

Heather's Story

MONDAY

You wouldn't think that being late for school could change your life. I was a good student, not ever so clever like some. I had to work hard to get good grades, and I was certainly never late for school. There was a flu epidemic in our town and I'd had it, so I'd missed school most of the previous week. I had recovered, but was still very tired and I guess that's why I overslept. It was mum's day to start work early so she wasn't there to wake me up and my younger sister thought it was funny to let me oversleep. She yelled at me as she went out the front door. It was quarter to nine.

I had a good excuse not to go in. I'd had a sick note from my doctor and nobody knew I was better by now. But we had a big test later that week and I couldn't afford to miss any more lessons.

No time for a shower, I dragged on my uniform and ran out the door with my bag, then realised that I'd forgotten my key and tried to stop the door slamming shut. Damn, too late.

From the main gate I could hear singing. Good, school assembly ([see cultural notes](#)) was still going on. Nobody would notice that I was late. But as I entered the main door a teacher stood there. "You're late," he said unnecessarily, "Report to the headmaster's office." ([see cultural notes](#)) When I got to the office, his secretary told me to sit outside, where there was a row of chairs for use by anyone unfortunate enough to be summoned. Until now, I'd never been one of them. He had a reputation for strictness and anyone waiting here would be nervous. I was no exception.

I heard the noise as everyone left assembly and soon the headmaster appeared. "Come into my office, Miss?"

"Hoover," I said as I followed him. He seemed distracted. "Take a seat, Miss, er.." "Hoover, Heather Hoover, sir." "Yes, Miss er Hoover, take a seat and please read [this pamphlet](#) all the way through. At the end I will answer any questions you may have. The two who were selected for this week are both off sick with the flu, so I left instructions that anyone who came in during assembly would take their place. It looks like it's only you, which is a shame, but that's how it will be."

"Selected for what, sir?" I asked. I still hadn't taken the pamphlet out of its envelope. "The Program. You can read all about it in there," he replied before starting to write something on a report card on his desk. I sat down and took out the pamphlet, little knowing that my whole life was about to change.

When I saw the naked pictures on the front I must have squealed because he looked up momentarily then went back to what he was doing.

I read the "Welcome" page without really understanding it, but the next page hit me between the eyes. "For the duration of your time in The Program, you must remain naked in school. My sharp intake of breath must have been loud as the headmaster looked up again, briefly. I carried on reading, but most of the rest was a blur. When I closed the pamphlet I felt myself let out my breath. I hadn't realised that I'd been holding it. The headmaster picked up his phone and said "Tell Mrs. Wright and Miss Taylor that they may come in now." The door opened a few seconds later and our two female P.E. teachers came in.

"Take off your clothes and put them in this box," Mrs. Wright said. I didn't move, I was numb. This couldn't be happening to me. One of them said something about having to undress me, but I just didn't react. All I could think about was the laughter when some girl's boobs popped out in gym and now I was going to be naked?

I didn't resist as they took off my clothes. This wasn't me. I was watching someone on TV. Or I was having a weird dream. When I suddenly felt a nipple rubbed by the material as my bra was removed I suddenly "woke up". Before I had time to think my panties were down. I was pushed gently back into my chair while they removed my shoes, socks and then my skirt and panties from around my ankles. They put my socks and shoes back on. Then the headmaster spoke.

"You can go to your first class now, don't forget the pamphlet." Miss Taylor opened the door and I walked out like a zombie, towards my next class.

When I passed some boys they stared, then one of them whistled. They started to follow me. Something in me snapped. I ran. I didn't even know where I was running, but I ran. Thankfully they didn't follow. I charged through the double doors at the end of the corridor and ran outside onto the playing fields. I didn't even notice the rain until I slipped over in the mud on the football pitch. That gave me an idea. I plastered mud over my boobs and... pussy (there, I said it). Then I ran again.

Past the football pitch, at the far end of the cricket field, there was a small hut, where the cricket stuff was stored. Although it was locked, it was easy to force the window and get in that way. So that's what I did.

Four hours later, that's where they found me, huddled in a corner, with dried up tears on my face, mud over a large part of my body and shivering with the cold. The sun had come out and five boys had come to get the cricket gear out. "Wow" was their reaction. One went to fetch the cricket master while the others just stood there, looking at me. I tried to cover myself with my hands and ended up just turning my face away and closing my eyes.

The cricket master stormed in. "What the hell do you think you are doing young... I won't call you lady. Boys, get out of here. One of you go and fetch Mrs. Wright.

They must have found Miss Taylor first as it was she who came to get me. "I don't know how you teach your girls to behave, Miss Taylor, but this is disgusting. I'm going to report..." He didn't have time to finish.

"Shut up," said Miss Taylor. I'd never heard her speak so loudly before. "Boys, leave us. Mr. Thompson, I assume you were away for the staff meeting last week?"

"Yes, I had the flu."

She explained about the program and I watched his eyes open wider, then his face go deep red. He turned to me and spoke, "What's your name, young lady?"

"H.. H.. Heather Hoover sir."

"I owe you an apology, Miss Hoover. Heather. And I'm sorry." Somehow the gentleness in his voice made my eyes well with tears again when I didn't think I had any left. "I apologise too for the behaviour of the boys, but they didn't know either and when a group of boys find a pretty young lady naked in their hut, well, they will just have to learn to treat you with respect." I wasn't numb any more, except with the cold. I had heard every word and he'd called me pretty. I'd never thought of myself as that. Of course he was only being kind, but it was nice to hear.

"Would you wait here for a minute while I speak to the boys? And take this to dry yourself and put round you. You look like you're freezing." He handed me a hand towel, not very big. Miss Taylor stepped forward and took it from me and began to rub my arms and legs with it making me warmer.

Mr. Thompson came back in. "Miss Taylor, I suggest that you take this young lady to the showers and get her clean and warm her up. Then take her to the school kitchens. I'm sure that they can find her some food as she's missed lunch. And Heather," he added, turning to me, "If you have any problems with anyone, any of the boys, or girls or staff come to that, come and see me. You hear me?"

"Yes sir," I said, knowing that I wouldn't.

When Miss Taylor took my hand and led me outside, it seemed like half the school's male population was outside even if it was only one class. They were all silent, though I saw some eyes open wider and a few smirks. The five boys that had found me stepped towards me. One of them said, "I'm sorry we scared you, but Wow!" I felt myself go even redder as his eyes dropped to take in all of me. Most of the mud had been rubbed off and I felt his eyes staring at my breasts and then my pussy.

When we got into the school I turned to go into the girls showers, but Miss Taylor

took my hand and said, "No. The pamphlet says that you have to use the boys showers." They were empty thank god, and she turned the water on. It began to run really hot (or it felt hot to me) and she handed me some shampoo. "It belongs to one of the boys, but I don't suppose he'll mind. Now when you've finished your shower, come to the kitchens and I'll get you some food." She left me alone. Alone and naked in the boys showers. If this was a nightmare, when was I going to wake up?

The shower was caressing my body in a way I'd never really felt before and I didn't notice the time. I was drying myself when suddenly the door opened and a whole class of boys came in and began to strip off their football kit. When they saw me, one said something like "woar", another "is this our prize?" and a few came to grab me. I ran out the door, but not before a few hands managed to grab my boobs and someone slapped me on the bum.

Outside were some girls. Most looked shocked, then one said "SLUT", loudly, and the chant of "slut slut slut" echoed in my ears as I ran down the corridor.

I was only vaguely aware of the stares as I went into the kitchen. Miss Taylor had arranged for some food for me and after I put the first forkful into my mouth I suddenly realised how hungry I was. I hadn't had breakfast after all.

When Miss Taylor came back for me she had my bag with my books in it. "Time for your next lesson. You'll be a little late, but Mr. Wright will understand." I knew that he would. Mr. Wright, our biology teacher and our PE teacher's husband, was as unlike her as anyone could be. He was kind and softly spoken, yet had the respect of everyone there without question. Whether it was just him or the thought of what Mrs. Wright would do to anyone who gave him any trouble, I don't know.

"Here she is, Mr. Wright," said Miss Taylor and gently propelled me into the room and went out, closing the door behind her. I felt 29 pairs of eyes on me, and ran to my desk. In my rush, I tripped and fell on the floor. I heard a few laughs and a few mutterings, some sympathetic, some not.

"Come up here please, Heather," I looked up and saw him looking at me. "As you know from the pamphlet, teachers may use anyone in the program to help illustrate their lessons." I didn't know. I didn't remember a thing from the pamphlet, but I nodded dumbly. I stood where he told me to and he gently turned me round to face the class. This was awful.

"As you know, we were studying the mechanics and chemistry of respiration, but as we are going to be seeing rather a lot of Miss Hoover this week, you might as well study her now."

Mr. Wright had always been so kind. How could he be doing this to me? "As at least half of you seem very interested in her more private areas, we will look at them now." I wanted to die.

"Now can anyone tell me the purposes breasts serve?" A girl put up her hand "To feed a baby, sir." A boy shouted out, "For us to look at, sir."

"You are both correct. Other mammals have breasts but none quite so prominent as these." At that moment mine had never felt more prominent, even if they were tiny. "The reason is that they are used to attract and sexually arouse the male." He went on about this for a while but I didn't really register much until he started talking about pubic hair. But then it got even worse.

"The labia are divided into two, inner and outer, to protect the vagina. Now I know that you know what the vagina is used for. Yes, fucking, Mr. Lindon, and report to me after school. The vagina is used for sex.

"The labia on every girl are different, some more prominent than others, not always the same size and often, as in this case, mostly hidden by pubic hair. Turn round please, Miss Hoover."

"The buttocks are muscular and usually well padded, more padded in some cases than others." There was some laughter. "They are used by some monkeys for sexual arousal and are still an area of arousal for human males. You can turn round again and go and sit down." I did so quickly.

"How many of you boys found Miss Hoover standing here naked exciting?" The odd hand went up. "Okay all you boys come up here and face front. Hands by your sides." This time it was the girls' turn to snigger. Every one of the boys had an erection and most were trying not to show it.

"It is a natural reaction, especially when you are young. Some girls think it is an insult, but it isn't. You should take each of these," Mr. Wright turned to me and smiled, "hard-ons as a compliment, Miss Taylor. I know that you don't think you are very pretty, but we have 15 solid proofs to the contrary. Boys, you can sit down." They went back gratefully.

"Tomorrow we will study the woman's anatomy in more detail." Oh my God! "But for now, I think Miss Hoover deserves a round of applause." I couldn't believe everyone was clapping me, even the girls, and there were a few whistles too.

"Now. BEFORE you go to your next lesson. You have seen Miss Hoover and all of you have had a good look. As you know she didn't choose to be part of this program, but she has been very brave. When you leave this classroom, I want you to do two things. One. If you see anyone hassling her, stop them if you can, and report it to a member of staff. This program is meant to celebrate the beauty of the human body and to explore sexuality, not to sexually abuse the participants. Two. Leave her alone." He almost shouted that last part.

Now I understood why he had done what he had done. From this class at least there would be less staring. They'd seen me, all of me and that was all there was to it,

wasn't it? But what did he mean by studying woman's anatomy in more detail?

The next class was almost easy. Many of the biology students were in physics too so after a few initial gasps and looks, it was almost like a normal lesson.

I spent most of it worrying about what Mr. Wright had said about studying woman's anatomy in more detail. Yet ironically the thing he said which I would have worried about more if I had known, was his last sentence, "Leave her alone" as none of those who knew what was going on came near me the rest of the day, making me feel worse than ever.

The end of the lesson came surprisingly quickly. As I was leaving, the teacher told me that I had to go back to the headmaster's office.

Walking back through the school corridors was a nightmare I will never forget and I cannot even describe how I felt. Some tried to grope me, most avoided me and stared. One girl even spat at me.

"I am afraid that I made it harder for you than it needed to be, Miss Hoover," said the headmaster when I was called into his office. "I thought it would have been easier for you if I didn't make a formal announcement about it, but it caused confusion, and, I hear, some unpleasantness. I will put that right tomorrow."

"Have I really got to go on with this?" I didn't say "sir". After all what could he do to me that was worse than this? He didn't correct me, though I'm sure that he noticed.

"Yes, until you arrive here next Monday morning. Now I come to something less pleasant." LESS pleasant? "I hear that you went missing for four hours today, missed several lessons and lunchtime. That will NOT be tolerated, do you understand?"

"Yes sir."

"I will re-read the headmaster's manual about the program tonight and tomorrow afternoon, after the last lesson, you will report back here for my decision."

"Yes sir."

"Your clothes are in this box. You may get dressed now. Just inside the main entrance hall you will see a pink box. Tomorrow morning when you arrive, you will put all your clothes in there and lock the padlock. Someone will unlock it for you at the end of the day. And don't think about not coming tomorrow. You know the new rules about missing school. The police will be called and you will be brought back. I see from your records that you are a good student. Don't let this week damage your entire future."

I had already dressed by the time he was finished. Everyone had gone when I went

out, apart from one younger boy who had stayed, hoping that I'd still be naked.

I half walked, half ran home and ran upstairs and flung myself on my bed. If I thought I had no tears left, I was wrong. I didn't want to talk about it to mum or my sister, so I went to bed early. Perhaps tomorrow morning I'd wake up and this will have been a nasty dream.

Heather, part 2

TUESDAY, early morning

I woke up early if the fitful dozing I managed to do could be called sleeping. The pamphlet had various website addresses in it so I booted up my computer and went online. I certainly wasn't going to get any more sleep. I found out that this program had started in America, well it would wouldn't it? It had been tried briefly in a small school in England, but had virtually caused a riot there and it hadn't been continued.

I read about the two in that school and wished I had the courage to resist as they had. But they had others supporting them and they were in a small school of a few hundred. I went to a large comprehensive school (see [cultural notes](#)) of over 2000 pupils. What chance did I stand? Most of the students don't even know me, let alone care enough to support me. I guess they'll all know me better soon.

And where was my best friend Laura? I hadn't seen her all day yesterday and I'd been too upset to speak to anyone last night. She was older than me and would leave school in a few weeks' time. It would have been easy for her, I thought bitterly. She'd started making some money stripping in pubs and for photographers, but then, she had the boobs for it.

What would she say if she were here? I'll ring her now. I crept downstairs, picked up the phone and dialed her number. After a while a sleepy voice answered. It was her mother. "Heather? Do you know what time it is? What are you doing ringing at this unearthly hour of the morning?"

"Please Mrs. Townley, I have to speak to Laura. It's about school and it's really important."

"You can call her later, it's far too earl..." I guess she heard my sob and realised that something was badly wrong. "It's alright, dear, I'll go and get her, but don't keep her too long, she's still not at all well." She put the phone down on the table before I could say "Thank you".

"Heather? What is it? Mum said you sounded really upset!"

"Do you remember that thing on TV about naked in school they tried a while ago?"

"Yeah. I thought it was great. Those stupid kids making a fuss like that. Anyone would think it was something terrible. Why?"

"They've started it again, but HERE. They gave me this pamphlet to explain it all, and, and..."

She cut me off. "Ha! That'll be a laugh. I might even volunteer."

"You don't volunteer, you get selected, and it's me. Laura, I can't do it. I hid in the cricket hut most of the day yesterday until they found me. I'm not like you. I'm not pretty, my boobs are non-existent..."

She cut me off again. "You are, and they're not. Look come round and see me now and we'll talk properly."

"But your mum said..."

"Don't worry, It's okay. Come round and bring that pamphlet."

"I can't. It's too early for a bus."

"My God it's five thirty. No wonder mum was freaked. Hang on. MU-UM," I heard her call. She put the phone down and I heard her run upstairs, then a minute later, back down again. "Okay, wait there, Mum'll come and fetch you. See you soon." She hung up.

Mrs. Townley was outside in ten minutes. She must have bombed it. I got into the passenger side and said, "Thank you so much for picking me up."

"It's alright, dear, Laura explained." Was EVERYONE going to know I was in school naked all day?

Laura met me at the door and grabbed the pamphlet out of my hand. "Come up to my room." I raced after her.

"I can't do this, Laura. Yesterday in Bio I had to stand and pose. Today he's supposed to be doing woman's anatomy in more detail. I'm not a model, I'm just me. All I do is study."

"And get a kick out of watching me strip the guys when you come along to my shows."

I almost smiled.

"Yeah but they'd never fancy me like they do you."

"Lots of guys would like you if you gave them a chance."

"Lots of guys wouldn't give me a second glance."

"I bet they will now," she laughed. Her laughter was so infectious that I even laughed a little myself.

She was silent for a while reading the pamphlet. "Hmm. So you can be used as a training aid."

"It happened yesterday in Biology. But at least after they'd all stared at me most of the lesson I got some peace in the next one. But he said they'd be doing woman's anatomy in more detail today, MY anatomy in more detail. I can't do this. I'm not like you. You'd love it."

"Actually I'd be terrified," she admitted. "When I strip it's my show, under my control. I do what I want to do. It's usually the guys that are terrified, not knowing what I'm going to do to them next."

"SEE?" I almost shouted. "If you couldn't do it, how can I? I might as well run away, as far away as I can."

"I said I'd be terrified, not that I couldn't do it. How do you think I felt on my first show, when I got dragged in by Julie during her show when I thought I'd only gone to watch and learn?"

When I didn't answer she went on. "I thought I'd die. I froze. I was shit scared and I knew that everyone knew it, at least that's what I thought." I never knew that. I couldn't imagine Laura being scared of ANYTHING. "Then when Julie led me around and let the guys start undressing me, I must have looked like a zombie. Then I saw the look in their eyes and noticed a few of them with bulges and I thought "That's for me," and I started to relax. By the end I didn't want to stop and Julie almost had to drag me away."

"It was funny yesterday when Mr. Wright made all the boys stand up and we could see they all had hard-ons."

"THERE," she almost shouted. "I told you so. Don't tell me you don't get a little thrill out of all those boys being turned on by looking at you."

"I never thought of it that way. I was too busy feeling terrible. And it'll be worse today."

"No it won't. Take your clothes off."

"What?" She repeated herself.

"Look, you're going to have to strip for the whole school later. You might as well get used to it now." I did as I was told. This was almost worse than yesterday.

"Okay sit on the bed, facing my mirror. No, not like that. Sit down properly.

Now put your legs wide apart." She didn't wait for me to comply, she grabbed a knee with each hand and pulled them apart. I could see myself in the mirror. She sat down on the floor in front of me, but to the side slightly. Her face was about a foot from my pussy. "Now hold your pussy open, no, not like that." She moved my hands away and pulled my lips wide open. Even in the mirror I could see a lot more than I wanted to. She must have been able to see every detail.

"It's just your body, we all have one. No one part of it is dirty or shameful, no matter what some people might say. Actually you've got quite a cute little pussy."

"LAURA!" I squealed and actually giggled. But I still closed my legs with embarrassment.

"Now it says here you have to comply with reasonable requests."

"What's that mean?"

"If a boy, or a girl come to that, wants you to do something, you have to do it."

"NO. I can't." I was breathing faster and felt myself panicking.

Laura read a bit more of the pamphlet. "Wait, it isn't as bad as you think. You have to pose how they want. But you don't have to let them touch you, or touch them. And you don't have to have sex with them. But although they can't force you to allow touching, it says here they encourage you to agree to that."

"I couldn't," I whispered.

She didn't answer me, but put a hand out to touch my nipple. I shied away, but she put it back, and gently stroked my breast, then moved to the other one. I closed my eyes trying not to think about the strange sensations she was causing.

She started to play with both my nipples and I shuddered.

"Was that so bad?" she asked.

"No, but it's you."

"Fine, if you're going to close your eyes when someone touches your boobs, imagine it's just me in my room. Now come and get some breakfast." I went to pick up my clothes. "NO, leave them. If you're going to be naked all day, you can get used to it now."

"But your mum!" She grabbed my clothes and ran downstairs. I had no choice but to follow her.

Mrs. Townley was eating breakfast. She looked at me and smiled. She said simply, "Have some breakfast. You look like you need some food inside you."

Somehow it was almost worse when people tried to be kind. After breakfast I got dressed again and Mrs. Townley insisted on driving me to school, stopping off at my house for my school bag. Mum was a little surprised as I introduced "Laura's mum" but said nothing, other than "Have a nice day at school" as I went out the door. YEAH RIGHT.

Even though Mrs. Townley drove fast, I was almost late. I took a deep breath and got out of the car, then walked through the gates and the yard and opened the big front door. Day 2 had begun.

Heather, part 3

TUESDAY, school

If I thought having to strip yesterday in the office was bad, it was worse today. A few boys from my class were hanging around to watch me strip. I decided if I was going to do it, I'd get it over with quickly. No performance from me. I closed my eyes and pulled my blouse off so quickly that I heard some of the buttons go. I actually fumbled over the bra and was shaking so much that I couldn't undo it. Can you believe that? One of the boys sniggered and I pulled on it, breaking the catch. I pulled my skirt and panties down in one go and put everything in the box and took hold of the padlock.

If I locked the padlock, my clothes were gone for the day. If I left it open and things got too bad, I could run back and get them. But then someone would probably steal them anyway and I'd have to walk home naked. I took a deep breath and clicked the padlock shut. No going back now, Heather.

The bell rang for assembly and I got more than a few looks as I crept in at the back before too many people could see me. Even so I caused a commotion as quite a few of the others were turning round to see me. I could feel myself going red. I was learning that in some situations you have the weirdest thoughts. I mean did you know that if you blush when you are naked you can blush all over?

Our school is very old-fashioned in many ways and we still had hymns at assembly. I knew I was fairly safe as anyone disturbing assembly was severely punished. For the first time I wanted this assembly to go on forever. The usual routine was couple of hymns, a reading and then onto announcements. I had a sudden terrible thought. What if they talked about the Program?

Of course my fears came true. The headmaster stood up after the routine announcements, and said "Now I have a special announcement. I know there have been whisperings in the corridors about a nude girl here yesterday, so to put a stop to some of the wilder rumours I have heard, I am going to explain. We have been

selected by the Department For Education and Skills to take part in an experiment introduced from America, where it has worked quite successfully. This program was tried out in another school in England where it failed. It will NOT fail here. To explain more about it, I will hand over to Mrs. Wright."

Nobody stirred as she took the microphone. Even at a distance Mrs. Wright had a "nobody messes with me" kind of aura about her. "As I understand it, the intentions of this program are to ensure that all pupils are comfortable with their own body and their own sexuality." Some nervous shuffling. I froze. "Some of you, especially some boys, think that all that matters is your own desire and the girl doesn't matter. As you know, there were a few cases of date rape last summer and I know that some of you girls are scared to go out alone at night. That is one reason why we were selected for this program. At the other extreme, many of you are so nervous about your own sexuality that you are failing to enjoy all it has to offer. The program is meant to strike a balance, to ensure that you learn to make the most of your own sexuality while having respect for others."

"Each week a number of students will be selected at random to attend school naked. This is compulsory and there will be severe penalties for anyone who avoids school to get out of their responsibilities in the program. At each of the exits is a pile of pamphlets and you will each take one as you leave. Read it and read it well. But this week we have selected only one student. Miss Hoover, would you come up here please." I just KNEW she was going to say that. Ever have a nightmare where you just knew all the terrible things that could happen and then they did? But this was real. "Miss Hoover?"

I edged out to the side and walked up to the front, I don't know how. At the foot of the steps to the stage, I stopped, unable to lift my foot to the step. I bit my teeth and tried to imagine that I was Laura, the powerful one, at the centre of one of her shows. It helped a little and I found myself on the stage. "Face the school please". I turned to face them all and my fantasy failed. This wasn't a show, I wasn't Laura, this was SCHOOL. These kids were the ones who knew me, I had to see them every day, and I wasn't Laura, I was me. And I was stark naked in front of over 2000 people.

Mrs. Wright had carried on talking, but I couldn't tell you what she said. When the kids started to go blurry I closed my eyes and her voice went fuzzy too. When I heard shuffling I opened them to see everyone streaming out of the hall. "Thank you, Miss Hoover, you may go to class now. Because this assembly has made us late, you do not have to stop for anyone as it is already class time."

I didn't say a word. I was too numb for talk. I walked to my class, oblivious to the stares although I heard every snigger and whistle like it was amplified in my head.

I was relieved to be back in a classroom with only about 30 people. My relief faded when I remembered WHICH class it was.

I'll say one thing for Mr. Wright, he didn't make a big deal out of it. Just said "Ah, there you are Miss Hoover, just lie on the table here and put your feet on these two side tables" as if it were a perfectly normal thing to do. Exactly as I expected, that left me totally exposed. Laura had always spoken of being proud of what she did and the power it gave her. I didn't feel powerful. Even though it wasn't my doing, I felt like a slut. I lay there as Mr. Wright's voice droned on, not hearing a word, just feeling more and more miserable with each second that passed. I was terrified I'd start crying and knew I'd be teased if I did, yet I could feel my eyes beginning to water.

It's funny the little things that save you in a situation like this. I had an itch on my shoulder and as I turned slightly to scratch it, I caught sight of one of the boys' faces. His face was red but he didn't look excited or anything like that, he looked scared. Mr. Wright had them all doing a quick sketch of my private parts and labelling them, so they all had a pen in one hand and a pad in the other. The boy who looked scared was holding his legs together tightly, trying desperately to hide the fact that he had a hard-on like iron. I looked around and some of the other boys were equally embarrassed. Most of the girls just looked uncomfortable. Every now and then one of them would glance up and catch my eye and turn their eyes away quickly. THEY would turn THEIR eyes away, not me. Right now at least, they were more scared than I was, or some of them were anyway.

"Miss Hoover, MISS HOOVER." His words dragged me back to the lesson from my musings. "Can you hold yourself wide open now, so that we can study inside your labia." My first reaction was anger. The first time I'd actually felt at all okay with any of this and he'd spoiled it. Why don't you use a speculum then you can really see everything? I thought. I was about to yell it at him, and thankfully had second thoughts. If I'd said that, he might do it.

My misery back, I pulled my lips wide open. "Now girls, you probably don't actually know your own parts that well, so each of you take a turn and study closely." The girl nearest me knelt down into front of me a bit like Laura had done, but she came closer. I could feel her breath on me and an unexpected shudder went through me. Mr. Wright pointed out each part, then the girl's place was taken by another, and another. The others didn't come quite so close, thank God.

Then it was the boys. "It smells," said one. I shrivelled up inside and let go of my lips. "Is it a bad smell?" asked Mr. Wright. "No, it's funny," said the boy.

"Next boy, open wide again, Miss Hoover. You'll find that each girl has her own scent, and when you are lucky enough for a girl to let you, her own taste."

The boy leaned forward as if to smell me. God, I felt gross. Suddenly I screamed as I felt a tongue lick over my exposed pussy. The shudder I'd felt when that girl breathed on me was nothing to the lightning bolt which went through me then. I clamped my legs together so fast it was lucky I didn't break his skull.

"He licked me," I shouted, sitting up and putting my hands between my legs for protection.

"And you didn't like it." He said as a statement, though I knew it was a question.

"No, yes, NO!" I said.

"We'll come back to that in a moment."

He turned to the boy, "DO YOU KNOW WHAT SEXUAL ASSAULT IS?" The boy just looked scared. He carried on in a voice like hardened steel. "You can all read your pamphlet again for the rest of the lesson. Subjects on the program have things that they have to do, like exposing themselves however any of you want. But if you want to touch them, you ASK FIRST. It is their decision and their decision is final. I do not want a repetition of this in my class or anywhere else. Does everyone understand?"

I was shaking like a leaf. I wasn't sure what I was more scared of, his anger, even though it wasn't directed at me, or that it suddenly occurred to me that between lessons I was an easy target with no teacher there for protection. Or was I scared of that lightning bolt of sensation as I felt his tongue on me? He's said we'd come back to my reaction and I was very glad that he seemed to have forgotten.

When the lesson finally ended a boy came up to me. "Helen?" he said nervously. "It's Heather," I replied. "Oh, Heather. I didn't get to see. Can you..." his face reddened, "Can you..."

"You want me to hold myself open so you can see properly?" I said softly. Why was I helping him?

"Yes please."

I lay back and held myself open as far as I could, even exposing my clit. I felt his breath on me and I suddenly burst out laughing. How ridiculous this whole situation was. Here was I, naked, spread out on the table like an opened gift with a boy's face inches from my most private parts and he hadn't even known my name a minute ago.

He probably didn't know why I was laughing, but maybe laughter is infectious as he started laughing too. I laughed until tears were running down my face and my sides hurt. Perhaps I would survive this week after all.

I went out into the hall. "I have a reasonable request. I want you to show me your pussy." I walked to a chair and spread my legs. "No, really open." I held myself open as before. "Now bend over and show me your asshole." I was beginning to hate him. "Hold your bum open." "It's a reasonable request." I pulled my bum cheeks apart. As I began to get up, another one wanted to see, and another.

As I bent over to show my bum for what seemed like the 100th time, a hand groped my pussy. I turned to try to see who it was and hit my head on the wall, hard- OW! He was gone, running into the distance, while others still gathered round to look at me.

Another trick was to come up behind me and grab one of my boobs, or to feel my bum or crotch as they walked by.

I was beginning to feel bruised and sore.

Later on that day, when I left the dining hall, a whole load of boys started grabbing at my breasts. After pushing hand after hand away, I simply gave up and let them pull and tweak them to their hearts' content, while I died inside. They were pinching my bum as well, but at least I could protect my pussy. None of them even noticed the tears streaming down my face, but then, none of them looked that high. I wasn't a person any more. I was the school sex toy.

"Leave her alone!" someone shouted. "What the hell do you think you are doing?" Whoever it was started dragging some of them away but was pushed away. "Look at her face!" he shouted. To my amazement they did. The one right in front of me looked in my eyes and his face changed colour. Literally. From pink he went white in an instant. I didn't think it was possible. He took his hands away. "That's enough," he shouted. His mates hesitated, looked at him and backed off. They drifted away, leaving me standing alone with one boy in front of me. It was the one who had shouted to leave me alone. I reached out for him and literally collapsed into his arms, sobbing until it hurt.

The afternoon lessons went quickly and easily. Between the lessons I tried to stay in one class until the bell went for the next, so I could run to the next one. It made me a little late, but I avoided reasonable requests. Reasonable to who I wondered.

After the last class a boy stopped me and asked to look at me. "Touch yourself," He said. I did. "Put your finger in your pussy and wank yourself."

"No. That involves touching and putting things inside me. I won't do it. It isn't a reasonable request."

At that point the headmaster appeared, looking for me. "Ah, Miss Hoover, I just..." he paused. "Is there a problem here?"

"She won't put her finger in herself and wa... er masturbate to show me. And I'm not asking to touch her and it's not a foreign object so it's a reasonable request."

I looked at him trying to appeal. "Even if it's touching myself it's still touching. And a finger is a foreign object to my pussy. It's my right to say no."

"I'll have to consider it overnight. Come to me after assembly tomorrow morning."

"And anyway, I've been grabbed and groped all day. I feel bruised all over. Whatever happened to ME giving permission? I haven't given ANYONE permission to touch me and that hasn't stopped me being the school sex toy. Why don't you just tie me to a table and let them all gang rape me? You might as well because that's what they'll be doing by the end of the week."

"Do you know who these boys are?"

"No, there were too many."

"I will speak with people at assembly. I want this program to succeed, but it is supposed to teach more than openness about sex, it is supposed to teach you to respect each other."

"Then it isn't working."

"Hmmm. We will see what we can do about that. But I was hoping to catch you coming out of your last class. We have the summer fair on Saturday. You may not know it, but takings haven't been so good in recent years, so I've told the organisers to think of ways they can use you to raise more money. See if you can think of ideas yourself."

As I turned to go, "Miss Hoover. I will stop this abuse you are getting, but you said that you haven't actually allowed anyone to touch you?"

"No."

"The program does say that you should be encouraged to do so. It will familiarise them with a woman's body to learn how it should be treated and help you to relax and enjoy your sexuality."

I didn't answer. I walked to the entrance hall. His delaying me had allowed a whole group of boys to gather to wait there for me. Luckily a teacher was standing by as well and gave me the key to the padlock. I saw the boy who had saved me earlier. "Hi. I didn't thank you for stopping them earlier, or for letting me cry on your shoulder" (literally I thought). "What's your name?"

"Tony."

"I'm Heather, also known as local sex toy. Do you want a reasonable request? You can touch me if you like."

"Are you sure?" I wasn't sure if he even wanted to or was scared of looking gay in front of the other boys.

"Yes."

He took a breast in each hand and gently ran his hands over them. I almost closed my eyes, but after today I didn't think I'd ever dare close my eyes in public

again.

