

Continuations & Conclusions Volume III

Continuations & Conclusions part 20

WEEK THREE

GILLIAN

WEDNESDAY

I didn't sleep a lot that night.

Finally at about five in the morning, I gave up trying, booted up the computer and went back to the school site.

Heather didn't say much about her gang-bang at Ws, but enough for me to realise that I'd got it all wrong.

The journal stopped at the weekend, the next week wasn't online yet.

I still had trouble matching the Heather I'd seen in assembly with the girl in the journal. I'd seen some slut loving every minute, but the girl in the journal was just someone trying to survive. I couldn't help thinking of my own day. And I didn't have the pressure of trying to get through it and "cooperate" to get into Uni.

I think up to that moment, I'd seen the Program as some stupid idea and just dismissed the girls as sluts who took advantage of it. Now I knew I hated the Program. It took a girl like Heather and put her in an impossible can't-win situation. Or as Heather wrote, it turned her into the sex toy of the week. Then if she gives in she gets called a slut by everyone, including me.

Although I'd felt alone, I realised that people like the teachers, Christopher, even Heather and Samantha had been looking out for me and making it survivable. But from her journal, I discovered that Heather had been really alone. I didn't even want to think about what I'd have done in that situation.

I went downstairs and put Sam's clothes through the machine, then got dressed while they were washing and drying.

I didn't want Mum to be suspicious, so I dressed in school uniform as usual, ironed Sam's clothes, folded them and put them in my bag. I added a pair of jeans and a t-shirt. I'd return Sam's clothes, but that was all. No more lessons, and definitely no more Program.

Halfway to school I snuck down an alley and changed into my normal clothes. Nobody was going to think that I was actually going to school today.

"Strip, strip," a few boys called out half-heartedly.

"Fuck off, I've left school. I'm just returning something."

When I walked to where the lockers are, Stephen was standing there. "Is Samantha around?" I asked him.

"Why d'you want to know?" he shot back.

"I just want to return her clothes."

"I've got her key. She's busy with Laura."

He opened her locker and a wad of papers fell onto the floor. I picked them up and went to hand them back to him.

"Nah, they're only a copy. Read 'em. You just might learn something."

"What are they?" I asked as I put her clothes into the locker.

"Just her journal. We had that copy for the inquiry yesterday."

"Oh."

"But then, a quitter like you wouldn't be interested."

"I'm not a quitter," I protested.

"No?" He looked me up and down. "That's why you're wearing that clobber, ([see cultural notes](#)) is it?"

I looked away, but he wouldn't let it go. "You know, Sam fainted when they told her she was in the Program, but she's got more guts in her little..."

"What's going on?" interrupted Mr. Thompson. "You're not abusing a Program participant, are you, Mr. Rivers?"

"No, sir."

"On your way then. I see you're out of uniform, but not," he smiled, "The way you're meant to be, Gillian."

"I only came in to give something back to Samantha. I'm going now."

"Is this Samantha the Slut we're talking about?" I didn't answer. "What's that you're holding?"

"Her journal. Stephen gave it to me."

"Why would you want to read that if you're leaving now?"

I prayed the ground would open up and swallow me. I just had to get out of there.

"I'll make a deal with you," he continued. I looked up. "Go back to your clothes box, and go through with this now. Between any of the lessons today, or at lunch, if you come to me and still want to leave, I'll take you back to your clothes and you can get dressed and go. Your decision."

"Why should I? I can just leave now, or will you drag me to the office again?"

He smiled and shook his head. "No. But both you and Stephen think you're a quitter. I don't. And I think you'd quite like the chance to prove yourself wrong."

I mumbled, "I don't think I'm a quitter..." but he continued.

"You know, the Program isn't just about sex?"

"What do you mean?"

"It's also about finding out who you are and what you are capable of."

"Supposing I don't want to find out who I am?"

"I don't believe you. You're much too bright for that. Don't let your stupid pride drive you out of here. As Sam would tell you, the trouble with running away from people is that it becomes a habit and you end up very alone." I didn't have an answer for that. "It's ten minutes until assembly. You have my permission to miss assembly, but right now, you're late for what everyone around here insists on calling Morning Groping."

He just turned and walked away.

Stephen's words about guts, or lack of, had stung. I did have something to prove, not to Stephen or Mr. Thompson, but to myself.

I am not a gutless coward. Sure, Mr. Thompson had tried to make it easier by giving me an "out" later in the day, but I knew I wouldn't take it. I might never want to come back here and face everyone, tomorrow or ever again, but I'd get through today even if it killed me.

There were still plenty of boys milling around the clothes boxes and again the chant began, "Strip, strip, strip."

Panic began to set in and I couldn't even undo my bloody jeans I was so fumbly.

"I have a Reasonable Request," said one of the older boys kindly. "May I undress you?"

I nodded.

He carefully pulled down my jeans and folded them neatly, putting them in my clothes box. My t-shirt and bra quickly followed and finally my knickers.

"That wasn't so bad, was it?"

"No," I admitted.

One of his friends asked, "Can I touch you?" and I was so pleased at surviving getting undressed that I said "yes" without even asking him WHERE he wanted to touch me.

The answer would have been "everywhere" anyway. He tantalised me by running his fingers down my spine, turned me round to lick my nipples and stroke between my legs. Shit! He was being tender and my body loved it.

No, that's wrong. I loved it. When he slipped a finger into me, it wasn't an intrusion and when the bell went for assembly, I felt cheated.

During assembly, I sat in the toilets and began to read Sam's journal.

I laughed bitterly when I read that Sam had thought the same about Heather and the other girls as I had.

And the more I read from Sam's journal the worse I felt. It was like I was intruding, like I'd been caught spying on her somehow.

By the time I got to Wednesday I was so angry with those who abused them. But over all that, I just felt ashamed.

A bell sounded and I folded up the journal into my bag and went into the corridor.

I spent the break being prodded and poked everywhere. I was saying "yes" to requests without really listening to them.

My wandering mind was brought sharply back to reality by a stinging slap on my bum.

"Ow! What was that for?"

"You did say he could," said Christopher. How long had he been there?

"I did?"

"He wanted to see if you liked pain the way Sam did."

"Well, I don't," I explained.

"But you said I could spank you six times," the other boy complained.

"She doesn't like it," said Christopher firmly.

"It's okay," I admitted. "But only five more, right?"

Christopher looked at me with a startled expression.

Why had I said he could do that? It fucking hurt! Was it really that I was determined to go through with what I'd agreed to?

When he'd gone the lesson bell went and Christopher and I went different ways, but Christopher stopped me, "This way."

"Huh?"

"You have Maths second period. Where were you in English? Mrs. O was quite worried." I'd missed a whole lesson while I was reading.

We had a supply teacher for Maths. He was young, earnest and completely ignored Christopher and me, his only two naked students. But I couldn't help worrying about my next lesson, so I didn't pay much attention to this one.

Temporarily various teachers were teaching Sex Ed. Today we had Mr. Wright, normally head of Biology.

"Right, everyone. Ms. Gordon..." At the mention of that name over half the class booed. He waved us quiet after a moment.

"As I was saying, Ms. Gordon left without telling the rest of the staff precisely what she'd covered, so today let's have a look at one of the basics. Which are the erogenous zones of the human body?"

The obvious ones were mentioned first, but then others were suggested with most of the more imaginative suggestions coming from the girls. I sat there quietly, knowing my "personal" involvement was inevitable. Sure enough, after wandering around the room for about half the lesson, Mr. Wright stopped by my desk.

"Gillian, please stand up the front. We've been discussing, but only theoretically thus far, that sexual response may not be confined to what we normally consider erogenous zones. When I call on each of you, I want you to caress Gillian wherever you think might elicit a response. But you must avoid her groin, buttocks and breasts. Is that alright with you, Gillian?"

"Like I have a choice?" Some sniggers at that.

"No," he said. "But politeness never hurts anyone."

"Sorry, sir."

I never knew just how many sensitive areas I had. My neck, behind my ears, especially the right one for some reason, my spine, part of the soles of my feet, various places on my legs, part of my upper arms, even the back of my hand, would you believe?

By the end of the lesson I was tingly all over. And I stayed where I was, letting them continue through the break. Amazingly, nobody asked for any more "explicit" requests. I think they were just enjoying turning me on.

I was almost late for my next lesson, P.E. with Mr. Wright's wife. I wasn't looking forward to seeing her again. The last time we'd met was yesterday when she'd "helped" undress me.

"Hello, Gillian," she said, "Still here I see!" She smiled. "Okay, circuits today. Gillian, you can use your support bra for this."

"Mrs. Wright?"

"No, you can't be excused."

"Before we begin, I want to ask for relief." Was that my voice?

I don't think she was sure either as she looked at me strangely. "Do you want help?"

"Yes, please." It was bad enough being so desperate to cum that I'd do it in front of everyone. There was NO WAY I was going to do it to myself.

"Volunteers?" she called out.

The way I'd behaved I didn't expect many, but I was wrong. Nearly every hand went up, even Leslie's.

I turned to Christopher and asked, "Will you do it, please?"

"He didn't volun..." began Mrs. Wright, but he had already taken my hand and led me to one of the mats.

"Lie down," he ordered.

He began to lick me gently just above my ankle. He's been watching me in the last lesson, I told myself, as he licked and caressed most of my most sensitive places.

Mrs. Wright laughed. "Christopher, you're being cruel. She doesn't need turning on even more." The class laughed with her and so did I.

But only for a moment. He held my lips wide open and I could feel his breath. I knew what he was going to do and I knew I wasn't going to stop him.

When his tongue touched my clit... I can't find the words. When I could open my eyes again, I saw Mrs. Wright looking down at me.

"I think you should rest a while. When you're ready, get your bra on and join the rest of us."

Although I felt drained of energy, I was determined to join in, and I did so, a lot quicker than I expected.

As I headed for the showers later, Mrs. Wright called me back.

"Well done."

"Thanks."

"Now go enjoy yourself."

The boys washed me down. I didn't have to do a thing, just stand there. Then they rubbed me all over with their towels until I was dry.

It felt good, and I felt angry. This damned Program. Even my own body was betraying me.

Lunch was back in the real world. The Program group was sitting together. Okay, they weren't in the Program this week but that's how I thought of them. I saw them and remembered the spiteful things I'd said. Some things can't be taken back, can they?

I sat alone, but not for long as the table filled up with boys wanting requests. Unlike in class, these guys just announced what they wanted and did it. But I was so hyped from the last two lessons that even their random gropes made me horny. My damned body again. And the wetter I got the more miserable I felt.

"Leave her alone," said a voice behind me sharply. "She's allowed time off for lunch. And anyway, you didn't give her time to say yes or no, so it's not a Reasonable Request."

The current groper quickly moved away.

"Budge up, make space for a little one," the voice said.

I looked round and it was Shelley.

"I hear you don't want to eat with us?" she asked.

"It's not that. I can't."

"Why's that?"

"I can't, that's all."

"Because you said some stupid things about us, before you understood what it's like?"

Damn! Was guilt written on my face? "Yeah," I admitted. "Especially about you and Sam and Heather."

"Don't worry about me. I don't care what you think. And as for Heather, she suggested I come and get you. We sit and eat together for a reason, not just because we're friends, but so we can eat in peace. And for what it's worth, before Sam knew Heather, she thought she was a slut too."

"I know, Stephen gave me her journal." I couldn't help it, I just burst into tears.

Shelley sat and waited, then handed me a tissue to dry my eyes. I wondered where she'd been carrying that. It wasn't like she had pockets.

She stood up and grabbed my wrist. "Come on. We'll get you a hot dinner to replace that one," she looked down at my tray, "Whatever THAT is supposed to be."

"God knows!" I laughed. And only God knew as well how she'd managed to get me laughing in less than a minute.

Shelley walked right to the head of the queue and they made space for us. I got another dinner and followed her back. At the table they'd made me a space right opposite Heather.

"Where's Sam?" I asked as I sat down.

Laura grinned. "Stephen got permission to take her out to relax her before her show." Then she stared at me for a moment.

"One thing you should know," she continued, "We told them we were opposed to using the Program as punishment."

"How did you survive a week of it?" I asked her. "I feel like even my own body is against me. It keeps getting turned on when I don't want it to." Then I turned to Heather. "I said some pretty awful things about you, but..."

"Nothing half the country hasn't said. And probably half the school."

"Please don't take this the wrong way, but I think I understand what Sam wrote. I almost feel like I wish they'd just rape me and get it over with. This feels like rape a little bit at a time."

If what I said hurt Heather, she didn't show it. "That's because you're resenting it and fighting it every step of the way."

"You did!" I accused. "I read your journal online last night."

"Yes, I resented the hell out of it... at first."

"But I didn't understand why you suddenly wanted to be in it on Thursday night."

"I'm not completely sure I do," she grinned. "Sometime Thursday morning I think I just decided if I was going to have to do this, I'd let myself enjoy it."

"Just like that?"

"In a way. I think Diana helped, the girl that went down on me in Ghastly's class. And then that ridiculous food fight. It was just too funny for me to feel bad about it. And some of the time I couldn't help being turned on whether I liked it or not. So, I decided, I might as well like it."

"I know what you mean. I never knew how easily I could be turned on, and kept turned on. Even those idiots at the dinner table just now made me wet. And watching Christopher do Leslie in class yesterday. God, that was funny and horny at the same time."

Christopher laughed at that.

Laura looked at me seriously and said, "The Program's designed to make you aware of your sexual side, and for all its faults, it certainly does that."

"Yeah. You're not kidding. I've only been in it a day and a half and if some cute guy wanted to fuck me I'd probably say yes."

Most of them laughed at that, then Shelley said, "You probably don't want to say that with Christopher around." More laughter.

"I have a Reasonable Request," said Christopher. I glared at him. He grinned, "Only joking." I had to laugh with him.

"But the thing is," I continued, "I'd hate myself for saying yes. When I had to ask for relief this morning, afterwards I just felt dirty. Okay, if the idea of putting me in the Program was to convince me you weren't all dirty sluts, it's worked. I'm convinced. You had no choice. The fucking Program makes you do things you know are wrong and it changes you."

Shelley suddenly stood up and announced with a grin, "I gotta go. Lenny and I promised to help some friends out now. See ya." No prizes for guessing what the two of them were planning. This caused some good-natured teasing, but they got away quickly.

There was an empty pause after they left. Then Christopher turned the conversation back to me and asked, "Are you still leaving after today?"

"I can't come back here. They've made me look an idiot. And even worse, I've been one."

"Because you had the guts to say openly what a lot of people were thinking? And then ended up learning it wasn't quite like you thought?"

I was about to answer when I was interrupted. A boy tapped me on the shoulder. "I've got a Reasonable Request."

Heather looked at her watch. "It's gone halfway through the lunch period. He's allowed. Can you just let her finish her pudding? Sit next to Laura while you're waiting."

"Okay." I quickly finished my lunch, but I needn't have rushed. Laura was obviously doing something to him as his eyes opened wide.

"Okay, I'm ready," I said, more cheerfully than I felt. When he stood up, his trousers were bulging.

"I want to feel your pussy."

He began stroking me between my legs. "Open your legs," he said.

He slipped two fingers into me and I gasped. He played around enough to get me wet, then he seemed satisfied and walked off, leaving me high and certainly not very dry.

"Shit!" I grumbled, "I don't believe he's done that."

"See why we need relief sometimes?" asked Suzie.

"She discovered that this morning," laughed Christopher.

"It's another twenty minutes till class," I moaned.

"I think I feel a Reasonable Request coming on," said Christopher.

The others laughed.

"Okay, Gillian. Lie down on the table. Put your legs over the end. You can rest your feet on these chairs. Now close your eyes."

"No, I can't," I wailed.

"Look," said Heather, "Did you enjoy it when he gave you relief in class?"

"Yes," I admitted.

"But you're ashamed of it," she countered. "I can see you are. Why?"

I tried to answer and nothing I could think of felt right. Even now, as I write this several days later, I don't know why.

"Did you ever think that the Program might be right and whatever is making you feel ashamed might be wrong?" Laura asked.

"Okay," said Heather. "It felt good, right? You weren't harming anyone, right? Actually you were probably giving half the boys in the class blue balls, but apart from that... So what's wrong with it?"

"I don't know."

"Why don't you just tell yourself you have a right to enjoy your body and if anyone else has a problem with that, it's their problem, not yours."

I still wasn't sure, but I got on the table as Christopher had said, although I still felt horribly exposed, but I couldn't shut my eyes.

A hand, I think it was Heather's, covered my eyes and I felt a mouth on each of my nipples.

Someone was playing with my hair, gently massaging my scalp, and someone else, I'm pretty sure it was Christopher after his performance in P.E., was stroking my legs.

His finger ran gently from my arsehole to my pussy, then he took it away and did it again, and again.

I felt him open me up and instinctively tried to close my legs for a moment.

Then his tongue replaced his finger.

"I don't think that's a Reasonable Request," Heather chuckled.

He took his tongue away. "Do you want me to stop?" he asked.

"No," I gasped.

He slipped a finger into me, then resumed his licking, every now and again toying with my clit with his tongue. All the time, both my nipples were being sucked and licked. I couldn't believe the sensations.

I actually tried not to cum, just to keep it going for longer, but the feeling was too strong.

I clamped my jaws together, trying to be quiet, but I still moaned.

Even after I'd climaxed they continued licking me for a while.

"That was incredible."

I lay there, slowly coming down to earth, vaguely aware that I could still feel a trickle of liquid from my pussy. I looked up to see a group of mostly boys, looking between my legs.

I closed my legs and tried to hide myself, feeling suddenly embarrassed. "You're not allowed to hide yourself," Suzie warned me. "And I think it's a bit late for that anyway."

I got up from the table. "I can't believe I did that right here in the dining hall."

Heather took my hand and spoke gently. "Do you understand now? When you're in a situation that keeps you turned on, nearly all the time, you have to act like a slut or just burst."

"Yeah," I agreed with feeling. "I know what you mean. But there's still something I don't understand."

"What's that?"

"Why you're all being so nice to me. I said some pretty horrible things about you all, especially Samantha and Heather."

"That's easy," piped up Suzie. "You're one of us now. Laura's gonna get some t-shirts done with 'I'm a Program Survivor' on them."

I laughed.

"Reasonable Request," called someone.

"Oh, God. Already? I'm knackered after that."

"Think what it was like for me," said Heather. "I was in the Program on my own all week."

"How did you survive?"

"Only thanks to Shelley and Suzie and Jed and the others," she said seriously.

"I see why you all go on about friends like it's an obsession."

"You'd crack up without them," said Heather simply, "Of course, some, like my sister, are pretty cracked up anyway."

We all laughed about Shelley, even though she wasn't there.

"I suggest you run to the shower and get cleaned up before your lesson," said Laura, "Or you'll be really sore after a while."

"Run? After that, walking's hard enough."

"I'm sure the boys will help you. Don't forget you have to use their shower."

I had forgotten. Still, it couldn't be more embarrassing than lying in the middle of the dining hall with your legs open and juice running out of your pussy.

"What about my Reasonable Request?" the boy persisted.

"What is it?" I sighed wearily.

"I want to taste you."

"That's NOT a Reasonable Request."

"I don't mean lick you. Using my fingers."

"Okay, but be gentle and quick. I really need a shower."

He wiped his hand round my pussy and put his fingers in his mouth. "Not bad," he said.

"Glad you approve. Can I go now?" but he'd already walked away.

Christopher and some of the others came into the shower with me to see I didn't get hassled.

"I thought you had to use the girls'?"

"I'm not in the Program this week, remember?"

"Oh, I forgot."

He stepped into the shower with me and gently washed me down.

"Thanks," I said, kissing him lightly.

I began to return the favour and washed him, paying special attention to his cock, but he stopped me.

"Thanks, but no. You don't have to, and I can't get relief in class."

With a small gathering of boys watching, I felt a bit of a slut, but I didn't care. I dropped to my knees and took him in my mouth.

I was squeezing his balls gently and when I felt he was going to cum, I pulled my face away. I wasn't quite quick enough as his cum splashed down my body, so I had to rinse myself off.

We dried ourselves quickly and went to my lesson.

Oh shit, I thought. It's Biology.

"Hello again, Gillian," Mr. Wright smiled. "As you're in the Program, I would seem to have a ready subject for this lesson."

I knew it. I started worrying what I was going to have to do this time.

He waited for everyone to settle, then announced, "As we're studying respiration, we're going to move this class to the gym."

We walked to the gym and it felt odd walking through the corridor not being asked for any Reasonable Requests.

"Okay, Gillian, please lie on the bench on your back and try to relax. Who remembers how to take a pulse?"

One of the boys and several of the girls put their hands up.

"We'll give her a minute to rest, then you can take her pulse. And you can count her respirations."

I felt my heart rate take a slight leap as one of the girls took my wrist. What's happening to me? Even a girl touching my wrist can get me going?

When they noted down the results, he said, "Okay, you can get up now. Now I want you to do one minute on each piece of equipment and we'll note down your pulse and respiration in the minute following. Work as hard as you can for the minute you're on the equipment."

Some of the apparatus left me very exposed and I could see quite a few of the boys had bulges in their trousers. Even worse were the squat jumps. I noticed several of the boys had taken position where they could clearly see between my legs.

I noticed Leslie among them, looking amused. You little bitch, I thought.

"Right, get yourself some water and take a five-minute break." He turned away from me and spoke to the rest of the class. "Okay, which types of exercise raised the heart and breathing rates the most?"

"The squat jumps," several of them called out.

"I was actually referring to Gillian's pulse, not yours, but you are quite correct. You will notice that the exercises are divided into two types. Ones which work individual muscles, they tend to be strength exercises, and those which work the body as a whole, especially the heart and lungs. These are known as aerobic exercises."

"Is that where we get the word aerobics from?" asked one of the girls. Stupid question.

"That's right. Now what other exercise is well known as a good aerobic exercise?"

"Sex," yelled one of the boys. The others laughed, girls as well as boys. Even Mr. Wright managed a grin.

"I was actually thinking of swimming. But you're correct of course. Sex is an excellent exercise. Now we can't use the pool this lesson as it's in use, so we'll see how sex increases the heart rate."

My eyes probably nearly popped out of my head and I felt myself go red.

Mr Wright laughed. "Another way to increase heart rate and circulation is an emotional stimulus like embarrassment, as you can see. Don't worry, Gillian. Obviously you haven't studied the pamphlet. Although we can do more in classes than is allowed for a Reasonable Request. I can't ask you to have sex, although having a boy go down on you doesn't seem to be barred."

I knew I'd done that twice already, in P.E. and in the dining hall, but both times I'd been turned on as hell. This was awful.

"But I won't ask you to do that. Please lie down on the mat and give yourself an orgasm. I want one of you to check her pulse in her other wrist as she builds up to orgasm and afterwards."

I thought I'd rather have someone go down on me again than this. To play with myself with the whole class watching, I wanted to die. But what could I do? Not a damned thing, I decided. But if Heather could do this, I was damned well going to.

I lay down and spread my legs. Half of them had taken every chance to look up there anyway, so one more time wouldn't make much difference.

"We don't have long left, Gillian. Please start."

I touched my pussy. Unbelievably, it was already wet. I closed my eyes to try not to think about them watching. I started to move my fingers in and out, but then I was startled. I wanted to see the class.

I opened my eyes a little and saw their eyes. Every single pair was glued to my pussy. Just the thought of them watching me like that nearly made me cum, and with the physical sensation from my fingers, it wasn't long before I did, thankfully not loudly this time.

I don't remember what he said about the results, but I knew my heart was racing far more than with any of the exercises.

I stumbled towards the shower and turned it onto cold to try to calm myself down. After a few minutes, Christopher walked in. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah. How did you survive a week? I've had less than two days and I'm knackered."

"Well, I didn't get a lot of homework done," he replied. "I think all of us slept a lot, except perhaps Shelley. She doesn't know how to rest."

Despite everything else, that made me laugh.

The rest of my classes that afternoon were uneventful, thank God. Not that anything could have topped, if that's the right word, bringing myself off in front of the whole class.

I was putting my clothes on, my ordinary ones not my uniform, when Dr. Reynolds called my name. I was immediately worried.

"Gillian?" he repeated as he neared me.

"Sir?"

"May we expect you to be joining us next week?"

"Sir?"

"I believe you were planning on not returning."

"Am I still in the Program next week?"

"I don't know. I haven't had time to talk with your teachers, yet. Does it make a difference?"

I thought for a few seconds. "I don't know."

"Do you have to get home quickly or may I borrow you for about quarter of an hour?" he asked.

"Er... Yeah, okay, what for?"

"There are some people I'd like you to meet." He walked off, clearly expecting me to follow him.

He took us down an isolated corridor in the remotest corner of the school, where we passed a sign saying "Private No Admittance". There was one classroom beyond the sign and its windows to the corridor, including the one on the door, had been covered on the inside with black paper. He knocked twice.

"Come in," a man's voice called.

"Before we finish for the day, I'd like you all to meet Gillian Small." He turned to me. "Please sit here, Gillian. To be brief, I'll quickly introduce these people. From your left to right, Graham Stephens, lawyer, Dorina Corton, teacher, Dr. Richard Cellon, the chairman of the panel, Christina Chaplain, headmistress of the next school to run the Program, and David Grayson, psychologist. At the end of the table is the inquiry clerk, taking notes about what is said."

"I don't understand."

He smiled and was about to speak, but the man in the middle, Dr. Cellon, beat him to it. "I'm sure there have been rumours this week about the inquiry that is taking place."

"About Heather being raped you mean?"

"That's how it started, yes, but we are looking into everything to do with running the Program. Things went very badly some of the time here, and we want to learn from those mistakes."

"Oh, okay."

"Now perhaps, Dr. Reynolds can enlighten all of us as to why he's brought you here."

"One of the things that has been mentioned is using the Program as a punishment. You've heard the views of the other participants, but as Gillian was actually put into the Program for the last two days, as a punishment, I thought hearing her opinion might be worth your while."

"Thank you, Dr. Reynolds. I'm sure we'll be glad to hear from Gillian." He smiled at me. "Gillian, I know this is a little sudden and you're looking rather nervous. Would you like a few minutes to think about what you would like to say about the Program?"

"Yes, please," I said immediately, taking any chance I could to get my wild thoughts into some kind of order.

"Perhaps Dr. Reynolds could make you a cup of tea while you are considering things?"

"Please," I said, stunned at the thought of Dr. Reynolds being used as a tea boy. Now I was REALLY nervous.

He was walking over to the window where there were two large urns on a table when the psychologist spoke up. "Oh dear, everyone, I'm afraid I used the last teabag a little bit ago. I'm sorry, Julian."

Dr. Reynolds smiled, "No problem, David. I know where my secretary hides her secret supply. I believe people call it 'a stash' these days." He picked up a large tin, looked inside and nodded.

As he walked past my chair with the tin, he bent down to me and used a loud stage whisper which they could all hear. "Don't worry. They're quite human really."

I forced a grin.

When he'd gone, Dr. Cellon spoke again. "Gillian, when we ask you about the Program, it will be on the record, and in fact recorded, so please speak up. But what is said is confidential and you can speak completely freely. If you want to tell us the whole thing is a fuck-up, you can." I noticed the others looking surprised at his use of that word. For some reason he glanced at the teacher and she smiled, just for an instant.

"Nothing will go on your record or be held against you. And I will ask Dr. Reynolds to leave us, unless you want him here."

"Okay."

"Now, before he comes back, we're off the record. We're just people interested in the school so you can relax. But tell us, what is it like going to school here? Have you been here long?"

"Six years, sir."

"Then, you must be able to remember what it was like before Dr. Reynolds."

"Yes I can. It was horrible. My parents wanted to get me in somewhere else, anywhere else."

"What's it like now? Do you like it?"

"I shouldn't say this, but yes, I do."

"Why shouldn't you say that?" asked the older woman, Mrs. Chaplain.

"Well, it's not the sort of thing you admit, liking your school, is it? I'd never live it down."

They laughed at my feeble joke and I relaxed a little.

"Seriously. People looked down on us until he came. Now, everyone wants to send their kids here. Most of the teachers are great. And you feel good about saying you come to school here. At least, until all this stuff in the press about the Program."

"Can I stop you there, please, Gillian? If we are going to talk about the Program, I'd like to start the recording if that's okay with you."

