

# Continuations & Conclusions Volume II

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## Continuations & Conclusions part 12

### WEEK THREE

### MONDAY

### HEATHER

I'd been dreading this evening for most of the day. The events at assembly had left me on a high but as the day wore on nothing could keep this evening out of my mind.

Sam had to go round to Laura's to practise for her show and Shelley had gone with her.

Mum had been taken out by Eric for the evening leaving me alone in the house.

Our home had always seemed a safe and warm place, but tonight it seemed like a prison, stopping me from escaping.

The doorbell rang and I opened the door. "Hi, Heather. How about a brew before we start?" said Laura's mum cheerfully.

"Okay," I said, thinking "the condemned man ate a hearty breakfast" or in this case "the condemned girl drank a hearty cuppa".

I put the kettle on and went back to ask her... "How do you take it, Mrs. Townley?"

"White, no sugar, and strong please," she replied. She was struggling with the steps by the front door.

I sprang forward to help, but she shook her head. "Don't worry, I can manage. You carry on making the tea."

The kettle had boiled and I put everything on a tray, and took the tray through to the lounge.

She was sitting in one of the armchairs, with a notepad and pen beside her. I pulled a coffee table next to her and put her tea down on it.

I must have stood there without thinking because she smiled and said, "You can sit down."

I sat down.

"Before we start, I want you to know that everything you say is strictly confidential. Nothing you say to me will go any further, not even to your mother and certainly not to Laura or Shelley or Sam or anyone else."

"I understand."

"Why don't we start by you telling me what's bothering you? I don't mean what happened, but what's been troubling you over the weekend."

"I don't know where to begin."

"From what I've heard, perhaps you should start with Friday evening. But if you want to start before then, or later, feel free."

"I think I'm going mad."

"Why do you think that?"

"It just doesn't make any sense. I get raped. And what do I do? Go out that night and screw every guy in sight. Then in London, I get off with someone and have great sex with him. But when I come back here and Jed tries to get close to me, I push him away. Actually I fucked him just to get rid of him. And the worst thing was, he knew that that's what I'd done."

I waited for a response, but there was none.

"Every time someone's nice to me I either push them away or burst into tears. Even on the way home from London, in the plane. Dr. Reynolds was trying to be understanding and I just started crying. I don't know who was more embarrassed, him or me.

"But it isn't just him. It was the same with Eric. He was only being nice and I hit him. I don't understand. If I'm just fucking someone, I'm fine. I even enjoy it. Surely that doesn't make sense?"

I looked at her, pleading for her to say something, anything, to reassure me that I wasn't going crazy.

"Actually it makes a lot of sense."

"You mean I'm not crazy?"

She smiled. "No. At least no crazier than anyone who gets put into hospital by my daughter and still insists on being her best friend."

I had to grin at that.

"I never did get a chance to thank you for stopping her that day. I'm still amazed and grateful that you wanted to be her friend after that."

"I'm glad I was. I don't know what would have happened to me on Friday night in Ws if Laura hadn't joined in to stop me."

From the look on Mrs. Townley's face I realised that Laura hadn't told her about that. Shit.

"Sorry, I thought you knew. Damn. Laura'll kill me."

"I doubt it," she grinned.

"I'll have to tell you now. But please don't say anything to Laura."

She didn't reply.

"I was being gang-banged in Ws and things were really getting out of hand, or so the others told me. I think I was too out of it to really know what I was doing. Laura jumped in and got on top of me and started doing a 69 to distract them. But some of them were slapping her and fucking her. One even fucked her arse before she could get me out of there and away.

"The worst thing was the next morning. I was angry at her for interfering. But she was fantastic. So brave." I could feel tears very close.

She actually smiled. "I won't tell Laura you told me, but I wish I could."

"But don't you see? Laura let herself get raped to save me and she's not cracking up."

She flinched slightly at the word, rape, before replying. "There's a difference. She had a choice. She's not stupid. She knew when she jumped in, right into the middle of a gang-bang, that some of them would have sex with her. You didn't have a choice."

She paused for a while.

"Don't make the mistake of thinking that rape has anything to do with sex," she went on.

"Huh?" I didn't understand.

"It's about power. It's about one person, or in your case several people, deciding to go on a power trip by humiliating and abusing another, taking away that person's power to say NO because that person's feelings don't matter."

"I still don't understand why I'm okay with having sex, but just don't want anyone close to me. Emotionally, I mean."

"I can't say for sure, but I imagine you shut yourself off from what was happening when you were raped. If you didn't allow yourself to feel, you could survive it. Am I right?"

"I don't know. Actually I can't remember much."

"That's probably why. So when you have sex now, you still detach what you're doing from the feelings. You say you're okay when having sex. I'm guessing here, but do you feel numb or empty when you have sex?"

I nodded.

"You can enjoy the physical sensations so long as you keep your emotions out of it?"

"Mmm," I confirmed.

"But when someone is trying to get close to you, you can't just switch off the emotions, can you?"

I thought. "No."

"And that scares the hell out of you, doesn't it? Because if you allow yourself to feel, someone can hurt you again."

Now I was crying. I expected her to come and hug me, but she just stayed where she was and waited.

"Why am I getting worse and not better? Especially Saturday, it seemed like I was freaking out and crying every five minutes. And all I was doing was interviews."

"What interviews?" she asked.

"I was interviewing everyone in the Program about what they think of the Program, that's all."

"I think it was acting as a constant reminder of your own Program week, and what happened to you. But even without that, don't imagine that you'll simply get over it. It will take you a long time and a lot of support... and it will always be there."

Then she asked me outright, "How do you feel about what they did to you?"

"Angry, of course."

"How do you feel about those who did it? What do you want to happen to them?"

"I want them in prison for a long time. Where they can't hurt anyone else."

"Very rational. Now try to remember what they did. And tell me how you really feel."

I didn't have to remember. I'd lied earlier when I said I couldn't remember much. I could remember only too well. I didn't even have to close my eyes to see those paper bags over their heads and every detail of what they did to me.

"I want to know why!" I cried. "And I want to kill them." My fists were clenching and unclenching with frustration.

Mrs. Townley produced a small pillow-like object made of rubber. "Take this," she said. "When you want to hit out at them, hit this."

"Can I do it now?"

I took my best punch at it, then another and another and another. I punched faster and faster until I felt drained. I could barely see for the tears that were running down my face.

"Did that feel good?"

I laughed. "Too right." I paused, then "But..."

"But what?"

"Nothing."

She waited. I said nothing. She waited some more.

Finally I couldn't stand the silence any longer and almost whispered, "But scary."

"Why scary?"

"The more I hit it, the more I wanted to. I was so... so..."

"Angry?" I nodded. "And you're worried about controlling that anger?"

"What if I can't?"

"Heather," Danielle said, reaching towards me, then seeming to change her mind and sitting back. "You have a right to be angry. In fact you should be angry. But you need to find a way to deal with that anger that won't hurt you or those around you."

I thought she was going to finish, but there was something I wanted, no HAD to know.

"Mrs. Townley. You've dealt with a lot of rape victims, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Have you talked with any rapists?"

"Some."

"Only there's one thing that really bugs me. I think I can understand why someone would rape someone. But afterwards..." I felt myself choking.

"Take your time."

I forced myself to calm down. "Afterwards, they started peeing on me. Even in my mouth." My voice suddenly rose. "Why? How could they do that to me?"

"How did that make you feel?"

"Like I was nothing, just trash." I shivered at the thought.

"You remember what I said about rape not being about sex, but about power?"

"Yes."

"They were trying to make themselves powerful by degrading you. By treating you like trash, they made themselves feel powerful, made themselves feel like they were worth something."

"A lot of people think I'm trash after the last couple of weeks."

"Only ignorant people, too stupid to know better. Shall I tell you what you are?"

I didn't answer.

"You're a very brave girl, trying to come to terms with something that nobody should have to come to terms with. And even with all that to deal with, you still have time to think of others. I hope you don't mind, but I spoke to Dr. Reynolds before I saw you today. From what he says, the things you said and did at the inquiry will bring real changes that will help other students. And that's not forgetting that it was you that worked out how to help Laura last week."

She leant forward and took my hand. "The next time you even think you aren't worth anything, you think about that."

Predictably, she had me in tears again. "Sorry, I can't help it. I seem to start crying when someone's nice to me."

"Don't apologise. Why does it matter? You're not harming anyone, and you're releasing some of your own pent-up feelings. The more you allow yourself to do that, the sooner you'll begin to be able to feel again. So cry, scream, yell as much as you like."

I grinned. "I'll try to only hit this though," I said, taking a playful punch at the rubber pillow.

She looked away and thought for a moment, before asking, "Heather, how serious are you about Jed? Would you consider him your boyfriend at the moment?"

I had to think for a while too. "Yes. Why?"

"I want to ask your permission to speak to him and to your family, not to tell them anything you've said here, I've already said, that's private and stays here, but to suggest ways they can help you. Is that okay?"

"I suppose so."

"Now if you've given that pillow enough punishment for now, how about making us another cup of tea?"

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## **Continuations & Conclusions part 13**

### **DANIELLE TOWNLEY**

A short note from Danielle

When Heather asked me to add this note to the journals currently being published, I hesitated because the notes about a "client" (however informal the client) are strictly confidential.

But she had already given a very full account of our first meeting in her own journal and said that some things later wouldn't make sense without readers knowing what action I took. What follows is taken partly from memory and partly an extract from my own diary made at the time, but rewritten to make it a bit more readable.

Through my work with rape victims, I deal with a lot of lawyers and they tell me that in legal circles it is said that a man who acts as his own lawyer has a fool for a client. There are similar sayings in the medical profession.

While I have not acted as my own counsellor, I came close today, by breaking a strict rule. Never counsel a friend. You are too involved. But when my best friend, Janice asked me to see her eldest daughter, Heather and try to help her, what could I say? It was made even more awkward because Heather is also my daughter Laura's best friend.

Heather had suffered an awful ordeal a little over a week before, when she was attacked and gang-raped on her way to school. Then she had surprised everyone by insisting on remaining in the Naked In School Program as if nothing had happened.

I think if I had been Dr. Reynolds, the headmaster, I would have refused that request, but in hindsight, allowing her the power to choose was probably exactly what she needed at the time.

In all her (very) public appearances, Heather seemed to have recovered remarkably from her ordeal, though I warned Laura to be prepared. Nobody simply "gets over" a rape, especially not one as violent and terrifying as that.

A week later the strain was beginning to show. Janice told me about sudden tearful outbursts, and at other times complete withdrawal. Laura and her friends commented that Heather seemed "not there" half the time.

What I should have done was arranged for another counsellor to see Heather. But with victims of rape and domestic violence counsellors are being stretched to ridiculous levels by the sheer number of victims. I was really concerned that she'd slip through the cracks. She couldn't afford to wait for when someone had time to see her. So I broke my own rule and saw her myself.

Heather was articulate, but very obviously frightened by what was happening to her. She felt that she was losing control and had even attacked her mother's boyfriend a couple of days earlier.

When she told me about her experience in the nightclub the night following her rape, and how Laura intervened, I felt such a mixture of emotions that I almost had to excuse myself for a few minutes. I felt angry that Ws had allowed things to get so heinously out of hand, that Heather and my poor Laura had gone through what they had, but also so, so proud of Laura for how she acted. I was also a little sad that Laura hadn't felt able to tell me about it, but perhaps she felt it would have been betraying a friend.

Of course, because it came up in a counselling session, I couldn't tell Laura that I even knew about it. One of the main reasons I agreed to write this short note is that it gives me the opportunity to say...

Laura. I am so proud of you, darling. I always was and always will be, but what you did that night for Heather makes me even more proud of my brave and loyal girl. I don't know where you get your courage. It certainly isn't from me.

I had known already much of the details of what had happened to Heather in her rape. Their action in urinating on her afterwards seemed especially cruel and I think that this had as much, if not more, effect on her than the rape itself. I felt that she'd begun to believe that she was worthless. Of course some of the newspaper headlines that week calling her a slut didn't exactly help matters, but luckily most of the press did not take that approach.

I stayed for some tea after we'd finished talking, just to be certain that she was okay. And I didn't want to leave her alone straight afterwards, so I waited and we



watched television until her mother, Janice came back with Eric (Janice's boyfriend).

I was able, through the help of Dr. Reynolds, to see Heather's boyfriend, Jed just before lunch the next day, at school. Not only was he determined to stick by Heather, no matter what, but he seemed to be in almost as much pain as she was. He still felt guilty for how he and his friends had treated her a few days before the rape and felt totally inadequate to help her through this time. He was also almost overwhelmed by anger. It's probably as well for her attackers that they were not around town, as I am sure that they would not be alive now.

I explained to him that all he could do was to be there for her, not to take it personally when she pushed him away and to allow her to cry when she needed to. I suggested avoiding sex for a while and allow her to get used to him being tender to her, to show her that she was a worthwhile person, valued by those around her. I also told him that I know what young people are like, so not to worry if things did go too far and they had sex anyway. I did advise quite strongly, however, that he should try to resist allowing her to have sex with him without the tender build-up. I wanted to break what could become a habit of her divorcing sex from emotion.

It was an awful burden for such a young man and I could see the strain in his eyes. Finally he broke down and I just put my arm around him. "It's okay for you to cry too. Just because you're a man doesn't make you immune from pain, you know."

I made it clear that he could come and see me anytime, that I was available for him as well as Heather. As he left, I thought that in spite of everything, Heather was very lucky to have found someone like him. You will not believe how many rape victims have to face losing a partner as well because they can't cope with what has happened to their wife or girlfriend.

I wasn't surprised to see Janice and Eric at my door that afternoon. "You know I can't say anything of what we said in our time together," I explained.

"That's okay," replied Eric. "We just want your advice. What can we do, or not do, to help Heather get through this?"

"I can only really say to you, be there for her. Let her cry if she needs to, don't try to stop her crying and don't worry if she wants to cry a lot. She needs to. She also needs to be touched. Lots of cuddles. If she reacts and pushes you away, that's okay, let her go, but don't let that stop you from doing the same next time. Don't make a big issue out of it; a simple touch on the arm as she's going out the door is probably as important as anything. She needs to re-learn to associate being touched with being loved. And that will take time. A lot of time.

"Talk to her. And more importantly, listen to her. I don't mean about the rape, but about everyday things. Even if she's withdrawn, include her in your conversations. Ask her opinions. Let her know that what she thinks and feels is important to you.

Try to build up her self-esteem. You're going to have to do this over and over again for a long time, probably years."

"What do we do if she lashes out again, like she did with Eric?"

"Play it down. You don't have to let her get away with unacceptable behaviour, but try not to make a big deal out of it. She knows it's wrong and she already feels guilty enough about that."

"And what about Shelley and Sam, seeing as Sam seems to be staying with us at the moment?"

I couldn't help a grin at the thought of Shelley. "Knowing Shelley, I'd tell her to be herself." For the first time, Janice smiled.

"But explain to both of them what I've told you. For their own sakes they need to know what to expect and the best way to help. And tell them, as I'm telling you now, that I'm here for any of you if you need me. You aren't going through this alone."

When Janice went to use the loo, I spoke briefly to Eric. "I'm very glad Janice has you right now. I can see she's already leaning on you for support. She needs that right now, they all do. But don't be afraid to lean on them for support too, when you need to. Are you staying there for long?"

"I was going to go back home yesterday, but Janice asked me to stay. She seems to think having me there is good for Heather."

I smiled at that. "It's probably good for Janice too."

"What's good for Janice?" asked Janice as she came back.

"Having Eric there. In spite of all that's happened, I think you're happier than I've seen you in years."

She couldn't keep a smile off her face. "I almost feel guilty about being happy. This terrible thing happened to my eldest daughter and I'm walking around like a lovesick teenager."

"Don't. A dose of love and normality is probably just what she needs right now."

"Normal? We're on tenterhooks ([see cultural notes](#)) all the time waiting for Heather to snap or burst into tears or something. It's anything but normal. Hardly a normal healthy environment."

I had to smile. "That's not what Sam tells me. She thinks all of you can do no wrong. In fact I had to reassure her that it was okay for her to love you too and Laura and I wouldn't feel rejected."

Janice laughed. "You've nothing to worry about, there, I can assure you."

Eric interrupted, "No, she thinks the sun shines out of your arse!"

We all laughed a moment at that, then Eric put his arm around Janice. "Now, I'm taking this young lady home so we can spend some time alone together, before the kids get home.

It was my turn to laugh as he led her out of the door.

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## **Continuations & Conclusions part 14**

### **WEEK THREE**

### **MONDAY EVENING**

### **SUZIE**

Monday was a crazy day at school, with so many wandering around naked. One of the surprising things was it wasn't always those who you'd have thought would have the courage to go naked who did. In fact a lot of the loudmouth boys kept their clothes firmly ON. The same with some of the girls who I'd previously have considered slutty because they were known for being easy lays or liked shortening their skirts or "forgetting" to put on a bra.

Other than the few surprises, I hadn't really been turned on by all this naked flash around me... until after lunch.

"Hi, Suzie," a cheerful voice called.

I looked up and it was Daisy and to my surprise she was naked. I looked her up and down. She was as I'd imagined her, perfect, very slightly built, with a tiny wisp of blonde pubic hair.

"You never finished that lesson you promised me," she said. "And your hands are free now."

She cleared a space on the table in front of me and lay down on it.

"I'm all yours," she whispered.

I thought for a moment, resisting the temptation, and said, "No. Laura and I share everything now." She looked crestfallen. "And I want to take it slow. But if you're free to meet us both after school?"

Her eyes widened. "Both of you?"

"I told her all about you."

The silly grin on my face made her ask, "What did you say?"

"I told her I wanted to fuck you till you couldn't stand up and that if she met you she'd feel the same way."

Daisy blushed a little, not bright red like I do, but it was very cute.

"And I said if she does, I want to watch."

Daisy looked more than a bit nervous. "Both of you? I... I still haven't done it with anyone..."

"Don't worry. How about if Laura just watches, unless you say she can join in?"

That seemed to satisfy her. She sat up and I kissed her. As my tongue explored her mouth, I let a finger slip into her pussy. She groaned.

But then I stopped and smiled, "That's to keep you going till later."

Laura and I met Daisy at the clothes boxes. She looked more nervous than before.

We walked to the far side of the playing fields where there's an area a bit more secluded by some shrubs.

Laura said, "If you'd like me to, Daisy, I can leave you two alone, just this once."

"It's okay, you don't have to go."

I lowered Daisy onto the grass and bent over her to kiss her, allowing my hand to run over her tummy and breasts. I started to kiss her left breast and gently flicked a tongue over her nipple. "Would you like Laura to do your other side?"

She nodded.

For a minute I thought she was going to orgasm just from having both her nipples licked and sucked. Then, leaving Laura to look after her breasts, I slowly tongued my way down to the little tuft of hair, stopping briefly at her navel. She opened her legs for me and I stroked her pussy, slowly opening her up.

I don't know if I was teasing myself more than Daisy as I licked her inner thighs, just stopping short of her pussy each time. Finally I plunged my tongue into her. She was as sweet as I knew she'd be.

I could feel her suddenly tense up, so I stopped, lifted my head up and asked, "Do you want me to stop?"

"Uh, huh!" She shook her head violently.

Laura laughed. "I think that's a no."

So I went back to what I'd been doing. Soon she went totally rigid and I could hear her gasping for breath. Rather than stopping, I just slowed down to bring her down gently.

"You like that?" I asked.

The smile across her face was the only answer she could give.

I bent down to kiss her and she surprised me by lifting her head to meet me and I found her tongue exploring my mouth.

She pushed me back and licked or kissed down my chin or neck to my nipples. She didn't stop there long, she was impatient and moved down between my legs. She bent her head down to lick my pussy lips, then opened me up to taste me.

"Mmm," we said together.

She began to lick me and play with my clit with her tongue.

"Not fair," I said.

"What?" she said.

"Sticking your bum in the air like that, teasing Laura."

She laughed and opened her legs a little. "Be my guest."

Laura didn't need asking twice. Daisy tensed up a little and then suddenly her eyes opened wide with surprise.

"She licked my arse!"

"Don't you like it?"

"I don't know. It's so dirty, it's..."

"Hot?" I suggested.

She giggled and went back to licking me.

I came quite quickly and lay back to watch Daisy and Laura go into a '69' until finally Daisy collapsed onto the ground exhausted.

We lay together holding hands, Daisy between Laura and me, enjoying the sun for a little while, then walked back to our clothes boxes together.

"Fancy coming over Friday night and spending the night?" asked Laura.

"Try and keep me away," she answered.

We kissed Daisy goodbye and went home.

## LATER

"Why so sad?" Sam asked me after she finished yet another run-through of yet another song. She was practising the songs she was to sing at her first show in a couple of nights. Shelley had brought over some (un)suitable clothes for her to wear and we'd had great fun helping her choose. Laura had done her make-up and had then started teaching Sam dance moves to go with the songs, while Shelley and I watched. To be honest I felt a little bit left out.

"Nothing," I said.

The other three looked at me, obviously unconvinced.

"It's just that I need to get home. Firstly, I've run out of clean clothes and secondly, it's time you had your room back."

I saw Shelley open her mouth as if to say something, but then she thought better of it and shut it again.

Sam looked at me, then Laura, and finally Shelley. "Shelley, do you think your mum would mind...?"

Shelley grinned. "That's what I was going to suggest. Why don't you stay with us?"

Sam grinned at me, "Then if I stay with Heather and Shelley, you can stay here with Laura."

"No," I insisted. "I couldn't."

"Why not?"

"It wouldn't be fair on you?"

"I know. I really have to suffer at the Hoover's. My own room, and a huge one at that, complete with an enormous teddy bear... And you should see their bathroom. No, I guess it wouldn't be fair making me suffer like that!" Sam was grinning broadly, as was Shelley.

"That's not what I meant."

"Look Suzie. You and Laura need each other, at the moment especially." She hesitated and turned to Laura to continue. "I think of you and Danielle as my family now and always will. But I know I'm not so unlovable like I thought I was. And Janice and Heather and Shelley have been wonderful too. From having nobody who gave a damn about me, I have two families who love me. I almost feel guilty, like I'm having to choose, and it's not like that."

"But you need to be with Suzie, for a while anyway, and if I'm at the Hoover's, I've room to be alone with Stephen. As you said last week, you go away to university

soon, so it's not forever."

Laura smiled at Sam. "Come here, Sis." She gave Sam a hug that seemed to go on and on.

"Your mum won't be upset if I stay at the Hoover's, will she?"

"Hardly! Since you've been there you're spent more time here than there anyway. We haven't had a chance to know you've moved out yet!"

Sam laughed at that.

"I still have to go home," I said, "Even if it's only to get some more clothes."

"Why the sad face?"

"No reason. It's just that Mum and Dad'll be home and I don't know what they'll say about everything."

"I'll come with you," offered Laura.

"We'll all go," suggested Shelley.

"No. Thank you, but I have to do this alone," I said.