Then he bent down and lightly kissed each nipple and simply said "Thank you, Heather" and turned to go.

Somehow the atmosphere changed and nobody else asked me to do anything, so I thankfully got dressed. I'd broken my bra in the morning, so I left it off and my blouse hung open with half the buttons missing, but I was past caring and just wanted to go home.

"Where were you this morning?" asked Mum.

"I was upset and went to ask Laura's advice on something."

"About the program?"

"Yes. Wait, what do you know about the program?"

"I had to agree that you could be on it. Apparently while it's just a trial, parents have the right to refuse. Later it will probably be compulsory."

"How COULD you? How could you DO that to me?"

"You're so shy, Heather. All you do is study, and watch Laura strip and I can see you wishing you had the nerve to do that. I watch you go inside yourself when boys are around. This will help you come to terms with yourself and sex."

"Mum, you're talking crap. I never want to talk about this again. You have no idea what it's like, no idea." Before my anger turned to tears, I ran upstairs.

For the second night running I went to bed in tears. I read more online about the girls' experiences in America. The first girl had let them do anything to her and ended up being seemingly hated by those that had to follow her. It seemed like every girl ended up being a sex toy.

The boys just wanted to grope me.

Half the girls already thought I was a slut and those that didn't still avoided me.

The headmaster wanted me to let them do more to me.

Laura wasn't at school, she was still ill.

And Mum was the one who had put me into this in the first place.

Nobody understands and nobody cares. I am completely alone.

Heather, part 4

WEDNESDAY

I woke up determined to be hard as nails all day. Nothing was going to touch me, emotionally anyway. We didn't speak through breakfast. Even my sister seemed to know not to say a word. As I tried to go out the front door, Shelley barred my way. She was just over a year younger than me and already had bigger boobs. I pushed her roughly out of the way and she fell down the steps. I'm ashamed to say I didn't stop to pick her up off the gravel drive but walked past her. "Sis," she called. I ignored her. "I just wanted to say I love you."

By the time I turned round I could feel tears running down my face. Not even at school yet and already in tears. "I'm sorry, Shel. It's just so hard. I just want to get away and I can't."

I hugged her so tight she cried out "Hey, I'm breakable." We walked to school together. "You'd better go in ahead of me. I don't want you to have to watch this."

"Oh no. I watched you on stage yesterday and you made me proud. I couldn't have stood up there."

"I didn't have any choice, Shel. I'm in the program and they can virtually do what they like with me."

"You looked hot though. Half the boys in my class wanted to meet you."

"Yeah, more than meet I bet."

"Well a few remarks were quite erm, detailed."

"Seriously, Shel. When I strip off, I'm gonna get groped everywhere and I don't want you to have to watch me trying not to freak out."

"Is it that bad?"

"Worse."

"OK sis, I'll go in first."

I waited a minute then followed her in. I heard the usual catcalling, but nobody was looking at me. I took off my clothes and walked to the box to put them in, pushing through the mob. Standing by the box, naked as the day she was born, with guys' hands all over her, was Shel. "I can't help you the rest of the day, but I can distract them now for you." I was stunned. She was standing there with her legs apart with god knows how many fingers rammed up inside her and trying desperately to look brave, but only succeeding in looking like a frightened rabbit.

I picked up her blouse and skirt, her underwear had disappeared. Someone got a little rough and she slipped over, spreadeagled on the floor. I bent down and lifted her legs to put her skirt on and handed her the blouse. I felt a couple of fingers rammed into my pussy and one in my arse, but I didn't even care as I helped her do up the buttons. "I'm afraid you've lost your underwear."

"Shel, you are the most incredible wonderful and brave sister a girl could have. But you can't do this for me, you'll get into trouble. But just knowing you're there for me makes it a whole lot easier, okay?" People seemed to be drifting away from us.

She nodded as I hugged her. I turned to let her go and came face to face with HIM. The one who'd led the mass groping yesterday at lunch. On either side of him were the others from his group. That's why everyone else had drifted away. "You can do what you like to me, but leave my sister alone. She's not in the program, she was just trying to help me."

"We don't want to touch you," he began, "No, I mean we're not going to touch you. We came to apologise for yesterday. I know nothing I can say can make it right, but I'm really really sorry. All we, I, thought about was here was a hot girl naked and available. All I could see were the bits I grabbed. I didn't even think about you being a person. You were just a body until I saw your face and the fear in your eyes then I wished I'd never been born. And I know most of the others feel ashamed of what we did." His voice and eyes had been dropping steadily but now he took a breath and looked me straight in the eye. "I don't expect you to forgive us, but if you ever need anyone to help out you can count on us." From behind his back he brought out a bunch of flowers. They were rather battered but at that moment they were the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen.

We were interrupted by the loud ringing of the bell for assembly. It was taken by Mr. Wright. At the end Mrs. Wright took over. "I've heard rumours of some very unpleasant incidents yesterday involving our naked young lady."

"Some young lady," a girl's voice shouted.

"If I find out who that is, you'll be joining her. I am going to remind you of this once, and it had better be only once, that you treat anyone in the program with respect. You do not touch them AT ALL, unless they give you permission to do so. Sexual assault is still sexual assault even if she is naked. It will not be tolerated. You are dismissed."

I went into the Headmaster's office happier than I had been since this thing started. I had discovered that my sister was more wonderful than I'd ever thought. The group I had feared most suddenly wanted to be my friends, though I wasn't sure I trusted their motives. And now Mrs. Wright had laid down the law to protect me.

"I've been studying the program rules and taking legal advice. The pamphlet is quite specific, *"No student shall ever be required to insert a foreign object into any bodily orifice as a part of a Reasonable Request or Classroom Activity."* Fingers are not objects and in addition to that your fingers are not foreign objects. Therefore for both boys and girls masturbation IS a reasonable request." I'd been half expecting this, given what I'd read on the net, but I'd still hoped that maybe I'd be spared it.

He went on to say, "As far as anyone else touching you there, the pamphlet does say *"No student is ever required to submit to oral sex or penetration with a sexual organ as a part of a Reasonable Request."* It does not say any other body part, such as fingers."

"But what about the bit where it says *"The Program Participant is the sole judge of the reasonability of any request that involves physical contact"*? Has that suddenly been taken out?" I argued.

"That is to prevent someone from forcing you to do anything when you think something is unreasonable but there is nobody to ask for advice. It goes on to say that disagreements about what is reasonable are referred to me, and I can refer them to local Program officials, when they are appointed. Until then it is left to me to decide on any disagreements myself. I have to bear in mind that the intent of the Program is *"to help you become more comfortable with your body and your sexuality"* and to encourage you all *"to treat others ... as sexual beings, to learn to harness your natural energies."* As touching one another, even intimately, is an essential part of being a sexual being, I would have to say that trying to avoid sexual touches would clearly be what the rules call a *"frivolous attempt to skirt the intent of the Program."* You understand my position?"

He continued, "Now you probably heard the announcement that we will take a hard line on anyone who mistreats you, but touching and being touched IS an important part of the program. And the program rules say that we are to encourage you to take part in that aspect."

"This program failed once before in England because the selected students were unwilling to accept their responsibilities to make it work." He paused significantly. "I've been looking at your marks."

Whew, that was a quick change of subject. What was he up to now?

"You're trying to get into University next year, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Your marks are barely adequate. You cannot afford a single week with lower marks than your average or your chances of finding a place are slim. (see [cultural notes](#)) And your marks for the first two days of this week have plummeted."

"You try suddenly being the school joke and sex toy and see if your work keeps up to standard."

"I'll ignore the lack of respect this ONCE, because I've found a way in the program to help you. We are able to give discretionary marks for your participation in the program, according to how cooperative you are and what your attitude is like. Throw yourself wholeheartedly into this program and I'll see you get enough marks to get you admission into any university in the country, maybe not Oxford or Cambridge, but any other."

"You mean become the school prostitute and I get to go to university?" I said bitterly.

"I didn't say that and I didn't mean that, young lady. All I'm asking is that you try to be a willing participant in this program and make it work, instead of trying to avoid it as much as you can."

He seemed to have finished so I turned to leave, but he had another bombshell for me.

"Before you go, I've been looking in the program rules. It says, "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." Because you were absent for a large part of the first day, you have to complete this week and do another week. You will be in the program until the end of next week. It will give you time to adjust to the requirements of the program. Now you can go."

I'd gone into the office almost happy and now this. By tonight I'd have been over halfway through the week, the school week anyway. Now the program stretched ahead of me like a life sentence. And not only that, if I didn't "cooperate", my whole future was down the drain.

My first lesson of the day was Art. It was taught by a hunk by the name of Mr. Claymore. The joke among the girls was "he can be mine any day." (Claymore is the name of a rather nasty type of mine.)

"Thank you for joining us finally, Miss Hoover."

"Sorry, I had to see the headmaster."

"Oh okay. You can sit down. We are finishing the study of light and colour by using different coloured lights on this bowl of fruit, so if we can have the lights off please."

I didn't believe it. Art class. The one class I really expected to be posing the whole time, and not only wasn't I going to have to pose, the lights were out and nobody could even see me.

Glad? No I bloody wasn't. I'd have given ANYTHING to make Gerald Claymore notice me, even if it meant having the whole class measure me inch by inch with their fingers. The one class I was actually glad to be naked in and it was dark and I was sitting meekly at the back.

On my way to the toilets after Art, I ran into Tony. "Hi, He," he said. Let me tell you that nobody calls me "He" or "Het" or any other abbreviation for Heather if they don't want me to totally blank them. But after yesterday he could call me every foul name under the sun and I wouldn't mind. "How's it going?" he asked.

"The headmaster says that masturbation is a reasonable request and that if I want extra marks to go to Uni I have to let people grope me."

"The headmaster said THAT?"

"Not exactly, but that's what it means."

"But after what Mrs. Wright said this morning I thought nobody could touch you unless you said it was okay."

"That's just for show. People have to ask, and I have to give permission, but if I don't, bang goes my chances to go to Uni."

For the zillionth time, I was crying. And for the second time in two days, I was crying on Tony's shoulder. But the lesson bell went and we went our separate ways.

In History we were studying women's rights. This was taught by a large middle-aged man called Mr. Moor. If there was any more of him he'd fall over.

"If we've progressed so far with human rights, how come I can be stripped, paraded around and forced to exhibit like some animal and basically be told if I don't let half the school grope me I can't go to university?"

"I haven't made any secret that I am not a supporter of the program although I see nothing in the program that tells you that you have to be groped against your will."

I read the bit from the pamphlet "Participants are strongly encouraged to allow touching for the purposes of education and promoting a sexually aware environment. School administrations may create incentives for students who do so at the judgement of local Program Officials."

"What that means, sir, is that they can basically screw up my academic record by putting me in this program, then offer to rescue it as an 'incentive' to allow touching. And did you know I can even be forced to masturbate as a reasonable request?"

"No, I didn't know that. But if as a society we are to be more open and accepting of sexuality, instead of making it something dirty and hidden and looked down upon,

it must be brought into the open. You've been given a wonderful chance to experience so much in a short time, which could enrich your own future development as well as your sex life now and in the future."

Less than 20 minutes later I was to regret that conversation. One of the boys in the class came up to me afterwards and said "I've got a reasonable request." (I was learning to HATE THAT PHRASE.) He wanted me to masturbate in front of him.

We walked back into the classroom and I lay on a table, stuck a finger in my pussy and rammed it in and out trying not to think about what I was doing or that I had a growing audience, one of them with his eyes inches from the said finger.

To my surprise he took my hand and stopped me. "It's okay. I'm sorry. You can stop." He looked upset. "What's wrong? Didn't you like it?"

"Yes but I want to learn how to do it. My girlfriend is fantastic at handjobs, we haven't done anything else yet, but when I try to do her, I do it all wrong. I'm either too rough or too gentle. I really want to make her cum."

"What's your name?"

"Roy."

"Well, Roy, it's me that should be sorry. I was treating you like a jerk. Would you like me to show you properly?" His eyes lit up. "Okay. Firstly, don't forget that the whole area is sensitive, you don't have to go diving straight in..." I told him to start just stroking the labia, then to gently open them, don't go straight for the clit at first. I showed him everything nearly bringing myself off. I stopped and he looked up puzzled.

"Would you like to try?"

"Can I? Really?" I nodded and just had to smile. Whoever had him for a boyfriend was luckier with boys than I was.

He'd been studying well, but he was a little too gentle. "It's okay, I won't break, honest."

When he stuck his finger in me the classroom disappeared. Forget university. Forget the program. Forget School. Just let me stay here with this finger doing all those things in my pussy for a lifetime. When he used his other hand to touch my clit I can't describe it. I'd had orgasms before, but this was intense.

I realised he was looking down at me with concern on his face. "Are you okay?"

"Oooh yesss." I gasped "That was incredible. If your girlfriend doesn't want you, ask her if I can borrow you, in fact ask her anyway."

"Thanks, Heather."

"No. Thank YOU." He even helped me up and believe me I needed it.

I staggered into the next lesson, maths.

"I can see you've been enjoying yourself, but why are you late?"

"I'm sorry, sir, I was helping with a lesson demonstration."

"Okay. ARE you okay?"

"Oh YES SIR!" The whole class laughed at that.

"Yes, I rather think you are. Someone had suggested that we use you to measure to work out the volume of irregular solids, but perhaps you'd better sit down."

I did. I couldn't concentrate on the blackboard though, or on what he was saying. I still didn't believe that I'd actually had a positive experience in this damned program. Somebody hadn't just been using the program as an excuse for using me in their own masturbation fantasies. And I'd been able to help someone, or two someones. Maybe more as we gathered quite an audience for our little show. And on top of that the most mind-blowing orgasm ever.

Of course the rest of the day wasn't as good as that. After lunch I was asked to masturbate again. I was actually still pretty turned on from the last time, so soon I was in my own little world. I came to as something hit me in the eye. Ow that hurt. I was surrounded by guys all wanking over me. They had cum all over me, it was even on my finger that I was still rubbing into me. As I gasped another wad of cum landed across my face and some went into my mouth. I sat up and felt it running down my body. My hair was full of it.

Only day 3 of 14 and I'd let god-knows-how-many guys wank all over me. As far as I could remember no one had touched me, yet I felt dirtier and more used than if I'd been gangbanged.

I ran to the showers trying to ignore the disgusted looks on some of the girls and the shouts of "Slut" and "Whore". I had to use the boys showers so they followed me in there. I let them clean me as I shampooed my hair with some shampoo that one of the boys gave me. It had a masculine smell but anything was better than the way I smelt and felt at that moment.

One boy stuck a couple of fingers up me, brought them out and licked them and said "Yum."

"You're supposed to ask."

"May I?"

I laughed.

"May I?" "May I" came from all around me. "Okay, but be gentle, I'm a little sore

down there."

Most of them were gentle. As the warm water continued to wash over me and other hands continued to massage my head, my shoulders, my neck, my back, my breasts I felt a strange calm.

I don't even remember the lessons that afternoon, but I suppose there were some. The times in between I spent being examined or probed or massaged by one guy after another, or should that be ten guys after another. Some were gentle, some just wanted to see how many fingers they could stuff in me and how far.

They couldn't say I wasn't cooperating now. Any more cooperation and they'd have to stick a red light outside every bathroom and charge admission.

I picked up the padlock key and got to the box to find someone had superglued it. The maintenance staff had gone home. It was walk home naked or try to hitch a lift. Somehow I didn't think hitch-hiking in the nude would be the greatest idea known to man.

About a third of the way home, already with a rowdy following who prodded and grabbed at me at every chance, I saw a flashing blue light. Thank God, the Police.

"I am arresting you for behaviour likely to cause a breach of the peace. Step into the van." He opened the back door of the van "The rest of you clear off unless you want to be arrested too." He slammed the van door shut before I could recover from my shock to explain.

Heather, part 5

WEDNESDAY evening

Let me tell you the hard seats in the back of police vans really are hard when you're naked, especially when you aren't exactly well padded like I'm not. How could the program tell me we are supposed to go nude outside school when I can be arrested like this?

We arrived at the Police station and the van doors opened. I was led into a side entrance. "Wait in this interview room while the sergeant comes to get your parents' details." He left and I heard a key turn in the lock.

It's got to be about the only time so far this week I didn't cry. It just seemed so ridiculous. It was less than a minute later when a somewhat red-faced sergeant came running to open the door with the police constable behind him. "Young lady, I'm sorry. He only transferred here yesterday and we haven't had time to tell him about the Program yet."

"The Program?"

"Go and get this young lady a cup of tea, then I'll explain it to you." The constable went off looking totally puzzled.

"What's your name, love?"

"Heather Hoover."

"It's okay, Heather's enough, unless you want to make a claim for false arrest."

"No. Actually he got me out of a nasty situation. A crowd were pestering me when he came along. Some idiot superglued the lock on my clothes box at school and it was too late to get someone to saw it open."

"Pestering? Are you alright?"

"Not as bad as at school."

"It must be tough being the first one in this area."

"Yeah."

At that point the other cop returned with my tea. "Please will someone tell me what this is all about?"

"This is a Program Area," the sergeant said, "which means that anyone under 21 and any woman of any age can go naked anywhere they want to. Additionally unless they are really causing a disturbance the same goes for sexual activity. Anyone actually IN the Program is specifically encouraged to go nude in public."

"And I didn't really give you a chance to explain, did I?"

"No, but you saved me from that crowd, so I'm not exactly cross about it. And I didn't WANT to walk home naked, some idiot put superglue on my program clothes box."

"Sorry, now you're losing me. Program clothes box? And what is "In the Program"? This is all new to me."

"Why don't you let Heather finish her tea and she can tell you all about it while you run her home. And put the heater on in your car, the poor girl looks frozen. Would you like a blanket, love?"

I nodded and he got one from the storeroom opposite.

The drive home was short. His eyes were bigger than half the boys at school as I told him about the program. As we pulled up, he insisted on pulling right into our driveway. Mum came out to see what was going on as he asked me "How did you get picked for this then?" "It's supposed to be random but the two who were picked

were off sick with the flu so they picked whoever was late into school."

I heard a gasp and Shelley ran indoors. I hadn't noticed her behind mum. "Sorry, officer, I have to go. Thanks for the tea and the ride home."

"Girls!" I heard Mum mutter as I raced indoors past her, leaving both adults bemused.

I ran upstairs to find Shelley sobbing uncontrollably on her bed. "It's my fault, it's my fault. I've done this to you." She sobbed even more violently and could no longer speak. Then she ran to the toilet and knelt over it and started throwing up. I knelt beside her and held her close, stroking her hair.

When she finally calmed down, she said, "No wonder you shoved me away this morning. I wouldn't have pushed me down the steps, I'd have pushed me under a bus. How can you still love me after what I've done to you?"

"Shel, it was a silly prank and any other day it would have meant nothing. You had no way to know what would happen, none of us did." I shrugged my shoulders. "It was just one of those things."

"It's still my fault."

"Shel, look at me." She lifted up her head. "Let's get you in the shower and clean you up." She cleaned her teeth first, then we jumped in the shower together. "You know not all of it has been bad. Some people have been gentle like this." I began to wash her all over. When I came to her pussy she winced and when I bent down I saw that it was red and sore. "Is this from this morning?"

"Yes, some of them wanted to see how many fingers they could get up me and when they couldn't get all four fingers in they just started shoving harder. I bled on them though." I cursed myself inwardly for not noticing at the time. "I'm not a virgin any more," she whispered.

"Yes you are, fingers might have broken your hymen but that doesn't mean you aren't a virgin. It just means that you won't bleed the first time, that's all."

"Really?"

"I thought you'd done it though, with boys I mean. I mean you spend lots of time with them. And I've seen some hickeys."

"No, I've never gone all the way. Will you have to this week?"

"No, but the program seems to be set up to make it almost impossible not to."

"Sis, I'm going to see the headmaster tomorrow. When I tell him what I did, he'll have to take you off the program and put me on it."

"No. All you'll do is get yourself into trouble. Or maybe he'll put you on it as well,

but once you're on, you're on. No excuses, no going back. And I've got enough to cope with without worrying about my crazy sister all week as well!"

"Why crazy?"

"Shelley, what made you do what you did this morning?"

"You were so unhappy. I just wanted to make it easier for you."

"You did."

"It was awful. I was so scared and it hurt so much, and I've had three showers since and I still feel dirty. But it stopped them all going for you."

"Yes it did, and I'm really grateful."

"Great, then I'll do it tomorrow too and Friday."

"Shelley, this morning was the bravest thing I've ever seen, but you've just topped it. You're the best."

"It's settled then. I'll do your morning strip and that'll make it a bit easier for you."

"After this morning, you'd do that for me? I can see how sore you still are." She nodded. I shook my head in disbelief.

"Thank you. You're amazing, you know that?"

"And now I know it's my fault, I'd do more if I could."

"I know, Shel, I know, but NO, you can't do this."

"Why not?"

"It's against the rules. We were lucky this morning. Nobody seems to have reported us. You could get me an extra week if they find out, and two weeks is enough."

"TWO?" she almost screamed at me. "WHY TWO?"

"When they first stripped me, I ran away half of Monday, so this week wasn't completed properly so I have to do an extra week."

"That's not FAIR," then in a quieter voice "Sis, I'm so sorry."

"I know."

"Was it bad today?"

"Yes and no. It was pretty bad being told I had to masturbate for people. It was awful knowing that the only way I can get the marks I need to go to Uni is to do well in the Program, which seems to mean let them do whatever they want with me."

"Yuk!"

"Yeah, but the first one I had to masturbate for was great. He wanted to know how to do it to his girlfriend. He was so sweet I let him do me."

"You mean you let him..." Her eyes opened wide.

"No, I just let him masturbate me. And he was FANTASTIC. He had my toes curling up. You masturbate sometimes, don't you?"

She turned pink and said timidly "Yes."

"Well let me tell you, this was a zillion times better than that. If I could lay there for the whole two weeks, I'd be in heaven. Actually I'd probably die of pleasure."

"What else happened today? I want every detail." So I told her and she listened quietly, except for another "yuk" when I told her about my cum bath and giggling when I told her about my disappointment in art class. She thinks he's hot too.

"Please don't tell mum about what I did this morning."

"Okay, just promise me you won't do it again."

We went downstairs together. I still had to face mum after last night.

"How was school today?"

"It was better. I had to masturbate for this really nice kid that wanted to know how to do it to his girlfriend. In the end I let him do it to me and it was incredible."

"The program is bringing you out of yourself. It's not so bad. That is what it is for."

"That might be what it says, Mum, but really it just makes me the sex toy of the week for the whole school. All the fine words about reasonable requests. It's a fancy way of letting any guy play with me so he can jack off afterwards." I glared at Shel, pleading her with my eyes not to mention the cum bath.

"I think you might be exaggerating a little, darling. I know how shy you are."

"No she's not, mum. Look." She pulled down her pyjamas and mum could see her thighs covered in tiny bruises and a still obviously sore pussy.

"What? How? I thought it was just your sister on the program?"

Shel suddenly realised what she'd done and went back into scared rabbit mode.

"Mum, you have the most wonderful bravest daughter I could ever have for a sister. She knew how bad it was for me and yet she sneaked ahead and stripped off and let them all grab at her to distract them from me when I arrived. And even after all that, until I explained that she could get me an extra week, she wanted to do it all again, tomorrow and Friday."

"Heather, I wanted something to give you confidence. I never thought it would be like this."

"You should read some of the stories on the net about it in 'Merica, Mum. Some of them had it a lot worse than Heather."

"I'll go to the school tomorrow and withdraw my permission and get you taken off."

"No, mum. My marks weren't great before. I might have just got into a university. Now they are wrecked, I need the marks I get from this program to get into a good Uni. I have to complete this two weeks and I have to do well."

"Two weeks?" I explained again.

"You know, Heather, however terrible this program is, it IS giving you courage. A few days ago you'd have run away and given up all thought of university rather than face this."

"A few days ago, I DID run away. That's why I've got two weeks."

"Come here, both of you." We ran to sit on her lap, one on each leg, like when we were little. "You're both really brave and I'm proud of both my girls." She stroked our hair for a while.

"Now let's get you two something to eat and I think you both need an early night. Can you start dinner, Shelley. I want a word with your sister in private."

She went out to the kitchen.

"Heather, I have a confession to make. When you were so upset last night, after you'd gone this morning I went and found your journal. So I know some of what you've been through, though I thought you were exaggerating. Of course I haven't read today's episode yet, though I think Shelley knows all about it." I grinned.

"Mum, I did some things today, I'm not proud of. If you read my journal, please don't say anything about it unless I bring it up. "

"I put you in this program. Whatever you have to do to get through this time, I will be proud of you. I want you to know that you aren't alone and never will be while I am on this earth."

"Or Shelley after this morning," I laughed.

"I can't be there with you through this. You say I can't stop it and I'll accept your decision on that, for now. But I am here afterwards. If you need someone to cry on, to yell at or just to wash you down, I'm here. And I meant what I said, I am really proud of you. I have confidence that you'll get through this. Now let's get in the kitchen before Shelley burns everything."

Mum. If you're reading this (and you shouldn't be) I love you. And you have no idea how good it makes me feel that you have confidence in me.

Goodnight.

Heather, part 6

THURSDAY

Arriving at school I gritted my teeth and walked in, this time hand in hand with Shel. As I took off my blouse, she started to take hers off. "No, Shel. You can't help me with this."

"Just try stopping me." Around us a chant of "strip strip strip" had begun. Hands were pulling at my blouse and skirt. I had to let go of Shel and take off my own clothes before they were ripped apart. That was the opportunity Shelley needed. She ran away from me and stripped off the rest of her clothes. To save time, she'd worn no underwear.

"Come and get me, boys," she yelled out, "I'll do more than she will." Most of the boys did run over to her. Luckily one of the teachers came out at that moment.

"What is going on?"

The crowd disappeared in seconds flat leaving me still pulling down my panties and Shel sprawled obscenely on the ground. She got up. "It worked again, Sis." She sounded pleased.

"You will both be called to the head's office over this later. Now get on to assembly."

It was my first assembly this week where the program wasn't even mentioned. On the way to my first class I had my first "reasonable request" of the day. "I want to finger you." What the hell, I thought, after yesterday what was one guy's fingers? "Okay."

What I hadn't expected was the sharp pain as he shoved a dry finger up my ARSE. "Bend over bitch," he growled, pushing me down as he rammed his finger (thankfully only one finger) in and out of me.

"Anyone else wanna go?" he shouted.

Luckily I was saved by the lesson bell. I picked myself up off the floor and ran to class. SHIT! It was Sex Education. This was another change this term. Previously Sex Ed. was taught as part of Biology. Now half of the biology lessons

were changed specifically to Sex Ed., at least for the first few weeks of the program.

It was taught by an obnoxious woman called Ms. (nobody knew whether she was Miss or Mrs. or would dare to ask) Gordon.

"Lie on the front table and put your feet in those stirrups. I think we can't restrain you, so they won't be tied, they are just there to support your legs."

"Now because this is a lesson, we can exceed the normal reasonable requests in the program, although she cannot be made to have sexual intercourse without her consent."

"I'm Heather, miss."

"Sorry?"

"I'm Heather, not she."

"For the sake of this lesson you are a live demonstration model. Names don't come into it."

I didn't argue. I just hoped this lesson would be over soon.

"In last week's lesson we were discussing oral sex. Seeing as we have someone to practice on now, I think we should take advantage of that."

OMG It took me a few seconds to realise what she was saying. Wasn't oral sex counted as intercourse? Somewhere vaguely in my memory I remembered seeing an old film of an American president saying "I did not have sex with that girl" after she'd given him a blow job. But there was no point disputing this. I'd already got the message. When it came to the program any appeal wasn't going to work.

"Who wants to go first?" Nearly all the boys' hands went up and so did a couple of the girls'. I hadn't THOUGHT of THAT.

The first boy didn't waste time getting down between my legs. He roughly held my lips apart and gave me a great big lick. If this was oral sex, forget it.

"Now remember, you are trying to bring the girl you are with to orgasm. Don't worry, class, a girl can have many orgasms one after another, so those of you later on will still get a chance." Yeah, I thought, and leave me a wreck unable to walk to my next lesson. She called time on the first boy and another took his place. I relaxed, if they're all like this, having too many orgasms is NOT going to be a problem. I giggled slightly at the thought and he took that as a sign that he was doing the right thing.

By the fifth or sixth boy (I wasn't actually counting), Ms. Gordon was

getting impatient. "Some girls need more stimulation, try sticking a finger or two in her at the same time." I was still sore from yesterday, so the only stimulation THAT was going to give was pain. I gasped. I suddenly realised that she was filming this as she did a close-up of my face.

To be fair to the boys, some weren't bad, but with worrying about Shelley and having to see the headmaster later, not to mention having it all recorded on some damned tape for posterity, it would take a miracle to turn me on.

"Let's see if the girls can do any better." One of the girls stepped forward. Her name was Diana and I knew her slightly. She didn't waste any time and started by flicking her tongue lightly around my clit as she eased a finger into my pussy and gently scratched on the front wall.

"That seems to have hit the spot." Ms. Gordon was delighted.

I might be a rarity but I'd never THOUGHT of going with a girl before. And now here I was with a girl doing things to me I'd only dreamed of. She stuck her tongue right into my pussy as far as it would go, helped by two fingers which were holding me wide open. Some of the class were bent over trying to see, others were watching me on a big screen.

She was playing me like an instrument, bringing me close to cumming, then letting me down, then bringing me back up again. Surely she must be out of time by now? She took her fingers from my pussy and gently introduced them up my bum. This was different from before. Everything she did seemed to hit a nerve. Much more of this and I was going to...

I screamed and shook violently as I came, gasping for breath.

She was followed by some of the other girls, a few didn't want to do it, so they didn't have to. Some brought me to a small orgasm but nothing like as intense as before.

"We've still got some time left so let's see if the boys have learned anything."

A boy stepped forward and began exactly as Diana had done. He wasn't as skilful at bringing me to a point and letting me down as Diana, but he was pretty damned good bringing me to a shuddering orgasm. How many was that today?

A few others had a go and we were nearly out of time. "Okay, if any of you boys want relief, you can relieve yourselves over her." Nearly all needed a release, and I could understand that. I would have protested but I was too exhausted to speak.

I was left a sweaty and cum-soaked mess, unable to move. In the break between lessons I literally crawled to the showers, turned them on and lay down letting the

water run over me.

The next lesson was Cookery, or it was supposed to be. I walked into the middle of a food fight with cream flying everywhere. Some landed on my right boob and I was lifted by four boys, put on a table and they began to put spoonful after spoonful of cream and chocolate over me. Needless to say my boobs and pussy got the most and both got lots of licking. I was so wound up after the last lesson that it wasn't long before I was shuddering to yet another orgasm.

One guy put whipped cream on his dick and put it in front of my face. I licked the cream off, trying not to touch his dick too much. Of course that idea caught on, so I spent the rest of the lesson licking cream off dicks while other tongues were busy inside my creamy pussy.

After lunch I was surrounded again, This time a girl wanted to examine me. I was helped onto a table again – Why don't they just put wheels on one of these tables and wheel me around? It would save time.

She had her fingers in me for a while, then theatrically brought them out and sucked them into her mouth. "Yum," she said, making everyone laugh, including me. Then she went down on me. GOD she was good, not as good as Diana, but good enough. She stopped for a moment just as I was about to reach a peak. The bitch.

She stood up properly, yanked her panties down and threw them to the watching boys. Then she climbed onto the table and over me, lowering her face to my pussy once again and shoving her bare pussy into my face. I might be inexperienced, but thick I'm not. I tentatively stuck out my tongue and licked her outer lips. "Mmm," she sighed, so I guess she liked it. I opened her up and licked again. Her pussy tasted different to mine, but I had to admit I liked it. It didn't take long before we both came, together which surprised me. Then she lifted my legs bending me in two, without taking her tongue away from my pussy.

I felt another tongue around my arse, my buttocks were pulled apart and the new tongue pushed its way into me. I'm running out of superlatives for orgasms but this one was incredible.

"Let me do that to you," I begged, as soon as I got my breath back.

She crouched over my face, held up by boys on either side. I wasn't so shy this time, I held her wide open and stuck my tongue right into her Arse. I soon changed to having my tongue in her pussy and two fingers in and out of her arse. She came violently, squirting me with her juices. She crouched down further and wiped her wet pussy all over my face. "That was great, thanks." She flashed me a smile and left.

I was brought back to semi-reality by a guy asking "Can I fuck you?"

"No, Not today." WHAT was I saying? "But you can come on me if you like."

