. When she turned the shower off, the TV was on and she could hear Frank and Jerry talking over the drone of the televangelist. She'd taken a quick shower, no funny stuff, because in a way she did want to save herself. She wished Jerry would actually look at her, not off to the side or down or wherever. She knew she didn't come anywhere close to Crissi, Crystal, Sandi, Denise, Nellie or any of the other hos and teases she'd met the past couple of days. She didn't think she looked that bad, though.

There was a knock on the door. "Yes," she said.

Frank looked in. "Why don't you shave yourself while you're at it?" He set a shaving kit on the sink. "Just your pubic area."

"Okay." It was kind of nice not having to decide.

She used a pair of scissors in the kit to cut the hair first, then followed with a lather and shave. It wasn't as easy as she'd thought it would be because it was so awkward. She ended up sitting on the floor. She washed off and she felt smooth and skin still a bit tender. For some reason she felt even more naked and self-conscious. She patted herself dry and went into the room. Frank and Jerry were talking; Frank smiled when he saw her.

"You look good," he said. Jerry didn't turn to see.

"It makes me feel naked," Julie said. She sat on the bed next to Frank and across from Jerry.

"You need to wear your shirt. We'll still know you're naked." He handed her the t-shirt. "McDonald's and then a quick bit of costume shopping."

"You don't want to," she waved the shirt, "first?"

"Not enough time. Though if Jerry wishes."

"No." Jerry spoke clearly to her for the first time.

"That was plain enough," Julie said. She stood, turned away from Jerry and put on the shirt.

"Here," Frank said. He took her hand. "Are you my girl tonight?"

"I guess so."

"Not sure?" He pulled her to him and kissed her roughly.

Julie stared at him, tried to pull away but he wouldn't let her go. He kissed her again, softly this time, held her with both hands.

"Are you?"

"I'm your girl tonight, Frank, but--"

"No buts. Are you my girl tonight?"

"Yes." She relaxed.

Frank turned her so she faced Jerry. He held her so his arm crossed under her breasts, pulling her t-shirt up baring her crotch.

"And if I want to I can have you any time I want tonight. Right now or later."

"Of course, but--"

"Because you're a whore. Aren't you?"

"Frank, everybody knows I'm a ho."

"Say it. I'm a whore."

"I'm a whore. What's the fuss about?"

"And I'm your man."

"Frank, as you well know, you'll not be the first or fifth."

"Tell Jerry, Frank's your man, because I own this." His other hand cupped her crotch.

"Frank's my man, Jerry."

"Good girl."

"What's going on?"

"I needed money for your costume so I sold your services later tonight."

Julie felt Frank's fingers squeeze her cunt. "What's going on?"

"And when Jerry is good and ready, he'll take you and do what he wants with you."

Julie watched Jerry who refused to look at her.

"Tell Jerry he can do whatever he wants."

Julie felt Frank's fingers enter her.

"Tell him."

"Noooo." She stiffened as his fingers fucked her.

"Look at her, Jerry. She wants it bad."

Julie squirmed as Frank's fingers fucked her; his other hand mauled her breasts. Jerry refused to look at her.

"Tell him!"

She shuddered, relaxed in Frank's grip, jerked away as Frank's fingers still fucked her and touched her clit. It hurt.

"Tell him he can do whatever he wants to my whore."

His fingers stopped; he squeezed her. "You can, Jerry." Frank's fingers began again and hers helped him.

Chapter Eleven

Julie didn't have to pretend to be interested at the party. The costumes and the people fascinated her. The house filled with books and art. The sexual tension that she couldn't help but feel.

Frank had set a few rules for her. No alcohol and no sex, and so far she was doing pretty well. Alcohol intrigued her but didn't seriously interest her. She was perfectly happy with good old water. No sex was pretty easy also, since in her current garb she found it hard to imagine anyone finding her sexy much less wanting to do it with her.

Her costume was simple -- she was dressed as a boy. Her clothes were second hand store new, hot off the rack and comfortable if a bit warm. She wore baggy pants, but not too baggy, some shade of brown. Shoes of course, belt and white dress shirt. Her jacket covered the stain on one arm of the shirt. Her hair was slicked down and combed to the side. She continually felt like scratching her head.

The stain on the shirt had been there when Frank bought it. The shirt was white; the stain was ivory or light tan. A large spot and several smaller ones on the sleeve. Julie like to think they were yuck stains but honestly didn't know if yuck stained or not. She'd not had to worry all week since she wore nothing. Yuck washed off her skin and didn't leave a visible trace that she could see. She did feel always like she could smell it for hours afterwards.

Frank and Jerry had abandoned her early on and she sat on the couch, at one end, sharing it with a couple who looked like, at any moment, they might ask her to leave so they could put the couch to better use. She was amiable.

The furniture in the house was a hodge podge, most of it old, but not old enough to be antique. There was an air of irreverence in the furnishings, all the books, a Bible not prominently visible, and the party amplified that air. All the books -- old books, not new ones. It was easy to tell by the spines and the titles.

Books she'd most commonly seen elsewhere had been hardback with leatherette or coated photo covers. Mostly uninteresting titles. Not Lust for Life or From Here to Eternity which she sensed was not Biblical.

The music was eclectic too. Old stuff, orthodox no doubt, but if there was a question it was safest to assume the worst and abhor it. No

one here questioned or abhorred the music and it was easy to see why. It was fun to listen too.

Across from her, by the window, a couple dressed in togas made from sheets talked, ignoring everyone around them. There was a cluster -- a princess, a pirate, a man in a suit (or maybe not a man), a guy with an ax calling himself Paul Bunyon, whoever that was. Another cluster was by the bookshelf, sitting cross-legged on the floor reading. A bare-breasted tease and several boys who didn't look like they were in costume, but maybe they were.

So far she'd seen no hos, no naked girls, but maybe the hos were dressed in costume like her. She'd recognized Jim, the art teacher, and several students from her school, but that was all.

She was afraid to think too much about earlier which had been extremely weird. Good boys didn't have such thoughts, and even the bad ones, the ones who were unmerciful in their use of her had probably never considered it.

Images: Jerry's eyes never looking at her face but watching her hand and Frank's, a look of disgust on his face. She relaxing into Frank, leaning against him as he did that; she couldn't tell if Frank was watching her or Jerry. And her really enjoying the perversity of the whole thing, being finger fucked and stroking herself, unable to shut her eyes, not wanting to not see Jerry looking at her. Which was strange because she'd always wanted Jerry to look at her, but not like that.

She had no idea how long it went on or how she bore it. Frank seemed unaware of the discomfort he caused or the sharp painful pleasure she slipped into and out of between orgasms.

In the car finally, Jerry in the back, she and Frank in front. Wearing the t-shirt, her shoes, she was a parody of respectability. She and Frank hadn't washed afterwards and she could smell herself.

She could smell herself now. The hand that held the glass of water when she took a drink.

There was laughter in the hall and a woman appeared leading a man on a leash. He wore underwear and had a sheepish grin. They passed through, stopping to talk for a moment, she talking, he not, with the princess cluster. The woman led the man away after a moment and Julie could see her guiding him up the stairs.

She hadn't been upstairs yet, hadn't been invited and suspected if she were upstairs, following her inclination, she'd be in trouble. What Frank would do to her and if she would let him do it to her was a good question. One she tried not to dwell on since it brought up quandaries

on self-will and freedom and having more orgasms like she'd had in the motel room.

Julie knew she was hell-bent. This past week had shown it. The only remorse wasn't for her lost virginity but that so far it hadn't been as fun or exciting as she'd like. Her life was a hundred times more exciting than it had been a week ago, witness the party. She'd never gone to a party like this, in a house like this, and never could have dressed like this on her own.

If one added the other events of the last few hours then her life had attained a spectacle beyond her wildest imaginings. She'd never dreamed of someone sticking a penis there, or trying to, which caused her to gag which Nellie said was normal. Nellie said one day, sooner than later, she'd find herself naturally open there as elsewhere. And the boys could shoot their yuck straight into her (bypassing her mouth and tongue) which she secretly admitted missed half the fun. Tasting it, knowing what it was and where it'd come from. Given to her without love or affection, roughly.

As long as they didn't call her tubby which the boys remembered from yesterday. This afternoon though the way they said it the word almost was an affectionate nickname. She was their tubby.

Julie got up and went over to the bookcase. She glanced back and the couple didn't stretch out like she'd expected. "Hi," she said to the tease and boys but they weren't interested in talking. She studied book spines, couldn't tell what she was looking at. Rebecca with a worn dust jacket, lay open in her hands and she smelled the old book smell which was stronger than the smell of her sex. A novel. Interesting. She'd never heard of it.

The next book she looked at was a paperback, also musty, Dhalgren. She read a page or two and when she finally realized what was going on she hastily put the book back on the shelf.

Julie turned slightly so she could look into the hallway and the stairs. She took her glass from the shelf, took a sip and watched. Everyone knew everyone, or pretty much everyone, here. She didn't know anyone. Frank and Jerry but they'd disappeared so they didn't count.

She was preparing to try the kitchen when someone hit her shoulder. "Crissi?"

"I almost didn't know you. Frank said you were here. What did they do to your hair?"

"Gunk. Vaseline maybe. I'm not to touch it."

"Who'd want to touch it" Crissi touched Julie's head and held the finger to her nose. "It's oil of some sort."

Julie couldn't help staring. Crissi had cut her hair, was dressed as a boy but somehow looked like one, not like her own impersonation. Crissi's clothes were crisp rather than baggy, and the sharp lines hid her figure. "You cut your hair."

"It'll be a fashion statement when I appear in school next Monday. By Friday half the whores will have done the same, a few teases and a surprising number of good girls, bless them."

"But they won't know if you're a boy or a girl."

"Do you seriously think that?" Crissi smiled.

"I'm slow. But still. A good girl?"

"Why not?" Crissi tugged her cuff and drew her to the readers. "Clara, have you met Julie?"

Clara smiled at Julie. "No. You're a friend of Crissi's?"

"She's Frank's date. Where is Frank?"

"Frank and Jerry disappeared," Julie said.

"That's boys for you. Clara's a tenth grader, so that's why you two haven't run into each other. You still meeting behind the cafeteria?" she said to Julie.

Julie nodded. Crissi said to Clara, "Then you and your buddies should go out there after school. Julie's doing Will for Nellie. And anyone else who shows up."

"Are you a tease?" Clara stood, one of the boys stood also.

"Ho," Julie said. "Only for the past few days."

Clara began to speak, Crissi interrupted. "There's Frank." Crissi pulled Julie along.

Frank was by the stairway talking to a girl.

"Frank," Crissi shouted. "I'm taking your date upstairs with me."

Frank looked at Julie. The girl was pretty, someone Julie had seen in high school from time to time. A personage. The girl smiled at her.

"What's that stuff you put in Jules' hair?" Crissi asked.

"Ask Jules. He's the one who chose it."

"Jules. You didn't." Crissi squeezed Julie's hand. Crissi said to Frank. "Anyway, I'm taking him upstairs since you're too busy."

"No upstairs for Jules. We're going soon."

"It'll only be a minute. Please?"

Julie watched them, saw Frank's smile. "A minute only." Frank took Julie's chin and gave it a shake. "A minute and you're allowed once and once only."

Julie nodded.

"What do you say?"

"Yes, sir."

Frank laughed, turned to his companion.

Crissi led Julie up the stairs. "What was that about, once only?"

"Frank likes rules."

Crissi knocked on a doorjamb. "Anybody home?" She pulled Julie inside. "So do I. My rule is no rules. Drop your britches, buster."

Julie unfastened her pants and let them fall. No underwear and a surprise for Crissi. "Aren't you going to shut the door?"

Chapter Twelve

Julie sat in the dark motel bathroom, on the toilet, hoping her ass would stop hurting. Frank and Jerry were sleeping, thank goodness, because while the past few hours had been extraordinarily fun, she didn't think she could take much more.

Of course she could take more. What was she talking about? She'd just about died and gone to heaven which was sacrilege but she was going to hell so fuck it.

The evening past a certain point was a jumble, flashes of imagery, words spoken, and stuff. Lots of stuff. Crissi naked under her while she tried to do what Crissi had done for her. That was a jumble because it was so far back in time.

She wondered if being drunk felt like this.

Crissi on the bed, the lights from the hall on her pale skin. People passing from time to time or stopping to watch so the light on them blinked or was eclipsed. Voices. Crissi hardly said a word.

How does one just stop at one?

Frank appeared and took her leaving Crissi alone, for a moment, looking beautiful there in the shadows and light. Frank led her, holding her wrist, down the stairs, naked, and again, after wearing clothes for a couple of hours, she felt peculiarly undressed. People smiled at her who'd not noticed her earlier. Frank took her to his blue Ford where Jerry waited in the passenger seat. She rode in back.

No one said a word until just before they got to the motel. Frank started to talk about him driving her and Jerry, both in back, she wearing gloves, her naked skin touching the seat's upholstery. She was being taken to a chateau. That's all she needed to know.

Frank said later if she wanted to read the book that came from, she should ask the party's hosts, Donald and Nancy Arthur. They had a copy of the book, missing its cover but otherwise intact. Extremely rare and extremely forbidden. She could read it there in a few hours. The novel wasn't long.

Jerry wouldn't speak to her until later. She was led into the motel room, made to lie on the bed on her stomach. She was told to shut her eyes which she did.

They didn't talk; everything was pre-arranged. One of them climbed onto the bed. Frank told her to get onto her hands and knees. She did. She heard someone spit and felt something pointed press her

ass. He slipped in slowly, and was still. Julie felt full and hot, her whole gut became warm as the cock entered her ass.

Someone else climbed onto the bed, she later thought it must have been Frank. There was a grunt and shove and a heavy weight pushing her. She reached under and used her fingers on her clit as she was rocked violently and roughly fucked.

There were words but they weren't for her. Eventually she was shoved onto her face, ass still high in the air, and hands gripped her hips as she was ass fucked.

When they were done with her they left her on the bed, still playing with herself. Frank rolled her onto her back and kissed her hard. She'd kept her eyes shut throughout, but she knew it was Frank. Cruel fingers fucked her and she praised their kindness so loudly, a hand was held over her mouth.

"Get us something to drink," Frank said.

She heard the room door open and close. She held his wrist with both hands to stop him because she couldn't take any more.

Julie wasn't sure what happened next. She might have fallen asleep. She woke up and opened her eyes and someone was over her. They kissed and his cock slid slowly into her cunt. She must have yowled since the hand was over her mouth again. She was told to open and a cloth was stuffed in her mouth. She bit it hard.

Julie felt Frank break rhythm and the extra weight on the bed. Frank thrust deeply and moaned as he was getting fucked as he fucked her.

Staying still, she relaxed, let them do what they wanted. This was different from in school or afterwards. Not rushed, no feeling that it was going to be over too soon.

Later, Frank held her head as Jerry fucked her mouth, slowly, thoroughly. She was on her knees, unable to move, except her hands. Frank told her they were going to take her downtown and put her in the park, tied to a bench, open for anyone. An empty beer bottle shoved halfway up her cunt. Would she like that? She tried as best she could to nod but he held her head firmly.

They were going to run their own biology experiment. She'd spend the morning in the back seat of his car, legs thrown over the front seat, as the saved yuck, she could hear him smile as he said that word, from every self-polluter in school, was carefully spooned into her cunt. He wondered how long it would be before she was pregnant.

He whispered in her ear, "If you become pregnant I might marry you. I might not. You'll never know. But I might." He laughed as Jerry fucked her mouth.

After he came, Jerry touched her face, left them alone for a while. Frank poured a Pepsi for her and told her to get on the bed.

She waited on the bed, Pepsi in her hand, yuck in her mouth since Frank hadn't told her she could swallow. They showered together; she could hear them talking and Jerry laugh once.

They came out into the room, wet and touching each other. "You haven't drunk your Pepsi," Frank said. She opened her mouth and pointed. He laughed, took her Pepsi from her. "Tell me you want me to fuck you, and don't lose a drop."

"Fuck me." It sounded more like, "Fut he."

"Not unless you say please."