"Okay."

He glanced at the young bloke at the end of the table, who reached down near his feet. I heard a loud click and I guessed he'd thrown some kind of switch.

"So, Gillian, how has the Program affected how people see you at this school?" Dr. Cellon asked.

"We get lots of jokes about Slut School. I mean, all the time, in shops, clubs, everywhere. I mean, I went to a club on Saturday night and the bouncer asked me if he could have a Reasonable Request."

"I hope that will diminish when other schools start running the Program and it becomes the normal thing," he said, taking me seriously.

"At first I blamed the girls in the Program here. I mean, you should see some of the stuff they've done, not to mention all the stuff in the press and on telly about them."

"You said, at first," interrupted Mrs. Chaplain. "Does that mean you don't blame them now?"

"No. It's just the Program." At this point there was a knock on the door and Dr. Reynolds returned with the tin. He walked over to the window and quick as you please produced a cuppa.

"Sugar, Gillian?" he called over his shoulder.

"Two please, sir."

The tea was perfect, and steaming hot.

Dr. Cellon had been waiting patiently through all this. He gave me time for a couple of sips, then asked, "Gillian, would you mind telling Dr. Reynolds what you said about that club? If his pupils are being bothered, I think he should know about it."

So I told him how people spoke to us, and about the bouncer.

"Thank you, Gillian," he said, "I will have words with a few people to try to help a bit anyway."

"Thank you, Dr. Reynolds. You can leave us now. If you've nothing else to do here this evening, we'll see you at nine tomorrow."

"It's okay, I don't mind if he stays," I said.

"Okay," said Dr. Cellon. Dr. Reynolds sat down in a chair behind me.

Mrs. Chaplain reminded me of her question. "You were telling us you didn't blame the girls now."

"No. I thought it was that they were sluts and giving us all a bad name. Then Mr. Thompson put me in the Program yesterday."

"And that changed your mind?"

"Yeah. That and reading some of the girls' journals. But can you imagine being touched up all day and NOT being desperate to do something sexy? No wonder they want relief. This morning I had to ask for relief and by lunchtime if some guy had wanted to jump me I was desperate enough to let him. God, I'm getting wet just thinking about it. And I've only had two days. Give me a week and I'll drag Dr. Reynolds out of his office if he doesn't watch out."

Realising what I'd said, I looked back at Dr. Reynolds nervously, but he was laughing.

"Julian," said Dr. Cellon. "I think you've been warned!"

I laughed as well that time.

"One of the reasons I asked you to come is to tell us your opinion on being put in the Program as a punishment," said Dr. Reynolds.

"If the idea was to make me realise that I was wrong about the girls, it worked. I was wrong. I admit it."

"Something tells me there's a but coming," said Mrs. Chaplain.

"I know what Samantha meant, in her journal." I took a breath. "I feel like I've been raped, not all at once, but a little bit at a time. The only thing is, by doing it in little bits like that, you can't help it when your body responds. And then you just feel ashamed."

My damned body was working against me again. Just thinking about the things I'd done was making me wet. And that made me angrier.

"Your leaflet says it's about being comfortable with your body," I continued, noticeably raising my voice. "I wasn't. I felt like it betrayed me."

I let this sink in, then stood up. "I told Mr. Thompson I'd leave if he put me in the Program. I only stayed the two days to prove I wasn't a quitter."

"You're leaving?" asked Mrs. Chaplain, obviously surprised.

I smiled. "I wish Mr. Thompson was here."

"Why's that?"

"Because I want him to hear this. I guess you lot will have to tell him. Dr. Reynolds. You've all done your worst and I've survived. Now I'm out of here and you can all go to hell."

I turned around and left.

When I went outside the school, to my surprise, I found Laura and Suzie waiting for me. "You are coming to Sam's show tonight, aren't you?"

"You really meant it when you said I was one of you now?"

Suzie grinned. "Yes, we really meant it. Now are you coming or do we have to lick you into submission?"

"I can't come," I said.

"Why not?" she asked.

"It's a student night and I'm not a student any more. I just told Dr. Reynolds I was leaving and he can go to hell and take the Program with him."

"Why? Didn't what we said at lunchtime help?" asked Laura.

"Yes. But they put me in the damned Program to humiliate me. Well it worked. I spent a day and a half feeling like I was being raped. You lot made me feel a lot better about myself, but nothing can take away the first day and a half. And they expect me to go into class on Monday like nothing happened."

"So you're quitting school because some idiots in your class might call you names?" said Suzie. "That's ridiculous."

"Oh, I don't know," said Laura. "A girl I upset last week went running out of school and didn't want to come back on Monday."

Suzie went really red. "Well, would you? Everyone saw me freaking out and crying. I knew they'd all laugh at me."

"And when I dragged you to school with me, did they?"

"Some," she admitted, "But they were the ones who didn't like me anyway. Most of the others were really happy for me."

"It's alright for you," I replied. "What with Laura going on in assembly about loving you. If I come back, I'll just look a fool."

"Well, today you were still in the Program, so come with us tonight anyway."

"You really want me to?" Part of me did want to go out with them, but it was still too hard for me to say it out loud.

"Wear something dressy," warned Laura. "TV cameras are going to be there and Sam says anyone who has them should bring their autograph books. I'm not saying any more, but she has a surprise in store that nobody will want to miss."

Continuations & Conclusions part 21

WEEK THREE

SAMANTHA

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

So much has happened today that I can scarcely write it all down. The morning was fairly routine, though I couldn't concentrate. If I thought my nerves before the concert last week were bad, this time they were unbearable. I actually wished I was still in the Program so I'd have Requests to distract me.

Just before lunch, Stephen grabbed me from behind, turned me around and kissed me. "You're dressed!" I accused him.

"Guilty as charged. Come on. Come and get dressed. We're going out for lunch." He was wearing a small backpack.

"We can't," I argued.

"Yes, we can. Dr. R's given me permission to take you out for the afternoon, as he said, to take your mind off the show. He's even given me a note in case anyone says anything. Not that we'll see many people. I'm taking you somewhere peaceful where you can sunbathe and just chill."

I insisted on going home first and changing into something more casual. I wanted it to be easy to take off, so I chose a simple t-shirt style sundress. Of course, I put on my new swimsuit under it. And yes, I DID have that in mind.

We took a bus far into the hills outside town. A small country pub had a beer garden out the back where they served meals. It was midweek and after the normal lunch hour. Apart from one couple with two young children of about three or four, we had the place to ourselves.

We both had breaded scampi ([see cultural notes](#)) in a basket, with chips, salad and a big bottle of cola between us.

"What's wrong, Sam?"

I'd been sitting there, not eating much and talking even less. "I'm scared. What if I really fuck up tonight?"

Now he sat quietly as well, but just for a moment. "Rough Diamond are gonna be there too, right?" I nodded. "Well, they're a class act."

"I know. I don't want to let them down."

"Now, you listen, Samantha." He hardly ever called me that. "Those girls are a wicked group. Never mind that they're all foxes. They can really sing too." Now he grinned. "I bet that surprises you. I do listen to the music and not just check out the merchandise."

Now he's a critic too, I thought, but I didn't dare say that.

"You're a better singer than that other girl, what was her name?"

"Joni. But this is different. I've never sung Rock in public before."

"So? They need to make a comeback, right?"

"Right."

"Well, they wouldn't fuck up their comeback performing with someone who couldn't cut it." He glared at me. "Answer me. Would they?"

"I suppose."

"So, stop worrying. They must think you can do it." He smiled and dropped his voice. "Now eat that food before it gets cold, or... or I'll have to spank you."

"Promise?" I sat back and folded my hands.

Suddenly we started to giggle. And just as quickly my appetite appeared. I attacked the food. It was delicious. Before we knew it both baskets and the salad bowls were empty.

"Now, you little nightingale, let's walk off all those calories before tonight." He reached for my hand, then stood up.

I gave him a questioning look. "Nightingale, huh? That doesn't sound like you."

He was embarrassed. "Okay, I admit it. Thompson was in Dr. R's office and he called you that." Then he added quickly, "He's right, you know."

He looked so cute right then that I had to pull him close for a little kiss. Little turned into large, until I noticed out of the corner of my eye the woman with the kids grinning at us. I was the embarrassed one now. I broke the kiss and dragged Stephen out of the beer garden.

He led me along paths I never knew existed over the moors, until we reached a spot where we could see right across the sea to the mountains beyond.

"It's beautiful," I commented. "How did you know about up here?"

"When I was little, my parents used to bring me here. We'd eat at that pub, then wander all over the place." He unpacked a blanket from his backpack and spread it on the ground. Then he blew up a couple of small inflatable pillows.

"Now you can sunbathe and relax for a while," he ordered, starting to unbutton his shirt.

"Let me," I said, pushing his hands away.

As I undid the buttons I kissed his chest a little lower each time. By the time I reached his belt, though, I was getting impatient and I pulled his trousers down with his pants in one movement. His cock sprang out at me and I kissed the tip of it.

"You're supposed to be relaxing," he said.

"Okay." I let him go and pulled my dress over my head. His eyes grew wide as he saw what I had on underneath. "Relaxing wasn't what I had in mind," I told him.

I turned away from him and bent over double, running a finger along the string that ran down my bum and over my pussy.

Standing up and facing him, I watched his eyes gaze at my boobs for a moment before dropping to my pussy. Then I ran my hand down his chest and curled some of his pubes around my fingers. "I'm not in the Program any more and we still haven't... you know."

"Nope. You're not ready. And I want to take you somewhere really special. To a sandy beach like you dreamed."

I bent down to take him into my mouth. I felt him stiffen again very quickly. I took my head away, but slowly wanked him with my hand. "Who needs sand getting everywhere on their first time anyway? And this is beautiful." I gestured around us.

"So's this." I took him back in my mouth and looked into his eyes as I sucked him as deep as I could. As I went up and down on his cock, I kept my eyes on his face. When I felt he would cum any second, I stopped and sat back.

"Make love to me, Stephen."

"You witch. I wanted it to be so perfect for your first time. Gentle, slow, caring."

"Stephen. Please?" I took his hand and placed it between my legs. "See? I'm soaking. That's for you." He knelt down and I immediately pushed him onto his back. I squatted right over his face. "This is for you." I turned myself round again so I was over his cock...

"Oh no," he said, actually pushing me off. I suddenly felt deflated. I'd offered myself to him and he'd said no.

Then he rolled over and kissed me. "Let me," he whispered. Moving down to my boobs and easing the ribbons aside, he took first one, then the other nipple into his mouth.

Then he kissed down to my stomach and continued down, bypassing my pussy! I groaned. He laughed as he kissed down my leg and then each toe in turn.

Then exquisite torture as he kissed all the way up my other leg before FINALLY pushing the ribbon aside and dipping his tongue inside me.

With his tongue switching between my oh-too-sensitive clit and inside me, he was driving me crazy and he knew it. Even as I came I could hear him laugh.

When I could breath again, he took hold of my suit, "Take this off. I don't want to ruin it."

"I don't care. It was my 'get Stephen to fuck me' suit," I giggled. But I slipped it off anyway.

"You don't need one, babe." He was leaning over me now. I could feel his cock prodding at my pussy and tried to wriggle to get it in, but he wouldn't let me.

"I love you, Sam." With that he pushed inside me, finally.

With everything I'd done in the last week I didn't expect any pain as he entered, but there was some, then he was right in me. He stayed still for a few seconds, then began to fuck me. I don't know what I'd imagined for my first time, but I hadn't really expected to cum like I did, not so soon after he'd just made me cum with his mouth. It hit me almost without warning. I was enjoying the sensation of him inside me and then everything tensed and I tore the grass beside me with my hands.

"Are you okay?" He had rolled off of me and was looking into my face with concern.

"Mmm." I reached down to my pussy and felt his cum seeping out of me. I tasted it. It hadn't been a dream.

We lay together again, my fingers around his cock, my head on his shoulder and his arm around me. His hand was caressing my breast, my arm and anything else it could reach.

I woke up with a start, his arm still around me. "What's the time?"

"Don't worry, You've only been asleep a couple of hours. We've plenty of time."

"Oh, good. In that case, where was I?"

I stroked his cock again and felt it get hard.

"Sam," he warned. "If you don't stop doing that, I might have to fuck you again."

"I wondered when you'd get the message."

He tried to get up. "Ow! I'm all stiff where you've been laying on me."

"You should have moved me."

"I didn't want to. I loved just feeling your breathing against me. You're beautiful. You know that, Sam?"

He stretched his arms out. "That's better. Not so stiff now."

"Don't do it too much then," I said. "There's one bit I want nice and stiff." He laughed at that.

I got on all fours and he reached round to play with my clit, then slid into me easily. The sloppy noises we made were deliciously disgusting.

Then I surprised him by pulling away. "Stop a minute. I want you here." I held my bum cheeks open for him. "When I go on stage tonight, I don't want there to any part of me that's still a virgin."

He looked like he was trying not to laugh at me.

"What's so funny?"

"I'm just thinking of you last week."

"I was a real virgin then. Your original never-been-kissed virgin. Well, almost never been kissed. Now I don't want to be even a little bit virgin."

"You can't be a little bit virgin."

"Are you going to split hairs or split my arse?"

He didn't answer, verbally at least. He slid back into my pussy, then I felt him at my arsehole. He eased in a tiny bit. "Ow!" If fucking for the first time hurt a little bit, this hurt a lot.

"Do you want me to stop?"

"No. Just go slowly," I gasped.

He eased in a bit more and I gritted my teeth. Finally he was all in and he stopped for a minute.

"Okay," I gasped. He withdrew a little, then began to fuck my arse, still moving slowly so as not to hurt me.

"Christ, Sam, you feel good."

The pain had subsided and I had to agree with him. "So do you."

He began to fuck me faster and harder and I felt him cum. That sent me over the edge for a third time that afternoon.

He took me to a nearby stream and washed me in the cool water. Then I washed him, paying special attention to my new favourite part and we got dressed. The "swimsuit" was still sticky and wet with my juices, so I left it off. He gallantly put it in his pocket to take home for me.

He took a bar of chocolate out of his backpack and offered it to me. It was soft as it had partly melted. "Yucch! It's all sticky."

So he ate it, getting melted chocolate all round his mouth. Then he kissed me. "Eww," I complained, but he just laughed.

That meant a quick splash to wash my face in the stream.

I faced the sea and looked out to the mountains beyond. The sea had turned golden with the late afternoon sun and the mountains were almost silhouettes. The clouds were a glorious mixture of reds and golds. "This is beautiful, more beautiful than any beach. Thank you, Stephen." He smiled.

We sat there together, for a short time, my head resting on his shoulder until he sighed, "We'd better get back to the road."

EARLY EVENING

When we got to the road, we sat down on the grass at the edge until a bus came. As we bumped along, I took Stephen's hand and placed it under my skirt, and helped him ease a finger into me.

"I like feeling you inside me," I said. "I want you there always."

He grinned and replied. "That's one way to make sure you get headlines at your show tonight."

We spent the rest of the journey in fits of giggles.

Stephen saw me home and Laura opened the door. She looked at me strangely.

"Sam?" Then, "You didn't?" Was it written on my face somewhere? Just fucked!

I nodded and she hugged me.

She dropped Stephen off at his home so he could get ready. Then she said we could drive straight to Ws. "I've got everything you need in the boot." (see [cultural notes](#))

Perhaps I was too quiet, because she asked me, "Nervous?"

"A bit."

"Good. Keeps you on your toes."

"You mean as opposed to on my back?"

We laughed. "So how was it?"

I thought back and just smiled.

"That good, eh?" she asked.

"Perfect," I sighed. "He was perfect."

Continuations & Conclusions part 22

WEEK THREE

SHELLEY

WEDNESDAY MORNING

Mornings and Shelley do not get along. I mean, we coexist because we have to, but it's more like an armed truce than a happy marriage. That said, I forgot to tell you last time that it was VERY early when I awoke, scrunched up between Terry and Melanie.

Even after the three of us had finished messing about in the shower, the rest of the house, Mum and Eric and Heather and Sam, were still asleep. I felt fantastic. Maybe it was the sex the night before, or maybe it was waking up in my own bed NOT on my own. Probably it was both.

"Who wants to hit the bakery with me to grab something for breakfast?" I asked the others.

"Cool," replied Melanie. But then, "Hang on. All I've got is my clubbing gear. Do you think your baker is ready for sexy Melanie this early in the morning?"

"He'll be fine. He's a randy old lech, ([see cultural notes](#)) but completely harmless, and besides, it's fun winding up his wife. He's been looking down my blouses ever since I started growing tits. What about you, Terry?"

"Could I use your computer, Shelley? I'm half-expecting an email from my brother."

I showed him where to turn on the computer. Melanie and I put on a little make-up ("Can't let the lech down," she giggled.) and soon we left Terry clattering on my keyboard and wearing nothing but yesterday's pants.

The bakery is a ten-minute walk each way from our house. Halfway there she

muttered, "Fuck, we don't have our uniforms here. I guess I'll have to go home before school, and so will lover boy."

"What do you mean? You guys were naked yesterday. Don't tell me you didn't enjoy it."

"Oh, I enjoyed it alright. But by lunchtime I was so horny, I dragged Terry into an empty classroom and fucked him silly. That was great. But as we were leaving, a teacher went into the classroom we'd been using. That was too fucking close for comfort, Shelley. I'm sure she could still smell what we'd been doing in there."

"And your point is?"

"My point is, if you go around naked all day and CAN'T get relief, it's torture. I'm not sure it's worth it."

"Tell you what, if we meet up halfway through lunch after we eat, I'll stand guard for you guys. It's the least I can do. I mean, last night and this morning were totally wicked." I stopped and pulled her close. "I really want to do it again, and soon."

Our eyes locked, then so did our lips. It was definitely different kissing her without Terry around. There was only Melanie there, her hands on my bum, her body pressed tightly against me, her wonderfully warm and wet lips and tongue. I wouldn't have noticed if the world had pulled up beside us, rolled down its window and sat there gawping at us.

Some time later we stopped kissing. "Wow," we whispered together.

"Would Terry mind if we, you know, sometime without him..." Then I added quickly, "It wouldn't be like you were being unfaithful."

"I won't go behind his back, but I shall ask him, I promise."

"Actually, I was asking you to cum behind his back, not go."

Her whole face smiled at me. "I know, you silly cow."

Then she kissed me again. I wouldn't have thought it was possible, but the second kiss was even more intense than the first one. We broke it off sooner, though. Otherwise, we'd have had to "find a room" or some bushes or something very quickly.

Did I mention that we were both wearing blouses but no bras? We stopped in the alley beside the bakery and undid a couple of extra buttons. Then Melanie surprised me by reaching inside my blouse and playing with my nipples until they were as hard as they get. I gave hers the same treatment.

Her skirt was scandalously short for daytime and mine was almost as good. We must have made quite the picture, fresh-faced and glowing after our shower, but all made up and dressed for sex.

The shop was empty. "Hi, Mr. Picante," I called.

It's as well he wasn't carrying anything when he came out the back. His body screeched to a halt in the doorway, but his eyes kept moving forward, down Melanie's body, then back up mine. I don't think his brain could decide which of us to concentrate on, so his eyes kept switching between us. His mouth was open but nothing was coming out of it.

"You like croissants, Melanie?" I asked her.

"Not half," she answered. Then she showed a really cruel streak. She placed her hands flat on the counter, pushed her boobs together with her arms and leaned forward. "Hi, Mr. Picante. I'm Shelley's friend, Melanie. Are your croissants still nice and... hot?"

Poor Mr. Picante. He shook his head and shut his eyes tight for a few seconds.

"Melanie Reardon, that was not very nice," I accused.

"On the contrary, it was very nice indeed. Thank you, Miss Reardon." I watched him make a real effort to look at her face. Then he turned to me. "You're looking lovely as well, Shelley. Now, how many croissants would you like?"

"We've got a houseful this morning, two blokes and five females. We'd better have... eighteen of them, if you've got them." His croissants were gorgeous, but not that big. I could do four all by myself, I was that hungry.

"No problem. I can do another tray's worth for other people. Anything else?"

"Yeah, we'd better have a large seeded bloomer ([see cultural notes](#)) too, just in case."

When we got back home, Eric was making fresh coffee and Terry was reading a newspaper. Terry was just saying something about a test match ([see cultural notes](#)) and India.

Melanie groaned, "Boys and sports. Even before breakfast!"

Eric laughed, "So what did you girls talk about before breakfast then?" He glanced between us. "No, don't answer that. What's in the bags?"

"Fresh croissants and bread."

"Wonderful, I love croissants. I'm just taking your mother some coffee. We'll be down in a few minutes. Let's see. Heather's in the shower, I think. But I'd better knock up Sam." (see [cultural notes](#)) He shook his head. "Poor Sam, she was dead on her feet when she got back from rehearsing last night. But so excited as well. This show means the world to her, you know?"

"I know," I agreed quietly.

Eric had a thoughtful expression. "Maybe Sam should have more of a breakfast than just croissants. I can cook her something quickly if she wants."

As usual Eric said, or did, the right thing. I went over and hugged him. "Good idea, Batman."

He hugged me back. Then he made it very obvious that he was looking down my gaping blouse. "You two had better button those blouses before your Mum gets down here. A quiet life, Robin, it has its advantages sometimes."

How cool was that, slipping straight into the Batman-and-Robin thing without batting an eye. (Sorry about that. No, I'm not.)

"Eric's right, Melanie. It's not worth starting Mum off on one early in the morning." Then I grabbed her hand. "Come on. I'll show you where things are. You can set the table next door while I make a pot of tea."

Eric was wrong about Sam's breakfast. She really wanted croissants with the rest of us, but she did have two extra glasses of orange juice for energy. Despite her long hours practicing, she looked fabulous. She's really ready to do this tonight, I thought. God, I hoped it would go okay.

As there's no Program this week there were no clothes boxes out. Instead when we arrived, Terry and Melanie kissed me goodbye and headed for their lockers. So did I, but in the opposite direction.

It looked like all of yesterday's nudies were still naked today. Good, I thought, they must be mostly enjoying it. I caught Tanya and Teresa snogging nakedly, half-hidden by a row of lockers.

"Just keeping each other warm," Teresa explained with a big grin, and a sigh when Tanya squeezed her butt.

"Yeah, right," I grinned back and kept walking.

I was feeling quite envious of them when two hands covered my eyes from behind me. "Reasonable Request, Shel?" a voice muttered in my ear.

"Yes, please."

"Can I play with your tits?"

I recognised the voice. "Is that all, Lenny?" I hoped I sounded disappointed.

"I'm not sure what we can get away with." His hands slid down and started working on my nipples.

A much sterner voice came from behind us. "Even that's too much this week, Mr. Tawn." Then Miss Taylor's voice softened. "Well, if you promise to keep your hands above the waist, I suppose I can look the other way." She continued along the corridor.

"Bend over, Shel," Lenny whispered urgently, "And hold your cheeks apart."

I knew which cheeks he meant. One swift thrust and he was inside me, up to his balls. His hands grabbed my sides just above my waist as he began to fuck me.

"Oh, Lenny," I sighed, a lot louder than I intended.

Miss Taylor spun around. Before she could speak, Lenny said, way too cheekily, "My hands ARE above her waist, miss."

She could not stop a grin from forming. "I don't know which of you I should be more angry with. I'll rephrase what I said just now. No touching below the waist, with hands or anything else. Right?"

Lenny pulled out. "Yes, miss."

She glared at me, "Miss Hoover?"

"Yes, miss."

She came closer so no one else could hear. "Good try, though." She turned and walked away. This time she didn't look back.

We started laughing as soon as she was out of earshot.

When I told him about Terry and Melanie, his face lit up. "If I help you keep watch, do you think they'd keep watch for us afterwards?"

"I don't see why not. Fair's fair, right?"

"Right," he nodded vigorously. "See ya at lunch then." He turned to go.

"Wait!" I grabbed him and gave him as much tongue as I could. Then I walked away from him and I could feel his stare on my bum as I gave him my best wiggle.

There are only two other things to report about the morning. Between second and third periods, I noticed a couple of naked kids walking hand in hand. So what, you ask? Well, they were both very fat. Not a pretty sight, BUT they were happy and comfortable together, walking like that along the corridor, and that made them as cute as any of the other naked kids... and really brave too. I didn't remember their

names, but I knew they were in the choir as Sam had pointed them out to me on Tuesday.

Then between third and fourth periods I ran into Terry. Before I could say a word, he grabbed me around the waist and swung me all the way round him. Then he gave me the biggest, wettest kiss you could imagine. It would have been fairly revolting if he wasn't so happy.

"Thanks for lunchtime patrol, Shelley." Then he lowered his voice. "About you and Melanie getting together on your own, that's completely cool, whenever you guys feel like it."

My turn to give him a great big puppy kiss.

"There's just one thing, though," he added. I looked at up at him. "I'd like the three of us to get together again, every once in a while, okay?"

"Count on it," I grinned at him. "Didn't she tell you I wanted to do that too?"

"No, she didn't." He thought for a second. "I think maybe she wanted me to suggest it. Probably good psychology..." Now he laughed quietly. "...As long as I didn't find out."

"Oops. Maybe this last bit should be our secret, huh?"

"Yeah. At least until I figure out how to get back at her for it." This last sounded a little off, but he said it with real affection.

"You guys are in love, aren't you?"

"Yeah, I suppose we are. I hadn't really thought about it. Why do you ask?"

"It's just that..." I wasn't sure how to say this, "...I don't want to mess things up for you guys, you know, make things more complicated than they should be."

He gave me a big grin. "We talked about that as soon as we left you this morning. What we do with you is a bit of fun, that's all, and it makes us all feel fantastic. But if it has any effect on Melanie and me, we think it'll make us even closer because we're sharing something very..." Now he had to stop to think of the right word. "...Intimate with each other."

Then a look of real horror appeared on his face. "Oh god, Shelley. That sounds shitty. But it's not like that at all. We both really like you, and like making you feel good too. And if it makes us feel good at the same time, everybody wins, right?"

He was genuinely worried that he might have hurt my feelings, and I had to think very quickly of the best way to tell him not to worry. I decided that words just wouldn't do the job without some help. I pulled his mouth down to mine and kissed him with as much friendliness and passion as I could put together.

"There," I giggled, "Does that answer your question?"

"Oh yes. Thanks for that."

"I think maybe I should tell Melanie that I was making out with her boyfriend."

He chuckled at that. "Won't be necessary. One of Melanie's best friends just gave me her 'dagger eyes', if you know what I mean." Now he prodded his chest. "But I'd better tell her the lot as soon as I see her. Better it comes from me than back at me from her."

The lesson bell rang so we had to sprint to our separate classes. But I knew I'd have to think about what we'd just said, not so much about them but about me.

AFTERNOON

I was a little late getting to the dining hall, more questions about the Program after the lesson. I knew I had to do it, but the same questions over and over had got more than a little old, I can tell you. When I got through the serving line (no Program for me so no jumping the queue), I spotted a girl named Gillian sitting "alone", the only nudie at a table with a bunch of boys hassling her. She looked miserable.

Gillian had been put into the Program for two days as a punishment for saying nasty things about us Program girls. I felt really bad about that. The Program should be fun, a good experience and not something nasty. Heather was genuinely angry about it. She said it sent out completely the wrong message about the Program, especially to the shy kids who needed it more than anyone else. Jed disagreed, saying something about the punishment fitting the crime. Heather didn't like that at all. It was the first time I'd seem them really argue about anything.

Anyway, those boys were not even letting Gillian eat her lunch in peace and that pissed me off. I went over there and told them off so they left her alone. Then I sat down and tried to persuade her to come and sit with us. At first she was too embarrassed, but I finally changed her mind.

When she joined us, she and Heather got talking. Gillian still disagreed with the Program, but not with how the Program girls behaved. I disagreed with a lot of what she was saying but I had to admire her honesty and character sitting there and basically arguing with all of us.

Then Lenny caught my eye. "You about ready, Shel?"

I stood up and told everyone, "I gotta go. Lenny and I promised to help some friends out now. See ya."

I wasn't getting away that easily. Heather gave me a look. "What's going on?"

You're up to something, you two. Give."

"Just some lunchtime fun, Sis. Nothing to worry about."

Laura laughed loudly, "Fun? You and Lenny? Just don't get caught."

Always leave 'em laughing, I thought. This time I succeeded.