So I was again surrounded by guys. This time they all tried to aim their cum at my mouth and I tried to catch it. I caught some, but most ended up on my chin or boobs.

At the end I scooped up as much as I could in my hand and made a show of pouring it into my mouth and swallowing loudly. Some people looked disgusted but I was past caring. If I had to be the school slut, I was gonna be a good one.

But apart from that Thursday was definitely girls' day. Our performance in class and in the dining hall had got around and it seemed like every girl who had ever thought about going with a girl wanted to try it with me. Finally I suggested they came after school and waited for me.

One exception. I saw Tony between lessons. "Tony, have you ever had a blow job?"

"No."

"Would you like one? Only we're doing oral sex in Sex Ed. and I know I'm going to have to give some and I'd like my first one to be someone I like."

"Can we go somewhere private?" I shook my head. "I'm not allowed."

So I knelt in front of him and took out his cock. I kissed the end of it and began toying with the little gap in the tip. I licked up and down it, even sucking his balls into my mouth. Then I opened my mouth wide and pulled it into my mouth, sucking as I worked him in and out. I pulled it out and said "Fuck my mouth like the slut I am!" He put his hands behind my head and rammed his cock into me, hard. I nearly choked.

I was caught by surprise as jet after jet of his cum hit me in the back on the throat. I struggled but I swallowed every drop. I wonder how many boys' cum I've eaten today?

After school Shel and I had to go to the Head's office. He was not happy. "It is totally against the rules to get someone to help you," he stormed.

"She didn't!" yelled my sister.

"You don't have to shout," he said. He looked at her already tear-stained face and said more gently, "I think you'd both better sit down and tell me about it."

I tried to begin, but he stopped me. "Let's hear what your sister has to say. What's your name?"

"Shelley. And it's me that should be on the program not Heather. She's been ill and I was supposed to wake her up. I was just joking and let her oversleep. So it's my

fault she was late. You should have me on the program and let her off."

"I don't want to be let off," I said.

If I shocked myself, that was nothing to the look of shock and disbelief on the faces of both the Head and my sister. "It's been horrible at times and sometimes I wished I could just die rather than be here. But I've learned more about myself in four days than I have in my whole life. I've learned I can cope with anything. I don't think I'll ever be scared of people again. I've learned I can do things with my body and with other people that I never even dreamed about. I've learned that I like sex and I like it a lot." My sister looked at me questioningly. "No, I'm still a virgin, but I don't think that I will be for long."

"Then why get your sister to help?" he asked. Shelley answered before I could.

"It was hell for Heather the first few days. Even before I found out it was my fault, I wanted to distract them at least so she could get into school without half the boys in school trying to ram everything up her and twist her boobs off. Look at what they did to me!"

She lifted her skirt and pulled her legs wide apart. The bruises on her thighs had darkened an ugly red and her pussy was still swollen and badly bruised.

He looked shocked. "You don't seem as bad, Heather."

"No. Apart from one incident at lunchtime on Tuesday, the worst times are first thing in the morning, when they are all waiting for you. They didn't know about it on Tuesday so that was okay. Wednesday Shelley did, what she did. A few people rammed fingers in me while I was helping Shel up but most were already going to assembly."

"So why did you let her do it again today?"

"She didn't," protested Shelley, then caught his eye. "Sorry."

"LET her? I made her promise not to. Have you ever tried to stop Shel doing something once she's set her mind on it? You've seen how I can't even answer a question when she's around. It's like stopping a hurricane." They both laughed at that.

"Shelley." He spoke firmly. "You are right that I shouldn't punish your sister for what you did. But you are NOT to do it again. Do you promise me?"

"No sir. Especially now I know it's my fault she's on this program. I can't help her the rest of the day, but you'll have to tie me to a tree to stop me, and even then I'll scream to get them to come to me instead."

"You really love your sister, don't you?" She nodded.

"Well how about if I promise to be there myself tomorrow morning to stop things getting out of hand, will you promise me not to do it again?"

"Okay. My pussy hurts so much I don't want to do it anyway."

"That's settled then. You can both go home. The box has been fixed by the way and it will be checked before you leave school each day. I had a report from a rather angry constable about you having to walk home like that. Now I want to ask you both something. Just between us okay?"

We nodded and he continued. "I believe in the program. The things you said about what you've learned prove that it has a place here. But it was never intended that anyone should suffer the abuse you have. I hope that you believe me. If I had the power I would suspend the program until these problems were all solved, but I don't. And I don't have the power to take Heather off the program even if she'd let me. But I want you both to think of anything we can do better and especially anything we can do to stop future participants being abused. My office is open to both of you, you don't need an appointment. Now go home."

"I can't. I've got some people waiting for me." I smiled.

Shelley came with me to the dining hall. She watched closely as the first girl licked my pussy. "I wanna go," she demanded. I must have looked shocked. "Not with you, silly," She lay on the table next to me, lifted her skirt and held my hand. Some of the girls didn't want to lick Shelley when they saw the bruising, but she had her share of girls.

We were there nearly an hour holding hands, with girls taking turns licking us and having us lick them as they squatted over us.

When they were all done, I turned to Shel and kissed her. I meant it as a sisterly kiss, but I found her tongue dancing into my mouth and I responded. Oh dear!

When the kiss was done, I took her hand again and we walked to the showers and very gently washed each other down.

"I love you, Sis," we both said at once and hugged.

"I forgot to say something else the Program has done." I looked into her eyes and smiled.

"What's that?"

"It's made us so much closer and shown me what a great sister and super friend I've got. I don't think I could have done this without you, Sis."

She smiled. "Superslut, you can do anything."

"SUPERSLUT? Is that what they're calling me now?"

"Well if you've got to be a slut, it's better to be a superslut." She grinned as only she can.

We opened my clothes box. She put her clothes in the box and we walked home naked, hand in hand.

Heather, part 7

FRIDAY

"You go ahead, Shel, and get into school before me. I have to do this alone."

"No way - slutsisters together forever," she laughed. I laughed with her.

"No. Shel, I need to do this alone today. I need to do this. Don't take that away from me." Our eyes met and she understood.

Of course it didn't quite work out the way I'd planned. Crossing the field that was our shortcut to school, someone grabbed me round the throat from behind.

If this part of my journal isn't in great detail, please understand that it's not that it's difficult to write about, though it is. It's that everything is a bit of a blur.

At first it was a mixture of fear and hilarity. I was surrounded by about half a dozen guys all wearing brown paper bags. Even though I knew what was going to happen, they still looked ridiculous.

They tore my clothes off and I was more pissed off at my best blouse being ruined than afraid. Then I was slung down on the grass, my legs forced apart and one of them was inside me. I don't remember any pain, I don't remember my hymen breaking, by that time the fear had kicked in and that's almost all I remember.

I was picked up and thought "Only one of them?" They forced me down onto a second guy. You think the stupidest things in situations like this. All I could think about was the incredible idea of a rapist liking the girl on top. I think I actually laughed. I was shoved rudely forward flat over him and I suddenly realised what they were going to do.

I DO remember the pain as one of them forced his way into my arse. It would probably have been worse if I hadn't had so many fingers up there the last few days, but it was bad enough.

One of them twisted my head to one side, slapped me hard on the cheek and shoved his cock in front of my face. "Suck it, bitch, and do it good if you know what's good for you."

When they had all taken their turn I lay flat on the grass. One of them turned towards me and I thought he wanted to go again and I sat up ready to give another blowjob. He shoved me back down roughly and began to piss on me, laughing as he did so. A couple of the others joined in, but one of them said, "Hold her head." They pinned my head down by my hair and I closed my mouth and eyes.

That got me another slap. "Open your mouth, bitch, and you watch what's happening. This is what teasing sluts deserve." I watched as he sprayed my face, aiming most of it into my mouth. Another one aimed at my eyes and hair and it was soon drenched. I couldn't keep my eyes open all the time and I began retching.

Everything happened quickly after that as the one above me was floored by a punch. Suddenly police were everywhere, and behind them Dr. Reynolds (the headmaster) and Shelley, looking more shocked than I felt.

Later, as she and the school nurse were washing me down and cleaning my teeth after the usual specimens had been taken, I learned that the headmaster had got impatient and asked Shelley whether I was coming. "She was determined to come alone, sir. I KNOW she didn't chicken out."

He'd called the police and had a hard time convincing them to launch a search for a girl who'd been missing for only ten minutes, but then I know how persuasive he can be.

The rest is history. It took them only a few minutes to find me. The boys were too stunned to run or resist and were led away in handcuffs.

A blanket was put around me, but it felt uncomfortable so I took it off. They led me to the headmaster's office. Quite a crowd had gathered there in stunned silence.

In the office, the headmaster turned to Shelley and said, "Would you please go down to the gym and ask for one of the new school tracksuits in Heather's size? Then we can call your Mum."

"You can't," replied Shelley. "Right now she'll be halfway to Delhi."

The headmaster looked curious, so she went on, "She's a software engineer and their biggest client had a problem, so she had to leave at 3 o'clock this morning."

"Okay, go and get the tracksuit anyway and we'll figure out what to do." Shelley left, leaving the two of us alone.

"When Shelley comes back with the clothes," he said. "The Program is over for you." Hardly hearing him, I nodded. He went on, "I was going to get someone to drive you home, but I don't want you going home alone. Is there anyone else who

can come and look after you?" but I wasn't really listening or thinking.

The phone rang. "The Police need a number so they can inform your mother."

"We've got it at home somewhere, but she won't get there until tonight."

Shelley seemed to take an age getting the tracksuit and we sat in an awful silence as the minutes ticked by.

When she finally returned, she handed me the tracksuit and I pulled on the trousers, then slipped the top over my head. I caught my reflection in the mirror behind his door. Did I really look so scared and dejected?

This girl in the mirror seemed like a stranger that I didn't really know. I looked into her eyes and the terrible events of earlier came rushing back at me like an express train.

As the awful images forced themselves into my mind, I watched like it was happening to someone else. Then I saw the eyes of my reflection again. They stared at me, with a glazed expression as if every scrap of life had been squeezed out of them. I recoiled from my reflection like I'd been slapped. "No!" I screamed out in desperation.

Shelley was at my side in an instant but I barely noticed her as I pushed her away. All I could see was the utter defeat and complete despair in the eyes of my own reflection.

This felt all wrong. I suddenly felt seized with a determination that this wasn't going to be me. I wasn't going to be that girl in the mirror.

"NO!" This time I shouted it. I realised that both Shelley and the headmaster were looking at me with concern. "No," I repeated firmly, "I'm not going to do this." Their concerned expressions turned to disbelief as I took off the tracksuit top. "I am not going to let them win." I stepped out of the tracksuit bottoms before saying, "I am staying in the Program."

Both of them stared at me, their mouths wide open. I had a sudden impulse to say something about "catching flies" like Mum used to say to us, but before I (or Shelley!) could speak, Dr. Reynolds shook his head sadly. "I'm afraid that's out of the question, Heather. I don't think you realise how hurt you are, mentally I mean. Sometime soon, maybe this afternoon or tonight, or over the weekend, or one day next week, it's going to hit you, hard, and when it does I don't think you'll want the extra stress the Program puts you under."

"Sir, I can't let it end like this or they've won. I can't go through the rest of my life with the memory of... this morning being the climax of this week." I stared at him, pleading with my eyes for him to understand. How could he understand? I didn't even understand it myself. He looked at me like I was totally incomprehensible,

and said nothing. I could see him struggling to find a reply.

I was trying desperately not to cry, but suddenly my strength was gone and I felt tears begin to run down my face. I felt much more exposed than I had all week and turned away from them, not wanting them to see me like this. I was aware of Shelley putting her arm around me and holding me as I sobbed so hard it hurt.

And then, like the bell at the end of a round in a boxing match, the lesson bell went. I looked up at Dr. Reynolds and saw my pain reflected in the concern in his eyes. "Please don't send me home," I begged.

He turned to Shelley and said, "I think you'd better get your sister cleaned up before you take her to her lesson."

As we left I looked over my shoulder. Dr. Reynolds had removed his glasses and was staring out the window. I think I heard him sigh.

After I'd washed my face and at least looked a little more human, I sent Shelley away. "I need to do this alone, Sis, or I'll never be able to." When she left the showers, I waited alone, desperately trying to find the courage to step outside, but feeling a cold numbness envelop me.

When the bell rang again, I walked down the corridor very slowly, naked, to my next lesson, Geography. Nobody approached me. Nobody. It was as if I had the plague or something. As I walked the numbness receded and some kind of resolve that I didn't recognise, and still don't understand, took over.

There was an audible gasp as I entered the class. I heard a catty whisper, "What a slut. All that and she still wants more."

"We weren't expecting you, Miss Hoover," said Mr Graham, the deputy headmaster, who doubled up as geography teacher for some classes, "Especially like that."

"Can I say something to the class, please sir?"

"Certainly." He looked worried.

"I guess you all know what happened this morning." I looked around me and some were looking at me in amazement, others, mostly the boys, had their eyes down. "I just want you to know I found a great way to avoid reasonable requests. I walked down here and nobody even came near me."

I took a deep breath before continuing. "I'm going to tell you now what I told the headmaster. I've had the most incredible time of my life the last couple of days. If I stop now, my lasting memory will be," I paused again and gulped slightly. The class shifted their gaze uncomfortably. "My memory will be what happened this morning. I don't want that to be the main thing I remember from this week. I'm a

little sore, so please be gentle, but apart from that... I beg you... treat me the same as before, I... I..." I couldn't go on and I broke down in tears.

There was silence. Nobody moved. It hadn't worked. I knew absolutely I was right, but it hadn't worked! They couldn't cope with this any more than I could. I looked around, trying desperately to find someone to help me. A girl came up to me. She had tears running down her cheeks too. "I just called you a slut. I'm sorry. I didn't understand."

She kissed me and our tongues intertwined. Then she kissed down my neck and gently sucked a nipple into her mouth. "Tell me if I'm doing this right, I've never done this before."

"You're doing this perfect."

Suddenly there was no one else in the room but the two of us and I reached to unbutton her blouse and she looked scared. I pulled my hands away. She took them back. "It's okay." I undressed her totally. Even after yesterday I wasn't mainly into girls but I was into her. She was HOT. I had knelt down to remove her panties so I reached up to fasten my mouth on her right nipple and she closed her eyes.

Then she pushed me back down flat and she kissed everywhere, all over my body. I tensed as she opened my legs, but she didn't stop, thank god. Having her tongue on me and in me was the most exquisite experience of my life, up to then anyway. I shivered in an incredible orgasm.

I slowly became aware of the rest of the class. Everyone else had been watching in awe. I can't think of another word to use. One of the boys came up and stood at my side bending to my breasts. He looked at me for permission. "The more the merrier but I tell you, you've all got some competing to do after her." Those around me laughed and she blushed a cute pink.

She stood up and came and held my hand as other mouths took the place of hers. I had hands and mouths on every part of me, all gentle, all caring and I felt like they were washing away the memory of this morning.

We didn't get a lot of Geography done that lesson, in fact we didn't stop all morning. And the whole time she stood next to me holding my hand and I didn't even know her name. I finally asked her.

"Suzanne, though everyone calls me Sue or Suzie."

"Which do you prefer?"

"Suzie."

"Well Suzie, thank you for the most amazing experience of my life. Can I return the favour?" Her eyes widened nervously, but she nodded.

I got up. I mean I actually managed to get up. While we'd been talking I'd still had boys and girls stroking me and licking me, but they moved away. "Lie down." I did what she'd done to me, although a little quicker. When my tongue darted in and out of her hole, she screamed. I mean literally screamed. I looked up to see what I'd done wrong and she grabbed my head and forced me back into her pussy.

When she finally stopped convulsing, she just said "WOW." No she didn't, she shouted "WOW!"

Looking around I think that's what everyone else was thinking too.

We walked to lunch still hand in hand. I looked around for Tony but couldn't see him. "Suzie, did you even imagine this morning that you'd be having fantastic sex with another girl in school today?" She shook her head grinning. "Or eating lunch naked in front of everyone?"

She squealed. "Oh my god, I'm still naked. I don't believe this." She tried to cover herself up.

"After the display we just put on, I think it's a bit late for that."

She giggled.

At that moment Tony finally came into the hall. "Tony!" I yelled at him.

"I heard about what happened. I can't believe you can go through with this."

"Thank Suzie for that," I said.

"Yeah, I heard about that too," he said, "I think the whole school heard about that." She blushed.

"Tony. Will you fuck me, please? I loved the last hour or so, but I need this inside me." I grabbed his cock through his trousers. He looked unsure.

"In the next few days, I'm gonna get fucked, if I have anything to do with it, and I want you to be my first, at least for proper sex." Now he looked puzzled.

"That wasn't sex out there, that was rape. Right now I need sex."

I knew Tony hated doing anything in public, but he swept everything off the table and put me on it, dropped his trousers then felt to see if I was ready. "Tony. Ready? I've been eaten out for most of the last hour. If I get much more ready I'll jump the nearest guy. Oh, I just did." I actually giggled.

He was gentle as he entered me. I won't pretend it didn't hurt, it did, but the pain eased as he slowly moved in and out, but it wasn't enough.

"Tony, I'm not going to break. Now please FUCK MY BRAINS OUT," I

finished with a shout. He did. So much so that some others had to hold the table steady.

He didn't last long after that and neither did I.

"WOW!" I shouted, mimicking Suzie. She blushed and grabbed my hand and squeezed. "Now I'm really not a virgin any more." I burst out laughing and suddenly laughter spread around the room.

It was like a release, for everyone, not just for me.

When I stopped laughing, I thought, "If only Mum could see me now. She'd never believe I was her shy older daughter. She could probably imagine Shel doing something like this, but me? Never."

I got up and said to Suzie, "I've gotta go somewhere."

I ran to the headmaster's office and barged in without knocking and saw Dr. Reynolds about to take a bite out of a sandwich. Instead he put it down and said, "Ah, Heather, there you are. If I can run you home, the police want that number for your mother."

"That's what I came to speak to you about. I don't want them to call her. I want to tell her myself. She'll totally freak if she hears it from anyone else and I want her to know that I'm okay."

"I'm afraid the police won't accept that."

"Look, she's thousands of miles away. She can't get back straight away and she's going to worry herself silly until she can speak to me anyway. We are supposed to ring her on Saturday night to let her know how things are going."

He looked at me for a second, then picked up the phone. "Chief Inspector Allen, please. Yes,... Bob, how's it going?... Yes, that's what I'm ringing about. She doesn't want you to tell her mother, she wants to tell her herself... Well, as she's the only one with her mother's number I think we have to accept her decision... Look, how would you feel if Jackie had been raped and you were thousands of miles away and couldn't do anything? You'd worry yourself sick until you could speak to her yourself to be sure she was okay... Okay, If it makes it easier, I'll accept responsibility... How's the investigation going?... Good."

He put the phone down and turned to me. "I didn't tell him that you aren't going to tell her until tomorrow night, but he's agreed to let you tell her." I breathed a sigh of relief. "And there's some good news. They already have a full confession from one of the boys involved. It is looking like you may not need to give evidence at the trial."

I hadn't even thought about that. But somehow that seemed far off in the future anyway.

The afternoon went quickly, but rather more normally. I had almost the usual number of "Reasonable requests" between lessons.

But the highlight of the afternoon was as I left school. Suzie and I were together, still naked and Shel was with us. When she saw we were both naked, she stripped off too. I was holding hands with two of my best friends as we turned the corner to flashes. If it wasn't half the world's press and TV crews it felt like it.

A woman stepped forward. "Heather, thanks to the Program you were raped this morning. And now they're forcing you to continue. What do you think about that?"

"I wasn't attacked thanks to the program. Do you know how many girls were raped last year in this town? Okay, the program may have made me a target, but I was attacked because some people still haven't learnt the greatest lesson the program teaches, respect."

"If that had happened to me without the program, I'd have been a mess. I'm standing here now because of the program. Oh, and because of Supertongue Suzie here." I loved watching her blush. So, it seemed, did the cameraman.

"The press has painted this school as trouble. I want to tell you that everyone I've met today has gone out of their way to make me feel human again, and respected and loved. I'm not still in the program because I was forced to continue. I'm in the program because I need it, because I chose to remain in it. This school needs the program and so does this town. I share my body when I want to, but I'm not ashamed of it, or of the pleasure it can give me, and others."

"You press may be able to destroy this program, but you will be doing a great disservice to all of us."

I'll give her her due. She let me make that speech without interrupting me once. "And what do you two say about it? Give us your names first."

Shelley was first, of course. "Shelley. I'm her sister. If you'd met my sister Heather last week, she'd have died if you put a mike in front of her, and that's with her clothes on! She's had some rough times, especially at first and again this morning, but I'd say that's score one for the program."

Then they turned the mike to Suzie.

"Oh God, my family are gonna kill me when they see this." I squeezed her hand. "I'm Suzie. What Heather and Shelley said is true. I'm not a virgin, far from it. But I'm ashamed to say that I've never even thought about really giving pleasure before. It's always been about taking pleasure. And most of the boys I've been with

have been the same. If it took the program to show me different, then we need this program in every school."

The camera was turned on the woman. "Thank you, girls. Folks, that's not the story we were expecting here today, but maybe these kids have got something we can all learn from."

"And cut," shouted a man.

The woman turned back to us, her eyes watering. "I was raped when I was 19 by just one man. It took me two years of therapy to even go outside again. If the program can help you like that, I wish I'd had the program at my school too."

Suzie walked home with me and Shel. I was supposed to be going out with Laura clubbing tonight. I rang her and she was surprised I still wanted to go. News travels fast. "Can I bring some friends?" "Okay." She didn't ask who.

Suzie rang home to check it was okay and if she could stop over here afterwards. Tonight was going to be fun.

Heather, part 8

FRIDAY night

After Suzie put the phone down, I remembered there was a call I had to make. "Is the headmaster still in his office?" "Thank God. Can I speak to him please? Tell him it's Heather Hoover."

"Sir? You said that you wanted some input on the program. I know it's the weekend, but can I see you after the school fair tomorrow?"

When Laura arrived to pick us up a few hours later, I said, "Come in. I want to see if we're on the news before we go, and I've an announcement to make."

They all sat round in the living room looking at me expectantly. "We're going to a meeting with the headmaster tomorrow after the fair." Their eyes widened.

"Shel and I were asked to give him some ideas to make the program work better and avoid the nasty bits. I'm going because I was the one in the program. Shell's going because she saw what happened to me from a family perspective. I want you, Suzie, to go because you weren't in the program, but saw it from outside. And I want you, Laura, because you've had more experience stripping than any of us and if you could stop me freaking out on Tuesday, anything you say has got to be worth listening to. Hell Laura, even this morning when I was being attacked I

survived by pretending I was you doing a sex show."

"I don't do sex shows!" she seemed offended.

"No. That's a good job. You'd never compete with Suzie and me." Suzie spluttered and turned bright red and we all laughed. "Suzie, you're SO easy to tease."

Laura took us back to seriousness. "What are we going to say to him?"

"I don't know, and I don't want us to talk about it at all. I want him to hear from four different perspectives and if we discuss it beforehand, that won't happen. Anyhow, it's news time."

Laura sat through "my" news item looking gobsmacked. Suzie looked embarrassed, Shel looked proud. "You were great, Sis," she said when it ended.

"I don't believe it," I said, "they kept my whole speech in."

Laura looked at me like I was a stranger and I felt a sudden fear. "Heather, you're a different person to the friend I had last week." My eyes must have shown my distress. The one thing I was sure of was that I needed all my friends, and Laura most of all. I felt a little panic in my stomach, but it went away when she continued, "Better, not just different. It's just hard to imagine timid little Heather standing on TV, naked, giving a speech. You said about making the program work better. If it had worked any better with you I dread to think what monster it would have created!"

"I thought you didn't like me any more." I tried to sound like I was making a joke but Laura saw through that.

"Silly, I love you to little bits. I just wish..." Now it was her turn to get tearful. "I just wish I'd been able to be there for you this week."

"You were. Your little pep talk Tuesday kept me going all day when I felt totally alone. Then my amazing sister on Wednesday, whew. That's something I'll never forget. And as for Suzie today, when everyone was too scared to touch me or even to look me in the eye. I knew your reputation even if I didn't know you."

"Class bitch and lesbian hater," she said for me.

"Yeah. I don't know what it cost you to do that to me this morning, when nobody else would move, but I can't say how grateful I am. I think you just lost both your reputations."

"And gained another one."

"Yeah, the girl who saved Heather."

"If I can end this meeting of the mutual admiration society," said Laura, "We need to get going. What are you lot going to wear?"

"I'm going like this," I said. "Birthday suit special."

"I haven't got any clothes with me, so I guess I'm doing the same," said Suzie.

"Well if you two are I will," grinned Shelley. "What about you, Laura?"

"I don't know if I've got the nerve for this."

"Laura, the great stripper, scared to take her clothes off?" She nodded.

"A show is different, it's in my control and they're people I'll never see again. But going to Ws naked? I don't know. I'd never live it down." Ws is what we called Wind and Waves, the biggest local club. It was called Winds because it was originally a concert hall for a brass band and it had two huge fans which blew a small hurricane through it when it got too hot. The name Waves came about when they added a pool to the club. Combine the pool with the fans and you got plenty of waves. Great fun in summer, but they drained it in winter and covered it for safety.

"You'd never live it down if you went there in clothes when we are all naked," I pointed out.

She stripped off the dress that was all she was wearing. She often joked that the only time she wore underwear was when she had to take it off! "Let's go before I change my mind."

SATURDAY

The club last night was great. Everyone falling over themselves to buy us drinks. In the case of one guy literally falling over himself. (I was very good and tried not to laugh, UNLIKE my sister I hasten to add.)

I flirted with everyone there, well every guy not obviously attached anyway. Talk about the centre of attention.

Okay, I lived up to my new nickname of Superslut and probably most of the girls there hated me for it. I had more sex in one night than I've ever had in my life.

There was this one guy who was so big I never thought I'd get him in my mouth and it took a while, but determination did it. I actually deep-throated him. He looked amazed. I guess nobody's ever managed that before with him. It was a bit harder fucking him though, he nearly split me in two when we did it doggy style. I was still a bit sore too which didn't help.

Another guy asked me if I wanted spit roasting. I'd never heard that term before. Apparently it's one cock in your pussy and one in your mouth. Of course I said yes. I loved every minute of it and it's something I'm definitely going to do again. Just thinking about it gives me a feeling of power over boys, that I can do two of them

at once and get so much pleasure for myself at the same time. They'll think they're controlling me, but oh my, will they be wrong.

I never knew that every cock tastes a bit different. Not as different as different pussies, but still a bit different.

I've never had a gangbang before and that was WILD. It's funny. I'm not sure I'd want another one either, not like spit roasting, but I'm glad I experienced it. I guess I'm really stuck with my new reputation after that (something else I'm not sure about, but it's "spilt milk" now, or rather "spilt cum", giggle).

Even Laura thought I was hot and we had a fantastic 69 on the dance floor. I think she was more nervous than I was though 'cause she had to fake an orgasm. Who'd have thought it?

I guess I'm not timid little Heather any more. Pity my tits are so small, I'd love a job like Laura's.

My head is thumping this morning, I'm glad the fair isn't until 2pm. But the others should be awake soon.

"Hi guys, what a night, I've got the coffee on."

Shelley was up instantly, she always can get up easily. I'm always the one that oversleeps, as you know by now.

Laura came out to me in the kitchen. She looked worried. "Are you okay?" she asked.

"Yeah, yeah I am. Wasn't it great last night?"

"No, it was horrible. You were totally out of it and going wild. You'd have fucked every guy in that club if I hadn't stopped you with our little show."

So that's why she joined in. SHIT. That made me feel bad.

"You didn't need to protect me from them, Laura."

"No, I needed to protect you from yourself."

"What the hell gives you the right to do that? If I want to screw the whole town it's none of your business. You weren't there all week when I needed you and now you think you've got the right to tell me what I can do?"

"You wanna know what gives me that right? I love you, Heather, and I always will."

Shit, how can you be angry with this girl?

"Look, Heather, you can hate me if you like, but I probably wouldn't even be here if it wasn't for you. You know how I felt after Julie was killed. I did some damned stupid things and would have done a lot more if you hadn't stopped me. Last night you weren't yourself and..."

"You mean I wasn't timid little Heather any more?" Now I was getting angry, I just couldn't stop it.

"NO, that's not what I mean. Your eyes were glazed over. It's like you were a thousand miles away. I just had to get you out of there. Please don't let's fight over this."

"Then don't rescue me when I don't need rescuing."

"Hi guys," said Shelley as she and Suzie came into the kitchen together. "If you guys have finished fighting can we get our coffee before it gets cold?"

"Sure. Look, what was I like last night?"

"Really?" asked Shelley.

"Really."

"It was awful. It started great and then it seemed like you'd lost all control. Look, you can fuck as many guys as you like, but that was more than that. It was like you were demented. I was scared for you if you must know. After a while I couldn't look. If Suzie hadn't been there I'd have freaked out."

"Till the great Laura came sailing to my rescue," I sneered.

"Yeah," Suzie snapped back. "Till Laura put herself on the line to get you out of there. Those guys were all over her too. One guy was even raping her arse while she was rescuing you with that little lesbian act."

Ouch! I felt like I'd been slapped. "I never asked her to do that," defending myself. "I was okay."

"Listen, I don't know you very well, but you were a long way from 'okay' and I'd die for a friend who'd risk herself like that for me and all you can do is talk her down."

"It's okay," said Laura.

"No, it's not okay." Shelley shook her head at both of us. "Heather, I love you, but today you're an ungrateful bitch. You can go to the fair on your own, for all I care."

"That's fine with me." I stormed out.

I was still angry when I got to the fair, at myself mostly for losing it earlier but at the others as well for not understanding. When I arrived there I discovered I

actually had to wear something for one of the things I was doing. It was only a thin white t-shirt and panties, but it should have been against the program rules.

Apparently the headmaster had given permission and that overrode the rules. It felt weird wearing something. I took them off again until I was needed.

I had plenty of time to kill as I'd arrived so early. I went into the tea tent and got some coffee. There was nobody else around and I sat there thinking about everything the girls had said as I looked at the coffee I suddenly didn't want.

I got up and went out, wandering aimlessly behind the school to the far end of the grounds. Whose memory of last night was right? It had seemed such fun to me. As I closed my eyes I could still see everything vividly in my mind.

Thinking of those final minutes, in my mind I was still licking Laura's pussy and watching her writhing around as some guy was fucking her arse. I'd thought she was bucking in excitement, could I really have been so wrong? The scene played before me over and over, like a tape playing back in an endless loop.

I opened my eyes but that image wouldn't go away. I knew the girls were right. I'd been so crazy that she'd had to rescue me no matter what the cost. In my mind's eye that cock plunging into her arse time and time again was accusing me with every thrust. She'd been no more willing last night than I'd been yesterday morning. And I'd done it to her.

And then this morning, instead of begging her to forgive me, I'd attacked her. Then she'd said it didn't matter. No wonder Shelley had said I was an ungrateful bitch.

I ran to the showers and turned them on really hot. I stood under them and they felt like hot needles all over my body, but they couldn't wash the guilt away.

With a shock I realised it was almost time to get to my first job of the afternoon. How long had I been moping around out there? Feeling suddenly hungry I went to a Hamburger stand and forced a small burger down, the whole thing tasting like sawdust.

Nothing was going to feel right until I tried to make it right with Laura, but she was nowhere to be found. She had promised to come with me, but I couldn't blame her for staying away.

My first job was on the dunking stand. People were throwing balls to hit a target and if they hit it, the girl or guy sitting on the plank was dunked in the water. You've probably guessed, they had me wearing the white t-shirt and panties so that if I got dunked they'd go see-through. The first time I got dunked I found out how see-through. God I felt embarrassed. My nipples were sticking out like bullets. It felt worse than Monday morning. Okay, not worse, but close. I felt more naked

than when I was naked. The material clung mainly to my little tits and my pussy making them stand out as if someone had framed them.

And I got dunked, a lot. The others were all in swimsuits or bikinis, but I made more money than any of them. Guys were asking for me to go up all the time. I was getting really tired and that water was icy cold and it was only the first hour. I had two more to go.

"We have another volunteer," yelled the guy running the sideshow. "Who wants to dunk Shelley?"

Shelley took my place on the plank. I said "thanks" and dried myself off, only to see Shelley disappear into the water for the first time. "FUCK, that's cold," I heard her say. I couldn't help laughing as I went to the tea tent to get a hot drink.