"Watch, Jerry." Frank bent to her and kissed her. He sucked as he kissed and she wanted to crawl away. Tasting yuck wasn't natural. Frank held her as they kissed. He made a slurping sound afterward and drank her Pepsi.

Julie became nervous because it was impossible to put into words, their touching each other. Frank sucking the yuck out of her mouth. Everything. They were a couple of faggots.

Frank poured another Pepsi and handed it to her. He watched her face, not saying anything, but she could tell he knew. "It's okay," he said.

She nodded, took the drink and tried not to look at them. After a bit Frank got up from where he and Jerry had been talking and came to her. He climbed onto the bed and had her suck him to get him hard. He put her cup on the table and when he was ready he entered her. He didn't fuck, except for small motions. "Relax," he said. He held her and rolled and she rolled onto him so he was under her.

"Wheee," he said. "Shut your eyes."

She felt Jerry climb onto the bed, over them. He spit and was in her, with an awkward shove. Both of them were in her and she couldn't move. She was pinned between them.

Jerry grunted as he used his whole body to shove his cock in her, draw it out and shove again. Frank barely moved and she was afraid she was crushing him but she could feel his breath on his face.

When she yowled, someone put their hand over her mouth. She was taken by the tide, far and deep, away. It was too light. She came

to, her eyes were open and Frank was over her, in her, deep, fucking. She didn't know where Jerry was, didn't care except she hoped he was happy.

"My little whore," Frank said into her ear. "I'm going to parade you at the next party I take you to, naked. I'll make you lie down in the center of a room and I'll use a dildo on you. When I get tired, I'll have you use the dildo on yourself. The whole room full of people will watch you and afterwards each will fuck you somehow, mouth, ass or cunt, man or woman. You'll thank them and then I'll take you to another room and do the same to you. Each room of the house. Everyone will know you for what you are. You won't be able to hide behind your nakedness. And when I'm done with you I'll leave you and someone will take you to another party and it'll start all over again. Maybe he'll want them to touch you as you fuck yourself. He'll let them touch his dirty little whore."

He went on and on with his story as he fucked. The cloth was back in her mouth; Jerry was watching the TV, a gospel music show. Frank finished and fell asleep on her.

When she woke the light was out and she was alone in bed. She could hear someone snoring in the other bed. She was wide awake.

Eventually she got up and went into the bathroom. Julie had no idea how long she'd been sitting, trying to ease the ache out of her ass. There was a knock on the door.

"It's okay," she said.

"I need to use the toilet," Jerry said.

"Come in, I'm just thinking."

The light flicked on and she was blinded for a moment. She stood, felt him brush past her. She watched from the door. It didn't look so big now. It had felt huge inside her. Jerry lowered the seat, touched the chrome lever, decided not. He blushed when he turned to her.

"You don't like girls, do you?"

He shook his head. "You're okay. It's just . . ."

"My ass hurts and I see you and my first thought is, I want to be used. You and Frank both. You alone, any time you want. You both. Why'd you leave me?"

Jerry leaned against the wall. "Frank joined me, you were sleeping."

"It would have been nice to have woken not all alone like that."

"Sorry."

"You can do anything you want to me, but after last night, don't leave me alone, okay?"

He looked at her, gave a nod. He walked past her, turned out the light. She followed the best she could, blind in the dark. She bumped into a bed, felt hands take her.

Chapter Thirteen

After the weekend, being back in school, on her regular schedule, was weirder than never wearing clothes. Julie had been in spitting camel mode which worked until her first class, geometry. Some assholes just couldn't take no for an answer.

Julie kept her head down as she was pelted by wads of paper and spitballs from the back. Mrs. Lambert pretended not to notice the giggles and comments. As she worked on the chalkboard -- her drawings were always stunningly precise, not looking like they were done with mere chalk -- Mrs. Lambert drew the chord for the circle and indicated points A and B. "Now can anyone in the class tell me how to bisect this chord exactly in the center?"

Most of the class struggled to keep up. Julie had no difficulty knowing what Mrs. Lambert wanted but was damned if she was going to stand in front of the class.

"Surely someone remembers."

Alexander called out, "Can I have a hall pass, Mrs. Lambert?"

Mrs. Lambert's eyes focused on Julie. "Go. As long as you're in the room no one is focusing on what's important."

"I'd prefer to stay, Mrs. Lambert." Julie flinched as a wad stuck to her back.

"Can I, Mrs. Lambert?" Alexander said.

"Take your friends and this--" Mrs. Lambert leaned on her desk. "All of you go. Now."

"Can't I stay? I don't want to go with them."

"It's because of you that they are insufferable. Out. We're waiting for you to leave."

Julie put her papers in the book bag and stood. Lance took her arm as he passed and gave a tug.

In the hall, Julie said, "Look, I don't want to."

"Touch shit, whore." Alexander unzipped his pants. "Get me ready."

"No." Julie tried to pull away from Lance, couldn't free herself. Down the hall there was a crescendo of screams in biology followed by applause.

"Down on your knees."

Julie swung her book bag and hit BJ with it. BJ just grabbed the bag and pulled it out of her hands. "Give that back to me."

Lance held both arms from behind; she tried to kick him.

"Good morning, gentlemen," Mr. Strong said. "Julie." He winked at her.

The boys just stood there.

"Another inspiring sermon by your father yesterday, Alexander. I hope one day he'll have some of his sermons published. They deserve a wider audience. You boys should listen when she tells you she isn't interested. It isn't sporting otherwise, is it?"

"She said she'd do all of us. She's just pretending she doesn't want to."

Julie watched Alexander's face as he said this and realized Alexander wanted most for there to be resistance.

"It doesn't really matter because I need to talk to Miss Lester. In my office. Give Mrs. Lambert my regards."

Lance let go of her and she snatched her book bag from BJ's fingers.

"Alexander," Mr. Strong said. "You need to apply yourself if you plan to follow your father's illustrious footsteps. Come along, Miss Lester."

She followed the principal to his office, sat in the chair with a pink bow in front of the desk. He closed the door and sat at his desk. "Well, Julie. I have two faculty requests for you to attend their classes. The coach would like you to participate in boys' gym class for third period. Jim Anderson, our art teacher, would like you to attend his class, preferably last period." He gave a smile.

Frank must have talked to Jim sometime over the weekend. That could be the only reason why. As for gym, she thought it was because of what she did last Friday. "I'd love to take art and was going to ask you if I could. But I'm afraid the coach has a mistaken impression of what my performance in class would be like. Friday wasn't--"

"Friday." Mr. Strong smiled. "The coach has his own reasons for asking. There are no expectations as to performance, but of course, if you chose to, that is all to the well and good. I believe, and you'd have to confirm this with coach, that one of his star varsity players instigated the request." Mr. Strong stood. "Would you like something to drink? I was going to get a cup of coffee."

"Water, please."

Mr. Strong reappeared a moment later with coffee for himself and a glass of water for her. "Relax." The principal shut the door and passed her. "We'll need to shuffle your schedule anyway, think about it for a moment."

Julie heard him sit on the couch behind her. She took a sip of water. "Could I talk, sir?"

"Please."

"I'm unsure of the direction I want to take. One moment I feel one way, another moment entirely differently."

"You're young."

"I don't know what I want. Overall. Where I'm going. How do I get there."

"Did Crissi provide any guidance?"

"Oh yes. But--"

"You're still feeling your way. Not like poor Denise Smith who was thrust willy-nilly into her state."

"No, I'm not much like Denise, sir."

"It might surprise you to find out how much you are. Exactly like her. Of course your father isn't a drunk. How are you getting along with your parents?"

"Okay."

There was a long pause. "More like Denise than you think. So you like Crissi?"

"A lot."

"Good. You'll be able to see her in art class, won't you? You do want to take art, don't you?"

"I want to model and I want to learn to draw."

"So art is definite for last period. There's been a request from biology but that's pro forma. He always makes a request when a girl falls. Generally a girl has special needs to make her choose biology. Hour after hour, all day long."

"I'm not interested in biology."

"Maybe next year."

"I've become more interested in the arts than sciences."

"Mr. Trakis teaches a noble subject."

"I don't have the dedication, the extreme willingness the study requires."

"I'll ask again next year. Back to the coach. He doesn't care if you sit on the sidelines or jump right in and have your back scrubbed in the shower room. You can be class mascot or their most avid fan. He likes to have a girl in his class so there is no whiff of inappropriateness. That his boys aren't pansies, have normal desires. The last thing he would ever want to see is one of his lettermen called out as a faggot. Are you beginning to understand?"

"So I wouldn't have to do anything?"

"Not unless you want to. Perhaps one of his boys would become attracted to you and form a liaison after class. It would be entirely up to you. You could provide a safe outlet. Sometimes, where no outlet has been available a boy makes a serious mistake. One that could ruin his whole life."

"Okay. Can I try it for a week?"

"That's a good idea." Mr. Strong passed her and sat at his desk. "I made up a new schedule for you. Boy's Bible class of course. English, math, and science are required by law, though you are exempted."

"Mrs. Lambert doesn't like me."

"You'll stay in geometry."

She winced. "Sometimes I think it would be easier if I just dropped out."

"I talked your father out of sending you away. If you drop out, I'll have no argument against it. Being put in a home for wayward girls is sort of like biology but a lot more . . . encompassing. I don't think you'd like it."

"What did he say?"

"He didn't know what to do with you, claimed he didn't know or understand you anymore."

"He refuses to talk to me."

"That's understandable. No father likes to think of his daughter being repeatedly defiled willingly. Of her seeking out everything that he thinks is wrong. How would you react if he took up drinking and seeing other women?"

"But he does see other women. At least I think he does."

"He never pretends to love them. He only loves your mother."

"I guess so."

The bell rang. "You'd better go to your next class." The principal handed her a sheet. "Your new schedule."

Julie stood, pulling her book bag up with her.

"One more thing. Alexander Fox is a remarkable young man with the uncanny aptitude for ferreting out closet whores and faggots. If he would apply himself with the same diligence to his studies he'd go extremely far. As it is now he looks to go far enough. He makes a bad enemy. You must find some means to deal with him or he'll hurt you. His father is such a remarkable man." Mr. Strong smiled. "His son is young yet."

"Yes, sir."

"You have potential if you don't entirely lose yourself and get dragged into the pit of eternal sin."

"Thank you, sir."

Julie wandered in the halls for a moment before looking down at her new schedule. Boy's Bible study was next. She turned and found the hall with the classroom just as the bell rang. She was late.

She went into the classroom as the teacher was calling roll call.

"We're expecting you, Miss Lester. In front," he pointed to a desk with a pink bow. "Please keep your knees together in this class. I know that is hard for you but please do try."

Julie sat in her desk and waited for him to finish calling out names. She crossed her ankles, saw the teacher eye her slowly, from head to toe, bottom to top.

"Today, class, we'll discuss the great whore of Babylon. Turn to Revelations. Miss Lester, pray be attentive. You might actually learn something." He smiled to the class. "Or perhaps not. Chapter seventeen."

Chapter Fourteen

Julie stood outside the entrance to the boys' gym locker room and took a deep breath. She wanted to talk to the coach first but his office was on the other side of the door, next to the equipment storage room, before one entered the locker room. She pushed the heavy door open.

Coach Busoni was standing behind the large plate glass window looking into the locker room as the boys changed into their jockstraps, shorts, T-shirts and sneakers. It was a senior class. He saw her and smiled, motioned her into his office. "You're late, Lester." He sat on the desk corner.

"It's a little scary walking through that door all by myself."

"Nothing to be scared of, was there?"

"I guess not."

"Ron said you were having second thoughts."

"I'm not like Crissi, sir." She shrugged. "At least not all the time, I don't think I am."

"What you do is your business. I'll help you in any way I can." He stood. "I understand you've been seeing Fletcher."

"Fletcher?"

"Jerry Fletcher," said as if everyone knew who Fletcher was.

"Jerry and I spent some time together this weekend."

"Good. He needs to blow off steam every now and again. Works too hard sometimes. So you'll try us out for a week. That's what Ron said."

"I should know in a day or two."

"Good, I'll introduce you to the boys. You'll be handing out towels at the end of class unless you have other ideas."

"Towels is fine, sir." She followed him into the locker room. Most of the boys were dressed; they were all chattering away like magpies. A few loud voices dominated the group.

The coach blew his whistle. "Listen up!"

Julie felt like covering her ears it was so loud.

"Listen up. Lester will be joining us for the week, perhaps longer."

Most of the boys just grinned, a few hooted.

"Listen up. Before you let your assumptions get the better of you, she intends to observe and assist me until she lets us know otherwise. You can always hope, though, can't you, jerkwads." He blew the whistle. "All out on the field. Fletcher and Levy, you assist Lester."

Julie was left in the locker room with Jerry and another boy. The door to the outside clanged shut. "Hi, Jerry."

Jerry blushed. "Put her books somewhere, Ralph."

Ralph carried away her book bag.

"Thanks, I guess," Julie said.

"You're welcome, I guess."

Ralph came back, stood by Jerry, looking at the two of them.

"You'd better do something, Jerry." Julie gave him a smile. He needed Frank at moments like these.

"What did the coach say you'd be doing?"

"Handing out towels."

"Towels are over here. You'll need to leave the field five minutes before the class does, turn on the showers. Each student gets a towel after showering. If you see somebody skipping a shower, let me know."

"Okay."

"Frank wanted me to do something."

"Okay."

"Come here." Jerry looked past her as he felt her pubic mound. "You haven't shaved."

She bowed her head.

"I'm picking you up at five and will take care of that then."

"I'm sorry."

"I shouldn't need to check." He backed from her, still looking past her shoulder.

Julie looked up at Jerry and Ralph. Ralph had a grin.

"You're not going to . . ."

"Ralph, you want to?"

Ralph gave a nod. "Anything?"

"Anything you want to do. Julie is very willing, aren't you, Julie."

"If it pleases you, Jerry." She lowered her eyes. "I'll do anything for you, Jerry."

"Kneel, then." Jerry said to Ralph. "I'll hold her head for you."

Julie knelt and felt Jerry's crotch against the back of her head, his fingers holding her jaw. Jerry didn't get hard as Ralph thrust energetically into her mouth. Her fingers worked on her clit, her eyes were closed and she focused on sensation and breathing between Ralph's thrusts. Her gagging always threw her off; Ralph didn't let up, if anything thrust harder.

After a minute or two she was bucking against Jerry's body, bounced into him as Ralph used his whole body to fuck her mouth and pound the back of her throat. After Ralph came, Jerry held her as she tried to keep it down. Eventually he let her go and she fell against the floor, still gagging, yuck all over her face and chest.

"Please," she said to the floor.

"Show us what a whore you are, Lester," Jerry said.

Julie brought herself to orgasm. She opened her eyes and saw the two of them standing over her, looking down. "Please."

"Out on the field." He stepped back, letting her get up on her own.

"I'm sorry, Jerry." She watched Ralph's eyes as Jerry's hand on her arm drew her out of the locker room. Ralph and Jerry led her to the class.

The class was doing calisthenics; the coach counting out as they did push-ups. She sat on a bench and watched as the boys were led through drills by the coach, Ralph and Jerry to the side catching up.

Frank and Jerry had used her hard all weekend. Julie had a better idea how Frank worked and how she interacted with Frank. Jerry was there because of Frank and she could tell his heart wasn't really into the things he did to her unless Frank's penis was somewhere close by. Which was okay. She'd gotten closer to Jerry than she had ever imagined she would. She still liked Jerry, but not in the way she liked Frank who was like quicksilver and creative.

She was sure her face was still beet red and that the boys and coach could see her state. They'd learn more from Ralph. She didn't think Jerry would say anything which was all to the better.

A demonstration was okay but she didn't want a free for all. She hoped Jerry realized that.

The coach sat next to her as the class did laps. He didn't turn to her when he asked, "Fletcher's?"

"Ralph's. Jerry said he could and held me for him."

The coach smiled. "You can't imagine how good that makes me feel. After I've had them for years, nine through twelve, they begin to feel a little like my own. Some are chips off the old block and I try to do what I can to keep them out of trouble. Others are quiet, too introspective. Good on the field or on the court but not completely part of the team. And the team won't be any good unless everyone is 100% part of the team. Fletcher and Levy are good teammates."