"There's not supposed to be anyone in the Science classrooms at lunch, a mate of mine told me," Terry said when Lenny and I caught up with him and Melanie.

"Let's go."

It looked like Terry had good gen.[\(see cultural notes\)](#) The third floor of the Science block, where all the classrooms were, was deserted.

"We'd better get on with it, so these two have time as well," Melanie smiled and dragged Terry inside the first classroom.

"Don't you mean 'get it on', Melanie," I grinned at them as I shut the door.

"And I better get the pump primed," I whispered to Lenny and knelt in front of him. One of the nicest things about sex is feeling a cock get hard in your mouth. His took about fifteen seconds to fill up mine.

"Not too much, Shel. I've been ready for this since Miss Taylor stopped us this morning. Besides, what about you?"

That was so sweet. There were reasons I liked this guy. I stood up and leaned against the wall, but kept a loose hold of his cock.

"Christ, you're already streaming down there." Then he tried a "shelley-ism". "Steaming too." Not bad for an amateur, I thought. I gave his joke a giggle. It deserved it.

We stayed leaning against the wall, completely out of sight of someone coming up the stairs but close enough that we could hear anyone approaching, and played gently with each other. He pulled his fingers out occasionally and licked them clean with a "mmm" and a grin. I did the same with his dribbling pre-cum.

We were horny as anything when the others came out the classroom. They had two big smiles, and Terry's cock was dangling happily.

"You guys were quick," I commented, and meant it.

Melanie laughed, "Over four hours of foreplay will do it every time. Your turn now. We used the teacher's desk. It might be a little slick. I'll try to find some towels or something while you're at it." She pushed us through the door and shut it.

Lenny and I couldn't resist it. We leaned over the teacher's desk and sniffed.

"Hmm," he said, "Definitely prime pussy."

"Uhuh," I agreed, "And I do believe some boy cum as well. Very nice."

"Shall we do like we tried earlier?" He glanced at the desktop. "I'm not sure if..."

"I agree." I grabbed the edge of the desk with both hands and shook my arse at him. "Come and get it!" Then I couldn't resist one, "I mean, get it and cum!"

This time he pulled one of my cheeks to the side and aimed his cock with his other hand. Bull's-eye! And all the way in on the first stroke. He held onto my hips pumping deeply, then he leaned right over me and started to lick and kiss the top of my shoulder and my neck. That was wonderful.

But before I could say anything he suddenly stopped moving. "Hold still, Shel, please! Otherwise I'm gonna cum right now."

"How about this?" I asked and flexed my pussy muscles.

He groaned, "Especially not that. Okay?"

"Okay," I giggled. "What shall we talk about?" Then I remembered my neck and shoulder. "Where did you learn to do my neck like that? Been watching some dirty movies, have we?"

"Every chance I get."

"Wanker!"

"No, it's research," he protested.

"Bullshit... wanker," I repeated.

"Okay," he admitted, but then he came back with, "And you don't?"

"Every chance I get."

Now we both laughed. He was still right in me so that felt really ace.

Then he took a deep breath. "Okay, let's start again. I should be okay now, for a little while anyhow."

His long, slow strokes were fantastic.

It couldn't have been more than another thirty seconds when I felt myself getting ready to cum. "Faster now, baby. And really hard!"

We were starting to shift the desk a little now. And it was a heavy one. Suddenly his cock stopped moving and began to spurt. That did it for me too. I felt my muscles down there spasm, then everything went beautifully hazy.

When I "came back" I decided it hadn't been a ten, it was too quick for that, but definitely at LEAST an eight and a half.

He pulled out so I could turn round, kneel and clean him off. Nice flavour and aroma, the mixture of him and me. As we headed for the door a moment later, I could feel more of the mixture dripping down my thighs.

"Didn't take you guys any longer than us then," Melanie smiled.

"Yeah," Lenny agreed, "Miss Taylor stopped us just as we were getting started this morning. That was before assembly..." He smiled at me, "...And I've been thinking about you ever since."

"Thinking about my pussy, you mean," I punched his arm, "Just like I've been thinking about your cock."

"Here, you'd better use this." Melanie handed me a damp paper towel. "I'd much rather do the job myself, but I don't think we have time."

I knew she was right, but a towel is no substitute for a friendly tongue. While I was busy, Terry went back to the desk. He wiped the top with a damp towel, then again with a dry one. Good thinking. There was a swing bin in the classroom where we threw all the towels.

"The top should keep the smells in," somebody remarked.

Terry grabbed Melanie and me by the hand, "We'd better get moving."

"You mean make like hockey players..." I began.

The others chorused, "And get the puck outta here," and groaned. I need some new material.

But Terry and Melanie had both been right. When we reached the bottom of the first set of stairs, two students passed us on their way up to the third floor. They gave us quite a look, but we ignored them and nothing was said.

When I got to my locker after the last lesson, I found a note from Heather pushed inside. She had to stay back and help Mrs. Johnson, something to do with the Program journals. She'd see me at home later. And Sam was away somewhere with Stephen. I smiled as I wondered if they would finally get the job done today.

So that left me to walk home on my own. No problem, I wanted to think about a few things... well, one thing really. Suzie and Laura, Sam and Stephen, Tanya and Teresa, and now Melanie and Terry, four couples who seemed to be really in love. Even Heather and Jed, he loved her, although Heather wasn't there yet because of her... rape. (It still makes me shiver just typing that word, and all kinds of emotions bump around my head, love, anger, horror and a few others that I can't put names to.)

So what about Shelley? The simple answer was that I hadn't yet met Mr. (or Miss) Right. That was true as far as it went, but I sort of felt that I didn't want to fall in love just yet. I was having too much fun. I started to giggle, but then I stopped. This might not be a giggling matter. Maybe everyone thought I was too silly to even be able to be serious about someone. Suddenly I didn't like that.

I'm not like that, I told myself. I can care, I DO care, a lot about my friends. Who thought up the crazy petting party? Crazy maybe, but it worked. And who started the ball rolling about helping Sam at her concert? Shelley Hoover, that's who? And who made Dr. Reynolds laugh his socks off when he was really down after Heather's testimony in London? Me again.

No, I decided as I reached our front gate, I'm very happy with what I am, with WHO I am. Love'll happen when it happens and that's fine with me. But until it does, catch me if you can, and when you catch me, you'd better be ready for some serious sex 'cause I'm up for it, wherever and whenever. And if anyone has a problem with that, fuck 'em!

"Anybody home!" I shouted as I came through the door, not really expecting an answer.

"In here, darling," Mum called back from the dining room.

Papers and diagrams covered half the big table. Mum quite often came home to work when she needed to concentrate on something and not be interrupted. She could connect her computer to the office systems if she needed to, so people could still get hold of her, and her boss was cool about it.

"Another bleeding report, Mum?" Her reports had been "bleeding" for as long as I could remember.

"Yup, big client meeting next week and other people need this from me before they can do their stuff." She offered me a cheek to kiss. "Where's your sister?"

"Helping Dr R's secretary, I think."

Then she dropped a small bomb. "You've got a visitor, out the back."

"Who?" I asked, but she would only shake her head.

I dropped my backpack on a chair and raced through the house. At first I couldn't see anyone. Then I spotted her lying on a blanket in the shade of our elm tree near the bottom of the garden. She was reading something.

"Tara!" I screamed, and sprinted across the lawn. She had just enough time to sit up and take off her sunglasses before I launched my body at her. She tried to catch me but my momentum (I had to look that one up.) knocked both of us over.

For a moment there were arms and legs everywhere while we hugged and kissed and squealed at each other. Then we unravelled our bodies and knelt on the blanket, facing each other and holding hands.

She spoke first, "Pleased to see me then, I see."

I could only nod until I caught my breath. "Why didn't you phone, you rotten so-and-so?"

"I did, on Sunday, but you were out all day, your mum said."

"Mother!" I screamed at the top of my lungs. I tried to get up but Tara held my hands too tightly for me to move.

"Don't blame your mum. It was my idea not to tell you I rang, but she DID say something about 'suitable revenge'. What did you do to piss her off?"

"Never mind. I'll tell you later."

"Then when she told me you had Thursday and Friday off, I decided to try and get up here and see you. But Megan's poorly..." I think I frowned at that. "...Don't worry, just a tummy bug. But Helen needed to find another girl for a couple of nights while I'd be away. She found a nice kid, would you believe her name's Janice too, to work tonight, tomorrow night, and maybe Friday unless Megan's better, so here I am for two nights, if that's okay."

That came out in one long, rapid stream and she needed a deep breath after it.

Mum appeared at the back door. "You rang, madam?" She tried to sound solemn, but the big grin blew it.

"Who else knew about this?" I demanded. "Heather?"

"Nope, only me and Eric. Besides, it was Tara's idea, not mine."

"But you agreed, you..."

"Temper, temper. Now, who would like lemonade?"

"Yes, please!" both of us answered.

"Good, you can make us all a pitcher's worth, dear, alright?"

I pretended to sulk, "Oh, very well." But I got up straightaway and dragged Tara behind me. I had persuaded Eric to tell me his secret lemonade recipe. (A stamped, addressed envelope and a small contribution to my clothes fund, please, if you'd like the details. We're in the phonebook under "J J Hoover".)

I dropped ice cubes into three tall glasses and took one through to Mum. "I think we're all square now, Mum. Truce?"

"Truce... till next time." She took a long sip. "Lovely, thanks for that."

"Eric's brew," I explained. "Speaking of whom, he's just made the top of my list."

"Nothing too heavy, Shelley. I made him promise not to say anything."

"That's no excuse," I grinned.

Back in the kitchen I suddenly realised what Tara had been reading. It was my journal. "How far have you got?"

"Nearly finished. When you knocked me over, you were just joining the Mile High Club." She shook her head. "You don't do things by halves, do you?"

"Never." Then I handed her my glass. "Here take this. I'll go change into a bikini and we can get some sun. You can finish that last chapter while I'm changing, okay?"

No prizes for guessing which bikini I chose. I stopped in the shadow of the doorway and called out. "When you buggered off last time I was giving you a walk. What do you think of this?"

All I had added to the outfit was a pair of three-inch "fuck me" heels. They gave my natural walk all the help it needed. By the time I reached her, her sunglasses were off again and her eyes were wide.

"Fuck, Shelley, that's hot. Right out of an American porno flick." She grinned then. "Did you buy that around here? I want one too."

"Not a problem. It's a new shop in Nelson Square, one bus away from here. It'll be my treat."

"No way. I'm working, you're not."

"But I want to keep the black outfit you gave me. Fair's fair. I insist."

"Okay." But she sounded doubtful. "I've finished the chapter. Let's go now." She stood up and passed me my lemonade.

I nearly finished my drink before I said, "Come on. Let's bug Mum." We went inside. I was sure Tara was watching my butt all the way there. Good, I thought, though not quite sure why.

"Mum, remember you said you wanted a swimsuit like Sam's new one?"

"Yes?"

"Well, Tara wants one like mine. If you took us there, you could buy what you wanted and blow Eric away later. I know you're working, but I'll do dinner so you won't lose any time. What do you say?"

"You? Dinner? Promise not to poison us?"

Tara interrupted us, "I take it Shelley's not a great cook."

"Well..." came from both of us.

"Well, I'm not too bad. I'll do dinner." Mum and I must have looked surprised.

"What? You guys think a whore can't cook? Forget what I do. We're four women living together. Helen does breakfast every morning. The rest of us take turns with the evening meal. Maureen's the best cook, but I have my moments. How does fresh spag bol sound?" ([see cultural notes](#))

"Wonderful," I replied, "But you're a guest."

"And I'm getting a new bikini out of it. Sounds like a good deal to me, so just shut it, both of you."

I directed Mum to the car park at the far end of Nelson Square. A weekday afternoon, we found a space very near the entrance.

Dress To Kill was quiet too. Melanie wasn't there, of course, and the middle-aged woman who came to serve us was rather plain. I explained that we wanted some swimsuits from that big catalogue at the back. She got it out for us, but with such obvious disapproval that I immediately decided I didn't like her.

Tara soon spotted the suit she wanted. Imagine a small gold ring between her tits. Two strings went up from it and tied behind her neck. Two horizontal lycra ribbons came off the ring and just covered her nipples. They tied together in the middle of her back. I was a little disappointed she wanted that suit. The top was almost modest compared to mine.

Modesty didn't apply to the bottom. There was a gold ring about two inches above her pussy. The lycra strips that came up and around her waist were narrower than those on top. They met in the back in another ring at the top of her arse. The red strip that came down off the ring just covered her pussy. And I do mean only just covered. It's as well that she was completely shaved, or she'd have had my problem about pubes. The red strip emerged from her arse crack in back and was attached to the ring there.

She wasn't sure about colour, but when we found out that they only had scarlet in stock, all of us decided that was quite appropriate.

Mum's mind was completely blown. Each time she turned a page her eyes got wider, or so it seemed. Her choice finally narrowed to two one-piece suits, both of which the shop had. We trundled off to the changing room, leaving Prune Face behind. Although Tara wanted to try her suit on as well, she waited so she wouldn't upstage Mum. Nothing was said, but Mum and I noticed. A nice touch of class from Tara.

Mum still had her work clothes on, a white blouse buttoned up to her neck and a dark-grey pencil skirt.

"You really don't need that bra, Janice," Tara remarked, "Leastways not for support."

"Why thank you, dear. I would bounce rather a lot, though, without it." To prove her point she jumped up and down a couple of times. She did jiggle quite a bit. What's wrong with that? I asked myself. I knew the answer.

But when Mum removed her skirt my jaw dropped. Not only was she knickerless but her pussy was totally bald as well!

I forgot about the knickers. "Mum, you're..."

"Shaved?" she finished for me. "Don't you approve? Eric certainly does. In fact," she giggled, "It was his idea."

"I think it's great." And I did too. "It'll take a little getting used to, that's all. You're like a girl down there, not a mum."

Mum shook her head. "I think that's the idea, dear. But I don't mind. The way Eric performs, if he wanted me to, I'd shave my head too, so there!"

"Don't you dare, Mum." She had dark, thick, wavy shoulder-length hair. But then I saw her grin and I blushed.

"Tara, would you pass me the white suit, please?"

It consisted of a vertical and a horizontal strip of cloth, both about two inches wide. The horizontal strip tied in the back. There was a white choker-style collar and the vertical strip went from the collar straight down to her pussy. In the back a white string extended from her arse back up to the collar.

She stood in front of a full-length mirror and clearly approved of what she saw front and back. Then she reached under the horizontal strip and played with her nipples for a couple of seconds. I think she wanted to gross me out a little. She succeeded so of course I had to pretend not to care. The cloth was quite thin so the shape of her erect nipples was VERY obvious.

She faced us. "What do you think, girls?"

I let Tara answer. "Gorgeous, Janice." Then she laughed. "Those stripes, they make a big cross. And that dog collar around your neck, when you wear it, we'll have to call you Sister Janice."

That set us all off. Then Mum added, "In that case, it's got to be virginal white too." She was still chuckling as she removed that suit and asked for the black one.

The black suit was completely different. Large cups covered her tits and the bottom was the size of a respectable thong. Thin strips of cloth went round the neck and waist while two other strips connected to the top to the thong. Conservative, right? Wrong! When the top stretched over her tits and the thong over her pussy, the material turned almost transparent. Not only could we see Mum's nipples, which were still hard, we could also her pussy slit. And like the other suit, there were only a few strings at the back. For all the apparent coverage, this suit was much ruder than the white one.

I was over my earlier shock. "That's ace, Mum, and so-o hot!"

"I know," she sighed. "I wonder what our sales assistant would think of this one."

"She'd love it... NOT!" I answered.

"You look fantastic in both of them, Janice. What are you going to do?"

"You've answered your own question. I'm having both of them. The first one will amuse Eric and I'm pretty damn certain what effect this one will have."

"Wicked, Mum. Glad we dragged you out?"

"Yup. Now, Tara, I'm dying to see your suit." She paused. "And thanks for waiting. That was nice of you."

I'd already seen Tara naked, and a lot more, but it made no difference. She stood there naked for a moment as she fiddled with her suit's packaging... and took my breath away. In an instant I knew I wanted her, more than I'd ever wanted anyone before. Our eyes met for a moment, and she smiled, a private smile I'd never seen from her. Did Mum notice? Probably. Did I care? No!

When Tara had put on the suit and adjusted it for what little modesty it provided, she gave us a twirl. "Well?"

I couldn't speak, but Mum was quick. "Outstanding, Tara. You are a beautiful young woman and that suit really does you justice? Don't you think so, Shelley?"

I found my voice again. "Too right! Just... beautiful." My voice may have been working, but my brain was jelly. And both of them knew it.

Mum cleared her throat. "Come on then. We'd better get dressed. I must get back to my work."

Two minutes later she handed Prune Face some plastic. "My treat, Tara. I like spag bol." As we left the shop and when Tara couldn't hear her, she whispered to me, "I do approve, dear. Just be careful, okay?"

I grinned and nodded. And felt kind of drunk, I was so happy.

"Not one word to Eric about these suits this evening," Mum insisted in the car, "I've got a little fashion show planned for after you leave for Sam's show."

I remembered asking Danielle the same thing, not to tell Mum anything about our suits. Tara chuckled and asked, "Planning on shocking a performance out of him then?"

"Trust me, Tara, motive and means are not an issue for him. I just need to give him a little opportunity." Then she added, "Go ahead and tell Heather, but swear her to secrecy too."

We pulled into a space right outside Picante's bakery. Mum handed Tara a £20 note and a tenner. "Get whatever you need for your cooking and make lots. Anything over will keep and besides, Eric has a big appetite and I want him fully fuelled tonight. I'll get plenty of Chianti now." As she got out the car she added, "You mind walking home? It's not far and I really must get back now."

Besides the bakery and off-license, ([see cultural notes](#)) the small shopping parade has just about everything you'll find in a big supermarket. There are a butcher's, a fishmonger's, a fresh fruit and veg' shop, an outstanding video, music and games rental place, a newsagent's and post office, a small market for everything else, and even a pub. The bakery and pub were shut but everywhere else was open. All of them are family businesses and everything that should be fresh is. Even though they all charge a little more than the supermarkets, Mum insists on doing all our shopping here. The shops are part of our neighbourhood and run by good people.

Tara's first stop was the market. "Goody, they've got my favourite basic sauce."

"You cheat," I accused, "Mum starts with tinned tomatoes and adds all kinds of stuff to them."

Tara shook her head, "I'm not really cheating." She passed me a jar. "Read the ingredients. Not a nasty chemical or E number anywhere." ([see cultural notes](#))

She was right. The sauce contained only tomatoes, onions, water and a whole bunch of spices. "Okay, I'll let you off. But I'm still gonna tell Mum."

She took two large jars of the sauce, a small bottle of olive oil and three bags of fresh thin spaghetti before heading for the cheese counter. This was Mrs. Schmidt's pride and joy. Not only did she keep loads of different English cheeses, she also had other cheeses from all over Europe. She's been offering Heather and me, and all the other kids, slivers to taste ever since we were tall enough to see over the counter.

Tara got a hunk of fresh Parmesan. "Shelley, never use the packaged grated Parmesan. If you can't get the real thing, like this, grate some simple mature cheddar. In fact that's what Maureen uses all the time, and I'm not sure she isn't right."

Our next stop was the butcher's for a kilo of the very lean beef mince. Then the fruit and veg' for mushrooms, more onion, a large red pepper and a few small carrots.

"I think I'll leave out the garlic, with us going out afterwards." Then she picked up a large lettuce. "Do you have fresh salad things at home?"

"Always."

"I'll take the lettuce anyway, so it'll be nice and crisp. I assume you have vinegar, yes?"

"Yup."

After she paid, I asked, "Any of Mum's money left?"

"A few quid. Why?"

I turned to the owner. "Mr. Jackson, is that watermelon ripe?" There was one large one left.

"I think so. I've only been selling them for a week, and several people have been back for another one."

"Are you okay carrying everything else, Tara, so I can carry the melon?"

"Not a problem."

Eric was there when we got home, but not Heather, and he was helping Mum in the dining room. He came out to the kitchen while we were unpacking.

"Have you met Tara yet?" My sharp tone was intentional.

"No, I haven't." He stuck out his hand. "I'm Eric." He smiled at her, and then tried one on me. "Hey, Shelley, your Mum threatened mayhem if I said anything."

"So?"

"Oh dear. I'd best keep away from ladders for a while, I suppose."

"Won't do you any good." I tried to sound fierce, but I couldn't stop grinning. We both knew he wasn't safe, and he accepted it.

He picked up a jar of the spaghetti sauce. "Good choice, Tara. I use it myself, but don't tell Jan. May I make a suggestion?" Tara nodded. "Bay leaves. You'll want four of them for these two jars. Just remember to fish them out when you dish up."

"Thanks, Eric. Where..."

"Above the coffee maker."

She addressed us both. "Now please, both of you, get out of here. I hate being watched when I work?"

As I left, I asked, "The watching thing, how about when you're on the job?"

Tara laughed, "Then too. Now, piss off!" ([see cultural notes](#))

Which suited me down to the ground. There was something I wanted to do upstairs and it would take about half an hour.

I came back down just as Heather got in. I grabbed her arm and dragged her into the kitchen. "Tara, this is my sister, Heather."

They shared a hug, then Heather asked, "What smells so good?"

Tara grinned, "My spag bol. I hope you're hungry, I've made loads."

"I love spaghetti and I'm starving."

The spaghetti and salad was a total hit, and Tara beamed when Eric had a second helping. Mum wanted to know what Heather had been doing with Mrs. Johnson.

"This was her idea," Heather explained. "We went through all the girls' journals, mine, Shelley's, Sam's, Laura's and Suzie's, and arranged all the chapters into chronological order. Then we set up a web page on the school's site and put the list there, with links to each chapter, so someone can read about those two weeks as one long story."

We all thought this was a good idea.

"I was amazed. Mrs. Johnson knows the journals so well, a lot better than I do. She made most of the decisions about the order, not me."

"What about the boys' journals?" I asked.

Heather started laughing. "We decided to leave them out of the main story. She said their journals were almost all 'and then I fucked Mary'." By now Heather could barely speak. "I promise you, those were her exact words. Can you believe it? I still can't."

It took a long time for us to settle down. Mum said it right, "That may just be the best five-word book review of all time."

(Mrs. Johnson, when you read this, please don't be angry with me. I haven't read any of the boys' journals yet, but I have heard their interviews with Heather, and what you said sounds "right on" to me. Besides, you made Heather laugh really loudly and that means a lot to my mum and me. Thanks.)

Continuations & Conclusions part 23

WEEK THREE

LAURA

WEDNESDAY EVENING

My first thought as we arrived at Ws was "Fuck! What have I got her into?" There were several TV vans outside and cables running everywhere.

I looked at Sam and to my amazement she didn't seem bothered in the slightest.

There were a few flashes as we went in. I passed Gorgeous' office, or what was once his office. Now it was a mini TV studio with a few screens and a big control board covering his desk.

To one side in Gorgeous' favourite chair, was Gerard Vaughan, calmly chatting away to some man, and drinking coffee. He beckoned to Sam and me and we had to choose our steps carefully. Cables snaked across the floor everywhere.

"Hi, Sam, meet José Varez. He's got the job of making sense of this lot. Don't worry, I met him at Eurovision ten years ago and stole him for the Larry Baker Show, so I know he can cope with anything. Best director in England for live music shows. Give him some idea of what you're doing and he'll light you and shoot you perfectly."

"Not straight through the heart I hope," she responded instantly. For the umpteenth time in the last week I pinched myself, unable to believe that this was the same girl I'd found bleeding in that toilet.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, half a dozen news producers called wanting interviews after the show." Gerard threw this line away, like national media interviews were an everyday occurrence for Sam. She nodded back as if that were already so.

He continued, "I only said okay to one, Lindsey Crowe. I never congratulated you by the way, that little impromptu interview you did about your mother and moving in with Laura was clever. Ms. Crowe's idea I presume? Either way, it spiked the nasty newspaper stories before they could even get printed. I figured you owed her an interview for that."

"Okay," she grinned. "If I haven't been booed off stage."

He looked at her for a second. "You okay? You seem a bit... high. You haven't been taking anything, have you?"

"No," she replied, unable to suppress a giggle now. "Well, not what you mean anyway. You'll have to ask Laura."

He looked at me strangely, but said nothing, then turned back to Sam. "Okay kiddo, go get ready."

Tanya had brought her hairdresser, so I left Sam in capable hands and went to find the others. Suzie was wearing her black dress from the other night and she was with Heather and Jed. The girls were sitting at the bar.

Jed bought me a small beer which I annihilated. Yes, I was thirsty, but I was even more nervous for Sam. As soon as I'd emptied my glass I noticed Heather's new dress.

"No prizes for guessing where Suzie's taken you, Heather, you look stunning. Suzie, more emergencies for your credit card?"

"No. Not this time. Dad took me and Mum and Heather and Shelley to Jeanette's. He bought Mum a dress and insisted on paying for the girls' dresses too."

"Hmm, a great bod and a rich dad. Will you marry me?"

She laughed and glanced around. "Don't know where Shelley is. She's gone walkabouts with her friend, and no, it's NOT a boy. Aren't you going to get changed?"

So I got my bag out of the car, and went to "Sam's" dressing room to change into my blue dress.

Sam's hair was finished and that gave me time to do her make-up as the club began to fill. We could hear a growing buzz from where we were backstage. When she was done, I went back to find Suzie. She and Jed had their arms around Heather, and they were sitting in a corner.

"What's up?"

Jed explained, "She just remembered the last time she was here and it got to her a bit."

Of course, it was only twelve days ago that she was being gang-banged in here the night after she was gang-raped. I cursed myself for forgetting.

"I'm sorry, Heather. It sounds awful, but I just forgot. I've been so busy trying to get Sam sorted out..." It sounded feeble, even to me.

"I'm okay. I forgot too, would you believe it, then when they turned the lights on, it hit me all of a sudden. But don't worry, I'm not planning on a repeat performance. Any banging tonight is just for Jed." She lay her head on Jed's chest and visibly relaxed.

"I'd better get back to Sam. By the way, Suzie, you realise these dresses are almost transparent under these lights?"

"I hadn't noticed." Yeah, right. Even without her "butter wouldn't melt in my mouth" expression I wouldn't have believed her.

I walked into the dressing room just in time, as Stephen was also walking in. He went straight up to Sam and...

"STOP!" I yelled. "No kissing, you'll ruin her make-up."

If looks could have killed, I'd be writing this dead.

Instead, we went to the office, where poor Gorgeous was worrying. "They're getting really restless out there. Can't we get her started?"

"No," said José firmly. "We're not live for another fourteen minutes."

I had an idea. "Sam, they're mostly students, right? Why don't you give them your Program numbers from the other night? Mr. Vaughan, if you're worried about Sam's image you might want to make damn sure the TV feed is off for these."

Sam looked at Gerard. "Is it okay?"

He got José to double-check the TV feed was off. Then he turned to Sam and actually smiled. "Go. Knock 'em dead."

Knock 'em dead was an understatement. Take the effect she'd had on the party last Saturday and multiply it about fifty-fold. By the end of her third song she had them eating out of her hand.

I punched Gerard playfully in the ribs. "See what I meant about last Saturday?" He just stood there shaking his head. I do believe his gob had been well and truly smacked.

Sam quickly changed into her red dress. I turned around to Stephen and said, "Isn't she something?" but he had vanished. I had no time to think about him as the music was cut suddenly and a voice intoned over the hall. "We go live in 10... 9... 8... 7... 6... 5... 4... 3... Roll VT... Cue Sam..."

"Hi, I'm Sam Townley and I'd like to welcome you to the Winds and Waves. Before we start, I'd like to ask the other four girls and five boys who went through the Program with me to come up here... Yes, and you too, Gillian." (Gillian was the girl who'd been put in the Program for two days as a punishment. Sam was determined to include her.)

"What the fuck is she doing?" Gerard growled at me.

"Don't ask me. What shall I do?"

"Get up there. This is live, for better or worse. I just hope that she knows what's she's doing." As I made my way to the stage I saw Gillian hesitating, but then José turned the spotlight on her and Christopher led her onto the stage with the others.

Sam lined the girls up either side of her, with the boys behind us.