When I got back Suzie had taken Shelley's place. She already looked cold. When she was dunked again, I put on a t-shirt and panties and took over. Seconds later I was in the cold water yet again. I seized up with cramp and swallowed a lot of water. Shelley and Suzie were in there in seconds and lifted me out. I lay on the grass gasping and exhausted.

"No more for you," said Suzie. "You've had enough. We'll carry on here. Why don't you go to your other stand?"

"Okay," I said gratefully. "Look, thanks guys. And I'm sorry to give you a hard time about last night. If I was as bad as you say I was, then I guess I owe you thanks for that too, and an apology."

"It's Laura you should say that to. We thought they were going to kill her when she started to get them off of you."

We had a three-way wet girl hug.

Now I felt ashamed. Not of what I'd done last night, but of how I'd talked to them this morning, especially Laura.

"If you've finished the lesbian lovefest over there, can we have a girl to dunk please?"

"One girl coming up," said Shelley and cheerfully climbed the steps.

The other sideshow I was to work on was the stocks. You know the idea. Head and hands through holes in a piece of wood while people throw custard pies at you. Couldn't really see the point of doing it naked, but it wasn't my decision.

It was a lot warmer than the dunk tank, so I was happy. But I wondered where Laura was. Some idiot was sticking his finger in my pussy and he wasn't being too gentle about it, but I couldn't do a thing. So I jiggled my bum around to try to play it lightly. But it was making me sore.

Then it was pulled out sharply and a very feminine finger took its place. It tantalised me. Playing with my labia, then my clit, then stroking up and down my entrance. By the time it finally entered me I was ready to blow. I gasped and as my eyes and mouth opened wide, splat! A cream pie straight in the face.

"Hi, Heather." It had been Laura of course. She went and spoke to the stall manager then they came and turned the stocks around 90 degrees. "Roll up! Roll up! Pie this pretty bum! One day only."

I made the mistake of laughing as another pie nearly choked me. Her idea was brilliant. Not only did they get through twice as many customers, but it stopped guys sneaking up and fingering me. One more thing I owed to Laura.

She stripped off her clothes, throwing them into the hut with the money and let me out. "My turn," she announced, handing me a towel to wipe myself down.

We went on like that until the daytime sideshows closed. A girl came up to us. "You're Heather, aren't you?"

"Yes. Why?"

"I'm Jane, Roy's girlfriend."

"Sorry I don't..."

"Roy, the one you taught how to masturbate a girl."

"Oh." I must have sounded worried.

"I just wanted to say thank you. I've been trying to show him that for weeks, but it's kinda awkward. Since you showed him it's been fantastic." She took a breath and looked down. "I wish I had your courage. And so do half the girls in my class, no matter what people say about you. Roy's even been getting me to help him show his friends how to do their girlfriends."

"Has it been fun?"

She turned her eyes down again. "It's been amazing. Anyhow, Thank you." She looked back up and kissed me on the cheek and went.

Laura and I went into the school to get a shower.

"Laura, thanks for helping me today. And I owe you a big apology. I guess I was really out of it last night and I'm grateful you stopped me." As I said it, it sounded totally inadequate.

"It's okay."

"No, it's not. But I want to insist on one thing."

"What?"

"The others said you really took a risk getting me out of there. If I do anything as stupid as that again, I don't want you risking yourself to stop me."

"No deal. So you do me a favour instead. Don't take a chance like that again and I won't have to."

"I owe you something else too."

"What?"

"This." I kissed her and began stroking her boobs. I've seen before just what gets her going. I moved one hand down to her bum. She winced. I turned her round and I saw why. Her bum was bruised. And I don't mean a bruise or two. She was black and blue. She had covered them with stage make-up for the pie throwing, but that had all come off in the shower.

"How?"

"Some guys thought it was funny to spank me while we were doing our 69."

"And I was too out of it to watch your bum." I knew the routine. I'd seen enough of her lesbian shows. If you aren't careful in a 69 you get guys coming up and fingering you (or worse) because you can't watch your own bum. Basic rule of a 69 in a show. Don't get carried away and keep idiots off of your partner's bum. And I hadn't. And she'd paid the price.

I gently kissed every bruise, saying "Thank you" after each kiss. Then I bent her over and stuck my tongue in her arse. I knew she liked this, though we've never done anything before.

She almost collapsed on the floor. I put a finger in her pussy and continued to lick her rosebud. We were both tired so it took a while, but soon she started shivering as her climax hit her.

When she collapsed on the floor I got down with her and kissed her lightly on the nose. "You're a real friend, Laura. If I ever treat you that badly again I give you permission to knock me out."

We laughed together.

Six o'clock was the time for the meeting with the headmaster. I think he was a little surprised to be met by four naked girls.

After I'd assured him that I was okay, a question I'd been answering all afternoon (I know most people mean well but it does get a bit old after a while), I explained why I wanted each of the girls' opinions.

Shelley spoke first. "I think it should be made clear to everyone that nobody does

ANY touching without permission. And they can't even force a participant to pose. I'm not saying change the rules, I'm saying that if a participant won't do something, the one doing the requesting should have to go to a teacher, not just force them. The teacher can then decide if it's compulsory within the rules or not. And even then, the other students can't physically force them."

"And stripping in the morning. Nobody should be allowed within five feet until the participant invites them. This would stop all the fingers in pussies and arses while you are trying to get undressed, and stop them ripping clothes. And after they are stripped, a teacher should be there every morning to stop things getting out of hand. Also someone should watch the approaches to the school to stop," she hesitated, "what happened yesterday. That's all I can think of at the moment."

He nodded seriously. "And you? I'm sorry, I don't know your name."

"Suzie."

"Ah, the one yesterday who..."

She blushed. "Yes, the one yesterday who..."

"Just about saved my life," I finished for her.

"I think that it's not enough to give everyone a pamphlet and tell them to read it. Everyone should have a lesson to explain it. And they need to know that what's reasonable for one person may not be reasonable for another, or even for the same person later the same day."

"And I think that touching should be banned for the first day. Give a participant time to adjust to being stared at first, rather than freaking her out. It doesn't have to be seen as a negative thing, any more than foreplay is negative before sex." She was blushing again and the headmaster smiled which made her blush even more.

"And you, Laura, isn't it?"

"Yes. Can I go last please?"

"Okay, Heather? I bet you've got lots to say."

"Actually no. Shelley and Suzie have said a lot of the things I wanted to say. But I have got a few things. Firstly, if you want the program to be seen as something positive, don't use it as a punishment. And I know that means that I wouldn't have been selected, but I'm not saying it because of that."

"And I think for next week you need to pick people who are likely to find it positive and cope well with it. I'm not saying you have to do that every week, but after this first week, I think the program needs it."

"Nothing else, but I might think of something."

"And Laura?"

"I think you should always have someone on the program who's done it before, who knows the ropes and the dangers. I mean when I started stripping I always had a more experienced girl with me. And if we start a new girl, I or one of the others goes with her. I don't know if you've read Heather's journal so far, but the thing that hurt me most was that she felt totally alone, with nobody to turn to. If the program is to be positive and not just an excuse for sexually abusing some kids every week, that should never happen again. Sorry for the language, sir, but that was a big fuck-up."

"I agree," he said. "And it was my fault. But that's why we're having this meeting, to avoid fuck-ups in the future."

We looked at him stunned. We'd never heard him swear before. He grinned.

"Anything else?"

Laura continued. "Yes, at least one person of each sex, probably a teacher, should be available as someone to go to. Not for disputes over what's allowed or not allowed, but someone to turn to. They shouldn't be the one to make rulings on what is permitted so they can purely be a point of support for someone who's finding it too tough. That way they can also bring any problems or potential problems to your attention."

"And if a girl's on her period, the program should be postponed until after her period finishes. I know it's part of the natural cycle and all that, but it grosses a lot of people out and girls have enough to put up with without that. And if it starts while she's already doing her week, she should be able to restart at exactly the same time a week later without being forced to do a whole extra week."

"That's it."

"Okay, girls. I agree with just about everything you've said. I especially agree with having to pick people who will find it positive. Suggestions for boys?"

"Sir, what about the ones who were grabbing and hurting me on Tuesday?"

"You know who they are? I wouldn't pick them, I'd expel them."

"No sir, please. Things got weird that day and they got carried away. The next day they were really sorry, freaked out actually by what they'd done and not only came to apologise, but chased everyone else away from Shelley and me. One even brought me flowers."

"The reason I suggest them is that are all friends. They're actually pretty okay guys. They won't abuse the girls on the program and they'll support each other."

"You have thought this through. Okay, That's the boys settled. Jot down their names and I'll put them on starting Monday. Now for the girls? Obviously as you know, you are one of them."

"I've got a few ideas."

"I thought you might. And I suspect you are thinking the same as me. We need some positive role models, so Shelley, Suzie and Laura, you're in the program starting Monday morning."

"Great!" said Shelley excitedly.

"Oh great," said Laura, but not in the same tone of voice.

"Shit, I can't, I can't!" said Suzie, beginning to cry. "I'd die if I went through half of what Heather's gone through this week. Please sir. If you want someone who can make a good job of it next week, pick someone else."

I grabbed Suzie and kissed her. "Suzie, you'll do fine. We'll be there for you."

"Yeah," said Shelley, "With backup from Laura and the Slutsisters how can you go wrong?"

She just stayed looking scared. "Please," I mouthed to her. For a long moment we just looked at each other until finally Suzie gave a big, shoulder-shrugging sigh. "Okay, I'll do it. But I'm scared so I'm really going to need you guys."

"If it's any encouragement, Suzie," said Dr. Reynolds, "At least you'll be earning extra marks for completing the Program. As you might have noticed in the Pamphlet, we can give incentives to persuade participants to allow touching. For the moment, I've decided that means a 5% increase in your subject marks across the board, assuming you complete the Program successfully of course ([see cultural notes](#)). That figure might be a little high, but as you have the problems of pioneering the Program, I think it's fair."

Suzie looked a little happier, but not much.

He turned to me. "And that's 10% for you, Heather, as your were the Program Guinea pig." Turning to the others, he said, "I think she's earned it, don't you?"

"Yes," said Shelley loudly, making the rest of us laugh.

"One more thing, " added the headmaster. "I'm surprised you didn't ask for new participants to be warned before they are put on the program. That's been a request in some places."

"I don't think it matters, sir," I said. "It would just give them time to worry."

"That's right," said Laura. "We don't give a girl hours or days to think about being dragged in on her first strip show. If we did, she'd freak out."

"So you'd rather I hadn't told you?"

"To be honest, yes. But we've been hanging round naked all afternoon. It will be easier for us, although if I'm honest I'm a little scared too."

"You?" said the headmaster incredulously.

"Yeah. I control shows. The program is something else, not under my control at all. It's scary."

"Okay, girls. Thanks for your help and I'll see you on Monday morning."

"There is one other thing, sir," I said.

"Fire away. I'm all yours."

I took a moment, I had to get this right. "You can't expect the boys to show us respect if the teachers don't."

"Please explain." He looked serious.

"In Sex Education I was basically told I didn't matter. 'For the sake of this lesson you are a live demonstration model. Names don't come into it.' That's exactly what she said, sir." I had tried to mimic her voice and even the headmaster smiled for a brief moment.

"Then she insisted I let everyone practice oral sex on me because the program said that teachers can exceed the limits of reasonable requests. She didn't even ask me. Even in a compulsory reasonable request they have to ask first, not just tell me. She filmed me having an orgasm without even telling me. Then she told the boys they could relieve themselves by cumming all over me."

For a change it was the headmaster going red and not Suzie. But not with embarrassment. He was furious. "I'll deal with her on Monday. You have my word that it will never happen again."

"Sir. It was me she humiliated. Please let us deal with it. I just wanted to know we had you behind us if she still wouldn't listen."

"You have."

"And one final thing. I'd like to give a talk about the program in the assembly on Monday, before you announce who is on it. And I suggest we keep it secret for now that these three already know."

"Okay. Anything else. Do any of you need a lift home?"

"No sir, we're staying for the evening do, well I am."

The others agreed.

"Sir, thanks. Next week we'll give you a program you'll never forget," said Shelley.

As we went out the door, I heard him say quietly to himself, "That's what worries me."

The evening went pretty normally if you don't count having four naked girls at a party, and it was fun.

We even joined in the mud wrestling when all the bikini girls had finished. We wore the white t-shirts and panties left over from the dunk tank and all four of us went in together. The cheers when we ripped each others t-shirts and panties off could probably be heard from London.

In the shower afterwards I confessed, "If he hadn't picked you three, I was going to. I know I've got a lot to do still coming to terms with this last week, especially yesterday, and I'm just so glad I'm going to have you three with me."

"I still don't think I'm brave enough to do this," Suzie said looking really upset.

"Not brave enough? After what you did yesterday morning for me? I can never repay you for that. You made me feel human again." She was getting teary, so I continued, "Anyhow, if you start getting too scared, I'll just lick your pussy and make you scream." So I did.

When Shelley and I got home I noticed the blinking light on the phone that meant there was a message. I picked the phone up to listen. Shit! The message was from Mum. I had forgotten that she was going to ring earlier this evening.

I called to Shelley, "Mum rang. I forgot about what we'd arranged. She's left the number for her hotel and asked me to ring her back however late it is."

"Was it that kind of ask, Sis?"

"Yeah, it sounded like one to me." Our mum never "told" us to do anything but when she "asked" us to do something it was an Eleventh Commandment.

"Shel, I'm going to try to ring her now like she's said. God knows what time it is out there. She's going to want to talk to you as well. Now listen to me. I'm going to tell her about the attack and yesterday at school and the TV interview and what happened today but not about last night. I will tell her about that when she gets home, but I have to do that face-to-face with her. It's not that I'm embarrassed to tell her, it's just that it'll take a lot of explaining. Promise me you'll back me up here, okay?"

"Okay. What do you want me to say?"

"Let's keep it simple. I'll say that after everything that happened yesterday, I was really tired and decided to stay in last night, and my super sister stayed in with me to keep me company. We listened to music and just chilled until bedtime. Can you remember that?" I kissed her on the nose.

"Ew!" She wiped her nose off. "Yeah, that's simple enough." She leaned forward suddenly and licked my nose. "Gotcha!"

"Enough," I glared at her, then smiled. "Okay, here goes." I picked up the phone.

"Wait a minute. Do you want me to stay while you talk to her?"

"Yes please. Hang on, let's get a couple of drinks first. This may be a very long call."

Shelley fetched the drinks while I dialed India. The hotel answered on the second ring and put me through to Mum's room immediately.

"Hello?"

"Is that you, Mum?"

"Heather? How's my big brave girl?"

"I'm fine. Are you sitting down? I've got so much to tell you. Hang on, can we afford a long call?"

"We can take as long as we want. Part of the deal with my firm is that you and I have unlimited phone time while I'm out here and they will pay. So, yes, I'm sitting comfortably. Why don't you begin?"

"I have only one bad thing to tell you, but it is pretty awful." I took a deep breath. "Yesterday morning on the way to school I was attacked by a gang of boys and they raped me." Shelley squeezed my hand tightly.

"Oh my god! Are you hurt? Did they injure you too? Did you have to go to hospital? Oh my dear sweet baby."

"No, I'm not hurt now. I mean, yes, they hurt me down there, but nothing permanent. Shelley was brilliant. I had made her go ahead and she realised something was wrong when I wasn't right behind her. She got the headmaster to call the police and they came right away and caught the boys and arrested them. I don't think any of them got away."

"Are you sure you're alright? Mentally, I mean. I've never asked you before and you don't have to answer now but... were you a virgin?"

"That's okay, Mum. Yes I was, but I'll get on to that in a moment."

"Darling, as soon as we've finished talking, I'm getting my flight changed and coming home."

"No, Mum, you don't need to do that. I really am okay. It was really awful, the worst thing that's ever happened to me, but everything that's happened since has been wonderful. Everyone, at school and my friends, everyone has been so good. I know I'll get a reaction sometime, but right now I feel... protected and safe. It's like everyone is watching out for me. You finish what you have to do out there. I know that matters too."

"Nothing matters as much as my daughters do. If you do need to talk to someone, speak to Laura's mum. It's her job and I know she's very good at it. Promise me that you'll do that, okay?"

"Okay, Mum."

"How's Shelley taking it?"

"She has been the best sister and the best friend I could have wished for. She standing here next to me and I do believe she's blushing."

"No, I'm not," Shelley shouted, "She's lying, Mum."

"You know who's been the best as well, Mum? Dr. Reynolds, the headmaster. I don't think I'd have got through yesterday morning without him."

"That's good. He's always struck me as a good sort, for a headmaster that is." We both laughed at that. "So I suppose he took you off the program then?"

"He tried to." Mum started to say something but I stopped her. "That's right, Mum. I'm still in the program, but that was my choice. I really had to work hard to persuade him to let me carry on."

"But why, darling?"

"Because you were right, Mum. The program has been good for me. It wasn't the program which raped me." I heard a small gasp at the word. "I was on my way to school and I wasn't even naked when they attacked me. It was bad people who are now in jail and will be for a long long time. They were caught in the act and the school nurse got all the.. evidence that the police will need."

"But are you sure, I mean, about the program?"

"Can I be very explicit with you, please?"

"Okay, I don't think you can ever shock me again, dear. Go ahead."

"Well, after I persuaded the headmaster to let me stay in the program, I had to go to class. Everyone was shocked to see me and I asked the teacher if I could say something. I told them I had to stay in the program because otherwise those boys

would win. The program had given me lots of wonderful experiences and I wanted to be able to look back to the good things and not the bad things. Does that make sense?"

I could hear Mum crying a little. "Yes, that does make sense. Where has this brave young woman come from? I love you so much, Heather."

"I love you too, Mum. But stop crying, please. You'll get me started if you don't."

"Okay." I could hear her blow her nose. "I guess you're about to come to the explicit stuff now, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am. After I made my little speech, everyone just sat there stunned. Then this girl came up to me and kissed me. I mean, she really kissed me. I undressed her and she made the most wonderful love to me. Then I did the same to her. Her name is Suzie and I think I have a new close friend. Now don't worry, Mum, I'm not turning into a lesbian."

While I paused, thinking about how to explain about Tony, Mum replied, "I don't care if you're lesbian, straight, bisexual, whatever. I just want you to be happy."

"At lunch I found a real nice boy named Tony and asked him to, sorry about this, Mum, to fuck me properly. I told him that what had happened to me was not sex and I wanted proper sex from a proper friend. Well we did it, Mum, right there in the middle of the dining hall, on a table in front of everyone. And it was wonderful."

"Oh my, I don't think I could ever do that, not ever."

"Well, maybe if you had the program when you were young..."

That got us both laughing. You know, that was the most beautiful sound I can ever remember, Mum laughing right then.

"Heather, hold the phone so your sister can hear too. I want you both to hear something." I did as she asked. "All this talk about sex. I suppose I better tell you two some news." Shelley and I were transfixed. "Have I ever mentioned an Eric Watson from work to either of you?"

"No," we both said at once and held our breath.

"Well, he and I have come out here together to do this work. He knows about some stuff and I know about other stuff."

"Mum, stop teasing us," Shelley was almost shaking, "Have you two..." "Shut up!" I hissed at her.

"Yes, Shelley, we have. Last night and again tonight. And I hope every night we're out here."

"Mum!" Again we spoke at once. Then Shelley continued, "Okay, Mum. All the details. Please!"

"Alright. I can't believe I'm having this conversation with my daughters, but here goes. Eric has been chasing me for months. Always very nicely, always very polite. Before you ask, he's four years older than me, divorced for a long time and he has one son about to graduate from university. On the plane coming out we were talking and I told him all about the program. It was complete news to him. He's one of those people who's all work and hobbies, he gardens and coaches schoolboy cricket, and he pays no attention to the news."

"So when I explained the program to him, he said he wished he had something like it when he was growing up, maybe he wouldn't have been so shy. He didn't know it but that was exactly the right thing to say. I admitted I was shy too and suggested that maybe we both could do something about our shyness."

"I must tell you about this hotel. It's very old-fashioned. I think we British must have built it back when we had an empire. Eric and I were given adjoining rooms with those double connecting doors. We had a late supper last night and afterwards I dragged him into my room. Girls, I wanted him, I did. But, remember his shyness. He asked me if we were going to spend the night together. I said I hope so. So which room did I want us to sleep in, he asked. The windows work better in my room so that's the one I chose. In that case, he said, and carried me into his room. He didn't want his bed to look like no one had slept in it when the maid came in the morning, so we made love in his bed and then came back to my bed to sleep. Of course we made love again in the morning in my bed, just to even things out, don't you see."

"Where is he right now?" I asked.

"Sleeping like a baby in our, I mean, my bed."

"Mum," Shelley asked, "Are you going to keep seeing him when you get back?"

"Yes, I hope so. Anyway, Heather, I left you being... fucked in the dining hall. What's happened since then?"

"Lots of things. Because of what happened to me there were a whole bunch of reporters waiting for me when I got out of school. A woman reporter interviewed me, and Shelley and Suzie, and the whole interview was shown on the telly last night. I recorded it so you can see your daughters on television when you get back." I didn't mention we were all naked, Mum didn't think to ask.

What she did say was "That'll be wonderful. We've got so much work to do out here that Eric and I haven't had any time to look at television."

Shelley giggled, "I think you mean that you two had other things to do when you weren't working..."

Mum interrupted, "Heather, you have my permission to smack your sister after this call."

Shelley whispered at me, "Don't you dare!"

"So, polite daughter, was that all that happened yesterday?"

"More or less, Mum. Shelley and I stayed in last night. Then today I had to go naked to the school fair. I had to do the dunk tank. They dressed me in a t-shirt and panties which went completely see-through when I went in the water. Then I was put in the stocks and people threw custard pies at my head and my naked bum. The important thing about today, though, was we had a meeting with the headmaster after the fair."

"Who's we, dear?"

"Shelley and me, and Laura and Suzie. We all had a chance to tell him what we thought was wrong with the program and it sounds like he's going to do almost everything we asked him to."

Shelley grabbed the phone. "And I'm gonna be in the program next week with Heather, Mum. And so are Laura and Suzie. And there's gonna be four boys in it as well."

I took the phone back. "I can't believe how keen she is to be in the program."

"Oh, I can," Mum chuckled. "Well it sounds like you're alright, Heather. Now, are you absolutely certain you don't need me back there?"

"Yes, Mother, I'm absolutely certain. Besides, how could I drag you away from your boyfriend?"

"I suppose there is that." There was that lovely laugh again.

"Do you know how long you're likely to be away?"

"I think we may be flying back Tuesday afternoon, but it depends. Look, why don't we plan to talk on the phone Monday night? Is that okay?"

"Yeah, that's fine, Mum. And will you promise me something? Don't worry about me. I'm doing fine, really I am."

"Easy for you to say. Of course I'll worry about you, both of you, but no more than I always do."

All three of us knew she was lying, but it had to be said, didn't it? We said our goodbyes.

As soon as I put down the phone, Shelley grinned, "Mum. Would you believe it? I mean you don't think about your own mother doing it, do you?"

I ruffled her hair, which she absolutely hates. She went to bed soon after and I sat down to write this journal for yesterday and today. There was so much to write about. But I was so glad I had been able to tell Mum about almost everything. I'll finish the story for her when she gets back, particularly about the nightclub.

Looking back on how I behaved in the nightclub last night now, I'm still not at all sure why I did it. I could say I thought "it was a good idea at the time" but it wasn't really like that. I had been raped, it's always going to be hard for me to say that but I have to accept the fact it occurred, and I think I needed to somehow cleanse myself with something really outrageous that I had CHOSEN to do. My choice, not anyone else's. I know now I freaked out my sister and my friends. Hell, I'm pretty freaked about it myself. But I had to go through with it. No, that's not quite right. I had to go through it, and survive. I think Laura gets that even if the others don't.

So that's how my first week in the Program ended. Who can guess what next week will be like? Certainly not me.

Heather, part 9

Author's Note:

Welcome to [week 2](#) of the "[Heather Collection](#)". The morning assembly (see [cultural notes](#)) and the events immediately afterwards (told in this chapter) are related from the perspective of each of the girls separately. The assembly itself is only described in detail in this account, but the other events are told by each girl participating, concentrating mainly on what she herself was doing.

For the rest of the week, each girl is (mostly) on her own, so the stories are much more separate.

WEEK TWO

MONDAY - Assembly

A note from Heather:

I know that most of you reading this want to hear about all the sexy things we got up to. I have to warn you that just under half of this chapter is taken up with my speech to the school assembly, which Laura helped me write. If you want to skip it, be my guest. If you like you can go straight to what we got up to afterwards, which I must admit was more fun, but I felt it was important to include the speech in full as it made such a difference to all our experiences in the program.

I didn't oversleep today. For the first few moments when I woke up I felt scared. Then I thought of everything that had happened in the last week and it seemed like a dream, or part dream part nightmare, anyway unreal.

Just to make sure I knew that it was real, at that moment in bounced Shelley, my

younger sister. "I'm in the Program. I'm in the Program."

I had to tease her. "No you're not." She looked puzzled and disappointed.

"What you you mean? They haven't cancelled it?"

"No, but you're not in it. At least not for another hour and five minutes."

"You pig." I tousled her hair and we laughed together. I sometimes feel a lot more than a year older than Shelley.

I should explain. Shelley was one of twins. The other died in utero. So Shelley had all the energy for both of them. If she didn't get everything out of life that was possible it wouldn't be by not trying.

Somewhat jealously, I have to admit, she also had the tits for both of them. Compared to my tiny things anyway.

Shelley carried on chattering right through breakfast. I've never figured out how she could talk non stop and still eat.

We walked to school together. About half a mile from school I felt myself tense up. Shelley noticed and grabbed me by the hand.

At the school there was the usual crowd. I had planned how I was going to handle this with Laura, so I was confident. One of the boys approached me and said, "Can we undress you?" I grinned. "Sure, why not?"

After I'd put my clothes in the box and locked it, some of the others crowded round. I noticed a teacher standing in the corner. Half the boys were calling that they had a reasonable request.

"Okay I'll do poses first. Any requests." There were quite a few. "I'm not a contortionist!" I said to one of them, laughing.

"Okay any other requests?" Silly question. I'd deliberately taken time over the poses so I only had to put up with a minute or so of quite rough fingering and nipple tweaking before the bell rang for assembly.

The headmaster took me aside as I went into assembly. "There were five in that group of boys, so we're picking a girl at random too to keep the numbers even." I wondered afterwards why it was so important to keep numbers even THIS week, when I'd been alone LAST week.

I was more nervous of this speech than anything else this week, even though Laura wrote most of it for me. The headmaster introduced me (like I needed introducing). "As you know," he said, "the program was launched here last week. To say that it was a difficult week would be an understatement. This week there

will be 10 students, including Heather, on the program, 5 boys and 5 girls. But that is not the only change and to tell you about the changes I hand you over to Heather."

"Hello everyone." I took a deep breath before continuing. "I'd like a show of hands. How many of you want to be in the program? Boys first." Quite a few hands were raised. "Now girls." I glared at Shelley hoping to God she'd keep her hand down or it really would look like a set-up. Not a single hand was raised.

"I'd like a few of you to tell me why. You?" I said pointing to a boy on the front row. "You'll have to speak up so everyone can hear you."

"It's embarrassing."

"Yes it is," I agreed.

"I wouldn't feel safe. I might get raped." one of the girls piped up, then "oh, sorry."

"Don't apologise," I said. "You didn't do it and you are right to be concerned."

Another girl said, "You get made to do things you don't want to do."

"We girls can't win either way," said another girl. "If we don't do what people tell us to do, we get in trouble on the program. If we do, we're sluts."

"Okay," I said. "But most of those things are about changing attitudes. And that is what the program is for. It is to change the attitudes not only of those in the Program, but those around us."

"Hands up how many of you knew me before last week? Okay keep your hands up for a minute. Keep your hands up if you would have thought I could stand up and address the whole school, naked like this and not have any problem about it." Shelley's hand stayed up. Everyone else's went down. "Sorry everyone, my little sister Shelley always thinks her big sister Heather can do anything."

"And actually she's right. The reason I'm in the program this week is because one week ago I freaked out and hid in a cricket hut I was so scared. It was a painful week, but the program has given me the confidence to stand here like this."

"Now I want to make a bet with you. Next Monday, if the headmaster will give me permission, I want to come up here and ask you the same question I started with, how many of you want to be in the program. If less than twenty of you girls put your hands up, I'll take off my clothes and stay in the program the rest of the term."

"As the headmaster said, there are some changes. Your teachers will explain them in detail in your first lesson, but I will talk about some you need to know now."

"There will be no touching on the first day." There was some murmuring. "Yes I heard some of the boys grumbling at that. Don't worry boys, I'm not on my first day. Think of no touching on the first day as being like foreplay. It gets you ready for what's to come."

"Nobody will ever touch a program participant without asking. I don't care if it's something the participant can't refuse. If you don't ask, it isn't a reasonable request. Not only don't you get what you want but you may be suspended for sexual assault. And if you think I'm bluffing, ask the headmaster or try me."

"If a participant refuses something you think or know they must do, you go to see a teacher and that teacher will talk with the participant. If they still won't do it, the teacher can see the headmaster. Nobody, student or teacher, will ever use any force on a participant."

"The program is not a punishment, it is a chance to grow. However, to answer something one of the girls said earlier, if you call a participant a slut, it might just be decided that you need that chance to grow a bit sooner. We all have to learn to accept our own sexuality and our own limits."

"The reasonable requests must be asked for and completed with respect for the other person. The other person is a human being with feelings and is quite possibly terrified. Think how you'd feel if it was you or your girlfriend or boyfriend. And by the way boys, fucking is not a reasonable request and if you want to stand any chance of getting in there, you'd better treat us with respect." That got a laugh.

"That respect is not optional, and is to be expected of both students and teachers. The program is about nakedness and sex. Good sex requires respect from both participants for each other. If you can't learn that, you shouldn't be having sex. And if you haven't learned that, you certainly shouldn't be teaching about sex. Lack of respect leads to people being hurt and girls being raped. Is that really how you want this school to be? So a girl can't come to school without being afraid of what might happen to her? Boys, if you want to finger a girl, do you really want to hurt her? No? Then be gentle. Respect is lesson number one. "

"In a minute I will be calling out the names of the other nine who are privileged to be in the program this week. If your name is called, please come up here. I am calling them up here so you can know them and support them. You all have the job of supporting us through the next week, which will be the scariest, worst, best, most exciting and wonderful week of our lives."

"I am being serious. If a participant needs help, whether it's to stop them being bullied or just a hug or a shoulder to cry on, that's your job, all of you. I don't care if you're the youngest student or the headmaster. The program is for everyone's personal growth, not just the participants."

"I met some wonderful people here last week, who cared me for me at my lowest, including some who surprised me. You are all participants in the program, it's just that some of us are going to be without clothes. It's tempting to see the naked ones as someone you can abuse. If you do that, the program will be a nightmare you all dread. Let's work together to make it work."

The headmaster handed me the list. "Remember to come up here and stand beside me. Shelley Hoover." "YIPPEE!" Shelley ran up the steps onto the stage and before I could stop her she'd stripped off her clothes. The hall erupted into laughter.

"Seeing as my little sister Shelley kept trying to join me in the program last week, it was thought that it was simpler just to put her in it. It's less trouble. Before I call the next name, can I just point out that you have to come up here. You do not have to take your clothes off up here." More laughter.

"Jed Peters, Suzanne Peters (no relation apparently), Stephen Rivers, Laura Townley, Christopher Owens, Lenny Tawn, Gerald Tilling and Samantha Downing."

Suzie stood next to me and Laura next to her. Suzie was blushing of course. So was one of the boys as they came to stand beside us.

"Samantha Downing?" There seemed to be a commotion at the back. I looked at the headmaster. "Just carry on," he said. "I'll find out what's happening."

"One final thing I want to say is just because I might consider a request reasonable, doesn't mean that Suzie has to, or the other way round, or that I have to consider the same thing reasonable tomorrow. The same goes with the boys. Don't assume anything. Ask politely. And a quick tip. Be gentle and you'll probably get another chance. Be rough and you won't, full stop, no second chances."

"So welcome to all of you as participants in the program week two. Play nice and let's have fun." (That was a Laura line!) The headmaster dismissed the hall.

"Was I terribly boring? Did I say too much?" He reassured me that I was fine. "Samantha Downing will be joining you shortly. She's with the school nurse." My questioning look was answered by "She fainted."

"Okay can you eight come with me. Shelley don't forget your clothes."

I led them into a room behind the stage where they were to undress.