"I don't want a shower room free for all."

"I'll stand beside you. You're part of the team now, too. You need something you tell me. Especially if someone's been giving you a problem."

"Thanks."

"I mean it. Look at them run. They're doing better with you watching them. Males want to look good for females. Of course you really aren't a female, but the sexual competition is important to the species. I'd like to have the boys' and girls' classes in close vicinity so the girls could be inspired by all that is noble and strong in the boys and the boys could better appreciate feminine delicacy. The shy glance, the weak body needing protection. How the good girl's untouchability, except in holy matrimony, is worth striving for. Girls like you are good for a lark, and goodness knows some of my boys are sorely in need of a lark, but you are no longer a virgin. Your commonness makes you less than a whole woman."

Julie didn't comment.

"But still, I'm sure, loved by God. Not a universal opinion but backed by scripture. What church do you attend?"

"First Baptist, but I haven't been since--"

"You should go. Pride is a tricky thing; it keeps many from doing what's right."

"I was busy on the weekend."

"Even on the Sabbath?" He sounded shocked.

She bowed her head. "How could I say no to Jerry?"

"Well, never mind. Next weekend. And try to be good on the Sabbath. It won't be easy."

"I'm a sinner."

"But try. You should go turn on the showers. We'll be there in a few minutes."

She stood. "Thank you, sir."

He looked up. "Wash yourself off while you're at it."

"There's one thing."

"I'll stand beside you while you hand out towels. No one will get fresh."

"Something I need."

"If I can help, I will." He stood so he looked down at her.

"Some of the boys . . . my ass is really sore."

He grinned. "The young devils."

"Is there anything?"

"Crisco, mineral oil, anything like that. They'll have to slather themselves up. It's a bit messy. And often is associated with impure practices. Try getting them wet. You know." His eyes dropped to her cunt.

"Thank you." She grinned at him and left for the gym. She had about a snowball's chance in hell of convincing any of them to use crisco, unless she could figure out a way to make it fun for them.

Chapter Fifteen

Julie swallowed the last spurt of yuck and let the penis slide from her mouth. The boy backed away and she saw Frank and Jerry in Frank's car waiting for her.

She turned and saw Nellie and Will talking with his friends. The number of his friends had increased since last Friday. This was just practice, it was okay, but Julie didn't want this to become a regular daily event. Will was getting two a day from her plus a fuck, the seven friends were just blowjobs, no matter how much or how little they complained. She couldn't tell that it mattered to them one way or another. They got theirs and wandered off. At least they were quick and not huge. Ralph was about her limit.

"I'll see you tomorrow," Julie said. Only Nellie noticed and gave a wave. She put her geometry and English books back in her book bag and fastened the closure. Knee savers were all the books were good for anymore since her teachers found her presence in class an affront and were determined to make her an example.

Julie lifted the book bag and carried it to the car. Jerry reached around and opened the back door for her.

"Thanks," she said. "I think I'm getting better. What do you think?" Once her door was closed Frank started the car and left the school parking lot.

"There were a few aesthetic moments back there," Frank said.

"More than a few, I'd say."

"Making a face while you swallow their stuff sort of destroys the atmosphere."

"Can you imagine what those dorks would be like if they knew I like the taste of yuck? Always pestering me to allow them to fill me up. Besides--"

"You do like the taste?"

"Sort of. I'm awfully hungry this time of day and could eat just about anything. But don't get any ideas."

"Are you getting ideas?" Frank asked Jerry.

"Not really."

"Jerry thinks it's a waste, all that attention to a mere girl."

"I found out today I'm not a girl or woman either. Just a thing, a walking set of orifices."

"Jerry, is Julie a girl?"

Jerry grunted.

"That's a yes. Do you have any idea what it's like for him to have you between him and Ralph's thrusting prick?"

"He can switch with me any time."

"Jerry isn't stupid, dear heart."

"I meant it, Jerry," Julie said. "I'll do anything you want. Please be kind. I'm feeling kind of frail after the weekend. We need to go to the grocery store."

"Still hungry after slurping down all those yummies?" Frank asked.

"I wouldn't mind dinner soon." Julie relaxed on the seat. "Besides, there's not that much, you know, in a yummy. I need crisco for my sore ass."

"Wimp."

"If you want to use my ass you two will have to lube up."

"If we must." Frank pulled into the crowded McDonald's parking lot. "We need to clean you up and then we'll eat. Your shirt is somewhere back there."

Julie hunted and found it balled up on the floor of the car, halfway under the seat in front of her. "You know, my parents didn't say a word after you dropped me off last night."

"My mom gave them a call and assured them you were in good hands."

"You're kidding."

"Why would I kid about that?"

"I'm decent."

"Even covered, you are a very indecent girl, Julie."

"Thanks. I think."

Julie followed them into the restaurant. Jerry carried a small box.

"This way," Frank said, redirecting her. They took her into the men's room. "Take off the shirt."

"Okay. But crisco first. Remember?"

"Wash yourself, whore." Frank grinned at her and Jerry leaned against a metal stall wall, holding the box and her shirt.

Julie turned to the mirror and said, "Yuck!"

"If you swallowed more you wouldn't be so hungry, dear girl."

Julie splashed water on her face and rubbed the slippery goo until it was washed away. Bending over the sink, she splashed water on her chest and rubbed.

"When you're done, sit on the sink."

Julie looked up at Frank's reflection in the mirror. She continued washing herself.

"I hate to see wasted opportunities," Frank said.

"Be my guest," Jerry said.

Julie wiggled her butt as she splashed water on her chest. "I need to get a bib."

"You need to swallow every precious drop."

"It's not my fault. They have lousy aim."

"On the sink."

"Yes, boss." She sat on the sink facing them.

"Spread your legs. You must always keep them apart when you're with us." Frank took the box from Jerry.

Open, Julie could see a razor and a tube of shaving cream lying in it. "Again?"

"What did Jerry tell you earlier today?"

"Okay. I think you two are the only ones who notice."

"You're doing it for us, no one else. Not your boys, not for yourself. Us. Remember that."

"Yes, boss."

Frank splashed water onto her crotch and lathered it with shaving cream. He asked Jerry, "Do you want to do the honors?"

"You have to be kidding."

"Thanks, Jerry," Julie said. "That makes me feel special."

"Hold still." Frank began to shave. "You should feel highly honored. You're the only girl who has, or ever will, felt his magic cock."

"It is magic, Jerry. Thanks for throwing your principles aside."

A man came into the restroom. "We'll be done in a minute," Frank said, not looking up. "Unfortunately, she will not be available for use until after our dinner."

Julie looked into the man's eyes. "Sorry," she said.

"Hold still."

The man leaned next to Jerry against the stall. "Could I stick my finger in when he's done?"

"Be my guest," Jerry said.

Julie saw Frank grin as he carefully shaved her mound. "Golly, Frank," she said. "Can't we let this nice man stick in more than just a finger?"

"What do you think, Jerry?" Frank was almost finished.

"He can do anything he wants to her for all I care."

Julie looked up and saw Jerry grin at her. "I'll do whatever you want, Jerry. Just tell me."

Jerry told the man, "Why don't you fuck her so we won't have to listen to her complaining during our meal. Jerry this, Frank that. Never happy. Never."

"I'm not that bad."

"Hold still," Frank said. "Done." He splashed water on her crotch and rinsed off the lather. He felt her bare skin. "Smooth, like it should be." He turned to the man. "How do you want her?"

The man looked to Frank and then Jerry. "Bent over the sink?"

"The sink it is. Down, princess. Don't disappoint the nice man." Frank positioned her, covered her mouth with his hand. "She gets noisy sometimes. Go right ahead."

Julie could see in the mirror the man approach. There was the sound of a zipper and a door opening.

"You can do her next," Jerry said.

The fucking was slow and sloppy. She wanted to touch herself, eyed Frank whom she could barely see to her side. Frank touched her, rubbed her clit.

"Watch it, bud," the man fucking her said. "No funny stuff down there."

"Just her. She likes to be stimulated. Don't you, whore?"

Julie danced, then stiffened as the man fucked her moaning into Frank's hand over her mouth. She was still dancing after the second man was done with her. Frank pulled her to him and kissed her as the second man left the bathroom.

"You need to put your shirt on."

"Did I bite you?"

"Just a nibble. I hardly use that finger anyway."

"Sorry."

Jerry handed her a wad of tissues.

"What's that . . . Oh." Julie wiped herself, tossed the tissues into the trashcan.

Julie entered the restaurant proper between Frank who led and Jerry who followed. Frank ordered for him and her, Jerry ordered for himself. When their meals were ready they carried their trays into the dining area.

Julie saw Alexander with a blonde girl. They were getting ready to leave. Alexander was standing, saw her, and said loud enough for everyone in the restaurant to hear, "They shouldn't let whores dine in places like this." He looked down and smiled at his companion. "Ready?" The girl stood.

When the girl turned, Julie saw it was Amy. Amy acted like she didn't see her.

Alexander took Amy's arm and led her past their booth. He stopped and turned. "You'll suck my cock, whore, tomorrow whether you like it or not. And you." He turned to Jerry. "Faggot, I'll get you yet."

"Bye, Amy," Julie said to their backs as they left.

"We have our work cut out for us, don't we?" Frank said. Jerry's face was pale. "You're going to have to fuck Julie's cunt, in public, whether you like it or not, dear boy. But seem to love it." Frank looked to Julie. "It's not your fault. You know the girl?"

"Amy Johnson. She was my best friend."

"Within two weeks there'll be an assembly and a new closet whore will be unveiled before the whole school. How'll she take it?"

"Amy's a good girl."

"Alexander must really like you. What'd you do?"

"Say no."

Frank shook his finger at her. "Dear, never say no to boys like our Alex. Say yes but do everything to make it the worst possible time for them. Apologize profusely and give the prick's dick an awful twist."

"I wish it were that easy." Julie imagined geometry class tomorrow.

Chapter Sixteen

Julie watched Mrs. Lambert at the front of the class and realized there was a reason the geometry teacher was called Froglegs. She had a round body supported by two slender spindles.

Until last week Julie had been the teacher's pet in this and most of her other classes. Not girls' gym of course. Her status had completely reversed when she became a ho. The principal knew her by name, she talked to the coach but the other teachers hated her guts. She used to think status in the classroom was related to intelligence; now she realized it was related to conformity to a certain social standard.

She squirmed in her seat. The crisco had helped, marginally.

A hand tapped her shoulder and she took the note. "Hey cumbucket -- why'd anyone want to screw a whore like you? Guess who ☺."

Julie raised her hand and waved it frantically overhead.

Mrs. Lambert stared at her. "All right, Miss Lester. The semaphores means what this time?"

"I need a hall pass, Mrs. Lambert, and Alexander Fox needs one too." She twisted in her seat and stuck out her tongue at Alexander.

"No, Miss Lester. And I'd thank you to keep your disruptions of this class to a bare minimum."

Julie gathered her papers together, stuffed them in her book bag and stood. "I'm cutting class today."

Mrs. Lambert was so red-faced angry she was speechless.

Julie turned to Alexander. "Come on. Gather your things. We need to talk."

"Fuck you, bitch."

"Miss Lester," Mrs. Lambert shouted.

Julie smiled to Alexander and waved the note at him. "Cumbucket says you can't get it up. Stay here and everyone will know. Maybe you're a faggot. Hunh?"

Alexander lunged out of his seat at her. "I'm not a faggot."

"Miss Lester," Mrs. Lambert shouted.

Julie said, "I'm going. Coming Alexander? Better get your books." She turned and left the classroom.

In the hall, she leaned against the wall and watched the crowd around the door to biology. There wasn't a sound which was a bit unnerving considering the other times she'd been here in the hall.

Alexander slammed the door behind him. "Because of you I got an F."

"Because of me you'll be able to fuck the tightest pussy you've ever been in. Because of me, and what I'm going to offer you, you'll begin to think you really are a hot shit instead of a blowhard poser. Follow me." She turned to her right, away from biology, passing Alexander.

"What the fuck?" he said, following her. "What's the reason for saying I'm a faggot?" He slapped her arm, "Answer me."

Julie dropped her book bag to the floor. "Okay, Mr. Stiff Dick. You and I are going to cut school. I need to be back for boys' gym at third period. Where's your car so we can go somewhere and talk?"

"Suck my dick."

"Gladly. Where's your car?"

"Julie, Alexander," Mr. Strong said. "Is everything all right?"

"We're taking a break from school to get some stuff straightened out," Julie said. "Mrs. Lambert should find her class heavenly tomorrow."

"Alexander?"

"What she needs is a--"

"Julie?"

"I think if he'll stop a minute and listen, he'll find I'm ready to give him everything," said with a sweet smile, "he wants."

"Alexander?"

"She called me a faggot."

"Julie?"

"Nowhere, publicly or privately, have I called him a faggot. I said people might think he was a faggot for not coming with me."

"Alexander?"

"What the bitch needs is a--"

"Julie?"

"What my cunt needs is your hot, pulsing penis thrusting madly. You have a problem with that?"

"Alexander?"

"She's lying."

"There's one way," Mr. Strong said, "to find out, isn't there? I think I agree with Julie that your discussion needs to be held in a more private place rather than here in the center of the hall. Both of you come back in one piece, let the secretary know how things went; maybe you two can manage to take a class together without sidetracking everybody's attention."

Alexander's dark eyes glared at Julie.

"And I'll see you this afternoon about the other matter." Mr. Strong turned to Julie. "How are you doing with your new schedule?"

"It went well yesterday. I'll be missing Bible study but we'll be back in time for me to get to gym."

The principal smiled at them. "Have a fruitful discussion." He left.

"You mean it?" Alexander said.

"All along I've meant it. You wanted me to suck your penis like a pro last Tuesday and I'd never done it before. Never. Come on and we can talk. I meant it about my cunt too." She picked up her bag and followed him.

In the parking lot he led her to a new BMW. "Nice car," she said.

"Wait a minute. I don't want you soiling the seats. They're leather."

She waited while he opened the trunk and got a towel for her. "My whore mat," he said.

"You wash it now and again, don't you?"

"It's clean enough."

Julie sat on the towel and waited for him to get in the driver's side. "Why don't we go somewhere?"

Alexander gave her a dark look and started the car.

Julie said as he drove, "All along I've done what I could to please you. I've been working on my blowjobs after school. Done everything so when we were together I could please you. I still have a ways to go. I admit that. But I am trying, Alexander. Where are we going?"

"To a place I know."

"I don't mind fucking your friends, will do everything you want except you have to realize I'm going with someone and he's first. You saw him last night. It shouldn't be a problem since you're going with Amy."

"You talk too much. You know that?"

"Show me you listen."

He parked the car, took the keys out of the ignition and held them.
"You're the one who needs to listen."

"Alexander, I like you. I want to please you. You have a good girl for a girlfriend. You want someone to fuck, I'm ready and willing, and I'll always strive to do the best, even better than last time."

"You haven't shown it."

"You haven't given me a chance. Treat me like an honest whore rather than a piece of dirt. Appreciate what I have to offer."

Alexander looked her slowly up and down. "You're fat, you stink and you talk too much."

"Are we going to fuck or not? In my cunt? So I can show you why boys fuck with their eyes closed."

"Get out." Alexander left the car. "Follow me."

Julie followed him into the thicket, on a trash littered dirt path. After a short walk they came to an abandoned old house. Alexander used his keys to open the door and followed her in.

The walls were spray painted with obscene graffiti and the floor was covered with trash. Some of the trash was old -- papers, leaves, clumps of moldy stuff. Other trash was newer -- beer bottles and cans and wrappers from McDonald's. A number of torn pairs of girl's underwear were nailed to the wall.

Julie followed him upstairs, to a bare bedroom with a mattress in the center of the floor. "Nice," she said.

"You know where you're supposed to be."

Julie smiled at him. Then she lay on her back. The mattress felt damp and dirty.

Alexander didn't bother taking his clothes off. He lowered his pants, climbed over her and rubbed his penis against her crotch.

"God, you don't know how much I've wanted this," Julie said.

He slapped her face, raised his hand to give another blow and saw her smile. He grinned down at her and plunged into her cunt.