"For any press photographers and newspaper editors out there, we look pretty good with clothes on too." A smattering of laughter.

"But my first song is dedicated to these friends and to Danielle Townley and Janice Hoover as well as Tanya, Teresa and my other friends in the choir, for seeing me through the last nine days."

The music started and it was a beautiful love song, "Thanks To You, My Love". She'd changed the words a bit, but we all hummed along.

Then the lights went out as she led us off the stage. Obviously, even if she hadn't told Gerard, she'd told José.

Shelley ran straight into the arms of an absolutely stunning girl. The kiss they shared stopped me cold, but before I could say anything Sam dragged me into the dressing room. Faster than I would have believed possible, she thrust the red dress into my hands and pulled on the black set she'd borrowed from Shelley.

"Where did you disappear to?" I asked Stephen.

"Didn't feel well," he said. "Told her this afternoon I'd let her do the singing and I'd have the nerves for her. Except I was joking. But I think I'm more nervous than she is." Poor sod, he did look pale.

As I squeezed his hand, a tremendous flash nearly blinded me and Sam was suddenly standing centre stage as the music restarted.

Even above the loud music I could hear whistles.

She ran through a complete set of some of the hottest hits of recent years. I looked at Gerard and he was almost smiling as his head bobbed ever so slightly to the beat.

At the interval he almost ran to her dressing room. He met her outside, just before she entered. "Don't you ever pull a stunt like that on me again," he stormed. "If you're going to change something, tell me. At least you had the sense to tell José as he had everything cued up right."

"Then I'd better tell you something now. Or perhaps you'd better come in here."

"Hi, Gerard." It was the girls from Rough Diamond.

"We had such fun rehearsing together," Sam explained, "That I said it was a pity we couldn't perform together, just this once."

"We told her you wouldn't go for it," said one of the "Diamonds".

"Did they tell you why?" he asked Sam.

"Yes. They said that nobody in this country will touch them with a bargepole, just because of their ex lead singer. I said that wasn't fair."

"No, it's not. And I won't pretend that appearing tonight won't help them. But you have enough potential publicity problems with all the media stuff about the Program, moving in with a stripper, sorry Laura, I'm just telling it how it is. You don't need more controversy."

"Think about it, babe," said Stephen, who'd followed us in there. "I know it's what you were planning, but this is his job and he should know what he's talking about." Gerard tensed slightly at that, but said nothing.

"And he's probably right," I agreed.

But Sam shook her head defiantly. "If becoming a star means turning my back on my friends, you can keep it."

"I didn't say that," said Gerard. "I'm just advising you that if you keep on jumping in without thinking first, one of these days it's going to blow up in your face."

"Are you telling me not to have them sing with me?"

"I can't. You're not under contract to me yet, are you? You're putting me in a difficult position, like the one your Mr. Thompson talked about. It would do them a lot of good singing here tonight, there's no doubt about it, but it may not do the same for you."

"Sam, forget it. It was great of you to offer, but..." That was the oldest one, but Sam cut her off.

"Dee Dee, we have a show to do. We rehearsed it together and we're gonna perform it together, unless you want me to go out there and say the last set is cancelled because Rough Diamond refused to sing with me."

"You would as well..." Dee Dee sounded alarmed.

"Well, maybe not," she admitted. "But I've really looked forward to this."

The other girls still hesitated.

There was a knock on the door, followed by a shouted "two minutes".

"Okay, girls, you'd better finish getting ready. You only have two minutes." Gerard said that enthusiastically, whatever he was actually thinking. And he left them there, taking Stephen and me with him.

The lights went out completely before a brand-new lighting scheme exploded, much brighter than before. "I see what you mean about José being good," I said. "He's created drama all the way through."

All four girls were dressed in tight jeans and simple white T-shirts with a belt around the waist. The first two numbers were incredible. Sam and Dee Dee harmonised like they'd been singing together for two years instead of rehearsing together for two evenings. Okay, I can't sing, but even Tanya was impressed. She and Teresa were standing next to me and Tanya held my hand tightly throughout the first song.

When the second song finished Sam and Dee Dee just hugged each other and kissed. At that moment José killed the lights, but their kiss continued to be lit by flashes from cameras in the audience.

He brought the house lights back up and the stage was bare. Spotlights played around the stage moving quickly from one corner to another.

Finally Sam appeared from behind a curtain and waved. She was back in the red dress.

As she took her place centre stage, the three Diamonds came from the wings, dressed in black tops and skirts. They formed a line behind her.

Tanya and Teresa were still with me, but Suzie had joined us, with Craig, as we stood outside the office watching.

"You've created a monster," laughed Craig.

"I was thinking that myself." I hadn't realised that Gerard was behind me.

The spotlights on the girls faded out leaving a single spot on Sam. She looked slightly puzzled. Gerard was more so. "Why've you done that?" he asked José.

"Dee Dee's orders," he replied. "She wanted the final songs to be just for Sam."

Those last two numbers were the same ballads Gerard had got her to sing at her audition, but this time there was a polish about them, made even more incredible by the other girls, who, Tanya told us all, harmonised perfectly with her, even though they could barely be seen.

As the crowd roared when the final note faded, Sam grabbed the three Diamonds and they took the final bow together.

Then still holding hands with the two next to her she ran off the side of the stage straight into the pool and pulling two of them in with her. The third one shrugged a "what the hell" and jumped in behind them. The crowd, as they say, roared.

I giggled. Gerard glared at me, "Don't tell me. That was your idea."

"Yes, but I didn't know she'd have the other three with her. She kept that bit quiet, even from me."

"Judging by the expression on their faces, she kept it quiet from them too. You have a flair for the dramatic... Laura. Why don't we go somewhere more private and you can show me some more of your routines?"

"She can't, we share everything together," said Suzie, putting my hand into Craig's, then taking his other hand and leading us away.

She pulled us across the stage and into the pool to join Sam. I found Heather and Jed and Shelley in there, with the same gorgeous creature I'd seen her with earlier.

"Hi Laura, Suzie. Meet Tara!" yelled Shelley, over the din. Shoot me if you must, but my eyes dropped involuntarily to their chests for a second. The water in the pool was not very cold, yet two pairs of hardened nipples pushed through their dresses. That old line about being pleased to see someone came to mind.

Across the pool I saw Sam pointing towards the crowd as she spoke to Stephen and Christopher. The boys climbed out of the pool and ran across, grabbed Gillian, literally carried her back between them and threw her in before she could protest.

Sam made us get out of the pool. Gillian had obviously had FAR too much to drink, but she was laughing as Jed helped her out of the pool. Then someone took a photo of the six of us Program girls, dressed and soaked, laughing together. I found out later it was Mr Moor, our teacher! (He sent all of us copies. I got mine framed for our bedroom wall, and Suzie gave hers to her parents. Despite her mum's half-hearted protests, her dad insisted that the photo have a permanent place on their mantelpiece.)

Someone handed us some towels, thank god. We dried off in the dressing room. Heather and Tara were helping Gillian dry herself, so I followed Sam and the Diamonds to the office, where Lindsey was waiting to interview Sam.

They sat, still dripping onto Gorgeous' old sofa with towels draped over their shoulders as she began. Straight to the point as always, she started with, "Sam, congratulations on an incredible show. But given the reputation of Rough Diamond, should Gerard Vaughan have made you sing with them tonight?"

"He didn't. In fact he didn't even know and when he found out five minutes before we went on, he tried to talk me out of it, because people might say what you've just said. But it was all my idea and nobody else's."

"What made you invite them to your show?"

"You mean, apart from the fact that they're great singers? Gerard had them teaching me how to perform for the last two evenings and we had such fun together that I wanted us to perform together. So their lead singer has a few problems and did some stupid things. That's not their fault. They are three of the nicest girls you could meet and it's totally unfair the way people in the media and the music business have treated them. Only the stupidest and unkindest people would blame them for what she did, probably the same people who call our school Slut School, just because we got picked to start the Program. So if anyone has a problem with me singing with them, tough."

"Spoken just as I've learned to expect from you, Sam. Blunt and to the point. What are your plans now?"

"I don't really know right now. This has all been so sudden, great fun, but a bit overwhelming."

"You planning on joining Rough Diamond permanently?"

"Oh! I hadn't really thought about that. But it has been fun."

"Thank you, Sam Townley." Then she turned to the other girls, who hadn't stopped grinning the whole time.

When we walked back out together, Ws was one big party. Gorgeous had a DJ on the desk, pumping out deafening dance music. The dance floor was heaving, you couldn't get near the long bar and a few dozen couples were doing I don't know what in the pool. (Actually I do know what, but this is "family-rated" chapter.)

We found Mum standing near the back, chatting, or rather shouting, with Janice and Eric. "I promised to take Sam and Stephen home for a private little celebration, darling. She must be exhausted."

"Suzie, would you mind if I left you with Craig tonight?" I asked. "I really want to go home with Sam."

Craig grinned, "I'm sure something will come up." Suzie and I groaned.

"What did Craig say?" Mum shouted.

"You don't want to know, Danielle," Suzie shouted back before I could.

"Don't forget the inquiry tomorrow morning," I called as she and Craig walked away. I'm not sure if she heard me.

When we got near the main club doors, normal conversation could be resumed.

"Did you like my song to you?" Sam asked the mums.

"Very much," my mum answered.

"What song?" asked Janice, puzzled.

"At the beginning."

"We got here late, Sam. I wanted to start the video when your show came on as we didn't know what time it would start, so we missed the start as Eric was driving here as fast as he dared."

"Oh," said Sam, sounding a little disappointed. "You'll have to watch the tape then. But if you'd asked me, I'm sure Gerard would have got you a copy."

"We'll watch it as soon as Eric gets me home. Congratulations on a great show, Sam. You still coming round later or are you too tired?"

"No, we'll come," she replied. "You won't mind if we're quite late?"

"Late as you like," laughed Janice. "It's your night after all. Enjoy it."

"Come on, you two drowned rats," said Mum. "Home and a celebration drink, I think." We said goodnight to Janice and Eric and headed outside for Mum's car.

That's when I noticed Gillian sitting alone on the floor just inside the door, her soaked dress still dripping and virtually see-through even in the foyer lighting.

"Mum, she looks really fed up. Can we give her a lift home?"

Mum insisted that we take her to our house first, to get her clothes dry and help her sober up a bit before sending her home to her parents.

Sam ran back inside to find Christopher to join us, so we were a bit cramped on the ride home.

I took Gillian upstairs for a hot shower, then loaned her some jeans and a T-shirt to wear while her dress was drying. Mum had insisted on rinsing the chlorine from the pool out of it before putting it in the drier.

"Do you normally get this drunk on a night out?" asked Sam.

"I needed a drink," she slurred.

"A drink?" Christopher chuckled, "That's like saying the ocean's a bit damp."

"I spent all day being virtually raped in your wonderful Program and..." I didn't hear the rest as I went upstairs to get myself dried and to change my clothes.

While I was upstairs, I wrote some of this chapter, in case I forgot anything. I thought Sam's celebration might be more than an odd drink, so better safe than sorry.

When I eventually got back down, Sam had apparently finished arguing with Gillian. She was dressed in her own dress again and was sat drinking coffee and looking rather better than she had. Then Christopher said he'd walk her home.

Mum offered to give her a lift instead, but Sam stopped her, with a silly grin on her face.

Honestly. One fuck and she thinks she's cupid.

We finally had our quiet celebration drink, or drinks. Mum had left the video running so we saw the televised part of Sam's show.

"Well you looked great, Sam, but Stephen, you looked positively green on stage at the start."

He looked a bit embarrassed but Sam rescued him. "It was a team effort," she explained. "I did the singing, he had the nerves. We do everything together now."

The way she said "everything" made Mum look at her curiously.

Sam was giggling and it wasn't ALL from the drinks, though Mum had let us drink far more than she normally would. "Yes. I do mean everything." In case we didn't get the point she grabbed Stephen's cock through his trousers.

In her somewhat inebriated state she grabbed a little too hard, which elicited a squawk from poor Stephen, who promptly said, "If you want it again, you'd better not damage the goods."

That got another giggle from Sam, who gave him a conciliatory kiss.

To my surprise Mum fixed them another drink. As Stephen reached to take his, Sam said, "No. We've had enough. I promised I'd have a drink with Janice, Heather and Shelley as well. And I don't want him to have too much. I'm just about ready for seconds. After all, I haven't had him in a bed yet." Then she started giggling again. "Actually, I should have said thirds."

Mum insisted on driving Stephen and Sam round to Janice's. When she returned, she said, "So it's like old times. Just us."

"Just us," I agreed. "Mum. I'm so proud of Sam."

"I'm proud of both of you."

"Me? Why?"

She shook her head. "I just am."

She made us both some toasted sandwiches and we sat together half-watching an old film on the telly.

I was falling asleep on the sofa next to her when she woke me and made me go to bed.

I lay awake for a little while. After sharing a bedroom (and usually one bed!) with Suzie for the past five nights, and sharing the room with Sam for three nights before that, it felt weird having "my" room to myself. I wasn't sure I liked it. But I was so tired, I didn't consider that for long.

Continuations & Conclusions part 24

WEEK THREE

HEATHER

WEDNESDAY EVENING

When Suzie and I arrived early for Sam's show, we were hoping to wish her good luck or break a leg or whatever. But Laura told us Sam was having her hair done. I was sure that wasn't the real reason she wouldn't let me in to see Sam, but Laura wasn't telling. She loved the dress Suzie's dad had bought me.

We found Jed and he got some drinks in, then we sat down together to watch them setting up all the TV cameras and stuff. It seemed strange to realise that, for once, they weren't aimed at me.

Then they turned the lights on. The cameras would definitely have been aimed at me last time I was here, I thought. Even briefly thinking about last time was enough for memories to start flooding back. I looked towards the centre of the dance floor by the stage and could almost see myself, surrounded by guys, being gang-banged for the second time that day.

I must have reacted visibly because both Suzie and Jed turned to me with looks of concern. "Are you okay?" asked Suzie.

"I'm fine," I lied, trying not to remember, but my mind was replaying in my head both my gang-bang here, and the earlier gang rape from the same day.

Jed grabbed my shoulders and forced me to look at him. "What's wrong?" he asked.

"Nothing."

"Tell me," he insisted.

"It's just me being silly. I was remembering the last time I was here."

"Come and sit down," said Suzie. She led me to a table in the corner and we sat down. Jed and Suzie sat each side of me with their arms around me.

Immediately I felt like I wanted to run, so they wouldn't see me cry. Then Danielle's words about it not mattering if I cried came back to me and, ironically, I no longer felt like doing so.

Whatever, their concern and their arms around me were making me jumpy. I tried to get up, but they wouldn't let me.

"Take a deep breath," advised Suzie.

I forced myself to do as she said.

Laura interrupted us. Jed quickly explained what was wrong.

Laura felt guilty for forgetting about the last time I was here, but I admitted that I'd forgotten too until they'd turned the lights on.

"Don't worry," I assured her, "I'm not planning on a repeat performance. Any banging tonight is just for Jed."

She laughed, then left again to help Sam get ready.

I still felt restless and got up, then hesitated.

"Here," said Jed and gently pulled me onto his lap.

"I'm not a little girl," I protested.

"You're my little girl," he replied. "And I'm keeping you safe and sound." Then, fairly obviously trying to lighten my mood, he grinned, "After all, I'm on a promise tonight, aren't I? All the banging's for Jed, you said."

I ground my bum into his cock.

"You little witch," he mumbled.

"I can't be. You're the one with the magic wand." I slipped my hand under my bum to grab his "wand".

"Be careful," he warned. "I might cast a spell on you."

"Please," I begged.

Sam opened her show with the rude songs she'd sung at the choir party. Afterwards she made all us Program participants, including Gillian, come up on

stage with her. I was glad I was wearing something nice and I'd never seen Shelley look so stunning. I just hoped nobody could see how I was feeling.

Then amazingly, she sang a love song to us. It was lovely, but I just wanted to get off stage and out of there. Finally she led us off the stage, thank god!

Judging by the crowd's reaction Sam's show was sensational. And if it had been held anywhere else, I'd have loved it. But there, in W's, I couldn't wait for it to end.

Shelley of course loved every minute, especially when Rough Diamond came on for the second set. (I think that's what it's called.)

When Sam pulled the Rough Diamonds into the pool at the end of the show, Shelley insisted that we go and join them. She even tried to persuade Mum and Eric too, but they weren't having any of it.

One advantage of having been in the Program. When you suddenly find yourself soaking wet in a totally see-through dress that hides absolutely nothing, it doesn't bother you any more, not even when Sam gets one of your teachers to take a photo of you like that!

"I'm getting a bit cold," I told Jed after the photo.

"I can think of some ways to warm you up!"

"I bet you can."

"How about my place?"

"Okay. I'll just let Mum know." Thank god! We're getting out of here.

We walked over to Mum and Eric. "Mum, I'm feeling a bit cold, so Jed's taking me to his place. He says he can think of some ways to warm me up."

Eric laughed.

"I'll look after her, Mrs. Hoover."

"I know you will, Jed. Drive carefully."

"I will. I haven't been drinking. My dad'd kill me if I drank and drove."

The house was empty when we arrived.

"I'll put something on for a hot drink and get you something dry to sling on."

"Jed. If that's the best way you can warm me up, I'm going home. Where's your bedroom?"

"Okay."

He led me upstairs. I began to slip off the dress, but he stopped me. "Let me."

He slowly slipped my dress down, kissing my breasts as it fell to the floor.

He stood back to look at me. "You're beautiful," he whispered.

He took my knickers down and started to lick me there.

"Jed," I said urgently. "I said I needed warming up, but I don't need warming up."

I made him stand up and I took down his trousers and pants, leaving his cock sticking out from under his shirt.

I took him into my mouth and sucked him like a lollipop. He groaned.

"Sit down," I demanded. He looked puzzled, but sat down. "Now this is what I was wishing we were doing all the way through Sam's show."

I took off his shirt, then sat on his lap, guiding him into me. As I bounced up and down on him, his hands fondled my boobs, and occasionally went down to my pussy.

He pinched my nipples a little too hard and I felt him tense all over, then go almost limp.

"You are a witch," he gasped.

He made me lie down, then spent ages tantalising me by licking me almost everywhere, before FINALLY going down on me until I came with a scream.

We lay together afterwards, with his fingers lightly running up and down my body.

"Jed," the door opened and a man walked in. "Oh, god, I'm sorry." He turned round, "I thought you were alone." He walked out closing the door and we heard him go downstairs.

Both of us couldn't help giggling.

Jed took me to the shower and after we were dry he gave me a long white shirt and a pair of his underpants to put on.

"We'd better go say hello to Dad," he said sheepishly.

"You live with just your dad?" I asked.

"Yeah, Mum walked out on us when I was about eight. She found a younger man, and a richer one. So we just got dumped."

"Sorry." I couldn't think what else to say.

"I'm not. I mean I was then, when dad was so upset, but if she didn't want us we're better off without her. Dad used to send her photos of me every Christmas to try to get her interested in seeing me at least, but we never heard anything, till finally they moved house and the photos got returned 'Not known at this address'.

"Dad could have sued her for child support if he'd wanted to, but he's too proud."

"I must meet this paragon of virtue," I joked.

When we walked into the lounge, I thought I'd better put his dad out of his embarrassment. I walked straight to him and offered my hand. "Hi, Mr. Peters. I'm Heather."

"Pleased to meet you. I'm, er, sorry about earlier."

"Don't worry. After the last few weeks nothing can embarrass me. Sorry if we embarrassed you."

"Thanks. Can I offer you a drink?"

"Please. I never did thank you for your help last week. Jed said he borrowed the handcuffs from you, but how did you get so many?" (I should explain. Jed's dad is a policeman.)

"A few calls to friends. We don't like bullies. And your way of turning the tables on them was irresistible."

"Yeah, Dad was ready to murder me when I told him how we treated you the first time."

"That's forgotten, Jed. You've more than made up for it ever since. I've forgotten it, so why don't you?"

"Okay," he said, but I got the distinct impression that he still couldn't forgive himself for that first Tuesday.

"Are you from the main police station in town?" I asked his dad.

"Yes. Why?"

"You probably heard I got arrested and taken there then."

He laughed. "Yes. The poor guy still gets teased about it. Every time he comes back to the station somebody'll ask him if he's got any naked girls this time."

I laughed at that too.

"Ah. He was really nice actually. And though he didn't know it at the time, he saved me from a nasty situation."

"I'm still angry none of us thought of keeping an eye on you the rest of the week."

"Oh, come on," I said.

"What?"

"Is every decent male in this town who DIDN'T rape me blaming themselves for what happened, or do I just meet all the ones with a guilt trip?"

"Somebody should have thought of the potential for trouble."

"Yeah, No argument there," I said. "But the fault lay with people a lot higher up than the local nick." (see [cultural notes](#))

I know I went quiet for a minute.

Jed's dad sighed. "Sorry. I shouldn't have brought it up. It's just we're supposed to be about crime prevention too, and not just... well you know." He sighed again.

"No. It's alright Mr. Peters. I was just thinking. This is the first time I've talked about it without getting all silly and upset."

"There's nothing silly about it," he countered.

"No. I guess not," I agreed. "But while I'm okay about it for now, can I ask you something? What's happening with them? I know one was on bail in another part of the country and the others are on... what's the word?"

"Remand."

"Yeah. Do you know when it'll go to court?"

"No. Not yet. But it's pretty clear they'll all plead guilty. No point doing anything else. We got enough DNA evidence to identify them all and there were enough police, as well as your headmaster, who saw what happened when they were interrupted. And with your bruises, they could hardly argue it was consensual. No. They'll plead guilty for sure. They know they'd get a longer sentence if they didn't."

"I guess I'm lucky."

Both of them stared at me, but Mr. Peters spoke first, "How do you make that out?"

"Most rape victims have to go through it all in court, and then most rapists get off from what I've heard."

"Yes. As someone said, it's an easy charge to make and often an impossible one to prove."

No one spoke for a few minutes. But then I thought of something else. "Is the Program making you a lot of extra work?"

"It is right now with all the press and that Vaughan fellow and his lot around. That's why I'm late home. I had to work a long shift. I'll be glad when everything's back to normal, I can tell you."

"There's one thing about the Program, dad. If it runs everywhere, perhaps it might just teach some of the idiots a little respect." Poor Jed, it's going to be a while before he can let go of his guilt.

"I hope so," said his father. "There are far too many rapes nowadays, not that any number is good, but it's almost an epidemic."

"I know," I answered. "Laura's mum counsels rape victims a lot. Even being in a wheelchair doesn't stop her working."

"Is that Mrs. Townley? We see her at the station a lot, make quite a few referrals to her. She's pretty good. So she's Laura's mum, is she?"

"Yeah. Why?"

"In that case I'm even more glad we loaned you those handcuffs. From what I've heard, they've had it tough the last few years."

"You'd never believe it to see Laura though," I said. "She and her mum are incredible."

"Well," he said. "Please don't mind me. I've got another early in the morning, so I'm off to bed. Make yourself at home, Heather."

"I think I already did," I grinned.

"Good. Goodnight."

When he'd gone, Jed turned to me. "Do you want me to run you home, or would you like to stay?"

"Can I stay?"

His face lit up. "Of course you can, silly."

"Good. I think I'm ready for bed."

He looked worried for a second.

"No worries. I'm as knackered as you are. Right now, all I want is sleep."

He breathed a (slightly overdone!) sigh of relief.

"But, tomorrow morning..." I lifted the shirt up a little, "...I know some great morning exercises."

He chased me up the stairs to bed.

I didn't even take off the shirt he'd loaned me, though I did get rid of his pants. I just dived ([see cultural notes](#)) into bed. He lay next to me, his tummy and chest against my back and his arm around me.

I don't think I can remember when I last felt so warm and comfortable as I fell asleep.

Continuations & Conclusions part 25

WEEK THREE

SHELLEY

WEDNESDAY EVENING

"So, Mum told you about Sam's show tonight then?" I asked Tara. We were in my room after her super spaghetti dinner.

"Yep. But I didn't know what you'd be wearing so I brought a dress and my formal jeans."

"Save the jeans for tomorrow night. Tonight it's glad rags." I laid my new dress from Jeanette's on the bed. It had been in its original box under my bed. "What do you think?"

"Well... if it looks half as good on you as it does lying there, wow! But first, I've got to shower after all that cooking. I hope we have time."

"Loads. I need one too. I'll fetch us some towels." Please, Tara, ask me to share the shower, I said to myself just before I came back with the towels.

She was naked when I walked in. "Can I borrow a robe?"

"Not needed. We don't bother any more."

"You're kidding, right? What about Eric?"

"Well, ever since last Friday night it hasn't mattered." She seemed very surprised, maybe even shocked. "What happened was... wait a minute. I wrote all about it. While your hair's drying I'll get it up on the screen for you to read. Now, are you gonna trust me, or bottle it?" ([see cultural notes](#))

"If you're winding me up, Miss Hoover... let's just say you don't want to mess with this whore." She sounded serious, but she was grinning as she snatched a towel from me and headed for the door.

I had to gulp as I watched her bare bum disappear around the corner. But I chuckled as well. She'd left the bedroom door wide open.

Ah well, no invitation to join her. Don't push it, I chided myself. I stripped, then switched on the computer and got up the Friday night chapter. I wondered if I should let her read the end about Sam and me. There probably wasn't time for her to read that as well right now. But maybe, just maybe, that might be a good idea later. I'd play that one by ear.

"Nice butt, girl." Shit, I hadn't realised that I was bent over the desk with my back to the door. (Yeah, right, did I hear you mutter? Well, it's true, not that it bothered me.)

I flexed my butt muscles a couple of times before straightening up and turning round. "I don't have to tell you that it pays to advertise, do I?"

"True, very true." She had the towel wrapped around her hair and hanging down her back. "Now, stop staring at my fantastic bod and get in that shower. I only go out with someone if they smell nice."

I sat her in front of the computer. "Shut up and start reading. I won't be long."

Not quite true. I needed a quick diddle in the shower to settle me, then a hair wash too.

I was standing behind her rubbing my hair with the towel when she spun the chair around, pulled my head down to hers and kissed me, no tongue but very warm. "That's for the nice things you wrote here about us whores. Thank you."

"You should kiss Mum and Eric too, in that case."

"I intend to."

"I couldn't believe it at first what Mum said. I mean, she's cool about so many things, but I kind of thought, her being married with a family and everything... you know what I mean?"

"Yes," she sighed, "I do."

A couple of minutes on and she started chuckling. "Where's this dress with the zips? This I've got to see."

"Not till tomorrow night," I decided. "I've got to keep at least a few secrets... until I know you better."

She went back to her reading while I tried to choose some knickers to go with my dress.

"Oh... my... god!"

"What?" I asked.

"You've just stripped your mum."

"That was fun. So was the next bit."

A few seconds later, "Poor Eric. He must have been mortified."

"But not too mortified to turn Mum into a giggling teenager. You should have seen her face afterwards."

But then it went quiet while she read about Heather crying and Eric carrying her upstairs. "Do you have a tissue, Shelley?" She blew her nose. "He's quite a guy, isn't he?"

"The best. I'm so happy for Mum. And you know what? If he wants to be our stepdad, it would make me very happy too. And I know Heather feels the same."

She read a little more. Then she turned to me and shook her head. "So you and Sam and Eric sat there listening to music starkers, and it was cool?"

"Totally. So how do you rate him?"

"Hot, for sure. I think I agree with Heather, probably not a ten, but certainly an easy nine." Then she grinned at me. "A ten, huh? Do you have a thing about older men?"

Oh god. I thought about Gerard for a second. But I wasn't ready to go there yet. "I don't know. I've never fucked an old guy." That much was the truth. "And I'd never do anything with Eric. And I'm sure he'd never try anything on with me or Heather." I had to shift the topic. "What about you? You must do a lot of old guys at work. Any of them rock your boat?"

"Most of them, not a chance," she grimaced, "But there is one. He's well over forty, not at all handsome and with a smaller than average dick. But, girl, does he know his way around a woman's body! He gets me off every time I see him, sometimes even twice." Her voice turned serious as she stared at me. "Never, ever, judge a book by its cover, especially where men are concerned."

I decided to stop her reading there. "Here, we'd better start getting ready properly." I paused. "I need your advice."