"This is because of last Tuesday, isn't it?" said one of the boys.

"Yeah, all that talk about it not being a punishment is crap," said another.

"No, but before I explain, who is who?" They gave their names. The one who spoke first, the leader, was Jed.

"Last Saturday, the headmaster asked me who I thought could make a really positive impact on the program and who would also benefit from it. He wanted a really good program this week to make it popular and not something to fear. For the girls I was going to suggest these three, but he'd already decided that anyway. I did suggest you boys, but not for revenge. We wanted some friends who could support each other and who could be a positive influence. You helped Shelley and me on Wednesday and I believe that you can make a success of it."

"Yeah right."

"I just bet my clothes for the rest of the term on it. If I was trying to get back at you, do you think I'd have done that?"

"But before anything else, let's get rid of these clothes."

Laura stripped off readily. The boys more slowly. Suzie slower still. She was shaking. "I know I was naked with you last Friday and Saturday, but like that girl, I'm scared of what I'll have to do."

I knelt down in front of her. "May I?" She nodded slightly and I stuck my tongue into her. The boys were somewhat surprised putting it mildly. "I know nobody else can ask to touch anyone except me today, but I suggest we get used to it on each other. But it's voluntary only."

"If Suzie doesn't mind perhaps one of you boys could take over here."

"I don't mind, just someone get a tongue back in me." Stephen was pleased to oblige.

"Now Jed, about last week. I think it's only fair I get my own back." I took hold of his cock and deep throat him. "Oh Fuck," he gasped and in seconds he shot a load down my throat. I looked round to see Suzie and Stephen in a 69, Christopher fucking Laura while she sucked on Gerald's cock and my sweet little sister playing with and lapping Lenny's cock like it was her favourite lollipop.

I gently stroked Jed's cock back to life as I watched Shelley hold Lenny's cock away as it spurted cum all over her face. She put some on her finger and put it in her mouth. "Mmmm" she said delightedly. He laid her down and began to lick her pussy.

I lay down." Jed, fuck me." I didn't need making wet, he slid straight in and started with long powerful strokes. Every now and then he'd slow down to lick one of my nipples, then it was back to that rhythm. I came screaming. When I got my breath back I asked, "Still pissed off that I got you in the program?" and stuck my tongue out at him. He kissed me gently.

"Wait everyone," said Shelley, "I want everyone to watch me lose my virginity."

I was about to say "Are you sure?" then Lenny asked her instead.

"Yeah, and I'm losing it to a really nice guy."

"If you're sure," he said.

"Well if you don't want it, I'm sure I can find someone else. I won't bleed caused I got fingered too rough last week."

With that he positioned himself at her entrance and slowly slid into her. There is something surreal about watching your little sister with cum still all over her face lose her virginity. I saw him pause, then ease himself all the way in. Soon he set up a steady rhythm getting faster and faster until she screamed, "Oh Lenny." She sat up with a big grin on her face. "Now there's no virgins here."

"Actually," Stephen looked embarrassed. "I've had blowjobs, but never actually."

"Your turn, Suzie," piped up Shelley and Laura together.

"You don't have to," he said, seeing Suzie look awkward

Suzie smiled and kissed his cock. She spread her legs wide. "Come and get it. Slam it in me." He didn't need asking twice. Shelley lay down next to Suzie to watch it go in. "YEAH!" she shouted when he had it all the way in. I pulled her away.

He didn't last long and collapsed on top of her. "That was mmmm," he said.

I heard a noise behind me. A girl was standing there watching us, her mouth open slightly, her eyes open wide. She looked petrified. "You must be Samantha," I said. She nodded almost imperceptibly, unable to take her eyes off of Stephen and Suzie. I wondered how long she had been there watching us, too scared to speak. "You have to put your clothes in this box here," I said.

I sent the others off to the showers. As it was still lesson time, I suggested that they could all use the boys shower together. Laura stayed with me.

Samantha hadn't moved. "I was terrified last week," I told her quietly. "Do you want us to help you?" She had started to fumble with her buttons. "You? Terrified?" she looked up at me briefly for the first time, then went back to looking at the floor.

"So terrified I ran away and hid for hours. That's why I have to do another week. Believe me, it gets better." She didn't look convinced. Laura and I finished undressing her.

"I'm not like you. I couldn't do that. Just the thought of someone touching me," she was beginning to breathe too quickly.

"Nobody's going to touch you today," said Laura. "Now concentrate, watch me, watch my breathing, slowly in, hold it, slowly out. In, hold, out. In, hold, out."

"But I can't bear the thought of the rest of the week. Everyone touching me and, and."

"That's enough," said Laura sharply. Samantha reacted as if she'd been slapped. "Concentrate on today. Nobody is going to touch you today. If they do, tell somebody, tell me or Heather if you don't want to speak to anyone else. Think about getting through the next three hours, most of which is in lessons anyway and come and sit with us at lunchtime."

We walked with her to the boys showers. To my surprise (or maybe not) Shelley was being groped by all the boys. Samantha looked panicky again. Damn, we'd just got her calmed down a bit. "I just wanted to see what it was like," said Shelley cheerfully.

"My turn," said Suzie to my surprise. "I'm dreading this, so I'd better get it over with." I looked at Jed and he smiled. The five of them stroked her all over, taking turns fingering her. "My arse too. I have to know what it's like." Soon they had her screaming as fingers worked their way into both her holes. "Now someone fuck my arse." Samantha couldn't take her eyes off of her.

"Go on, Jed," I said. He carefully smeared some of her juices around her arsehole and his cock and slowly eased it into her. She was breathing short quick breaths, which soon got fast until she did her now-famous "WOW!"

"I wanna do that," said Shelley.

"Sorry Shel," said Jed, "I think we should go back into the changing room. Don't worry, this is only day 1."

"I wanna try everything in the world."

"Yeah but leave something for the rest of the week," I said. She laughed.

Laura and I quickly reached for Samantha's hand. "It'll be okay," I said, with a confidence I didn't feel.

Once we were in the changing room, Jed turned to Samantha and said, "I have a reasonable request." I could see her eyes open wider with the beginnings of panic. "Please sit on the table." She did.

"Would you open your legs please? I want to see your pussy." She froze. "Please, Samantha, I'm not doing this to upset you. Trust me?"

She nodded though we could see tears filling her eyes. "I, I can't move my legs."

"Can I move them for you?" he asked. She nodded again. He took her left leg and moved it so she was exposed, then did the same with her right leg. He knelt down in front of her. I held her hand and could feel her shaking.

"Hmm," he said, his face about a foot from her pussy, "Nice. You have a really pretty pussy, Samantha."

"Th, thank you."

"Now can you sit on that table and show it to my friends?" She got down and sat on the next table and with what looked like tremendous effort, opened her legs.

"Come and look, guys," he said. She sat motionless as they all bent down to look at her most intimate parts. "Can you hold yourself open for me?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Heather, can you show her?" I sat on the table opposite her and opened myself wide.

"I don't know if I can do that," said Samantha.

Laura said, "Let me do it for you." Samantha didn't reply, so, taking that as a "yes", she stood beside Samantha and with two fingers from each hand held her completely open. After a minute or so, Samantha pushed her hand away and said "I can do it." She let us all have a look then said, "Is there anything else I have to do?"

"Stand facing the table," I said, "and bend over holding your bum cheeks open like this to let them see your arsehole."

"But someone will stick fingers up me," she objected.

"Probably," I admitted, "But not today."

She wasn't happy, but she did it.

As the bell rang, she turned to Jed and the other boys and said, "I wish all boys were like you five. You could never hurt anyone."

Jed looked like someone had punched him, and his eyes filled with tears. He turned away and ran out of the room.

Samantha cried out, "What did I say?"

"It's okay," I said, "It wasn't your fault. But you'll have to ask Jed."

I wanted to tell Jed how proud I was of him, but he'd already gone to class. Day 1 proper was about to begin.

Heather, part 10

WEEK TWO

MONDAY, Morning

Running to class (we were a tiny bit late due to the time we'd spent with Samantha), I had two thoughts, one good, one bad. The great thought was I was the only one they could touch ALL day. This could be fun. The bad thought was that I didn't have classes with ANY of the boys I'd suggested for the program, so no fun in classes and no getting to watch them getting "relief". Oh well, I'll just have to have fun with them outside of classes.

"Sorry I'm late, we were delayed with the girl who fainted," I said. My excuse was accepted, but Miss Barrow was not the type to want to waste time in her lessons, so I sat down quickly.

Of course, between classes I had fun. Every boy I passed wanted to feel me up and quite a few of the girls wanted to as well. One of the boys was so cute, I let him finger me to an orgasm.

I went into Maths a bit breathless and red in the face. Mr Wilson grinned at me. "If you were a boy I'd have to ask you if you needed relief, but I think you've already taken care of that," he said.

Gym was next and we were outside. After all the news coverage I wasn't surprised to see some dirty old men with binoculars outside the school grounds looking at me. So I turned towards them and waved, then turned my back and bent over to tie my shoelaces, first making sure that my legs were a reasonable distance apart. I was beginning to understand why Laura thought stripping was a "buzz".

Half the lesson was simply running around the track. I've never been nearly at the front before, but although some of the girls were ahead of me, all the boys were behind me for some reason, quite close behind. I decided to tease them by pretending to trip over, then laughed and sped away as half of them crashed into each other. Some of the girls laughed as well.

After the so-called race, the boys were sent to bring out the hurdles and I sat around with the girls and said to some of them. "Men are so predictable. Get your kit off and you can wind them round your little finger. Watch me now."

As the boys came back I turned towards them, sitting cross-legged. When I caught the eye of one of them, he tripped and dropped the hurdle he was carrying. "See what I mean?" I said, "Everyone sure that they don't want to be in the program?" They laughed.

One of them asked me, "What's it like being in the program?" "Scary at first," I replied, "but once you get used to it, it's great."

"Aren't the boys rough?"

"They were at first, but then the best thing to do is to take their hand and show them what you like. Not only don't you get told off for not cooperating, but you have some fun at the same time."

"Yeah, as we saw this morning," said one of the girls who'd seen me in the corridor just before maths.

"Yup. If the boys can have fun, why shouldn't I?"

Going over the hurdles, I really did trip this time and grazed my knee. Half the boys in the class had lifted me to my feet and back to Miss Taylor before I had a chance to get up on my own. It was bleeding a little and my leg really was stiff. "You'd better report to the school nurse. By then it will be lunchtime."

I tried to stand up and it was a bit painful, so I pretended that it was a lot worse than it really was and that I couldn't stand up properly.

I think Miss Taylor guessed what I was doing, but whether she just thought I deserved the fun after she'd seen me last week, or whether she was just being nice I don't know, but she said, "Don and Jerry, perhaps you can help her?"

They led me off the field and past the showers. "I think I'd better wash the dirt out of it first, don't you? And I might have a shower at the same time."

"But we have to take you to the nurse," objected one of them.

"You'd better stay and help me then," I said coyly. My God, how obvious does a girl have to be?

"My leg hurts a bit, can you wash it for me?"

I turned on the shower. "We'll get wet," said the one who hadn't spoken before. Miss Taylor I'm going to kill you, you picked the two biggest dunces in class to help me.

I turned to him and started to take his t-shirt off. "You'd better get undressed as well then."

Finally! They got the message. Hallelujah!

To be fair, if they were slow on the uptake, their hands were slow too, slow and gentle. They actually did wash me from top to bottom. God it was tantalising.

I took one of each of their hands and put them on my boobs. "You missed a few bits."

They played with my boobs until one of them finally got the nerve to bend down and take a nipple in his mouth.

Then I noticed the time on the clock by the door. "Damn, you have to get me to the nurse or we'll be in trouble." They looked disappointed. "Look we'll continue this later, okay? And I'll show you where else you missed." They grinned at that and quickly dried themselves and me and got dressed.

"Hello, Deary. What did we do?" said the nurse.

"Fell over a hurdle," I replied.

"Thank you, boys, I can manage with her now."

With a look of disappointment that she noticed immediately, they turned and left.

She smiled at me. "I see you've cleaned it up nicely. It doesn't really need one, but I'll just put a plaster on it."

"How's Samantha?" she asked when she was finished.

Whoops, I thought guiltily. I'd forgotten that not everyone was enjoying themselves as much as me.

"She was terrified at first, But when my sister Shelley took her to class, she seemed not too bad."

"That's good, Deary," she said. "Tell her if she has any problems she can come and see me. I'll sort them out"

She would too. She was kindness itself, calling everyone "Deary" fitted perfectly with her character, but more than one bully had wished that he or she had never crossed with her. I wished that I had thought of her this time last week.

Anyhow, off to lunch. Perhaps I'll see Tony again.

Heather, part 11

WEEK TWO

MONDAY, Lunchtime, Afternoon and Evening

As it happened I saw Tony on the way to lunch.

"Hi, Tony."

"Hi."

"I never did thank you properly for your help last week," I continued. "Why don't you come round after school and I can show you how grateful I am." I took his hand and put it on my pussy.

He took it away like I'd burned him. "No thanks, Heather," he said. He was actually turning me down? "Look, I think you're nice, but I don't want to be one of a crowd, you know?"

"I wasn't planning on inviting the whole school, you know."

He laughed slightly at that. "I'd be glad to be a friend, but the thought of sharing you with... I don't know how many others... Sorry, I can't deal with that."

I must have looked hurt because he went on. "You can have as many guys as you like, fuck the whole town if you want, it's your life. But that's not what I want, okay?"

"You saw me Friday night," I said.

"Yeah."

"Was it that bad?"

"If I had sex with you, I'd want to make love to you. And I'm sorry, but seeing that in my mind every time, I just couldn't, that's all."

"I understand, well, thank you anyway," I kissed him on the cheek. "I suppose I should be angry or insulted or something, but I hope you find someone."

He half smiled at me. I could see tears forming in his eyes and I turned away quickly.

Was I going to feel guilty that I was actually enjoying my second week? Like hell I was! If week one was 90% torture, week two was going to be 90% fun if I had anything to do with it.

The stories of the boys' adventures during the morning made me laugh, but soon

we were interrupted. Samantha was in trouble. I knew it was my job to help her. I took Laura and Jed with me.

Samantha was hiding in a corner of a classroom, sobbing her heart out. The girl who had come to get us explained that Ghastly Gordon had been pushing her too hard in Sex Education.

Laura commented that "That bitch needs a lesson." Remembering my own experience with GG I could only agree.

Suddenly Samantha spoke bitterly, "Why don't they just rape me and get it over with? It couldn't be any worse." I felt a knife go through me and I know I winced. I think Laura noticed, but Samantha was beyond noticing anything. "I feel so dirty," she said as she was shaking and looking at us with fear in her eyes.

I couldn't think of anything to say, any way to reach through that pain. But if I was out of my depth, Laura wasn't. "Sam, we're going to take you to the showers, okay? Nobody's going to hurt you," she assured her. We tried to lift her, but she was so limp that we couldn't.

Jed stepped forward. "Let me," he said. "Sam, I'm going to carry you, okay?"

Sam didn't even seem to hear him.

He gently picked her up, commenting on how light she was.

Some idiot in the corridor asked me for a reasonable request.

"Not now," I shouted at him. "Are you blind?"

I held Sam up in the shower while Laura washed her.

Jed and Laura dried her so gently I felt a twinge of jealousy, then guilt at feeling jealous.

Laura decided to take her to the nurse. On the way we had more "reasonable requests". This time I stopped to do them, to give Laura and Sam some peace.

Once I'd dealt with them quickly, I went to the dining hall and got a stack of meals on plates and took them to the nurse's office.

For a skinny girl Samantha could really put food away. She cleared her first plate and Jed fetched her another.

Sam was scared of going back out again.

"When's your next Sex Ed.?" I asked.

"Thursday morning."

Good. I'll have time to see the Headmaster before then.

"Good. No lesson will be worse than that before then, so that's one thing you don't have to worry about. How have you been coping with requests?" I asked.

"Okay, I guess. I hate them, but they've been okay. I'm just dreading tomorrow when they can touch as well," she replied quietly.

Yeah, I thought. If being looked at can crack you up like this, God knows what being touched will do.

But my thoughts were disturbed by the bell for lessons.

That afternoon I must admit I felt annoyed that thinking about Samantha was spoiling my good mood. Then I felt guilty for feeling like that. What were we going to do about Samantha? Especially if Laura didn't even know what to do with her.

Of course Shelley had an idea. Leaving school she said, "I've organised a petting party at Laura's tonight." I had plans of my own about getting Jed home, and petting might have been part of it... My thoughts were interrupted as she went on. "It's for Sam. To help her get used to being touched."

I felt more than a little selfish.

But I also felt proud of my little sister. I'd always thought of her as childish, who never thought of anyone but herself. After her actions last week and already this week, I was going to have to rethink my opinion of her.

"Okay. It might help and it can hardly makes things worse. Good idea, kid sis."

Shelley beamed. "You're not the only one with brains, you know."

Until we left for Laura's, Shelley was back to being a kid as she was so excited about the night to come.

Suzie and Samantha arrived last for the party, brought by Laura's mum. Shelley immediately said, "Let's take off our clothes." Samantha hesitated a little, then shed her clothing along with the rest of us.

But when Shelley followed that up with "Right, we're going to have a petting party," I thought that Samantha would die on the spot.

"I can't do this," she said.

"That's what you said this morning," I replied, "but you did it. And from what I hear, you were fine all day apart from that bitch Gordon."

She grudgingly admitted that.

Then Jed spoke to her. "You trusted us this morning. Did it help you today?"

Another faint "Yeah."

But when he asked her to trust us now, she burst out, "It's alright for all of you. You're all friends, and you're all happy with, with..." She couldn't say the word sex at first. Boy, did she have a problem.

"I'm not like you," she concluded.

"You mean, we're all sluts and you're not?" I asked. She looked afraid for a second, as if she'd said something she shouldn't have, so I smiled at her to make her know that I wasn't offended. Hell, one week ago, I'd probably have been saying what she'd just said.

So Shelley piped up, "She's the Superslut and we're the Slutsisters."

I am NEVER going to live that name down, so I responded, "Not to mention Supertongue Suzie."

Poor Samantha just looked miserable and said "I don't know what I mean. I'm just not comfortable with any of this."

Suzie assured her that we weren't trying to get her to take part in an orgy. ("Shame", I thought.)

"You said we are all friends," I said. "This time last week, I knew Laura and Shelley. Suzie I thought was a bitch, sorry Suzie, and I didn't know the boys at all, and from our first meeting I didn't want to know them. Now they are all the best friends I've got." As I said it, I realised that was true, and I felt my eyes watering at the thought. I love these guys.

"You think you have no friends? Why do you think we are all here if you've got no friends?" I continued, but she just stood there, looking even more miserable.

I don't know if it was inspired or whether I just got impatient, but I said, "You know your problem? You wouldn't recognise a friend if they jumped up and kissed you." And then I did.

First I kissed away the tears running down her cheeks. I wished that I could kiss away her misery and fear so easily. Then I kissed her full on the lips. She stiffened up. Great idea, Heather.

Then Suzie spoke, "You might be able to kiss me into forgetting I'm frightened, but it doesn't work with everyone." We all laughed at that and even Samantha joined in the laughter.

It must have lessened the tension, because Samantha suddenly said, "Okay, I'll do it." Then, "Look, in case I freak out or anything, thanks for trying." She looked at each of us, took a breath, then asked, "Now, what do I have to do?"

Jed explained that she should spin the bottle. That would decide who she had to do something to. Then she would pick a card, white for tame, blue for more "exciting", which would tell her what to do.

Her first card was to fondle Suzie's boobs. This was fun, Suzie has REALLY sensitive boobs, and I enjoyed watching her face reflecting the sensations she was feeling.

Shelley spoiled it really, because as Suzie was getting more hot and bothered, Shel decided that it was HER turn.

Although she'd picked a white (tame) card, Shelley hasn't learned that word yet as I explained to Stephen when he protested at her tickling his arsehole with her finger.

"Hey, the white cards were supposed to be tame," he said.

"Yeah but this is Shelley," I said, "and she hasn't got as far as the letter T in the Dictionary yet."

Shelley shot me a look as if she was insulted, then started laughing.

If I have one lasting memory of that party, it was the laughter. Starting with a really tense atmosphere, we spent half the evening laughing together. Do you know how close that makes you feel?

Suzie decided that we should be concentrating more on Samantha. I'm not sure that Shelley agreed with that, but to my surprise, Sam did!

Suzie started by caressing Sam's boobs, and in spite of herself, it was obvious that Sam liked it.

She liked it even more when Christopher did the same and finished by kissing them.

Suzie joked that Sam must have liked that because she was all wet. Sam suddenly got embarrassed again, so Suzie got Christopher to do the same to her, then took Sam's hand and placed it firmly on her (Suzie's) pussy.

"See Sam?" she said, "I'm all wet too." To my surprise Sam didn't take her hand away until Suzie told her to feel her own pussy and she admitted that, yes, she was wet.

"See, all that proves is that you're normal, just like us," said Suzie, obviously pleased with herself.

My turn was next and I forgot to pick a card, I just started licking and sucking on Sam's boobs, then flicking her nipples with my tongue.

Jed upped the ante with the next card. After gently caressing Sam's bum for a while, he got her to hold her bum open while he stroked from her pussy to her

arsehole, giving extra attention to her rosebud.

To everyone's surprise Sam then picked a blue card. These were the more explicit ones.

"It says play with cock," she said.

The bottle spun towards Shelley, so she had to spin again. This time it pointed at Stephen.

She knelt in front of him, nervously touching his cock. After feeling around his balls, she began to stroke him up and down.

He warned her that he was going to cum, but she wouldn't stop until he had covered her face with his cum.

She looked absolutely angelic almost worshipping his cock with cum dripping off her face.

"And as you did that to me, I think turnabout is fair play, don't you?" he said.

She looked worried but he reassured her.

As he instructed she lay down on the carpet and opened her legs.

He was so good with her, gently stroking her outer lips, then opening her up to do the same inside.

She tensed up as he put his finger inside her for the first time. I was going to go to her but was beaten by Shelley, who held her hand reassuringly.

Then Sam bled a little. Stephen stopped. "Oh god, I'm sorry, I didn't know. Are you okay?" he asked.

Sam's only reply was "Just don't stop...please."

So we heard cries of "No, No, too much." And "No, don't stop. Please don't stop!"

"Come on, Sam," I yelled.

Shelley started to chant "cum, cum, cum, cum," in time with Stephen's finger strokes, and soon Samantha did, spectacularly.

"Is it always like that?" she asked.

"NO," Suzie and I answered, laughing.

I took her to the shower. Stephen followed and I left them alone together.

When I walked in back into the lounge, Shelley and Suzie were kissing, then Suzie pushed Shelley onto the sofa and went down on her, until she came with a loud

"Shelley squeal". Even after this morning, it seemed surreal to watch my little sister being made to cum in front of me. But then, I knew only too well what that tongue could do. We didn't call her Supertongue Suzie for nothing.

Then, probably spoiling the mood, I said, "This is great, but it's not what Sam's going to face tomorrow morning."

"Then when she comes back, we'll have to prepare her for that," said Jed.

When Stephen and Samantha returned Samantha looked flushed and pleased with herself.

That changed as Jed and Christopher started groping her roughly, trying to prepare her for tomorrow morning. Stephen didn't get a chance to join in at that point as Suzie grabbed him.

Christopher even made Sam bend over and then he roughly pushed a finger up her bum.

"Stop a sec," I said. "Guys will probably do that and it hurts right?"

"Yeah," she replied with feeling.

"So here's a little secret." I had all the girls' attention. "Just before you get to the school door, slip a couple of fingers up you pussy," and I stuck two fingers up her pussy. She was startled but didn't move. "Get them nice and wet and work them into your bum to give it a bit of lubrication." Then I stuck the same fingers up her bum. "Okay guys, now carry on."

Soon Sam was on her back with Christopher and Stephen fingering her pussy and arse for all they were worth while Jed had her boobs to himself.

Suddenly Samantha was laughing.

"Thanks, guys. I'm still not looking forward to tomorrow, but if I do freak out again, it won't be your fault," she said.

"Don't even think about freaking out," I said. "Just think about the next few minutes, say to yourself I can survive this for the next five minutes. Then if it's an awful experience and goes on for longer, think about the next five minutes, and the next, until it's over. Five minutes at a time."

She looked at me taking in every word. "Okay."

"Now, tomorrow," I continued, "the worst time will be when we get there because they will all try to grope us while we are undressing. There should be a teacher there to stop that happening, but if there isn't, just go along with whatever I do, okay, no matter how strange it seems?"

She agreed readily.

Laura's mother took Samantha home. Stephen and Suzie went off together. Now we saw THAT coming a mile off. I grinned at Shel and said "After all that hard work, I think the boys deserve a reward, don't you?"

She nodded eagerly and knelt down in front of Jed. Then Jed said, "I've got a better idea." He made her lie down, then took her hand and put it on his cock. "You lie here," he said to me, "and take Christopher's cock. Christopher, Shel's pussy is all yours."

With that he began to play with my pussy while I began to wank Christopher. But soon Christopher had to wait for his relief as Jed began to finger my arsehole as well. I knew that I was already so turned on by the whole evening that I wouldn't last long and I didn't.

Christopher had seen what Jed had done to me and began to do the same to Shel. After her fun with Suzie earlier, she lasted a little longer than I had, but only a little.

Then she decided that she wanted to give both boys a blow job at the same time. She looked positively obscene as they alternately pounded into her cute little face.

I had to try that, so I moved across and pulled the boys to me. Having two cocks in my mouth at the same time was interesting but to be honest not the greatest turn-on I've ever had.

So I got Jed to mouth-fuck Shel, while I kept Christopher happy with my hands, at the same time sucking on Jed's balls.

Being a tease, before Jed could cum, I pulled Shel away from him and over to Christopher.

I started licking up and down one side of his cock, so Shel followed suit. Then I couldn't resist any longer, I wanted that cock in my mouth, so Shel was left to use her mouth on Chris' balls.

Again, I stopped before he could cum. I started wanking Jed again. "Cum all over my slutty sister, Jed. Cover that face with your cum." Just the thought of that was enough to bring him off and I watched as jet after jet flew onto Shel's face.

She turned to me with a grin as she grabbed Christopher's cock. "I think my big sister's face needs decorating, don't you?" she said.

He came almost as quickly as Jed had done and soon my face matched hers, disgustingly sexy.

I looked at the cum on her face and couldn't resist licking it off her. With some on my tongue I pushed my tongue into her surprised mouth giving her some of Jed's cum. "Share and share alike," I said.

She returned the favour and soon we were licking and giggling and sharing cum for all we were worth.

With the last drop of cum, I again put my tongue in Shel's mouth, but this time kissed her properly. To say she was startled was an understatement. It certainly brought a grin to the boys' faces, which was what I had intended of course, but it was also fun to find something that actually shocked Shelley!

I noticed the clock. Damn, Laura's mum would be back to take us home any minute, so I jumped up and went to the shower. Shelley joined me and we gently washed each other, smiling contentedly, before getting dried and dressed to go home.

When we got home Shelley raced upstairs to the bathroom before me and I noticed the answerphone light was flashing. It was Mum. In the excitement of the petting party we'd forgotten she was going to call. She said she was probably flying home on Wednesday, but she'd try to call us again tomorrow night. I realised perhaps for the first time for a long time just how much I missed her when she was away. I could hear Shelley singing (squawking!) to herself in the bathroom. She was so happy about the success of her petting party for Samantha, I decided not to tell her we'd missed Mum's call.

It has been a really strange day. Has it really been only Monday? Almost a whole week still to go.

Heather, part 12

WEEK TWO TUESDAY

If I was proud of my sister yesterday for the way she'd thought of how to help Samantha, I am less proud of myself today. Let's face it, I went with Laura and Jed to help Samantha at lunchtime yesterday because I felt I had to. I went to the petting party last night because I couldn't really get out of it when all I wanted was a good time with Jed. Actually, I had a good time anyway but that's beside the point.

And to cap it all, today I let down the best friend I have in the world and at the time it didn't even bother me.

What's happening to me? Suzie used to be a real bitch and didn't care about anyone. Now she's becoming really sweet, always thinking of the rest of us, while

I, if not becoming a bitch, am certainly caring less and becoming someone I don't like very much.

The day started like any other day. Shelley was excitedly looking forward to her first "official" groping as she put it, (how can you have an official groping?) and wondering what she'd be able to do today that she hadn't tried yet.

When we got to school some of the others had already arrived, judging by the crowd and the noise of chanting. We couldn't see who it was though.

I'd have been quite happy to strip off and walk into the Assembly hall unnoticed (fat chance), but of course I was with Shelley. Never one to simply stay in the background, Shelley yelled at the top of her voice, "Okay folks, the slutsisters are here." Shelley looks slight, but when she shouts she could replace a foghorn. I was expecting noise complaints from France any minute.

Once we were both naked, she walked away from me and a crowd formed around each of us. "Can I feel your boobs," asked one of the younger boys.

"Sure," I said. He hesitated, so I took both his hands and placed them on my boobs. He stood there motionless. "They won't break if you rub them or play with them," I said.

He squeezed, a little too hard actually, then ran his hands all over them, then starting pulling on my nipples and rolling them between his fingers.

I pulled his head down to my boobs. "They like being sucked too, you know." He fastened his mouth around one nipple and his teeth scratched me. "Careful. Your teeth can hurt. Would you like my teeth scraping your cock?"

"No," he shook his head.

"Well, try to avoid teeth on a girl's boobs for the same reason. Okay it doesn't exactly hurt, but it's not likely to turn her on. Try again."

He was better the second time. "Remember I have two tits!"

When he went from one to the other, another boy leaned nearer and said, "Room for one more?"

"Sure."

Even in a ridiculous situation like this, having a guy on each boob licking and sucking is kinda dreamy.

But when, after a few minutes the second boy left, I said to the first, "I'd better give some of the other guys a turn, okay?" He gave my nipples one final, very wet lick each and moved back.

"I wanna feel your pussy," called another boy.

Someone had actually done some thinking since last week. There were chairs out here now, so I sat down and spread my legs. The first boy looked longingly but didn't move any closer.

"Why don't you sit down by my pussy and watch me get fingered?" I suggested.

The older boy waited, surprisingly patient as the first boy sat.

"Now first you want to open her up and just stroke her like this," the older one explained. I was a bit amused at the impromptu Sex Education lesson. I smiled at the look on the smaller boy's face, then my expression probably changed. FUCK! This guy was good.

"See this? This is her clitoris. It can be very sensitive." He wasn't kidding.

"Why don't you touch it?" he continued, glancing up at me to ask if it was okay. I nodded.

The younger boy was less gentle, so he said, "Very gently."

I'm thinking, "Sod the lesson, I want your magic finger back," but I was a good girl and said nothing.

He took over again and gently alternated between rubbing my clit and stroking over and between my lips.

He took the younger boy's hand again and put his finger right at my entrance. "Now if you feel here, you can see she's getting wet. That means she's getting turned on, excited."

"Have you ever had your finger in a pussy before?"

He looked awe-struck, "No," he croaked.

The older boy put one of the younger one's fingers into me all the way. I felt myself tense around it. So did he by the look of surprise on his face. He pushed his finger in and out until the older boy said "Now here at the front, inside her, is a sensitive place called the g-spot. Rubbing on that really gets her going. Watch her face, you'll know when you find it."

He found it, but wasn't exactly skilful at getting me going.

"Okay, let me have a go," said the older boy, then to me, "May I?"

"Do what the fuck you like, just for God's sake bring me off before the Assembly bell goes."

He grinned and plunged two fingers into me. I felt so wet that he could have shoved his arm up me and I wouldn't have minded.

With his other hand he occasionally touched my clit while his fingers inside me moved faster and faster and faster.

As I grimaced, the younger boy said, "Stop, you're hurting her."

"No, don't stop," I begged.

As I came, he replaced his fingers with his tongue and it got even more intense.

"Sorry about that," he said. "I couldn't resist and you weren't in a fit state to ask if I could go down on you." I think I managed a weak smile, I'm not sure.

He put a couple of fingers in me again, then turned back to the younger boy and said, "Here, suck on these." The younger boy did as he was told.

"I think you need cleaning up," the older boy said. "Okay," he said as he turned to the younger boy, "You have to clean up after lessons, don't you? So lick Heather clean."

He didn't hesitate and his tongue wormed its way into every crevice. When he'd finished, the older boy had already disappeared so he politely said, "Thank you," and left.

The assembly bell had gone already and I was left alone until I got up and walked (staggered?) into the showers with the other girls.