Julie tried to make him last but he came quickly. He pulled away, got to his knees and slowly stood. His pants slid to his ankles as he leaned against the wall. Julie touched the yuck and tasted it.

"Yummm," she said. "But I want you to do that again."

Alexander pulled his pants up and fastened them. "You wish."

"I wouldn't mind going to one of your parties if it's okay with the guy I'm going with."

"I bet."

"For one guy the rule is two blowjobs and a fuck. For you, it'll be two fucks and blowjob. Plus you can kiss me if you want."

"What is it with you?"

"Get me a beer bottle from downstairs and I'll show you something." She touched her clit, ran her fingers down and up her slit. "Then maybe you'll fuck me again."

Alexander watched for a moment, turned and left the room. She could hear him on the stairs, going and returning. He threw the bottle onto the mattress between her legs.

Julie shook the empty bottle, making sure there were no roaches in it, and then used the bottle, fucking herself as she stroked her clit. Her eyes were closed and she imagined Frank fucking her, preparing to roll them over so Jerry could have her ass. Fucking her together, their cocks stroked each other with just a thin membrane of her flesh separating them.

Chapter Seventeen

After school Julie got into Frank's car and dumped her book bag on the seat next to her.

"Where to, darling?" Frank asked.

"Anywhere I can take a nap before dinner and whatever you two sex fiends have planned afterwards. Darling." She grinned at him in the rearview mirror.

"Pleasant day at work, dear?"

"Do you want to hear everything? You do?" She sounded surprised. "First off fucking Denise goes berserk on the bus to school. You can guess what that means. Alexander takes me to his little love shack in the woods and I think we finally came to an arrangement. Lunchtime daily, whatever that will entail, and a party tomorrow night at eight. He's picking me up."

"Where?"

"I told him front of the main library."

"We'll make sure you aren't late, darling."

"Alexander's a little rough and the love shack is sort of creepy with a trophy wall covered with torn and stained pairs of girls' panties. Moldy mattresses and a plethora of empty alcohol containers."

"That's where the party's going to be?"

"My guess. I need to call Amy. She needs to dump that shithead."

"Think she'll listen?"

"Of course not, darling. I'm competition." Julie paused, making swirl patterns in the yuck on her chest. "Then gym. Why don't you tell what happened in gym today, Jerry darling?"

"You'll do it better," Jerry said in a mumble.

"Nothing. There's absolutely no reason to be shy. They were hoping and expecting you to hand me around. After using me yourself. You're going to have to do it, Jerry. Bite the bullet and get it over with. All you need to do is go through the motions. I'll put on a good show for you, and then unleash the troops."

"Tomorrow? Better sooner than later," Frank said.

"If it's tomorrow, with the," she dropped her voice, "big party later," her voice returned to normal, "could you maybe take me to school in the morning? Denise is getting on my nerves."

"We'll think about it, darling. Jer?"

"The thought kind of turns my stomach. Not that it's you, Julie."

"What, rather than who I am. That's okay," Julie said. "Unh, do you think I can, you know what, before my nap?"

"We're going to the mall. You can nap in the car, then we'll explore."

"I'm kind of yucky."

"We may go no further than the parking lot."

"I'm going to lie down now. Jerry, you can watch if you want."

"I'm okay," Jerry said.

"After lunch with Alexander, it was just blowjobs and Will's fuck. Nothing really interesting."

"And lunch?"

"Alexander is rough, knows what he wants and it's my responsibility to give it to him. He'll never thank me and he'll never admit I did it right. He thinks choking me with his penis is my penance for being a, what? Woman, girl, whore, pushover? You tell me."

"I saw a marked improvement this afternoon, didn't you, Jerry?"

Jerry gave a grunt.

"And you've swelled the ranks," he waited for a laugh, there was none, "I see."

"Clara and her group joined in. I'm doing hers now too. Must be cushy being a tease, getting a ho to do all the work."

"I noticed more finesse."

"I can actually swallow the little fuckers. Of course I can't breathe with a penis stuck in my throat."

"It's the moment that matters, the dwell. Breathing is secondary."

"Jerry, when you held my head like you did yesterday. That was fantastic. I'm going to play with myself now."

"Play away."

"Thanks for not fussing about me messing up the back seat."

"It's a rare privilege having you . . . whatever, loll about in the back seat."

"You're sweet."

"We'll see what you say after tonight." Frank gave a laugh.

Julie licked her finger, tasted the yuck and used the finger on her clit. "I want to be on display sometime tonight. So others can see me. It's up to you if they can touch me."

"You'll whine if they don't."

"You wouldn't want me any different way, would you?" Julie heard the silence, thought about Jerry. "I mean, as your pet ho, you two struck it rich." More silence. "Fuck it."

Julie brought herself off quickly thinking about earlier in the house with Alexander, the bottle in her cunt and the way he looked at her. "You know, Alexander had problems getting it up and I had to more or less force him to fuck me in my cunt. He always goes for the mouth."

"Maybe he likes peace and quiet."

"He did say I talk too much."

"Well that's it then."

Julie stroked herself slowly. She imagined them parked at the mall, both back doors open so people could see. If anyone came close, Frank or Jerry would invite them closer. They could touch her.

She wondered what it would feel like masturbating while several boys or men held her in the air. Some of them would touch her in inappropriate places and she'd squirm with delight.

Julie remembered the ride back to the school in Alexander's car, both were quiet, she on her whore blanket or whatever he called it, seeping another layer onto it. Alexander scared her but pushing her like she'd done had been fun. She'd been in control and he hadn't liked it at all. She was less in control at lunch which was more pro forma; he wasn't like her boys with almost endless amounts of hardness and yuck to grace her with.

If she came to school bald he'd be really pissed because he'd have nothing to hold her with when he fucked her face. A good reason to shave her head.

Will, his two and a fuck after school. His friends and Clara's and why the hell hadn't she seen Crissi since the party? Whatever tonight, dropped off at home sweet home and she had to admit she was enjoying this. The degradation. Being hit by Alexander after she made him hit her. Being held down by Denise this morning. She'd only had a chance to say, "Just my mouth," before it started since she wanted to save her ass for tonight. Just three fucks so far. She'd sucked a gallon of yuck, and tonight her everything would get a workout. She hoped.

"I need to call Amy," Julie said.

"We won't forget," Frank said.

"Where are we?"

"At the mall."

"We are?" Julie sat up. "I want to fuck. Right now. One of you get back here. You, Jerry. Bite the bullet and do it. In my cunt. Take all day or take two minutes."

"I don't know," Jerry said. He purposely whined.

Frank laughed. "Julie. Take your nap."

"You then. It'll just take a minute."

"Okay. Get out of the car. Now." Frank slammed his door into the car next to them. "Now."

Julie got out on his side. He grabbed her hair and pulled her toward him. "Look at that," he said, shoving her face in front of the side mirror. She was covered in yuck.

"Bogey at three o'clock," Jerry said.

Frank let go of her. She heard a young voice ask, "Why isn't she wearing clothes, Momma?"

Julie watched Frank's face. Jerry said, "All clear." Frank heaved her against the car hood, knocked her feet apart, and pushed her forward.

"Not one word, whore," Frank said.

She heard his zipper and while the heat of the hood rose through her hands from the warm engine, Frank fucked her cunt. He had no problems getting it up. He was in her and they both knew it. She looked up and saw Jerry smiling at her from the front seat. "Yaaaah," she said, letting her mouth fall open and her voice rise and fall to Frank's thrusts. She looked down and saw spots of spit or yuck on the hood.

Frank finished in her, pushed her down on the hood and held her. "Your turn, you fucking pansy."

Julie thought Jerry might argue but he opened the car door and she could hear his steps on the pavement.

"Want me to hold your hand, pussy boy?" Frank said. He laughed and stepped away.

Jerry got it in her after a few fumbles and half-heartedly thrust a couple of times. Julie said, "Fuck," and banged her head against the hood. "Fuck."

Jerry pulled out and a voice said, "Now you boys know better." Frank's hand still pressed her to the hood.

"We kind of got carried away," Frank said.

"You'd better leave and do what you're doing elsewhere. You're not supposed to bring her kind to places like this and you know it. We've already had one complaint."

"And the boys watching the security camera have been having a good time," Frank said.

"That they have." Julie could tell the guard was smiling.

"Want a turn with her?" Frank asked.

There was a pause. "Not out here."

"In the back seat okay for you?"

The guard must have nodded, because Julie felt Frank's hand lift her from the hood, take her shoulder and pull her upright. She could see yuck smears on the hood from her face and chest.

"Tell the nice man thank you, whore."

Julie looked to the guard; he wasn't that old, in his late twenties and skinny. "Thank you, sir."

Frank shook her shoulder. "Get in back."

She lay on the seat, knees on her chest. The door was open, she wished both were. The guard climbed into the car. "Suck me," he said.

She took a moment to get into position, looked at his face. "Thank you, sir." She bent and took him in her mouth.

Chapter Eighteen

Julie sat next to Frank in his Ford as he drove her to school. She'd had the best night of sleep for a week. "Thank your mom again for me."

"I will. You're welcome to stay anytime. The couch isn't that bad." He grinned at her.

"You didn't have to give up your bed."

"I did. Mom believes every chaste girl should sleep in a room with a good lock. And to her, you're chaste in spite of the very obvious evidence of your state."

"You're cute. You do those things to me and still you blush."

"I do them and then think, Oh goodness. Did I just do that to her?"

"You're a sweet tyrant."

"Sweet. I'm the boy all the girls' moms want them to marry."

"Maybe not that sweet. Guess where my finger is?"

"I already know, dear heart. Frig away."

"I guess you're saying I can keep on doing what I'm doing."

Frank nodded. "Today, between each class, I want you to do yourself, but you can't come. The only time you can come is if there's cock in you. Of course you're absolved after eight. There's no telling what requirements your Alexander might have for you."

"No telling. Ummm. Do I have to start now?"

"Now." Frank grinned. "Call it penance."

"But I can still do this?"

"Required, dear heart. Just don't go over the edge."

"Want a blowjob?"

"Maybe later."

"When Jerry's around." She was slippery and starting to tingle.

"How'd you guess?"

"Oops." She let out a nervous giggle.

"I already have your punishment in mind, dear heart."

"Don't get me excited."

"Don't stop."

"Unnnh." Julie worked her fingers slowly in and out of her cunt. Her legs were splayed, feet on the edge of the seat, her back curved sharply because she was slumped.

"I'm cutting today. We'll pick you up after school at five as usual."

"Feel free to join in."

"I think not."

"Umm. Can we talk about something other than sex?"

"We weren't talking about sex."

"I was."

"We're almost there."

"You too?"

"At school."

The car shook as it passed over a series of bumps. "Oh fuck," Julie said. "Fuck." Her fingers didn't stop. "You looked at me with that look of yours."

"What look, whore?"

"Fuck. Don't do that. Talk about algebra. Be a fucking pansy. Anything."

"We're almost there. Any last words?"

"Kiss me before you do it. Please. Shit. Oh fuck, am I in trouble."

"I may kiss you. I may want you to kiss my shoe."

"How come Alexander and them can be shitheads and it just pisses me off. You can do it and I'm hot all over and begging for your cock."

"Maybe because we talk, hunh?" He stopped the car and turned to her. "Darling, you really must stop that and get into the back seat."

"We're at school?"

Julie felt Frank's hands take hers and remove them from her crotch. She opened her eyes and saw him leaning over her. They kissed and his finger entered her sending a jolt through her body. He backed away from her; she held his wrist with both hands. "Fuck."

"Is that a cock in you?"

"Sure feels like it."

"My pretty little whore. Beg me to stop so you can get in the back seat."

"You called me pretty." No one had ever called her pretty.

"Too late." He withdrew his hand. "Get out."

Julie sat up, pushed with her feet and rose in the seat. She was a little foggy, her mind felt quite separate as her body hummed along without her. "Okay." She opened the car door, dropped her book bag to the ground and got out.

"Lean against the car, feet splayed, and have very busy fingers. I'll find Jerry."

"What if?"

"What if what, whore?"

"Stupid question."

Julie's back arched as she masturbated. Her eyes were shut; she could feel the car window at her shoulders. Frank walked away, she could hear that and other cars arrive. There were voices but none were close.

Frank had a way of setting her up so she enjoyed herself immensely. She was a ho and used as a ho, someone with brains who could feel as much with her mind, if not more. Will and his friends used her orifices but her mind went on vacation while they were doing it. She was just a hole to them.

Last night, after leaving the mall, they took her to McDonald's but left her in the front seat of the car, nose pressed against the windshield. They took their time inside, had dinner, met friends; she could watch them talking. They came out; Jerry had a bag of food for her, and opened the car doors. "Get out," Frank said.

She stood by the car and waited. They got in; Frank started the car and said past Jerry, "Come over here." She stood by his window. "Tell me what a whore you are."

"Unh. Unh ah or."

"With your mouth open, whore." He grinned at her.

"I'm such a fucking whore, Frank." The mall's security guard's yuck dribbled out of her mouth, down her chin and chest. "I'm sorry, Frank. I can't help it."

Frank asked Jerry, "Should we leave her here? I have better things to do tonight than--"

"Let's take her," Jerry said.

"In the back seat, whore."

She got into the back seat and sat leaning on the front seat. "Thanks. You can fuck my ass."

"Of course we can." Frank started the car. "You can be pretty disgusting. You stink like a locker room circle jerk."

"I'm a ho, Frank."

"Fucking whore. I bet you drink piss and eat shit."

"People do that?"

Jerry began laughing. "Don't give her ideas. She'll become insufferable."

"No takers?" Frank said next to her in the school parking lot.

She shook her head. "I'm really close. Is anybody watching?"

"Open your eyes and see."

Julie saw Jerry and several other boys from gym. "Oh fuck." She squirmed and twisted as she orgasmed. She leaned on the fender, not looking at them. "Oh fuck."

"Julie," Jerry said.

She looked up.

"Hold her, Frank." Frank turned her sideways, held her bent over, his hand gripping her shoulders, the other squeezed a tit, both hands held her between them.

"Michael, you hold her like that at gym class," Jerry said.

She felt someone finger her cunt and butt. A cock pressed against her cunt. "Is that you, Jerry?"

"Josh, you can use her mouth if you want. Or take a turn back here. For all she's a whore, her cunt is tight." Jerry gave a grunt.

Julie felt his half hard penis enter her. "No hands," Frank said. Julie pushed back so Jerry wouldn't fall out.

Two minutes of fake fucking and he flopped out. "Next," Jerry said. "Go ahead, use her mouth too."

A cock entered her cunt and this one was hard and thrust eagerly. The one behind her said, "She's tight. It's hard to tell she's just been fucked."

Frank said, "Decorate her face."

Julie felt a penis press against her face. She lifted her head and opened her mouth.

"Find her throat," Frank said.

Julie was used to two at once, with Frank and Jerry. These two weren't synchronized, were unaware of the other.

"Use her like that at gym. Everyone," Jerry said.

"I get a turn, too," someone said.

"Start out this way. Holding her. Next," Jerry said. "Then put her on a bench or something. Anything you want, except her ass. We're saving her ass for later today."

Julie began to black out as the one in her throat, stilled and blocked her air passage. She flailed her arms, but Frank held her tightly. Then she could breathe, tasted yuck as the boy pulled his penis from her mouth. Drool poured down her chin. Another was in her cunt. She struggled in Frank's hands.

"Fuck her good," Jerry said.

She relaxed and braced herself against Frank. "Fuck," she said. She couldn't remember how many there'd been. She flitted between orgasms as she was pounded, her hands holding onto Frank's right arm, the one holding her breast.

"Good isn't an adverb," Frank said when the last one was done with her. "Upsy daisy." Frank turned her so her back was on the car hood. She began to slide, stopped, wrapped around a stiff arm.

Jerry laughed. "Well didn't seem pertinent. Well is a noun describing a bottomless capacity for men's seed."

Julie looked up at Frank.

"You did okay, kid." He smiled at her. "But they forgot to decorate you."

She felt his hand scrape her cunt and slap yuck on her chest. Another scrape and his hand spread yuck on to her face. She licked his palm.