"Okay." She faced me again. She had been brushing her hair for the last few minutes and it shone. It was thick and straight, and very-dark brown, almost black and hung just past her shoulders.

"Knickers. I have this pale-green thong that almost exactly matches the dress. But I'm not sure if I should wear them, or something more contrasty, these pink ones for instance. What do you think?"

"Let me see. We'll probably be dancing tonight, right?" I nodded. "Well then, in that dress you'll certainly be flashing everyone." Again I nodded. "In that case I'd go with the green ones. That way people won't be quite sure what they're seeing at the front, if anything."

"Good thinking." I slipped them on, faced away from her and started shaking it. "And back here, they'll know exactly what they're seeing." I could see in my mirror that she was staring at my butt. Great, I thought, but that's enough for now. As I pulled the dress over my head and smoothed it over my arse, she shook her head once, then got up and carefully pulled this tiny number from her bag.

She smoothed it out on the bed. "Let's see if this survived the journey... Yup, it has." She shimmied into it, then ran her fingers through her hair before posing with one hand on a hip. "What do you think?"

Part of me wished she wouldn't keep doing that. The rest of me concentrated on the dress. From the thin shoulder straps down to the tight skirt halfway up her thighs, it clung like a second skin. I decided to make an honest joke. "I don't know what other people will think, but I just want to rip it off you. Very sexy."

"Let's hope nobody decides to do that at the club." Then she laughed, "Or is this place that sort of place?"

"Not usually. What about knickers?" I asked.

"Nope. This dress won't ride up when I move, not like yours will."

Shit! I wondered if she realised I'd be thinking about her naked pussy all night. Probably not. I tried unsuccessfully to push that thought away. Time for the next item on my agenda. "Remember Rough Diamond?"

"One of my favourites. Why?"

"Sam's got their manager sniffing round her. He only brought them up here to teach her how to sing pop songs."

"Hmm, I'm impressed."

"Yeah, they've been rehearsing till after midnight with her the last two nights. I'll see if I can find one of their CDs." It had taken me a while, while Tara was cooking, to find the album I wanted. The second and fourth tracks were about girls with girls. The first was a straight love song and the second was a raunchy rock tune. Halfway through it "luncheon at Mary's" changes to "munchin' at Mary's". Not very subtle, I suppose, so sue me.

I found the CD halfway down a pile on the shelf above my bed, where I'd "hidden" it. Mr. Cassey, our Media Studies teacher, had told us a lot about "subliminal advertising", so I set the volume so that we could only just hear the lyrics clearly. Sublime, I told myself and giggled as I sat in front of my make-up mirror.

"What's so funny?"

"Nothing. I'm just so happy." Another almost-truth.

"So am I." She stared at me critically, her eyes looking first in the mirror, then down at the back of my head. "Love the new haircut. Short really suits you."

"Thanks. My hair used to be as long as yours, before Jed hacked it to bits."

"That was quite a plan your sister came up with. I'd have paid good money to be a fly on the wall when you guys confronted that bastard."

"Yeah, that was cool." Then I took a deep breath. "Will you do my make-up again, please? I really not much good at it."

"Sure." I had all the make-up she'd given me last week lined up against the mirror. She stared at them for a moment, then fetched her make-up bag. "The green eyeshadow I brought will go great with your dress. We can be the 'green-eyed twins' tonight."

"I'd like that."

As she was brushing blusher on my cheeks she said, "Tell you what, tomorrow morning I'll take you cosmetics shopping, then you can spend as long as you want trying things out, and I'll teach you the little I know. How's that?"

"Great, except that it'll have to be after lunch. There's one more session of the inquiry tomorrow morning, not too early, and they want all the kids who did the Program there. Sorry about that."

"Don't be. Just show me how to read all those journals on your computer. I'd love to see what the other girls have written."

"Okay. They'll all be there tonight so you can meet them first." I smiled, "Sounds like a plan to me."

I wasn't surprised that it only took her about ten minutes to do both our faces.

Again I was flabbergasted at how good she made me look. As for her, I don't know how to say it any better than she was Beautiful, in bright lights and with a capital B.

Mum and Eric were all eyes when we came down, but Mum spoke first. "Wow, Shelley, you look fantastic. So do you, Tara, but a mother's allowed to praise her daughter, especially when she's ten times prettier than usual."

"Hear, hear!" agreed Eric. Tara just looked at me and smiled.

"Tara did my face. And she's promised to take me shopping for cosmetics tomorrow, then teach me how to use them."

To my surprise, Mum asked, "Can I come too? I could use some professional help as well." Then she looked embarrassed. "Sorry, Tara, but you know what I mean."

"That's okay. You're welcome to come too. Although, looking at you, you probably already know what I can show you." She smiled at Mum, "It's easy to see why your two daughters are so beautiful."

"Talking of two daughters," I said, "Where's Heather?"

"Suzie came to pick you all up, but Eric told her not to wait as we'd take you when you were ready. Now, Heather's got her mobile. Have you got yours?"

"Yes, Mummy." I showed it to her to prove it.

"Good, you won't want to hang around us old fuddy-duddies in the club, so afterwards, give me a ring and let me know what you're doing and if you need a lift home."

"Or anywhere else," Eric added.

"Okay."

"Now, Shelley, we spent nearly five minutes drooling over Heather, so gi's a twirl and let's see the frock."

I did a slow twirl, stopping briefly with my butt sticking out at them.

"Absolutely luscious, Shel," Eric grinned. "But I hope you have some underwear on. You'll need it, with that skirt." Now he laughed, "But what do I know? You probably disagree."

"No, I don't." I flashed my thong at him very quickly. "It was Tara's idea. The matching colours will mean no one will be sure whether I'm wearing anything or not!"

Mum shrieked, "You are evil, Tara. Well done!"

A few things stand out for me about the evening at Ws. The first was before the show when I found Melanie and Terry.

"Hey, guys," I called out, "I want you to meet my girlfriend from down South." I couldn't believe I'd just said that.

I glanced at Tara but she just grinned and stuck her hand out. "Hi. I'm Tara, and you are..."

We sat down at their table, and I had to laugh at the look on Terry's face. He couldn't take his eyes off Tara. She squeezed my hand under the table, so that when she leaned forward and started flirting a little with him I'd know she didn't mean it.

Melanie got it too, somehow. She shook her head at Terry, "Wake up, mister, and get Shelley and Tara a drink."

He saw he was outnumbered. "Oops. Sorry, girls. What do you fancy?" We all laughed at that. "I mean... what would you like to drink?"

"What's that?" I asked, pointing at a tall cocktail glass in front of Melanie.

She answered, "It's called a 'Little Bo Peep', vodka, grapefruit and pineapple juice, only they leave out the vodka. Look, the straw's shaped like a shepherd's crook."

"I can't drink tonight," Terry interrupted, "I'm driving..."

"So I decided not to drink either," Melanie giggled, "In solidarity."

She seemed way too merry so I picked up her drink to taste it. I nearly choked. "Solidarity, huh?"

Tara had a sip as well. "Hmmm. Not so much 'Little Bo Peep' as 'Shagging All Night In The Pasture'."

That was too much. I grabbed the glass back and gulped it down. "Just getting rid of the evidence," I gasped.

Tara pointed at a dark red drink by Terry's elbow. "What's that then, tomato juice?"

He raised his glass. "Yup, 'cept they call it a 'Virgin Mary'."

Tara was there before Melanie and me, with a laugh. "I get it, a 'Bloody Mary', but without the vodka."

Terry tried again, "So, girls, what's your poison?"

Tara smiled seductively, "I'll have a 'Shag In The Pasture'."

Now that I could speak again I agreed, "So will I."

Melanie picked up her empty glass. "Let's make it a threesome."

"I feel left out," grumbled Terry.

"You're driving!" the three of us shouted together.

As soon as Terry got back from the bar, Sam walked out on stage and sang the same funny songs she'd sung at the party on Saturday. The other three hadn't heard them before and were soon pissing themselves with laughter. I sat back and watched Tara, and wished we were back in my room.

Sam went backstage again but was soon back wearing my/her red dress. Then the music stopped and a loud voice came over the speakers, "We go live in 10... 9... 8... 7... 6... 5... 4... 3... Roll VT... Cue Sam..."

"Hi, I'm Sam Townley and I'd like to welcome you to the Winds and Waves." Then she astounded me by asking all the proggies, girls and boys, to come up there with her. She even insisted that Gillian join us. Good idea, I thought. Gillian had "paid her dues", as they say, and she belonged up there with the rest of us.

Then Sam sang a beautiful song to us proggies. I looked over at Heather during the song and she seemed really uncomfortable.

(I found out why the next day when she let me read what she wrote about Wednesday night. God, I was stupid for forgetting about the last time she was in Ws. She tried to tell me that it didn't matter and that she felt fine now, but that only made me feel worse. I know everyone gets all wound up in their own "thing", but it should be better than that between Heather and me. I felt so ashamed about this that I didn't say anything to Tara.)

Tara was waiting for me when I came off the stage. I ran straight into her arms and we kissed. It was a good one. Then we went back to Terry and Melanie and the drinks we'd left there.

I could not believe how good Sam was, right from the first real song she sang. She had to start each of her songs while we were still applauding the last one.

"That outfit Sam's wearing looks familiar," Tara shouted over the noise between songs.

"It should do," I shouted back, "It's yours."

During the interval I asked Melanie and Terry if they minded if Tara and I went and sat with Heather. No problem, they said.

Heather was sitting in Jed's lap when we got there and seemed okay now. We'd only just sat down again when much brighter lights lit the stage.

"What the fuck..." Tara began.

"Alright!" I shouted in reply. You could have knocked both of us down with the same feather.

This time Sam was not on her own. She had Rough Diamond with her. They are one of Tara's favourite bands, she'd told me, and one of mine too. I knew they'd been helping Sam out, but she'd never told us, the cow, that they'd be performing together. For a while I forgot about Tara next to me, well almost anyway, and just let the girls on the stage carry me away.

THEY WERE ACE! Sam and Dee Dee were fantastic singing together with the other two backing them up. But it was supposed to be Sam's show, so the last songs were Sam leading and all of Rough Diamond just accompanying her.

All the club lights came back on as Sam and the others took their bows. Then Sam dragged them over to and into the pool!

"Come on!" I shouted at Tara and pulled her towards the water. She didn't need any encouragement, really, and after our big splash we surfaced, spluttering, laughing, hugging and kissing. For just a second there was no one else in the club except the two of us.

As it turned out Heather would spend the night with Jed at his place. Jed had his car so Eric only had Mum, Tara and me to bring home. After our swimming at the club, Tara and I looked like a couple of shipwrecked survivors. I had tried to persuade Mum and Eric to jump into the water as well, but they were chickens. And now they were dry ones.

When we were getting in the car, Mum said sternly, "Get those wet things off the moment we get home. I'll look after the dresses, but you two, straight into a hot shower."

Just inside the front door I removed my dress and thong without a thought. Tara hesitated, then shrugged and did the same, despite Eric standing there.

"No wet underwear then?" Mum chuckled. Eric just grinned.

"Nope," Tara laughed, "Not that I'd planned it that way though."

She and I raced upstairs and this time climbed into the shower together. Our streaming eye make-up had turned us into a couple of giggling circus clowns so we climbed out, fetched and used some make-up remover before plunging back into the shower. We had started fairly drunk, but hot shower, then cold bathroom, then hot shower again had mostly sobered us up.

Sex was temporarily off my private radar. We were just a couple of kids screwing around and giggling non-stop. We did dry each other's backs and then brushed

each other's hair back in my room, but that was all innocent, helped along by the 70s disco music Tara had chosen to play, just a little, well maybe a lot, on the loud side.

I pulled a couple of oversized T-shirts out of a drawer. They were very soft cotton and used to be my sleeping gear before Mum persuaded me into sleeping in the nude.

"Here," I said. "This is what Mum's wearing tonight."

"I wonder how her 'fashion show' went?"

"She's moon-eyed and Eric's grinning. What do you think?"

"Score one for the swimsuits, I reckon."

"So do I," I agreed. The T-shirts covered our bums so we didn't bother with knickers.

When we finally went downstairs, Mum said, "You took your time," and grinned at us, then continued, "While you were... doing whatever..." Another grin. "Danielle rang. Sam's over there with Stephen, both as bedraggled as you were. They're having a celebration drink first, then she's driving them here." A pause. "Oh yes, just to let you know, Stephen will be staying the night."

"Well that answers one question," I grinned.

"What's that?" Mum asked.

"Sam and Stephen disappeared from school this afternoon..." Mum raised a concerned eyebrow. "...No worries, they had permission. And I was wondering if they had finally done it. I think we all know the answer now."

Right on cue the doorbell rang. Mum beat me to the door by half a step. Sam and Stephen had their arms around each other and Danielle was in her chair just behind them.

Danielle announced, "Two drowned rats, delivered as promised. For some reason they insisted on coming over here in my backseat, instead of riding in front with the help."

Mum laughed, "Dani, come in and join us for a drink, will you?"

"No thanks. I've got Laura all to myself tonight. And that doesn't happen very often these days. But thanks all the same." She wheeled round and headed for her car. I might be wrong, but I thought I heard her singing to herself.

"That's one happy lady," I remarked to Mum.

"You're right, and doesn't she deserve it."

I introduced Tara to Sam. They had actually missed each other somehow at Ws. Then we all sat down in the living room and began talking at once. Out of the corner of my eye I noticed Eric sitting quietly, holding Mum's hand and smiling. Then he whispered something in her ear and disappeared.

A few moments later, he shouted from the kitchen, "Ladies, get your gorgeous... butts out here, now. You too, Stephen."

We all giggled our way into the kitchen. Six champagne glasses sat on the table, and Eric was struggling with a cork under the cover of a tea towel. Then we heard a muffled "pop" and he quickly filled the glasses without spilling a drop.

"He's done that before," Tara whispered to me.

Mum raised her glass, "Congratulations, Sam." That was all that was needed, except for the chorus of "hear, hear" from the rest of us. If Sam could grin any wider, she wouldn't be able to get her head through the doorway.

After downing about half his drink, Eric began to sing, "For she's a jolly good fellow..." The man can sing too, sort of. Is there anything he doesn't do well? We all joined in.

As we cheered at the end, Sam raised her hand and silenced us. "Thank..." was all she could manage before the sobbing and tears began.

Stephen hugged her tightly, "Sam, what's wrong?"

"Nothing, babe, absolutely nothing," she managed to get out between sobs.

Eric went over and handed Sam his handkerchief. Then he told Stephen, "Get her upstairs and look after her."

Stephen lifted Sam up and carried her towards the stairs.

Mum shouted, "Walk up those stairs, you two, you hear?"

"Yes, ma'am," they shouted and ran up them, two at a time.

"Anyone want to bet we'll see them again before breakfast?" Eric offered. There were no takers.

"Anyone for some watermelon?" I tried.

"Yes, please," from Tara.

Mum had another idea, "Or what about hot chocolate?"

"Yes, please," from Eric.

Mum laughed, "Sounds like a generation gap to me. Shelley, leave lots of melon for Sam and Stephen. They've not had any yet. In fact, I'll leave them a note on the table... just in case they wander down later."

There was still plenty, so Tara and I could each have a big slice without leaving the others short. I glanced at Tara and then towards the stairs. She nodded, so I asked Mum, "Do you mind if we say goodnight?"

"Not at all. Just remember you still have to get up in the morning."

"I won't. I've already told Tara about the meeting."

"Just a minute, Shelley," Tara said. She turned to the others. "Shelley showed me what she wrote about last Friday evening, I mean the dinner and what you talked about." Now she hesitated shyly. "I just want to thank you for what you said about girls like me." Then she went to Mum and hugged her, and kissed her on the cheek. "You too, Eric. Thanks." Another hug and kiss. "Come on, Shelley. Good night, you two."

We grabbed our melon and a few sheets of kitchen paper and left.

"The guest gets to choose the music," I told her when we got to my room. "But how about dreamy now?"

"Works for me."

I pointed at a two piles of CDs above the bed. "That's the dreamy stuff. I'll be back in a second. I'm bursting."

After my pee, I quickly washed all my bits. She likes her dates to smell nice, she'd said. Before we went out I'd hidden some perfume in the bathroom. A little behind my ears, on my shoulders, between my tits and along my thighs. I know that sounds like I drowned myself, but I really only used a tiny bit on each place.

She was grinning when I got back as she held up *Ballads of the Night*.

"Remember?"

"Oh yeah." It was the CD I had stripped to in Tara's room. Of course, I'd made certain that it was in the middle of one of the piles.

"I love all his stuff." She chuckled as she added, "Maybe this time I'll listen to the music. But I gotta pee too, so don't start it till I get back."

I pressed "Play" as she walked back in. "Watermelon time. I don't know about you but I always dribble when I eat it, so..." I pulled off my T-shirt and sat down Indian-style on the carpet.

"I dribble too." She did the same, then sat opposite me.

The melon was ace and soon both our chins were soaked and several drips glistened from various tits. I have a small metal bin in my room. I placed it a few feet from us and we took turns trying to spit the seeds into it. Every goal got a cheer while the many misses got groans. We kept moving the bin further away till we were mostly missing. Then Tara, damn her, found her range and hit five goals on the trot.

I conceded. She decided that her prize was that I had to clear up all the misses. "And if you miss any, I get to spank you once for each one."

Talk about an incentive. She sat close by watching. When I said I was finished, she giggled, "What about these?" She had been sitting on some seeds.

"Not fair," I complained.

"Yes it is. You could have asked me to move and I would have done." She stood up and counted them out as she dropped them in the bin, "One... two... three... four... and five." Then she sat on the edge of bed, "Here, Shelley, Shelley," like she was calling her pet cat.

Well, I hoped to become her pet pussy, so that was okay. I pretended to be reluctant, but I did remember how much Sam enjoyed being spanked. Tara scooted back a bit so I was lying across her lap but also on the bed. I was waiting for the first hit so I was very surprised when she started rubbing my arse all over with both hands. This was fiendish because I couldn't tell when one hand pulled back.

Crack! "Ow!" That really hurt.

"You have to count them out," she insisted.

"One!" I shouted.

She went back to rubbing my bum, especially where she'd hit me.

Again I was startled. "Ow! I mean, two!"

"Better," she said.

I was expecting some more rubbing, so of course she didn't this time.

Crack! Crack! One on one cheek, the other immediately afterwards on the other. "Three!" loudly, then "Four," hopefully.

"I can't hear you."

"Four!"

"I think we'll wait a bit for the last one." She dragged a set of nails slowly down my spine. God, that felt good. But before her nails reached the bottom of my spine...

"Crack!" The hardest one of all.

"Five!" I couldn't believe it. The spanking had really turned me on. I whispered, "You can do that again sometime, but not now, okay?"

"Okay. Go look in the mirror."

Four of the hits had been on one side and that cheek was bright red all over. There was a clear, pink handprint on the other one.

"You've done that before, haven't you?"

"All part of the service," she smiled. "That was gentle compared with what a couple of my punters like. Anyway, the idea is to turn you on, not hurt you."

"You succeeded." I swiped two fingers through my pussy and held them under her nose. "See?"

She sniffed deeply, "Essence of Shelley, nice."

"My turn to punish you now. Lie back on the pillows... no, over to the side so I can lie next to you."

She looked like she was worried, but was probably just pretending.

"Do you remember reading on Friday night that I didn't like how I wrote our strips and I wanted Laura to help me rewrite them?"

"Yes?"

"Well, you read my old version this afternoon. The new version is on the computer and while you were cooking, I recorded me reading the new version. My reading may be shit, but Laura's words are fantastic. For your punishment you have to listen to the tape, right now."

"And this is punishment how?"

"You can't touch yourself anywhere while you're listening, or me either." I'd left the tape in the machine so all I had to do was reach up and press a couple of buttons to start it and fiddle with the volume so we could hear it clearly but not loudly.

The tape began where Laura's writing did, right at the start of Tara's strip. I lay next to Tara, but on my side and up on an elbow. This is my ordinary reading position and I can lie like that comfortably for ages.

Tara's eyes were closed but it was obvious that she was listening intently. When my voice on the tape read out her original words, "That's okay, Shelley. I promise not to bite," Tara whispered them at the same time again under her breath. I don't think she realised she did that.

And she did it again with "Come closer, please. But not too close, okay?"

One of her hands started to sneak towards her pussy, but I lifted it away and scolded her, "Naughty." A little smile played across her mouth but her eyes stayed shut.

When her strip had finished and we had both cum on the tape, she opened her eyes. "Please, Shelley, switch it off."

I did that but asked, "Why?"

"I can remember every word. You're gonna ask me if I performed like that for punters and I'm gonna say, 'I've never given a show like that before. I like you, Shelley. I like you a lot.' I want to hear the rest of it, really I do, but not now. Right now I want to kiss you."

I laid my head next to hers and she hunched over on her side to face me. I've no idea how long we kissed, but it was a LONG time. Some kisses were long and lazy with tongues moving slowly back and forth. Some were very short and moved all over the other person's face and ears and neck. Some kisses were more like tiny licks, complete with giggles. A few kisses were so intense we had to stop them or suffocate.

Our only words were hers, when she was kissing an ear. "Love the perfume, baby. Thanks."

Our hands did nothing except to pull our bodies closer together. I don't know what she was thinking, but most of the time my whole world was her mouth and where it was kissing me at the time.

Then she brought both hands up to my cheeks and tenderly pushed my head away. "Will you make love to me now?"

All I could manage was, "Yes."

Then she sat up. "But first I want to put some perfume on too." She crossed to her make-up bag on the desk and pulled out a bottle. It was one of those with a glass stopper and not a spray. She used a finger behind each ear, around her neck and all across the top of her breasts. She put some on her tummy and then smiled at me. "Do you want some perfume down below?"

"Yes please."

She put some on the front of each thigh, then turned around and did both cheeks of her arse. She put the bottle away and stood for a moment. "Put some more of the CD on, but not the early tracks you've danced to before. And turn off the light."

Bright moonlight was coming through the window. My window has net curtains to let in the light but stop prying eyes. When the light was off, she pulled the nets to one side to make the moonlight stronger. Then she started swaying to the music.

"I need to let the alcohol evaporate before I come back to bed."

I didn't care. Her shimmering silhouette was one of the most beautiful sights I'd ever seen. She turned to the side so I could watch her hands playing with her breasts while her hips never stopped moving. Then she came to bed.

Now I got up. "I want to be able to see us. When I shut the drapes, switch the light back on, okay?" The lamp was my reading light so before dinner I'd replaced the 100-watt bulb with a 40, but it was still too bright on the bed. The lamp had one of those flexible necks so I pointed it up the wall. Perfect.

She piled both pillows on top of each other against the headboard right in the middle. "I want to watch you."

We didn't speak again for a while. I started by kissing her forehead, then her ears. Her perfume was wonderful and completely different to mine. I kissed her mouth innocently (!) before moving down to her neck. I knew how much I liked that. So did she.

I had been kneeling beside her but now I lay on top of her. Our breasts were crushed together but our pussies were just touching. It was more of an idea than a touch, but her eyes widened as I ground against her. Then I dragged my body lower and kissed her breasts, intentionally avoiding her nipples. It wasn't that I wanted to tease her, it was more that I wanted this to last as long as possible.

I moved lower and spent a long time kissing and licking her tummy and sides. She was ticklish just above her navel and every time I touched her there she flinched. Then I kissed my way back up to a nipple. Her legs had moved apart so that now I was half-kneeling between them and supporting my weight on my hands. I remembered that she had been rough on her nipples during my strip so I opened my mouth as wide as I could and closed my teeth over the whole area. Then I moved my tongue fast and hard against her nipple. Her groan told me I was doing it right. I let my teeth drag closer together till I was biting the nipple. The groan became a growl and her hand pulled my head further into her breast.

When I moved to her other breast, her fingers closed over the first nipple and began to twist and pull on it. I repeated everything on her second breast, until the end when I started nipping and releasing her nipple with my teeth.

Her hands lifted my head away from her nipple. "That's so intense, Shelley, and I love it. But my pussy needs you now. I can't wait any longer."

I gave her nipple a goodbye kiss and scooted down the bed. I started to spread her pussy open with my fingers, but I had to stop and stare at it. I understand now that it was really about how I feel about Tara, but at the time I had to gawp at the prettiest pussy in the whole wide world. How silly is that!

She giggled stupidly, "Cat got your tongue?"

I almost fell over from laughing. "No, but a pussy soon will."

Using both hands I opened her pussy completely. I flattened my tongue against it down near her arsehole and slowly licked upwards and then over her clit.

"Oh yeah, Shelley. That's good."

So I did it again, several times. Then I pushed my tongue inside as far as I could and wiggled it. My nose was bumping her clit. Her hands grabbed the back of my head and she started to hump against my face. This was fun for both of us for a while and my tongue and mouth and even my cheeks were soon covered with her juice. The smell was indescribable.

She was moaning softly but then she stopped. "Fingers, Shelley. Fuck me."

I kept my tongue inside her while I offered my right hand to her mouth. She grabbed my wrist and sucked on my forefinger and index finger together. I got the message. I pushed the two fingers a little way into her and sawed them back and forth and twisted them around.

She grabbed my wrist again. "Fuck me properly, you bitch!" I relaxed my arm and she pulled my fingers into her as far as they could go, then back until they almost came out, then back in again. "Like that, and fast," she ordered.

I did it like she said. Then I leaned down and sucked her clit into my mouth and rubbed my tongue back and forth on its tip. She got her feet flat on the bed and lifted her body right up. I could feel her shake for a bit, then everything of hers stopped moving.

"OH SHIT, SHELLEY, DON'T STOP!!" she screamed at the top of her voice. My fingers had kept moving in and out through all of this. A few seconds later, she screamed a single "FUCK!" Her body fell back on the bed and went limp. I pulled my fingers away, fastened my mouth against her pussy and drank. Man oh man, she was sweet!

I stayed like that for a long time, licking tenderly and swallowing occasionally. I wasn't trying to get her off again, but just share her joy.

"Come here, darling," she whispered. She moved a little to one side so I could rest my head on the pillow next to her. Her eyes focussed on mine, but it was a moment before she could speak. "That was... the... best I've ever had... I mean that... unbelievable."

I couldn't answer her for a while. I wasn't really crying, but I could feel tears flowing. "Tara... I..."

She stopped me before I could say "love you." "Shhh," she whispered, "Don't say it. I feel the same, but I'm not quite ready to hear the words." I couldn't understand and she could see that. "I'll explain later, but trust me, it's good... so fucking good."

Now her eyes were wet too. We lay like that until I got a crazy idea. "Fancy a cuppa?" I whispered.

"That would be wonderful."

I sat up. "You know, I think they could hear you in Rugby."

"Fuck. Was I that loud?"

"Louder."

"I hope I didn't wake the others."

Then I saw the door. "Oh shit, we didn't shut the door properly. I think there's two chances you didn't wake people up."

"Two?"

"Yeah, none and fuck all."

"Oh."

Someone had left the kitchen light on, I thought as I came downstairs. Wrong! A naked Eric had his back to me by the kettle. Shit.

"Did we wake you?" I asked sheepishly.

He turned and smiled, "No, Tara woke Janice and Janice woke me."

"Oh god, I'm so embarrassed."

"Don't be. I think your mum's very proud of you, that you could do whatever you were doing to make Tara scream like that. But for chrissakes, don't tell her I told you that, unless she does. Promise?"

"I promise. Why are you down here?"

"Jan wants more hot chocolate. You?"

"Tara wants tea."

He added more water to the kettle and switched it back on for me. "You know, this room service. I feel like a night porter at an exclusive hotel."

"Gotta be a VERY exclusive hotel if the porters are naked." He chuckled at that.

But now I was serious. "What about you, Eric? Are you proud of me too?" I was facing the kettle so he couldn't see from my face how important his answer would be to me.

"Yes, I am." Then he chuckled, "But I'm envious of your technique as well. I'm sure Tara wasn't faking anything. We must compare notes sometime." His voice dropped. "Shit! Did I really say that?"

I spun round and hugged him, resting my head on his chest. "Yes you did, and we won't tell Mum you said that either." Then I looked up at him. "I love you, Eric."

He kissed the top of my head. "And I love you, Donna Juanita."

"Who's that?"

"Look up Don Juan sometime. Then you'll get it."