There must be something about sex that having more of it makes you want even more of it, because by the end of the second lesson I was so horny I couldn't believe it.

A few clumsy fingers up me didn't turn me off but weren't enough to bring me off either. So in Geography, I had to tell Mr. Graham that I needed relief. Suzie was in this class as well and I think everyone assumed that we'd put on another show.

"Any of you boys want to help me out?" I asked. I picked one that I knew was okay and soon his fingers were buried deep inside me. He looked a little disappointed when I came so quickly.

That made Suzie decide that she wanted relief and as she was given relief by a different boy, I kissed her boobs and let my tongue dance around her nipples, so we both had red faces from our exertions when we returned to our seats.

Leaving for lunch, we were laughing about that when the boys arrived from their classes with a rumour they'd heard about Laura smashing something in Ghastly's class and walking out.

Suddenly Laura was being frog-marched into the dining hall. I watched with growing disbelief as she was handcuffed, then had her hair cut shorter, and finally was given six strokes of the cane.

I turned to Jed and Shelley. "Ghastly's got it in for us Program girls. First me last week, then Sam yesterday and now Laura. We've got to find a way to stop her."

"I could think of a way," said Jed grimly, "And if she picks on you again, I just might stop her permanently."

I was so pleased that I kissed him.

"I wonder who she'll pick on next," muttered Shelley, looking worried for the first time this week.

I suddenly realised that Suzie and Christopher had gone to Laura and were leading her away.

"We must try to think of something," I said. "This is getting way, way out of hand."

Jed, Shelley and I left the dining hall early to discuss more privately what we could do. None of us could think of anything constructive.

I couldn't concentrate in any of the lessons, trying desperately to think of something to do. Everyone knew that Mr. Graham would never stand up to Ghastly in a million years and we didn't know how long Dr. Reynolds (the headmaster) would be away.

In the last lesson of the day, I decided that we needed help. But who to turn to? I played the lunchtime scene back over in my mind then realised with a nauseating flash what I'd done, or not done.

I'd been so shocked and so busy discussing what to do that I'd left my best friend lying on the table alone, until thankfully Suzie and Christopher went to her. What was I thinking of? She hadn't needed plans to stop it happening to someone else, she'd needed a friend right then. And I'd ignored her. First, only helping Sam with some resentment yesterday, now totally ignoring my best friend at a time like that.

Then an even worse thought hit me. Yet again Laura was suffering because of me. The headmaster had wanted to deal with Gordon and at our meeting on Saturday I'd insisted that we could deal with it. Me and my fucking mouth! What was wrong with me?

I began crying, but even that felt false, like I was crying for me and not for what had happened to Laura.

At the end of school, I went to the staff room and asked for Mr. Thompson. He was on the cricket field, I was told, so I went out there. He was in the middle of the field as a match was still in progress, so I waited until it finished.

"Sir, I'm sorry to bother you when you're going home, but you said if we had any problems with anyone, we could come to you."

"Yes, of course, Heather. What can I do for you?" he asked. "Come into the pavilion and we can talk in peace."

I followed him into the pavilion and we both pulled up chairs and sat down.

"It's Ghast... Ms. Gordon," I began. He smiled at my accidental use of her nickname.

"I had guessed that."

"I don't even know what happened today, but you were in lunch and you saw what happened. Last week, she was horrid to me, then yesterday she was so bad to Samantha that we found her cowering in a corner unable to move after the lesson...." His face tensed at that.

"And then whatever happened this morning."

He interrupted me. "Actually after lunch I made it my business to find out exactly what did happen this morning." And he told me. I couldn't believe that she'd actually filmed us secretly and then played the DVD in class like that. No wonder Laura had freaked out.

"You may wonder why none of us staff have said or done anything, but you would be wrong." He went on to say, "I won't say what has been said or by whom, but I will say that a number of us have sent messages to Dr. Reynolds explaining what has been happening and expressing a lot of concern."

"And is he coming back soon?" I asked.

"As soon as he can, but the meetings and post-mortems about last week will take another day or two and they won't let him leave."

"We can't wait another day or two. Is there nobody who has the power to help us?"

"Staff wise?" He shook his head. "No. Mr. Graham won't listen to a word said against Ms. Gordon. But do you remember why the Headmaster has been called away?"

"Because of my rape I was told."

"Hmm, partly," he said, "but mainly because of all the media coverage following that. For a short while at least, you are a celebrity. You asked who has the power to help you. Right now, YOU have the power to help you."

"But what should I do?" I cried, still not believing that I could do anything.

"I can't tell you that. But if you think about it I'm sure you'll think of something." He smiled at me.

We walked back to the main building together. An ambulance was speeding away

with sirens wailing and blue lights flashing. What had happened?

Two of the younger girls walked past us, crying. "A girl killed herself," one of them said.

"In the Program," added the other.

LAURA! I thought.

I turned to Mr. Thompson in panic. "I've got to go to the hospital," I said. I was shaking.

"Get your clothes on, I'll bring my car round and take you."

The hospital staff tried to keep us out until Mr. Thompson showed his teacher's security ID card, then they told us where to go. He found out that it was Samantha, not Laura, and she wasn't dead. "Have you got some change?" I asked. "I need to make some phone calls."

They took longer than I'd planned and when I got back from organising my plan everything overwhelmed me again and I just cried and cried. I dried my face and went to the ward where the other girls were around Sam's bed. Laura was blaming herself for not being able to help Sam.

Sam said that she wasn't going to be in the Program any more and I felt myself give a sigh of relief. At least that's one girl Gordon can't hurt any more.

Incredibly Sam was more worried that we wouldn't be her friends any more now she wasn't in the Program.

Shelley and Laura assured her that we would.

I tried to lighten the mood by saying, "Yes, even if you do make me lose my bet."

Suzie made some comment about Sam owing her one. Suzie explained briefly what she meant but I think I'll have to ask Sam more about that sometime.

"What bet?" Sam asked me, but before I had a chance to reply, Shelley chimed in with "Heather bet the school that next Monday if she asked how many girls wanted to be in the Program, and there was less than twenty, she'd stay in the Program for the rest of the term."

And Suzie finished with "And after today, there's no WAY she's gonna win that bet." She laughed.

I laughed with her. "It doesn't matter. I'm probably going to lose anyway, thanks to Ghastly Gordon."

"Sorry to ask what you've probably already told the others," I said, "but you were doing so well this morning, so why did you do it?"

"I was a soloist in the semi-finals of the national school choir competition on Thursday night," she answered. "And I suddenly realised that I'd have to do it naked and basically freaked out. It's so important to my career and I thought it was ruined forever."

She continued, "They want to admit me to a psycho ward for a week, then I'll be exempt from the Program."

A thought struck me. "Will they let you out to sing in the choir on Thursday if you're stuck in a psycho ward?"

It hadn't occurred to her either. Laura said that the school nurse was in the canteen, so I sent her to get Nurse to ask her opinion.

While she was away, I explained my plan to get Laura's handcuffs removed.

The others all loved the idea.

Nurse said that it was highly unlikely that they'd let Sam out to sing if she was still a hospital patient. This was confirmed by the Doctor.

Sam begged to be allowed home and finish her week at school, even if she had to be in the Program. Did one concert mean SO much to her?

A long debate with the Doctor was finally decided in Sam's favour when Laura's mum arrived and said that she'd take Sam home with her.

When we got home from the hospital, the lights were on. I ran into the lounge and leapt on the sofa to give Mum a hug. Shel squeezed onto the other end to hug her as well. I cried, "You're home! On the answerphone last night you said you couldn't get a flight until tomorrow!"

"I got a standby," she replied happily, then, "And how are you doing?"

Shel got up. "I'm going to my room," she said. "I think you two need some time to talk." Sometimes my sis can be a pain, but sometimes she can be so understanding.

"Thank you," I mouthed to her.

Mum had taken her shoes off like she always does after work. Now I must tell you that my mother does not "drink" much at all but she will sometimes relax with a glass of wine after a rough day. This time it was a red one.

She took a sip and looked at me over her glass. "Oh dear, sweetie, that's a serious look you've got. Has something bad happened since our last phonecall?"

"No, Mum, it's from before. And I'm not sure really how bad it is."

"Is it serious enough for your own glass of wine? You are old enough to drink wine at home if you want to."

"That's okay. Maybe just a small sip of yours, if you don't mind." She offered her glass and I took a sip. It was a good thing it was a big glass because it was not a small sip. I returned the glass, grateful to her for giving me a chance to collect my thoughts.

"Mum," I began, "You know you said that nothing I could do would shock you? I think you might have been wrong."

"Yes?" she said uncertainly.

"I didn't tell you everything that happened on Friday. I left out a bit."

"You left out a bit," she repeated slowly.

"A big bit," I admitted, then hesitated.

"Is it in your journal? Would it be easier if I read it there?" she asked.

"Yeah, you can read all the details there, but I have to tell you this myself." I stopped, trying to find the courage to continue.

"Heather," said Mum. "Do you really think it's so bad that I would love you any the less?"

I shook my head. "No, but you might not like me very much."

"I doubt it, but you'd better go on."

"On Friday night I went out clubbing with Laura and Suzie and Shel. And... I got a little carried away." I took a breath.

"What's a little?" she asked.

"I had a gangbang on the dancefloor." Her eyes opened wider. "I'm not even really sure why I did it, I just went wild fucking every guy I could drag on the dance floor. I don't even know how many I had."

Mum took a deep breath. "Did you hurt anyone?"

"No, though Laura had to join in to get me out of there in one piece. And I was horrid to her the next morning."

"I hope you made it up to her. It sounds like she was very brave."

"Yes I did, when I realised how stupid I'd been. And Laura was incredible, Mum. You should have seen the bruises she had the next day, and all because I was such a slut." Mum winced at the word.

"I won't pretend I like what you did, but why should that make me like you less?"

"Now everyone thinks I'm a slut. You aren't ashamed of me?" I asked incredulously.

"No. Sad maybe, that you felt the need to do that, but ashamed, no." She hugged me tightly. "Darling, you'd had a terrible experience in the morning. That kind of shock gets you off balance. Don't blame yourself for what you did later. And you worry too much about what people think of you. That's something you could learn from Shelley. She does what she does and never thinks about what others will think of her."

I didn't reply for a while and just felt her arms around me.

Finally I said, "I think it's time I went upstairs and let Shel have a little one-on-one time with you."

"Don't tell me she's got some terrible secret to tell me too."

"If she has, it's a secret from me as well," I grinned and ran upstairs.

I'd managed to not let slip about Laura and Sam and the plan, even if it felt wrong keeping all that from her. If only Shelley could do the same. Just for tonight, we had to act normally.

Later on Shel called me back down and something really cool and amazing happened. She's begged me to not write about it here, but let her "tell the world" as she put it. I agreed, so if you want to read about it now you'll have to look it up in her journal. And yes, I finally did tell Mum what had been happening. Her reaction to that was pretty cool too. Shelley tells me all that is at the end of her chapter six as well.

When I finally got back to my room, the worries about tomorrow continued. I climbed into bed, naked, as Mum had suggested. I suppose the bed clothes felt nice but I really didn't notice.

After we had all left Sam's hospital room, I had wanted to speak to Laura, but I couldn't face her. I knew I'd let her down badly and sometimes words just aren't enough.

It helped to talk my plan over with Mum, but I could see she was as concerned about it as I was. Perhaps if it works tomorrow I'll feel better enough to apologise to Laura. Even if it doesn't, at least it will prove I still care.

But if it doesn't, things will be worse than ever. It's a risk, but if even Sam is prepared to take it, it must be a risk worth taking.

Mustn't it?

Excerpt from Shelley's journal, part 6

TUESDAY evening - the rest of the reunion with Mum

When we got home from the hospital, we were really surprised to find that Mum had got back a day earlier than we'd expected. I went upstairs so Heather could tell Mum about Friday night, then she came upstairs to tell me it was my turn to see Mum on my own.

"Shel," she hissed at me before I went downstairs. "I didn't tell Mum about Laura and Sam, so don't mention it."

"Why didn't you?" I asked.

"If we tell her what's happened, she'll try to do something. You know what she's like. So we'd have to tell her about our plan and she might tell us not to do it."

"I think we should tell her."

"Shel, please."

"Okay, I won't say anything, but you're wrong."

I went downstairs and curled up next to Mum. She gave me a big hug.

"Your sister had a sip of my wine, Shelley. Would you like one as well?"

"Thanks, Mum, but no thanks."

"I'll tell you the same thing I told her. I think you're both old enough to have some wine or a glass of beer here in the house, okay?"

"What about if you're not around?" I thought I better get the rules straightened out.

"That's fine too, but I can trust you not to let any of your friends get too drunk, can't I? Or you, for that matter."

Oops, I knew THAT look. She had just written another Commandment.

She finished the last bit in her glass and poured herself another one. Now that's not unusual but I did think, oh dear, I hope Heather's story hasn't upset her.

She took another sip, a very small one thank god, before continuing, "And what dark secrets have you been keeping from me?"

I guiltily tried to put Laura and Sam and our rescue plan out of my mind.

"None," I said, "except that Heather wanted to tell you about the nightclub face to

face."

"Which is why you didn't mention it either."

"She was scared you'd freak out and come straight home."

"I think with Laura looking out for you both, I don't have a lot to worry about."

"Yeah, Laura was brill. And her pussy tastes nice too, not as nice as a cock, but..."

"Whoa," cried Mum. "There are some details I don't need to know, thank you. You're still my little girl and while I might be glad that you are exploring your own desires, I'm not sure I want to know every juicy titbit."

"Oh."

"Would you really like to hear every detail about what Eric and I get up to?"

I thought for a second, then "No, it would be kinda weird."

"Thanks," she laughed. "I might not be a sex-mad teenager, but I'm not THAT weird."

"Mum," I asked. "You and Eric, is it serious?"

"I don't know yet," she answered. "I think it might be."

"Good. It's time you had some fun again, and if you want the house to yourselves, just let us know. And if you want some ideas, we've got plenty."

She laughed. "I think I can remember what to do."

"I wanna try everything, Mum. I wanna do one of the things Heather did as well."

"Not a gangbang?" she asked, sounding shocked.

"No, that was horrible, though maybe with just a dozen or so it might be fun."

"Shelley!" she said firmly. "That comes under the category of things I don't want to have to imagine."

"Oh, sorry."

"But if not a gangbang, then what?"

"I want to try being spit-roasted," I said. "Heather says that's the one thing she remembers that she really liked from Friday night."

"Spit-roasted?" she exclaimed.

"It's when..." I began.

"Yes, I know what it is. That's something else I think you can save for your

journal."

Mum laughed when she said about saving things for my journal, but now she was serious again. "Shelley, just because I said I don't need to hear all the juicy details doesn't mean that there is ever anything that you can't tell me, you understand?"

Before I could answer, she went on, "Now, the only thing I want to hear is what my beautiful daughters said on television last week. Would you get Heather back down here please, and ask her to bring the video she told me about?"

I jumped up, turned and ran for the stairs before she could see the huge grin I knew was on my face.

We came straight back down, Heather holding the video in one hand. I had told her that Mum didn't know yet how we were "dressed" on it. Heather had just sighed.

Mum had turned the telly on and sat herself in the middle of the sofa. "You know, neither your father nor I have ever been on the telly. He was on the radio once, one of those phone-in thingies, but that was all."

Heather put the tape in and picked up the remote. "You haven't mentioned Dad for a long time, you know."

"I know." Dad was a civil engineer and he was working in Africa on a railway bridge when he was trapped under a mudslide and a half-built bridge parapet. I was a lot older before I understood all those words but they were burned into my head when Mum read us the newspaper stories. I was six and Heather was seven when it happened. When we were older Mum explained to us that it had taken ages for the insurance money to come through. That was why she had had to go back to work and she stayed working later on to help her deal with Dad's death as much as for the money. It has sorta worked the same for me. I'm no brainbox but I do try most of the time at school and when I don't feel like trying I remember Dad and feel somehow I don't want to disappoint him too much.

All of us were quiet for a moment. We were all remembering Dad. Then Mum snuffled once but spoke very clearly. "I'll always love your father. He was my first love and no one will ever replace him in here." She touched her chest on that side. "But being with Eric has made me realise that it's time to move on, as they say. You girls don't think I'm wrong, do you?"

Heather said it right. "Dad is never coming back. We'll never forget him and we know you won't either. If he could still speak to us, I know he'd.. insist you find someone else. Go for it, Mum." All I could do was nod my head. I don't get speechless very often, but I still missed him and I think I really understood for the first time that I always would miss him but that that was really okay.

Mum sat up and rubbed her hands together. "Let's see this tape then. "Was it really on the main news?"

"Yes it was," Heather said, "On the main BBC news at nine o'clock, about halfway through." With that she pressed a button and the show started. She had to fast-forward through a few minutes of other stuff. Then she slowed it back down to normal and suddenly the woman reporter was speaking.

Mum was leaning forward and then it happened, the gasp I mean. "Oh.. my.. god! You're naked!" And then a few seconds later, "And so are you!" Another gap. "And so's that other girl! ... Is that Suzie?"

Mum slumped back into the sofa. "Heather, please turn it off for a minute. Thank you." Heather and I held our breaths.

She stared at Heather. Then she stared at me. "You vixens!" she shouted and put a hand over her mouth. "You gorgeous vixens!" She took her hand away and her face exploded into an ENORMOUS grin. Then she started to laugh like I have never in my life heard her laugh. She had her arms crossed holding onto her sides and she was rocking from side to side. Heather and I sat there gobsmacked.

"Why didn't you tell me, either one of you?" She managed to get that out between gasps of laughter.

"We wanted it to be a big surprise for you when you got back," I said, "It looks like we were right."

"Oh, you were right, alright." Mum had managed to settle down. Now she was "only" grinning.

"Besides," Heather added, "I was afraid you might freak out in India if you knew about it but couldn't see it for yourself."

"You may have been right about that, actually. You are both forgiven." Then she took a hankie out of a pocket, rubbed the tears from her eyes and blew her nose. She took a big drink of wine and looked at each of us in turn. "Okay, girls, on your feet and get out of those clothes."

"Mum!" we both shouted.

"Now." We both recognised that tone of voice. We stood up and did what she said.

I was just pushing down my knickers when Mum stood up and started taking her clothes off!

She saw us gaping at her and said, "What? You two strip off on National Television (her voice capitalised those words) and you're surprised at me when I get naked in my own house?"

To say that we were speechless is this week's understatement. We just stood there, not speaking, not even moving.

When she was naked, yes totally naked, she lifted her hands way over her head and did a slow twirl. After she was facing us again, she dropped her arms and asked, "Well, what do you think?"

I found my voice first. "You're fantastic, Mum, gorgeous."

Heather nodded and added quietly, "Eric must think he has died and gone to heaven. You're beautiful, Mum."

"Thank you both, very much." She paused. "Now, I think this calls for a toast. Shelley, go fetch two more wine glasses, the good ones from the dining room. There's plenty of wine left in the bottle and I think we should finish it."

I was back before she finished talking. She poured us each a full glass and handed them to us.

Then she raised her glass and we both did the same. "To being free," she said then added, "and in charge of our own bodies." We all sipped.

Then Heather raised her glass again. "To Dad."

"Yeah, to Dad." "To.. Billy." No one spoke for a moment after we drank that toast.

"Now Heather, rewind that tape to the start of the interview and turn the sound up. I want to hear exactly what you all say."

We sat there on the sofa, Mum in the middle and none of us saying anything, until Suzie started speaking.

"She's very pretty, Heather. Is she the one that.. I mean, have the two of you..?"

"Yes, Mum," Heather answered, "She was the girl in the classroom. You know, Mum, if we're gonna be naked in front of each other, then you really are gonna to have to learn to chill."

"I know," she giggled in reply, "Let me try that again. Is she the one that... fucked you on Friday morning and that you fucked right back?" I don't think I've ever seen Mum blush before.

"Yes, Mother, we fucked each other and it was wonderful," Heather spoke slowly and oh so solemnly. Then suddenly we all were laughing and hugging and drinking the wine. And chilling. It was perfect!

We played the tape again. At the end, Mum put her glass down and then an arm around each of us. "We have loads to talk about, about what you all said on that tape and a lot more things as well. But now I think I'm about talked out, and you two have finished your wine, AND it's a school night."

Then she looked at us seriously, but with a twinkle in her eyes. "One final thing. All the time in Delhi, I always slept naked. Yes, yes, I know what you're both

thinking but that's not what I'm talking about. I had forgotten how lovely it is to sleep naked, even if you're by yourself. Tomorrow night I'm going to get all my pyjamas together and give them to Goodwill. I'm going to ask you guys one thing, and yes Shelley this is that kind of ask, sleep naked tonight, both of you. After tonight you can do what you want, but I bet you won't want to go back. Even on a cold night you can always put an extra blanket on the bed. And you still don't have to wear anything if you don't want to."

"Now, off to bed, both of you. I'll straighten up."

"It's not that late, Mum," Heather said, "And we both have to do our journals."

"Okay, but not too late, okay?"

"Sure, Mum," I said over my shoulder, "And if I ever have a gangbang like Heather, I'll just write all the juicy bits down in my journal so you can read them to Eric later." I turned back and stuck out my tongue then ran upstairs before she could reply.

I finished writing my journal but then I couldn't sleep. I decided to go downstairs and get a drink and then I saw that Heather's light was still on. I crept round the door. "Can't you sleep either?" I asked.

She jumped. "God, you made me jump. No, I can't. Fancy something to eat?"

So we went downstairs and saw Mum sitting on the sofa staring into space. She had a small grin on her face.

"Hi, Mum, we couldn't sleep." Both of us spoke at the same time. We have GOT to stop doing that.

Then I leapt in as usual. "I can see you smiling, Mum. What are you thinking about?"

"Eric." Then she looked up. "I'm really missing him." I peeked at Heather and she peeked at me while Mum grinned, "And yes, girls, that IS one of the reasons I'm missing him."

We were all still naked and I couldn't stop my eyes looking down. Mum's nipples were hard! I managed not to say anything but I think Mum caught me staring at her chest.

She chuckled at me. "It's hard to hide things when you're naked, isn't it?"

That was just too much. When Heather said, "Welcome to the Program," we all lost it.

Then Heather asked, "When are you seeing him again, outside of work I mean?"

"Did I tell you guys he coaches cricket for Coldbourne?"

"Yes, but not which school," Heather replied.

"Well, they have an important match this Saturday and they missed two training sessions while we were away in India, so he's going to be doing that tomorrow evening and again on Thursday. What about afterwards I asked him and he said remember he lives alone and he has a million things to do at home."

"You don't think he's avoiding you, do you?" Heather got that out just before I could.

"No, not at all. I could see in his eyes that he was as.. pissed off about it as I was. But Friday night he's coming over here for dinner and.."

"We can meet him!" I said.

"Yes, but you don't have to shout," laughed Mum.

Heather asked, "What about..?" She didn't finish that but gestured down the front of her body.

"We'll have to see about that," Mum laughed, "But I think we all," she stared straight at me, "should be dressed properly when he arrives. Later on..?" She shrugged her shoulders. "And before you ask, yes, he's expecting to stay the night."

"Way cool, Mum!" I hugged her tightly.

Then Heather changed the subject. "With all the excitement tonight, I forgot to eat. Anybody else hungry?"

"Me." This time Mum and I spoke at once, but THAT was way cool too.

"Did I see some ham in the fridge? Is it okay?" Mum asked.

"Yeah, it's fine. We bought it yesterday after school," Heather explained. (Before the petting party, I thought. God, that seems like last year, not last night.) "And there's fresh bread and salad bits," she added.

She looked at both of us, "Ham sandwiches for three?" Mum and I nodded.

"And I'll make us all some salad," I volunteered. We all like tomato with ham but we hate the way it makes the bread go soggy.

It only took a minute to throw together some lettuce and tomatoes so while Heather finished making the sandwiches, I showed Mum the collection of newspapers we'd saved from the weekend. She started reading them one by one.

As we ate our sandwiches and salad, she said, "I didn't know that my two daughters were so famous."

"Or infamous," said Heather, bringing out the one newspaper I hadn't shown Mum.

It had the same photo as some of the others, but underneath a different sort of headline, "School for SLUTS". The text, what there was of it, described our school as teaching girls to forget any morals they once had and making us fit for "nothing but the whorehouse or the streetcorner."

"Why didn't you show me this one, Shelley? Did it upset you?"

"A bit," I admitted. "But I thought it might upset you."

"Well, it's not very nice reading things like that about someone you love. But there are lots of people who don't agree with the Program or anything to do with sexual openness. And we live in a world where people like that don't care who they hurt to make their point. I'm just sorry it was you."

"I'm not," I said. "I mean, you don't think of us like that, so they can't hurt us. Think if they'd written that about Samantha."

"Who's Samantha?"

I looked over at Heather. She sighed and nodded so I continued, "A girl in my year who's also in the Program. She's got no friends and she's ever so shy and I don't think she's happy at home either. Her mum already thinks she's a slut just because she's in the Program. She was so upset today that she cut her wrists. Can you imagine it if she'd read that about herself?" At Mum's sudden look of concern, I quickly added, "She's okay. And she's staying with Laura and her mum for the rest of the week."

"If it's difficult where she is, tell her that she can always stay here if she wants to. We probably have more room than the Townleys do." Mum looked thoughtful for a second and then asked, "This is probably a silly question, Shelley, but how are you coping in the Program?"

"It's great, Mum. On Monday morning before we even went to class, I lost my virginity and..."

I stopped. Mum looked a little disappointed.

"I guess I'm not your little girl any more."

"You'll always be my little girl. But they can't force you to do that in the Program, so how?"

Heather interrupted, "It was right after Monday assembly when all of the new participants were announced. The headmaster allowed us to get together privately.." (I shook my head at that but didn't say anything) "...so we could get to know each other. Well, we got to know each other really closely."

I carried on. "Some of the others were fucking." I stopped for a second. It still felt weird being able to use words like 'fucking' with Mum... "And I was giving this

cute guy called Lenny a blow job. It was the first time I'd ever touched a real live cock. And it was nice and I loved it when I made him cum on my face."

"So did he, I bet," Mum chuckled.

I grinned back at her. "Yeah, then he went down on me and it was ace, Mum, but I just knew I wanted him inside me."

"She even made an announcement," put in Heather, "To make us all watch her lose her virginity. Poor Lenny was so embarrassed."

"I can imagine," laughed Mum. "Oh Shelley, the poor guy."

"He was so sweet, Mum. He asked me twice if I was sure and I had to threaten to find someone else before he'd do it. And it hardly hurt at all."

"Then we got Stephen to fuck Suzie because he was still a virgin too. And I watched him put it in her, till Heather pulled me away from them."

"I should think so too," laughed Mum.

"I wanted to go to class like that, but Laura made me go and take a shower to wash all the cum off my face. But I like being covered in cum and I got to do a Heather this morning!"

"What's a Heather?" asked Mum, trying not to laugh and not succeeding very well.

Heather cringed. "Well one day last week, Heather let loads of boys cum all over her and I wanted to do that, but I wanted to keep it all, not have to wash it all off."

"So what did you do?" Mum asked and then glanced at Heather, "I'm not sure I want to know the answer but I don't think I'll get the option."

"I'll show you." I ran upstairs and put on my cummy blouse and skirt. When I went downstairs both Heather and Mum's eyes opened wide with disbelief.

"When I got to school this morning for the morning groping, I made loads of boys cum all over me. Lots of it went on my hair and face, but I wiped that off onto my clothes too. So now I've got a souvenir, and we're the slutsisters for real!"

Mum shrieked at that. I think the wine was getting to her.

Heather just shook her head. Then she held her nose. "You stink, Shel, or rather those clothes stink."

"I might have chosen a different word," Mum added, "But I don't think I shall. Your clothes do stink."

"Oh dear. I guess this was not one of my very brightest ideas, was it?"

"No, darling. Now I don't know if the blouse can be saved, but the skirt probably

can." Then she chuckled. "I have to admit, girls, that I don't have a LOT of experience getting.. cum out of clothes. Why don't you put them in soak in the sink right now with a capful of that stain-removing stuff I use in the wash. Read the label. I'm not sure if the water should be cold or hot."

As I went out to the kitchen, Heather called, "And go have a quick wash yourself before you sit back down with us."

Kitchen sink first, then a stand-up wash at the bathroom sink upstairs and I was back.

Mum and Heather were still smiling and Mum said, "I was just saying to your sister I thought you seemed to be getting a lot more out of the Program than the people who designed it had planned for. What do you think?"

"I don't know about that. All I do know is," I stuck my tongue out at Sis, "Heather's Superslut and I'm Hurricaneslut." I thought I'd better get my own back at least a little bit after the clothes disaster.

"I wonder why?" asked Mum ironically. Heather laughed.

"I was going to be Babyslut but we're saving that for Samantha."

"What have you got tomorrow?" Mum asked.

"Well, I want to see what it's like with two boys at once and there's some girls in my class that might be fun too. Oh and I wa..."

Heather cut me off. "I think Mum meant what lessons," she said.

"Oh," I replied disappointedly. "I don't know. I left my timetable at school."

Mum chimed in with, "And I'm not sure I really want to know every detail of what you get up to this week. You might be in the Program, but you're still my baby girl."

"I'll be sensible Mum," I said, "but after all, I can't catch anything and I can't get pregnant."

"Just be careful, that's all I ask. Boys can get a little rough and over-excited sometimes."

"They'd have trouble getting more excited than Shelley, Mum," said Heather, sticking her tongue out at me.

We laughed again but then the atmosphere began to turn serious. We all sensed it.

Heather had finished her sandwich quickly but had drunk at least another full glass of wine.

Mum put her own glass down and moved so she could face both of us easily. "Now, when are you going to tell me what's been bothering you both all evening? Even when we've been laughing and joking, you've been holding back. What's wrong?"

Heather looked at me for a moment before turning towards Mum. "Mum," she said. "I've been trying to decide whether to tell you this, because I'm afraid you might tell us No."

"Well, you'd better tell me now," answered Mum, putting down her sandwich as well and giving Heather her "gentle Mum stare".

"You said you feel safe knowing that Laura is looking out for us. But Laura's in trouble. She kinda went berserk when she found out this morning that Ghastly Gordon had filmed us all having sex after Assembly yesterday."

Mum looked at me for a moment, then turned back to Heather.

"Ghastly was actually showing the class the recording when Laura got there. She smashed the DVD and covered herself up and wouldn't pose in Gordon's class. So they made her wear handcuffs and cut her hair and caned her in front of the whole school."

"It was horrible, Mum," I added.

"And with her hands cuffed behind her back she can't protect herself."

"Dr. Reynolds allowed this? I thought you said he was okay?"

"No, he got called away to London for a meeting about.. my rape, and all this publicity. It was Mr. Graham and he does anything Ghastly tells him to."

"Hmm. I understand now. Has anyone contacted Dr. Reynolds?"

"I don't know but I've thought of a plan and all the girls agreed to it, even Samantha. We're all going to wear handcuffs tomorrow as a protest, then we're going to tell Mr. Graham that he has to take Laura's handcuffs off, or we'll cut our hair and give a press conference."

"Whew," gasped Mum. "As we would have said when I was young, 'Heavy'. But what if it doesn't work? None of you will be able to protect yourselves."

"We won't let Laura down, Mum," I insisted.

"Please don't ask us not to do it," begged Heather.

"I won't pretend I'm happy about it. And I'll worry about you, even more than I usually do." She reached over and held our hands. "And I'm very proud of my babies, but please be careful."

We hugged her. "But I don't think you should ask this girl Samantha to do it. From what you've said it may be too much for her."

"I'll try and persuade her not to," promised Heather, "But she was the first one to agree. I don't think she'll want to be left out." (Yes, but when she thought it was so great, she didn't think that she'd be doing it herself, I thought. She thought she would be in the hospital.)

"Just try and look after her, then, if you can."

"I'll try, Mum, if I can't persuade her not to do it."

"And look after your little sister too." I knew what she meant but I kinda wished she hadn't said it. But I didn't say anything.

But Heather was struggling not to laugh. "What's so funny about looking after your little sister?" asked Mum indignantly.

"How am I supposed to do THAT?" Heather replied. "It would be like trying to hold in an nuclear bomb blast." We all laughed yet again.

With all of us pitching in, it only took a few minutes to clear up downstairs. I went up to my room, threw off my blouse and skirt and absent-mindedly reached for the old t-shirt I usually sleep in. Oops. I threw it across the room and slipped under my duvet. Hmmm, Mum may be right. Everything felt nicer, the duvet, the sheet underneath me and even the pillow.