"Have fun in gym today," Frank said. "Ready, Jer?" He lifted her up and set her on the pavement over by her book bag, where she collapsed.

Chapter Nineteen

Julie waited on the bus stop bench in front of the library. It must have been past eight, but she didn't have a watch so she couldn't tell. She was still sleepy after her nap in Frank's car but sitting out here, looking like she did made her nervous. School was one thing and out with Frank and Jerry was another, but sitting here alone, cars driving past, kids' faces pressed against the windows to see the naked ho, she felt vulnerable.

After gym, Alexander wouldn't even let her get in his car at lunch, she was so yucky. She wondered what'd he'd do tonight; have her trot along after him as he drove?

She was so sleepy. Denise made it look easy and it wasn't. Nellie too. All of them made it look easy. She heard a honk and looked up. Alexander's BMW was parked on a side street not far away. Julie got up and walked slowly toward it.

When she got in the car she saw he'd put a sheet of plastic over the seat. "You're late," she said.

"Looks like you managed to keep entertained while you were waiting."

"You wish."

Alexander started the car; she could barely hear the motor. "Something you'd better realize, slut," Alexander said. "I don't need your mouth."

"You did at lunch."

"Knock out your teeth, cut out your tongue, your mouth will make a perfect cunt."

Julie didn't respond. She thought, Cut off your penis and you'd make the perfect . . . She couldn't think of what. She woke up when he was parking the car.

She couldn't tell where she was at first. Only after walking with him for a while did she recognize the path. The house was lit and she could hear voices. Alexander used the key and let her in, taking care not to let her touch him.

There was a crowd of boys but she only recognized BJ and Lance, the others looked older, like they actually had to shave. A row of coolers was against the wall that was decorated with panties. "You

know what to do," Alexander said to Lance. "I'll be back shortly with my date."

"I'm not your date tonight?" Julie said. She was watching BJ and the others.

"Whores are for fucking, bitch."

"Charmed, I'm sure. I'm thirsty."

"No beer for the bitch," Alexander said. "Get her settled. The other here?"

"Not yet."

"It didn't look like it." Alexander slammed the door after him.

Lance studied her for a moment. "Go sit over there until I tell you to move."

"Some party," Julie said. "No beer."

"Go on."

Julie sat on a wood box in a corner facing the door. The others were to her right across the room. "Some party," she said. "This is no fun at all."

The older boys watched her intently. BJ was just stupid; Lance pretended he was in control, but Julie realized it was the tall boy in the back holding a beer but not drinking. His eyes were dark as were the sockets surrounding them. He was painfully thin and couldn't keep his eyes off her. He was the one who'd make the first move. Julie considered playing with herself but didn't think the others would see it as cute. She leaned against the wall and shut her eyes.

Knocking on the door woke her. She opened her eyes but kept her head tipped back against the wall. Lance opened the door and an older man came in followed by Denise. She looked angry.

"BJ, set her up," Lance said. "Al, over here."

Denise and BJ passed her, going into another room. She could barely hear their voices. The man, Al, was with Lance by the coolers. Each held a beer.

Julie had been hot all day, on edge, relieved a bit, on edge again, all day long. Gym wore her out, but all she'd had to deal with afterwards was Alexander at lunch. Not much to worry about. Alexander was somebody who'd perfectly be satisfied with a tease but only wanted to use a whore. She wasn't impressed. Will was a better fuck.

She jerked awake when somebody stumbled over her feet. She could hear Denise in the other room and saw that the group of boys was smaller.

"Howdy," Al said, standing over her.

"Hi," she said.

He stared at her and dribbled some beer out of the can. He stepped back. "Whoa."

"Don't mind me," she said. "Some party, hunh?"

Lance walked by, "Your daughter is doing okay. Here's the twenty and all the beer you can drink." Al followed him to the cooler.

BJ said, "Move over." She slid sideways on the box and he sat next to her. "Crazy old coot, trades his daughter's pussy for beers. Some family, hunh?"

"Yeah, hunh." She sat up.

"She'll do anything."

"I ride the bus with her."

"Yeah, she'll do anything."

"So when does the party start?"

"It's started, can't you tell?"

"I hadn't noticed." She saw dark eyes staring at her.

"You're jealous."

"Of Denise? You got to be kidding."

"I hear you're Jerry's girl."

"It's no secret."

"So that's why you screw around. Because he can't give it to you."

"He gives it to me." She touched the dried yuck on her chest. "This is just icing on the cake. He's just one man, after all."

"Suck my dick."

She looked at him, saw the smile. "Fuck my cunt."

He pushed her. "I told you what to do."

"Oh, that was a request. I couldn't tell."

BJ shoved her harder. "Suck my dick."

Julie didn't look at him, got down onto her hands and knees and opened his pants. "Some party," she said as she fished his shriveled penis out. "You need more beer, my boy." He whacked her lightly on the head.

She got him hard and began to suck. She didn't put anything into what she was doing. Something cold and wet spilled on her back.

"Just what the fuck do you think you're doing?" Lance said.

"She got thirsty," BJ said.

"She's for Zeke. And when Zeke's done with her, we take our turns. Remember?"

"You know my daughter?" Al said.

Julie turned and looked up to him. "Yeah. We ride the school bus together."

It took him a moment to figure out what she'd said. "You go to her school?"

"No classes together. She's a year ahead of me."

"What are you doing in a place like this?"

"Same reason as your daughter."

"I love that girl." He took a drink, swayed and spilled beer on her foot. "Why do you do it?"

Julie looked over at BJ who was tucking himself back in his pants. He stood, zipped up and left them. She turned to Al. "Some party, hunh?"

"Somebody's little girl. Where are your clothes?"

"I'm a ho. I don't wear clothes any more."

"You're not a whore. You're somebody's little girl."

Denise began cursing someone in the other room. A loud argument began. "Shit," Lance said. "Al." Al stared at her, unblinking as he swayed. "Al, you tell your little girl to shut the fuck up."

Al turned to Lance. "Watch your language, boy."

"Get her quiet."

Al smiled at her. "Nice talking to you." He slowly went to the other room.

"You. Don't do anything," Lance said to her and followed Al.

Several voices shouted trying to drown Denise's voice. Julie couldn't hear Al's. He was probably weeping. She got up on her box and leaned against the wall. She glanced at the others in the room, gave them a nervous smile and pretended she was sleeping. Some party.

She tried to hear what was going on in the other room but most of the sounds weren't distinct. She thought someone was being hit.

Denise was screaming and if Julie thought she could make it out the door and get away she'd leave. This was sheer hell. She'd expected something like the party at the Nichols' but more sex. It was obvious why Alexander wanted her here. She couldn't figure out why nothing much was happening.

She wasn't sure if she'd committed herself to anything by walking through the door. She was available, that was a given because of her state. But she did have some control over her life. She wanted to believe she could say no and she'd be listened to. She wondered if God listened to the prayers of hos.

The door opened and she raised her head and saw Alexander lead Amy in.

"Alex?" Amy said.

"That's just crazy Denise. Say hello to your friend."

Amy stared at her. Julie smiled back.

"You said--"

"It's upstairs. Ignore this. What I promised you is upstairs." Alexander led Amy, holding her hand, toward the other room. "Where's Lance?" he asked Julie.

"With Denise," Julie said. "Amy, you shouldn't be here."

"Shut the fuck up, you stupid whore." Alexander almost swung at her. "Come on, Amy."

"Alex, what's going on?"

Alexander pulled her out of the room.

Julie exhaled, turned to the others in the room and saw the dark-eyed man was smiling at her.

Chapter Twenty

Julie kept her eyes shut as she listened to Denise's sudden quieting in the other room. There were male voices but they were muffled, calmer. After a few minutes she felt someone kick her leg.

"Come with me," Lance said.

She saw Alexander talking with the others in the room. BJ was nowhere to be seen. Julie stood, keeping her arms across her chest. The older boys went past her except for dark eyes and Alexander. She could hear them go up the staircase. The dried yuck on her made her want to scratch.

When she'd been here yesterday the building had looked derelict. When she'd come tonight and seen the electric lights she'd been surprised.

"What's going on?" she said to no one in particular.

Alexander grabbed her arm. "In here, bitch." She almost laughed when she heard that. He pulled her into the other room; Lance and the other man followed. Denise was on a mattress on the floor and her father was sitting in a corner of the room loosely holding a beer can. He was staring at something probably no one else could see.

"She doesn't look so good," Julie said.

"She'll be okay in the morning." Alexander pushed and she stumbled on the edge of the mattress. "Down on your back." Alexander turned to Lance. "Get the sleeping slut out of here."

Lance lifted Denise's arms and pulled but she was too heavy for him. "She's not going anywhere, Alex."

A girl screamed upstairs. "Amy?" Julie said.

Alexander made a tight grin at her. "On your back."

"What's going on?"

"They're breaking in a new whore upstairs. Do it, bitch."

Lance pulled Denise off the mattress by her feet. Her head made a thunk sound when it hit the floor. "I need some help," he said.

Alexander pushed Julie down to the mattress. "You need to learn to do what I say."

Julie wasn't frightened but found herself frozen, unable to move. The sounds upstairs, the way Denise looked, Lance and Alexander and dark eyes watching everything she did.

"There's some rope in the corner," Alexander said. He kept her wrists pinned to the mattress; her feet and legs were on the bare wood floor. Dark eyes dropped the rope on the bed and stepped back.
"Leave her, Lance. Tie up this one."

Lance came and knelt by them. "How do you want it done?"

"Use your imagination." Alexander grinned down at her. "You better be worth all this trouble."

Julie relaxed, knew the night was going to be long. "You're taking me home when this is over, right?"

"Someone will get you home."

"And you won't hurt me."

"No one gets hurt."

"You don't need to tie me."

"We want to tie you."

"Okay. You can do what you want."

"Of course we can." Alexander said to Lance, "Tighter, asshole."

"She's not going anywhere."

"It's on your head, like the whole Denise fiasco."

"She's not my fault." Lance finished and settled on his heels.

"You were in charge. Let's get her on the bed." Alexander and Lance pulled Julie so she was entirely on the mattress and Lance tightened the rope from her wrists to the ring in the floor at the head of the mattress. Alexander stood and dusted his pants. "Old man," he said to Al. "You've seriously disappointed me tonight. What are you going to do to make things straight?"

Al looked up and noticed them for the first time. He inched his way slowly to his feet using the wall as a support. "How's your father, Mr. Fox?"

"He's doing fine. Give me back the twenty and get your daughter out of here."

"You said I could have twenty. I need it."

"You got twenty because your daughter will fuck anyone. She's not fucking, is she?"

Al stood over his daughter and let go of the empty beer can in his hand.

"Is she?" Alexander said.

Al shook his head. "We'd better go, sweetie."

"Give me back my twenty."

Al shook his head. "I saw them."

"Old man, give me back my twenty. You can take a six pack with you."

Al shook his head, staring at his daughter.

"Fuck it. Take her out of here, outside. Piss on her and you can keep the twenty. Tell everyone where she is so they can piss on her and you'll get a six pack. Help him, Lance."

Julie looked up at Alexander and dark eyes. "Some party. How long do these festive events usually last?"

"You talk too much."

"I'll take her home, Alex," dark eyes said.

"It's on Crescent. Drop her off anywhere, Zeke." Alexander watched Al and Lance carry Denise away. "That's the last time we let her come here."

"Sure," Zeke said. "I like this one."

"Not coming upstairs?"

Zeke shook his head. "I'll go up later."

"Well, you two." Alexander stepped back. "I have a hot date. You want a beer?"

"Coors," Zeke said. He stood watching her as Alexander left and returned. Zeke took the can and opened it.

"Sorry about the confusion."

"It's okay." Zeke took a drink. "They're getting what they paid for upstairs."

"This one's pretty good."

"I like her."

"So will the others." Alexander left them, said from the door, "You heard me tell her no one gets hurt."

The front door opened by Alexander and Lance came in. "Well, he did it."

"Where is she?"

"By the sycamore."

"Make sure everyone knows, then give him a six pack."

"She's just lying there snoring."

Alexander turned back to them. "You can't hog her all to yourself, Zeke."

"I know that." Zeke turned and spat. "This one is meant to be used by many." He finished the beer and tossed the can into a corner of the room.

"Now I lay me down to sleep," Alexander said. He left them.

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep." Zeke unfastened his pants. "Do you have a name, little one?"

"Julie." She watched him stroke himself until he was hard.

"Julie is a girl's name, little one. You have sinned in the eyes of the Lord and fallen from a state of grace. Your name shall be iniquity."

"Thanks," Julie said. "The extra syllables mean a lot to me."

"Your name is whoredom and desolation." He settled on her.

"Iniquity whoredom desolation. Quite a moniker."

"My sword shall separate the good from the evil." His penis entered her and he began to fuck.

"What you do," Julie said, "to the least of mine you do to me."

Zeke hit her and she tasted blood. "You shall not take the Lord's name in vain."

Julie played dead as he fucked her. She felt his drool fall around her eyes. He finished and pushed off her. She didn't stir as he got up from the mattress and fastened his pants. He left the room and came back again, opening a beer.

"I didn't hit you that hard, little one."

She heard him drinking and the front door open. In a few moments the sound of footsteps entered the room. She could hear them upstairs. Zeke finished and tossed the can. It hit the wall and bounced to the floor.

"You'll show me where your daughter lies?" Zeke asked.

"Outside. She's sleeping," Al said.

"The rest of the wicked."

"She was a good girl once."

"Go ahead, but this one is only pretending to sleep. Watch out. She'll try to bite it off."

"I need a beer," Al said.

Julie tried not to listen so hard. She could hear sounds overhead, footsteps and voices and what she hoped wasn't Amy. If she heard everything the night would last forever.

Someone belched beside her. Something sharp poked her ribs.
"Owww."

"You see. She's not sleeping."

Julie watched Zeke stand, fold the knife and put it in his back jeans pocket. Al stared at her. Zeke turned to leave and Julie said, "Hey, Zeke. Be an old sport and get me a beer, won't you?"

"She's already half male," Zeke said. "Don't let the outer appearance fool you."

Steps clattered down the stairs. Julie could hear whimpering overhead. There was a brief staccato of pounding in the front room and a cheer.

Zeke left them and Julie looked up at Al. "You're not going to believe this, but I thought Alexander was bringing me to a party. Some party, hunh? Denise's okay?"

Al belched, wiped the back of his hand over his lips. "Why do you do it?"

Julie shut her eyes. A group came into the room, led by Zeke who told them her true nature.

Chapter Twenty-one

Julie wasn't in a mood to fool with anybody, hadn't been all day. Before leaving for school in the morning she'd dumped a knife from the kitchen into a purse weighed down with heavy stuff. Her book bag she left in her bedroom.

Denise, as expected, wasn't on the bus, and she only had to show the knife once to be left alone. Alexander hadn't been in geometry, but Lance and BJ were. She got things settled quickly with them.

She'd wanted to see Jerry and Frank but Jerry hadn't been in gym. Coach let her sit on the bench with him and only mentioned the black eye and split lip once. When he asked she assured him Jerry wasn't the cause and began to name names. He doubted very much Reverend Fox's son could have been involved. Oh, he was very much involved, sir, she told him. And if he comes near me again I'll cut off his balls. She thought the coach was almost as shocked by this statement as he'd been when he heard she did it on Sundays.

The purse had a nice heft to it. She swung it widely as she entered art. No Frank yet but she saw Crissi in the back talking with what's her name, Crystal, the other ho. Julie plunked down in the seat next to Crissi, not saying a word.

The teacher came in just as the bell rang and class started.
"Where's Frank," Julie asked.

"Not here today," Crissi said.

"Frank and Jerry gone to the beach?"

"Something like that." Crissi stood. "We can talk when I'm done."

"She always gets the best poses," Crystal said.

There wasn't much Julie could say to that. "I'd do a lot to look like either of you."

Crystal gave her a look. "You're the wild new one."

"That's me, a bundle of fun."

"I could never be that way."

"Then how come--" Julie waved her hand toward Crystal's nakedness.

"There was this boy I liked."

Julie gave her a look. "So you were seduced?"

"I was seduced."

"And you're not in it for--" Julie waved her hand up and down. Crystal looked at her like she was the sphinx of Egypt. "You don't have any fun?"