"Eric, I tried to tell Tara I loved her just now. I know she loves me too, but she wouldn't let me say it. Why's that?"

He thought for a moment. "I don't know, but if you're right about how she feels, it's something important. Did she look worried?"

"No, very happy."

"Then I wouldn't worry. Maybe she's scared of her own emotions. Or maybe she's been hurt. When people have been hurt badly, they can get like that. Just keep loving her, and things will work out. I'm certain of that. Okay?"

"Okay, and thanks."

He picked up his mugs and headed for the door.

"Hang on a second." I started to giggle. "It's gonna be my turn in a minute. I shouldn't try to go back to sleep just yet."

He shook his head and giggled as well. "No chance of that. Chocolate makes your mum randy... And..."

"I know, don't tell her you said that. Good night, Mr. Naked Night-Porter."

"Good night, Donna Juanita."

Tara was playing some music I'd never heard before. A foreign bloke was singing

very softly. He sounded French but was singing in English.

"Who's that?"

"His name is Charles Auverne. He's French and I think he's got the sexiest singing voice ever. I get turned on every time I listen to him. I was sort of hoping he'd have the same effect on you."

I listened for a moment and felt a tiny shiver. "Leave it on. You might be right. Here's your tea, very hot and sweet, just like you."

She took a couple of tiny sips, nodded to herself, then had a long drink. The inside of her mouth must be asbestos. I could only just sip mine. Then she grinned, "So, when did you decide you wanted to fuck my brains out?"

I knew that one. "This afternoon in the shop when you got naked to try on your swimsuit. I mean, we'd done those strips and everything else, but this was different. You were so natural and beautiful standing there, I couldn't breathe and decided I had to have you. How about you? When did you decide?"

She gulped some more tea. "I think it was Saturday night as I was falling asleep. It was definitely before I rang on Sunday, I know that. From the moment I drove away and left you at the station I couldn't stop thinking about you. Your chapter about Thursday morning, I could have written it from memory. I loved seeing it all again from your side... Can I keep the tape?"

"Of course you can, it wasn't just for tonight."

"Thanks. When I get home I can have a proper wank listening to it... without some damned cop stopping me." She smiled over her mug, "A gorgeous, sexy cop by the way."

"You'll wank to my tape?"

"For sure."

I remembered something Gerard had said, and sighed, "My first porno."

"First? You planning more?"

I giggled, "No, silly. It's just that things seem to happen to me and ..."

"Things don't 'just happen' to you. You make them happen, even if you don't think about them first." Another big gulp and she finished her tea. "Chemistry was my favourite subject at school. I loved to make things go bang. You're a cata... something, Shelley. I can't remember the word. You know, the stuff you throw into a beaker that makes things happen, not the other way round."

She knelt up and took away my mug. "This must be cold by now." It wasn't. I thought it was still drinkable, but I didn't protest.

"Lie down," she commanded, "Make yourself comfortable." I wanted to lie flat so I spread the pillows out again. She got up and fetched something from her bag.

"Oh my god!" I think I actually shivered again. She had tossed two dildos and a small tube of something on the bed. The first one was ordinary size, but quite long, and bright pink. The other one was flesh-coloured and HUGE.

She picked up the pink one. "Shelley, meet Billy the Kid. He's just a li'l ol' cowboy, but boy can he shoot straight."

I tried to laugh at what she was saying, but I couldn't take my eyes off the other one.

She picked up the big one in her other hand. "But this is my favourite, Big John."

I shook my head violently. "Tara, he's, I mean, it's way too big. I've never seen one that big before. You're scaring me." I hadn't meant to say that, but it was true.

"Oh dear, baby, I didn't mean to frighten you. I think you'd find you're wrong, but we'll save John for another time." She put him (Oops, I've done it again. I meant "it", not "him".) on the shelf. "But you'll really like Billy, I promise you that."

"What's the other thing?"

"Just some lube. I don't care how wet you are. A little lube to start with is always a good idea." She smiled at me. "Don't worry. I promise not to try John on you, okay?"

"Okay." But once I knew I was safe for now, I was intrigued. "Thanks. But maybe another time. It's just..."

"I know. I thought that once, until... but that's another story. Now, Miss Hoover, I'm gonna make you scream. Did you shut the door this time?"

"Yeah, but it won't do any good." I told her about most of my conversation with Eric in the kitchen.

"So they'll be at it too. Will we hear your mum?"

"No. Mum's not a screamer. Ever since Eric's been staying here, I've tried to listen. I mean, I haven't listened by their door, that'd be pervy. But I have laid here in bed with the door open and I've never heard anything."

"Oh well." She sounded a little disappointed. "Now, Shelley, did you like my nails before when I was spanking you?"

"Oh yeah."

"In that case, roll over on your tummy."

I was on what had been Tara's top pillow and my nose was hit hard by her perfume. I closed my eyes and hardly noticed when she spread my legs so she could kneel between them. She pushed my arms away from my body. Then she laid her nails on my shoulders and dragged them slowly down my arms. When she reached my wrists, she dragged them back up the other way. She wasn't scratching me, far from it, but she left my skin tingling and wanting more.

But that was nothing compared to what happened next. Her nails started in my armpits, and travelled ever-so-slowly down my sides. I'm ticklish there and I gasped several times. Then she moved to my shoulder blades and did my back. She took one hand and did my spine again. That was wicked. Then she reached down to my ankles and came up my calves and along the backs of my thighs.

Finally, she did my sides again and I yelped, "Please, no more." I tried to turn over but she stopped me.

"No, stay there. No more nails, I promise."

I sensed her scooting down the bed. Then I felt something wet on my arse. Oh god, it was her tongue! She licked all over my arse and her hands massaged it right through to my muscles. I was floating. Then her hands spread my cheeks and I felt her blowing on my arsehole. I sighed. She started licking me there and I groaned. She pushed her tongue inside, and I couldn't stop myself. I pushed back against her and tried to get her tongue in deeper.

"You like?" she asked.

I mumbled something. I was getting beyond words.

"Get up on your knees," she ordered.

I looked over my shoulder as she lay on her back and pulled my pussy down towards her mouth. She didn't have to open me up. That had already happened.

"Fuck my mouth."

She pushed her tongue inside. I rolled my hips forward and her tongue went deeper. I rolled them back and her mouth followed them so her tongue stayed inside. I got into a rhythm and she stayed there with me, rubbing my arse constantly.

"God, Tara, I'm gonna cum." That's when she pushed a finger in my arsehole and wiggled it. That did it. I groaned into the pillow and collapsed on top of her.

She came up beside me and pulled me onto my back. Then she leaned down and kissed me.

"That was wonderful, Tara."

She leered evilly at me. "You ain't seen nothin' yet!"

She sat up and picked up Billy and the lube. She flicked the top of lube open with her thumb and squeezed a dollop on "him". She closed the lube, then tossed it aside. She slowly smeared the lube all over him. I knew she was teasing me but I didn't mind. I was playing with my nipples and I could feel my tummy quivering inside.

She smiled down at me, "Billy time. Keep playing with your tits. I don't have time for them this time."

She spread my pussy lips and pushed Billy inside slowly. He went in easily... and in... and in... and in. Fuck, he was long! Then she pulled him all the way out and showed him to me. "Nice?"

I could only nod. She pushed him back in just as slowly, but this time she twisted him back and forth as she withdrew him. I giggled to myself. That's something a bloke can't do. He didn't come out this time. Back in he went, a little quicker this time. She kept fucking me with long, slow, twisting strokes. I started to fuck Billy back. I could feel my face grinning like an idiot, but who cared?

I began to fuck that toy properly. Tara matched her rhythm to mine, but still managed to keep Billy twisting. This was the best fuck of my young life, but then it got even better. She started to rub my clit with her other hand, mostly on top, but sometimes right on its tip. Each time she touched the tip, something wonderful happened inside.

An orgasm started to sneak up on me from somewhere. Tara sensed it and stopped rubbing my clit and slowed Billy right down. The orgasm slipped away, but most of the pleasure stayed. I stopped humping the dildo, but she started moving it again and rubbing me. Again the orgasm started, and again she stopped.

"Please," I begged her, "Let me cum."

"Okay."

She started to fuck me again, long fast strokes but no twisting. She strummed the tip of my clit with a finger. I started to get close again. This time she fiddled with Billy and suddenly he was vibrating. A bundle of energy surged out of my pussy, through my tummy, up my spine and exploded somewhere in my head. I hadn't cum yet, but I was somewhere I'd never been before.

"Fuck me, Tara, fuck me, Fuck Me, FUCK ME!" I kept chanting, each "fuck me" louder than the last one, until I knew I was screaming. I couldn't stop myself, and I didn't want to.

Her head came down. She sucked my clit into her mouth, and then bit it. I screamed something one last time. Then I passed out.

There was something warm and soft in my mouth and I was sucking gently on it. Slowly my brain worked out that Tara was cradling me in her arms and feeding me a tit. I couldn't believe how warm and friendly it felt. A hand was stroking my cheek.

"How long was I gone?" I asked her.

"Not long, five minutes maybe."

"I didn't know..." I began but stopped.

"What didn't you know?"

"That it could be so good. Thank you doesn't even begin to..."

"Sh, I know. But maybe now you can understand how I felt before."

I sat up suddenly. "I did that to you?"

"Yup," she grinned.

Now I giggled, "If I make you some more tea, do you think maybe..."

She laughed, "Now you're just being greedy," and paused, "No more tea, but some chocolate would be nice."

I leapt off the bed. Suddenly I felt hyper. "Come on then." I grabbed her hand and dragged her after me.

This time downstairs was dark. I flicked the hall light on. I knew I had plenty of room so I did a cartwheel from the bottom of the stairs to the kitchen doorway. I looked back at Tara but she was trying not to laugh too loudly.

I danced across to the kettle, calling over my shoulder, "Do you like your chocolate milky?"

"Yes please."

I put the kettle on. Then I measured two-thirds of a mug of milk into the small pan Mum used only for heating up milk. I was dancing around and humming a tune as I did everything. I glanced over my shoulder and tears were streaming down Tara's face.

"What's wrong?" I raced over and hugged her. She stopped crying almost immediately. There was a box of tissues close by and Tara blew her nose loudly.

"I think it's time I told you about the unicorn."

"I'd like to hear too, Tara, if you don't mind." My naked Mum was standing in the doorway. "I didn't mean to intrude, but I heard your voices and just wanted to say goodnight."

"That's alright, Janice," Tara answered. "I'd like you to hear. In fact, I'd like the whole world to know about Mary."

"What are you doing, Shelley?" Mum asked.

"Hot chocolate for two. Want some?"

"You sit with Tara. I'll do that."

I sat next to Tara. She took one of my hands in both of hers and began. "Mary was actually Mary Margaret, Irish through and through, red hair, a few freckles, strict Catholic upbringing in Liverpool, nuns at school, Mass every Sunday, dresses down to the knees, no boyfriends, the whole nine yards. Everything was normal until she turned fifteen and her alcoholic father started to fuck her. She put up with it for two years before running away to London. She got as far as Birmingham where I met her. I was already on the game..."

"Excuse me," Mum interrupted, "May I ask how that happened?"

"Sure, I'm an orphan, never knew my parents. When I turned seventeen, they turfed me out of the system and I ended up on the streets. Whoring was easy. I had a pimp who was actually okay. He looked after me, made sure I looked after myself, kept me from doing drugs, even let me keep half the money. I had to fuck him, but that was okay too."

She looked at me. "These things happen, Shelley. Wipe that sad look off your face. You may not think so, but all things considered, I think I'm pretty lucky."

I had to ask, "Don't you want to know who your parents are and what's happened to them?"

"Yes I do, but I'm not going to push it. They have this scheme. I've put my name down, keep them advised where I live. I could push it further, but I won't. If one of my parents wants to find me, they can. But the way I see it, they got rid of me and it's down to them to make the effort to find me again. I really don't want to go looking for sorrow, thank you very much."

"I think I'd die without my family."

Tara stared at me for a moment. "No, you wouldn't. You're a survivor, you'd make it. I think you're a lot stronger than you think you are."

Mum agreed with her, but then she said, "I interrupted you, sorry."

"That's okay. So Mary fetched up in Brum. (That's Birmingham, folks.) She was lucky too. My pimp found her before anything really nasty happened to her. He took her in and really looked after her. She didn't have to turn any tricks for a while, and when she was ready she was fine with it. She didn't even have to fuck our guy." She giggled here. "I kept his cock well satisfied."

Mum and I laughed, but then Mum sighed, "A girl's gotta do... right?"

Tara nodded, then continued her story. "Mary and I wanted to leave, be on our own. He was fine with that, as long as we hung around until he could find another girl. That took about a month. He knew a couple of nice people in the business in Rugby and gave us their names. That's how we ended up there. There was this house, the madam had been on the game for years before she retired and she knew all the ropes, but she could only rent us a room, not give us much work there unless a girl was sick or something. So Mary and I had to work the streets. We tried to stick together, but when you're doing business, it's not always possible.

"I had a regular john. He lived alone and I went to him every Monday evening. But when I got back to our stroll this one Monday, there were cops everywhere. When I couldn't find Mary, they told me one girl had been knifed and taken to the hospital. It was Mary and I found out she had died on the way there. She'd lost too much blood."

Tara stopped there and just sat for a bit. Mum and I just sat as well. After a while Tara smiled weakly and carried on.

"They got the bastard. He'd knifed someone else too that night and he got life. The word was he's not getting out for at least thirty years if ever. At first I wanted him to die, hell I wanted to knife him myself, but then Helen started looking after me. She'd sit up with me all night, hold me when I cried, get drunk with me, make me eat, heck she even bathed me like a little kid a few times. She kept me sane and that's no lie.

"And when she wanted to set up her own house she took me with her. Megan was with us from the start and Maureen joined us about a year later when a girl named Elizabeth found a bloke who wanted to marry her. Liz is out of the business now and has a gorgeous little boy. She comes round to visit all the time." Now she was smiling. "I don't know what'll happen when the kid gets older and finds out about girls, but right now he has four whores for aunties who spoil him rotten."

She looked at Mum. "Could I have some more chocolate please, Janice?" Mum made some more for all of us.

Tara's voice was a lot stronger now. "Mary and I became lovers the minute we arrived in Rugby. We had no one else in the world except each other and no real friends for a long time. Shelley, sometimes we took the night off and just made love for hours and hours, so I'm warning you, sometimes I can be very demanding and needy in that department. You up for that?"

I totally forgot my mother was sitting right there. "I wasn't the one who wanted to stop tonight." I picked her hand up, kissed the palm and rested my cheek on it. Then I noticed Mum and felt really embarrassed, that is till she smiled at me and nodded. For about the seventy-fourth time that day I thought about how happy I was.

"Mary and I spent most of our money on each other, clothes, fancy meals, jewellery, you name it. We took a fortnight's (see [cultural notes](#)) holiday in Tenerife. Poor Mary was so fair-skinned she got terribly sunburnt at first, but she just laughed and used lots more sunscreen. Mary laughed at everything."

Tara had to stop again, and again Mum and I waited quietly.

"We had one Christmas together. That's when Mary gave me the unicorn necklace. It turned out to be the last big present she gave me. After she died I wore it every day everywhere. I only took it off to shower or bathe. I even slept with it under my pillow. Then one day I thought I can't take the chance that something might happen to it, so I went to a jeweller and had a duplicate made. I put the original away and wore the copy everywhere. But then I decided I was insulting Mary by doing that. So in the end I put them both away. Sometimes I wear the original, but most of the time all I need to do is take it out and hold it for a while."

Now for a moment she spoke only to me. "Shelley, when I met you, something good happened inside me, something I hadn't felt for a long time. And when you let me read what you wrote about your dad, I had to give something back to you. That's when I thought of the second unicorn. I've got the original with me here. Maybe we could wear both of them tomorrow night. What do you say?"

I could hardly get the words out, "I'd like that... a lot."

Mum spoke very quietly then. "Tara, Shelley, why don't you guys go back upstairs now. I'll clear up."

We all stood up, then Mum put her arms around both of us. "Try and get some sleep, you two. Now, get the hell out of my kitchen before I start bawling like a baby."

At the top of the stairs I whispered, "I need another pee. See ya in a minute."

When I returned Tara was sitting on our bed holding her unicorn. She left it there and went to the loo. When she got back she looked at the bed and then at me. I had plumped up the pillows side by side. On top of each of them was a necklace.

I explained, "I thought we might each sleep with our necklace under our pillow."

She turned to me and hugged me silently. This time there were no tears.

"Can I say it now, Tara?"

"No. Let me say it first. I love you, Shelley."

"And I love you, Tara."

We got on the bed and slid the necklaces under the pillows. She lay down first and held her arms open to me. I kissed her once, then rolled over and snuggled my bum against her pussy.

She put her arm around me and held my breast gently. Then she whispered in my ear, "I've remembered the word, Shelley. You're my catalyst."

Her catalyst. I liked the sound of that. I remember nothing more.

Continuations & Conclusions part 26

WEEK THREE

HEATHER

THURSDAY

I wasn't sure where I was at first when the early morning sun woke me up. Of course. I'd spent the night with Jed after Sam's show. I extricated myself from him without waking him and reached for my dress which was on the floor. Damn! It was still damp.

I put on the shirt he'd loaned me instead and crept downstairs. Hoping Jed's dad wouldn't mind, I turned on his computer to write my journal for last night. But first I slung my dress in the tumble drier, hoping it wouldn't shrink.

It wasn't easy remembering everything at the club. When I read the chapter back to myself, I thought of what Danielle had said, how I detach myself when I'm having sex, so I don't have to feel anything. Emotionally that is.

I'd been ready to really freak out at the club, and when Jed tried to comfort me, instead of letting him, I immediately turned it into sex. Teasing him was easier than letting him in, I guess. Danielle was too spot on when she said I felt empty. Was I that scared of him discovering how empty I am? Besides, it's so easy to distract a boy with sex.

If I felt ashamed of doing that to him, yet again, at least I hadn't hurt him this time. And when we did go to bed, I didn't let him take his time. It was straight in there, literally, no time for tenderness, just raw sex. Because that was all I was capable of now.

I emailed the chapter to myself, then deleted it from his dad's computer, left a note to say I was going home for some clothes, and put on the now-dry dress.

On the way home I thought, I hadn't hurt him this time, but I would if I kept this up. Sometime, sometime soon, I'd have to find a way to break up with him, before I really hurt him. He deserved better than that, even if he didn't think he did.

When I got home I had a shower, hoping I wouldn't wake anyone. Feeling a bit better, I decided I could afford another hour in bed before getting up for some breakfast and the inquiry.

The classroom had been arranged so that all the desks and chairs were in one big circle, except for two chairs, directly behind Dr. Cellon's. In one sat the inquiry clerk, in the other Mrs. Johnson.

There was a small gap between the panel and the rest of us. The "rest of us" was all ten of us in the Program, plus Gillian, a girl who was put into the Program for the last two days as a punishment, Dr. Reynolds, Mr. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Wright and Mrs. O'Brien.

After Dr. Reynolds introduced his staff to the inquiry panel and Dr. Cellon introduced the panel to the staff, Dr. Cellon began, "Thank you all for coming back, especially on a day off when I'm sure you'd rather be somewhere else.

"I'd also like to thank our long-suffering clerk, Mr. Hanson, who I know has been getting these documents ready half the night. So he is assisted today by Mrs. Johnson.

"For those of you who have not been here before, we have been recording all of our sessions here. We find it very useful to have a record of not only what everyone says, but how they say it. I trust no one will object if we do the same today." No one did, so the clerk walked over to a corner of the room and fiddled with a "box of tricks" there. While he did that, Mrs. Johnson got up and began handing out sheets of paper to everyone, also biros ([see cultural notes](#)) for whoever needed them.

Dr. Cellon cleared his throat. "Please let me explain, this is a discussion document only. Everything in it is confidential and the papers must be left here afterwards. These are the provisional recommendations from the panel. I shall go through them. Please don't interrupt, but feel free to make notes. I'll ask for comments at the end of each section.

"If you need to refer to it, you also each have a copy of the Program Pamphlet as it is now, before any changes, and a copy of our proposed amended pamphlet."

It was a long document. Oh dear, I thought, it looks like we're in for a long session. He began to read.

Safety.

The safety of the participants is of the highest importance and any member of staff from the most junior teaching assistant to a school's head teacher, as well as any member of the National Program Committee, has the authority and the responsibility to place participants' safety above these guidelines and even above the Program Rules.

No member of staff will ever face any disciplinary proceedings for any action or decision taken to ensure the safety of any participant, unless that decision or action is totally unreasonable.

FUTURE LEGISLATIVE AMENDMENT:

The National Program Committee will be approaching the Minister for an amendment giving them the power to take direct disciplinary action against any member of staff failing to take necessary action to ensure a safe environment for a participant.

Until that power is granted, the National Program Committee will press the Local Education Authority ([see cultural notes](#)) concerned to treat any such lapse as a disciplinary offence of the highest seriousness.

A time when experience has shown that participants may be particularly vulnerable to abuse is first thing in the morning, when they are undressing. A head teacher should ensure that suitable precautions are taken to prevent abuse at this time.

Remember that safety does not begin or end at the school gate. Participants may be vulnerable on their way to and from school as well as at other times.

Where a head teacher feels unable to guarantee a safe environment, he or she has a duty to suspend operation of the Program and ask for the assistance of the National Program Committee to resolve the situation.

At this point he looked directly at me. "Heather, I hope you don't mind that indirect reference to what happened to you, but we don't want it forgotten, ever."

I nodded. "It's okay."

He went on.

Compulsory Nudity.

FUTURE LEGISLATIVE AMENDMENT:

Section A.2. of the Program Pamphlet shall be amended to read:

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

b. Girls who are in their menstrual cycle when they start the Program will have their participation deferred for one week and, if necessary, another week. Girls who begin their menstrual cycle during their time in the Program will have their continued participation deferred for exactly one week, or if necessary another week, without having to repeat the whole week.

"Suzie, you look like you have something to say."

"Er. Yes, sir. It doesn't seem fair that Heather had to do a whole extra week, just because she got scared on her first morning. It's basically hurting the shyest ones, who already are going to find the Program harder than anyone else."

Dr. Reynolds smiled at her. "Your objection wouldn't have anything to do with the fact that you went missing for most of Friday afternoon, would it?"

"And I have to repeat my Program week?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Shit," she said, then laughed. "Oh well. We've been saying there should be someone who's already done it with the new ones. I guess it's me. But even if I don't get the benefit from the change, it needs changing. It just isn't fair at the moment."

"And how would you change it?" asked Dr. Cellon. "Allow half a day, a whole day?"

"I don't know," she grumbled.

"How would you stop people abusing it to spend less time in the Program?"

She shook her head. "I guess it wouldn't work."

To my surprise, the lawyer spoke up. "I'm probably not the girls' favourite panel member, but I do have a suggestion."

"Please, go ahead." Dr. Cellon spoke, while Suzie stared at the lawyer hopefully.

"The wording says that a participant will have to repeat their week if their participation is deemed unsatisfactory. But it seems to me that there is nothing in the rules which prevents a head teacher from exercising discretion when making that determination. If the panel agrees I can put a paragraph together later."

"Everyone agree with that? Not just the panel, when I say everyone, I mean all of you."

There was a murmur of agreement.

"Oh well, too late for me, but I think I'll survive," laughed Suzie. "Does that mean I get two Program survivor T-shirts?"

"No," said Laura. Suzie pulled a face at her.

When we finished laughing with her, Dr. Cellon continued...

Section A.5. of the Program Pamphlet shall be amended to read:

5.a. No clothing other than shoes and socks is permitted at any time, nor shall any participant attempt to cover or hide any part of their body with their hands or arms, nor with books or book bags or other devices.

b. Long hair arranged as concealment may be rearranged up on the first offence, but may be trimmed to prevent concealment should a subsequent offence occur. *A single offence lasting in excess of three hours is considered a subsequent offence. Trimming may only be performed in the presence of the Head teacher (or his Deputy if he is absent), and only after a clear warning has been given to the participant and they have failed to change their behaviour.*

c. Participants who continue to attempt to conceal themselves with their hands may have their hands restrained. *This applies to one or more attempts to conceal themselves over a period exceeding three hours. On the first occasion restraint may only be instigated in the presence of the Head teacher (or his Deputy if he is absent), and only after a clear warning has been given to the participant and they have failed to change their behaviour. It should be for the remainder of that day ONLY. After that day, participants who make a further attempt to conceal themselves with their hands may have their hands restrained for the remainder of their time in the Program at the Head teacher's discretion. Participants who are handcuffed must be accompanied at*

all times by a responsible person (teacher or student) who will have possession of the key.

This time he looked at Laura. "Young lady, as with Suzie, it is too late for you, but do you think that wording is fair?"

"Yes. I especially like the bit about being accompanied. I shall never forget seeing Sam bleeding and not being able to stop it."

He nodded at her seriously. "Laura, those two are very lucky I will not have the chance to decide their punishment. What they did to you was cruel enough. But making you go around handcuffed without any access to a key in an emergency is criminally negligent. Frankly, I wish I could lock them away and throw away the key."

Laura smiled at him and he went on.

Classroom Participation.

FUTURE LEGISLATIVE AMENDMENT:

Section B.1. of the Program Pamphlet shall be amended to read:

Participants in the Program must be expected to assist teachers and instructors in the performance of their lesson plans. Participants shall cooperate with their teachers. *Teachers shall have the responsibility to treat any participant with respect and with consideration for their comfort and feelings at all times.*

He looked at Samantha. "Samantha, that safeguard was not in the original pamphlet because we didn't think it needed saying. Obviously we were wrong."

Section B.2. of the Program Pamphlet shall be amended to read:

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

b. Participants may decline any participation involving physical contact or masturbation of any kind on their first day in the Program. This shall include the first day of any repeated week, and the first day a student is drafted into the Program under the rule in Section H.1.c. However if a student is drafted into the Program under that rule on more than one occasion within one academic year, any further "days"

shall not be considered as "first days".

"To save you looking it up, the bit about being drafted into the Program refers to those put into the Program as a punishment. It means that if Gillian had been put into the Program as a punishment for the first time next week, instead of this week, she wouldn't have had to do Reasonable Requests involving touching on the first day."

I had to speak up here. "All of us participants feel strongly that the Program shouldn't be used as a punishment."

Dr. Cellon sighed. "I knew this would be controversial. Perhaps we should discuss it when we come to section H." Then he went on.

Section B. 6. shall be added to the Program Pamphlet:

6. Where a participant believes that what is being asked of them in classroom participation is unreasonable, they may dispute it using the disputes procedure (Section I).

"Again, we didn't think a disputes procedure would be necessary for classroom participation with responsible teachers, but obviously, we were wrong."

He stopped for a couple of sips of water, then went on. "The most important changes are probably to do with Reasonable Requests, as that is where there is the greatest potential for problems."

Reasonable Requests.

FUTURE LEGISLATIVE AMENDMENT:

Section C.1. of the Program Pamphlet shall be amended to read:

1. Participants must comply with Reasonable Requests. Participants are to consider themselves on display for any student who expresses a desire to examine the nude form in any way, and must cooperate in that examination, providing only that it does not interfere with class time without the express permission and supervision of the teacher or instructor of a class as described in Class Participation. *However participants must be treated with respect and with consideration for their comfort and feelings at all times. A lack of respect or any attempt to intimidate or belittle the participant shall automatically render any request unreasonable and, furthermore, constitutes a disciplinary offence against the Program in its own right.*

Section C.2.b. of the Program Pamphlet shall be amended to read:

b.(i) There shall be no requests involving physical contact in a

participant's first day in the Program. What constitutes a "first day" is defined in Section B.2.b.

(ii) After their first day in the Program, as defined above, the Program participant is the sole judge of the reasonability of any request that involves physical contact. Any attempts to coerce the participant into physical contact beyond what the participant finds reasonable will result in disciplinary action by the school administration in accordance with the judgement of local Program officials. This will apply even if it is later decided that the participant was not acting reasonably.

(iii) Self-masturbation is not defined as physical contact and therefore cannot be declined, but there shall be no requests involving masturbation during a participant's first day in the Program as defined in Section B.2.b.