I moved around and the duvet made my nipples go hard. That's nice too, I thought. My left hand started on my tits and my right hand stroked its way down to my pussy. There's always time for a little fun, isn't there? And there's no one watching, that seems kinda weird now. It was a gentle play and I came gently as well, and very quickly.

I rolled over on my side, my favourite position for falling asleep. Usually I go back over my day in my head last thing. Not tonight. There was way too much to think about so I just closed my eyes and drifted away. The last thing I remember thinking was what if Heather's plan doesn't work tomorrow. Will any of us cope any better than Sam and Laura had done?

Heather, part 13

WEEK TWO

WEDNESDAY Morning

Although we hadn't gone to sleep till well after midnight, I woke up at 4 in the morning sweating. I tried to get back to sleep but lay awake thinking about the morning ahead.

I was feeling guilty about the risk I was asking the others to take. Perhaps I should confront Graham alone. But I knew it wouldn't be as effective. Although Shelley and Sam had agreed readily and Suzie had agreed a little more reluctantly, what would happen if it all went wrong?

I would cope, I was fairly sure of that, and I thought Suzie was more resilient than she looked. But in spite of being nuts I wasn't sure how Shelley would cope. And was I going to be responsible for making Sam really crack up? I could tell, even Mum was worried about that.

Yet ironically Sam had been the most enthusiastic supporter of the idea, much to my surprise.

It felt like ages before I got back to sleep.

I didn't feel any better when I woke up again. I even snapped at Shelley over breakfast about something stupid.

We all met outside the school and stripped off quickly ready for our confrontation with Mr. Graham. I had been nervous, but when I saw the angry purple welts on Laura's bum, that nervousness disappeared to be replaced by guilt and anger. That and a determination to end all this right now.

We left four of the boys with Laura. Jed insisted on coming with us to the office. "Ready?" he asked all of us. We turned our backs to him and he slipped the handcuffs on each of us, making sure that they were tight.

I had a last minute panic and turned to the others and said, "Look, we don't all need to do this. It might be better if I go in alone."

Samantha was first to answer. "We're in this together, whatever happens." She looked like she'd had no more sleep than I had but her blue eyes were firm and she had a look of determination on her face that I'd never seen on her before.

"Sam, at least you stay out here," I pleaded. "After yesterday if something happens to you I'd never forgive myself."

"Laura's my friend too, now," she said. "And you're not making us do this. It's our

decision, remember?"

"Where you go, I go," said Shelley simply.

"I'd give up right now if I were you," said Suzie. "You're not going in there alone and that's that. And the longer we argue, the longer Laura is out there like this."

After all that, Mr. Graham was late so he wasn't there. We went back out to join Laura and the boys. It seems weird but none of us even thought of taking the handcuffs off. Not while Laura couldn't.

The groping was tough, I won't pretend it wasn't. Not being able to push people away, or even their hands away was scary. And telling them not to be so rough? A lot of good that did.

Poor Jed tried to intervene, but was roughly pushed away by the boys. I could see all kinds of emotion on his face, anger, frustration, annoyance with himself, genuine concern for me. Our eyes met for an instant. I nodded once, then tossed my head to one side to try and get him to leave. I didn't want him watching, not Jed. He got the message and shrugged, then turned away quickly and left. I couldn't see any of the other Program boys.

Some of the fingering was almost as rough as in my first week. I realised with a shock that I'd forgotten to complain about the lack of a supervising teacher yesterday. Yet again, everyone was paying for my mistake. I looked at the others to see how they were coping.

My sister was standing there with gritted teeth and her legs apart, wincing every now and then.

Some idiot was twisting Suzie's breasts and I could see pain on her face, but she was standing firm.

I heard Sam yelling, then she stopped yelling. Feeling a sudden gut-wrenching panic, I forced my way over to her. She was standing near the clothes boxes clearly getting the worst of it. I could barely see her face because of the crowd around her. When I did see her, I saw tears running down her cheeks.

I managed to get to her. "You've had enough. I'll find Jed to get you uncuffed."

"No," she almost shouted at me. "This isn't about me, or you for that matter. It's about Laura and I'm not letting her down."

I worked my way to behind her and held her hands with my hands.

When the bell went, the crowd drifted away.

I turned to face Sam. "Are you okay?" I asked.

"I'll live," she replied, but I could see that she was shaken.

"What's going on?" asked Laura when we were in the showers.

"If you have to have handcuffs, then we are wearing them too," said Shelley.

"But what if something happens while you can't even defend yourselves?" Laura argued.

"If something happens, having hands free isn't always enough anyway," I said.

We all looked at each other, all thinking of the same thing. There was an uncomfortable silence, finally broken by Suzie. "Look. Nobody's going to gang rape us in school, so stop worrying."

"You're not going to persuade us." Shelley stared at Laura defiantly.

"Look. I'm grateful and everything, but it's one thing you three doing this, but making Samantha do it is going too far."

"Nobody made me do anything," Sam objected.

"She was the first one to agree to the idea," said Suzie.

Laura looked at Samantha. "Sam, I can see you've been crying and we're not even in the first lesson yet. I have three whole days of this. Remember what the doctor said. I'm responsible for you. I couldn't bear it if anything happened to you."

"Friends stick together, don't they?" she asked.

"Yes, but..."

"No buts. Okay, I hate it. You've seen me cry already. Well, get used to it, because you'll probably see it again. But I survived this morning and I'll survive whatever happens."

Laura could see as well as the rest of us the sheer determination on her face, and gave up the argument.

"Just be careful, okay? I'd hug you if I could, but I can't, so consider yourself hugged."

"Okay," said Sam, smiling. "If it makes you happier, I promise that if it gets too much, I'll find Jed and get him to take my handcuffs off. But it's not going to happen."

We went into lessons. Of course we couldn't write anything. Even sitting down was uncomfortable as we couldn't lean back.

Word had got around quickly and in the break between lessons I found myself surrounded. This was worse than the morning groping. Luckily it was soon over as a teacher came along and chased them away.

I wondered if the others had been as lucky. Like Laura, I was worrying about Sam.

Thankfully, during the second lesson, I saw Mr. Graham's car pull up. I stood up and said, "Sorry, sir, but I have to meet with Mr. Graham now he's arrived."

"O.K., you can go."

I went to the other girls' classrooms and explained that we had a meeting with the deputy headmaster. Feeling that I needed their support, I went to fetch the boys as well.

This time there were no second thoughts when we got to the office. Without knocking we simply walked in, the four of us girls and Jed, who had made a quick detour to his locker. The other boys waited in the outer office.

Graham was sitting behind Dr. Reynolds' desk reading something.

"What do you mean by walking in here...?" I cut him off.

"We want Laura's handcuffs off, right now," I said, turning round to show him my handcuffs.

"Oh, do you?" he sneered. "The punishment has been decided and that is the end of the matter." He made a show of returning to his reading.

"Fine. Jed, the scissors."

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"Get on with it," I told him impatiently.

As arranged, he took a fair-sized handful of hair and cut through it near the top.

"What's going on?" said Mr. Graham angrily, putting his papers down and glaring at me.

"If Laura's handcuffs stay on, so do ours, and we're all cutting our hair as well."

"Fine, why should I care?" This time he left the papers alone and looked around silently at all of us.

"Because Christopher is outside and he has my mobile phone. And it's programmed to dial that woman reporter who interviewed me last Friday. When we've finished chopping our hair, we're giving a press conference. And Jed isn't nearly as good a hairdresser as Nurse was. And we've told him to make a mess of our hair. It'll make a better news story. You want to come to our press conference?"

"You're bluffing." The bastard actually smiled as he said that.

Suzie stepped forward. "Me next, Jed." Seconds later a long length of her hair had

joined mine on the office floor.

"Think how happy the Headmaster and the Ministry will be with all this new publicity. It'll do wonders for your career," I returned his earlier sneer.

Sam walked over to Jed and he took hold of her hair.

"Hold on," Graham spoke through gritted teeth, "Just what is it you want?" Was he really going to give in?

"Firstly, Laura's handcuffs are removed and never put back," I said. "Secondly, no more punishments until Dr. Reynolds returns and thirdly, Program participants are excused from Ms. Gordon's lessons until Dr. Reynolds returns and can hear our complaints."

"I'm afraid that is not going to happen, Miss Hoover, not any of it."

"Okay, Jed." The scissors snipped a third time and I saw Sam's eyes water as some of her hair fell to the ground.

"Time to make that phone call," said Sam, as she stared wistfully at her hair on the floor.

"That it is." Then I shouted through the closed door, "Christopher!" Christopher came into the office, pressed the speed dial, then held the phone to the side of my face.

"Hi, Is that Lindsey Crowe's office? Is she in?"

"Give me that phone, now!" For a small man Graham could move quickly He was heading straight for me.

But not as quickly as Jed moved. Before Graham could reach the front corner of his desk, Jed was in front of him. Jed grabbed each of Graham's upper arms in each of his hands (I never noticed until that moment how large Jed's hands were), lifted Graham up and deposited him on the desk. Jed never spoke but remained standing in front of Graham pinning his arms to his sides.

"That's assault, young man. Release me at once!"

Jed glanced over his shoulder at me. "Heather, can you see an assault?"

Oh well, in for a penny.. "No, Jed, I can't see anything."

"Christopher?" Jed called.

"What's assault, man? Is it anything like a pepper?"

"You're all suspended, as of this moment," Graham growled.

"It seems to me, Mr. Graham," I tried to sound a lot more confident than I felt, "It's

your word against the three of us. We've just come in here to discuss Laura's punishment with you, in a civil manner."

You just couldn't resist that last bit, could you, girl? I thought, watching my University future fly out the window behind the desk.

"Mrs. Johnson!" Graham suddenly shouted, calling to the headmaster's secretary in the outer office.

"Shout all you want, sir," Christopher was actually smiling. That boys has guts. "After Heather came in here, we boys suggested to Mrs. Johnson that it was time for her lunch. I think she said something about a spot of shopping. And the other Program boys are waiting out there to.. discourage anyone else from bothering us."

At that instant, almost on cue, I heard a voice in my ear. "Lindsey Crowe here. How can I help you?"

"Miss Crowe," I started but then Graham muttered something. "Excuse me, Miss Crowe. Could you hold on for just one second?"

Christopher lowered the phone as I looked at Graham with what I hoped was a cold, angry expression. "Did you say something, Mr Graham?"

"Okay, you win." This time I could hear him, but only just.

"All our demands?"

"Yes."

"And no one's suspended?"

"Yes, I mean, no, no one's suspended."

I nodded to Christopher and he lifted the phone back to my ear. I saw that he had kept the speaking part of the phone covered while the reporter was holding.

Luckily I had prepared the next bit yesterday. "Hi, Miss Crowe. It's Heather Hoover here... Yes, thank you I'm fine... The reason I'm ringing," (I saw Graham pale, that was a very good moment) "is I just wanted to thank you for the TV report... No, thank you, I've got a good copy but that's nice of you... Yes, my mother did last night, She'd been away on business since last Friday... No, we've spoken lots on the phone but she couldn't actually see the tape until last night... Yes, she was a little surprised at that... No, that's not quite true. She was a lot surprised at that, but very pleased with me and my sister... Anyway, I'm sure you have lots to do... But I just wanted to say thanks... Bye."

Everyone else had been staring at me throughout the phone call. Jed spoke first as Christopher hung up the phone.

"That was awesome, Heather." (I started to melt, just a little bit) "If I didn't know

better, I'd say you had real balls."

For the first time since we had walked in there, I felt good, real good. But there was still some unfinished business.

I turned my back and looked over my shoulder at Graham. "The key?" I demanded.

He reached into his drawer and pulled it out. Hesitating for a second he sighed and handed it to me.

"Wait a minute, Jed." Shelley put her hand on his arm. He looked at her, puzzled. "You forgot my hair. I'm not being left out." Jed looked at me and I shrugged.

Giving me a grin he pulled most of her hair together and brought the scissors to it. "No!" Shelley squealed, "Not that much," then gave him an exasperated look as she realised that he was teasing her. He took a much smaller handful and cut it. "That's better," she said happily.

"Jed," I said, "Can you pick up the hair and bring it with us?" Christopher passed Jed the carrier bag he had brought with him and the two of them quickly recovered almost all the cuttings.

"Shall I hold onto your phone till lunchtime, Heather?" Christopher asked.

"No, I'll keep it for now. Thanks."

"Don't you want the handcuffs off first?" he asked.

"Not until Laura's are." I spoke to Jed but stared pointedly at Graham.

Then I turned and spoke to Graham. I started coldly, "Because of the handcuffs you made Laura wear, Samantha here nearly died yesterday. And if you want to know what assault is, ask Laura, seeing as you and Ghastly Gordon put her in handcuffs this morning and left her to be assaulted by a huge mob. You're supposed to be responsible for our safety..." Once I'd started, I was so angry I could barely speak and was nearly in tears.

Jed touched my arm. "That's enough, Heather," he said gently.

His interruption, although brief, had given me a second to compose myself. "No," I said. "No it isn't, not nearly enough. But right now we have to set Laura free." I strode out of the office with the others behind me.

I stopped everyone by my locker, I had to put my phone away. I turned my back to the locker, then grinned at Jed, "I can't do this blind." He stepped forward and I whispered the combination to him. Then we all headed for Laura's classroom.

While we waited for Laura's lesson to finish, I gave Jed a toe-curler of a kiss.

"Not that I mind," he said, "but what was that for?"

"Thank you for what you did in there. I thought you were going to thump him."

"For a second so did I," he admitted. "When I saw him run at you, I wanted to, so much."

Laura came out of class with a look of dread on her face. She obviously wasn't finding this any easier than we had. And she still thought she had nearly three more days of it.

Jed walked up her and said, "I have a reasonable request. Turn around." She looked at him. Remind me never to play poker with Jed, he looked absolutely serious. Unable to tease her any longer he smiled and went behind her and simply uncuffed her hands.

"How?" Then she saw him walk across to each of us and remove our handcuffs.

"Mr. Graham changed his mind," I said simply.

"Here, we brought you a present." Jed handed her the carrier bag.

"From the four of us, with love," said Suzie.

"And hoping you'll forgive me for letting you down yesterday," I said.

Laura looked inside. She reached in and pulled out a large handful of our hair. Then she burst into tears. "I felt like nobody cared," she whispered.

"I'm sorry," I said. She hugged each of us and we cried together.

"You all look terrible," she said.

"Thanks," said Suzie.

"Who cut your hair?"

"Jed, and we told him to really make a mess of it," said Shelley triumphantly.

"He succeeded," Laura replied.

Shelley took the scissors from Jed and and snipped them viciously a few times near his ear. "Care to join us, Jed?" She had her most evil grin on.

"No!" Laura shouted and quickly moved between the two of them. She threw her arms around Jed and kissed him hard on the lips.

When he could breathe again, he asked, "Was that a reasonable request?"

"No," Laura shook her head, "An unreasonable one. And I can soon make it more unreasonable if you like." Then she kissed him again.

The rest of us stood around them and laughed. Well, if I'm being truly honest, a

nasty little part of me resented those kisses. I could only muster a grin but fortunately no one noticed.

Laura held our hair in her hands and kissed it. "This is the nicest present I've ever had," she said. "I don't know what happened, but I will treasure this always." She carefully put the hair back in the bag and held it tightly against her chest.

She began to cry again with relief. Suzie held her close, bag and all, as the bell went for lunch.

At lunchtime of course, Laura wanted to know what had happened to make Graham change his mind. "How did you do it?" she demanded.

"Not telling," I said teasingly, "you'll have to wait and read it in my journal."

"Then you'd better put every juicy little detail in there, girl." She rubbed her sore wrists and shook her head. "This is a bloody miracle, I still can't quite take it in."

"Oh, don't worry, I'll write down every detail," I giggled, "Every fucking syllable. But I'll just say this for now. Jed and I had to.. encourage him just a wee bit." I noticed a tiny frown on Christopher's face. "And Christopher played his part like a champion." That got him smiling again.

Shelley disappeared after quickly eating her lunch without saying a word. When she came back, I asked, "Where have you been?"

"Just around," she said, refusing to say any more.

Just then a boy came to tell Shelley and me that we were to report to the Headmaster's office.

Shelley looked as worried as I felt.

Worried that Mr. Graham was trying to get back at us when we weren't all together, we walked slowly.

Mr. Graham came out of his office and said, "I'm sending you two home." He saw the look on my face. "No, it's not a punishment. Dr. Reynolds rang. He's cleared it with your mother. You are both to travel to London to give evidence to the inquiry about last Friday. Your tickets will be at the station. Your mother is getting the clothes you need ready. Your train leaves in half an hour. A taxi will be here in.." he looked at his watch, "..eight minutes to take you home to collect your things and on to the station."

Before we could reply, he added with a smirk, "And as this trip is a school activity, you probably won't be needing those clothes very much."

Shelley said, "Back in a minute," then ran off. She came back a few minutes later, somewhat breathlessly. "I had to see Suzie about something," she explained

mysteriously.

Having got dressed quickly, we waited another minute or so for the taxi outside. When we got home, Mum ran out with our case. "I really ought to come and see you off, but these reports they've got me writing about my trip are murder. Will you be okay?"

"Mum," said Shelley, "We can get on a train without supervision."

"You sure you know which train?"

"Yes, London," I said. "Honestly Mum, we're not going to end up in Glasgow or anywhere, okay? And we're being met at Euston. What can go wrong?"

Shelley blurted out, "And I've even changed trains at New Street, Mum. Remember that concert I went to last summer." I just shook my head. One more thing for Mum to worry about, I thought.

"Okay," she still sounded a little dubious. But then she grinned at us both. "Have a good time and don't do anything I wouldn't do."

"That's gives Shelley plenty of scope then, Mum," I grinned back.

"Anyhow, it's London you should worry about," said Shelley. "It's about to get attacked by the slutsisters."

"Hmm, the mind boggles. Go on, you two had better hurry or you'll miss your train." Quick kisses and hugs for both of us and we were away.

At the station, when we went to the booking office to collect our tickets, we were surprised to find three people waiting for us. A male reporter, a girl photographer and Ghastly Bleeding Gordon.

"They'd found out about the inquiry and wanted some publicity shots of your leaving before the London papers get you," she explained. "But you've got time for a drink first. The train won't be leaving now for an extra fifteen minutes so they'll have plenty of time to take some photos of you getting on the train."

"Fine," I said.

We went to the buffet and she bought us a drink and some chocolate each. Maybe I should have been suspicious, but I put it down to the reporter and photographer being there.

"So, what are you going to say to the inquiry, Heather?" asked the reporter, who had been spending half the time looking at his watch.

"I don't know. I don't know what they're going to ask me," I replied.

"Surely you have some idea what it's all about?" he insisted.

"Well it's supposedly about my rape, but it's probably more about all the TV and newspapers about us."

"What's it like suddenly being a celebrity at your age?"

"Cool," interrupted Shelley, LOUDLY.

"It has its advantages," I said, pointedly looking at Ghastly.

The train pulled in and the photographer wanted photos of us boarding the train. "It would look better if you could do it naked," she said.

I wasn't at all sure about that, but Ms. Gordon said, "It is a school-related activity and you are in a Program area," and besides Shelley had already begun to strip off.

Ghastly held our clothes while we posed, first stepping up onto the train, then leaning out of the window.

We had already attracted a small crowd of men, whistling and surrounding our part of the platform. It looked like a few of the men even had photo-phones. With their whistles and the reporter still asking questions and the photographer's camera flashing away, I didn't notice anything wrong until the train began to move.

I looked past the men and saw Ghastly, our clothes over her arm and our case at her feet, with a satisfied smile on her face. Before any of the men noticed her, I watched her slip away.

I gave Shelley a worried look, but she just grinned.

Hi. I'm Heather, and I'm Naked Out of School.

Heather, part 14

WEEK TWO

WEDNESDAY Afternoon and Evening

"It's gonna be a real adventure," Shelley had said and she was right.

The first part of the journey was straightforward enough. A girl of about our own age came to sit opposite us in the carriage. "I saw you on the news, but I never really thought it could be true," she said. "Not that you had to be naked all the time."

"We don't, just for school and for anything to do with school," I explained. "But

we've been sent to an official inquiry in London, so they said it was a school-related journey."

"But really it was an excuse by the deputy headmaster, who hates us," put in Shelley.

"So you're going to London and you've got to stay naked the whole time?" she asked, obviously awed at the thought.

"Yeah. I just hope the weather's good," I said.

"I'm too nervous to go topless on the beach," she said. "It's a good job we don't have the Program at our school."

"We're the trial Program," grinned Shelley. "If it's a success, it'll be spread all over the country, so you'll probably get it in your school too."

"Oh, God. I could never do it. I hope I leave before it comes to our school."

"Why does everyone always say 'I could never do it' as if we're some sort of freaks that can do it, while normal people can't?" Shelley asked.

"But you're... comfortable with it. I could never be like that."

"I'm in the Program this week because I had to do an extra week. That was because I totally freaked on my first day and hid away from lessons all morning until they found me."

"That's horrible."

"It was worse than my worst nightmare. But I got used to it."

"But don't you have to, let boys touch you an' stuff?"

"Yes, but usually it's okay."

"Then why do you look so sore?"

"It's difficult to explain. One teacher had it in for us and we did a protest in handcuffs and some of the boys got a little rough," I explained.

"We put a stop to it," said Shelley. "And it isn't just boys," she added, "Girls grope us too."

"Girls? Why?"

"It's to learn all about bodies 'n' sex 'n' stuff," said Shelley.

"Wouldn't you like the confidence to go topless on the beach, instead of being too nervous?"

"Well, yeah, I suppose."

"With the Program you don't have to think 'shall I, shan't I?' all the time. You get used to being naked really quickly," I said.

"And you gets lots of chances to try things you'd never thought of," said Shelley. "And the great thing is, it's the Program, it's the greatest excuse in the world to do all the things you fantasise about."

"What sort of things?"

"Well, I lost my virginity," said Shelley proudly. "That was fun. And I've had lots of boys finger me and make me cum and go down on me. Girls too. Sometimes it's been a non-stop orgasm. I still want to try spit-roasting though."

"They made you lose your virginity?"

"No," I said. "That was her idea. She even made us all watch. The poor boy was so embarrassed that he nearly couldn't do it. One of the girls in our Program is still a virgin."

The girl sat there for a while thinking about we'd said. Then she turned to Shelley, "What is.. spit-roasting?"

Shelley giggled. "That's when one boy fucks you from behind while you suck off another boy."

The girl's face was a picture. All she could say was, "Oh."

Then it was Birmingham New Street and she got out. Shortly afterwards we arrived at another station where the train just sat there and sat there, until finally there was an announcement that we were waiting for a replacement locomotive.

I hate being confined, so after a while I decided to stretch my legs on the now-deserted platform. Suddenly, there was an announcement, "Passengers for London Euston should now board the train as it is ready to depart. Network Rail apologise for the delay and wish you a happy journey."

I got on the train at the nearest carriage and walked through, past the stares of shocked passengers. As we pulled out of the station, I reached our carriage. No Shelley. She wasn't there.

I checked the toilets... No. I ran to the back of the train... No. In a panic now I walked all the way to the front, checking every toilet on the way. Finally I had to admit it. Shelley wasn't on the train.

I cursed myself for leaving her.

I went to the buffet car and called out, "I've lost my sister. Has anyone seen another naked girl, a bit younger than me?" Nobody had. I explained what had happened to

the people nearest me.

"Here," said a middle-aged woman. "Don't upset yourself. She probably got off the train and missed it. When she realises that you must be back on the train, she'll get the next one. Let me get you a cup of tea."

Tea. The British answer to everything. (See [cultural notes](#))

A bit cold?

Have a cup of tea.

Boyfriend left you?

Have a cup of tea.

Just been told you've got cancer?

Have a cup of tea.

Bombs in London and over 50 killed?

Have a cup of tea.

Little sister disappeared naked without trace?

Have a cup of tea.

Okay, it's a cliché, but sitting in the buffet car drinking a cup of hot tea (even if it was railway tea!) did actually make me feel a bit better.

I was probably worrying over nothing but I had a nasty feeling in the pit of my stomach that wouldn't go away.

Other passengers on the train, when they heard how we'd been put on the train with no luggage, no clothes and no money, insisted on buying me a burger to eat and more tea. I actually felt almost human by the time we arrived in London.

I made one final hopeless search through the train, as if Shelley could have miraculously appeared en route. Of course, she hadn't.

At the barrier, I was met by Dr. Reynolds. Behind him was a pack of photographers. "This way, Heather!" "Come on love, let's have a smile!" Obviously they'd heard about "Naked chicks on train." Therefore: One photo-op coming up. The reporters were no better, "Have a good ride, darling?" (That's original!) and similar comments. I blanked them all, even the one that hurt me, "Where's your sister, love?"

Ignoring the photographers, Dr. Reynolds said, "You can't go naked here. It's not a Program area." Then, "Why didn't Shelley come?" He obviously saw the look on my face... "What's happened?"

"I lost Shelley on the way and I can't find her. She's not on the train."

At that point a railway policeman came up, pushing his way past the press. "Are you with this young lady, Sir?"

"Officer, may we go to your office, please? And if you have a blanket or something you can put round her?"

We followed him across the concourse and through a door, which he slammed, thankfully shutting out the photographers and reporters. "Now, what's going on?" he demanded.

"That's what I would like to know," said Dr. Reynolds. "Heather, one thing at a time. Why are you naked and what's happened to your luggage?"

"Mr. Graham said this trip was a school activity, so Ghastly Gordon" (he almost smiled at that) "tricked us at the station into letting her keep our clothes and suitcase. She just gave us our tickets." His eyes narrowed with anger and I thought, Ghastly's toast now... I hope.

"They had no right to do that. For a start, London isn't a Program area."

"Program?" asked the policeman.

"Sorry, I'll explain in a minute, but," he turned to me, "What's happened to Shelley? Didn't she get on the train?"

"Yes, but the train broke down not long after Birmingham. I got out to get some fresh air and I nearly missed the train when it started again. When I got back on the train Shelley was gone. We'd already left wherever it was. I searched the whole train, toilets, everywhere. She's disappeared. She hasn't got any money or even her ticket."

The policeman was so totally lost that Dr. Reynolds had to explain. "Heather and her sister Shelley are part of the Naked in School Program at my school. They have to remain naked for a week in school and on any school activities."

"That thing that was on the telly?" he asked. He turned to me and said, "I thought you looked familiar."

"Yes. But my idiotic staff decided, that as their trip to London was to attend a meeting about the Program, they had to go naked to come here as well. So now we have a naked girl, lost somewhere on the railway system, with no money, no ticket and no clothes. Can you find out where it was that the train broke down then contact your people there to check if she got on the next London train? Somebody must have seen her. And can you get Heather something to cover her? Even a blanket will do."

The policeman's eyes softened for the first time. "I think we can do better than

that," he said. He went away but came back quickly with a set of overalls.
"Borrowed from maintenance," he explained. "They might be a bit big," he added.

They were a bit big, but even that rough material felt good.

"The next train from Birmingham arrives in five minutes," he explained. "Let's go down to meet it and see if your sister, what's her name?"

"Shelley."

"Let's see if Shelley is on it."

We stood at the ticket barrier as the train emptied. But no Shelley.

We met every train from Birmingham for the next two hours, even the slow ones. Still no Shelley. All three of us were getting worried. Every disappointment was captured by the photographers, while the reporters shouted questions which we all ignored.

Although he had found out that the train had broken down in Rugby, by now the policeman had personally alerted the railway police in all the stations between London and Birmingham and put out a national alert.

The policeman said, "I didn't ask you before as I didn't want to worry your parents unnecessarily. But I'll need to contact them as soon as possible."

"There's only Mum. But I can't remember her work number," I said.

We'll have the numbers at school," said Dr. Reynolds.

He called the school on his mobile. "Hello, Mrs. Johnson... Yes, thank you. Sorry I haven't time to talk, I'm with the police. Shelley Hoover has gone missing. Would you look up the contact numbers for Mrs. Hoover for me?... No, I hope not, Mrs. Johnson. It's simply that I may need to speak with her... I'll just read them back..." He read the numbers back slowly. "I'll pass these on to the men in charge of the search, thank you, very much... Yes, I have heard a lot of that, thank you. But things will have to wait until I return... No, I'm not sure yet precisely when... Thank you... Bye."

We waited.

"I think we need to get you some proper clothes before the shops shut and get you to your hotel."

"But.."

"The police have my mobile number. As soon as they know anything, they'll call us."

I nodded. He turned to the policeman, "Can you get us out of here avoiding the

pack out there?"

"Sure, come this way." He led us down some stairs to a dusty corridor, badly lit. "Watch your step." At the end of the corridor, up another flight of old iron stairs and we were in a disused office. Another door led us out to a side street.

Dr. Reynolds took me straight to a large department store and told me to pick what I wanted. Any other time that would have been a fantastic invitation and I'd have bankrupted his credit card, but I just got a couple of t-shirts, a sweatshirt for warmth in the evening and a pair of jeans, plus two sets of underwear.

As we waited at the cashdesk, he turned to me and said, "Shelley will be alright. She's very resourceful."

He looked like he really believed it, or maybe he was just putting on a brave face for me. I wished that I felt as sure.

He checked me in at the hotel, then said, "You must be hungry."

"I couldn't eat a thing."

"You have to eat something," he insisted. "Do you like pizza?"

So we went to a pizza place and after choosing a pizza each and fetching some salad, he asked "What do you want to drink?"

"Anything but tea." He looked at me, puzzled.

"The passengers on the train insisted on buying me tea to calm me down, then the policeman kept bringing me tea, then you bought me tea in the department store. If I have any more tea, I'm going to look like a cup of tea."

When the pizza arrived, I forced a slice down without tasting anything.

"I know you're worried sick about your sister, but there's nothing you or I can do about it. The police are professionals where something like this is concerned."

"I know, but I promised Mum I try to take care of her. I shouldn't have left her."

"You weren't to know that she'd leave the train and not get back on it."

We were silent. I forced down another slice of (now nearly cold) pizza.

"Do you feel up to talking about this week?"

I sighed. "What do you want to know, sir?"

"Well I heard about Samantha having problems in Ms. Gordon's class. And I heard about what happened to Laura yesterday and Samantha cutting her wrists, because two people are sending me faxes to the office I'm using down here every night."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Well I'd like to hear about everything from you first, before I decide what to do."

"Firstly on Monday, she made Sam, I mean Samantha, masturbate in class. She really gets a kick out of embarrassing us. Poor little Sam ended up crying on the floor in the corner and Gordon just walked out and left her. We went to her when a girl came to tell us and took her to Nurse."

He said nothing, but seeing the look on his face I felt glad I wasn't Ms. Gordon.

Then I told him about Laura and the DVD of us all having sex that Ghastly Gordon had shown and everything they'd done to Laura.

"You should see the marks she still has now. The whole school was shocked. I didn't even get a Reasonable Request all afternoon, none of us did. It was like someone had died. Just because I talked you out of dealing with Ms. Gordon. It was all my fault."

"Heather, if anyone other than Ms. Gordon and Mr. Graham are to blame, it is me, not you. I should never have agreed to leave her for you to deal with, at least not once I was called away. Okay, now tell me about Samantha. I know she cut her wrists. How did those two bully her into doing that?"

I would have really liked to have blamed the GGs for that, but he'd find out soon enough. "They didn't. It was a silly panic of hers, although when Laura found her, she couldn't do any first aid because of those damned handcuffs. Sam had just realised that she had to sing her solo at tomorrow night's concert naked and she freaked out. She's really unhappy at home and if she does well tomorrow, she hopes she'll get a singing contract and be able to get away from home. Then she thought all that would be ruined by being naked. So she panicked and cut herself. At the hospital they wanted to put her in a psyche ward and then she'd be exempt from the Program, but she said no."

"I heard. But why?"

"Because if she was in hospital she wouldn't be allowed out to sing. The doctor didn't want to let her out but Laura's mum was brilliant and Sam's staying with them this week."

"So apart from the fact that Laura couldn't give first aid, it had nothing to do with Ms. Gordon, even after Monday?"

"No, I don't think so. We, that is all us girls except Laura and a couple of the boys, had a petting party on Monday night to get Sam used to getting touched and she did really well all day Tuesday until choir practice. If you want someone to blame for Sam, you'd have to blame yourself, sir. That concert is so important to Sam, and to be forced to do it naked, when it's stressful enough to be in a national

contest anyway. That sucks. She shouldn't have been picked this week."

"Some people would think twice before telling off their headmaster," he smiled.