Crystal blushed. "We're not supposed to, you know, enjoy it."

"I didn't at first. Wondered what all the fuss was about. Then I discovered," the hand wave, "and it is fun, sometimes, with some people."

"If I'm in love--"

"I don't need to be in love. But I do have to like the people a whole lot, or else other stuff needs to be happening."

Crystal looked at her like she was an alien.

"Like being gang fucked on a car hood in the mall parking lot." Julie gave a smile which made her split lip ache.

"I'd never do that." Crystal turned away from her.

"Well it was fun. Not everything is fun, but that was." She'd almost forgiven Frank and Jerry. She wanted to yell their heads off for an hour. When she was finished, whatever they wanted to do to her was more than okay. She'd never give Alexander the same leeway.

When it was Crystal's turn to model, Crissi sat next to Julie. "Walk into a doorknob?"

" Fucked by a bunch of crazy dickheads."

Crissi stretched her legs. "I told Jim you and I needed to talk. Crystal will be modeling for a while. He wants a date with you."

"When I'm eighteen."

"Relent, and ask if I can come along." Crissi grinned. "Frank and Jerry will pick you up, and me too, after school. We need to hide out until tomorrow."

"Like we're outlaw hos and fags."

"More or less."

"What was yesterday all about? I mean, was it really necessary?"

"Frank thought the boys' gym might be your high point of the day. Was he right?"

"So you know everything?"

"Everything and nothing."

"Boys' gym was okay." Julie touched her lip when she grinned so it wouldn't hurt so bad. "But the parking lot before school was intense." Julie remembered lying by her book bag on the gravel as the Ford drove off. She had wanted to stay there all day, a jumble of

sensation and emotion. She'd hoped some boys might rescue her, make her their own for fifteen minutes and she'd have an excuse to miss geometry.

"Just so it wasn't boring. Frank was terribly concerned you'd be bored."

"I'm getting everything, am I?"

"Tomorrow will be a host of revelations. Some will be made angels, some will be made devils."

"When you talk like that it's not spooky. There was this guy last night. Crazy as a loon. Zeke--"

"Ezekiel."

"You know him?"

"Heard of him." Crissi smiled. "Crazy as a loon. Zeke--"

"Zeke talked mumbo-jumbo from the Bible and other stuff, maybe his own. My lip came from offering him my own quote."

"Women are better seen than heard."

"You do know that bunch!" Julie shook her head. "A bunch of evil, crazy--"

"Be careful, Julie. You don't know who you're talking about. I mean it. It's safer to talk about Jim and a night or two with him. Memorable." She turned her eyes to the ceiling, sighed and smiled at Julie.

"You're just like Crystal."

"And you're a lot like Clara. Have you two talked yet?"

"Our relationship is at the point where I just suck off her band of followers. No words yet."

"Talk to her the next time you see her. Before you suck off her boyfriends."

Julie arched her eyebrows.

"As you well know, two are much better than one."

"When they're the right two."

"Admitted. Think how pleased Jim will be. Maybe he'll break his rule and fuck us for a whole week."

Julie couldn't imagine it. "He's not going to ask me for a date."

"Don't act surprised, just say yes and see if your good friend, me, can come along."

"Where are we going tonight?"

"It's a secret. A motel."

"What if Jim wants to go out tonight?" She watched Crissi's face.

Crissi hesitated for only a minute. "Not tonight. Tell him tomorrow night. There's another party and you're invited."

"Costume?"

"Come as you are." Crissi nodded toward the platform. "Watch how she pretends she doesn't understand how he wants her to stand. She does it deliberately so he'll have his hands all over her."

"How'd you become a ho?"

Crissi looked down. "Something like last night but--"

"Then you know!"

"But not exactly the same. Few choose out of the blue like you."

"But you like it?"

Crissi nodded. "I'm like you in some ways. Some ways not. Girls are more--"

"Was it hard?" Julie was thinking of Amy whom she'd not seen in school today, hadn't seen since last night when Alexander had brought Amy to that house.

Crissi nodded not looking at Julie. "Crystal needs a break." She got up and went to wait at the front of the class.

While Crissi modeled, Crystal worked on a drawing in a seat close to the platform. Julie sat alone until Jim sat next to her. Julie smiled at him and returned her gaze to Crissi on the platform. "Why does the light have to be so mediocre in here?" she asked. She didn't look at him.

"When they go to college, those who remain with art, they'll have more opportunities with the figure. Anatomy, male models, better lighting. Having you girls model was a huge step for the Board."

"Male models?" She tried to imagine a naked man in a room full of dressed women.

"I modeled to help pay my fees. You can make pretty good money doing that."

"You as a general term, not me specifically."

"You, Julie."

"I'm fat."

"You hold a pose well. You have an interesting body."

"Oh boy. Look. I can't go out with you tonight. I think I'm going to a party tomorrow night and besides, Crissi wants to come along."

"Maybe Monday."

"I'll have to ask my boyfriends."

He grinned at her. "Tuesday, and that's my last offer."

"Crissi can come too?"

"If you'll say yes."

"Why don't you ask Crystal. She's pretty. Nice body, good looking. Wants to have you touch her." She watched his face; nothing showed.

"Crystal's a nice girl."

"And I'm not."

He smiled slowly. "You have extremely attractive qualities."

"Do you think I should cut my hair and dye it?"

He studied her. "How short?"

"Page boy."

"It's thick enough. Straight bangs. What color?"

"Black. Jet-black. I don't need lipstick if I give enough blowjobs."

He laughed. "Sure about tonight?"

"The black eye's what did it. Right?"

"Watching you at the mall, Tuesday."

She felt an unexpected flush. She hadn't thought anything could arouse her today. "You saw me?"

He nodded.

"You don't know how happy that makes me." She gave him a smile. "No one's looking. Want to stick a finger in?" She winked and they both laughed. She remembered Amy, became somber and said, "You'd better not."

Chapter Twenty-two

In the motel room, not a Super 8, another motel whose name Julie didn't catch, Frank was talking as she finished her dinner. She interrupted, "Don't you guys ever eat anywhere other than McDonald's?"

"Most restaurants have a strong no whore policy, dear." Frank started to resume what he was saying.

"How come she gets to dress up and I don't?"

"You haven't been paying attention."

"Have too."

"Crissi is Jacqueline, I'm René, Jerry, because of his predilections is Sir Stephen, and you, dear heart, are O. The all encompassing O."

"If this entails sex, I don't want any."

"The Story of O, which we'll reenact scenes of, requires that O have lots of sex."

She licked the ketchup off her fingers. "After the horrors of last night, no way."

"Then we'll gag and bind you, dear heart, toss you into a corner and Crissi can be O."

"Will she wear clothes if she's O?"

"Probably. At least part of the time."

"That's not fair. Why do I always have to be naked?"

"Finished?" Frank asked.

"Done." She balled up the wrappers and stuffed them into the paper bag.

"O in the beginning of the book chooses her course because of love. Since that would be a stretch for you, we'll begin where O gets to choose, once and for all, if René and Sir Stephen can do anything they want to her."

"The answer is no."

"There are many delightful scenes. O with Jacqueline. O with René. O with Sir Stephen. O with a host of others. O is watched, dear heart, closely. She's displayed in a variety of manners, some of which we can't reproduce tonight. Bound and whipped between two pillars, shown by Sir Stephen to the man who used her the night before and

wants her for his own. Once the man realizes what O is, he uses her mercilessly thereafter."

"And this is to take my mind off of last night? No way. I was bound, beaten, fucked without mercy or pleasure on my part, listening to my friend being raped in the room overhead."

"The difference is, dear heart, you consent to what we do to you. You consent to having people who care for you, use you in a manner everyone will find enjoyable."

"Me and Crissi?"

"O and Jacqueline, watched extremely closely by Jerry, Sir Stephen, who, to keep his mind on his role will be interfered with by me."

"Interfered with?"

"Probably he means his prick up Jerry's butt, Julie," Crissi said.

"That might be fun, but I don't know."

"Bound and gagged, dear heart," Frank said. He pointed to a corner of the room. "We'll put you there. You would watch but not play."

"We don't need to do everything in order," Crissi said, "do we? And our O could consent each step of the way. Couldn't she? You're taking liberties elsewhere."

"Jerry?" Frank asked.

"If the choice is, right away watching O and Crissi here with you in me, to, say, the tedious middle part where I repeatedly take O in the mouth or ass, I think you know my feelings in the matter."

"And there's the other scene," Crissi said. "Where O is used for days, in the dark, by individuals or groups. If you two weren't such wusses, we could do some grocery shopping and I could participate with something more substantial than my fingers." She held up two fingers and grinned at Julie. "We'll just have to make do."

"That might be nice too, but I don't know," Julie said as she looked at her toes. "Last night wasn't any fun."

"Okay," Crissi said. "Skip the Story of O. Julie stays here and gets some rest and you guys take me to a nice bar somewhere. I'll fuck for drinks, we'll each get loaded in the appropriate manner and come home and go to sleep."

"No bars, Crissi," Frank said looking at Jerry. "We're trying to keep a low profile, remember?"

"Okay then." Crissi glanced at Julie and winked. "We stay here. You two fuck me silly. Julie can have the other bed and watch TV."

Jerry didn't look enthusiastic. Frank looked at him, turned to Crissi. "We can have one bed, you and Julie the other."

"Julie?" Crissi asked.

"I guess so." She shrugged. "I want to be held but I don't want anyone to touch me."

"Final option. Say yes or no, Julie," Frank said in his stern voice.

"You're not going to tell me?"

Frank shook his head. "Quick. Don't think too hard."

She shut her eyes and thought. She gave a nod.

"Is that a yes?"

"Yes."

"Then come here, you fucking whore. It's show time." Frank grabbed a fistful of hair and pulled her toward him. "March."

"Owww." She held his hand gripping her hair. He moved her toward the dresser.

"Up." He let go of her hair and she climbed onto the dresser. "Spread your legs." He slapped them apart. "Now go at it to beat the band." Frank grasped her chin and held it while they kissed. "Don't stop but you can't come either. Use your fingers. How many, Jer?" He turned to Jerry.

"Three."

"Fuck yourself with three fingers." He pushed her against the wall, took her wrist and controlled her motions. "Like that, you cruddy little cum whore."

"Yuck whore," Julie whispered.

Frank grinned at her. "You wish." He left her, sat on the bed next to the nightstand, opened the drawer and pulled out the pad. He balled up sheets of paper. "Each person gets ten throws." He took a pen from the drawer and came back to Julie. "If you hit within the circle, here," he drew a six inch circle around her left nipple, "then you win and have complete control of our little whore for fifteen minutes, and everyone else in the room, to do with as you want." He held the balls to Jerry. "Pussy boy throws first, then you," to Crissi, "then me and start all over again. Frankly, I don't think pussy boy can hit the side of a barn. See, he throws like a sissy."

Julie blinked each time a wad of paper came at her. Most hit her body, but none hit the spot. Jerry picked up the balls of paper and took them to Crissi.

"I know what I want to do," Crissi said as she threw the first wad. Wads two through ten were closer but far from the mark.

"My turn," Frank said. He jumped up and gathered the paper balls. "I'm going to hit her right here." He gave Julie's nipple a pinch.

Julie watched him aim, stop and test the weight of the ball and aim again. He was about to throw when Jerry said, "The sodomite can't hit the side of a barn." Frank looked at him, aimed again. He tossed the wad and it hit squarely in the circle. So did six of the others.

"One hour forty-five minutes. Think you can stand it?" He picked up the balls and handed them to Jerry. "See if you can do better, faggot."

Jerry took longer in his throws and made four. "An hour, Julie."

"You boys remembered the crisco, didn't you?"

"Who said you could talk?" Frank came up to her. "Faster," he said. "Like this." He controlled her hands, pushed one aside and stroked her clit. "The whore really wants it. Don't you?"

Julie watched Crissi over Frank's shoulder. She wished he didn't block Crissi's view. "I'm not sure." Frank kissed her and used his own fingers. "Ummm, I'm not supposed to." She held his shoulders. "You know."

Frank stepped aside so they could watch her. "I'm going to--" She didn't have a chance to finish.

"You dirty little fuck whore. That's all you think about, isn't it?"

Julie held on as he continued to finger fuck her. "Please. I'm supposed to be good. I can't be good if you--"

"It's my turn," Crissi said. "Then you throw again."

Frank stopped and stepped aside. "You'd better pick the paper balls up yourself. My fingers are slimy." He leaned into Julie's face. "Who said you could stop? Who? Lick your slop off." He held a finger at a time to her lips.

Crissi threw and made five. "Your turn, Frank, and then we really need to do something quick. The poor girl is suffering."

Frank walked away with the balls. "She's going to suck my dick while Jerry fucks her ass good." Frank grinned at Jerry. "Or well, as the case may be."

"With crisco on," Julie said. "Remember the crisco."

"You'll get the leavings," Frank threw the first ball and hit her left nipple.

Julie jumped each time a paper wad hit her.

"Six," Frank said. "An hour and a half. And who said you could stop, whore?"

"I was taking a rest, sir."

"You'll have plenty of opportunities to rest when you're dead."

"Fucked to death, no doubt." Jerry stood and began taking off his clothes.

Crissi said, "Why not let the whore get the crisco?"

"Where is it?" Julie looked at Frank while she fucked herself.

"In the trunk. With our bags."

"Make her bring them into the room in her teeth, Frank." Crissi sounded gleeful.

"One hand, whore. The other on your clit. Here are the keys."

Julie waited until he turned away. "What if?"

"What if what?" Frank spun quickly to her, helped her off the dresser.

"That was a rhetorical question, I guess. You really have bags?"

"Suitcases. Four," Frank said. "You'll be punished if you dawdle. As for you," Frank turned to Crissi. "Strip."

Julie came back with the can of crisco in one hand, her other lightly rubbing her clit. Crissi was naked and bent over, standing holding her ankles. "How do you do that?"

"Where are our bags?" Frank asked, looking over his shoulder, his penis in Crissi's cunt.

"Coming, sir." She left the door open this trip so she could be faster.

Chapter Twenty-three

In the morning Julie asked the question she knew she wasn't supposed to ask. "What's going on?"

"Jerry is going to be outed today. In assembly." Crissi's words were the start and some of it did make sense, but some didn't like going out into the parking lot and Frank's blue Ford had been replaced by a newer silver Chevy. Not so new that the paint wasn't starting to go on the horizontal surfaces. The hood and trunk were no longer shiny and if she were taller, she expected she'd see the top of the passenger compartment looked faded too.

There were four suitcases; one was for her. If everything came off okay today, Frank and them would go to the party tonight. If not, then they were going on a trip out of town. Frank didn't make it sound permanent but even she could tell, things were iffy. Amy, who was also going to be outed today, was welcome to come along.

There was a bunch of pertinent personal stuff; mostly Jerry's, that helped put everything in perspective, but didn't explain why they'd spent the evening screwing each other in just about every way possible (not every way -- Jerry was a faggot and there were some things he just didn't enjoy doing).

At school Julie had her purse and knife and was glad Alexander wasn't in geometry class. As it was, Lance and BJ got dire looks as if they cared. The stage was set but she had no idea what time the curtain would go up or what her cues and lines would be, and only an inkling of the play she'd be in.

She'd attended outing assemblies in the past and participated along with everyone else in their role as enthusiastic cheerleader chorus. The players on stage: the court, the judge, the prisoner who was masked until finally outed. Accusations and proofs were provided. The court explained the perfidy of the prisoner, whether faggot or whore, and then a group was chosen, as if by lot, from the audience to act as executioners of the court's will. It was more fun in first assembly where everything was brand new. Second assembly, after the prisoner had suffered the court's will, was obviously just bad theater, until the execution was reenacted by the audience members.

It was all good clean fun, a great waste of an hour, and except for the boring parts -- singing the national anthem, saying the pledge of allegiance, stopping for prayers at appropriate moments -- assembly

was a chance to yell and scream to one's heart's content. And the twelve executioners got to do a lot more.

Julie had never experienced a double outing, a faggot and a whore, but understood from Frank and the others that it wasn't that rare.