"Wrong," said Laura firmly. "You don't have to do anything alone. We're together now. I'm coming with you."

I didn't know whether I was relieved or worried, but as she grabbed my hand and almost pulled me out the door, I didn't have much time to think about it.

"I don't think I can do what your mum said," I said quietly to Laura.

"What's that?"

"We had a long talk last night when you were out with Sam. About my parents and me and you and everything."

"What did she say?"

"That I shouldn't allow everything to drive a wedge between me and my parents. I tried to tell her that they just didn't care anyway, but she said I should give them the benefit of the doubt."

Laura just looked thoughtful.

"We live in the same house, but that's it. They have their lives, I have mine. It's like we aren't really related at all."

"Mum's usually right, you know."

"That's what worries me. She wants me to be nice to them and I don't think I can."

But I'll feel like I'm being ungrateful to your mum if I'm not."

Laura didn't have a chance to reply. We'd arrived.

"Shit!" I said as we got to my front door.

"What's up?"

"I forgot my key." I rang the bell and my mum answered it. "Sorry, forgot my key."

"You do still live here then? We came back last night and the milk had gone off in the fridge."

"Sorry, I left in a bit of a hurry Friday night and haven't had time to get back."

"Where've you been all weekend?"

All thoughts of "being nice" went out of my head. "Why do you care all of a sudden? You hardly notice me when I am around."

"Don't talk to your mother like that," came a voice from the next room as my father came strolling out.

"It's true. Well you won't have to worry now. I've found someone who loves me and I'm living with her now." I grabbed a somewhat surprised Laura and kissed her, making it as passionate and sexy as I could. Releasing her, I said, "I'm just picking up some clothes, then I'll be out of your way."

With that I ran upstairs, Laura following me. She didn't say a word as I packed. Then we started downstairs again.

My father was waiting at the bottom. "Would you come into the lounge for a minute? We'd like to talk to you."

As Laura followed me, he said, "I don't mean to be rude, but this is private, between our daughter and us. Would you mind waiting outside, please?"

"I'm going," I said angrily, but Laura caught my hand.

"Benefit of the doubt, remember!" It definitely WASN'T a question.

I felt my shoulders slump. "She comes with me," I said. "If she goes, I go."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Okay."

My mother got off the sofa to allow us to sit together. As soon as we were sat down, my father started. "What's this about, you've found someone who loves you?"

"What I said."



"You don't believe we love you?"

"Love me? You hardly notice me! Even when I appear on national telly, and in the papers stark naked, you say nothing. Actually I was scared you'd freak out over it, but to just ignore it was even worse. But then I never did matter to you."

"That's not true!" cried my mother. "We didn't say anything because you didn't, and we didn't know what to say. It's like you're a stranger."

"And whose fault's that? You know I've had more hugs this last week, and not just from Laura, than I've had as long as I can remember from you two."

"You never seemed to need affection. We never knew how to get through to you."

"Of course I needed affection. I was desperate to have you notice me. But nothing I did seemed to impress you."

"You're wrong," put in my father. "We've been very proud of you. Ask any of our friends, they'll tell you how we go on about you."

"Then why didn't you tell ME?" I almost screamed at them.

"We didn't think you cared what we thought," he answered.

"It's my fault," said my mother, to my father I think. "I was such a daddy's girl as I grew up that I got teased about it at school. My first boyfriends gave up on me because I took them all home and wanted them to pass my daddy's inspection before we went out together."

I think that was the longest thing she'd said to me in ages. But she wasn't finished.

"For a boy they say they're tied to their mother's apron strings. I don't know what the word is for girls. But although I felt safe, it stopped me growing up. I didn't bother to study, didn't do anything much. And when I finally did start going out, it ruined all my early relationships. I looked for father figures or someone who'd tell me what to do all the time. Until I finally met your father and he made me grow up.

"I was determined you wouldn't be like that. We wanted you to be independent and strong, knowing your own mind. But as you grew older, you didn't seem to need us at all. You did well at school, seemed happy, had friends, even if we didn't think much of them..."

Her voice faltered.

I began to get up. "It's too late," I began, but for the second time Laura grabbed my hand and wouldn't let me go. I looked at her.

"It's never too late," she said firmly, "Unless you want it to be."

I looked at my mother.

"I'm so sorry we let you down." My mother was crying now. She stood up and held out her arms to me and I ran into them, almost knocking her over.

We hugged and cried, and she kissed me, and we hugged and cried some more.

I looked up at my father and walked across to hug him as well. He stroked my hair as I remembered he used to do when I was tiny.

"Oh, Suzie. I thought I'd never hold you again."

When he released me, he said, "Please stay tonight. Your friend can stay too if you want. After tonight, do what you like, but please give us one night."

"Of course she will," Laura answered for me.

"Mum, Dad, this is Laura." I realised as I said it that I hadn't used the words "Mum" or "Dad" in ages.

"Pleased to meet you at last," said my dad, then explained, "We saw you both together on the telly Thursday night and it was pretty obvious you were in love."

Laura and I looked at each other and laughed.

"I'm going to pop home and grab some clothes," she said. "You stay here with your parents. I won't be long."

"Let me drive you," offered Dad and they went out together.

Mum and I just sat on the sofa, her arm around me.

For a while neither of us said a word. Then at the same instant, she said "Darling..." and I said, "Mum..."

We laughed. "You first," she said.

"I was just going to say I really missed being your little girl."

"You'll always be my little girl."

We were silent again.

Finally my mother broke the silence. "So when do we get to hear about your time in the Program?"

"I'm not sure you'd approve."

She laughed. "I'm quite sure we won't. We were wrong about a lot of things, but one thing I think we were right about is that you have to make your own choices. And whether we approve of them or not, you're still our daughter."

"Even if I fall in love with a stripper?"

"She's... sorry, I forgot her name..."

"Laura."

"Laura's the one that that lovely singer moved in with, isn't she?"

"Yes."

"The newspaper was disgusted and called her a Dirty Stripper."

I felt myself tense up, but she continued...

"Well, whatever I think of strippers, I don't think you'd be here with me now if it wasn't for Laura, would you?"

"No," I admitted, feeling rather ashamed.

"So I think I may have to change my opinion about at least one Dirty Stripper, won't I?"

I looked at her and she was smiling. I just had to hug her again.

We heard a key in the front door and sure enough, Dad was back, with Laura.

Mum got up and moved to another chair allowing Laura to sit beside me.

Dad sat in another chair, stretched out his legs comfortably and asked, "You may not have told us anything, but we read a lot about you last week. From what the newspapers have been saying, things haven't exactly been easy. What's all this about Torture Teachers?"

"Dad!" I exclaimed. "What are you doing reading *The Sport*?" (see [cultural notes](#)) the newspaper which had coined the phrase, Torture Teachers, was one of our more disreputable newspapers, not exactly one which I'd have expected my dad to read.

He reddened slightly. "It has good sports coverage," he said and we all laughed. "You haven't answered my question."

"One of the teachers had it in for the Program girls," I explained, "Especially Laura. And the deputy headmaster went along with it because he was screwing her." Mum winced at the word. "Laura ended up being caned and having her hair cut and being handcuffed so she couldn't protect herself from the groping."

I could see Dad's eyes go hard with anger.

"But they've been got rid of now," I finished.

"Your daughter missed out something," said Laura. "How she and the other girls got me out of that mess."

My turn to go red. I obviously get the blushing thing from my dad.

"They all wore handcuffs on Wednesday morning, when they didn't have to, even though that meant some of the boys could do virtually what they liked to them. Most of them could hardly stand by lesson time. And then they forced the deputy head to have my handcuffs unlocked by having one of the boys cut great chunks out of their hair and threatening to do a TV interview like that."

Laura looked at me. "Sorry, Suzie, but your parents should know what a brave daughter they've got."

"That's nothing," I said. "You should have seen Laura on the Friday night after Heather got raped. Heather had gone a bit crazy, and was being gang-banged in Ws. Laura rescued her by jumping on top of her and letting the guys fuck her and slap her around instead until she could drag Heather out of there." My voice faltered. "I've never seen anything so brave."

Even my mum was looking at Laura with new admiration.

My dad said, "I'd heard something from some of the lads at work about two girls letting everyone gang-bang them in Winds, but I didn't think it was true. I'm just amazed the press didn't get hold of that story too."

"Yeah. Sometimes it feels like I can't sneeze without some sleazeball reporter or photographer being there," I said, rather bitterly. "I'm gonna check the wardrobes before we go to bed tonight."

"I think it's a little late for that," said dad.

"What do you mean?"

"Some of the lads at work were telling me about a website they found. It had photos and videos of all you girls on it." I must have looked shocked because he went on, "You mean you didn't know?"

"No," answered Laura and I together.

Dad went to the computer and turned it on. Then he connected to the net and brought up a site.

The main page had grainy images obviously taken from a video. My eyes went straight to the two with me in them, one with Heather licking me out, the other with Stephen on top of me, obviously fucking me.

"She had a copy," gasped Laura.

We looked at her, puzzled.

"Ghastly... that was our Sex Ed. teacher that they're getting rid of... had a DVD of us all in the room behind the stage after assembly on Monday. I destroyed it. But

she obviously had a copy."

Dad growled, "I'll ask the firm's lawyer to get onto the school in the morning. They let this happen. They'd better stop it."

Laura looked a bit shaken. "Sometimes I wish we could get a million miles away, where there's no reporters or photographers, and just be together," she said sadly.

"Okay. Time to cheer up." Dad clapped his hands twice. "Girls. Upstairs. Put on something nice. We're taking you out for a meal. Somewhere posh."

"I haven't really brought anything suitable," Laura complained.

"Dad, can you take me back to Laura's for a minute? I bought myself something and it's there."

"Actually, I have a little bit of work to do. But I'm sure your mother will."

"Great. While I'm gone, Laura, have a look through my clothes. You'll probably find something to wear in there."

I nearly dragged Mum to the car, leaving Laura standing with my dad, both looking mystified.

When I came out of Laura's, Mum gasped. "You're beautiful, darling." She took the box I was carrying from me and put it on the back seat.

"You like the dress then?" I said, carefully not sitting on it as I got into the car.

Back home, I ran upstairs, put down the box at the top of the stairs. Laura was in my bedroom still going through my wardrobe. She looked at me and her mouth dropped open.

"I take it you like the dress?"

She nodded. Her eyes were a mixture of lust and envy.

"You'll have to be careful how you sit down or everyone'll see your knickers."

"They won't. I'm not wearing any."

She walked across to me and flipped up the front of my dress to check. "Hmm, just how I like you." She gently stroked my pussy lips with a finger.

"I just couldn't resist, after you showed me that blue one on Saturday," I explained. "So I bought myself the same dress in black. Oh, I nearly forgot." I went back to the top of the stairs and picked up the box, then put it casually on the bed. "I picked up something for you too."

She opened the box and gasped. "Oh, Suzie!"

"Put it on," I urged as she her hands were just feeling the dress. "I want to see if it looks as good on as it did in the shop window."

The blue suited her perfectly of course. And with her long legs it looked even shorter on her than mine did on me.

"Better than the shop window," I said. "You look incredible."

"It's a perfect fit," she muttered. "How did you..."

I began to giggle. "I stopped in Jeanette's first. She gave me all your measurements. But..." my voice trailed away.

"But what?"

"But I thought I should promise her we'd go back to her shop soon... together."

"This could get expensive."

"Who the fuck cares! I don't."

"Me neither." All the time we were talking she was looking at her dress in my mirror, front, back, sides, then the front again. "It IS rather short, you know?"

"Yes, isn't it?" trying my best to look lustful. (Actually it wasn't hard to do that, but then I remembered Mum and Dad waiting for us downstairs.)

"Short enough for you?" asked Laura, laughing at my reflection.

"Almost," I replied.

We went into the lounge and my father whistled.

We waited for Mum to come down and got into the car. "Where are we going?" I asked.

"Laura was telling me about a hotel restaurant she went to with that singer on Sunday."

"Sam," we both said together.

"And I feel like celebrating."

As we got out of the car, someone shouted, "It's the Program girls." A couple of photographers ran over. "Are you here to see Gerard Vaughan too?"

"No," said Laura and I together.

In spite of the damned photographers, I felt like a princess walking up the steps of the hotel and into the restaurant.

In the lobby, a man came up to Laura and shook her hand. Then he turned to me,

"So I finally get to meet both cuckoos. And you look as sensational as you did on Thursday night." He saw me looking puzzled. "I'm Gerard Vaughan."

"Ah, then those press people outside were for you?"

He smiled. "Partly. Actually they're for Rough Diamond."

"Rough Diamond are here?" I nearly squealed. Rough Diamond were a girl group who'd had several number one hits last year. They weren't quite the sensation they used to be since their lead singer had to leave the group after a drug overdose, but their presence certainly explained the mob of photographers.

"Yes. They needed somewhere to practice before their next tour and I thought it would do them good to get out of London. I was hoping to get them to meet Samantha tomorrow night, but they came up a day early and arrived a few minutes ago."

"I can call her if you like," said Laura.

He nodded. "That would be good."

She tapped out a number on her mobile. "Sam? Can you come to the hotel where we ate on Sunday?... There's someone to see you... Wait and see... Sure, you can bring Shelley. I don't suppose they'll mind... Oh, you'd better both put on something a bit dressy... Yeah, no hurry."

She turned to Mr. Vaughan and said, "She's just going back to Shelley's to get something to wear, then they're coming here."

"Shelley? That name's familiar."

I laughed. "Remember 'WHERE IS NAKED GIRL'?" I asked.

"I should have guessed," he said.

"It was her idea for us to join the choir to support Sam," Laura explained.

"I look forward to meeting this girl. You don't know if she can sing, do you?"

I had forgotten my parents standing there, but Mr Vaughan hadn't. "Your parents?" he asked me.

"Oh, yes."

He extended a hand and walked across to my father. "Sir, Ma'am. I'm pleased to meet you."

He shook my father's hand, then, to my mum's astonishment as much as to mine, took my mother's hand and kissed it lightly, continental style. I see what Sam meant about him being able to charm the hind legs off a donkey.

"Now, I don't want to detain you any longer. Have a good time." He led us into the restaurant and waiters scurried to seat us. Then he was gone.

The food was as good as Laura had said. But I hardly remember it. It was just so fantastic sitting there with the girl I loved and my parents.

"You're getting used to all the media attention then?" my dad asked as we sat drinking coffee after the meal.

"Yeah, I suppose, and it's not as bad as it was last week," I said. "But it gets a bit much sometimes."

Dad handed me an envelope. I looked at him questioningly. "What's this?"

"Open it and see."

I opened it and a piece of paper fell out. "Reservation Confirmation... Ibiza... I don't understand."

"The 'work' I had to do earlier," he explained, leaving me none the wiser. "You have an apartment in Ibiza for three weeks after school's out, plus return flights... for two."

"Mr. Peters..." cried Laura.

"Dad..." I gasped.

Laura got up and kissed dad on the cheek, then did the same to mum.

I felt tears coming.

"It's not a million miles. But you might get some peace there, although being in Ibiza I'm not sure peace is the right word. I hope it is the right place. Ibiza is still fashionable, isn't it?"

"Dad, it's perfect."

"And it's not some tatty apartment with cool and cooler running water. If you don't want to go out, you can lay in the hot tub and order food from the restaurant."

"Dad, this must have cost..."

"Even more than those dresses I suspect I paid for?"

I looked guilty.

"I know your regular card wouldn't have stretched to that, so I like your idea of an emergency."

"Well it was..." I defended.



He laughed.

"Looking at you so happy, it's worth every penny."

As dad paid the bill, I noticed the man at the till make a phone call. I heard him say, "Yes, they're leaving now." Turning to my father, "Mr. Vaughan asked me to let him know when you were leaving."

As we left the restaurant, Sam came out of the lift with Shelley. She ran up to me and hugged me tight. "I'm glad everything's alright," she said. Shelley was uncharacteristically quiet and just grinned.

"Mum, Dad, this is Sam and this is Shelley," I introduced.

"Wearing rather more clothes than when I've seen you both on the telly and in the papers," he laughed.

Sam was wearing the red dress that was perfect for her. Shelley's dress was nice, but it didn't look right somehow. "We'll have to take Shelley to see Jeanette," I whispered to Laura.

"And soon," she replied. Then both of us remembered what I'd said earlier about going back to Jeanette's soon and started giggling. The others looked at us like we were crazy, but that just kept us going.

We all walked out together. Then Sam made us wait on the steps of the hotel. Sam got between us and put her arm around Laura and me. Shelley stood on the other side of Laura and put her arm around her.

"What are we waiting for?" I asked, being dazzled by the flashes of cameras that didn't seem to bother Sam a bit.

I glanced back at Mum and Dad. They were obviously nervous. I let go of Sam and Laura and stood between them, holding their hands.

"What are we waiting for?" asked Mum.

"I don't know."

We didn't have long to wait before we found out.

Sam asked my dad. "If you give me your car keys and your address, someone will take your car home. Gerard insisted you travel home in style."

As she was speaking a long black limo stopped by the hotel steps.

Sam ran to open a door. As I got in she whispered, "Actually it's only up here for Rough Diamond, but he said as he was paying for it, it seemed a shame not to use it."

Shelley squeezed in behind me, the driver closed the door and we were off.

The limo was being followed by a couple of cars, so it turned into the hotel car park where the security didn't allow the other cars to enter, and drove straight out the exit into the other street, drove the wrong way down the one-way street and turned right into another side road.

"We've lost the press now," said the driver. "Sorry for the delay. I'll take you home now."

"It's okay, thank you," said my dad.

We dropped Shelley off first, but were soon home. As I walked in the house, I suddenly realised it actually FELT like home. Laura must have noticed because she squeezed my hand slightly.

Laura and I lay together naked on my bed, too tired to do anything, but madly happy to be together.

The last thing I remember was Laura saying, "I told you Mum would be right," as I fell asleep.

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## **Continuations & Conclusions part 15**

### **WEEK THREE**

#### **TUESDAY**

#### **GILLIAN**

"Settle down, class," shouted Mr. Thompson as he entered our classroom. "Mrs. O'Brien has been delayed this morning, so you've got me."

Everyone went quiet and those who weren't already sitting did so immediately.

"What was all the arguing and shouting about when I came in? You're supposed to set an example to the younger classes, not emulate them."

Nobody answered.

"I asked a question. Perhaps somebody would care to give me an answer?"

Christopher spoke up. "We were discussing the Program, sir." I should explain that he was naked. Last week, he'd been in the Naked in School Program, and, along

with the others from last week, they'd decided to stay naked this week.

"Yes?" Mr. Thompson was clearly curious.

"Some of them think that nobody decent would go naked when they didn't have to. And that those of us who do have given the school a bad name."

"I see. Who thinks that?"

I should have kept my mouth shut, but I didn't. "It's not fair, sir. Everyone laughs at us. They say we go to slut school."

"I can understand your not liking that. But when the Program is extended to all schools, I'm sure we'll soon lose that reputation."

"No we won't, sir. It's bad enough having people in the Program, but yesterday half the school were going nude. All thanks to that bloody tart, Heather."

"We can have a sensible discussion about this, but keep language like that out of it."

"What's the point? At least most of them who stripped yesterday kept their clothes on today. But some just like to flaunt it. Did you see Shelley on the telly? Spreading her legs for the camera crew. I mean, you'd expect it of Laura, any publicity is probably good for her job, the stupid cow..."

"I'm telling you for the last time. I will not have name-calling in this classroom." He turned from me to the rest of the class. "Is that clear?"

"Sorry, but it's true. She's a stripper and I just bet she gets more work now. And that Samantha, playing on everyone's sympathy as the poor little girl forced to go naked. But did you hear about her at the choir party? Singing dirty songs, stripping naked when she didn't have to and letting the guys grope her."

"Some would say that she's learnt to let go, to explore her feelings."

"Yeah. But most would say she's a little tart who doesn't know when to say no. I bet she's screwed half the choir by now."

I could see Christopher getting angrier and angrier, but I couldn't stop. "Well, I bet it's true. It's great fun for the boys, flashing their bits and having fun with the girls. But no decent GIRL would do it. I've asked my parents to get me transferred. You can keep your slut school for all the fucking sluts that don't know any better."

"Actually, two of the girls were very definitely decent girls even by your outdated definition. Heather and Samantha were terrified when they were put in the Program. For them to come through as they have done is a real achievement and it proves that the Program can build your self-confidence."

"Oh, yeah. Samantha Slut and Heather Whore. Our very own answer to the Adult Channel."

Mr. Thompson stood silently, just looking at me. "Gillian, I'm putting you in the Program for the rest of the day."

"You can't do that."

"I can, and I just have. When the headmaster is out of the inquiry later today, depending on how you behave, your time in the Program may be extended to a full week. Now, take off your clothes."

"No way. Save it for Gangbang Heather. You all seem to think the sun shines out of her arse. Having sex in the dining hall after she was supposed to have been raped. Let's face it, she'd been giving it away anyway, so she must have been asking for it and she got exactly what she deserved."

I heard some of the others gasp at that. I realised I'd gone too far.

"And I'm recommending that your time in the Program be extended until you either change your attitude or at least learn some manners. Christopher, Jason, bring Gillian to the office, please, now."

He walked out of the room. I made a bolt for it, but Christopher caught me. "Just be glad your punishment isn't up to me," he hissed in my ear.

I struggled, but Christopher and Jason pulled me along the corridor until we reached the headmaster's office.

"Mrs. Johnson, can you call Mrs. Wright, please?" Mr. Thompson's tone was very firm. No way was he changing his mind.

Mrs. Johnson bent down to the microphone on her desk. "Mrs. Wright to the headmaster's office at once, please."

A few minutes later she came into the office. "Yes, Dr. Reynolds? Oh, it's you, Mr. Thompson. What can I do for you?"

"I've put Gillian Small in the Program for today. She refuses to undress, so I've called you to help her."

"Okay, Gillian," she said. "We can do this the hard way or the easy way. It's your choice."

"Get lost."

"Hold her arms please, boys."

I felt both my forearms held firmly. Christopher was gripping me harder than he needed to and I could see he was still seething.

Mrs. Wright began to unbutton my blouse. I kicked at her, but she easily avoided my foot.

"Don't be a silly child," she said calmly. "If you struggle, you'll simply tear your own clothes and you've got to wear them home, not me."

"I want to go home!" I screamed at her as she unbuttoned the rest of my blouse. I felt hot tears escaping my eyes.

"You should have thought of that before saying what you did," said Mr. Thompson coldly.

Mrs. Wright had unclipped my skirt and in one swift movement, pulled it down with my knickers.

The boys pulled off my blouse. I was standing there in just a bra, with my knickers and skirt around my ankles.

One of the boys undid my bra and they slipped the straps down my arms, then let me go to pull my bra off completely.

I tried to grab my clothes, but they were too quick for me. They handed them to Mrs. Wright, who blocked me with her body and locked them in a box.

"You will get them back at the end of school today," she said.