Section C.4. of the Program Pamphlet shall be amended to read:

4. Disagreement over what constitutes a Reasonable Request shall be handled using the disputes procedure (Section I).

A new section C.5. shall be added to the Program Pamphlet:

5. Nobody may physically force a participant to allow touching. If a participant is not behaving in accordance with the spirit and rules of the Program, the Head teacher may take disciplinary action according to Section H.

He looked at me and said, "Knowing how difficult you found having to masturbate, we felt it should be treated the same as touching, and so not be required on the first day. But I hope that clarifying that no participant may be forced in any way AND that a lack of respect for the participant makes a request automatically unreasonable will curb most if not all of the excesses you demonstrated so ably last week."

I nodded. "It's great, so long as it's enforced."

"Take it from me. It will be." I looked at his face and any doubts left me. I would not want to be a teacher or even a headmaster facing him in a future inquiry.

Disciplinary Action.

FUTURE LEGISLATIVE AMENDMENT:

Section H.1.d. of the Program Pamphlet shall be renamed Section H.1.f and new sub-sections added, which shall read:

d. Withholding of exam passes or marks for works until the participant has satisfactorily completed their time in the Program.

e. Loss of other privileges (school trips, sports, clubs and other activities).

He explained, "This is to widen the scope of punishments and hopefully avoid the use of things like corporal punishment ever again. The withholding of exam passes and marks is to ensure that the Program is a compulsory part of completing your time in school. Its omission from the original pamphlet was unintentional."

He paused. "Now we come to the most controversial items."

The Committee recognises that the use of corporal punishment and of drafting students into the Program as a punishment are both controversial and even seen as counterproductive to the image and intentions of the Program.

However, the Committee feels that some behaviour by non-participants such as name-calling at participants is unlikely to constitute a disciplinary offence except against the Program and drafting the non-participant(s) into the Program is probably the best way to educate them by forcing them to experience being on the other side of the issue. Any member of staff should bear this purpose in mind before drafting someone into the Program as a punishment. The Program should not be used as a punishment for non-Program offences under any circumstances.

Likewise, the Committee recognises that corporal punishment may be the only suitable punishment in rare circumstances.

"I disagree with both of those," I said.

"I was sure you would," he replied. "On corporal punishment, all I can do is to assure you that the Program Committee will look very sternly at any head teacher who uses that option. We will take a lot of convincing that it was the only suitable punishment. The politicians who drafted the original Program here were quite adamant that it must remain an option, so it is unlikely that any attempt by us to remove it would be passed. Our wording is designed to ensure that it is not used unless strictly necessary. It's the best we can do."

"Okay, but I still don't agree about being put into the Program as a punishment. And I know all the other students agree with me."

Gillian, who hadn't even appeared to be listening up to now, suddenly said quietly, "I don't."

She couldn't have had greater effect if she'd shouted it.

Dr. Cellon turned to her and said, "I'm sorry, Gillian, we didn't all catch that."

"I said, I don't agree with what Heather just said. Sorry, Heather."

"Considering the way you left us yesterday, we were a little surprised that you agreed to come today," said Dr. Cellon. "Perhaps you can explain what's changed your mind?"

"Well, I told you I felt raped. But what I didn't say was that at lunch yesterday Heather helped me see that it was okay to enjoy what my body was feeling.

"And then after school, Laura and Suzie insisted on me coming to Sam's show. And when Sam dragged me up there on stage with the other Program girls I didn't know whether to be scared or excited or what. Mind you, after being thrown in the pool, nothing else was that frightening. I can't swim very well and I was pretty drunk too."

I laughed. Sam looked shocked. "Gillian, I'm sorry, I didn't think..."

"I survived," she said lightly. "And Shelley had said yesterday that I was one of you now. But I think that was the first moment I felt it, once I'd finished coughing up water, that is."

Sam looked a bit happier.

"Then afterwards, when they were going home, Laura spotted me by the door and her mum insisted on giving me a lift home, but took me to their home first, so they could get my dress dry. When they insisted on Christopher coming too, I should have guessed I was being set up."

Laura and Sam looked at each other and giggled childishly.

"Sam asked me why I was leaving school. When I told her about feeling raped she told me I was talking rubbish."

"I didn't say that!" she protested.

"No. You were tactful, but that's what you meant and you were right. In your first few days you had people deliberately trying to humiliate you or hurt you. You made me admit that I didn't.

"I thought you put me in the Program to humiliate me, Mr. Thompson, and that's why I was so angry. But when Sam told me how supportive you'd been to her, and I remembered what Heather had written... Well, Sam challenged me to think of one time you'd acted like you enjoy embarrassing or hurting a student. I couldn't think of one.

"Laura's Mum said perhaps I ought to think of another reason, like perhaps you might just want to teach me something. I still don't know what you wanted to teach me, but I can understand now why the girls act like they do. When you have people trying to turn you on all day, you just have to go with how your body feels."

She paused and looked at us girls for a moment.

"Now I'm going to sound like a Program clone. Sam had just been an incredible success. And Sam and her sort-of adopted mum and sister and Stephen and Christopher, they all put any celebration on hold and took time to listen to me instead until they were sure that I felt better. Apart from my family, nobody's ever cared about me that much before. But that has nothing to do with the Program. They are just very nice people.

"Then Christopher insisted on walking me home. And didn't try anything on. Actually I don't know if he was more shocked or I was when my father actually invited him in."

"Definitely me," said Christopher.

Gillian laughed. I don't mean a giggle. She really laughed.

"So we sat there with my parents, talking about silly things, like how was school and did Christopher think the school football team would make it to County this year. Poor Christopher, my dad's such a sports fan, if I ever bring a boy home they get the third degree on their sporting interests.

"But he got his revenge on Dad."

Christopher had his head in his hands trying not to laugh.

"Dad tried to embarrass him by asking him what he liked about me and Christopher just said I taste nice. Poor Dad didn't know whether to congratulate him or throw him out the door."

Even some of the panel were laughing now. "I think that was the moment when I began to really understand the Program," she added. There was something odd in her voice then, but it disappeared quickly.

"So I just thought what the hell? And dragged him upstairs and begged him to make love to me."

All of us stared at Christopher. He hadn't said a word to any of us.

"And it was the best. Christopher was fantastic, but it wasn't only that. I wasn't a virgin or anything, but sex was just sex, an orgasm if I was lucky and that was it. But the last few days taught me more about my body than all my boyfriends ever had. And I used it. If I wanted Christopher to do something, or touch me

somewhere, I told him, and I didn't feel ashamed about it. And he didn't feel like I was saying he wasn't good enough. And he could tell me too. I didn't know before what I was missing." She turned to Christopher and said gently, "I'll always be grateful to you for that."

She turned to look at us again. "Don't be against being put in the Program as a punishment. It taught me so much in two days. Not just that you weren't all stupid sluts, or even so much about my body, or that it was okay to enjoy it. I also learned to see what I'm really like. I'm sorry I was such a bitch. I don't deserve friends like you've been to me."

Christopher got up and went over to her and stood in front of her. "You really need to learn to like yourself, you know. You've just told them all about us and what you think of us. Now I'm going to tell you what I see."

"Christopher, please don't..."

"I see a girl with so much passion in her she was scared to let it out. And ashamed of it too. And she covered that fear and shame by slagging off anyone who wasn't ashamed and afraid. And I see a girl who stuck it out when some would have quit, even though she knew she'd made nearly everyone hate her.

"And a girl who isn't afraid to admit she's been wrong. Or to learn, even from those she previously hated.

"And a girl who when she does choose to give herself, does it without the slightest reservation. Or was it being just fucked that made you cry out you loved me last night."

Gillian looked up now, dead startled. "I said that?" she said, almost in a whisper. She looked ashamed and turned her face away from him.

But he hadn't finished. "Gillian, I love you, and I want to go on loving you."

She turned her head around again and her eyes were the saddest I'd seen from anyone for a very long time. There was something else there as well, but I couldn't figure it out.

"Oh, god," she said. "Christopher. I don't remember saying that. I was drunk and horny as hell and after those two days, I just..." she paused, searching for the words, "...Needed to get it all out of my system."

I was watching Christopher during all this. He wilted as Gillian spoke. I can't think of another word to describe it. When she'd finished he dragged himself back to his chair and slumped onto it. I wanted to rush over and hug him. I'm sure all the girls did, and maybe even the boys as well, but no one moved.

Gillian got up looking almost as devastated as Christopher did. "I never meant to hurt you. I'm sorry, so sorry." And she ran out the door, slamming it behind her.

Dr. Cellon got up from his chair. "We'll take a break for ten minutes," he said.

Christopher got up and went out. When he came back he looked better. I went to him, but he smiled and said, "It's okay."

"The bitch," I said.

He shook his head. "No. You can't make yourself love someone. And she never pretended she did."

Dr. Cellon came back into the room and took his seat, so we all sat down again.

Then, to my surprise, there was a knock on the door. It opened and Gillian stood there.

When she spoke the earlier emotion was gone. Now her voice was clear. "Dr. Cellon, you were discussing the Program as punishment. I'd like to stay for that, if I may."

Dr. Cellon seemed unsure. "Yes... well, I suppose... yes, of course you may."

Gillian returned to her seat. "I'm sorry for disrupting the meeting. I wasn't planning on leaving so soon. It was just..."

"That's quite alright, Gillian. I think we all understand." His voice was unusually gentle for him.

Then she looked around at each of us. I didn't notice how the others reacted, but when she looked at me I found myself unable to hold her gaze. I did figure out, though, that her eyes held a mixture of sadness and defiance. I could relate to the sadness for sure, but the defiance almost frightened me.

Finally Mr. Thompson broke the silence. "Well, can anyone tell me another way to deal with students like Gillian?"

"There isn't one," she replied. "Look, I thought you were all sluts and bitches until I found out what it was really like. I hated it at first, and hated you all even more. But it did show me what it was like, better than any detentions or lectures or anything. I know you all think I'm wrong on this. But as Mr. Thompson said, can you think of anything else which would have worked?"

"I just think it gives the wrong impression of the Program, using it as a punishment," I argued.

Dr. Cellon answered that one. "We have removed the use of the Program as a punishment for anything other than Program offences. But I think that Gillian is right when she says that being put into the Program was an education for her. And it should be seen as education, not as punishment."

But there was worse to come from Gillian. "I think you are wrong to stop touching on the first day of punishment."

"You astound me, Gillian." It was Miss Corton speaking but I suspect she was only saying what the rest of us were thinking.

"But why should that be?" Gillian answered. "Nudity on its own is hardly a shocking experience, after the first few minutes anyway. I can only tell you how I felt. I was angry as hell when I was stripped in Dr. Reynolds' office. But the touching that I couldn't control? THAT scared the hell out of me."

She turned to face me now. "You tell us, Heather, which did you learn more from, dealing with the anger or dealing with the fear?" She had me there and she knew it.

Once again our eyes met and once again I looked away. She had her answer.

"I thought I was scared of what they could do. But actually, not being able to control my own reactions was scarier. If you want to know what really got to me, it was that. I had no control over my own body."

I nodded, then I glanced over to where Sam was sitting and saw the same understanding nod from her. Gillian had hit the target, dead centre.

She continued, "I know you people probably won't want to listen to me after today, but that doesn't make what I'm saying less true."

"But that would make the punishment worse than the start of an ordinary Program week," Mrs. Chaplain complained.

Now Gillian laughed, "So what else is new, as far as punishment is concerned generally? I'll tell you all something else. If I had a day of only posing, I might well have been able to build a mental wall around myself to prepare for the touching the next day. And that might have meant I wouldn't have learnt anything on the second day either, except how to hide my revulsion."

The psychologist, Mr. Grayson came in now. "Gillian may have a point here. For some students a single day of non-touching Requests may have very little effect. Mr. Chairman, may I suggest we revisit this privately?"

Mrs Chapman answered, "Even if you're right, David, I don't think we can take the chance. After what we've seen with Samantha, plunging somebody straight into the Program, with touching as well, is a risk that we simply cannot afford to take."

"I agree," I said. Laura and Samantha were both nodding.

"I think we'll have to discuss Gillian's points further, in private after this session," said Dr. Cellon.

"I second that," Mrs. Chaplain added.

"We will also discuss your objections, Heather," said Dr. Cellon, "But I have to say that unless you can think of a suitable alternative for the Gillian-type situation, we are unlikely to change our minds on this."

"Excuse me, Mr. Chairman," interrupted Mrs. Chaplain, "Before we go on to the next topic, may I ask Gillian something?" He agreed. "Gillian, what did you mean just now when you suggested we wouldn't want to listen to you after today?"

"This will take me a moment to explain. I hope you don't mind, I made some notes as I wanted to get this right." Gillian pulled a piece of paper out of her pocket.

"This morning I went online and had a careful look at your pamphlet. And one thing struck me hard. The word, choose, appears only twice in the whole thing. I actually wrote them down. They're in the sections about volunteers and outreach. The word, choice, appears just once, again in the outreach section. And the words, chose and chosen, aren't in there at all."

The lawyer responded sharply, "That's hardly surprising, Gillian. The Program is not a voluntary affair, now is it?"

"No it isn't. And that's my point. At the heart of it, that's what the Program is all about, the lack of choice. I can think of a lot of examples from history where those in authority have set out to remove choice from those under them. You would probably be insulted if I listed them, so I'll let you work out your own list instead."

The lawyer shook his head. If he had an answer for Gillian, he kept it to himself.

She looked at Christopher, this time with nothing but sadness in her eyes, before addressing Mr. Thompson. The sadness was gone now and the defiance had returned. "You were right, sir. I am not a quitter. I think the fact that I'm still sitting here and speaking the truth proves that. But I refuse to give up my right to choose." She laughed ironically, "A woman's right to choose. Now where have I heard that phrase before?"

"Hear, hear," Sam almost shouted.

Ouch, I thought. We'd studied all about the huge controversies about abortion in the past.

"You really are being quite inconsistent." There was a glint in the lawyer's eye that was most unfriendly. "How can you on the one hand condemn the Program for being involuntary, but on the other hand argue not only for using the Program as

punishment but also for increasing the rigour of that punishment?"

"I guess I haven't explained myself well enough for YOU to understand."

You tell him, girl, I thought. And a small smile appeared briefly on Mrs. Chaplain's face when Gillian emphasised that "YOU".

Gillian continued, "The Program exists, and will continue. That won't change just because a little schoolgirl like me thinks it's wrong. And if I look around, I don't see anyone else here who can tell you what's it really like to be punished by the Program."

Mrs. Chaplain came to her rescue, even though it probably wasn't necessary. "I don't think she's being inconsistent, Graham. And it's certainly true that she's the only one here with the relevant experience."

The lawyer looked first at Mrs. Chaplain, then at Gillian, opened his mouth as if to speak, then closed it again, saying nothing.

Gillian continued, "I do not dispute the rights of all these other students here to choose differently, to choose the Program. That is their right. But it is very wrong for all of you to say I don't have an equal right to my choice. What's happened to... oh what's the word? Oh yes... What's happened to tolerance?"

Now she turned to Christopher again and her voice softened. "I really am ashamed of myself for using you last night, and I honestly do apologise to you. But horniness can do that to a girl, just as much as it can to a boy."

Finally she addressed Mrs. Chaplain directly. "So that is what you might find hard to swallow, my reaction to the Program. I've made my choice today, and I'm very happy with it."

She stood up then, crossed the room and handed her papers back to Dr. Cellon. "Thank you for a truly educational experience."

She turned to Dr. Reynolds and said, "You can assign my locker to someone else. I've already cleared it out. I won't be back here. Ever."

She crossed to the door and faced all of us. "Goodbye." And she was gone.

"She's right, you know." I looked round and was surprised that it was Christopher who had spoken. "The Program is all about taking away our choice, even about what we do with our own bodies. If we can't choose our own sexuality, you're no better than the Nazis we had to study in History."

That silenced the room for something like a full minute. Finally Mrs. Chaplain spoke. "Let me explain, Christopher. The Nazis wanted total control over the lives of those under them. The Program is there to help you make your own choices."

"I don't understand," complained Sam. "How can something which takes away our right to choose, to say no, help us make our own choices?"

"Our generation has a lot to answer for," admitted Mrs. Chaplain. "People like the Moral Majority in America and similar groups here, made an entire generation afraid of their own sexuality and judgmental about everybody else's. We want to undo that damage, but for you to be able to choose freely, you need to experience what your choices are. You've been left with so many taboos that it needs something as drastic as this to break them down, to leave you free to choose, without our hang-ups making the choices for you.

"It may sound ironic, but by taking away your choices for a week, we hope you gain enough experience to be able to really make your own... informed choices in life."

She turned to Sam. "You've chosen to enjoy a sexual relationship with Stephen. All other events aside, forgetting about moving homes, your singing and everything else for a minute, two weeks ago, would you have had the courage to make that choice?"

Sam looked at Stephen and I had to look away for a moment.

"No," she answered simply. "I wouldn't have let him near me."

"And do you regret doing so?" Seeing Sam's face, she laughed and said, "You don't have to answer that." She turned back to Christopher. "I'm sorry, Christopher. I interrupted you."

"That's okay. I'm sorry, Heather, but Gillian's right about using the Program as a punishment." He let a sad little laugh escape. "I think she's crazy to leave, but I have to admire her honesty, and her sheer guts."

I had to answer that. "And I admire her too, now. But no one has yet convinced me that punishment is right, however it might succeed in a particular case."

Then the lawyer spoke up. "I have to say, after what I seen of her here today, Gillian is the strongest argument I can think of FOR the use of the Program as a punishment."

"I have to agree," nodded Mr. Thompson. "Gillian was, to put it bluntly, a loudmouth, who never had any respect for anyone else's point of view. The same cannot be said of her now."

I leaned forward to speak, then changed my mind. I knew I'd lost this one.

Dr. Cellon cleared his throat. "Does anyone have anything further to add about the punishment issue... or even about Gillian?" No one had. "In that case let us move on to disputes. Our new section lays down precise rights every participant has to

dispute what he or she is being asked to do. I do hope you think it's fairly straightforward."

Disputes.

FUTURE LEGISLATIVE AMENDMENT:

A new section I shall be added to the Program Pamphlet:

- 1. Disagreement over anything to do with the Program shall be referred to the Head teacher. If a disagreement remains either the Head teacher or the participant may refer it to the local Program officials.*
- 2. Where local Program officials do not exist or a disagreement remains after consulting them, either the Head teacher or the participant may refer the matter to any member of the National Program Committee, and then, if either of them or the member of the National Program Committee feels it necessary, to the whole National Program Committee.*
- 3. When deciding any dispute, the quorum for the National Program Committee shall be 75% of its membership.*
- 4. With all disputes, participants are advised that frivolous attempts to skirt the intent of the Program may result in detention (which is a school-sponsored activity) or in additional week(s) of participation in the Program.*
- 5. At all levels in the dispute resolution procedure, the participant may request permission to refuse participation in the disputed activity (or continued participation) pending resolution of their appeal. Head teachers are encouraged, when practicable, to grant such permission pending the decision of the first level of appeal outside of the school.*
- 6. At all levels in the dispute resolution procedure, any guidelines issued by the National Program Committee should be followed unless there is a very good reason not to do so.*
- 7. Time limits. The Head teacher, local Program officials and individual members of the National Program Committee should normally make a ruling in no more than twenty-four hours from the time the matter is brought to their attention. If they are unable to do so, they or the Head teacher should escalate the dispute immediately to the next level. The National Program Committee should meet within two working days and while there is no time limit for their*

decision, they will decide the matter as quickly as possible.

"Any comments?"

None of us had any. Dr. Reynolds suggested, "How about the head teacher having the discretion to suspend someone from the Program while the dispute is being decided, similar to how we will be able to suspend a girl from the Program if she has her period? That way, someone who disputes something which is later found to be reasonable, although the dispute isn't seen as frivolous, doesn't succeed in avoiding it for several days."

The lawyer said, "I can draft something on that."

By this time we were all tired, and upset about Gillian leaving, and it was showing. But Dr. Cellon said, "Okay, we are nearly finished. There's just one more page to consider. We should be able to run through it quickly, then the panel will break for lunch and the rest of you can enjoy the remainder of your day off."

While Mrs. Johnson was handing out the final sheet, he added, "I didn't want everyone to be distracted while we were considering the earlier material. But don't think for a moment that this last page is simply an afterthought. I know that the panel feels that what's here is an essential part of its recommendations."

Student Involvement.

For safe operation of the Program, cooperation from the student body and all members of staff is essential. Time must be given for thorough education of both staff and students both before a Program is commenced and with each new intake of students, as well as for any new member of staff.

Some students should be asked to volunteer for special responsibility in protecting and taking care of Program participants. As well as acting as "guardian angels", they can help to diffuse disputes about what is or is not reasonable at the time. This is a considerable responsibility and each school should find some way to recognise and reward this valuable contribution.

As soon as possible, each school should form a Student Advisory Group, comprised of those who have been participants, who shall represent the views of students to the Head teacher with regard to the Program. Experience has shown that a Head teacher will be wise to listen carefully and give full consideration to the experiences and opinions of the participants.

Student Advisory Groups in each school will be encouraged to work together within their area to assist and advise local Program officials and head teachers, as well as liaising with their Local Education Authority. In

addition a National Student Advisory Council shall be formed to give Student Advisory Groups a voice at the national level.

The National Student Advisory Council will also have the right to select one of its members to be a full member of the National Program Committee with full voting rights. Other members of the National Student Advisory Council may take part in meetings of the National Program Committee, but in a non-voting capacity.

"As Laura pointed out, things really only turned around here when the students themselves decided that they were going to protect the participants. Putting that on a more formal basis may help to ensure that that happens to stop things deteriorating, rather than after they have done so."

He sighed wearily. "That's the formal part of our recommendations, but the panel had some further points they felt might be helpful as informal advice, so they have also been added to the Guidance Notes."

Thoughts to bear in mind.

The Program has been carefully designed to help all students become more comfortable with their bodies and their sexuality, to treat others in natural balance as both individual people and sexual beings, to learn to harness their natural energies, and to behave in a more mature and morally conscious manner.

If it should prove necessary to strip a participant, it should be done by two or more members of staff (the minimum number required to do so safely) and in private.

When deciding when a request or a classroom activity is reasonable, its relevance to the purpose of the Program must be paramount. For example, to see how many fingers a student can get into a participant's vagina may be theoretically educational, but is hardly likely to make the participant feel comfortable with her body or her sexuality and is therefore unreasonable.

When faced with a participant who thinks everything is unreasonable, steps to encourage and help the participant to comply willingly may be more effective than simply making rulings.

Allowing participants a little time alone, or in consultation with one or two others, to come to terms with their situation may help in some cases.

Schools should take care when selecting participants to be sure that students who may be more vulnerable are given sufficient support, but should remember that students who do not appear to be vulnerable, may, in fact,

need just as much support. Although everyone should be supporting participants, all participants should also have two named teachers of the same sex to whom they can turn for support.

When selecting pupils, try to ensure that no week ends up with a group consisting only of shy, vulnerable participants. At least some of the group should be more confident and outgoing so that they can support the less confident ones.

Where possible, try to encourage a previous participant to volunteer to repeat their week to support new participants. This must be on a voluntary basis.

All staff and all students should be educated in their role of both encouraging and supporting, and if necessary protecting, participants. This should begin long before the Program is started at any given school.

"Has anyone any further comments on the document?"

"Yes please," said Sam.

"Before you start, Samantha, please accept our congratulations for last night. We were working, but I understand that you were quite a sensation."

"Thank you."

"But I interrupted you..."

"I still feel that all this about selecting students is wrong. It's cruel to make someone do all this, especially if they're shy like I was, and nobody seems to care about that."

"Sam has a point," said Laura. "If the Program is so good, why not make it voluntary? Why force students who may be terrified of it to go through a week like this?"

Dr. Cellon looked like he was going to answer her, but closed his mouth again as she continued.

"The answer is actually quite simple. Those who need it most will never volunteer for it. The only one of us here who I can imagine actually volunteering for the Program is Shelley. Can you imagine the school's reputation if everyone in the Program was like her?"

We laughed at that.

"Sorry, Shelley, I couldn't resist that. But seriously, Sam. All of us have benefited from the Program. Look at Heather. She's not the shy wallflower any more..."

"No way!" cried Shelley. "The way she told the panel off last week."

Even Dr. Reynolds raised a smile at that.

"Exactly," Laura continued. "And Gillian. Can you imagine another way she'd have had her eyes opened? Even if you think she has shut them again, which by the way I don't think she has. Just like Christopher I admire her for having the guts to do what she's chosen to do.

"And look at you, Sam. You may have hated every minute of it, but you didn't just survive, you grew. If there is anyone here who is an example of why it shouldn't be voluntary, it's you. You aren't the same person you were. Would you really want to miss out on that?"

"But that could have happened if I'd have volunteered..." argued Sam.

Laura almost choked at that. "Sam, I love you to bits, but get real. No matter how much encouragement we gave you, there is no way on earth you'd ever have volunteered for this. And it would be the same for every other girl, or boy, who's too scared of being close to anyone or even of their own bodies. None of them would ever volunteer, and they are the ones who need it most."

"Heather?" pleaded Sam.

"Sorry, Sam. I can't support you on this. There are things I'd change, but not that. I've come too far. And as Laura said about you, I've grown too much. It forced Shelley and me closer for the first time. If that was the only thing it did for me, I wouldn't want to go back and I know that none of this would have happened without the Program."

I glanced over at Shelley and there were tears in her eyes. "Thanks, Sis," she said, almost in a whisper.

"Sam," said Suzie. "Please don't feel we're ganging up on you. But I'd never have volunteered for this, not in a million years. But I wouldn't go back to how I was before if you paid me. God, I'm even talking to my parents. And if it wasn't for the confidence you've got now, but you didn't have before, you wouldn't even have dared to open your mouth here today."

Dr. Cellon waited a moment to see if anyone else spoke, then said, "Thank you for those insights, but I have to say to Samantha, while we can change a lot, we cannot change the fundamental nature of the Program, and it has been decided that it will not be on a voluntary basis. As Gillian rightly said, the Program is not about choice.

"But we haven't heard from any of the boys, except briefly from Christopher. Have any of you any comments on any of this?"

"I've been thinking about why things got so out of hand," began Jed. "I don't mean the teachers, but why a lot of the boys went crazy."

"Yes?"

"Firstly, we got the impression, wrongly, here's a girl, she's available. Have fun. Do what you like. And Laura's idea about preparing students and teaching them about the Program should help there.

"Then in the second week, I think we may have made it worse, the boy participants, I mean."

"How's that?" asked Mrs. Chaplain.

"We were getting sex, sex and more sex, and loving every minute of it. Well, most of it anyway. And I think the idea went round that that's what it was all about. All the boys in school, or a lot of them anyway, went a bit wild, okay, a lot wild, and just wanted whatever sex they could get."

"More than usual, you mean?" asked Suzie with a grin.

"Okay, lover, keep Craig out of it," laughed Laura.

"I think what you are talking about is known as the pack mentality," said Mrs. O'Brien. "And I am sure our psychologist could explain it in detail." He nodded slowly. "But the real question is how to ensure that it doesn't happen again."

"I think as staff, we have to remember, that it is our job to keep our students safe," said Mrs. Wright. Her husband nodded vigorously.

"Let's hope that proper staff training, and educating the student body beforehand will avoid the problems we've seen," said Mrs. Chaplain.

"But we must be ready to stop things getting out of hand, or rather, before they get out of hand," said Mr. Thompson.

"Why not run the Program in colleges where they train teachers? Then they'd really know what it's like," I suggested, then broke into fits of giggles.

Dr. Reynolds asked me, "What's so funny?"

"Sorry, sir. I was just trying to imagine Ms. Gordon being put in the Program."

Even Dr. Reynolds couldn't help giving a slight laugh at that.

Mrs. Chaplain said, "Ms. Gordon aside, I think that's a very good idea."

"What about refresher courses for headmasters?" suggested Suzie.

"Don't push your luck," growled Dr. Reynolds and made us laugh again.

"Anything else?" Dr. Cellon asked again.

"Yes," said Jed. "I don't know if this is part of the inquiry, but Mrs. Wright said it was the teachers' job to keep their students safe."

"Yes," agreed Dr. Cellon.

"So what happens now?" he asked sharply.

Dr. Cellon looked as puzzled as I was. "Sorry? I don't follow."