Assembly was called at the beginning of Bible study and she was amongst the mass of students who attended the first assembly. As a ho she was separate from everybody, no longer having female friends except for a few hos and teases. Naturally, as a member of that group she was obliged to sit in the front, in a wooden chair with pink bow, placed between the first row and the stage. Hos were prone to causing distractions at large public events. She sat between two teases she didn't know, a handjobber on her left and blowjobber to her right. The blowjobber was fairly modest, wearing a skirt (and signs of recent use). She said her name was Josi and smiled. The handjobber had a bad case of acne and was shy. Julie didn't see Crissi or Crystal. Sandi and Nellie were at the other end of the row. Clara from the party was nowhere to be seen. Perhaps the missing girls' last names began with a letter after L which meant they'd be at second assembly.

On stage Mr. Strong sat in the center. On the right side of the stage was a lone wood stool. On the left five chairs stood empty. After everyone settled, Mr. Strong led the assembly through the anthem, pledge and opening prayer. Everyone sat down and Mr. Strong requested the sergeant-at-arms to bring the court into session. Their names were called: Mr. Trakis who taught biology; coach Busoni; Mr. Anderson who turned out to be Jim the art teacher; Mr. Ryley who taught the senior boy's Bible study class; and Mr. Trager who taught social studies and psychology.

Another prayer was given asking the Lord's guidance in the day's affairs and then, after the assembly was seated, Mr. Strong said, "Mr. Sergeant-at-arms, please bring the defendant."

Jerry, who wore a hood, was led onto stage. If she hadn't known, she wasn't entirely sure she would have suspected who it was. The sergeant-at-arms helped Jerry sit; Jerry couldn't see because of the hood and moved awkwardly because his hands were held in handcuffs behind his back.

"Thank you," the principal said. "Charges have been made that the accused is a vile homosexual, practitioner of forbidden sordid acts of debauchery whose very description would debase the ears of the innocent present in this room." Mr. Strong advanced to the front of the stage. "The court has evidence which it has inspected prior to this trial. We need to pray."

Julie stood and mumbled the words. She went to church but didn't consider herself religious like some of her classmates. Her current state might have been a result of her lack of belief but she didn't think so. She thought now, over a week later, that what led her to become a ho was her awareness, unconscious more than conscious, of how wrong things were. She didn't think God actually made men better than women, certainly she was a lot smarter than most of her classmates male or female. Something didn't add up and after Wednesday night she couldn't pretend any more. After mumbling the prayer she sat down.

Mr. Strong continued, "Unless there is a defense, the court proceeds to judgment and execution, and in most cases there is no defense. Today, however, a number of witnesses seem to refute the evidence the court has seen. The court will hear their testimony. Let the defense counsel call their names."

Frank walked onto stage, shook hands with the members of the court and Mr. Strong. "Thank you, sir. I wish to call Courtney Cooper, Josh Kaplan, Jeremiah Cassini (a group in the audience clapped at this name until Mr. Strong motioned for quiet), and Michael LeRoy. I myself was a witness to this and another incident. Please step forward."

The students entered from the wing at the right of the stage; all were awkward to be there. Mr. Strong had them swear on a Bible to tell the truth and then he sat.

"On May thirteenth, a Wednesday, I was with the prisoner and one other, who sits in the front tow. We both used her naturally," a number of students in the audience laughed and cheered, "and these witnesses were present. They used the person in the front row in a variety of ways." More cheering and Mr. Strong motioned with this hands for silence.

"This was witnessed by you?" Mr. Strong asked the students on stage. "With your own eyes, that the use was natural?" The students nodded. "You must say yes or no." They all said yes. "Most interesting in the light of the other evidence. Does the court have any questions?"

Jim stood, "I have a question for Mr. Busoni, my colleague. Are all of these boys classmates of the accused? I can see by the coach's face, the answer is yes. My second question is, aren't some of the witnesses also teammates of the accused?"

"Yes," coach Busoni said. "Cassini isn't on the team, though."

"I wish the witnesses were less partial." Jim sat down.

Julie was thinking, Crissi said he was a good fuck and I have a date with him, the asshole.

Mr. Trakis stood. "In my profession it is well understood that some individuals, while capable of union with a member of the opposite sex, actually prefer perversions best not mentioned here." He sat down and crossed his legs.

Coach Busoni stood. "I can't be impartial in this and asked to be relieved. I can't help but feel that there is some error in this evidence," he slapped the sheaf of papers against his palm. "The accused is a good boy, good student and God fearing." He sat down.

The other court members passed. Mr. Strong turned to Frank. "Do you have other evidence?"

"Another time, the prisoner made natural use of the person in the front row."

"You're his friend, otherwise you wouldn't be defending him. I'm afraid that is not evidence enough." Mr. Strong approached the front of the stage. "Let us pray before passing sentence."

"Mr. Strong," Julie shouted. "Mr. Strong." She stood and waved her arms.

He looked down at her. "You're out of order, Julie. Please sit down and let us proceed." He smiled to the audience as if asking them to forgive the audacity of whores.

"But I was there, Mr. Strong." There was laughter in the audience.

"That is neither here or there, Julie. Sit down."

"Mr. Strong."

He motioned her toward him. "Now listen. All of you listen. Julie is a whore. Her testimony has no bearing unless backed up by the testimony of a man or two women. Or, in our case, a boy or two girls. That is how our legal system operates. The court has no interest in what Julie has to say unless a man or a woman can affirm it. We've disqualified these witnesses as biased. Please sit down and please be quiet or I'll ask the sergeant-at-arms to remove you from the assembly." He watched her, still smiling in spite of the seriousness of his speech.

"But that's what I want to say. There is another. A person who is not a student."

Mr. Strong turned to Frank. "Is this true?"

"It is but I don't know his name and had no time--"

Mr. Strong asked her, "Do you know his name?"

"The tag on his uniform said Duell, which I assume is his last name. He's a security guard at the mall. He saw everything. He joked about there being a tape of what we did."

"Sit down, Julie. Thank you, I think." He smiled at her. "Sit down."

Mr. Strong motioned for the sergeant-at-arms to come to him. They whispered for a minute and the sergeant-at-arms went off stage. "The sergeant-at-arms is attempting to find this person. If the sergeant-at-arms is unsuccessful we'll pass sentence before assembly is over. If he's successful but Mr. Duell is unable or unwilling to attend in time, we'll pass sentence without his testimony. The evidence is overwhelming, but circumstantial. We'll give the accused every benefit of the doubt."

The sergeant-at-arms returned to the stage and conferred with the principal. "We'll adjourn this hearing and proceed to the next. Remove the accused. I understand the personage in the front row will be a witness in the next trial. She's been a very busy," the principal paused and shrugged. The audience laughed. "Please wait for counsel to assist you before coming on stage, Julie."

The crowd broke into rhythmic clapping which provided intermission between the acts as Jerry was led from the stage.

Chapter Twenty-four

Crissi came up to Julie and handed her a brown, roughly woven sack. "It's like this one," she said touching the sack she was wearing. "If we're to be on stage we have to wear them." Julie put it on and followed Crissi out of the auditorium. "You did well," Crissi said.

"It's unfair."

"It's how things are done. We whores are an offense to the sight of man."

"No, I mean the whole trial. It's a farce."

"Try not to scream it to the rooftops during the trial. Back here." They went up steps, through a door and a long hall. "You mustn't talk to Amy."

Julie waited in the wing as the new trial began. Frank and Jerry were back here somewhere but she couldn't see them. Amy was a few feet in front of her, arms held by two girls. Mr. Strong said, "The second trial is more straightforward, the evidence clear and incontrovertible. The accused is, by the evidence shown to the court, a member of the unfortunately growing community of wantons who have chosen, willingly, the way of sin over the path of righteousness.

"The temptations that befall young girls today are many and varied. TV, movies, lurid novels, all promote a disregard for a girl's most precious possession, her virginity. Some cast it off willy-nilly like the young girl we heard from earlier. In spite of her intelligence, careful upbringing by dutiful parents, religious training, in spite of all this she chose a state that she's made plain to all who see her by her gross nakedness. Her presence amongst us affirms the peril of blandishments offered by the world. Not so many years ago she would have been cast out of our community. It's understood now that her presence offers an outlet for boys who are also, as we witnessed earlier, in peril. Some like the poor youth in the earlier trial would have benefited from such an outlet if they'd been able to make use of it. Some youths, forgetting that the flesh is weak, try to face the dark one on their own and fail. She is temptation and we must resist temptation to sin. But sinning with her is no sin compared to a sin we daren't speak of.

"While we can't applaud a proud proclamation of a fallen state, we must appreciate the honesty of that proclamation. No pure soul can be seduced into marriage by such a one. She will bear fatherless children

since none willingly would give them a name. There are some though who masquerade as good girls, who lead boys astray with visible professions of innocence. Harlots in everything but name they reap unworthy esteem their sisters justly forgo.

“Bring out the accused.”

Amy was led by the sergeant-at-arms to the stool and helped to sit. She wore a sack dress also, like Crissi’s and hers, that went down to her ankles but left her arms bare. In Amy’s case, the sack was over clothing and Amy’s arms were covered down to her wrists. She was hooded like Jerry and handcuffed, and like Jerry she offered no resistance.

Mr. Strong led them through another prayer. “Come out when I call you as a witness,” Crissi said. She went to stand by Amy’s side.

“We have medical evidence of the accused’s non-virginal state,” Mr. Strong said. “As well as an affidavit of a boyfriend of the activities she wished him to participate in. Normally that is all that is needed, but the accused’s defense has a witness who will describe unusual, potentially mitigating events. The defense counsel may come before the court.”

Crissi, shook hands with the court and the principal. Crissi spoke quickly, “The prisoner’s defense is that the affidavit of her accuser is false. The defense is that the accuser orchestrated her rape and loss of virginity by others and himself. Unfortunately, because of events beyond our control we’ll only be able to present partial evidence to demonstrate this defense.”

Crissi walked to the center of the stage. “The night the prisoner lost her virginity, May thirteenth, is surrounded by layers of mystery. The place, the actors and the orchestration of the rape. I wish to call a witness who was not a participant in the rape. Miss Julie Lester.”

Julie walked onto the stage. There was no clapping or cheering this time.

“Miss Lester. Can you describe, broadly, the location, actors and the events? Broadly, please.”

Julie looked at Mr. Strong, then Crissi. “I was invited by--”

“No names, please,” Crissi said.

“A friend to a party. He took me to a house, I don’t know where it is though he’d taken me there before, and left me. Two classmates were there and about twenty other boys, older, were also there. Another classmate, a woman like me, was brought by her father. He was paid twenty dollars and she was taken to another room and joined

by seven of the older boys and at times the two classmates. She can tell you more about what happened in the other room then."

"She's still sick, Julie. Go on."

"She was beaten up. I don't know by whom."

"Must we listen to this meander?" Jim asked.

"As long as it seems to be pertinent," Mr. Strong said. "Go on."

"Amy was brought by my friend as his date. He took her upstairs and came back down a few minutes later--"

"That's it? That's the evidence?" Jim said.

"Please continue," Mr. Strong said.

"Nineteen boys and a classmate went upstairs. I was taken to the other room where the girl who shared my state was unconscious. I heard them upstairs and was told by my friend that they were breaking in a whore. That's a quote. I--"

"We need to be specific here, Julie," Mr. Strong said. He got out of his seat and approached her. "Did the accused call out?"

"She screamed. More than once. It was--"

"Think carefully. Did anyone try to assist her?"

"I was downstairs. From the sounds, I think not. They were laughing."

"She was laughing with them?"

"No. The boys were laughing. She was crying."

"You heard her?"

"Yes."

"She wasn't a willing participant?"

"No."

"You didn't help her?"

"I couldn't."

"Why not, Julie?"

"I was bound. I was being raped myself."

"It's impossible to rape one such as you." He turned to the audience. "You say she called out but none helped her. That isn't rape, Julie, if no one heard her."

Julie was angry. "It was rape, sir. I was there. We both were raped. Repeatedly."

"Neither of you were raped." He sat down.

"Stay here, Julie," Crissi said. "I have physical evidence to back Julie's claims."

"This is unorthodox," Mr. Strong said.

"I'm willing to request this be taken to a civil court."

"Proceed."

"I wish to call Frank Damare."

Frank came onto the stage with a folder. A student wheeled a projector onto the stage.

Jim stood. "Frank Damare is the counsel for the other accused."

"That's right, sir," Frank said. He used his finger to adjust his eyeglasses. "Mr. Strong, the court. Working for counsel I was able to obtain photographs taken at the party by one of the participants. I also have photographs taken outside during and after the party by a person I'm not able to name. I'll show those last."

"You intend to show everyone?" Mr. Strong asked.

"Yes, sir. It seems the best and fastest way since we're short of time."

"No photographs of actual--"

"I have them here to present secretly to the court."

"One slip up and you're expelled."

"I'll be careful, sir." The screen was ready; Frank turned to the projector and shone the first photo. It was of the wall of panties. "Miss Lester?"

"That's the front room downstairs. The prisoner's were added while I was in another room. I saw them as I was led out. May I?"

"Please."

Julie walked to the screen. "These are hers."

"You're sure?"

"The blood was still wet."

Another photograph of a dark room. Julie studied it. "That's me. You can't see me because of the boys."

The third photograph was upstairs, in a room with a mattress. "My friend took me up here on the twelfth. I think it was this room but I'm not entirely sure. There were no bottles or cans on the floor when I was there Tuesday."

"Bottles of what?" Crissi said.

"Beer. They had coolers full of Coors downstairs."

"That's all I can show publicly of this group of photographs." Frank carried the folder to the court and distributed photos to the members and Mr. Strong. The principal looked at one photograph, turned the stack over.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"There are more," Crissi said, "but first I want to ask Frank a question. Who were these boys."

"The photographs come from a seminary student who attends college, just outside of town. As far as I can ascertain, most if not all of those involved were students there."

Jim stood. "There is nothing here to indicate the accused is not a harlot of the worst kind."

Coach Busoni stood. "On Thursday, Lester came to class with a split lip and a black eye. We talked and she made accusations. Strong accusations, which I naturally discounted. Until now." He shook the photographs in Jim's face. "These photographs are horrible. Neither of the girls look to be willing participants."

"You wouldn't know willing if it bit you."

"I witnessed an amazing team building performance by Lester on the day in question. She was willing, enthusiastic and unmarked at the end of the hour. My class appreciated her efforts. There are no faggots, sir, on my team or in that class. I can verify that."

"Coach Busoni, thank you." Mr. Strong turned to Crissi. "You have more photographs."

"We have, sir, but have been instructed not to show them."

"Then let us proceed to finding a verdict and sentencing."

"Wait a minute," Julie said. "Why not show them?"

"Miss Lester!" the principal shouted.

"I want to know why evidence can't be shown in this court."

"Miss Lester!"

"Because Jerry Fletcher took the photographs," Frank said loud enough for everyone in the audience to hear.

"You're expelled."

"Thank you, sir." Frank clicked the button and a new photograph appeared on the screen.

"That's Alexander Fox," Julie said.

"You're expelled, Miss Lester."

"And he's fucking Amy Johnson." Julie turned to Amy. "Oh God, Amy. Zeke cut you too?"

Chapter Twenty-five

Julie watched, held by two girls, from the wing as Amy was sentenced. The court found four to one against her. Mr. Strong gave the verdict. Julie shook the restraining hands from her, saying, "I'm not going to do anything."

"Amy Johnston, you've been found guilty of being a foul secret harlot, and sentence will be carried out shortly. You may remain in school, but evidence of your state must be made plain to all. Or, as an alternative, your parents may choose to try to hide their shame by sending you away."

"The attempts by defense to color these proceedings is shameful. Amy, you cannot have been raped if no one came to your aid. No one came to your aid because you didn't cry out, Julie's dubious evidence to the contrary. The fact that defense made us all a witness to your shame is outrageous."

"The executioners approach. Miss Johnson, we hope you have begun a strong practice of prayer for the Lord's forgiveness of your sins in the next world. We pray for you in this one." Mr. Strong stepped back.

Generally, in the few outings Julie had seen, the ho was disrobed, used on stage and then handed to the audience. It was unusual for a ho after such treatment in two assemblies to return to school the next day.