She glanced at Mr. Thompson who nodded, then she went to the microphone. "This is an announcement. Gillian Small is in the Program and IS available for Reasonable Requests."

I'd been panicking so much about being stripped, I'd forgotten about fucking requests.

"Please," I begged. "Don't make me do that."

"Cooperate and, depending on what Dr. Reynolds says, you'll spend probably two days in the Program," said Mr. Thompson. "Continue with the attitude you showed in class and it will be extended to a week or more. And this does not count as your Program week."

I tried covering myself with my hands.

"You know what can happen if you do that," he warned.

I put my hands down to my sides instantly. No way did I want to have handcuffs put on me.

I just stood there, shaking.

"Christopher," said Mr. Thompson. "I want you to look after Gillian for the rest of the day. See she comes to no harm. If you have different classes, you may go with her to hers instead of your own. And as you aren't in the Program, you can of course go into the boys' toilets or showers with her."

"With pleasure," he smiled, but his voice was anything but friendly.

Now I was scared.

"Okay, run along."

Before we got back to our classroom, the bell went for break. Ohmygod, I thought. This is where everyone attacks me.

"I need the loo," I told him.

He almost dragged me into the boys' toilets, forcing everyone out of my way.

I closed the door and sat down on the toilet, crying.

"Come on, we have to go," he said. I got up. "You look a mess."

"Thanks," I said bitterly.

"I meant to say, you can wash your face if you want."

I did so, silently.

When we went back to the corridor, I was immediately surrounded by boys calling for Reasonable Requests, exactly as I'd feared.

"Sorry, guys, I was first," said Christopher. "I want to kiss you."

"Where?" I asked suspiciously.

He leaned forward and kissed me on the lips. He kissed me on the cheek, then when his mouth was by my ear, he whispered, "Kiss me back and make it good."

He began to kiss me again, this time pulling my body into his. He stroked my shoulders with his hands as his tongue slipped in and out of my mouth. I still tried to pretend this wasn't happening to me.

The bell went for lessons and he stopped at once.

"Did you want to kiss me, or were you saving me from Reasonable Requests?"

"Yes," he replied, leaving me none the wiser.

"Chris," I said.

"What?"

"Thanks." This time I pulled him to me and tried to kiss him properly.

But he pushed me away. "We've got a lesson."

The next lesson was Maths. Apart from some giggles when I walked in, nobody bothered me in the lesson, thank god.

At the end of the lesson, Christopher asked me, "What lesson do you have next?"

"Media Studies."

"Hmm, I have a history test." He grinned, "I never thought I'd be glad to be a baby-sitter."

I was about to tell him that I didn't need a baby-sitter when a couple of boys came up to me saying, "We wanna feel your tits."

I turned away from them, but Christopher stopped me. "It's a Reasonable Request. Do you want to spend a whole week in the Program for not cooperating?"

"Okay."

I thought if I closed my eyes, I could pretend this wasn't happening. It had the opposite effect. All I could sense were their hands on my boobs, caressing. I was angry with myself for enjoying the sensation. Now my own body was betraying me. I could feel myself getting wet and I was breathing harder.

I opened my eyes again quickly. The sensation diminished, but only a little.

"You enjoyed that," smiled Christopher, nastily.

"No I didn't."

"I've got a Reasonable Request," said yet another boy. "I want to feel your pussy." He didn't wait for an answer but put his hands between my legs.

Christopher pushed him away. "Let her answer first."

"But she has to do it, it's a Reasonable Request."

"It isn't reasonable if you don't ask and let her reply. She might not want to."

"But she does want to. Look, she's all wet already."

Christopher looked at me and I felt like I wanted to sink through the floor and die.

"Do what you like, I don't care," I snapped at the boy. Anything just to get this over with and not have to do a whole week of this.

"Put your legs apart."

I felt his fingers open me up. I felt so ashamed I can't express it. So I closed my eyes again.

Then he licked me, THERE! At first I didn't even realise what it was that had sent that sensation through me. When I did, I cried out, "He licked me!"

Christopher was almost bent double with laughing.

"You're supposed to be protecting me," I accused. "Even I know THAT's not a Reasonable Request."

"You..." He could hardly speak for laughing, "You told him to do what he liked."

"I never meant... THAT!"

"Then you should learn to be more specific. Anyhow, you said you didn't need baby-sitter, remember?"

A younger boy came up to me and said. "Please can you show me your pussy?"

Relieved to have a request that didn't involve being touched, I sat down and opened my legs.

"Can you hold yourself open, so I can see it better, please?"

I almost shut my eyes as I gritted my teeth and did that, but caught myself just in time. No way was I closing my eyes again.

"It's very pretty," the boy said.

"Thank you," I replied automatically.

As he went I turned to Christopher and said, "I don't believe I just thanked him, when I didn't want him to look anyway."

A couple of his classmates ran up begging, "Reasonable Request" "Reasonable Request", but Christopher stopped them, "We have a lesson to get to, and so do you."

I squeezed Christopher's hand as a thank you, but he pulled it away.

"Listen, let's get one thing straight. I've been told to protect you, so I will. And that's it. If it was down to me, I wouldn't be here, history test or no history test."

I guess he wasn't interested in any reply because he walked off to my Media Studies lesson.

"Welcome, Gillian, please sit up the front here," said Jim Cassey in a friendly sort of way. He is our Media Studies teacher, young, enthusiastic and not too bad-looking either. Another time I'd have been quite happy to sit next to him. Today I



definitely wasn't, but I had no choice. The chair he'd placed for me had no desk in front of it.

"And if you're joining us, perhaps you could grab a chair and sit next to her, please... Christopher, isn't it?"

When Christopher had sat down next to me, Mr. Cassey went on.

"Okay. Normally our lessons have been about the theory of how the media operates, the techniques it uses and the influence it has. But as you may have noticed when you came to school this week, we are in the middle of a major media event. Ever since the attack on Heather, the Program has been news, News with a capital N. Shelley's disappearance, the inquiry and the "Full Frontal Front Row" as one newspaper described our school choir, have only made it more so. How many of you know what the newspapers have nicknamed this school?"

Every hand went up. "Slut School," called out one of the girls. "But we're not all sluts."

"I'd be careful," I said. "That's what I said in Thompson's class and I ended up like this."

"I'm sure that's not all you said," said Mr. Cassey.

"No, it wasn't," growled Christopher.

"It's still not fair that when we go into town, everyone says things like 'Oh, you go to Slut School, gi's a blowjob'," the girl continued.

"I'm sure that will go away when every school is running the Program," Mr. Cassey replied.

"Not when we've got girls like Gillian flaunting it. At least if I was in it, I wouldn't sit there with my legs wide open when I didn't have to." I hadn't realised I was, and I slammed my legs shut. "And you can tell she's enjoying it, I could see she was wet from here."

"No, I'm not enjoying it," I protested.

The girl got up and walked up to me, and stuck her hand between my legs. "See," she said, "She's dripping with it."

"You try being forced to let guys grope you between lessons and see if you can stay dry," I replied angrily, but she was walking back to her seat.

"Leslie Bass, come back here," Mr. Cassey demanded.

She walked up to him. "I just proved my point, that's all. Investigative journalism." She had a defiant smirk on her face.

"Okay. Then you won't mind it if Gillian selects a couple of boys to prove HER point, will you? In the spirit of investigative journalism, of course."

"No way!"

"Well, it's either that, or joining her in the Program for the day and then after school being taken to the Police station for her to file sexual assault charges against you."

"You wouldn't..." She looked at him, gobsmacked.

"Face the class, Miss Bass. Gillian, choose two boys please. Have we any volunteers?"

All the boys' hands went up. "Terry and Christopher," I said, actually beginning to enjoy myself for the first time that day.

"Okay. Drop your skirt and knickers on the floor," Mr. Cassey instructed.

She dropped her skirt but hesitated over her knickers, so the boys pulled them down for her. She looked at me angrily.

I said, "Sir, I have to have my boobs felt up too."

"Good point. Take off your blouse and bra."

She actually pulled off a button as she unbuttoned her blouse angrily. Throwing her bra on the floor she snapped, "Satisfied?"

"Okay, boys. You have five minutes. This is classroom participation, not a Reasonable Request, so you don't have to stop and ask every time."

She looked angrier than I must have done as they started. Christopher made her jump by licking one of her nipples and running his hand slowly down her back and side.

The other boy was playing with her pussy, but she couldn't take her eyes off Christopher.

When Christopher got down to her pussy, he blew gently on it. I thought he was going to lick her, but he didn't. He just gently stroked her. The other boy was feeling both her boobs as Christopher eased her legs open and then her lips.

I couldn't help wondering what his gentle fingers would be like stroking my pussy.

Leslie was going quite pink and when he slipped a finger into her she bit down on her lip to stop herself moaning.

"Boys, your five minutes is up," warned Mr Cassey. "Are you wet, Leslie?"

She was quiet for a moment, then meekly said, "Yes."

"Sorry, I didn't hear you."

"Yes, Sir."

"Are you 'dripping with it'? I think the expression was."

"Yes, Sir."

"Interesting stuff, this investigative journalism." The class laughed. "Okay, you can get dressed again."

She grabbed her clothes and ran back to her seat to put them on.

"Okay, settle down, everyone. Let's get back to the lesson," said Mr. Cassey. "Who has an opinion on how the press has handled the situation here?" A lot of hands went up. "Before you answer, I want you also to think about why they've handled it in that way and how you think it should have been handled."

That was more difficult. I could understand why so many hands went back down.

"Let's have one of the boys. Ian, have you been watching the coverage and studying the press about this?"

"Yes. It's quite simple. With a few exceptions, they've ignored the real stories completely." Quite a few gasped at that.

"Given that you can hardly turn over a page without seeing a photo of one of our girls, and we've been featured in so many news reports, how can you say that?"

"Easily. Apart from Heather's interview with that Crowe woman, all the other stories were just excuses to get as many shots of naked girls as possible. Even Crowe had an axe to grind and cut the interview short when the girls weren't giving the answers she expected. The others barely even asked questions. They didn't want to know how the girls felt. Nobody even asked them. Oh, tell a lie. One idiot asked Laura what it was like going to Slut School."

"Yeah, and she put him in his place good and proper," shouted out a girl from the back. We all laughed.

"You see what I mean? They weren't interested in anything the girls said, they just wanted to keep them talking so they could take pictures. I guess they thought nobody would buy papers to hear some girl saying how she felt, but loads would buy them for the tits and pussy."

"Hmm," said Mr. Cassey. "That's an interesting analysis and one that has a lot of validity. How would you handle it?"

"I don't know. I'd like to take it seriously and use the time to try to understand what it's like to be in the Program. But to tell the truth, if I had papers to sell, I'd probably do the same."

"That's very honest of you. But you don't have papers to sell now. Why don't you ask our two participants the questions you think should have been asked?"

"Okay. To the boy. Sorry I forgot your name?"

"Christopher."

"Christopher, we heard from the girls in assembly yesterday what they thought of the Program. What was it like for you?"

"Scary at first. You don't know how people are going to react or treat you. Will everyone laugh at you? Will the girls hurt you when they're groping you? I was lucky. I got put in with my best friends, so we went through it together. I didn't have to worry about all my friends not wanting to know me."

"Does that happen?"

"Yeah, it sure does. For example, Suzie's so-called friends just called her a slut and wouldn't even speak to her. And it's not as if she had a choice. I think it's worse for the girls. Some of the other girls don't understand and think they're sluts, even though most are too scared or too polite to say it. At least the other boys just think, hey, that's great, having girls grope you all day."

"And is it?"

"Well, once you get over the nerves, yes and no. Some of the girls are a bit rough, so it can get sore. But it makes you tired."

There was laughter at that.

"I don't mean that, but being forced to be turned on all day is exhausting. It's not as if you can stop yourself being turned on, as Gillian and Leslie found out. And that's why the girls, especially, find it hard to say no after a while to things they wouldn't normally do. And I don't just mean Reasonable Requests."

"How does that make you feel?"

"Well, it's like you're public property, your body isn't your own any more. Some of the girls have said that if the guys can do almost anything they want to you, why not just let them do anything and get it over with?"

"And add to that the pressure of being constantly turned on, and believe me relief helps for just a short time, and you've got all these offers of sex. It's no wonder that we all went a bit wild."

Mr. Cassey interrupted, "Anyone else have a question for Christopher?"

"Yes," said a blonde girl near the middle, "I have. If it's scary at first and everything's too much to cope with, what's it like when you get used to it?"

"Firstly, I found I quite liked being naked. It makes you feel free somehow. And when you get over the first few days, being touched is okay. If she's good, it's really nice and you feel like it's okay to enjoy it. And then, like the girls said, you feel really close to the others who've gone through it with you. You've depended on each other when you've wanted to panic or run away or cry or whatever. The other boys and I hung around together before. But I think all ten of us, the girls included, have really become friends this last week, even if it does sound corny."

Spare me the syrup, I thought.

But Mr. Cassey was speaking again. "We're nearly out of time, but has anyone a question for Gillian here?"

"What's it like for you on your own, on your first day in the Program?"

"My only day in the Program. I'm not coming back to this school after this."

"Is it that bad?"

"Yes. He's alright. He had friends with him. I've got nobody. Oh, it's a great joke, put her in the Program, make a fool of her. It's even worse when you find you can't help getting wet sometimes. And then to have someone like Leslie calling you a slut because you can't help it...." I was rescued, if you can call it that, by the end of lesson bell.

I ran to lunch before anyone could ask me for any requests.

As I walked to my table with my food, Christopher said, "Aren't you coming to our table?"

"No."

"Please yourself."

I sat down and soon found the table filled up with boys. Some trying to chat me up, others just staring at my boobs, as if they hadn't seen enough boobs yesterday and the last few weeks.

"Can I feel them?"

"Look, can't I even eat in peace?"

"It's a Reasonable Request."

I pushed my lunch away and let him feel me.

Then another... and another. Some were rough, some quite gentle, but this time my anger kept me from being turned on, no matter what they did.

"Stand up and bend over," demanded someone else.

"You've got to be fucking joking," I said angrily.

"It's a Reasonable Request."

"Ain't nothing fucking reasonable about it."

"Okay, we'll ask a teacher and see if you get more time in the Program, or handcuffed or something."

"All right." I stood up and touched my toes. "Fucking happy now?"

"Stay like that. My friends wanna feel you."

I felt several hands feeling all over my arse. Someone held my pussy wide open and I felt a finger invade me. I wanted to run, but realised that someone was holding me tightly.

By the time another finger (someone else's?) found its way into my arsehole, something snapped inside me.

I tried to tune out my own body but just felt a hot tear run up my forehead. (I was bent over double.) More tears followed it.

Finally I sank down to the floor and cried.

No more fingers. Perhaps I should cry more often.

"Are you okay?" said a girl's voice.

Then I realised I was looking at two pairs of feet. I looked up and saw who had spoken. Samantha. I couldn't answer her. Christopher was standing next to her.

"You were supposed to be protecting me!" I whimpered.

"You didn't want a baby-sitter, remember? And I did invite you to our table."

I was too tired to argue. I got up and looked at him. "Fine. Well I don't need you. Go back with the sluts."

I marched out of there, determined to look strong. Nobody dared approach me. Obviously having a face like thunder discourages requests.

I went into the toilets, sat down on one and slammed the door. As I sat there crying I thought at least my tear ducts were getting exercised. I was amazed that nobody came to bother me.

When the lesson bell went, I got up, opened the door and went to wash my face. In the corner a boy glared at me. Jed, Heather's boyfriend. Shit. As I washed my face, he opened the door and pulled a piece of paper off it, screwed it up, threw it in the bin and left.

I picked it up and unfolded it. It said, "CLOSED FOR REPAIRS." That's why I'd been left in peace.

I ran after him. "Why?" I called.

He turned to face me. "The whore thought you needed a break," he spat at me.

"I'm sor..."

"Don't bother," he said. I could feel the hatred in his voice. He walked away.

Christopher didn't speak to me all afternoon, he just stayed fairly close. Once or twice he stopped someone who was getting rough.

But after school he disappeared. I ran to the office, literally dodging all the "requests". I ran in without knocking, straight into Mrs. Johnson. She looked at me with distaste. "Dr. Reynolds will see you now."

"I just want my clothes."

She simply opened the inner office door and announced, "Gillian Small, Headmaster."

He said, "Come in," without looking up. "Sorry, I won't be a minute."

When he put his pen down, he asked, "So how was your first day in the Program?"

"My only day. I'm never coming back here."

"That's your choice, of course. Mr. Thompson told me what you said. As you probably know, he could only put you in the Program for one day. At his recommendation, I am extending it to two days. If you do come back, tomorrow after school I will let you know if you are to continue in the Program next week."

"Can I have my clothes now?"

"At the entrance is a clothes box with your name on it. Here is the key." I took it without saying thank you and walked out.

I got to my clothes box only to find that someone had broken it open and taken all my clothes. It was too much. I punched the wall in frustration.

Just then Samantha and Stephen came and opened their boxes. "What's happened?" asked Samantha.

I pointed at the box. "Some idiot thought it would be funny to take my fucking clothes."

"Stephen, go and get Dr. Reynolds." He went off.

A small group of boys had surrounded us. "Reasonable Request!"

"Sorry. You're still naked and in school. You have to do it," she told me.

I was past caring. I just wanted the day to end. I closed my eyes and let them paw me.

Stephen came running back and said that Dr. Reynolds wasn't in his office.

"That's enough," Sam ordered the boys. "Let her get dressed." She handed me her blouse and skirt. "Return them tomorrow."

"Thanks," I mumbled.

Sam and Stephen waited until I was dressed, then left. Her clothes were too small for me, but anything was better than nothing.

I walked home alone, feeling confused. Thankfully I got home before my mother, so I could get in and change without any awkward questions.

I knew she'd sympathise with me being put in the Program, but be furious at the reason why. If she had a catchphrase, it was, "If you can't say anything nice, don't say anything at all."

I was my normal, bubbly self during dinner and if they noticed it was fake they didn't say anything.

"I've got some homework to do, see you later," I announced as soon as I'd finished eating and went to my room.

I say my room, technically it was our room. I shared it with my older sister, but she was away at Uni, so in term time I had it to myself.

We get on really well and I miss her, especially being able to talk to her. I could have used her company that night. I knew I wouldn't cry. I was pretty much cried out.

I logged onto the school website, half expecting to see photos of myself in my naked glory. There were none.

I clicked the link that said, "Naked in School – A Social Experiment."

There was the crap they try to force down our throats about the Program and how wonderful it is. I looked through the Pamphlet, trying to find a loophole. Why was I bothering, though? After today, it seemed that nobody wanted to know me anyway.

I realised with a shock that hadn't been true. The two people who'd been nicest to me all day had been the two I'd slagged off ([see cultural notes](#)) the worst.

I still had Sam's clothes. So what, I thought, she wasn't bothered about going home naked. The thought came back, no but you were and you didn't have to,



thanks to her. FUCK. Why couldn't she have just been a bitch and be easier to hate?

And there was Heather, whose idea it was to make sure I had some peace in the loo when I was about ready to crack up. SHIT.

I was about to close the page when I noticed another link. "My First Week in the Program, by Heather Hoover." I couldn't resist clicking on it.

By the end of her second day I didn't want to read any more, but I could no more close down the page than flap my arms and fly to the moon.

The more I read the worse I felt. This wasn't some story on the net. This was real. And it had happened to someone I knew. When I read about her being raped I was so angry I couldn't believe it.

Then the things she said afterwards to Dr. Reynolds and in class. I couldn't read any more and shut the computer down.

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## **Continuations & Conclusions part 16**

### **WEEK THREE**

### **MONDAY EVENING**

### **SAMANTHA**

Shelley and I were watching the telly at Danielle's. Shelley's Mum and Eric had gone out, leaving Heather at home to see Danielle. I could tell that Shelley was worried about Heather and I hoped the telly would distract her. Laura and Suzie were visiting Suzie's folks.

Laura came back briefly. "You can stay here tonight if you want. Suzie's parents have asked us both to sleep there tonight."

"They have?" I asked, hardly able to believe it.

"Yes," she replied happily. "Mum was right. I think things are going to be okay between Suzie and her parents. Oh, sorry, Sam."

"Don't be. I'm glad. After all, I have you and Danielle, AND Heather, Shelley and Janice." Even so I felt a twinge of envy.

She hadn't been gone long when Suzie came rushing in, shouted "Hi!" as she dashed up stairs, then came down a few minutes later in a gorgeous dress.

"Wow!" said Shelley.

Suzie laughed. "Dad's taking us out to a posh restaurant. You like it?" She struck a fashion model's pose.

"Yeah," I said.

It wasn't long after she left that the phone rang. "Hello?"

It was Laura. She asked me to come to the hotel where we'd eaten the night before. She said there was someone there to see me, but wouldn't tell me who. "Wear something dressy," she insisted. I knew just the thing.

We took a quick cab back to the Hoovers, then sneaked quietly upstairs trying to make sure we didn't disturb Heather. Then it was back in the cab, in "my" red dress, borrowed, yet again, from Shelley. She sat beside me in a violet deep-plunge dress which showed more than it hid, but looked too old for her somehow. (I didn't tell her that.)

She brightened up when we arrived at the hotel, to be surrounded by flashbulbs and demanding reporters.

Gerard strode calmly through them all to meet us. He ignored me and immediately took Shelley's hand. "I am honoured to meet the brains behind last Thursday night's little display," he said when we got inside.

"Actually it wasn't all my idea," Shelley admitted, "Only Laura and Suzie. The others just joined in."

"Well, I'm sure Sam is very grateful," he smiled as I nodded profusely. "Now, Samantha, if you go into that private dining room, yes, just there. I've someone for you to meet."

The small room had a big oak table with oak chairs around it. Shelley and I sat down. A minute later another door opened and Shelley went, "Wow!"

"Hi," said the tallest of the three girls who had just come in. She walked straight to me. "So you're the Samantha we've seen and heard so much about. We're Rough Diamond."

"I know."

"I've got all your CDs," said Shelley.

"Thanks," said the tallest girl again. "I mean it. If there's one thing that Gerard drums into us, it's that we're nothing without the fans. Anyhow, it's us that should be saying wow. You two have been in the papers more in the last week than we have all year."

Gerard interrupted us. "I'll take Shelley with me and leave you four in peace." He went out and Shelley followed him.

"I thought you'd stopped performing," I said. "After Joni... well..."

"After Joni got addicted, you mean, and not a station or record company would touch us."

"Well, yes." The story of how Joni, their previous lead singer, had turned into a junkie, attacked some of her fans and nearly ended up in prison was THE big scandal last year.

"Well, Gerard managed to persuade the police to drop the charges, so long as Joni went into rehab. She's still there."

"Still?"

The girl shook her head. "She's not exactly a model patient. The only reason she hasn't run off is because she knows she'll end up arrested and charged for those assaults if she doesn't stay in rehab until they say she's okay."