"The teachers here allowed Gordon and Graham to abuse Laura and did nothing, and then allowed all five girls to be assaulted. Doesn't anyone answer for that?"

Dr. Cellon looked at the lawyer, who answered for him. "That is outside the remit of this inquiry. However, we have been asked to make recommendations about whether we feel that disciplinary measures against any members of staff are appropriate. But that will have to be discussed in private."

"And of course, what we think doesn't count? Again?" Laura sounded angrier than I'd ever seen her. "Why did we even bother coming today?"

The lawyer looked like he was trying to think of a response, but Dr. Cellon stopped him. "Our discussions on this matter are required by law to be private, but I am sure that nobody would object if any of you wish to give us your opinion."

Laura began to calm down and Mrs. Chaplain suggested a short break to give us time to think about what we wanted to say. All of us progies moved to an empty classroom next door.

The break turned out to be longer than Mrs. Chaplain had planned as our discussion was heated to put it mildly. We even called both Mum and Danielle to help us put down on paper what we wanted to say. When we eventually returned, Laura said, "During the break we discussed this and decided we'd make a single statement on behalf of us all, which we have all agreed to."

Dr. Cellon looked surprised as Laura stood and took a deep breath.

"Firstly, the actions of the staff need to be taken in context. The authority of a Headmaster, or his Deputy in his absence, is almost absolute and there is no real procedure for staff to challenge this.

"Secondly, Mr. Graham was quoting the Pamphlet which had the force of law. Up until then, all queries to Program Administration had come back that it would be interpreted strictly, as Heather pointed out last week, regardless of how bad that may be for the participants. Your own lawyer's interpretations about the things Heather raised suggested that the feelings and welfare of participants were minor matters."

Laura paused, giving that time to sink in. I looked across at the lawyer, daring him to challenge that statement. He didn't look happy, but he said nothing.

"Thirdly, the fact that this Committee did not allow Dr. Reynolds to return immediately gave the impression that what was happening here did not matter, or was even tacitly approved of, making it even more difficult for the staff to take action.

"Those things in combination made it almost impossible for staff to take effective action against a situation under the control of the acting headmaster who was acting unethically, but with the apparent backing of the law and this Committee.

"The fact that the staff did take action, albeit belatedly, and risked their careers by doing so, makes us feel that to take disciplinary action against them now would be unfair, unless that same action is taken against both the headmaster and all the members of this Committee for failing to take immediate and effective action themselves.

"After all, the staff here started to take action on our behalf, even if it was unorthodox, during classes on Wednesday morning, less than twenty-four hours after I was assaulted by Ms. Gordon, whereas this Committee prevented Dr. Reynolds from taking any direct action himself until Friday lunchtime, more than forty-eight hours later.

"Therefore, we recommend that no action be taken against the staff here, with the exception of Mr. Graham and Ms. Gordon, but that the Department take a serious look at the lack of quick and effective means of action available in a case where a head teacher behaves in an unacceptable manner.

"We also feel that your revisions to the Pamphlet will probably prevent a similar situation happening again, but the Committee must accept the responsibility to ensure that it does not."

There was a long pause. I think we all felt that there was really nothing more to say.

"Thank you, everyone. If there's nothing else, I understand lunch has been provided for everyone," concluded Dr. Cellon. "The panel will meet here after lunch to take into account everyone's comments and to make a final draft of these guidance notes and a revised Program Pamphlet. Dr. Reynolds, I see no reason why that shouldn't be ready by tomorrow morning for distribution to your staff so you can run the Program again next week."

Then he added with a note of finality, "Dr. Reynolds, perhaps the panel and yourself could take lunch together here, please?"

Dr. Reynolds smiled at him, "A business lunch, eh Richard?"

"Indeed, Julian."

As I left the room, I noticed Gillian's piece of paper on the floor under her chair. I picked it up, thinking at first that I'd keep it as a memento of a very strange day, but then I changed my mind and dropped it in the bin.

And that was it. The inquiry was over. We went to the dining hall where lunch had been laid on for the students and the staff. Lunch for the panel and Dr. Reynolds had been delivered to the classroom.

"How'd it go?"

"Mum! What are you doing here?" Shelley and I asked almost simultaneously.

"I wanted to be sure you were okay, that's all." That was for me, but Shelley didn't mind. "And your Mrs. Johnson insisted that I stay for lunch with you all."

As we sat eating, I think that we all felt for the first time that our Program week (or in my case weeks) was finally finished. Except for poor Suzie, of course, but she didn't seem exactly upset by the thought of having to do another Program week.

The inquiry clerk came in and whispered something to Mr. Thompson. He stood up and said, "I'm wanted, apparently. Enjoy your lunch. It may be the best meal ever served in this establishment."

We laughed. Then Shelley said something to Mum, which I couldn't hear, and she stopped laughing.

"We'll see about that." Mum got up and Shelley followed her out of the hall. I quickly swallowed my mouthful of food and ran after them. I knew Mum's body language. She was fuming and my sister looked worried.

So was I. "What's happening?"

"Dr. Reynolds has resigned," said Shelley.

"They're making the poor bugger ([see cultural notes](#)) a scapegoat," Mum added angrily.

We stormed into the inquiry room only to find that they were trying to persuade him NOT to resign. I knew he was still blaming himself for what happened to me, and asked him why, when I didn't blame him. All three of us tried to persuade him, then Mum made us leave to let him think about it.

As we left, Shelley ran back and gave him a big Shelley-hug. I swear there were tears in his eyes.

We went back to the hall and Laura suggested getting him a card, to show how we all felt. She made us wait there while she drove off to buy one. Shelley insisted on

going with her.

"Congratulations?" exclaimed Suzie, when she saw the card Shelley had chosen. Then she opened it and saw the alteration Shelley had made and laughed.

"There wasn't much of a selection in the nearest newsagents," explained Laura, "And you know what Dr. R is like for Shelley-humour." So we all signed it and Shelley ran off to find Mrs. Johnson to give it to him. FINALLY we left the school.

When we got home from the inquiry, Eric and Tara were waiting for us. Like Mum, Eric had insisted on staying home in case I got upset at the inquiry. And for once, that made me feel good.

I said at the beginning of my journal that you wouldn't believe that a small thing like being late for school could change your life. As soon as we got home, a simple phone call was about to change it again.

"Miss Hoover? I trust the inquiry went well?"

"Yeah, Sure. Who is this?"

"Sorry, I didn't say. Gerard Vaughan here. I believe Samantha may have explained who I am."

I felt a little apprehensive, but I simply said, "Yes?"

"Dr. Reynolds has shown me your documentary about the Program. A surprisingly polished piece of work, if I may say so."

"Thank you."

"I was wondering if I could persuade you to join me for lunch on Tuesday in Birmingham."

"I'm sorry, sir. I'll still be in school."

"Not a problem, Miss Hoover. Dr. Reynolds will release you for the day. I'd like you to meet a Mr. Varez. He was the director at Samantha's show last night. And don't worry about the fare. That's down to me."

I thought that a day out and a decent lunch couldn't hurt. What the hell. Why not?

"Sounds interesting, Mr. Vaughan. How should we do this?"

"Just leave everything to me. By the way, you won't mind me sending a copy to Lindsey Crowe, will you? Not for transmission of course, just for her to see."

"No. Okay."

I hardly had time to think about Vaughan's call when my mobile rang again. It was Dr. Reynolds.

"I thought I should let you know. I've decided to stay on here." Then I heard him chuckle pleasantly. "You can tell Shelley that we'll have to put up with one another for one more year."

"Okay, sir." But before I could say anything further he rang off.

It had been such a short call, I thought, then I remembered it was probably a very busy day for him. It had been really nice of him, though, to ring me.

My crazy sister is in love, apparently, with Tara. I really don't care that Tara's a prostitute. If she makes Shelley happy, that's all that matters to me. Tara took Shelley and me shopping for cosmetics in the afternoon. That turned out to be quite an experience. No doubt Shelley will tell you all about it sometime.

Eric laid on a terrific barbecue for the evening, and had, unknown to me, invited all the proggies. Sam had also asked him to invite Tanya, Teresa and even Gillian.

But none of us had Gillian's number. Then Eric had the bright idea to contact Mrs. Johnson. She wouldn't give us Gillian's number, but did volunteer to ring her on our behalf. We were disappointed, but not surprised, when Mrs. Johnson rang back to say that Gillian would not be coming.

Danielle Townley was there as well. I can't remember when I've seen her so happy. Her "adopted" daughter, Sam, was on a real roll, triumphant after her show and now with a proper boyfriend. And her real daughter, Laura was truly, madly happy with Suzie.

I left the party for a short while, to take a walk. I asked Jed to come with me.

We walked back to school again and I used the short cut for the first time since my attack. I left Jed on the path and pushed through the bushes to where it had happened. I wanted him close, but I had to do this alone. The area behind the bushes looked no different to how it had always looked. It felt odd that there wasn't some mark, or something to say what had happened. But it was just a quiet glade. Somehow the whole thing didn't seem real.

I rejoined Jed and slipped my hand into his. We walked all the way to the school gate and back home again. No words had been spoken between us the whole time.

"Thanks, Jed," I said. "I had to do that." I squeezed his hand tightly and he bent down to kiss me.

When I opened our own wooden front gate, I knocked three times on each gatepost, as Shel and I used to do "for luck" when we were small.

"Race you to the party," I shouted and ran down the path, with him following me close behind.

Even writing so soon after, when I look back on the last few weeks, it is a blur. So much has happened and so many changes. And now it is over. It feels like an anticlimax, but really it is just passing on the baton to someone else. We've run our part of the relay, for good or bad, now we watch as a new group carry the Program on. Have we given them a good start, a new beginning? I hope so.

Heather Hoover

Continuations & Conclusions part 27

WEEK THREE

DR. REYNOLDS

THURSDAY / FRIDAY

Richard Cellon was as good as his word. Immediately following our rather late lunch on Thursday, he closed the doors and the inquiry panel worked to thrash out their final recommendations and [guidelines for the operation of the Program](#) as well as a [revised Program Pamphlet](#). My valiant Mrs. Johnson was drafted in to type them up, print them out and pass or send them out to all staff by midday on the Friday.

This means that next week we are going to be able to run the Program in accordance with the new guidelines. Given the fact that the previous weeks had put an immense strain on many of my staff, and on me to be frank, I would have preferred to wait until the autumn term, but the Program was to be started in the second school in September and any further issues that might arise needed to be tackled in good time for that.

The inquiry team had returned to London, Richard having extracted a promise from me to keep him apprised of Samantha's future vocal appearances. Most of the staff were making a long weekend of it; the few who remained in the building would be quietly "doing their own thing", as the students put it.

Mrs. Johnson was already at her desk when I arrived on Friday. She had engaged a minicab to deliver the new Program documents by hand to the absent members of staff who lived in the town. The others would find the papers in their cubby-holes (see [cultural notes](#)) Monday morning. I hadn't required a horsewhip, but eventually I did persuade Mrs. Johnson to join the slackers, her word not mine. She had pointedly waved her mobile phone at me as she left.

I was effectively alone in the school again, as I often used to be when I first came here. I had thought those first few months here had been an intimidating challenge, to try to turn a failing school around, but I'd known what I was doing then, driven by a determination to accomplish something for the young people I had come here to serve.

These last few weeks however, in spite of all the preparation, I hadn't known a thing, and some of the decisions I had made had caused a lot of pain for those I had chosen to care for. That wasn't why I'd become a teacher all those years ago and it was why I'd decided to resign and take early retirement. Walking along the quiet corridors, I could still hear the noises of a typical school day in my head. I thought back to the inquiry yesterday.

Although I'd been exonerated by the inquiry, I wasn't sure that I agreed with them, or that I was the right person to continue here. I felt it needed a new start, probably with Marcus Thompson in charge and I said as much to the panel yesterday during lunch.

I was surprised at their reactions. My old friend, Richard Cellon virtually accused me of cowardice and said that I had a responsibility to stay and see it running properly. Then, if I wanted to quit and go and feel sorry for myself, that would be my business, but only after I'd completed the job.

Christina Chaplain said that it was easy to see mistakes afterwards, but she wasn't sure that anyone could have done much better, especially given that the most serious problems had come from malicious staff. Much of the blame had to do with flaws or lack of safeguards in the Program which the inquiry was dealing with. She agreed with Richard that I should be the one to see it through. The psychologist simply said that it was a bad time for another major change, that the school, staff and students, needed stability.

When they summoned Marcus, he said that if I'd failed the students, then so had the whole staff body, the more so as they'd been here when things went so badly wrong and stood by too shocked to intervene. He point-blank refused to run the Program next week without me. But Marcus has been a loyal friend and colleague for many years, so I wasn't too surprised at his reaction.

Almost before he had finished speaking, there was a sharp knock on the door. The clerk opened it and in walked Janice Hoover with her two daughters.

"I want to give evidence to the inquiry," she demanded. "Seeing as you've totally ignored the people who have to pick up the pieces."

Poor Richard didn't know where to put himself, but she went on with hardly a pause and this time turned to me. "What's this I hear about you quitting?"

"How...?" I began.

A younger voice cut me off. "I overheard when that man went to fetch Mr. Thompson. We were still in the dining hall." That was Shelley. I don't know why I say that, as who else would it be? She doesn't miss a thing.

"It seems to me," went on her mother, "That this committee is allowing you to be the scapegoat for everything that went wrong."

Richard shook his head vehemently. "I can assure you, madam, that that is not the case. We have spent the last hour trying to persuade Dr. Reynolds not to take early retirement."

That took the wind out of her sails rather. "Perhaps I should introduce Mrs. Hoover," I said, "Who, you may have guessed, is the mother of Heather and Shelley."

"I don't blame you," a quiet voice addressed me. We all turned to look at Heather. "I don't blame you for what happened to me," she repeated. "So why are you blaming yourself?"

Was I? I have to admit it, however stupid it might sound, however illogical. Though there was nothing I really could have done, it happened before she even got to school after all, I felt like I should have been able to do something.

"The girls especially have been through so much to make this work," added Mrs. Hoover. "For you to quit now is like a slap in the face to them. You owe it to them to see it through. Not to mention giving yet another Program scandal story to the press. Don't you think the school deserves better than that?"

I couldn't answer.

"You promised me you'd be here if I needed you," said Heather, accusingly.

"And you've got to stay so I can make you laugh again," said Shelley.

"We've said our piece. Now it's up to you," said Mrs. Hoover and turned and left, the girls following her.

As she was about to close the door, Shelley turned back, ran up to me and hugged me. "I don't want you to go," she said, almost in a whisper, then ran back out, slamming the door behind her.

I was left facing the panel and Marcus, all of whom were sitting there with annoying smirks on their faces. All except Christina, who looked more serious. It was she who spoke first. "They need you here, just as much as they did last week. Your school needs you, Julian, and you need them."

I nodded slowly but determinedly.

"Good," said Richard. "Now that's settled, I'm going to help myself to another piece of that chocolate cake. Then, if you and Mr. Thompson will excuse us, we have these documents to complete. And would you also be so good as to ask Mrs. Johnson if she would mind staying to help us finish? Warn her that we will probably be working most of the evening."

There was nothing else for me to do urgently, so I got into my car and drove home, a rare chance for a quiet afternoon with my wife before she would disappear for a long weekend's symposium at a midlands university and I would return to my office. Halfway home, on impulse, I pulled to the kerb and rang Heather to let her know that I was staying. I didn't let her know how much I felt cornered into that decision.

But that was yesterday and as I reached my office today, I dragged my mind back to the present. On my desk was a plain white envelope addressed to me. Mrs. Johnson must have left it there when she finally went home. I opened it and found it contained a card.

"Congratulations!" it said on the front. On the inside page it said, "On a job well done," except that the word "well" had been crossed out and replaced with the word "half", On the opposite page it read, "With respect and affection. Here's to next term." It was signed by the ten participants.

I thought about each one in turn. Each of them had grown a lot in their week in the Program, in spite of all the problems and the trauma. And wasn't that what my job was all about?

At least I was able to enlist Gerard Vaughan's help with the media, and, to my surprise, with a possible career for Heather. That's something I shall watch with interest.

I felt a slight tremor of amused anticipation, mixed with some mild trepidation, as I wondered what the redoubtable Shelley might have in store for me and my school next year.

Samantha would also return in September, or so you hope, a voice whispered in my head. My wife and I had sat transfixed as we watched her television show. A remarkably gifted young woman, but where would her talent take her?

Along with Heather we were losing Laura and Suzie. I'll never forget what they had said at Monday's assembly about how much they had developed as a result of the Program. Mind you, the other girls had astounded me as well that morning. I fetched myself a fresh cup of coffee and saluted them all.

But then I chided myself for ignoring the boys. They had had "good Programs" as well, even though their week had lacked the trauma faced by the girls. I won't repeat Mrs. Johnson's verdict on their journals, but reading between the sex, so to speak, one could sense a maturity in each of them which had not been there a week earlier. I raised my cup to them as well.

In particular, Jed's protection of Heather since her rape and Stephen's unassuming support of Samantha showed a sensitivity I had not expected from either of them. And the firm but gentle way Christopher had handled Gillian was a surprise to everyone, I think.

My one remaining sadness was, and remains, Gillian and the way she felt that she had to leave. Of course I contacted her parents and helped smooth her way into another school, but I still wish we could have found a way to make her feel able to stay here and that isn't a criticism of Marcus Thompson for putting her in the Program.

Of course, she wasn't the only one to leave. A number of parents have expressed a wish to transfer their sons or daughters to other, non-Program schools next term. I've also had requests to transfer into this school, which isn't unusual. But what surprised me is that some specifically requested a transfer here because of the Program. Next year looks set fair to being very interesting.

But there is still a week to go this term, I sighed as I noted my overflowing in-tray, so I shall spend the rest of this morning selecting who goes in the Program next week, before all of us can have a much-needed respite.

And for the first time since I had been told that I'd have to introduce the Program, I am looking forward to it.

Prof. J.D. Reynolds, Headmaster

Continuations & Conclusions part 28

EPILOGUE (1)

HEATHER

The final week of term (Week Four).

We'd decided to write our journals up to end of the inquiry week. Poor Mrs. Johnson spent half of the final week of term reminding us to do them. After she and I had read through the lot, we organised them into a sequel to the story of the first fortnight. She thought to call it, Continuations and Conclusions. I didn't much like the title, but Dr. Reynolds did, so that settled it.

He had even written the final chapter. When I asked them if Mrs. Johnson had anything to do with that, she just smiled and he changed the subject.

After class on Thursday afternoon, the three of us were just putting the final touches, we hoped, to that page of the school's website when Mr. Thompson interrupted us.

Glancing at Mrs. Johnson, he smiled, "A little bird has told me that everything's up on the website now, so..." He brought a bottle of wine and a corkscrew from behind his back. "Ladies, if we force the headmaster to have a drink with us, he can't complain, now can he?" I was not surprised when Mrs. Johnson produced four glasses.

Mr. Thompson proposed the toast, "To the future of the Program." Then he looked at me gently. "You've come a long way, Heather, since I found you in the cricket hut that first morning, a long way."

Mrs. Johnson corrected him. "So have they all, Mr. Thompson, the girls especially, but the boys too." Only then did I feel like raising my glass as well, to all of my fellow... naked... participants.

But first thing on the following Tuesday morning, I was called back into the headmaster's office.

Mrs. Johnson handed me an envelope. "I'm sorry to have asked you in again, Miss Hoover, but this arrived for you this morning." The envelope was addressed to me, care of the school, and marked Personal. Inside was a handwritten note.

Dear Heather,

I thought I should let you know what's happening with me. I'm at a new school across town already. I have to admit that it took a phone call from Dr. Reynolds to get them to take me straightaway. I only had one year to go before I finished my A-levels (see [cultural notes](#)) and I still want that to be the case, so I'm going to have to spend the whole of my summer holidays catching up with the different material at the new school. Ah well.

I don't think any of you in the Program there ever knew that I had a serious boyfriend. He goes to this school and will also be starting his final year. We were already sleeping together, but as a result of what Christopher... well all of you really... taught me about sex, the boyfriend and I are having a LOT more fun in bed now. If you don't think Christopher will be upset, will you thank him and give him a kiss from me? Please.

I've read all of the Program journals that are on the net. I hope you don't mind. I'm still certain I made the right choice for me, regardless of what you, or Christopher or the others, may think. I must admit, though, that I think you guys have made the right choices as well. If I'm really unlucky and the Program comes to this school before I leave and I have to do it, I won't run away again. Maybe I shouldn't have run away before, but I did and I can't change that now.

The thing that shines through all of your journals is honesty. At Sam's show your sister told me that you and she had written a lot more about what happened after the big two weeks at your school, and Laura told me that she and Suzie had done the same. I now see that Samantha has done as well. I hope you won't think I'm bragging, but I think my story should be part of what's been written. I've written about my two days in the Program, and enclosed it with this letter. I haven't written anything about the Thursday meeting though. But you were there and I see that you've already reported that with your customary eye and ear for detail. Thank you for leaving none of my words out.

I think my story is an important part of the whole story (but I would say that, wouldn't I? grin), so I really hope you'll include what I've written here. Please feel free to edit it if you think it needs it.

Good luck to you all,

Gillian

Inside the envelope was a computer disc, so at least I didn't have pages of typing to slog through. Actually, the only change I made was to split her story into a Tuesday and a Wednesday chapter, so that it would fit in with what the rest of us had written.

Gillian was right. Her story is an important part of the inquiry week. The others, including Christopher, agree with me. When I showed him this letter, he didn't say a word. He just smiled and presented his cheek for his kiss.

She hadn't included a return address with her letter, and neither Christopher nor I felt comfortable about trying to invade her new privacy. We do hope, though, that she eventually sees these final words.

Good luck to you as well, Gillian. That's from me and Christopher and the rest of the gang. I've kept a Program survivor T-shirt for you if you want to get in touch.

Nearly three months later.

And the show goes on...

It's early October, a few weeks into another school year. The Program survived the inquiry and the media barrage that followed it and this term it's starting in Mrs. Chaplain's school too.

With the inquiry over and with the backing of Gerard Vaughan and Lindsey Crowe, and her news editor, my life seems about to change dramatically again. I was given the chance to make a documentary about victims of domestic violence. Ignoring the original programme script, I went alone to hostels to interview some of the women there. Then I decided to interview, anonymously, women from all walks of life. I discovered that an amazing number of women have suffered from violence and stayed silent, even today.

Instead of being shown just on our local TV station, the programme was shown nationwide. In particular, the interview with a young woman, driven to escape from her home into prostitution with her two young children, apparently shocked even our complacent lawmakers, and suddenly offers of more documentaries are beginning to come my way.

Six months further on.

It is perhaps ironic that I went through the Program to be able to go to university, but never officially got there. Dr. Reynolds soon gave up trying to change my mind. Instead he pulled some strings so that I could occasionally attend various classes of my choice at our local university. I'd have thought that the real students might resent my presence, but they've been great. In fact they are often the source of good ideas for my work. I've left it to them whether they want onscreen acknowledgement, but thus far they have all chosen to remain as anonymous

contributors.

All of them, that is, except Amanda Collingsworth. She is studying Journalism and has been extraordinarily helpful, on and off screen. A much better writer than I shall ever be, she plans to be an investigative journalist. Watch out, Fleet Street. ([see cultural notes](#))

As for me, the fame and resulting fortune have been okay, but often I crave some anonymity, at least for what little there is to my private life. The consolation is, however, that exposing evil where I find it is far too important for my personal preferences to matter.

Heather Hoover, signing off and returning you to the studio... for now.

Continuations & Conclusions part 29

EPILOGUE (2)

HEATHER

Yet another new beginning...

As these journals are to be re-issued, Dr. Reynolds contacted me to ask if I would read through them again.

Reading my own journal five years later it is hard to believe that I had written it, especially the first few chapters.

Yet I do remember almost every detail of those weeks as if they were yesterday, perhaps not surprising as they were the most traumatic weeks of my life.

But as I made increasingly hard-hitting documentaries, I finally lost my "jumped-up Program girl" reputation and started being taken as seriously as my work.

Poor Jed got left behind as I travelled further and stayed away longer, deliberately tackling the subjects no one else dared to, from child abuse in religious groups, to Muslim sex slaves, to child pornography and its links with the legitimate fashion trade, to how the police treated crimes against prostitutes and strippers.

If I had little time to see the other "proggies", I remained aware of what they were doing. To find out about Sam, I only had to pick up a newspaper or turn on the radio or TV.

Shelley told me that Laura and Suzie had persuaded their university to run the Program, with them installed as unofficial Program advisors.

I was not to know that my path and Laura and Suzie's were destined to cross again.

For a few years, my life became little more than one journey after another, delving into every hidden facet of life that I could find. But it was when I interviewed some rape victims that I realised what I was doing. By exploring everyone else's pain, I could ignore my own.

So it was that after four years, I said "No" to more documentaries. I packed a small suitcase and rang the doorbell of a house I'd been to a few times before.

"Can I help you?" asked the woman who answered the door.

"Are Laura or Suzie here?"

"Laura, it's that TV woman," she called out.

Laura came downstairs. "Heather?"

"Can I stay a while?"

Laura invited me in and took me into a small private lounge. "Let's get you a cup of tea. You look like you need it."

She disappeared somewhere and a minute later Suzie came in. She was carrying a young boy.

"Babysitting," Suzie explained. "His mum's got a job interview." She put him down and came over to hug me.

She stayed with me until Laura returned with tea and biscuits on a tray. "See you later," Suzie smiled, and left, her young charge toddling behind her.

"So, you want to stay a while?" asked Laura.

"It's time I stopped running," I said simply. She nodded.

I should explain that when they'd left university, Laura and Suzie had opened a hostel for rape victims. I'd even featured it in my documentary on the subject. (I'd carefully avoided scenes of the two of them spontaneously making out wherever and whenever they happened to feel like it.)

Over the next few months while I stayed in their hostel, they helped me to finally face what had happened to me and start to deal with it. Actually, though, the other victims there probably helped me as much as Laura and Suzie did. We all had to deal with our separate nightmares, but in sharing them they slowly lost their power over us.

Not that it was as easy as it sounds, of course. I think I kept everyone awake for nearly three weeks, waking up screaming in the middle of the night. And sometimes in our anger we'd lash out at each other, or at Laura or Suzie, then feel awful for doing so.

Eventually I knew I'd come as far as I could there. I finally felt able to face life, but TV and fame had lost their appeal. I bullied the Program Committee into hiring me as their full-time safety officer. My job would be to check that all new Programs were safe for the naked participants and to go into schools wherever there were problems.

But before I started my new job, there was one more thing I had to do. Early one morning I left the hostel, leaving a note telling Laura and Suzie not to worry.

It took me a while, but a few days later I was knocking on another door.

A man answered, took one look at me, said, "Wait here," and walked into his lounge. I heard him say, "Son, there's someone here to see you."

His son came out and stopped dead in his tracks.

"Hi, Jed," I began. "I finally stopped running. If you never want to see me again, I'll understand, but..."

My prepared speech was cut off as he kissed me. "I love you so much," he said.

"Show me," I begged.

We ran upstairs to his bedroom and had the most frantic sex of my life. Then, our initial hunger temporarily satisfied, we made love, slowly rediscovering all the wonderful ways to make each other feel good. I finally learned the difference between having sex and making love. This time when we came together I wanted to keep him in me forever.

That was impossible, so I lay in his arms, my head on his shoulder, and listened to his breathing and the beat of his heart. I knew that there was nowhere else I would rather be. "I love you, Jed."

Less than a month later we were married. Jed's best man was his father. His dad never stopped smiling the whole day, except when he laughed.

Shelley was my bridesmaid, of course, and she even managed to keep her clothes on right the way through the reception. She did, however, tease Eric, who gave me away, that it was the mother of the bride who was supposed to cry at weddings, not the father. (I know he's actually our stepfather, but somehow neither of us ever think of him that way and I know our real father would be so happy to know that Mum had found someone who loved her, and us, so much.)

Jed somehow managed to keep our honeymoon destination secret from the press... and from me until we took off!

But if I thought the media had forgotten me I was wrong. When we arrived back, unannounced, some young reporter at the airport ended up totally embarrassed after she asked me what I'd been doing on my honeymoon.

"Well, I won't go into details, but let's just say that for most of the time I was a naked participant."

Heather Peters, signing off.

The End



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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.

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