Amy was made to stand, still hooded and handcuffed, and a boy used a pair of scissors to cut the sack from her body. There were bruises on the part of her legs that were bare. Her blouse was cut away, and her bra, showing bruises and marks from the other night. Amy was silent.

Her skirt was cut off next leaving her panties, a pair similar to those Julie had seen on the wall. The audience was unusually quiet.

"Continue," prompted Mr. Strong.

Amy's underwear were removed, and then the hood. Julie didn't think Alexander realized Amy might mark so readily. Her body was a mass of bruises and cuts, one eye was swollen shut, and Julie had to look away.

"No," the girl said next to her.

"Continue," Mr. Strong prompted.

The twelve boys looked at each other. Julie saw Amy raise her head and look to the audience.

Jim jumped to his feet, "Foul wanton."

Someone laughed nervously. Julie couldn't tell if it was someone near her, on stage or in the audience. She saw Jim stride across the stage, followed by coach Busoni.

"If you touch her, I'll--" the coach yelled.

"Let us pray," the principal said. As he went to the front of the stage he said, "Get her out of here."

As the principal prayed, the coach and art teacher argued and Amy was led into the wings.

"Come on, Amy," Crissi said. "Julie, you stay here." Crissi grinned. "I need to borrow your sackcloth."

Julie pulled the scratchy garment over her head. "Take it. Where's Jerry and Frank?"

"Jerry's trial is coming up next." Crissi handed the sack to Amy. "Put this on if you want."

"You're kidding," Julie said.

"Stay here." Crissi turned to Amy. "Ready?"

"Amy, I'm sorry," Julie said.

Amy turned to her. "How could you? I loved him."

Julie stared. Amy looked confused, Crissi touched her arm and she followed Crissi, the bag covering most of the bruises. Julie watched them leave, not understanding, and turned back to the stage. The principal was talking to the coach and art teacher, an arm across each one's shoulder, as he walked them back to their seats. Jerry was seated on the stool, Frank by his side.

Mr. Strong returned to his seat. "We'll continue the first trial. Mr. Damare, you've been expelled."

"There is nothing in the regulations saying the prisoner has to be defended by a student."

"We're running out of time. Stay for sentencing." Mr. Strong went to the front of the stage. "Mr. Duell could not be contacted but we have enough evidence to convict, and no exculpatory evidence so we'll proceed. How does the court find the accused?"

Jim stood first. "Guilty. All too guilty."

Coach Busoni stood. "I wish to reserve judgment."

"Guilty or not," Mr. Strong said.

"Not guilty. He's a good boy. Everyone knows it." He sat heavily.

Mr. Trakis said, "Guilty. Next year I hope to be allowed to take an outed faggot into my class. I believe that by the end of the year I can convert him totally into a heterosexual. Flawed, but perhaps an appropriate partner for one of the fallen."

"The school board must decide that. Mr. Ryley?"

"Guilty, though I wish it weren't so."

The last member of the court stood. "I wish to make note of a number of peculiarities of these two cases. The same accuser, who chose not to be present as is permitted, but the counter accusations are troubling. I can't help but believe the prisoner in this case was accused because he could provide damning evidence against the accuser in the second. If it were possible, I would retract my verdict after seeing the evidence of the girl's own body. She was forced--"

Jim broke in. "Do we really need to listen to this?"

"The verdict, Mr. Trager."

"Not guilty. Both of them. And I think it's high time Mr. Fox graduate instead of impersonating a ninth grader all these years. I--"

Mr. Strong stood. "Jeremiah Fletcher, you've been found guilty--"

"I think that the insinuation of agents into--"

"We can discuss this in private, Bob."

"These are innocents led astray by the very forces meant to--"

"We'll discuss this later."

"We're being preyed upon--"

"Sergeant-at-arms," Mr. Strong shouted. "Escort Mr. Trager from the stage."

"Savages. The ones who call themselves the Select are savages. Who will protect us? Who will defend our children against their onslaught?"

"Time to go," Crissi said, touching Julie's arm.

"Wait."

"No, we really need to go."

Julie saw Frank help Jerry off the stool.

"Come on."

Julie waited until Frank and Jerry were with them and then she followed quickly. Frank tore off Jerry's hood and he and Crissi guided Jerry through the back of the stage to the hall leading to the door.

"Where's Amy?"

"Her parents are taking her."

Julie was the last through the door into the bright sunlight. "Where are we going?"

"Away from here," Crissi said. "We can't stop and talk."

Julie heard the bell ring, followed them around the front of the auditorium to the sidewalk that would lead them to the parking lot. Students left classrooms and began to head toward the auditorium and the second set of trials, using same evidence, accused and execution. After witnessing this outing, she wondered how the outed hos and faggots were able to face a reprise of their ordeal. She'd never thought much about the process, never noticed it in fact.

"What are they doing back there?"

"What do you think?"

"I'm pissed as hell."

"They are too. Don't you think Jim did a good job?"

"You're kidding. I'm so mad at him I could--"

"You should have been quicker on accepting a date." Crissi grinned. "At least I got a taste."

"Isn't someone going to take these things off me?" Jerry stumbled briefly.

"Almost there. You're so brave," Frank said, "and cute, and those cuffs," Frank held him as Jerry stumbled again, "are just to to. We're keeping them on until after the celebration."

"Someone has a key, right?" Julie said.

"Hey, faggot," a voice said to their right.

"Go on," Julie said. She stood as Lance approached.

"Out of my way," Lance said. He pushed at her.

Julie wished she had her knife. She didn't so she kicked him in the balls. Or close enough.

"Hey?" he said, dancing back.

"You make one step closer and I'll cripple you. I swear I will."

"Julie," Frank shouted.

"Understand?" Julie watched him for a minute, turned and ran to the parking lot.

Jerry and Crissi were in the back seat; Frank had the silver Chevy's motor running as it stood by the curb, door open for her. She jumped in.

"Assembly is letting out," Crissi said.

"All in?" Frank asked.

"All in," Julie saw Lance talking to BJ.

"Away we go."

"You mean we miss the second assembly?" Julie turned to Frank.

"We get out of town fast, dear heart, though another go would have been fun, but risky."

"Get me out of these," Jerry said.

"I want to feel your fingers tickle me as I fuck your sweet faggoty ass." Frank laughed. "Oh how I do."

Julie turned to Frank. "But he's so uncomfortable. Someone has a key, don't they?"

"They neglected to give us a key, dear heart. He'll just have to rough it for a bit." Frank said into the rearview mirror, "You can rough it can't you, you pussy boy, you?"

"Crissi," Julie said, "why don't you give him a blowjob? Pretend it's Frank, Jerry."

"Keep your mitts off me, wench." Jerry giggled. "Hey, no fair."

"When you get tired, I can take over." Julie turned to Frank. "Are we going anywhere in particular?"

"North or south. I'm partial to Costa Rica. In Canada they do speak English but it's so cold there. Dear heart, you'd be one giant shiver and no fun at all."

"Speak English and French, the language of love, wink wink."

"Oh God forbid."

Chapter Twenty-six

Julie woke up in the motel room in a small town about two hundred miles from home and felt Frank and Jerry on either side of her. Crissi was next to Frank or Jerry; nothing was planned, this was how everybody ended up tonight. She squirmed out of bed, went to the bathroom and turned on the light. A copy of the Story of O, a paperback without a front cover, lay on the counter where she'd left it earlier.

Her suitcase was the heaviest of all because it held the books Frank and Jerry wanted to bring. There were clothes for her too. A pair of high heeled shoes that almost fit, a flimsy dress made of fabric that was slippery and lightweight. Crissi's suitcase held actual clothing -- Crissi could travel as a ho or assume a variety of other roles: schoolgirl, wife, waitress.

Julie didn't need to go to the bathroom, she just felt like reading some more.

"What would have become of her if she had been granted the right to speak and the freedom of her hands, if she had been free to make a choice when her lover prostituted her before his own eyes?" Julie shut the book.

So much of O's experience mirrored her own but with major differences. Julie was a ho by choice, she permitted Frank and Jerry a great deal of license because she trusted them to know her needs and wishes. O submitted to René and Sir Stephen and what she did fulfilled her needs because her volition was taken from her control. O was prostituted because she had no choice and by not having a choice . . . Julie needed to talk to them a little about this. Discern the differences. Frank chose the book, did that mean he wanted her to be his O? If so, she'd probably disappoint him.

Julie picked up the book and was peeking ahead when Jerry said, "Hogging the seat again?"

She got up. "Sorry. Just reading."

Jerry lifted the seat and peed. Julie watched this with interest. Penises were still new to her and the variety of tricks they could perform seemed endless. Jerry flushed the toilet, grinned at her and went back to bed.

Julie returned to the toilet seat. If Jerry was awake, then Frank would be woken. If those two started, there was an even chance Crissi

would get involved too. She couldn't tell by listening so went back to peeking ahead.

She thought she should have a ring like O or some other symbol of her relationship. While any man might use her, her use was pretty much limited to Frank's and Jerry's. Not counting last night which might have been Frank's way of watching her be prostituted. She liked being watched so that was okay.

Crissi came into the bathroom. "Hard to sleep with all the flailing about." She yawned and sat on the edge of the tub. "Have you come to my favorite part yet?"

"What is it?"

"When I first read the book it was when Stephen brings O to a restaurant, a private dining room, and has O sit, partially naked holding her breasts. Stephen tells the two men there what she is but the author doesn't quote the words. After dinner O is given to the two men to use as they wish and Stephen leaves."

Julie shook her head. "Just two?" she said with a smile.

"I know, that part is disappointing." Crissi scratched her leg. "But the third part, where Stephen takes her to Anne-Marie's. A house full of women. No men. That appeals to me."

"Even though you don't think O is used by enough men."

"One good man's enough."

Julie put the book on the counter. "What do you want?"

"Canada probably makes more sense but Costa Rica would be more fun."

"What do you think is happening back home?"

"Nothing. On the surface everything is the same. A lot of kids know something is screwy and probably Alexander wasn't there yesterday. Most will have problems talking about it with their parents. Eyes were opened at the assembly but it's easier to keep them closed. I was going to call Clara tomorrow evening. She'll be able to tell us. It's a big country and change will take time." She yawned. "Maybe they've settled down in there."

Julie said, "Wait a minute. If I go to Canada or Costa Rica I become a good girl again and I'm not sure I want to be a good girl."

"You can't be naked when you're out of the house, but nothing really changes. There are ways to let people know what you want."

"I'm not so good at that. I've been trying to let you know, by subtle means or not, that I'd love to join you."

Crissi grinned. "You need to practice. I thought you wanted to read."

"I can read anytime."

"Interrupting anything?" Frank said. His glasses were on crooked.

Julie got off the toilet and sat beside Crissi. Frank lifted the lid and peed while he scratched his butt. Julie winked at Crissi who grinned back. Frank set the seat back down and sat facing them. "Decide yet?"

"Jerry has the cutest ass," Julie said.

"Jerry's not here."

"For a boy you're okay. Second cutest."

"Thanks. Do you know what time it is?"

"About five I think."

"You're not talking much, Crissi." Frank straightened his glasses.

"We've not decided yet. Canada or Costa Rica."

"Mexico's okay too."

Julie watched them. "There are four of us. We all have to agree on the same thing?"

"That's the plan." Frank crossed his legs.

"Don't be shy," Crissi said. "I like Mr. Snail."

"Do you like it," Julie asked him, "when I'm prostituted for you?"

"Like last night? Yes. It makes me nervous too."

"Why?" Julie put her arm around Crissi. "And why me and not Crissi?"

"Crissi's her own boss, I guess. With you I get the feeling I can do something crazy and you'll like it."

"Do you believe him?" Julie asked Crissi.

"I think I scare him a little."

"Pick a number between one and five."

"Two."

"You pick a number," Julie said to Frank.

"Five."

"Both of you are wrong so I guess you lose." Julie leaned into Crissi. "Bring me off so he can watch us."

Julie felt Crissi's fingers stroke her bare vulva. She watched Frank's eyes as Crissi opened the labia and touched her clit. "We're at Anne-Marie's, Frank. Crissi's favorite place, and all you are allowed to

do is to watch. You are the reader." She watched his eyes shift from their faces to Crissi's hands, up and down. "We'll get rings tomorrow for me and you and Jerry if you like. The ring will signify I'm yours, to use as you wish. Crissi you'll have to ask first. Like on a date."

Julie shut her eyes. "Tonight, I'm Crissi's so she can do what she wants with me. She can stop, she can torture me in an infinite number of ways. Show Frank what you can do."

Crissi left her and came back, touching her shoulder and telling her to get up. Julie kept her eyes shut, swayed after standing because her balance wasn't the same with her eyes shut.

Crissi said, "I'm going to place your brand here, Frank." Julie felt Crissi's hands stroke her butt. "And she'll have iron rings down here." The hand stroked her labia. "But you can't fuck her while she's mine. Tomorrow you'll take her from me, but the brand and rings will make her just as much mine as yours. In exchange for this slave, you'll give me a ring and use me as Julie was Monday night. How many were there?"

"I don't know," Julie said.

"Julie will take me. While she has me I'll receive the brand and rings which show I'm yours and hers."

"And when I'm done," Julie said, "you can take her because she is yours."

Jerry said from the doorway, "I don't get a secret code ring?"

"Jerry is one of us," Crissi said. "I'm giving you to him."

Hands took her and led her out of the bathroom. Julie kept her eyes shut. She was forced to her knees, pressed against the bed. She felt them move around her. The bed shifted and she could almost make out what they said.

A hard cock entered her ass and she was pushed forward. She felt Crissi's smooth legs and smelled her cunt before her tongue tasted it. Not far away she could hear the sounds of Frank using Crissi's mouth.

Jerry began to fuck and Julie's body was thrown against the bed. Jerry held her shoulders as he rammed her, slow thorough strokes. Julie opened her eyes and watched Crissi's breasts shake as the bed was jolted, Crissi's cunt was licked and her mouth fucked. Frank's eyes were riveted to a spot above Julie's head and she knew he and Jerry were ogling each other.

Frank finished first, climbed over Crissi holding his hard cock. His thighs were by Julie's face as Jerry stopped fucking and sucked him. Crissi's orgasm was next, arching her pelvis and twisting.

"Hold her," Julie said. "The brand is next."

Frank held Crissi, lay across her breasts. Julie licked, not giving Crissi a break as she jolted along. Jerry's cock fucked again and Julie felt more than heard him pant over her. He stopped, retreated a fraction and then buried himself in her. "Turn your head," he said.

Julie lay on Crissi's shuddering thighs and felt Jerry's tongue lick her cheek. He let go of her and backed away. She relaxed a minute and then said, "The brand. Prepare her for the brand."

Crissi whimpered as Julie climbed over her. She lowered her cunt to Crissi's mouth and used her fingers to fuck Crissi's cunt. "We must," Julie said and paused, "we must hold the brand against her skin for five seconds." Julie paused. "An eternity." Julie touched Crissi's clit and Crissi's body shuddered. "One." It would be a long count for the brand to take. "Canada's my choice, Frank."

Jerry laughed, sitting on the floor at the foot of the bed, Frank by his side. Frank shrugged. "Canada's okay, I guess."

"You said we were going to Costa Rica. Remember?" Jerry stared at Frank. "Remember?"

Crissi wasn't able to attend to Julie's cunt. She twitched under Julie.

"What's your vote, Crissi?"

Crissi moaned, jumped when Julie touched her clit. "Two," Julie said.

"You said we're going to Costa Rica." Jerry gave Frank a pained expression. "I didn't pack any winter things."

"Costa Rica okay with you, Crissi?" Julie stroked Crissi's clit as she thrashed under her. "I think Crissi says yes. Costa Rica's okay with me too."

"How long are you planning to torment the poor girl?" Frank asked. He kissed Jerry's hand, lowered it to his lap.

"Twenty minutes more," Julie said.

"Noooo!" Crissi moaned.

"That's a vote for Canada," Julie said. She licked Crissi's clit.

"Oh God."

"I think, young lady," Frank said, "you are going to be in for it when it's your turn."

"That's my hope," Julie said. "Three."