"I'm sorry. That must have been... rough on the rest of you."

"Yeah, you could say that. Nobody wanted to know us," she sneered, "As if crack addiction was catching. We were going to pack it in, but Gerard booked us on a Far East tour, which was great. Then Russia, then South America, then Africa. We got back from Australia a month ago. He was the only one who believed in us. To be honest I don't know what we'd have done without him."

"He's not what I imagined, not at all."

She laughed. "No, he's not, is he? He comes across as this smooth, slippery customer that makes you want to check your wrist to see if your watch is still there, while he thinks he's so sophisticated."

I had to laugh at the description. It was perfect.

"But he's got a heart of gold. He's as tough as old boots, mind you. Mess with him and you'll know it, but he's a big softie in the middle."

All four of us chatted away for ages, just like any four girls anywhere. We talked about the press, but then got onto more important stuff like boys, clothes, and, of course, music.

Then Gerard came back and told me he'd arranged for the limo to take Laura and Suzie's family home. Would I like to take them to it? Would I!

The press got plenty of photos of Shelley, Laura, Suzie and me, all arm in arm. Then Shelley and I saw Laura, Suzie and her parents off in the limo. Shelley seemed to hesitate for a second, but then she gave me a hug.

"I've never been in a real limo before. Mind if I grab a ride with them now?"

"Of course not." I gave her a quick kiss and went back into the hotel on my own.

Gerard was standing with the Rough Diamond girls. "Right, girls. Fun time's over. Into the ballroom. You three, get your gear." At the back of the hotel was a large room they used for dances and discos and suchlike. "It's virtually soundproof, so you can be as loud as you like. The acoustics are crap though, but you can't have everything."

"What are we doing?" I asked him.

"You're rehearsing. From last night, you need it."

"Thanks," I laughed.

"You could learn a lot from these three. You have a better voice, you know Joni was their lead singer, but if you've got half the drive and determination these three have got, you'll go a long way. All three of them are natural performers, and if you think they're easy-going, think again. You're about to get your singing style torn to pieces."

He wasn't far wrong. For the first hour it seemed like nothing I sang was right, nothing I did was right, not even how I stood was right. I didn't know whether to scream with anger or burst into tears.

Finally I sank into a chair. "Gerard was right the first time. I can't do this. I should have stuck to being a choirgirl."

Maggie was the youngest girl there, except for me, and shorter than the others. She'd hardly spoken all evening, but now she turned to me and said seriously, "If Gerard didn't think you could do this, do you think we'd be here? Stop feeling sorry for yourself. Now, shift that arse of yours and keep going till you do get it right."

The oldest one, her name was Dee Dee, laughed. "Tactful as ever. Actually, Sam, maybe you can't hear it or see it, but you are doing better."

I made up my mind to stop resenting everything they said. I'd do this if it killed me.

Finally, Dee Dee said, "That's enough for tonight. Another session tomorrow evening and you should be ready."

I was exhausted and they were talking about another session? I looked at them and could see that they were as tired as I was. I suddenly felt a great respect for these girls, not to mention gratitude. Okay, Gerard had asked them to help me, but they'd thrown themselves into it 110%.

When I finally got to sleep that night, it was with more confidence than I'd felt since Laura had manoeuvred me into this show.

## **TUESDAY**

Mrs. Johnson had called me to the office Monday afternoon to tell me that I was scheduled to give my evidence to the Program Inquiry the following morning. A week before I might have been scared out of my knickers at the thought, but not any longer. Instead I was worried that I might forget something important that I wanted to say, so I had stayed up late Monday night, even though Rough Diamond had nearly killed me, and with Danielle's help I'd written out loads of notes for myself. The notes had been her bright idea and she'd even driven me back to the Hoovers so I could collect my journal for reference. I really hoped that the inquiry would let me use them.

My journal for the previous week was already in a folder so I put the new notes in there as well. Mrs. Johnson had made several copies of all our journals on Monday, for the inquiry she said, except for those from Stephen and Lenny, who hadn't finished theirs. She didn't have to raise her voice to them, she never ever raises her voice, but from the look on the boys' faces I knew she'd have their journals the next day. But she'd been too polite with the boys, I decided.

Later on I scolded them, Stephen especially, on her behalf.

"You're worse than the teachers," Stephen complained.

"But a lot prettier." I shook my tits at him.

"True," he agreed, but then added, "Except for Miss Taylor," and ran away before I could say anything. Hmm, Miss Taylor, I thought. Yeah, she IS gorgeous. At least the bastard's got good taste. And headed in the opposite direction to my next lesson.

Before the inquiry on Tuesday I made another quick trip to Mrs. Johnson. (I seem to be going there a lot lately.)

"Hello. Back again?"

"Yes, Mrs. Johnson. Da... Mrs. Townley asked me to give you this." It was the permission slip to appear (naked) on the Larry Baker Show. Danielle had teased me about it before signing, asking if I really wanted to do "all that choir stuff" now.

Mrs Johnson glanced at it. "Thank you. That was quick, but somehow I'm not surprised."

I turned to go, then had a thought. "Mrs. Johnson..."

"Yes?"

"Would you like a ticket to see the show live if I can get you one?"

"Thank you, but your Mr. Vaughan has already promised me one. I shall look forward to it immensely."

Then I hurried off to the room where the inquiry was being held. As I got closer, I could feel some of the confidence the Rough Diamond girls had built up in me start to ebb away. Today I wasn't singing, that's for sure, but then I remembered all the help I'd had from Danielle to prepare me for the inquiry and I felt stronger again. You can do this, girl, I insisted to myself. It's way too important for you to mess it up.

I was to be the first student to testify here at the school, "top of the bill" as we entertainers say (I love how that sounds), so just before ten o'clock I arrived at the classroom where they were holding the inquiry. The door was open and Christina Chaplain (I must remember to call her Mrs. Chaplain, I reminded myself) beckoned me inside. Right behind me came a man I'd not seen before. He seemed in a great hurry.

"Sorry I'm late, everyone," he called out, "My hotel forgot to order my taxi last night."

A long table had been set up at the front of the classroom with five chairs behind it and another chair at the far end. A single chair (actually it was a comfortable-looking teacher's chair) faced the long table, just like I'd expected. There was another comfortable chair behind the single one. Both of them had small tables in front of them and a jug of water and a glass on each of the tables. I saw Dr. Reynolds talking to one of the men.

He smiled at me, "Good morning, Samantha. How are you this morning? Not too nervous, I hope."

I wondered if he knew how pleased I was to see his familiar face there. "Morning, Dr. Reynolds. I'm not as nervous as I was at the concert, but yes, I am a little nervous, thank you."

"I quite understand. But please try to relax. As Dr. Cellon here..." he nodded to the man beside him, "...Will explain, you're here to help these people. It really is as simple as that. If you'd like me to stay while you're giving evidence, I shall. But if you prefer for me to leave, I'll do that, and believe me when I say I don't mind in the least if you ask me to go."

I started to answer but he held up his hand. "Don't answer now. Dr. Cellon will ask you properly when things get underway."

Dr. Cellon spoke now. "You'll be sitting here, Miss Downing. As you will note, you have your own water here, but if you'd prefer coffee or tea, perhaps you would help yourself over there," he pointed at the far wall by the windows, "Before we start."

Proper coffee, I thought, as I approached another table by the windows. Two large urns had been set up and someone had put a card in front of each, Coffee and Hot Water. What really caught my eye, however, was the crockery. Janice Hoover had a glass cabinet in her dining room, which held her best china and glassware, but the cups and saucers here were quite special, to me anyway, large yet delicate, pure white with a beautiful flowered design. I filled a cup with steaming coffee and was just adding a little sugar to it when someone spoke beside me.

"Milk, Samantha, or are you a real coffee-drinker?"

I glanced up. "Yes please. Oh, good morning... Mrs. Chaplain." I took the milk jug.

She bowed slightly, "Thank you for remembering. I do think it's best if I'm 'Mrs.' Chaplain in here."

Christina had been at the choir party for a while on Saturday night. Despite being older than my mum, and a headmistress to boot, she had insisted we use her "Christian" name (her joke, not mine) at the party. She was so cool that night, although she did insist on keeping all her clothes on. But as she left she had asked us to call her Mrs. Chaplain here.

I returned to my chair and table and sat. Dr. Cellon stood by his chair until everyone else was seated. Then he sat down as well and spoke directly to me. He had a clear, deep voice and I could tell he was making a genuine effort to be friendly.

"Miss Downing, good morning. Thank you for agreeing to be our first victim here." He smiled when he said that, and I could not stop myself from smiling back. Nor could I stop myself from thinking, though, this guy is good at this.

"We must keep everything official and on point once we start. However, I would be seriously remiss if I were to omit telling you how very much I enjoyed your performance at the concert last week. If you ever have the opportunity to record some more Mozart, do please let me know. I promise to buy several copies for my so-called expert friends so they can hear how his music should be sung."

"Here, here," all the others said. That was so unexpected, and so much nicer because of it, that I felt a small lump in my throat. I swallowed twice and took a sip of coffee, and kept my composure.

"One other thing, Miss Downing. Although my clerk over there..." he nodded towards the tired-looking young man at the end of the table, "...Is quite capable of taking detailed and accurate notes, often how someone says something is as important as what they are saying. So your testimony will be recorded. This room is, as they say, bugged so you need only use your normal speaking voice. But it is important that you remember always to speak your answers. Nodding or shaking your head is insufficient. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir. And before we start, may I ask something?"

"Of course."

"Would it be okay if you all called me Samantha and not Miss Downing. I think I'd feel more comfortable with that." Really Sam would have been better than Samantha, but somehow that didn't feel right, even to me.

"I'm sure we'll all try to oblige you... Samantha, but I'll start things off on the tape with Miss Downing, if you don't mind."

I made a point of nodding silently. He got it at once and nodded back. This guy is very good at this. Then he glanced at his clerk who reached below the table. I heard a loud click as the clerk threw a switch. Curtain up.

Dr. Cellon took a sip of water and began. "Today we are taking evidence from Miss Samantha Downing. As is usual with these sessions we shall begin with everyone present identifying themselves for the record and for the sake of Miss Downing. I am Dr. Richard Cellon, the chairman of this inquiry. Although it may appear that I am in charge, appearances can deceive. The members of the committee take all decisions and I am more their servant than their master."

Again the effort to put me at ease, and a successful one. He really is very good at this.



Next came Mrs. Chaplain. As you'd expect she was clear and concise. That she managed to sound friendly as well was a bonus. Sitting next to her and nearest the door was a David Grayson. He said he was a psychologist. His voice was higher than the chairman's, but like the chairman he tried to sound friendly. He was the out-of-breath late arrival earlier.

I've always been awful with names so I'm afraid the names of the other three people went right past me. All that registered was that the man nearest the window behind the table was a lawyer, the younger woman next to the chairman was an ordinary teacher and the young man at the end of the table was the chairman's clerk. No wonder he looked so weary. I never did hear him speak.

"One other piece of business before we start. Would you prefer Dr. Reynolds remains or leaves, Miss Downing?"

I turned round to face him. "Please, Dr. Reynolds, would you stay here?" He smiled and nodded.

"In that case, Dr. Reynolds, you know the drill."

He cleared his throat but did not stand. "I am Dr. Julian Reynolds, Miss Downing's headmaster."

Dr. Cellon addressed me again. "Our normal procedure is for Mrs. Chaplain to begin the questions and I ..."

"Excuse me, sir, may I interrupt you?" Despite all his earlier efforts, NOW I was nervous. That confidence I mentioned before had gone for a walk.

"Of course, Samantha. What is it?"

"Well, there are... excuse me, sir. How should I address you, Dr. Cellon, Mr. Chairman or what?"

"Either is perfectly acceptable, Samantha. I would prefer that you not use Richard, however. Even my old friend, Dr. Reynolds there, usually remembers to maintain form."

I took a deep breath and began again. "Thank you, Dr. Cellon. There are a lot of things I want to say to you and I'm afraid I might forget some of them, unless you allow me to make a little... speech at the start. I'm sorry, sir, that's not the right word, is it?"

"I think, perhaps, that you mean an opening statement. I've no objection. Does any member of the inquiry?" He looked left and right at the others. All of them shook their heads.

"Alright, Samantha. Please begin."

I took several sheets of paper from my folder. The lawyer let an audible sigh escape. I lifted the papers in his direction and explained, "There's a lot less here than you think, sir. Look, I've written quite large so I can read it easily and there are a few crossings out as well." My confidence had begun to return. At least its walk had been a short one.

Mrs. Chaplain was chuckling as she intervened, "I never thought I'd see a lawyer complain about the amount of paperwork. Shame on you, sir."

I couldn't resist adding, "And I've only written on one side." That got a big laugh.

From everyone, that is, except the lawyer. He did have the grace, however, to reply, "My apologies."

Okay, girl, settle down now, I told myself. This is important. I'd finished my coffee so I took a sip of water and began.

"I better start by saying this. What I've got here is not very well organised. I thought it was more important to get everything in, even if it doesn't always make a lot of sense. You see, I've changed so much over the last week that some things that may have seemed right to me a week ago now seem wrong, or at least strange to me now. But that doesn't make them wrong, just no longer right to me. Am I making any sense, Dr. Cellon?"

"I think so, Samantha. So, do carry on."

"I suppose the big question you have for me is whether I think the Program is a GOOD thing or a BAD thing. I can only answer that as it applies to me, not to anyone else. I think it's ended up being a good thing for me, but it was a bad thing, no, an awful thing, along the way.

"So let's start at the beginning for me, my selection. I think I was chosen completely at random because you..." I turned to Dr. Reynolds for a moment, "...Needed one more girl at very short notice. That was very wrong of you. Not that you chose me, but that you picked my name out of a hat or something. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, Samantha, it is. I wanted a girl from your year and Mrs. Johnson did something with numbers on her computer and that was that." I sensed that he wanted to say more than that but decided not to. He let his eyes drop to the papers in front of him.

I turned back to the panel. "There's the first thing for you to think about. How are participants chosen? Especially when the Program is starting up at a particular school. I think that's a really important thing.

"For most of the rest of this I have to be personal. Heather and Shelley told me that they told you about me trying to kill myself. I know now that I was being very stupid, but that's not how it felt at the time. You need to understand that the only good thing I had in my life at all was my singing. I was convinced that, please excuse my language now but this was really how I felt, the fucking Program had taken even that away from me and I really didn't have anything worth living for. Maybe you had to have been somewhere like that yourself sometime, before you can understand how completely devastated I was."

I remembered that Mr. Grayson was a psychologist. "Do I have this about right?" I asked him.

"Yes, I believe you do. I've read so many case studies that I think I understand the despair you're talking about, but then another case comes along that makes no sense to me, and I'm supposed to be a professional."

"Well, sir, all I can say is that looking back on it now, it hardly makes sense to me any more, and I lived through it."

"You see what the Program does is strip away more than your clothes. When you combine that with the mandatory touching, all the participant's natural defences go too. Where I was a week ago I had absolutely nothing to protect me, no friends, no support from family, even my singing had been stolen from me. My teachers, in the form of Ms. Gordon, had turned against me. I really had nothing to protect me any longer, and that is too dangerous a situation to put anyone into."

I faced Dr. Reynolds again. "I wanted you to hear this, sir. I only didn't die because Laura happened to wander into the correct loo late in the afternoon when the school was practically empty and saw blood on the floor coming out of a stall. I never want you to forget that, Dr. Reynolds. You may not be so lucky the next time."

I faced the panel again and looked at Mrs. Chaplain. "And the same goes for you. Not every teenager is balanced and happy, with a circle of friends and a loving family. Believe me, Mrs. Chaplain, choose badly or, and here's the really scary part, unluckily and you will cause someone to die. That's as certain as we are sitting here."

I sat there silently looking slowly and intently at each one of them. None of them could hold my gaze. I had even shaken Dr. Cellon out of his amiability. He began to say something.

"Samantha, I'm not sure..."

"Excuse me, Dr. Cellon, but I've not finished. Do I still, what's the phrase, have

the floor?"

"Yes, of course you have." I don't know what he was going to say, but I'm pretty certain he was grateful that I interrupted him.

"So, after that why do I say the Program was good for me? I'm convinced it was an accident, or rather a series of lucky accidents, that the week turned out so well for me. Let's start with family. My Mum has raised me entirely on her own. She doesn't know who my father was, so of course neither do I. She resents me so much that I honestly believe she was disappointed my suicide attempt failed." That brought a gasp from the young teacher.

"But every cloud has a silver lining, right? Laura Townley's mum took me in last week and convinced the doctors in the hospital that I'd be safe enough with her and Laura that I could still sing in the concert. You know, I feel I've had more love from the Townleys this week than I've had from my real mother my whole life." I looked at the psychologist. "Perhaps you should add that little fact to your Downing file. I know you've got one." It was his turn to squirm a little all on his own.

I took a sip of water before continuing. I'm afraid I was enjoying the psychologist's discomfort. "My next topic is friends. Here the Program scored a lot of goals with me. I was starving from the lack of friends before last week. And my fellow Program participants have come through, big style, as Laura puts it. Laura, Suzie, Shelley, Heather, and because of the Program two girls from the choir, Tanya and Teresa, I have six more very good friends than I had before. Remember that's six more than zero in my case.

"And then there's Stephen, one of the Program boys. Before last week I had never even kissed a boy, much less done anything else. I was the original virgin. Now I have a boyfriend, and we've made love several times now. That's right, not just fooled around, not just had sex, but made love. He was almost as inexperienced as I was before the Program got us. I don't know how long it's going to last, but I'm going to wring every drop out of it that I can and give Stephen just as much love and attention as I'm capable of giving him. As of this morning, Stephen and I are among the happiest kids in this school in the boyfriend-girlfriend department. If I'm being fair, I must give the Program most of the credit for that."

Danielle had disagreed a little with that paragraph and thought I might be unnecessarily misleading the inquiry. I insisted that what Stephen and I had already done should be called "making love" even if we hadn't actually fucked yet. She smiled and hugged me, though, when I confided that the situation would change just as soon as I could arrange it.

"And finally," I paused and stared at the lawyer. Everyone noticed but no one said anything. "Finally I come to my singing. This probably was the thing that saved my life. Once I realised that I would be singing at the concert, I could grit my teeth

and put up with anything, even the fucking Program. There I said it again and I refuse to apologise for that. I knew I would have to appear at the concert, on television, naked. But after I had been viciously molested in the corridors of this school (I didn't have to turn around to sense Dr. Reynolds' anger at what had happened.), what further harm could a few TV cameras do to me?

"I had no idea that some of the other girls were going to strip to support me. I didn't even know Laura and Suzie were going to be there until just before the concert began, so I was convinced that I would be naked on that stage all on my own, not bad for a little girl who couldn't say boo to a goose a few days earlier. To make a success of that concert, to get someone in the business interested enough in me so I could escape my wretched life here for something better somewhere else, I'd do a lot more than sing naked if I had to, believe me.

"But it looks like I haven't had to. One of the biggest agents in the business is genuinely interested in me, in Samantha Downing's talent as a singer, and not just in me as the first naked choirgirl in Britain." Now I smiled properly for the first time in a while. "Although I'm pretty sure that won't hurt my chances at all." And felt my smile change into a huge grin.

"I believe that what happened to me, and to the other Program girls, was mostly the result of Dr. Reynolds' absence last week. He must take responsibility for not telling you all to go to hell and insisting on returning to where his primary responsibility lies. But all of you sitting behind that table are equally to blame for putting him in such an invidious position. The only defence any of you had was ignorance. You can't hide behind that any longer."

(Confession time. I had a lot of help with my "speech" from Danielle. In particular that final paragraph was all her work, although the thoughts it expressed were all mine, and still are.)

"That's all I have to say for now, Dr. Cellon. But perhaps we could take a short break before continuing. I really do need a... break."

"And I suspect you may not be the only one, Samantha. Unless there are any objections..." there were none, "...A fifteen-minute recess is ordered." A loud click came from the direction of the clerk.

I needed to speak to Dr. Reynolds before I went for a pee, though. "I'm sorry if I upset you, sir, but I felt I had to say what I did."

"No apologies are needed, Samantha. The truth is you're mostly repeating a lot of what I've already said to them but, I must add, far more eloquently than I ever could. I think you made a very good impression on them."

"Oh, sir, that doesn't matter. I just want things to change here and at Mrs. Chaplain's school before any other girl gets hurt." I was bursting to go, so without

giving him a chance to reply I said, "If you'll excuse me..." and almost ran for the loo.

When I returned people were still milling about. I picked up my cup and saucer to get a refill when Mrs. Chaplain stopped me.

"A moment please, Samantha. I'll be starting the questions in a minute. The first question I intend to ask is a difficult one and I want you to think carefully about it before you answer. I was thinking that if you went for coffee then, you wouldn't feel quite as self-conscious as you might just sitting in your chair."

Crikey! What was she going to ask me? I took her advice and sat down. There was a little water left in my glass and I swallowed it quickly as I waited.

Dr. Cellon cleared his throat, "If we all could take our places again..." Soon I heard the ominous click from the clerk.

Dr. Cellon began. "Thank you, Samantha, for your statement. You may think it was disorganised but I for one disagree. You have certainly given us much to consider. If the members of the committee seem to be going over your statement with their questions, please do not think they are questioning what you've said. Instead I'm sure they simply wish to delve more deeply into the points you have raised.

"One final point before I hand proceedings over to the members of the committee. You should understand that we cannot compel you to answer any question. If there is a question you need to think about before answering, take your time. Indeed if there is a question you do not wish to answer, simply say so and we will move on. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Dr. Cellon, and thank you."

"You are a formidable witness, Miss Downing." His voice was sharp but his eyes were friendly. "Mrs. Chaplain, I believe you have some questions for the witness."

"Thank you, Mr. Chairman. Before I start I must relate a brief conversation I had with Samantha just before we resumed. I warned her that my first question would be difficult to answer and that I thought she might wish to fetch a drink while she considered her response." That got a very surprised look from Dr. Cellon, but he kept silent. Now she spoke directly to me.

"Okay, Samantha, here goes. I'd like you to imagine that things were different for you from the start of your Program week. We have been told that the Reasonable Request situation was very much improved from midday Wednesday onwards. So let's pretend that was true from the beginning of the week. Let's also pretend that Ms. Gordon, or any other teacher like her, was not around. And finally, let's pretend that Heather Hoover had not been attacked the previous week. You said in your statement that the Program ended up being good for you, but that it had been

awful for you to begin with. Given the different circumstances I've just described, do you still think that the Program would have been awful for you, or even only bad for you?" She smiled and shrugged. "Sorry, Samantha. I did warn you it'd be a tough question."

"Too right, ma'am. I really have to think about this." I raised my cup, looked at Dr. Cellon and nodded towards the window. He nodded back.

I could feel their stares on my back as I was fetching my coffee. I knew that a big part of what I was about to say, if I gave an honest answer, might undermine my earlier testimony, as well as what I knew of Heather's testimony last week. But what else could I do? I didn't understand a lot of this, so all I could I do was be honest and hope that some good came from it. I returned to my seat, took a sip of hot coffee and directly addressed Mrs. Chaplain.

"I think I understand why you are asking your question. You want me to imagine a smooth-running Program, a 'good' Program if you will, and then pretend that's the Program I went through. Am I right?"

"Yes, you are."

I tried to imagine my Program week without all those things she'd said, and without Heather having been raped and I realised that I couldn't. Just thinking about what had happened to her made me angry. "I can't."

They looked at me, puzzled. "I can't pretend that Heather wasn't raped and you shouldn't either. It's affected the whole school, the students and the teachers, and every day I see how it's affected Heather, and her family too." Looking directly at Mrs. Chaplain I couldn't keep from adding, "And you of all people should know better, after what you told us on Saturday about that other girl."

To her credit she nodded, then answered, "You're right, Samantha. There are things we must never 'pretend' away. If Heather were here, I'd apologise to her. As it is, I do apologise to everyone in this room." She waited a moment for that to sink in. "What I'm really asking isn't whether we can turn the clock back here. We can't. But if I can restate the question. When the Program starts in other areas, unaffected by what happened to Heather here, and without the specific problems which happened here at the beginning, and without any teachers like Ghastly Gordon..." I was startled at her use of that name and so were some of the panel. She smiled at me, "And I don't apologise for calling her that. But given that all those awful things are out of the way, would the Program still have been awful for you?"

She was asking me to separate Heather's attack from the Program. Was that possible? I sat there silently trying to work it out. When Heather was the only girl in the Program, that made her very visible, and so a more likely target, I supposed. But if the Program were running in lots of schools, wouldn't that change? And how

did I feel on Saturday when I was naked in Nelson Square? I didn't feel like a target then. I really tried to imagine my Program week without all those things she said, and I realised finally, I couldn't.

"Samantha?" Mrs. Chaplain asked softly.

I shook my head. "Sorry, Mrs. Chaplain, but I had to think." I drank a little coffee. "I was trying to imagine my Program week without all those awful things, and I couldn't. And I realised I didn't want to either."

Here goes nothing, I told myself. "Mrs. Chaplain, I think I needed the awful start to the week to make me change for the better." I really wish I had a camera to record the looks of surprise on the faces of all five inquiry members. "I'd better explain that as best I can." I addressed the psychologist, "Mr. Grayson, when I've finished, will you help me?"

"Yes, of course, if I can."

"At the start of the week I was in a very bad place. In the kind of Program you've described, Mrs. Chaplain, I think I probably would have just coasted along and kept my emotions and feelings out of everything. I'd have left the walls up. After all I've had years of practice at doing just that. If I could have survived by staying at home at night without opening up to others, I would have done so. It would have been too easy for me to stay in my shell, so I never would have come out of it.

"But the way it went, I needed to open up to Stephen to survive. And look what happened to us as a result. Stephen and I fell in love.

"At the concert I needed to sing better than I'd ever sung before, so I did. I'll never know if a weaker performance from me would still have attracted Mr. Vaughan's attention, but somehow I'm pretty sure it wouldn't have done so.

"If I hadn't tried to kill myself, I'd still be living at home. Instead I have a real, loving family for the first time in my life. I would never recommend attempted suicide as... something positive, but I think that's the way it's worked out for me."

My mind went back to that awful afternoon and I had to add quietly, "But it almost didn't... no, it almost didn't... work... out."

By now my voice had dropped almost to a whisper. It was like I was peeking around a door that I did not want to open. I looked at the psychologist and croaked, "Mr. Grayson, help me here... please."

He took a long time to answer me. Eventually his words came out slowly, like he was thinking about each of them carefully. "Well, Samantha, from all that you've said, you may well be right. I've used this metaphor before, but let's see if you think it fits. You can't make steel from iron ore without smelting it at very high temperatures. There is real steel in you now, Samantha."



His voice strengthened again as he continued, "Without your horrendous experiences at the start of last week, you would not be the person you are now. In other circumstances you might well have developed into who you are now, but it certainly would have taken very much longer. You said that it might not have turned out so happily, and you are quite correct. It often ends tragically. The question you have to ask yourself, Samantha, is 'Was it worth it?' Would you have walked down the same dangerous path again if you had the choice?"

Our eyes were locked together now. It seemed like I was looking inside myself through his gaze. You might think that what I saw there frightened or alarmed me, but you'd be wrong. I still don't understand how it happened to me, probably I never will, but it's enough for me to know that it has happened. One hand wrapped itself around the scar on my wrist. I knew I'd always remember what that security guard had said about his scar, 'I don't know if this will help, but sometimes I look at this and say to myself, thank god you failed, Jimmy.'

My eyes dropped briefly as I brought myself back to the inquiry. I looked at each panel member in turn. "Yes," I breathed heavily, feeling almost as though the admission was being wrenched out of me. "I think I would. Read my journal on Wednesday morning. I was going through hell to help Laura. It was easy to do when I understood she had saved my life on Tuesday. And after surviving Wednesday morning, I could do anything. You were talking about steel, Mr Grayson. After Wednesday it was like I was wearing steel armour and I was stronger than I'd ever been before."

I faced Mrs. Chaplain again. "I hadn't understood this until you asked your question. The best Program for me was the one that happened, the one that included Ms. Gordon and the sexual assaults in the school corridor, and yes, the one that included my attempted suicide."

"But surely, Samantha," argued Mrs. Chaplain, "You can't mean that to be true in general."

"No," I answered too loudly, almost shouting the word. "No, not in general. It's far too dangerous. All that I'm saying is that it worked for Samantha Downing. It was stupidly dangerous, but it did work. Do I think you can afford to take the same chances in the future? Hell, no!"

"So how should we change things?"

I'd already thought about that one last night, although I decided earlier to leave it out of my initial speech.

"There are two things that must change. The first one is education. We are talking about schools after all. You must spend a lot of time before the Program starts in a school, explaining how the Program should work and what terrible things can happen if the Program doesn't work.

"The second one is selection. At least when the Program first starts in a school, you should try to find volunteers. If you've done the education bit well, I reckon you'll be able to find plenty of volunteers."

Mr. Grayson smiled at me. "Would you have volunteered, Samantha?"

I smiled back. "No, of course I wouldn't. At least the old, scared Samantha wouldn't."

"Do you think that any of the students who would get the biggest benefit from the Program would volunteer?"

I could see where this was going. "No, I don't suppose they would. But that still doesn't mean you shouldn't try to start things off with volunteers."

Dr. Cellon interrupted, "I think that's something the Program Committee needs to consider. Does anyone have further questions for Samantha?"

The young woman teacher cleared her throat, "Samantha, do you like being naked now, in public?"

Hmm, interesting. "Yes, I think I do, but not naked on my own I think. Even one other naked person nearby makes all the difference." I thought for a few seconds. "It doesn't even have to be someone I know."

"Weren't you naked and on your own last Saturday at that shopping centre?" she asked.

"That's different. The manager at the shopping centre had treated Mrs. Townley very badly. The woman was wrong and I was pissed off... Oops, I beg your pardon, everyone... I was very angry."

Dr. Cellon smiled at me. "That's quite alright, Samantha. You made the main evening news again on Saturday. The report explained why you were... pissed off. With complete justification, if I may say so. I should also add that for a few moments there you were the best ambassador for the Program that any of us could wish for." He turned his head to the teacher. "My apologies for interrupting. Do carry on."

"No apology needed, sir. I saw the news report as well, and thought precisely the same thing. Samantha, what about being naked in school if you're not actually in the Program?"

I thought for a moment. "I'm wondering here about distraction. If there are other naked students about who aren't in the Program, I think I'd probably join them occasionally, depending on how I felt at the time."

Excuse me, Samantha," the teacher interrupted. "What do you mean by distraction?"

"I mean me being distracted from my schoolwork if I'm naked. When you're naked at school, you know that other students are checking you out, and that's always at least a little bit arousing. And if my boyfriend were naked as well, even if we weren't doing anything, I know I'd be thinking about other things, and not my lessons, and that would be a lot more than a little bit... distracting."

Now the teacher was smiling widely. "Yes, I'm sure I'd find that situation very... distracting." She put a hand in front of her mouth, and blushed slightly.

I carried on quickly to cover her embarrassment. "I guess the simple answer to both your questions is yes. I do like being naked now as long as I'm not on display, and if it's my choice, not someone else's." Then I giggled. "At least while it's summertime. I'm not so sure about when it gets cold." I turned round in my seat, "Dr. Reynolds, heating in school is going to become much more of an issue, don't you think?"

"We've already thought of that one, Samantha. Over the summer break, we're improving the central heating, so that I'll have a lot more control over it. Will that do?" he grinned.

I grinned back. "As long as you listen to opinions from the naked students." I turned back to the teacher. "I want it to be, how can I put this, ordinary for people to be naked if that's their choice. And not just 'beautiful' people."

I paused for a second. I was about to repeat myself, but this was important. "When it's my choice to be naked, it comes back to this power thing, doesn't it? I'm in charge of my body, not anyone else."

"But you do find it arousing being naked in public?"

"Not that much really," I grinned, "Unless Stephen's around. Then I might have a couple of small problems." Just as well I was wearing a bra. When I thought about being naked with Stephen, I could feel my nipples start to get hard.

She smiled warmly at me. "Thank you, Samantha. Those are all my questions, Mr. Chairman."

"Anyone else?" Dr. Cellon asked.

Dr. Reynolds spoke up behind me, "Mr. Chairman, may I?"

"Of course, sir."

I faced Dr. Reynolds as he began. "Samantha, you were talking about education before. Did you mean just the students? What about staff?"

"I was thinking before about the students and how they treat the kids in the Program. But before the students can be educated, obviously the staff, all of it, must be educated first." I thought of a potential problem. "Dr. Reynolds, suppose

you have teachers who oppose the Program. What will you do about them?"

He thought about that one. "There's opposition and opposition, I suppose. If a teacher disagrees with the Program but does nothing to undermine it, that's perfectly acceptable. The students will pick up on that fairly quickly and, if the teacher is honest and tolerant, I think the students will accept it. I know I shall. Healthy debate is fine, but if a teacher actually does anything that undermines the Program or, worse, makes it more difficult for the participants, then I'll show him or her the door." You know when you can tell someone means something? Dr. Reynolds meant that.

But I couldn't resist asking, "Don't you mean 'naked participants', sir?"

He laughed. "I stand corrected. That's all I have, Mr Chairman."

"Any more questions, from anyone?" Dr. Cellon looked around, but there was nothing. Then he addressed me, "Is there anything you care to add, Samantha?"

"No, thank you, Dr. Cellon."

"In that case, Samantha, it only remains for me to thank you for your thought-provoking evidence." He nodded at his clerk, who threw the loud switch off.

It was very strange. When I'd been testifying I'd felt very tense even though I could feel that all of them had been trying to put me at ease. The click of that switch had turned off my tension as well. It wasn't just that the ordeal was over. I knew I'd given it my best shot and that was all that mattered to me. I stood up and stretched. I was smiling, but I didn't try to stop.

Mr. Grayson and the young teacher were over by the coffee when Dr. Cellon looked up from a piece of paper in front of him and addressed me. "Samantha, I have a Stephen Rivers on my list here. Is he your boyfriend?"

A big grin replaced my smile. "Yes, Dr. Cellon, he is."

He raised his voice slightly and attracted everyone's attention. "While Miss Downing's evidence is uppermost in our minds, perhaps it would be best to hear from young Rivers now. What say you all?"

Mrs. Chaplain spoke first. "A good idea, Richard. Are we all agreed?"

There were nods and positive mutterings all round.

Dr. Cellon addressed the headmaster, "Julian, perhaps you could..."

Dr. Reynolds pulled out his mobile and spoke to Mrs. Johnson before turning to the chairman, "He'll be out of Biology class in about five minutes. I'll have my secretary fetch him."

"I can do that, Dr. Reynolds," I volunteered, "His Bio class isn't far from here."

He said something more to Mrs. Johnson and put away his phone. "Samantha, Mrs. Johnson says thank you. She'll inform his teachers."

I reached Stephen's classroom as the bell went. The usual stampede began but he was easy to spot, one of maybe six naked boys in the crowded corridor. He didn't see me till I was nearly on top of him. Now there's a thought, I thought.

I pushed him against the wall, hugged him around the waist and looked up at him. "Hello, gorgeous," I whispered.

He bent his head down and we began to kiss. There's nothing like a long sweet kiss to get a girl's juices flowing, especially when the boyfriend's naked cock starts pushing against her tummy through a thin summer blouse.

There was a loud "Ahem!" behind me. Stephen and I found ourselves staring at Mr. Thompson. "Behave yourselves!" His tone was gruff, but his smile showed a lot of teeth.

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Sorry, sir," Stephen added. I felt his cock soften again.

I thought quickly, "It was a Reasonable Request, sir."

"Oh, yes? As I understand it, there are no Reasonable Requests this week."

Oops. I had to think even faster. "But Shelley said at Assembly that we could still ask. It's just that proggies don't have to say yes this week."

"And Sam did ask me first," Stephen lied.

I don't think Mr. Thompson believed him, but he couldn't really challenge him.

"Well, you've not much time. If I find out that either of you are late for your next class..." He didn't have to complete the threat. As Deputy Head he was in charge of detention. He walked away shaking his head, and we could hear him mutter, "Proggies, huh? I like that."

I dragged Stephen in the opposite direction. "Come on, lover boy, you're getting dressed."

"How come?"

"The inquiry wants you. Now!"

As he was dressing he asked, "How did your time go this morning? Did you kick the shit out of them?" I'd let him read my notes before school.

"I'm not sure. The chairman did call me 'a formidable witness'. Pretty cool, huh?" I didn't give him a chance to answer. "Anyway, that doesn't matter if they heard

what I said." I knew Stephen was just being Stephen, but I was just a little bit annoyed with his question. This "shit" was important and he knew it.

I grabbed his hand again. "Come on, I'll take you to where they are."

"What are they like?"

"Okay, I guess. What did you think of Mrs. Chaplain last Saturday?"

He grinned at me. "Am I allowed to say I kind of liked a headmistress?"

I grinned back. "Yeah. Hey, they're going to ask you first off if you want Dr. Reynolds to stay while you testify in there or leave."

"What did you say?"

"Oh, I wanted him to stay so he could hear what I had to say." My voice dropped. "Besides, I was nervous to start with and I wanted a familiar face in the room."

Stephen went quiet and I could tell he was thinking about something. He made us stop before he asked me, "Sam, if they allow it, will you stay for my... testimony?"

He hadn't been able to keep a note of pleading out of his voice. I touched his cheek before I replied.

"Of course I will, darling. But I don't think they'll agree to it."

Everyone, except the poor clerk, was standing when we walked into the room. Mrs. Chaplain was listening to something the lawyer was telling her, but I managed to catch her eye. I beckoned her over to the door. She nodded and said something briefly to the lawyer. Then she came over.

Her first words were for Stephen. "Good morning, Mr. Rivers. (What a neat way to remind him not to call her Christina here.) Which class have we rescued you from?"

"History, Mrs. Chaplain. And there's a test today, so," he grinned, "Thanks for the rescue job."

"Weren't you prepared for the test?"

"Sort of, yes, but it was going to cover stuff from last week, and I'm afraid I didn't do a lot of paying attention then. I was kind of distracted most of the time."

"So was I," I reminded Mrs. Chaplain. I had to support my man here.

"That's a problem for students in the Program. We understand that, both of you, really we do." She gave Stephen a hard look. "But maybe it'd be a good idea to get that on the record from one of you. Shall I ask you about that later, Stephen?"

"Yes please."

She turned to me. "Why did you call me over, Samantha?"

Stephen answered before I could start, "Mrs. Chaplain, it would mean a lot to me if Sam could be allowed to stay while I'm here." Now he started to babble. "I mean, she's already given her testimony so it's not like she'd hear something that could change that and I want her to hear what I have to say. I'd tell her everything later on anyway. Please, Mrs. Chaplain."

"It is a little irregular, Stephen."

I suddenly remembered, "Didn't you let Heather and Shelley testify together? Isn't that a... a... oh what's the word?"

"A precedent," she answered. "A very good point, Samantha. Wait here a moment. Stephen, come with me."

I watched while she took him over to Dr. Cellon. It was clear from across the room who was in charge. It only took a moment before the chairman turned to his clerk, who stood and fetched another chair from the back of the room and put it next to Dr. Reynolds' chair.

Stephen was beaming as he and Mrs. Chaplain returned. She asked me, "Do you mind sharing a table with Dr. Reynolds?" Of course, I didn't. "Would you and Stephen get your drinks in so we can make a start then?"

I whispered to him as we crossed the room, "I know you usually drink tea, but the coffee's ace. You should try it."

He did that. I pretended not to notice as he added about four spoons of sugar to his coffee. I hope he didn't notice me shudder at the sacrilege.

The start of Stephen's testimony was identical to mine. Dr. Cellon explained that the room was bugged so Stephen could speak normally but should never just nod his head. Dr. Cellon introduced himself, as did the rest of the panel. Stephen agreed to Dr. Reynolds' presence, so again the headmaster identified himself for the tape.

Then the chairman changed the script. "Before we began, Mr. Rivers asked if Miss Downing could be present for his evidence. I must now ask you formally, do you wish Miss Downing to remain?"

"Yes please, Mr. Chairman. I wish that very much."

"In that case, Miss Downing, please identify yourself for the record as Dr. Reynolds has just done."

"I am Samantha Downing, a fellow student of Mr. Rivers." I had to stop myself

giggling before I added, "I'm also his girlfriend."

"Thank you, Miss Downing. Perhaps a more complete answer than was strictly necessary. Mr. Rivers, Miss Downing asked that she be addressed as Samantha. How shall we address you?"

"I'd prefer it if you use Stephen, sir, if that's alright."

"Perfectly. Stephen, do you wish to make an opening statement?"

Stephen thought for a moment, then said, "No, I don't think so. Sam, I mean, Samantha let me read her notes early this morning." He turned to me. "Did you read all those notes to them?"

I nodded yes, but then I remembered the tape. "Yes, Stephen, I did."

"In that case, Mr. Chairman, can I just say that I agree with everything in them, even the personal stuff." I could feel my face start to redden. Then he added, "There is something I want to add, but maybe it'd be better until we get to a certain point later. Is that okay, sir?"

"Of course it is. In that case, I should explain a couple of things to you. In a moment I'll hand proceedings over to the members of the committee, starting with Mrs. Chaplain. However, other members may intervene with a question of their own at any time, so please, don't be alarmed if that happens.

"If there is a question you need to think about before answering, take as much time as you need. We cannot, nor do we wish to, force you to answer any question, so if you hear something that you do not wish to answer, simply say so and we will move on. Is that clear, sir?"

"Yes, sir, thank you."

Mrs. Chaplain spoke next. "I want to start with a simple question, but one you may wish to answer at length. Speaking only personally, that is, only as you were affected and not anyone else, what was your Program week like?"

He answered immediately, "Totally mind-blowing, ma'am." Then he grinned. "I guess you want a little more detail than that, though. Am I right?"

She smiled back at him, "Yes, Stephen, assuming your mind has 'un-blown' itself, a little more detail would be helpful."

"How explicit can I be? I mean, I'm used to using words that I wouldn't use in class."

Mrs. Chaplain smiled. "Stephen, all of us have read all your journals. The girls, especially, went into a great deal of detail and, how shall I put this, used ordinary language and all the... colourful words you'd use if you were with your friends



instead of here."

I remembered how I described Wednesday evening with Stephen in my journal. I'd certainly left nothing out, and nothing to the imagination. He hasn't read my journal yet, I suddenly realised. I must fix that.

She continued, "So use whatever language is easiest for you. Believe me, you won't shock any of us or even make us uncomfortable."

"I was a virgin before this week, but that lasted for only about half an hour into the Program. I had dated several girls before, but the furthest I'd got was feeling their..." He took a deep breath and shrugged his shoulders. "...Their tits and pussies. One girl had given me a couple of blowjobs, and finished them, but that was it."

He took a sip of his coffee. "After Monday's assembly I got the chance to... hang on, Mrs. C. Are you sure I can use rude words?"

Poor Stephen, he was so nervous I don't think he even noticed that he'd used "Mrs. C" for Mrs. Chaplain.

The teacher came in here. "Let me, Christina, please." She smiled at Stephen and spoke gently. "You might be surprised, Stephen, if you heard grown-ups talking when there aren't any kids about. Believe me, whatever it is you're about to say, not only will we already know it, but we'd probably use the same words ourselves." She glared at Dr. Cellon, daring him to contradict her. He didn't say a word.

Mrs. Chaplain tried to suppress a little giggle unsuccessfully. "Dorina's correct, Stephen. Do carry on."

Stephen's voice was a lot more relaxed when he started again. "After the assembly, I got the chance to eat my first pussy, Suzie's in fact, and it was wicked. Then, after Shelley made us all watch Lenny take her cherry, I admitted that I was still a virgin too. Suzie sorted me out, and it was so much better than I thought it was going to be."

I didn't have to see his face to tell how pleased he was about that. I so envied Suzie for a few seconds. I'm not a boy but I totally get how important that was for him. As important as it'll be for you soon, girl, I chided myself.

Then he turned round and faced me. "Sam, for a day or so I thought I was in love with Suzie. Sorry."

"Don't apologise. I wasn't exactly god's gift to boys last Monday, now was I." I couldn't stop a small giggle. "I probably would have fallen in love with Suzie too... in those circumstances."

"I was walking around in a daze the rest of Monday," he continued. "When girls came up to me with Reasonable Requests I pretended it was Suzie. Then when I got the chance to walk her home after the petting party on Monday night, I could not believe my luck. I was able to fuck her again down by the river and it was even better than the first time, I think, because I wasn't nervous any more. There was some other stuff that happened Monday night..."

He paused, probably because he didn't want to say more in front of me. So I interrupted, "Stephen, it's okay, I've read Suzie's journal so I know about the other girl as well. It really is okay."

He mouthed a silent thank you at me and moved on to Tuesday morning. "I came in very early the next day. I was unbuttoning my shirt when I heard this sexy voice in my ear, 'We have a Reasonable Request. Can we undress you?' I looked around and besides the girl close by who had slapped my hands away from my shirt buttons were two other girls. They were all from the top form, so a year or so older than me, and they were all foxes.

"I think I nodded to them that it was okay. One of the others said, 'Oh goody!' Suddenly I had six hands all over me. Each of them gave me a little kiss. 'I'm Joanna.' 'I'm Mary.' 'I'm Josephine, but everyone calls me Jo.' The six hands stayed away from my cock, but touched me everywhere else including my arse. By the time I was down to my pants, I was as hard as I've ever been."

He had been looking up towards the window like he was remembering and enjoying every tiny detail, but now he looked straight at Mrs. Chaplain. "You know I had the hardest time last night, when I was finishing my journal, trying to remember Mary's name. Joanna's was easy as she seemed to be in charge and the other girls kept saying her name. And Jo's was easy to remember too. She has the cutest bum I think I've ever seen..."

He stopped suddenly when he remembered who was sitting right behind him. "Oops," he whispered and I could tell he was forcing himself NOT to face me. Right, you so-and-so, that will cost you... somehow, somewhere and soon. At the same time, something else registered. The boy likes bums. That's good, 'cause I knew mine was pretty tasty too.

"Jo was standing behind me and said I was cute like that, just in my pants, 'But rules are rules, I suppose.' Then she pulled off my pants.

"Joanna and Mary dragged me towards the stairs. 'Come on,' one of them said, 'Let's find an empty classroom.' Jo was behind us, and all the way up the stairs she kept spanking my arse softly.

"What happened in that classroom is in my journal. I won't say anything more now."

"Spoilsport! Just when it was getting interesting..." was out of my mouth before I could stop it. I felt so-o embarrassed. Dr. Reynolds started laughing beside me and that certainly didn't help. "Sorry," I mumbled. And then I began to laugh as well.

The teacher rescued me. "That's okay, Samantha. It's just what I was thinking. We haven't seen your journal yet, Stephen. I expect you're more... forthcoming there."

"Yes, ma'am, I am."

I decided I HAD to read that journal of his as soon as possible. I was still chuckling as I thought it might be even better if I could persuade him to read that bit to me. And I was so happy, really, that he had been having a good Program week.

He continued, "The reason I'm telling you guys about this today is that that experience threw a switch in my head. It was pure sex with those three girls, lots and lots of fun, but no real emotion. It made me realise that I wasn't really in love with Suzie. I was just..."

Here Stephen was struggling for words, so the teacher suggested, "There's a phrase that's often used, Stephen. You weren't in love with Suzie. You were in lust with her. Is that it?"

"Yes, thank you. That sounds exactly right. I stayed in that classroom with the girls right up to Assembly. I fucked them all, and Joanna twice. They really emptied me, if you see what I mean. I didn't want relief in class until my fourth lesson.

"I was really happy until lunchtime when Laura was brought into the dining hall and beaten. Everything changed after that for the rest of the day."

His voice shook a little when he said that and he stopped talking. I shut my eyes and I was back in the dining hall, watching in horror as Laura was handcuffed and her beautiful hair was cut. Then the caning and I shuddered again as I recalled each stroke. After a moment Stephen's voice brought me back to the inquiry.

"No one asked me for a Reasonable Request in the afternoon, and I certainly wouldn't have felt like cooperating if they had." He stopped again and just sat there.

Mrs. Chaplain broke the silence. "That was a terrible moment, Stephen, and not just for Laura. Would you like to take a break?"

"No, I'm okay now." And tried to prove it by making his voice normal again. I wished that he had wanted a break. I was desperate to hug him and be hugged.

"My last class on Tuesdays is Social Studies with Mrs. Henderson. Do any of you know her?" He looked from one panel member to the next, but they all shook their heads. Then he turned to Dr. Reynolds, "Do you know if she's a grandmother, sir?"

She seems plenty old enough."

"I wouldn't normally discuss the personal life of any of my staff, but in this case I think it's acceptable. I think she's just had her third grandchild a few weeks ago." He gave a little chuckle. "Apparently you couldn't move in the staff room without Mrs. Henderson ambushing you with pictures of the baby. I think she's very proud of her grandmother status."

Stephen began again. "I'm not surprised. She's really seemed happy in class recently. Anyway, after what happened to Laura at lunchtime, Mrs. Henderson decided to pack in her regular lesson. Instead we had a long discussion about the Program and she got a lot of us to say what we thought. I just want to try and tell you what one girl said. Before the Assembly on Monday, this is last Monday, remember, not yesterday, she thought the Program was a terrible idea, especially for girls. But then she saw how brave Heather was, standing up there in front of the whole school. The girl said she didn't understand what was going on with the Program, but that if it could help Heather cope with her attack, that's what this girl believed, then maybe the Program was a good thing."

Wow! Could that girl possibly be right? Stephen sat quietly for nearly a minute. When he started again he sounded puzzled. "Can I ask you guys a question?"

Although Mrs. Chaplain was asking the questions then, Dr. Cellon answered Stephen, "Of course you may. We're trying to get at the truth here, however we can. What is your question?"

"What do you guys think? Do you think the Program has helped Heather with her... after what happened to her?" What a good question, I thought. I was as eager as he was to hear the answer to that one.

I wasn't surprised when Mr. Grayson, the psychologist, replied. "I must say I'm not comfortable discussing Miss Hoover when she's not here. However, I've not spoken to her privately at all so I can't be betraying any confidences. I can only say what my training suggests to me."

He took a moment before continuing. "I think the Program has helped her to understand her own sexuality and that of other people. To that extent it should help her to understand that her attack was about power and control and not about sex, despite appearances to the contrary. I suspect that she's not there yet, however, and may not be for some considerable time. I'm sorry, Stephen, but that is all I'm willing to say here. And that's probably more than I should have done."

Stephen answered, "I think that's made sense to me. And also the bit about her not being there yet. A lot of the time Heather seems, I don't know, distracted, just going through the motions of whatever she's doing. Her boyfriend, Jed's my best friend and he was telling me on Sunday how she had gone more than a little crazy on Saturday. You know, that was the first time I ever saw him cry, when he was

telling me about her. If you have him testify here, you'll find out that he blames the Program for a lot that's happened to Heather and, believe me, he's very angry about that."

Mrs. Chaplain spoke gently, "Stephen, could you get back to your own Program please? I think you were in your Social Studies class."

"Right. Mrs. Henderson had let us just say what we wanted for most of the lesson. But then she said something like, 'It's been an awful thing that's happened to Laura Townley today, but I don't think we can blame the Program for that. Rather, it's the fault of one or two teachers.' The way she said that you could tell she was very angry. Somebody asked her, 'So what are you teachers going to do about it?' She said that something was being done, but that she couldn't say what that was. I think the class was mostly pissed off about that, but Mrs. Henderson refused to say any more.

"I was the only one in the Program in the class and so she spoke directly to me. 'Stephen, your Program week should be a positive experience for you. I know it's difficult, but you shouldn't let a couple of teachers ruining Miss Townley's week ruin your week too. And that goes for the rest of you as well. Help Stephen and the others in the Program, and let us teachers deal with the other situation.' Before any of us could react to that, the bell went.

"As I stood up one of the shyest girls in the class came over to me. 'Can I touch it please?' she whispered. She was so nervous that I asked her if she wanted to wait till the others had left the room. She smiled and nodded. As soon as we were alone she reached down to me. I'm sure it was the first penis she'd ever touched. Mrs. Henderson's words had gotten to me. I relaxed in my head and my cock started to get hard as she held it. She was fascinated by it as it got bigger. 'That means it likes you touching it,' I told her. She asked me what she should do next and I told her to rub it slowly.

"She was doing it so gently that it was really teasing me. I told her to go a little faster and to hold it tighter. She got the idea. Then I told her to get her fingers wet with her saliva, that that would make it better for me. After she did that, she started to get into it, and so did I. It wasn't long before I could feel myself getting close. I said something like, 'I'm gonna cum in a minute if you keep going. Is that alright?'

"She stopped then and apologised. She wasn't ready for that yet. That's okay, I told her, maybe she'd be ready later in the week."

I remembered Stephen and me laughing about this on Wednesday. It was anything but okay. The girl had left my poor darling so close to cumming that it hurt. I promised I'd never do that to him.

"She left then," he continued, "But she was grinning. I felt good about that, especially on Thursday morning."

"What happened on Thursday?" Mrs. Chaplain asked.

"The girl's name is Christine. She came over to me as I entered Mrs. Henderson's class and whispered, 'I want to finish what I started before. And I want to do it in front of everyone. Is that okay? I can see you're up for it.' I'd just had a couple of hot Requests and she was right. I was more than up for it. I asked Mrs. Henderson for relief and asked Christine to help me. I could see she was struggling with her shyness, but she was determined.

"She remembered to wet her fingers and her palm and started. It did not take me long. I remembered just in time to tell her to move to the side. I watched her face as I came and I swear she got at least as much pleasure out of it as I did. She got some tissues out of her bag and cleaned up the mess on the floor, grinning the whole time."

He'd been staring off into space while he was describing this, just like before, and again he turned back to the panel for his next words.

"The reason I've taken so long to describe what happened with Christine is this. Christine is maybe the shyest girl I know. Let me say that differently. She WAS the shyest girl I know. If the Program can get to kids like Christine in a good way, then it's doing a very good thing indeed. Anyway, that's what I think."

"So do I," said Mrs. Chaplain. And so do I... maybe. Even now as I write this I'm not sure. Yeah, some kids who are forced into the Program against their will may get a lot of benefit from it. But what about the ones who end up being hurt by it? Honestly, I don't know the answer to this.

Mrs. Chaplain continued, "You seemed to have skipped over Wednesday though."

"I know, but I wanted to finish telling you about Christine. And, I haven't finished Tuesday yet.

"After Christine left me Tuesday afternoon, I was horny, very horny. Two girls from my class were waiting outside for me. They had a 'very Unreasonable Request'. They wanted me to fuck them, both of them. I was not about to say no, that's for sure. They pushed me back into the classroom. Then they pulled their skirts up around their waists and pulled off their knickers. They showed me how they liked to have their pussies played with, and pretty soon they were as ready as I was. 'She gets to go first because it was her idea,' one of them said. I warned the other one that I was not going to last long, and I was right. She bent over the teacher's desk and I went at her from behind. I came very quickly, but her friend kept rubbing her until she came as well. Then the second one said that she thought I'd last longer with her. She was right."

Oh my, I wondered, how am I going to keep with him? It was gonna be fun trying though.

"When I got to my clothes box eventually, Joanna, the girl from the morning, was waiting for me. 'Be early again tomorrow. I've organised something special for you Program boys,' she told me. Did she ever!"

I heard his voice catch. Then he turned to me. "This is why I wanted you here, Sam. I am so very sorry for what happened to you and the other girls on Wednesday morning." He raised his voice slightly so that he was addressing the panel, but he continued to gaze at me as he spoke.

"The next morning when I arrived there were already several girls by the boxes. Joanna was in charge. She told me to get undressed and go with two of the girls. I hadn't seen either of them before. They took me upstairs to the same classroom we'd used on Tuesday. Over the next fifteen minutes Lenny, Christopher and Gerald appeared, each of them with two girls. Jed never turned up so there were four boys and ten girls in that classroom. All of us were naked and all the boys had at least two girls with them the whole time."

It's one thing to read about an orgy in a book or see one in a film. It's something else when someone you know, someone you love, tells you he's been in one. I wasn't angry with him, I wasn't even annoyed. Quite simply I was gobsmacked. I checked out the panel and Dr. Reynolds and they were all as astounded as me. Even the silent clerk had dropped his pencil and was staring at Stephen open-mouthed.

Stephen stood, came over to me and crouched in front of my chair. "Sam, while you and the other Program girls were being... assaulted, I was having an orgy. It was so wrong... I was so wrong. I should have been there to protect you. I don't have any right to ask this, but can you ever forgive me?" Then he started to cry.

There are no words to describe how much I loved Stephen at that moment. I grabbed him to me on the chair and both of us started bawling like babies. Over my tears I could just hear Mrs. Chaplain say, "Richard, let's take a break... now."

I pushed Stephen off me and then dragged him outside. Both of us had mostly stopped crying, but we were clinging to each other so tightly we could hardly breathe.

I finally found my voice. "Of course I forgive you. There was no way you could know what was going to happen on Wednesday morning. It was 'just one of those things.' You know that old song, don't you?"

He still looked so sad that I began to sing softly, "It was just one of those things, Just one of those fabulous things, A trip to the moon on gossamer wings, Just one of those things." Before I reached the end of the first chorus, he was smiling.

But then he frowned, "You being assaulted on Wednesday morning was hardly a fabulous thing."

"No, but Wednesday evening was." I glanced up and down the corridor. "No Mr. Thompson," I whispered.

It was a lovers' kiss and it lasted a while.

Afterwards I held him away from me slightly. "You look like shit, and I'm sure I'm just as bad. Come on."

I dragged him into a girls' loo nearby and made him wash his face. I did the same and both of us used a comb I had with me. A girl came out of one of the stalls, saw Stephen and opened her mouth to say something. I glared at her and she changed her mind.

We were composed again when we returned to the inquiry room. Everyone sat down again.

Dr. Cellon cleared his throat, "If we could come to order again please, everyone..." That wretched switch clicked again. "Mrs. Chaplain?"

Despite the emotional interruption, her voice was very business-like. "Is there anything else you wish to say about your Program week, Stephen?"

He thought for a moment. "No, thank you, ma'am. Everything else is in my journal. The stuff I've gone through here was what I wanted to emphasise... or to tell Sam about in front of you guys."

Now she smiled, "You seem to have had a lot of sex last week. Did you get any schoolwork done?"

"Not a lot." He paused. "That sounds like I don't care, but that's not true. I understand that we get extra marks for our Program week to make up for us not doing anything much all week, but that's really not good enough, you know. For instance, in a class like History, what we're covering this week is based on what we did last week when I was... distracted by the Program. Something like Maths is even worse. The whole course is like... one little step after another, and you need to have them all in your head for work that comes later."

"Do you have any suggestions about this?" she asked.

"Maybe one, but it probably means more work for the teachers, so it won't be popular with them."

"That's not your problem. What's your idea?"

"Actually it might be two ideas. The first part is that at the beginning of the week after a student's been in the Program, each of his or her teachers gives the student detailed notes on what was covered the previous week. The second part is that the teachers must be available for some private question-and-answer time after the student has gone through the extra notes. The Program has taken a week away



from why we're in school. The school has to make the effort to give that week back. I want to go to Uni and do something in the sciences. I can't afford to lose any of my Maths."

Mrs. Chaplain nodded her head in agreement. "There is a lot of merit in what you're saying, Stephen." Then she turned to our headmaster. "Dr. Reynolds, this is essentially an educational matter that Stephen has raised. Perhaps you could join Miss Corton and me after these proceedings to discuss the matter further."

(Note added later. Dr. Reynolds was able to obtain copies of the transcript tapes, so that Heather especially, but the rest of us as well, could correct what we wrote about our sessions in front of the inquiry for accuracy. So I finally found out that the "teacher's" name was Dorina Corton. Miss Corton, please accept my apology for forgetting your name on the day and later when I first wrote this.)

"I'd be delighted."

Mrs. Chaplain turned back to Dr. Cellon. "Thank you, Mr. Chairman. I have no further questions for Stephen."

"Does anyone else wish to question Stephen?" No one spoke. "Mr. Rivers, thank you for your testimony today. In your own way you've been as eloquent and, I believe, as useful as Miss Downing." He nodded to his clerk, and Stephen and I heard that bloody switch for the last time!

Then Dr. Cellon called to us, "Samantha, Stephen, you'll have missed part of your lunch hour. You're welcome to join us, though, if you wish. It's only sandwiches, I'm afraid, but I suspect we'll have some rather nice desserts."

I glanced at Stephen. He shrugged, so it was my choice. Sandwiches, dessert and more of that lovely coffee sounded fine. "Thank you very much, Dr. Cellon. We'll stay."

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# Continuations & Conclusions part 17

## WEEK THREE

### SHELLEY

#### MONDAY

For all my good intentions, I haven't kept up this diary. I have been kind of busy the last few days. So here's a quick "catch up".

Everyone got to the first lesson kind of late after Monday's assembly. I don't know about the other classes, but ours didn't get much work done. Everyone wanted to talk about what had just happened and Mrs. Henderson seemed to be as interested as the rest of us. You won't believe this, but I didn't say much. I know I joke around a lot, but the reaction to what was said affected me almost as much as it did Heather. Even more amazing, with God knows how many boys stripping off, I didn't even think to check any of them out. That's how stunned I was.

I remember I joked about Heather being in shock, but it really meant a lot to her, and because of that, it really meant a lot to me.

But don't worry. By the end of the first lesson I was back to the usual me, determined to run round as many school corridors as possible to check out how many hotties had stripped off. But my plan was scuppered ([see cultural notes](#)) as I reached the first corner, when Melanie grabbed my arm. "Hi, Shelley. Some Assembly!"

"Yeah. You put up your hand?"

"Oh yeah. Wouldn't miss it. And I had to really... after last Friday. I hope I don't regret it."

I couldn't keep a smile off my face. "You won't, I promise. So, how come you're still dressed?"

"Terry, that's my boyfriend, and I talked about it. He said after what Thompson said at Friday's assembly, we should talk it over with our parents first."

"You don't need their permission, you know."

"Yeah, I know, but it's less hassle if I talk about it with them first. Mum'll be cool about it. So will Dad, after he's argued with Mum and me for about an hour. I always get my way with him, but he never agrees to ANYTHING right away. Mum says he'll argue with St. Peter before he decides to go through the pearly gates."

"So you guys doing anything tonight?"

"Terry always has to baby-sit his younger sister on Mondays. His parents are both in the theatre group, you know, the one that puts on terribly highbrow plays and a panto at Christmas. Besides, my dad may not be that cool if I fuck off on a school night late. And anyway, he's gonna talk my bleeding socks off about stripping off. How about tomorrow night?"

"Fine. Where? Want to meet up at Ws?"

"That'll be dead on a Tuesday."

"So will everywhere else," I argued.

"True. Mind if Terry comes?" I had this sudden image of some boy spurting all over her face. Nope, I thought, I never mind when a boy cums.

But I just said, "Is he hot?"

"Blazing."

Hmm, I thought, and the image changed to Terry cumming on my face instead of hers. "You won't mind if I flirt with him then, will you?"

"As long as you don't mind if I flirt with you."

We looked straight into each other's eyes for a moment. I moved forward to kiss her and the damned bell went for second lesson.

I looked out for her in the next break and at lunch, but couldn't find her, so I settled down to enjoy lunch and check out the other "nudies" at the same time.

Some were obviously enjoying flaunting it (and why not, I thought). Others seemed less sure of themselves. Even though it wasn't a Program week, I noticed a lot of touching going on and I felt jealous. I realised I was missing the requests, reasonable or otherwise.

Monday evening Mum went out with Eric, their first "official" date as she put it (I guess India didn't count). She gave Sam and me a lift to Laura's as I was taking a load of clothes for Sam to choose from for her show on Wednesday.

Laura did a make-up job on Sam that was just perfect. Sam's cute anyway and doesn't really need it, but Laura made her really look like a star. I wish I could do that. If I do much make-up I just look slutty.

Then Suzie and I watched Laura teach Sam some of her "milder" striptease moves, sort of the family-show version, I decided.

I just had to join in and show her some of the things I'd seen Tara do in Rugby. I turned my back to her with my hands on my hips and as I wiggled my hips I worked my hands down until I was stroking my arse cheeks.

"I can guess where you learned that," Sam laughed.

I glanced at Laura for a moment. I almost told Sam about Tara, then I remembered, I had to keep the girls in Rugby secret, so I just smiled. I knew that if I started chatting about them I wouldn't stop.

So instead I concentrated on my dance moves. I eased my trousers down and pulled my knickers up tight into the crack of my arse.

Laura remarked, "Nice one, kiddo, but remember, Sam is supposed to be singing, not stripping."

Oops, I had kind of forgotten. "Sorry, Sam. That second move is out, I guess... at least on telly anyway."

Of course Laura had to upstage me. At one point she bent over almost double and caressed her own bum with her hand, then looked at me and wagged her finger at me, saying "Don't even think about it."

"I wasn't!" I protested, then, "At least not till you said it." Laura grinned at that.

"THAT'S what Charlie was doing," cried Sam.

"What?" Laura and I both asked together.

"On Friday, Charlie was, well, doing me at the morning groping and she flashed her bum at the boys watching and told them not to even think about it. She had a stupid grin on her face and I didn't understand why until now."

Who's Charlie?" Laura asked.

I answered her question. "She showed Sam how much fun you can have with a vibrator." Then I added, "Sam, you gotta introduce me to her."

"Shelley," said Suzie, "You're hopeless."

"No," I protested. "Hopeful."

The other three creased up laughing.

"Don't make Sam laugh too much," Laura scolded me. "You'll spoil her make-up."

Suzie had to go home for a while but Sam asked, "Shelley, do you think your Mum would mind..."

"That's what I was going to suggest. Why don't you stay with us? We'd all love to have you."

Suzie was unsure. She felt bad about pushing Sam out. I could understand why. I knew Sam loved staying with us, but there was something special between her and Danielle especially.

But Sam made a joke of it, going on about having to suffer having her own room and so on. The clincher was when she said she had room to entertain Stephen at our place.

Finally Suzie went off home to get some clean clothes. Laura insisted on going with her, despite her protests. Sam tried continuing rehearsing, but she noticed my face and said, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing."

"Come on, tell sister Sammie!" then, "It's Heather, isn't it?"

I nodded. Heather's really been having a tough time and this evening she was having counselling with Danielle. I knew she'd been dreading it and wished I could be there with her, but, as Mum had said, this was something Heather had to do alone.

Sam put the telly on to try and distract me, but I don't even remember what we watched.

Laura returned not long after that to get some clothes for herself. She was staying overnight with Suzie and Suzie's parents had invited her!

"Can't say anymore," she panted, "Suzie's dad's outside waiting for me."

I ran to the window and peered through it, but I couldn't see him.

Not long after she'd gone, it was Suzie's turn to appear. She looked happy, really happy. She ran upstairs and came down five minutes later in this fantastic black dress.

All I could say was "Wow!"

She was carrying a big box. "This one's for Laura," she explained.

Once again, Sam and I were left alone, still watching the telly. Soon, yet another interruption, Laura rang to tell Sam to go to the hotel they ate at the night before. Sam asked if I could come, then Laura told us to dress up for it.

Sam called a taxi and we sneaked really quietly into the house, trying not to disturb Heather and Danielle.

I paused by the lounge door for a moment, trying to hear anything, then felt guilty and crept upstairs.

Sam asked if she could borrow the red dress again. I put on the only other posh dress I had, an incredible, deep-purple number with a deep plunge at the front, just to show off my best assets you understand.

At the hotel were masses of cameras and this man strolled past them all to take my hand. He escorted us both past the press, and once we were inside he bowed to me, "I am honoured to meet the brains behind last Thursday night's little display."

"This is Gerard," said Sam, but I'd already guessed.

Then he led us into a small room and I nearly fell off my seat when Rough Diamond walked in.

"We're Rough Diamond," one of them said, as if we didn't know who they were.

"I've got all your CDs," I said. (Actually I gushed that, but I'm too ashamed to admit it, almost.)

The tallest girl, Dee-Dee thanked me, then Gerard took me away to let Sam and Rough Diamond talk in peace.

I felt a bit jealous, but tried not to show it. Gerard noticed though. As we walked to the hotel bar, he said, "Sorry, love, to take you away. But Sam needs a lot of help before Wednesday, and these three are just the ones to help her."

"But Sam's got a great voice," I argued.

"Yes," he admitted. "She has. But if she's singing mainstream-type material, she needs to learn how to project herself. And for sheer power and presence, they don't come any better than Rough Diamond, even without Joni. Joni may have been the lead singer as she had the best voice, plus she couldn't play any instruments whereas the others can, but Dee-Dee's the boss and always was."

"It never came across like that."

"No," he agreed. "It didn't. It shows how good Dee-Dee is. She never got jealous at all the limelight going on Joni, and tried to stay loyal to her... even after everything that happened." He shook himself. "Anyhow, that's the past. Right now Dee-Dee will see to it that the three of them teach Sam everything she's willing to learn... IF she's willing to learn."

"She will be," I insisted. "She really wants this to work. And she's been getting help from Laura with make-up and dancing and everything."

He laughed at that. "It's the 'everything' that worries me."

I looked at him, ready to defend Laura, but saw he was joking.

"You've been putting on quite a show yourself this last week," he commented. "In just about every newspaper I could mention, and photos in a few magazines I'd rather not mention."

"It's been fun most of the time. Mum's saved a whole load of cuttings for me."

"You know, some producers would pay you a lot of money."

"To have sex, you mean? Do pornos?" He wasn't serious, was he?

"Yes. You obviously enjoy it. You could be quite a star."

Crikey! He was serious. I thought for a minute, a long minute, then I said, "My sister, Heather says one of the problems about taking your clothes off is that everyone thinks you'll do anything."

"But you do a lot more than take your clothes off," he reminded me.

"It's not that I mind having sex," I tried to explain. And yes, I did have trouble keeping a straight face as I said that. So did he. "And I don't think there's anything wrong with being paid for it. One of my friends is a prostitute. And I really do love having sex. But it's fun. It's what I feel like at the time. Doing it because I had to would spoil the fun of it somehow."

"I understand."

I thought about my teasing Eric and the others with "the walk". And then about posing in front of Tara. "But it **WOULD** be sort of exciting to be paid for it."

He looked startled and I suddenly realised that I'd said that last sentence out loud!

He pulled out his wallet and almost flung a couple of large notes at me. We looked at each other for a minute. I wasn't sure if he was joking or not. I don't think he was sure himself.

I handed one of the notes back. "I won't fuck you," I said.

"So, Shelley, what will that get me?" He pointed at the remaining note, then looked at his watch. "Hold that thought. I just have to ring the restaurant and the limo driver."

He went to the lobby to make the calls, then returned.

I knew I should have just given his money back to him, but something about him wanting me so much that he'd pay me really got to me.

"I'll give you a blowjob," I offered nervously.

"That isn't much for all that," he replied.

I thought for a minute. "How about... how about we pretend I'm in the Program and have to do things for you until Laura and Suzie come out of the restaurant?"

"What sort of things?"

"I have to pose for you, let you grope me, same as in the Program."

"And a blowjob as well?"

I hadn't meant that too, but I agreed.

"Come to my room." Suddenly his whole manner changed. Before, he had been curious, maybe even a little unsure of himself. Now he was in charge.

I followed him, wondering if I'd have the nerve to go through with it.

Once we were in his room, I began to peel off the dress, but he said, "No. Leave it on. Sit on the bed."

Feeling even more nervous, I did as he said.

He sat on the bed next to me and slowly lifted up the hem of my dress, then ran his hands up and down my legs. His touch was different to the boys. He was quite gentle, but firm, like he knew what he wanted and how to get it.

He lifted the hem up further, until it was up to my waist. "Open your legs for me," he almost whispered.

He cupped my pussy with his hand, then ran his fingers along the line of my thong, slightly pushing the flimsy material into me. He rubbed me a little then moved up the bed.

He pulled the top of my dress down just enough to pull my boobs out and started licking and sucking them.

I decided to forget who he was and that I was being paid for this and enjoy the sensation.

"Lift your bum up," he said. I didn't hear him for a moment, so he repeated it. He pulled down my knickers and put them in his pocket. Then he pushed two fingers into me, gradually getting me really worked up.

Before I could come, he stopped. He showed me the other note again. "You sure you don't want this as well?"

I did think about it. But it didn't feel right. "No, it's okay."

"Alright. Now give me the best blowjob I've ever had."



Now it was my turn to take charge. I pushed on his shoulders to make him lie down. He had removed his jacket, but still was wearing shirt, tie, trousers and shoes. First I removed his shoes, but for some reason decided to leave his socks on. I pulled my arms from my dress so I was completely naked to the waist. I stood by his feet and played with my boobs for a minute. I didn't see why he should be the only one to enjoy this. His smile said he liked the show.

I climbed up and sat on his tummy so I could get at his tie. While I was fiddling with it, his fingers were fiddling with my nipples. I tossed the tie over my shoulder and undid his top two shirt buttons. Then I remembered something I'd seen in films loads of times. I lifted his hand to my mouth and sucked one of his fingers all the way in. He whimpered a little when I did that.

I scooted down so I was kneeling between his knees. I undid his belt and slowly pulled down his zip. I didn't want to catch it on anything. I stood up and pulled his trousers all the way off. Then I giggled to myself as I stood sideways on to him while I carefully folded his trousers and laid them on a chair.

"Mustn't crease them," I smiled. Before he could think of an answer, I grabbed his boxers by the waistband and pulled down quickly. Gosh, I had to admit his cock looked good, even if he was older than a lot of my teachers.

Time to get down to business. I knelt between his knees again and wrapped my fingers loosely around his cock. Then I wanked him gently a few times just to make sure he was ready. He was.

Taking a firmer hold I bent over and took more than half of him into my mouth, sucking and licking it at the same time. Suddenly he wasn't an old guy any more, but just a guy with a very hard and very tasty cock in my mouth. I loved it.

I opened my eyes. He was up on his elbows now so he could watch me, and watch his cock disappearing and reappearing as my head moved up and down. There was this porno I had seen where the girl had sucked on the guy's balls. He had seemed to enjoy that so I tried it on Gerard.

"Whoa! Not so hard."

Oops, I hadn't meant to hurt him. I held his balls in my mouth and sucked on them as softly as I could.

"That's better, girl." Then a few seconds later, "Much better."

I took his cock back into my mouth. Alternating sucking and licking, while looking him in the eye all the time, it wasn't long before I could feel him cumming.

"That's it, drink it all." He didn't cum as much as some of the boys, so that part was easy.

I licked my lips and grinned at him. "Worth the money?" I asked. Those were the first words I'd spoken for a long time. Well, Mum had always told me to never talk with my mouth full. That thought made me grin.

He grinned back and replied, "You should definitely consider adult movies."

He helped me with my dress, but kept my knickers. He got dressed again very quickly.

Now I began to feel awkward, so I changed the subject... "What plans have you got for Sam?"

"I don't know yet," he replied. "I'll have to wait until I see what happens on Wednesday, then we'll see."

We sat in silence for a while until the phone rescued us.

"Let's go and meet Sam," he said. When we saw her she was chatting with Rough Diamond like they were old friends.

He told Sam he'd arranged the limo to take Laura and Suzie home, so we went out to show them into it. I really fancied a limo ride and also, to be honest, I wanted to get away from the hotel, so I jumped in with them.

After a quick detour to avoid the press, I was soon home. I decided that perhaps I wouldn't mention about this evening to Mum or Heather just yet.

## **TUESDAY**

There were nowhere near as many naked students today as there were yesterday, but it seemed to be "question day" because everyone kept asking me what it was like to be in the Program.

The day dragged, seeming like such an anticlimax after the previous week. I didn't even see Melanie at lunchtime, so I figured tonight was off.

I did see Heather though, and she seemed a bit low as well. Suzie, however, wasn't. "Great! Heather, Shelley, don't make any plans for the first couple of hours after school, okay?"

"Why?" I asked.

"It's a surprise. Promise?"

We both agreed.

The rest of lunchtime was spent being entertained by Christopher, telling us all about this girl in his class who'd been calling us sluts until she got put in the Program.

She'd refused to eat with us and was being bothered while she tried to eat lunch. Sam and Christopher went to help her but she swore at them and walked out. Christopher had seen her go into the toilets.

"Jed," said Heather. "Please go and stop her getting pestered."

"Why should we care about her?" he replied angrily.

But Sam backed up Heather. "Because she's about ready to crack up if we don't, that's why."

Jed still didn't look pleased. "I'll think of something," he said and walked off.

Straight after school, we were getting dressed and waiting for Suzie at the school gate, when Melanie and a hunk walked up to us. They were both naked.

"This is Terry," she said. Hmm, the one who wants to flirt with me. And she's not so bad either. "Still on for tonight, Shelley?"

"Sure."

"What about you, Heather?"

"No thanks. I need to catch up on some work. I missed too much the last few weeks."

Suzie seemed to be taking a while, so we carried on chatting. Some while later, we were joined by Stephen and Sam. Sam was naked.

"What about you two joining us later?" Melanie asked them.

"What for?" asked Stephen.

"We're going to Ws, then whatever." She looked comical trying to be suggestive with her eyes.

"I can't," said Sam. "I have to rehearse again tonight with Rough Diamond, but you go, Stephen. Just to try them out, you understand, and let me know what they're like."

"Sam!" I protested.

We all fell about laughing, until Stephen said, "No. Thanks, but I don't want to go without Sam."

"I think you've got him hooked," laughed Melanie.

"How did the inquiry go?" asked Terry. "I heard they'd been interviewing you guys today."

"Sam blasted them into orbit," Stephen said proudly. "They're still trying to figure out how to recover them to earth."

"I didn't," she argued, "Well, not quite into orbit."

"She's spent too much time with Laura, that's what that is," I laughed. "Nothing but nothing intimidates Laura."

"Actually," admitted Sam. "I was scared stiff the whole time. I just had to say what I needed to say, if you know what I mean."

I thought of Heather the previous week. "Yeah, I know what you mean."

Suzie's father drove up and Suzie yelled out of the car window, "You ready?"

"Bye, guys," I said, "See you later in Ws."

Suzie's father took Suzie and Heather and me to this incredible shop run by a French woman named Jeanette. He waited by the door while she looked carefully at Heather and me. She handed us both what she called a colour wheel. She'd marked on it the colours that would flatter us and the colours we should avoid. "For example," she told me, "Red would never flatter you, but it would make some girls look stunning."

"That's why my red dress looks so much better on Sam than it does on me." I made a mental note not to wear the purple dress again either.

"Jeanette has great taste, guys," Suzie told us. "You should let her see what she can do for you."

I looked at Heather and she smiled and shrugged.

Jeanette noticed. "*Bon*. Come with me, please." She held the door open to a large changing room for the three of us.

She was all business in there. "Please remove your blouses, Heather, is it? And Shelley, yes?"

We stood slightly apart from each other, wearing only jeans and shoes, as she walked behind us. "Shelley, you have a lovely *derrière*, but yours is superb, Heather. I think I have a dress for you to show it for everyone." Then she stood in front of us. "Your breasts are your best asset, Shelley, but... sometimes you don't have to show them too much to be sexy. I know just the dress for you as well. But now, I must do some measurements."

A tape measure appeared and two index cards. She wrote our names on each card as Suzie explained, "Jeanette keeps everyone's measurements. That way when you come back, and trust me you will come back..." Jeanette smiled at that, "...She can fit you quickly."

"Or if someone else wishes to buy for you as a surprise," Jeanette added, "I am ready." Then a moment later after measuring us, "Please wait here."

She returned a few minutes later with a dress for each of us. Heather's was very dark blue, almost black. It had a high neck and clung to her body, especially her bum, like a second skin. It finished about four inches below her bum.

Mine also had a high neck and was very tight around my tits, but not uncomfortably so. The skirt was less clingy and even shorter than Heather's. It didn't emphasise my butt so much, but it did show off my legs. I loved the pale-green colour, so much better for me than that red dress of mine that Sam seems to have inherited.

Jeanette stood back. "Now, girls, dance a little for us and watch in the mirror."

Bloody hell! Suzie was right about Jeanette's dress sense. As I boogied my tits still bounced around and I looked incredibly sexy, even if I do say so myself. I hadn't bothered with knickers today so my dancing revealed a lot of bum as well as several flashes of pussy. Wicked!

Heather danced with her back to the mirror, looking over her shoulder at the reflection of her butt. Clearly she approved of what she saw.

"*Maintenant*, ladies, let us see what a man thinks of the dresses." The four of us went out and over to Suzie's dad. Heather and I posed for him, front and back. I'd smoothed my skirt back down after the dancing so he couldn't see too much. I mean, he was Suzie's dad.

He had a huge grin. "Beautiful, girls... and so are the dresses."

"What's that room, the one with the sign that says playroom?" I asked Jeanette.

"Suzie can tell you later," she replied quietly.

"Suzie?" I demanded, impatiently.

"Later," Suzie hissed. "There are grown-ups present."

We went back to the changing room to put our own clothes back on again.

"They're lovely, but we can't possibly afford them," I said, handing the dresses back to Jeanette.

She put them each in a box, folding them lovingly, then handed me the boxes.

"They are paid for."

"Suzie, we can't possibly..." began Heather, but she was interrupted by Suzie's dad.

"Young lady. I spent the first twenty years of my working life scrimping and saving to end up with a business that gives me more than I need. Please don't deprive me of one of the few pleasures that money can give."

"Thank you, sir," Heather smiled.

"Yeah, it's incredible, thanks." I jumped up and kissed him on the cheek, which looked like it embarrassed him totally.

When we got home, I wanted to wear the dress to go to Ws, but Heather wouldn't let me. "Save it for tomorrow," she insisted.

Ws was much busier than we'd expected. Some local schools had Wednesday off as well as Thursday and Friday this week, so there were a lot of kids from other schools.

Melanie and I took turns dancing with Terry and with each other. We'd just finished dancing and were going back to a table when some girls from another school came up to us. "Well, if it isn't Naked Girl. Found some clothes at last, have we?"

I didn't answer her and tried to walk round her. She grabbed my arm, "No one from Slut School is going to ignore me."

Terry stopped her fist before she could connect a punch. Suddenly a whole lot of boys surrounded us as well.

Shit, I thought.

"That's enough. If anyone wants trouble, you can have trouble with me," said this incredibly ugly man.

"It's okay, Gorgeous. We didn't mean anything," the girl said.

"That's alright then. Just you wait till the Program comes to your school, then see how you feel about it."

The girl who'd started it scowled at me, so he turned to her. "You know, when I was just a DJ here, your music teacher used to play in a band here."

"So?"

"So I suggest you remember to watch your mouth, before I contact your school and get the headmaster to transfer you to her school for a day or two." He nodded in my direction.

"Yeah, right."

"If you don't believe me, I can call him right now."

She suddenly looked less sure of herself, and answered, "No, it's okay."

"Just remember. This club is my house. When you're in my house, you behave. And I'd better not hear of anyone hassling Program girls outside either, if you want to be welcome here."

He turned to us. "Okay, kids?"

"Yeah. Thanks."

"Don't thank me. It's business. But if you know that Samantha, the girl who's singing here tomorrow, tell her to make it good."

"She will," I promised. "That Gerard bloke only brought Rough Diamond up here to help her rehearse. She's rehearsing with them now."

"Really? Saw them live once. Seemed nice kids. Ah, well, I've work to do. Take care and enjoy yourselves."

Nobody else hassled us. Now we were dancing in a threesome, taking turns with who was the "filling" in the sandwich, or should that be "feeling", as whoever's turn it was in the middle was getting a good groping from the other two.

We went out into the café to get something to eat. "How did the swimsuits work?" Melanie asked.

"What swimsuits?" asked Terry.

"They came into the shop I work at. Remember that suit I showed you that I was thinking about buying?"

"Yeah. She wouldn't buy it though," he grinned. "Said she'd never dare to wear it."

"Well maybe I will now. But only if I can buy you one of those pouches as well." She laughed, then explained, "I showed him those and he said he'd never all fit into it, not to mention that apart from the pouch part it's just string."

I laughed, but quite liked the idea of Terry in a pouch.

"You never answered me, Shelley. How'd it go?"

"Well, we were going to a cricket match that afternoon, but it got rained off. Pity, we were looking forward to distracting the other team."

She laughed. "I bet you were. I'm just waiting for the next time they have a bikini contest here in Ws. I can just guess what you'd wear, or almost wear. I'd never dare to do that."

"No?" I cried. "And what about having a threesome with Sam? And in O'Brien's class of all things?"

"Shit," she muttered, "You heard about that?"

"Just a bit. Sam wasn't exactly quiet about it."

They both laughed.

"But I didn't quite get all the details, so why don't you both come back tonight and I can show Terry my new bikini and you two can show me all about your time with Sam."

"Your Mum won't mind?"

"She's cool, though she probably didn't expect me to bring back two at once."

When we got home Mum made them both ring home to check it was alright. Terry just told his dad that he was staying with Melanie.

"Good idea," said Melanie. "I'll just say I'm with you." Her dad wasn't so keen, not on a school night, "But dad, we're not doing much in school tomorrow anyway, because of the few days' break."

I left her arguing while I went upstairs to get changed. Finally he agreed and they both came upstairs, "Where are you, Shel?"

"WOW!" they both said together when they saw my new dress.

I carefully took it off to reveal my new bikini.

"That's not a bikini, it's a teeny weeny," said Terry. "If my girlfriend weren't here, I'd fuck you right now."

"Don't let me stop you," said Melanie, and pulled me towards her, sticking her tongue in my mouth.

Her hands were everywhere and gradually she pulled me over to and onto the bed. She eased my bikini top off of my nipples and began feasting on them. There's no other word for it.

Terry pulled the tiny patch covering my pussy aside and opened me up for his tongue. With his tongue and fingers in my pussy and Melanie switching between kissing me and sucking my nipples, I could hardly breathe.

I came so hard I thought my heart had stopped. But what a hell of a way to go!

"I think she's ready for you to fuck her now," said Melanie.

I was so turned on, it took about twenty seconds for me to cum again, but nowhere near as intense as that first time.

"Fucking hell. You two can liven up my English lessons anytime."



"I haven't finished yet," said Melanie, lying on her back. "Get over me in a 69."

"I'm not sure I can," I groaned, but managed it anyway.

She tongued my pussy, eating me out until I nearly came again.

"You can borrow my boyfriend's cum," she laughed, "But I would like it back."

I tried to lick her pussy at the same time, but I was too knackered to do it very well, so Terry took over as I watched from inches away.

I woke up in my single bed, squeezed between Melanie and Terry. I tried to get up to go to the loo and pushed Terry onto the floor.

"Sorry," I apologised.

When I came back from the loo they were fucking. As I'd wanted to do with Suzie the previous week, I put my face close to watch as his cock slammed into her time and time again.

Then he took his cock out of her and fucked my mouth with it, then it was back into her pussy again, then my mouth.

Finally he stayed in her pussy as he went faster and faster and harder and harder until they both came.

I went down on his cock, sucking it clean.

I took them into the shower and we had more fun making sure we were all REALLY clean, everywhere.

For the umpteenth time in the last nine days I thought, I like sex.

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# **Continuations & Conclusions part 18**

## **WEEK THREE**

### **MRS CHAPLAIN**

#### **WEDNESDAY MORNING**

The whole inquiry team had been almost as shocked by the hostility from Samantha as we had been by the demonstrations by Heather and Shelley the week before. It was a somewhat dispirited bunch of us that sat down to breakfast together on Wednesday morning. Dr. Reynolds, the school's headmaster had arranged a cooked breakfast for us in the dining hall. At his suggestion we had invited Mr. Thompson to join us for the day. Marcus Thompson was his newly-appointed deputy and the previous week he had been instrumental in eventually organising the staff revolt against the now suspended former deputy head whilst Julian Reynolds was appearing at the inquiry in London.

We knew we had to hear from Laura and Suzie in the afternoon and from rumours flying around the school according to Mr. Thompson, Laura in particular intended to "roast us", as she had apparently put it. Having read her journal of the previous week, none of us could find it in ourselves to blame her.

"But you'll note," said Dr. Richard Cellon, our chairman, "The girls, in spite of being very angry about how things were allowed to go so badly wrong, without exception, want the Program to continue."

"Yes," I agreed, "And I don't know about you, as you only saw the recording, but I was very moved by the girls' speeches at assembly on Monday. It's made me even more determined that we have to get this right. The Program has such potential, if they can be in favour of it after all they've been through. As one of the girls put in her journal, imagine what it could do if it wasn't screwed up."

"All the same, I'm glad we're hearing from the boys this morning," David Grayson, our psychologist added. "At least we know they had a good time. Sex, sex and more sex, from what we've heard so far."

Richard glanced at his watch. "We'd best have the rest of our coffee or tea in the classroom. It's nearly time."

"Good morning, could you state your name for the record, please?"

"Jed Peters, and before anyone asks, I'm no relation to Suzie."

"Thank you..." Richard went on to introduce the rest of us.

"Before you begin I have to ask if you mind Dr. Reynolds and Mr. Thompson being present. Perhaps you'd like to explain why, Dr. Reynolds?"

He cleared his throat, "Certainly. Jed, as you know, for various reasons we've had quite a lot to do with the girls, but the boys have been virtually forgotten. We'd very much like to hear from you first-hand about your experiences and thoughts. But if you'd prefer to give your evidence to the inquiry without us being here, that is fine as well."

"I don't mind. But I've one question, and I'm not sure whether it should be for you or Dr..." he looked at the chairman.

"Cellon."

"Sorry."

"Why don't you ask it and whoever should answer it will do so?" suggested Richard.

"I know what we say isn't off the record. But can we really speak freely? I mean say exactly what we think, without, as Laura would say, fear of repercussions?"

"You may speak freely. Nothing you say will be held against you in any way," replied Richard.

"I confirm that," said Dr. Reynolds. Mr. Thompson nodded quietly.

Jed took a deep breath and stood up. "Right. I suppose I really want to know what the fuck you thought you were doing introducing your fucking Program like that? Of course it had to be a Northern School first, didn't it? Somewhere a nice long way from London, 'cause you'd never have got away with trying it down there. But us northerners don't really matter, do we?"

"And no, don't even plan how it should be started, just lump some poor girl in it and see what happens. And if the worst happens and she gets raped or something, have a... cosy little inquiry to make it look like you care, just to smooth things over."

"You didn't even think, did you? We're fucking teenage boys. You think things aren't going to get out of control, when you sit on your fat arses and just wait and see how it goes?"

Dr. Cellon looked like he wanted to say something, but Jed continued, this time turning to Dr. Reynolds.

"And after Heather was raped, and not just an ordinary rape either, if there is such a thing, but after all that, you're responsible and you go swanning off to London to play bureaucrats with this bunch?"

He turned back to us.

"And as for what happened last week. You can try playing the innocent about Heather, but last week, you KNEW things were going badly, and you kept him in London. Heather already told you what happened on Tuesday and Wednesday, but it's no good blaming Ghastly fucking Gordon and her arse-wipe Graham. You're as responsible for what happened to Sam and Laura and the other girls as they are.

"And you," he turned to Mr. Thompson. "I'm glad you stayed to hear this. You were HERE. The other staff were HERE, and you did FUCK-ALL for TWO WHOLE DAYS, and then it was sending little messages to the students, to get THEM to do YOUR work for you."

He stood in the middle of the room for a moment, fuming and breathing heavily, his gaze fixing on each of us in turn. His final words were quiet and measured, and even more chilling than what had come before.

"The Program should be cancelled. No argument. Not even close. Before anyone else gets hurt. You're all just fucking lucky that Laura found Sam in time, or you'd have a dead girl on your hands, instead of just a... rape victim.

"I have only one thing to say to you all. You disgust me, all of you. Now why don't you take your fucking inquiry and your Program back to London, and take our beloved staff with you?"

With that he stalked out, the sound of the door slamming behind him appropriate punctuation.

A white-faced Richard Cellon said weakly, "I think we'll take a break for half an hour, unless anyone objects?" Nobody did.

If the others were half as shaken as I was, we needed that half hour.

I went outside for some air. Dr. Reynolds had also come out. He started walking around the building, so, sensing he wanted to be alone, I started walking around the school in the other direction. I did this often at my own school, when I needed to reflect or calm down, but I was surprised to see Dr. Reynolds doing the same. Maybe all head teachers do it.

It was in the middle of a lesson period so it was quiet, except for the traffic going by and unintelligible words from some open classroom windows.

I'd walked about a third of the way round, when I saw Dr. Reynolds coming towards me, walking faster than I had been.

"Julian," I said, stopping him. "He wasn't all right, you know."

"He was more right than wrong."

I couldn't answer that, because I felt the same way, but he went on, "You know, I came to this school to make a difference, to make it somewhere that the students could learn and grow, and where parents would be proud to send them. Now I can't even say it's safe. Look at everything that's happened, at Samantha, Laura, and if that isn't bad enough look at Heather. Jed is right."

"Yes, okay. Look at Heather. You know, she came to me after school last night worried about you."

"About me? Why?"

I took out the letter she had given me and started reading it quietly to him.

*"Dear Mrs. Chaplain,*

*Mum said that inquiries usually have to find someone to blame and that it would probably be Dr. Reynolds.*

*So I want to explain about Dr. Reynolds. He came to this school four years ago, from what we heard, when nobody else wanted the job.*

*We were a failing school. Good teachers left as soon as they found out what it was like. Discipline was non-existent. Bullying, well, the less said about that the better. Mum was thinking about moving house so Shelley and I could go to a different school.*

*When they appointed Dr. Reynolds, we heard he'd never been a headmaster at a smaller school, which was usual for promotions to headmaster of huge schools like ours. He hadn't even been a deputy headmaster anywhere. He'd just been a head of department in a school in the Midlands.*

*When word went round that he was known as an academic, with all sorts of research papers to his name, no one thought he'd last five minutes.*

*Boy, were we wrong. The first week he expelled nearly twenty of the worst bullies. Not suspended, expelled. He had some of the teachers transferred, which left us even shorter of staff, so he took classes himself. Unless you had a class with him, you never saw him. The light in his office was on till late at night and he could be seen working at his desk, presumably doing all the headmaster-type stuff he couldn't do during the day.*

*Then he disappeared for a few days and when he came back, he brought new teachers with him. Mr. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Wright and Mrs. O'Brien. He also had a new secretary, Mrs. Johnson. We all thought that she would be pushover when we wanted excuse notes signed or something, she was so old, but she didn't miss a thing. Rumours went round that he'd gone all over the Midlands begging teachers to come.*

*With Mr. Thompson in charge of the arts, and Mr. Wright in charge of the sciences, things began to change, and they changed fast.*

*For a while it seemed like half the school was in detention. And it was always taken by Mr. Thompson or Mr. or Mrs. Wright.*

*But it wasn't all discipline. Every evening they'd be taking extra classes for those who had got behind. Dr. Reynolds even arranged university library privileges for the best students to do their own research.*

*It took a while, of course it did, but now we have some of the best teachers queuing up to come and teach here, and parents think they are lucky to get a child in here.*

*Mrs. Chaplain, whatever mistakes may have been made in the last few weeks, I wanted you to know what he's done for all of us at this school. I'll be finished here next week. Please let the students still here, and the ones to come later, be as privileged as we have been.*

*Yours faithfully,*

*Heather Hoover"*

As I folded up the letter again, I said, "I'd give my right arm to have my students think that highly of me."

Before he could answer we heard a noise from behind some bushes that bordered a small garden where the students could grow things.

We both walked towards it. The noise increased as we approached and was obviously someone crying. We entered the garden and saw a boy on a garden bench, his head in his hands, sobbing his heart out.

"Is that you, Jed?" I asked.

He lifted up his face, which we could see was smudged with tears "It's all my fault," he moaned.

We said nothing.

"We were the ones who really started treating Heather badly, that first week. Then things just got out of hand and worse and worse. If we hadn't started it, maybe none of this would have happened."

"Jed, if you want someone to blame, your targeting was more accurate in the inquiry," said Dr. Reynolds. "As you said, you were just boys predictably getting carried away. And I should have taken that into account and prevented it. The responsibility is mine, nobody else's."

"Jed," I said. "Unless I'm totally misreading the situation, Heather needs you now."

Whatever mistakes anyone made are in the past. Blaming yourself won't help her. She needs you to be strong now."

He looked up at me, perplexed and frustrated. "She won't even let me near her half the time."

"And there's nothing worse than seeing someone you love in pain, when you think you can't help?"

"No."

I remembered another girl who had been raped many years earlier. "Just be there for her. She'll know. Believe me, she'll know."

We left Jed still sitting alone.

"Still sure you want to sit in?" I asked Julian as we reached the classroom door.

"I'm sure I don't, after that, but I'm sure I need to."

"Christopher Owens."

"Thank you, Christopher," said Richard. "Do you object to Dr. Reynolds and Mr. Thompson being here while you give evidence?"

"No. More the merrier," he replied. He seemed cheerful, a total contrast to Jed. I suddenly felt a chill as if someone were walking over my grave.

When the introductions were complete, Richard handed over to me to start the questions.

"As you know, we were set up primarily to investigate the circumstances surrounding Heather's rape, but we are also trying to highlight problems with the Program, so they can be dealt with."

"Sure."

"So please give us your opinion of the Program."

Christopher's face turned to a broad grin. "Sex. And lots of it. Hell, I was shagging within a few minutes of being picked and hardly stopped all week. When can I do it again?"

"Seriously, most of the time it was great. Though to be honest, being led off by some of the hottest girls in school on Wednesday morning for what was basically an orgy might have influenced my thoughts on it. We really had fun. It would probably be my best memory of the week except for one small detail."

"And what was that?" I asked, certain that I would regret it.

"It was great, until later, only then we found out that while we boys were having

the time of our lives, all the girls were being sexually assaulted because the staff who were supposed to keep them safe didn't do anything. As if letting that bitch beat up on Laura the day before wasn't bad enough."

Mr. Thompson winced noticeably.

"Actually, in a way it's nobody's fault that things went wrong. Let's face it. We had some of the prettiest girls in school walking around naked and having to perform favours for everyone. And with about a thousand normal teenage boys around, who could have guessed that some might go a bit OTT? (see [cultural notes](#)) It isn't really obvious, is it?

"I suppose it should be, at least to people who haven't forgotten what it's like to be a teenager. But not to the high and mighty civil servants in London. As far as all of you were concerned, everyone would play nice.

"Let me explain something. My friends and I have never been in trouble. We've never been bullies. We'd never even think of hurting a girl. We're not like that. But day two of the Program and what happens? We see a naked girl in school. And you know what? We've got official permission to fondle her! Talk about a teenage boy's wet dream come true.

"Of course, with tits and pussy and the best bum in school to play with, all legal, we kinda forgot she actually had feelings. A few minutes later, when we saw her crying her eyes out, we came to our senses. And I'm sure Dr. Reynolds will tell you, we're not far off model students. So if we get carried away, not thinking, what a surprise! Some others do too!

"Only some of them don't stop. Some get a kick out of seeing the girls cry. But that's okay. They're in the Program, aren't they? A great social experiment. What's the word I'm looking for? Col, something. Oh yes, collateral damage.

"The only problem is that when you go back to London, some of them will still be picking up the pieces."

He stopped to sip some water. Clearly he wanted that to sink in.

"Am I against the Program? In principle, no. But it doesn't matter what safeguards you write in after this inquiry, nothing will change unless you find a way to make people remember there's a person inside the body they're playing with. And sometimes the person inside takes a lot longer to heal than the body.

"You lay down what is 'reasonable'. But unless you take into account the participant's own feelings, your definition of reasonable doesn't have anything to do with reasonable. So change it to 'Permitted Requests'. Because it sure as hell ain't reasonable.

Another sip of water. He knew what he was doing.



"I read the pamphlet before I came in here. You want to know what it's about?"

He pulled out a very crumpled pamphlet from his pocket, smoothed it out and began to read.

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

"Can someone here explain to me how allowing fifty boys to surround a girl and shove their fingers into her is supposed to make her become more comfortable with her body? Because I'm just a teenage boy. I haven't your years of experience, so I can't understand that one."

He finished with a sigh of relief. I felt like we'd been quietly and carefully dissected. If anything, Christopher's reasoned evidence had been more piercing than Jed's emotional outburst.

Nobody else had any questions, so after a pause, Richard said, "Thank you. If you've nothing else to say, you may go."

"Hi, I'm Lenny Tawn," said the next boy, without even giving Richard time for introductions. "You want to know what I think of the Program?"

"Yes, please," Richard replied.

"I think it's great, or could be. But let's face it, it was a disaster."

He looked directly at me. "I noticed you in the assembly on Monday, looking really pleased as the girls all said what they did. You were pleased, weren't you?"

"Yes," I admitted.

"What you were forgetting is that the reasons they said all those things were actually nothing to do with the Program.

"Okay, Shelley had fun and it showed. But Suzie and Laura – they were so positive because they fell in love. Nothing really to do with the Program, except that it brought them together.

"Another obvious example, Sam. Blew everyone away with what she said. Including me, I might add.

"But what changed Sam? Anything in the Program? New rules to help? No. What helped Sam were the others in the Program. Shelley and her daft petting party.

Suzie helping her survive the first morning groping. And Laura and her Mum, who took her in and showed her more love than she's ever known.

"And some of the girls in the choir, like Tanya and Teresa, who, when they heard about what Sam's mum was like, decided that they'd support her. And Heather and Shelley and their mum, who took her in at the weekend and made her feel so loved that she felt like she'd gone from having nobody to having two families who loved her.

"Anything there which the Program or the school can take credit for? Not that I can see. The Program took her to attempted suicide. It was individuals who bailed you out and gave you what you probably see as the Program's greatest triumph.

"I'm not saying that the Program can't be good. But it's a scheme on paper. If it works it's because of real people supporting each other. I wish I could tell you what to write down to make that happen, but I can't."

"Thank you, Lenny," I said. "We haven't forgotten that it's people that make this work, or not work. What we are trying to do, with what we end up writing down, is firstly, to provide a safe and secure environment and secondly, a structure to encourage people to work together in a positive way. And a lot of that is based on what we have learned from you all."

"Look, Mrs. C. I hope it works, I really do. I know I'm considered the boy equivalent to Shelley, never thinks seriously, just out for fun, but I'd feel really gutted if I wake up one day and see on the news that some poor girl killed herself in the Program. I'd wish we'd really fucked it up so it would be stopped."

"I can assure you, we will only authorise the continued running of the Program if we are satisfied it is safe. Remember, the next pilot school is mine. And I will simply not allow the Program to run unless I am as sure as I can be, that we have learned the lessons of the last two weeks. That's all I can promise."

He thought about that for a moment. "Okay. Thanks for listening."

"No," said Richard, "Thank you."

After Lenny left, our relief was palpable. "At least that was better than the first two," said Dorina Corton. "Who's next?"

"The last one," said Richard, "Gerald Tilling."

After the usual introductions, Gerald sat quietly in his chair.

After a minute or two, I prompted him, "Please tell us what you are thinking."

"Sorry. I'm not used to... all this."

"That's alright. Just remember, we're here to learn from you."

"I don't know if I can teach you anything. I had a pretty good week, though I wish someone had told the girls that guys can get sore too."

Richard smiled.

I said, "I think we will be suggesting some suitable classes to try to teach students some basics like that, and on how to treat one another."

"Good. But I have a question."

"Yes?"

"From what Heather told us, you didn't realise what it was like for the girls, is that right?"

"It is."

"So why were you laying down rules without bothering to find out first what it was like? Why did you let them get treated like that or why didn't you bother to find out how they were being treated?"

"Are us in the Program that unimportant? I mean last week, you knew what happened to Sam, and you kept Dr. Reynolds down there. It took Heather showing you up to get you to come here. If you were telling everyone what they had to do, you should have been here from the start."

"Why did it take Heather's rape all over the papers to make you sit up and take notice?"

I opened my mouth to speak, but Richard stopped me. "Gerald, all I can say is that mistakes were made. Bad mistakes. But we are here now. We cannot change what happened, but we can do our best to see that it never happens again."

"It's hardly fair. You all make the mistakes, but Heather pays the price."

"No," Richard agreed heavily. "It isn't fair. But we owe it to her now to do our very best to put things right. Thank you for helping us to do that."

After Gerald was out of the room, Dorina asked, "Am I the only one who's surprised? The boys all seem to have had a great time, yet they were all pretty hostile."

"I suspect we've been set up," said Mr. Thompson.

"And we deserved it," said Richard. "But, please, even if they did get together to plan this morning's performance, don't dismiss what they've said. There were some very valid points in there."

I noticed Dr. Reynolds' face crease almost into a knowing smile briefly, but he said nothing.

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# Continuations & Conclusions part 19

## WEEK THREE

### LAURA

#### WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

Dr. Reynolds came out of the room being used for the inquiry. "Ready for part two?" he asked me.

"What do you mean?" asked Suzie.

"Let's just say that part one was extremely well staged. Very effective. I won't pretend I enjoyed it, but I probably wasn't meant to, was I, Laura?"

"I don't understand," said Suzie.

"Ask Laura. And tell Samantha that if she needs someone to stage her show tonight, I can suggest an expert. Seriously, Laura, the panel has listened and is listening. Your methods might have been unorthodox, but you've made your point. And I don't think anyone else has guessed who masterminded it."

When we were led into the inquiry, I noticed with satisfaction that every person on it looked exhausted and drained. The chairman in particular looked like some of the men I've done strippergrams for at their birthday or stag night, terrified about what I was going to do to them.

Good. The boys had done their job well. Not that it had taken much to persuade Jed in particular. He was so upset and angry over Heather that I didn't really have to tell him anything, just a prompt in the right direction.

"Hello, girls," said the chairman, who I knew to be a Dr. Cellon. "I understand you wish to give your evidence to the inquiry together. As we allowed Heather and Shelley to do so, that would seem to be acceptable to the panel." He glanced around and the rest of them nodded.

"Thank you, sir," I replied.

He went on to introduce himself and everyone on the panel. Mrs. Chaplain, of course, we knew, but the others were all strangers.

"Would you please give your names for the record?"

"Laura Townley."

"Suzanne Peters, but everyone calls me Suzie."

"Thank you. Now you probably know that this inquiry was originally set up after the rape of Heather Hoover to see if anything could be changed in the Program to prevent another occurrence, but with the obvious problems that the Program was experiencing, we have used our discretion to widen its scope into the running of the Program as a whole."

"We understand."

Suzie nodded silently, but the chairman smiled and shook his head. "Suzie, please remember this is being recorded, and non-verbal answers are insufficient."

She blushed slightly. "I'm sorry, sir. I'll try and remember." She hesitated as she recalled what he had said before. "Yes, I do understand what you're trying to do here."

Good girl, I thought, I like that "trying to do".

Dr. Cellon nodded to his left, "If you would, Mrs. Chaplain..."

"With that in mind," she began, "Can I deal with the first point first. Is there anything that can be changed to prevent another terrible attack like that one?"

"Yes," I replied, firmly. "Quite a lot."

THAT got their attention. Even Suzie looked at me in surprise.

"When the Program started, nobody knew about it. Hardly anyone in town knew, and nobody even knew in the school on the first day. So rumours spread like wildfire about some slut going around naked and performing for boys.

"With all the experienced people on this committee, you should have had someone who had some idea how the media works, how they would handle a story like this. You could have got local papers to run stories weeks beforehand, so people would understand what the Program was about.

"In the school, you should have given the headmaster time to organise classes for everyone to know what it was about, and to train the staff in the school, both in what was acceptable and what wasn't, but especially in how to protect the participants.

"But you didn't do any of that. So what did you have instead? You had a school where everyone thought it was open season, especially on the girls. You had staff who had no idea how to cope when things went wrong. And what may have been the worst of all, you had half the guys in this town thinking that anything goes, so long as it's with a Program girl. After all, sluts like her are asking for it, aren't they?

"Even now, there's a website selling videos shot of us having sex at school..."

"Ah, yes," interrupted Dr. Cellon, the chairman. "You are referring to <http://www.girlsfrom.nakedinschool.net> aren't you?"

"Yes, I think that's what it's called."

"Perhaps our legal advisor, Mr. Stephens can tell you what's happening about that. Mr Stephens?"

"You'll be glad to know that the department obtained an injunction against both the site owners and against the hosting company. The pictures and videos have been removed from the site pending a court action. Technically, they were taken with a school security camera, so regardless of privacy implications, which we haven't forgotten, the video was the property of the school and not of the individuals selling them. So they are also being prosecuted for theft of school property."

"And who were the site owners?" I asked.

"A Ms. Gordon and a Mr. Graham. To obtain bail, they had to surrender all copies in their possession of any material relating to the Naked in School Program or the participants in it."

"At least that's something. A little late, though. I bet there're clips on a hundred different Yahoo groups by now and on loads of other sites too."

He nodded. "That is quite likely. Where we know about them, we can shut them down, but it is usually 'too little too late'."

"A bit like this inquiry," I countered bitterly. Almost unconsciously, I touched my hair.

"Miss Townley," said Dr. Cellon. "We cannot change the mistakes of the past, but you can take it from me that we will do everything possible not to repeat them."

"Including," interrupted Mrs. Chaplain, "Not taking a headmaster away from his school when everything is going badly wrong and the school needs him there to put it right. Laura, obviously we know what happened to you last week. For whatever we did to make the situation worse, we apologise. I hope you won't be so angry with us that you miss this opportunity to help us make things better for those that follow you in the Program."

"The Program is going ahead then?" Suzie asked incredulously, before I could.

Mrs. Chaplain nodded. "Yes. I am sure it will. Don't forget, we've seen your interviews, not to mention your speeches at the assembly on Monday. They were a powerful argument for the good the Program can do."

The room was quiet for a moment, allowing Suzie and me to take that in.

"Now, just to confirm what you've said so far, you think there should be proper education about the Program, at the school classroom level, the staff level, and in the local area through the media. Is that correct?"

"Yes," I agreed almost reluctantly, not quite ready to let go of my anger yet. "But even with all that in place, the first girls in an area are going to be in potential danger. Something needs to be worked out about that, whether it's extra police or security, or providing transport to and from school. The press shouldn't put them at risk by divulging their addresses. The girls should have rape alarms and people in the area should be taught what they sound like and what they mean."

I had to stop there for a moment as I recalled what had happened to my dearest friend that horrible Friday. Suzie could tell what I was thinking about and squeezed my hand tightly under the table in front of our chairs. Then she poured me some water and forced me to have a sip.

"Within the school," I continued, "The thing that made it better here, finally, was other students being organised to protect us. Why wait until things go bad? Why not organise some of the older ones especially, but younger ones too, to act as a sort of guardian angels, like they have in some schools in America?"

I paused. "I think that's all I can think of at the moment."

"Thank you, Laura. If you think of something else, don't hesitate to tell us. Suzie?"

"I haven't got a great long list like Laura. But I have thought of two things."

It was her turn to surprise me. Her cheeks dimpled into a little smile just for me, before facing Mrs. Chaplain. "What about setting up a student committee, to keep an eye on things and let staff know when things are going wrong. It could even be the same ones as Laura's guardian angels. But I think they should be able to say, 'No more reasonable requests for now, she's had enough,' and things like that.

"And if the Program goes somewhere new, get some people, girls and boys, who've been through the Program to go along, to help it get started okay, and so the first ones in the Program don't feel isolated."

She hesitated, and giggled slightly. "And make some t-shirts or hats or something, for everyone who completes their week."

"Yeah," I agreed enthusiastically. "That would give them something to say I did it. And you'd have people wanting to do the Program just to get one."

"What sort of thing do you suggest?" asked Mrs. Chaplain, "Or shouldn't I ask?"

"How about 'I survived the Program'?" suggested Suzie and made us all laugh. Trust her to find something good and upbeat after all my gloom and doom.

"I like it," I told her. "But only if we get one too... or rather, two of them too."

"Okay. I have nothing else to ask, Mr. Chairman," concluded Mrs. Chaplain.

"Anybody have any further questions?" he asked the others, then turned to us. "If neither of you have anything else to say, can I just thank you both and invite you back for our final discussion tomorrow. We'll have a short break then the Committee will go into private discussion. And please, both of you, wish Samantha luck for her show tonight."

After we'd left the room, I said to Suzie, "They didn't say much, did they?"

She laughed. "With you there, none of the rest of us had much chance!"

As we walked down the corridor hand in hand, I thought, well, maybe that's the fucking inquiry sorted. Now for the important job, getting my new sister ready for her show. I started humming one of Sam's silly songs from the choir party.

As usual Suzie read my mind. "Sam's gonna be star after tonight." And joined me, humming and giggling, and not blushing at all.



[www.rescueddoggies.com](http://www.rescueddoggies.com)

[Click here to read more \(readmore.html\)](http://readmore.html)

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I'd really love to hear what you think. I welcome criticism and compliments alike, (okay, I guess I prefer compliments, I'm only human!)

While these stories are in progress, I'd also welcome suggestions and ideas. If I don't use an idea in this story, perhaps I will later.

Chrissy Giles

Email [chrissy@chrissygiles.com](mailto:chrissy@chrissygiles.com)



# Girlsfrom.NakedinSchool.net

Pending legal action brought on behalf of the Department for Education and Skills, this site has had to be suspended.

We'll be back soon with exclusive photos and videos of all the naked in school sluts.

All the stuff THEY don't want you to see!

Remember, you can only see them here!

**Boys! Girls! Teachers!**

**Have you got photos or videos of the naked in school girls?**

**Send them to us. WIN BIG MONEY for sending in the NiS slut of the month**

Please note: this site is a spoof related to the stories in the [Heather Collection](#) at [www.nakedinschool.net](http://www.nakedinschool.net) and is NOT a real site and the links is not active.