I answered him seriously. "Firstly, you asked me to tell you what happened and to tell it how I saw it. I can't do that if I have to be careful about what I say, but that's not my main reason."

"Oh? And what is?"

"Too much has happened this week already. I owe it to Laura and Sam and the others to make sure something is done this time. And if that means offending you or anyone else, I'm sorry, sir, but tough."

"You're not offending me, Heather. And something will be done."

At that point his phone rang. "Yes, Mrs. Hoover, she's here with me. It's your mother," he said, handing me the phone.

"Mum? Oh, Mum, I'm sorry. I promised I'd look after her."

She told me it wasn't my fault but it sure felt like it was.

"I can't stay on the line for long," she said, "In case Shelley tries to call. But are you okay?"

"I'm okay, Mum. I promise. Dr. Reynolds bought me some clothes and some food. I'm in a pizza place now and the hotel's really nice."

"Okay, call me if you hear anything."

"Same to you, Mum." I looked at my keycard and gave her the hotel phone number.

"Goodnight, I love you."

"Goodnight, Mum."

I gave Dr. Reynolds his phone back. "You look exhausted," he said. "Let's get you back to the hotel and then it's bed for you."

Any other night I would have argued.

He saw me to the door of my room. "I'm in room 307 if you need me," he told me, "Goodnight."

Of course I couldn't sleep. A mixture of worry and anger kept me awake. I was probably being irrational as Shelley could have got lost even if we'd been wearing clothes, but I was blaming Mr. Graham. If he and Gordon had wanted revenge, they were getting it.

Lying in bed, I thought of all the stupid arguing and teasing Shelley and I had done. Then I thought of her, last week, desperately trying to help me at the morning gropings. And this morning, being so brave. I tried to imagine life at home without Shelley. Life anywhere. The thought was unbearable.

Shelley, please be okay. I've only just found you. I couldn't bear to lose you.

Heather, part 15

WEEK TWO

THURSDAY Morning

I met Dr. Reynolds for breakfast in the hotel dining room. Not that I felt like eating. I had hardly slept a wink for worrying about Shelley.

"Still no news," he confirmed, after he'd telephoned the police station, "But with all the publicity, someone is bound to see her. He showed me one of the London papers with a full-length photo of Shelley standing on the steps of the train, and a rather blurry blow-up of her face. Printed across the photo, covering her breasts and pussy were the words

WHERE IS

NAKED GIRL?

We sat in virtual silence drinking tea while my breakfast got cold in front of me.

"Heather, I hate to ask you about anything else, when I know you are so worried about Shelley, but can you finish bringing me up to date on what's been happening at school, up to when you left yesterday? As I said last night, I've had faxes about what has gone on, they've been sent after school to my temporary office. But yesterday afternoon I was with you and the police and couldn't get to read them before the building was locked up for the night. I know you can only say up to lunchtime, but tell me about yesterday morning."

"We decided to make Mr. Graham change his mind. So all us girls put on handcuffs. But he was late, so we decided to keep them on to support Laura. It was awful. Since you went, there hasn't been a teacher supervising the Morning Groping. And with us in handcuffs, it was much worse than last week. Poor Samantha got it worst and was crying her eyes out afterwards in the shower. We tried to persuade her to have her handcuffs taken off but she wouldn't. And it got even worse."

"How could it get worse?"

"Sam's class had a study period supervised by Ms. Gordon. She decided that if Sam was in handcuffs then she was obviously into bondage (yeah right, I thought to myself) and had her tied up and blindfolded. Poor Sam was terrified."

"I can imagine," he said grimly.

"Then she got the class to try to bring her to orgasm anyway they could. No, not by fucking her," I admitted, "But with tongues or fingers. But they couldn't make her cum, probably because she was so sore from the morning and scared half to death."

"What then?"

"I'm not sure you can use this against Gordon because Sam admitted that she agreed to it. Gordon said that some people get sexual release from pain, so she got some of the class to start spanking her. Sam said it worked. It was okay then, but once word got around that Sam liked pain, people were slapping her in the corridors an' stuff."

"Anyhow," I continued, "Then we met Mr. Graham and he wouldn't listen to us, so..." I stopped. "Can I be sure that none of us will get into trouble for this?"

"Without knowing what you did, I can't say, but let's say I can forget everything you tell me if need be."

"Okay. Well I got Jed cut a big clump out of my hair. Mr. Graham just laughed at us even when Suzie and Sam had their hair cut too until we told him that we were holding a press conference and I had actually phoned Lindsey Crowe, the reporter." Dr. Reynolds looked puzzled. "She was the one that interviewed me and Shelley and Suzie for the telly."

"What happened then?"

"He tried to stop me phoning, but Jed was too quick for him. He picked him up and sat him on the desk. Mr. Graham was yelling about assault and threatening to suspend us. He even called out to Mrs. Johnson, but the boys had persuaded her to go for an early lunch." I paused. "How much did Mrs. Johnson know? She agreed very happily to disappear and leave us to it."

"What is it you say to the press when you don't want to answer something?" he replied, smiling. "No comment? Let's just say that she and I have worked together a long time and she was not happy with the way things were going, to put it mildly, and leave it at that."

"Anyhow, I got put through to Lindsey Crowe, and Mr. Graham changed his mind all-of-a-sudden and gave in to all our demands."

"All your demands? What were they, apart from the handcuffs?"

"Laura's handcuffs off and not put back. No more punishments until you return and no more participants in Gordon's lessons until you return."

"What happened after that?"

"We released Laura and then Shel and I got called into your office to come down here. Graham said it was a school activity so we had to be naked. But he sent us home anyway to get a suitcase. Then Gordon took the case at the station and said we'd have to stay naked all the time as the whole trip was a school activity."

"Hmm."

"But I haven't told you the really great thing that happened."

"Something good? This I must hear."

"This was before we saw Mr. Graham, when we still had handcuffs. Mr. Thompson heard from Shelley how bad Morning Groping had been, and others in the class complained about how Ms. Gordon had behaved in my class last week and to Sam and Laura. So he told everyone to put the word out that they were to protect us, even if it meant protecting us from staff. Shit. Shel said he said we weren't supposed to repeat that last bit."

"Don't worry."

"Well it worked. Word got around really quickly and if it wasn't a teacher chasing off anyone that bothered us, it was other kids. Suzie even had a bunch of girls insisting on her showing them what to do with another girl, just to keep the boys away from her. It was unreal."

"I'm glad something went right."

Then his voice turned gentle. "Now you are supposed to be speaking to the inquiry this morning. Up to it?"

"To be honest sir, no. I'm too worried about Shelley. And as they are half to blame for what's happened at school and Shelley going missing and everything, I don't think they'd want to hear what I'd want to tell them."

He smiled at that. "Well, thank you for telling me everything. I knew on Monday night that there had been a problem between Samantha and Ms. Gordon, but I was told that Samantha seemed alright and after checking her timetable, she wasn't going to have another lesson with her until today. To be honest I wanted to deal with Ms. Gordon personally."

"None of us expected things to go bad like they did, especially not with Laura," I said.

"I had a phone call after lunchtime on Tuesday and wanted to go straight back to

the school, but the inquiry wouldn't let me, so that night I told Mr. Thompson to take whatever action he thought was necessary and I would back him. But I wish I'd been a fly on the wall when you took on Mr. Graham."

"I wish I had THAT on video and could make him watch it in his lessons."

We both sat for moment enjoying that thought. Then Dr. Reynolds made some decisions.

"Okay. I have to go to the office to check last night's faxes and then contact the inquiry chairman to explain that you won't be there today. Then I've got a few calls to make myself. Will you be okay here? You're probably better staying in the hotel. Here's a number if you need me."

He had been gone over half an hour when I had a phone call from him. "Heather? It's Dr. Reynolds. Shelley is safe. We wanted to send her home, but she insisted on coming here with you. They won't let her get lost this time, she's got a police escort right to the hotel." Relief hit me so hard and so suddenly I couldn't answer him. I felt my mouth open but no words came out.

"Heather? Heather? Are you there?"

I managed to speak. "Yeah, thanks." I put the phone by Reception down and just fell to the floor on my knees and cried. When someone finally was able to get me to speak, I said, "She's safe. Shelley's safe and on her way here."

I made my way to the hotel steps, ignoring the flashing cameras, though anyone that saw the smile on my face wouldn't need to ask me what had happened.

I waited for ages until finally a very familiar girl stepped out of a police car. Before she saw me I ran to her and nearly knocked her over. The policeman with her was about to pull me off when Shelley hugged me tight. "Oh Fuck, Shel, I thought I was never gonna see you again."

Ignoring the reporters and cameras and not giving a fuck about them filming us crying like this, we walked into the hotel together.

I called Dr. Reynolds to ask if we could come to the inquiry in the afternoon. I asked him if we could give evidence together and he said that he didn't see why not, if the inquiry agreed. I didn't have to tell him I didn't want to let Shelley out of my sight. I think he knew somehow.

I ordered lunch at the Hotel. The desk clerk looked pointedly at Shelley. I suddenly noticed her clothes.

"Where did you get them? You couldn't show much more if you were naked."

"No, they're great, aren't they?"

I turned to the scowling desk clerk. "It's okay, we'll eat out."

Turning back to Shelley I said, "You didn't answer my question and where have you been?"

But by now Shelley had walked out of the hotel to more flash-bulbs. I trailed behind.

For once, I wasn't the centre of attention, Shelley was. I stood back while she answered questions, lapping up the attention.

They turned to me eventually. "Heather. Your sister says you are both here to give evidence to an inquiry into the Program. What are you going to say to that inquiry?"

"It depends what they ask me. I can't really say until then because I don't know what they want to ask me."

"What evidence will you give?"

"I don't know until I hear the questions. They asked for us to attend."

"What do you think you might say?"

"Does 'I don't know' mean something different in London?" asked Shelley.

There was general laughter.

"What's it feel like to have your sister back, Heather?"

I turned to her and squeezed her hand and said quietly, "Wonderful." Some of them took photos.

"Can you speak up please, Heather?"

"It's feels bloody WONDERFUL," I shouted at them.

"Can we get a photo of you together, with your arms round each other?"

After we posed for a while I said, "Now I've got a question for you."

Silence (for once).

"Where can we get something to eat round here?"

Some of them took us to a nearby steakhouse. I was ravenous, but Shelley ate very little.

Shelley insisted on paying, though, then we returned to the hotel.

Dr. Reynolds came in a taxi to take us to the inquiry. "Don't worry about the inquiry," he said. "They might look imposing, but they're only human. Remember,

they need your help. That's why you're here."

The inquiry room looked imposing enough. At one end was a large table, with a row of five chairs behind it and one of the inquiry panel members sitting in each chair. At one end of the table was a chair containing a man with lots of papers in front of him. He looked harassed.

In front of the table, about five feet from the it, was one chair.

The rest of the room was filled with rows of chairs. These were all empty.

"Thank you for coming," said the man in the middle chair. "And can I say, Shelley, that we are all very happy to see you safe and sound."

"Thank you," said Shelley in a small voice. Even she sounded impressed.

"We will introduce ourselves to you both, then we will take evidence from you first, Heather, and then you, Shelley, after that. Is that okay?"

I nodded.

"I'm sorry, these proceedings are being taped. Could you answer verbally rather than simply nod."

"Yes, that's okay," I said.

"I am Dr. Richard Cellon, chairman of the panel. I am a civil servant in the Department for Education and Skills. Although I run this inquiry, any decisions it takes are made by the four panel members, so it is mainly them you are speaking to, although you should address yourself to whoever is asking you questions at the time." He looked about fifty, and was wearing a dark grey suit.

Then the woman to his left spoke. She look about the same age and wore a cream skirt suit and what looked like a permanent frown. "I am Christina Chaplain. I am headmistress of the school that has been selected to be the second school to operate the Program. So, as you can imagine, I am very interested in what you have to say." She didn't look interested, she looked as though she wanted to go home.

To her left was a younger man, in a light grey suit. He kept glancing at the way Shelley was dressed. "I am David Grayson, a Psychologist Advisor for the DES. I'm sorry, for the Department of Education and Skills."

Next was the man to the far right of the chairman. "I am Graham Stephens, legal counsel for the DES."

Finally the woman to the right of the chairman spoke. She was a lot younger than the other woman, probably only in her mid-twenties and dressed in a dark skirt with a pretty, light blue top. She smiled at us. "Hello, Heather and Shelley. I'm Dorina Corton. I'm just a teacher, and I think the main reason I'm on this panel is

that I can actually remember going to school."

Shelley giggled at that. The lawyer and the headmistress looked expressionless, while the Psychologist and the Chairman smiled slightly.

"Miss Corton is fond of reminding us that some of us are perhaps a little out of touch with what life is like in schools nowadays, Mrs. Chaplain excepted, of course. At the end of the table is Mr. Hanson, my clerk."

The chairman paused, looked at his clerk, then turned to me. "Now, if Shelley can wait outside, we will begin with what you have to say, Heather."

Shelley looked disappointed but turned to go. I grabbed her and wouldn't let go.

I hadn't realised it, but Dr. Reynolds had been sitting in one of the chairs behind us. He stood up. "I promised the girls that they could give evidence together."

"You had no right to do that. I'm sorry, Heather, but that is not the procedure. Shelley will have to wait outside."

"No, sir. I've just lost her once, and didn't know if she was dead or alive. I'm not letting her out of my sight until we get home. I promised my mother I would take care of her."

"She will be quite safe in the corridor," he said.

I held firmly onto Shelley's hand, not letting her move.

"If you people have bothered to read anything about the problems the Program had in America, you'd know that you should never have taken our headmaster away at this most important time in the Program. Then you drag us down here and try to order us around. If you hadn't been too damned lazy to get off your butts and hold the inquiry in the school where you should have done, my sister wouldn't have gone missing and ended up in danger yesterday."

"I will not tolerate such attitude, Miss... Hoover. Now you will obey the instructions of the panel."

"Sir. I'm not in school now. I don't have to be here. Ask your lawyer. Can you force me to give evidence?" I looked at the lawyer directly. He shook his head.

"And you, Mrs. Chaplain, you're a headmistress. You knew how important it was that he should be at school this week. But when he asked on Tuesday night to return to the school to sort out all the things that had happened, you wouldn't let him go. Because of that, all five of us girls were assaulted yesterday morning." She looked shocked. "So don't pretend you're here to help us in any way. You're here to make everything look good, to save the Program."

There was silence. Nobody said a word.

"Fine," I continued. "Then if you decide you really do want to hear from us, you know where we'll be. Back at school where we belong."

I turned and walked down the aisle between all the chairs, dragging poor Shelley behind me.

"Would you wait, please?" called Mrs. Chaplain, the headmistress. She turned to the others. "If I am going to be responsible for the next Program, I want to hear what she has to say."

"So do I," said the teacher. "And frankly, if they have been through half of what we have already heard about, I don't think we can blame them for being angry." She smiled at me.

The psychologist spoke. "I think Miss Corton is correct."

The lawyer stayed silent.

The chairman spoke. "Miss Hoover, I seem to be outvoted. Would you please return?" He turned to his clerk. "Can you place another chair for Shelley, next to Heather?" The clerk moved one of the chairs from the rows behind to next to mine.

"And a small table in front of them," ordered Mrs. Chaplain, "With two glasses and a jug of water."

While he was getting them, she addressed us, "We cannot start the questions until the clerk returns, but I would like to explain a few things. Although this inquiry was set up following the publicity last weekend after... what happened to you, Heather, we have the authority to hear testimony on anything to do with the Program, so you can tell us anything you think might be helpful. And speaking as the next head teacher charged with running a Program, I for one would appreciate anything either of you can say which could possibly help it run more smoothly."

She actually smiled at me before continuing. "We form the advisory sub-committee to the Program Administration Committee, which is responsible for running the Program. As Mr. Stephens can confirm, although we cannot change the rules of the Program, we can do virtually anything which doesn't require a change in the Pamphlet. We can also advise on whether a rule change is required. So feel free to say anything you want to. It will NOT be held against you as I am sure your headmaster will confirm."

I turned to look at Dr. Reynolds and he nodded, smiling reassuringly.

When the clerk returned with the table, Shelley pulled my arm and whispered into my ear. I nodded.

Then we started to take our clothes off.

The chairman looked outraged. "What are you doing?" And now he sounded outraged as well.

The teacher sniggered.

Mrs. Chaplain said, "Mr. Chairman, I know we are considerably older than these students, but I would have thought you could remember how a girl takes her clothes off." She smiled at us again.

The Chairman glared at her. "I meant why?"

"Shelley reminded me that we are here as part of the Program and that we should be naked."

"That isn't necessary," he replied.

"Mr. Chairman, it doesn't bother us. If you are here as part of a body that tells girls and boys you've never seen that they have to go around naked all week..."

"And get groped," added Shelley.

I glared at her. "As I was going to say, and get groped, then surely you can't be embarrassed by two of us naked in front of you."

"I agree," said the teacher. Mrs. Chaplain just nodded.

"Just be glad Shelley didn't suggest that you should all be naked at well."

I turned to Dr. Reynolds for support, but he had his head in his hands and I'm sure he was trying not to laugh.

Mrs. Chaplain had no such inhibitions and laughed loudly. I was beginning to like this woman.

The Chairman waited until we were naked and sitting down. "Very well. Mrs. Chaplain will start with her questions, then when she has finished, Mr. Grayson, then Mr. Stephens and finally Miss Corton. However, if something is being discussed and one of the others has a question on that point, they may interrupt."

"I understand."

Mrs. Chaplain began. "Heather, please take it as read how sorry we all are about what happened to you, whatever you may think of the reasons for this inquiry. If you find any of our questions distressing, you can take a break, or simply choose not to answer that question."

"Okay."

"As it is the reason the inquiry was called, I will start with what happened to you last Friday morning. To make things easier for you, Dr. Reynolds printed out for us

the part of your journal about what happened. Is there anything you can tell us about what actually happened, to add to that?"

"Not really, no. Apart from what I wrote down, I don't really remember much."

"We have also all seen the television interview you gave. You were quite impressive, I must say. You said that the Program may have made you a target. Can you elaborate on that?"

"Yes, of course it was worse because I was the only one on the Program, also that I was the first one ever on the Program in this country, unless you count the school where it didn't work out. But the Program itself puts us in the spotlight. A few days before hardly anyone in school knew who I was. Now hardly anyone in town doesn't know who I am. Some of that is because of the media coverage, but some of it was already true before then."

"Okay, I understand that the Program makes you well-known, but does that make you a target?"

The psychologist answered her. "Well, any celebrity will tell you about stalkers, so just being in the spotlight has its dangers, but I think that Heather meant more than that."

"Yes, it's not just being well-known, it's how you are seen. People automatically assume if you are naked, you are up for anything, a slut if you like. The fact that the Program then allows anyone to touch or grope you, whether you like it or not, makes that worse."

The psychologist nodded.

"I want to read you something that Samantha, one of the girls in the Program this week, wrote in her journal on Monday. I should explain that by agreement with our headmaster, we made the first day a 'no touching' day."

As each of the class came and looked closely at what had been my most private areas, I realised that they weren't mine any more. My body belonged to anyone who wanted to see it and tomorrow it would belong to anyone who wanted to touch it. With a flash of clarity I understood how Heather had gone from shy wallflower like me, worse than me, to someone who would have sex with anyone and everyone. If our bodies weren't our own any more, if they'd been stolen from us and given to everyone else, what difference did it make if everyone used us?

Nobody had touched me and yet I felt like I'd been raped. The class had gone quiet and I looked up. I realised that I wasn't lying on the table any more. I was curled up in a tiny ball in the corner crying as I'd never cried before.

"This was before anyone touched Samantha, so it isn't only about whether we have to let people touch us, or what type of touches are okay and what aren't. It's about attitude. People come up to you with their demands and they don't even think about how you feel. As one of the boys put it last week..."

"All we, I, thought about was here was a hot girl naked and available. All I could see were the bits I grabbed. I didn't even think about you being a person. You were just a body until I saw your face and the fear in your eyes then I wished I'd never been born. And I know most of the others feel ashamed of what we did."

"And he wasn't a bad boy. You throw a naked girl into a school full of boys and that's all they are going to see. I bet all you noticed when I started speaking was that I was naked, and you hardly noticed what I said. Now that reaction is wearing off and you're hearing me. Now imagine you're a boy of about 17 or 18. You think you're going to think about anything other than 'Wow! Tits and pussy!'"

Mrs. Chaplain leaned forward. "That would suggest that no matter what we do, girls in particular are going to be hurt by the Program, especially when you mention the girl who was feeling so bad before anyone even touched her. Yet you were clearly praising it on television."

"It isn't what we have to do that is the problem, it's how we are treated. Yes, spreading your pussy for the first time or letting some guy finger you when you don't want to is really embarrassing and makes you feel like what you want doesn't matter, but that isn't the worst thing. It's the attitude. When someone comes up and says 'Reasonable Request' and just does what they want without even thinking about how you feel, because you're just the school sex toy for the week."

"Even one teacher treats us like we don't matter at all, we're just an object lesson."

Mrs. Chaplain snorted, "Then she shouldn't be teaching, never mind working with the Program. But tell us what we, tell me what I can do so it doesn't happen."

I turned to Dr. Reynolds and said, "Sir, have you got copies of all my journals for last week?"

The Chairman interrupted me. "A moment please, Miss Hoover. Dr. Reynolds, I realise that we have already had the benefit of your evidence for several days now. However, each day's recording must be able to stand alone on its own merits. So I would be grateful if you would again identify yourself for the tape, in particular as you have already intervened once today?"

Dr. Reynolds smiled and cleared his throat. "Dr. Julian Reynolds. I am the headmaster of the school which Heather and Shelley Hoover attend."

"Thank you, sir." He turned to the clerk. "Mr. Hanson, would you note for the record that Dr. Reynolds will be present throughout the evidence of.." And now he

nodded politely to me, then Shelley, ".. Miss Hoover and Miss Hoover."

"Dr. Reynolds, although you are not a member of this inquiry, I am certain that all of us would be grateful to you for any contributions you may wish to make today." The Chairman looked at me again. "Thank you, Heather. Would you please continue now?"

The Chairman's intervention certainly had reminded me of where I was. I took a breath before speaking to Dr. Reynolds again.

"Sir, can you give them copies of chapter eight, turned to the page with our meeting, please?"

"These were the recommendations we thought of last week...." I gave them time to read that section then said, "But if you want to know what I think is needed to avoid what has happened to us in school and my rape, there is something even more important."

"And that is?" asked the Chairman.

"This is going to sound stupid but, education. Before the Program even begins, teach them what it's about. Make it clear that the naked participants are to be treated with respect. For God's sake just remind them that we're people not sex toys. How can I explain this? Hmm. I'll have to come back to that one."

The Chairman asked, "Is there anything the headmaster did in introducing the Program which made it worse, or is there anything he could have done which would have made it better?"

I turned to Dr. Reynolds again. "Have you got copies of the page of my journal for what you told me about masturbation and groping?" He gave them out.

"Before anyone blames Dr. Reynolds for this, what he said came straight from some faceless lawyer in London, who he had to ring to ask for advice."

The Chairman actually smiled at me, "Not so faceless any longer. You've now met Mr. Stephens."

"Firstly on masturbation, the lawyer advised Dr. Reynolds to tell me,

"I've been studying the program rules and taking legal advice. The pamphlet is quite specific, 'No student shall ever be required to insert a foreign object into any bodily orifice as a part of a Reasonable Request or Classroom Activity.' Fingers are not objects and in addition to that your fingers are not foreign objects. Therefore for both boys and girls masturbation IS a reasonable request."

"Okay," I turned to Shel, "Shelley, lie on the table and bring yourself off."

She looked at me, startled, then got on our table, carefully avoiding the glasses and jug, and started fingering herself. Everyone on the panel look extremely uncomfortable.

"This is ridiculous," protested Mr. Stephens. "I don't see why we should have to watch this... pantomime."

"No?" I snapped back. "Wait a moment, Shelley." I went and stood directly in front of Mr. Stephens and rested my hands on the committee table.

"You don't want to have to watch, but you expect us to have to do it, over and over and over again. And not with a nice safe distance between us and the boys crowding round us either. Shelley, lie on this table and continue."

Without a thought, she did so, and lay right in front of the chairman with her pussy pointing straight at Mr. Stephens.

"The rest of you, please come around her, you too, Dr. Reynolds." I only half-expected them to do so, but they did. I stayed silent until Shelley made herself cum.

When she could breathe normally again, she said, "Can I go back and sit down now?"

"Yes," the Chairman and I said together. Everyone else sat down too.

"That was nothing to what it's really like in school. You were all very polite, mostly trying not to look. We'd have perhaps a dozen, perhaps twenty boys crowding round and pushing, trying to get their heads close to our pussies to get a better view, and probably groping us at the same time."

"That must be very frightening," said the psychologist.

"To put it mildly," I replied. "But not as frightening as the next bit. I am going to read this bit out loud."

He went on to say, "As far as anyone else touching you there, the pamphlet does say 'No student is ever required to submit to oral sex or penetration with a sexual organ as a part of a Reasonable Request.' It does not say any other body part, such as fingers."

"But what about the bit where it says 'The Program Participant is the sole judge of the reasonability of any request that involves physical contact'? Has that suddenly been taken out?" I argued.

"That is to prevent someone from forcing you to do anything when you think something is unreasonable but there is nobody to ask for advice. It goes on to say that disagreements about what is reasonable are referred to me, and I can refer them to local Program officials, when they are appointed. Until

then it is left to me to decide on any disagreements myself. I have to bear in mind that the intent of the Program is 'to help you become more comfortable with your body and your sexuality' and to encourage you all 'to treat others ... as sexual beings, to learn to harness your natural energies.' As touching one another, even intimately, is an essential part of being a sexual being, I would have to say that trying to avoid sexual touches would clearly be what the rules call a 'frivolous attempt to skirt the intent of the Program.' You understand my position?"

"Sorry, Shel, I need you again. Can you help me move our table closer, then lie on it?" Dr. Reynolds took the jug of water and our glasses.

"I have a Reasonable Request. Spread your legs and hold yourself open. I want to touch you." She did as I said. I turned to the panel, "Now this is what you probably think that means." I gently touched her boobs, one at a time, and then her pussy and stroked it. "Or perhaps this?" I slipped a finger inside her and began to work on her G-spot, before stopping abruptly. "Okay, Shelley, you can get down."

"Now I going to show you what that rule really means, in practice." Shelley looked worried. "Shelley, can you stand on the table in front of the chairman." I helped her up, then climbed up beside her. "Okay Shelley, grope me exactly like they grope us in the morning."

"I don't want to hurt you."

"Shelley, it's okay. This is important."

With a speed which startled the whole panel she rammed two fingers up me, then three, then four.

"Bend over, Bitch," she said, then rammed some of her fingers up my arse while still using her other hand in my pussy.

Even though she'd wet her fingers in my pussy first, it hurt, but she carried on, getting rougher and rougher in both my pussy and arse until I fell to the table on my knees, unable to keep back the tears.

"Heather," she cried. "Are you okay?"

I nodded and got down off the table. I deliberately didn't wipe the tears away.

I told them, "Shelley stopped when she thought I couldn't take any more. At school, it would continue until the bell goes. Shelley, touch my boobs."

"No, you've had enough. You do mine."

I pulled hard on one of her nipples and twisted the other painfully. I kept poking and pinching and pulling and twisting until finally she began to cry. Then I stopped and hugged her close.

"Remember," I said, "In school, it's not one person but a crowd. And you're in the middle. Boobs, Pussy, Arse. Any part is fair game, or all at the same time. The first morning my sister was groped, they tore her hymen they were so rough, not to mention tearing her clothes and nicking her underwear. Nobody in our school calls it the Morning Display any more. It's the 'Morning Groping'."

The panel were clearly shocked by what they'd just seen.

Mrs. Chaplain spoke first. "Thank you for giving us that enlightening demonstration. You are quite correct that I had no idea what it was really like. I'd like to propose we take a break for some tea, to give Heather and Shelley time to recover. With your permission, Heather, I'd like to read your journal for last week. And with your permission, Mr. Chairman, could we make it an hour or so. I'd like to discuss some things privately with Dr. Reynolds."

"If an hour is agreeable to everyone," They all nodded. "Heather? Shelley?" He was asking us!

"Sure," I said.

"And I think I am speaking on behalf of all of us when I say thank you for showing us what we are really talking about. With what you have had to endure, I am not surprised that you are angry. You have every reason to be. Okay, we meet back here in one hour."

"I'll take you to the canteen," offered Miss Corton, waiting by our clothes. But we walked together straight out of the hearing room, still naked, followed by Miss Corton. "You're going to go naked?"

"The Program talks about outreach. Can you think of a better place to start than here?"

Shelley and I were amused by the reaction of all the dark-suited civil servants to the appearance of two naked girls in their canteen. The buzz of conversation around us ceased. Some people openly stared, others turned away, and one man dropped the cake he was holding into his coffee. I think poor Miss Corton was a bit embarrassed though and I felt sorry for her.

When we had queued up for tea and cakes, we remembered that our money was in our clothes.

"I'll pay," said Miss Corton.

"That's a plus side to the Program," said Shelley. "With nowhere to keep your money, people end up buying you things."

She laughed.

When we reconvened, Mrs. Chaplain again began the questioning. "You mentioned

the girl who felt like she'd been raped this Monday. I was wondering how she is now."

"Samantha? Once we calmed her down, she wasn't too bad. And Shelley had the brilliant idea of a petting party Monday evening to prepare her for the Morning Groping. She coped really well all day Tuesday until she found out that she would have to sing her solo at a big televised choir contest tonight naked, then she freaked out and slit her wrists." A general look of shock all round. "She's okay now though."

"And off the Program I assume?"

"No. To get a medical exemption she would have to actually be admitted to hospital and that would mean giving up her chance to sing at the contest. And that means everything to her. Her mother couldn't be bothered to go to the hospital, so the mother of one of the other girls, Laura, has taken her home and she's staying there all week."

"The teacher involved in the earlier incident with Samantha. Have there been any other problems?"

I began to wonder if Dr. Reynolds had been priming her with questions. I glanced back at him but his face gave nothing away.

"Yes, there have. Laura, another girl on the Program, she's the one who took Samantha in. She works as a model and stripper part-time, went into her lesson and saw that Ms. Gordon was playing a video of us all having sex, filmed secretly, to the class. Laura smashed the DVD and let her hair down to cover her boobs and covered her pussy with her hands."

"So at lunchtime, she was marched into the dining room, handcuffed, her hair cut, and she was caned six times. It was awful." The faces of the panel all looked grim, even the lawyer.

"This was shortly before Samantha tried to kill herself. Laura found her, and although she is brilliant at first aid, she couldn't help her because of the handcuffs. The delay nearly killed Samantha. That was why Dr. Reynolds asked to return to the school. Before things got worse. But you wouldn't let him."

The Chairman looked uncomfortable, but he asked me, "You mentioned all of you getting assaulted the following morning."

"We decided we had to get Laura out of those handcuffs. She was so depressed we were really worried. So we all wore handcuffs. If you thought what Shelley did to me was bad, try it with a crowd of teenage boys when you are wearing handcuffs and can't even try to defend yourself. And apart from Laura, poor Samantha got it worst, but she wouldn't give up."

"Then Samantha had another lesson with Ms. Gordon, who decided that as she was wearing handcuffs she was obviously into bondage. She made them blindfold her too. Then she told the class to bring her to orgasm any way they could, except actually fucking her. The rules against restraining freedom of movement and oral sex only apply to Reasonable Requests, so they legally (I spat that word at them!) tied her up and got the boys to go down on her as well as finger her."

"When they couldn't make her cum because she was so sore, Sam was so deperate for relief that she was begging them to make her cum. So when Ms. Gordon suggested they spank her, she agreed. It did actually work, she said she really came hard."

"After that we met with Mr. Graham and told him that we'd keep our handcuffs on and have one of the boys cut our hair really badly, if he didn't release Laura. He didn't care at first, until we called the TV reporter you saw interviewing me last Friday. As you can see, by that time, we lost some hair. But we won. And no more punishments or lessons with Ms. Gordon until Dr. Reynolds returns."

"I should think not," said the Chairman.

"There was a really good thing though."

"I'm eager to hear about something that actually went well," said Mrs. Chaplain.

"When you wouldn't let Dr. Reynolds go, he called one of the other teachers and told him to do whatever was necessary to stop things getting worse and that he would back him 100%. We didn't know this at the time. So yesterday morning, this teacher told everyone in class to spread the word that we were to be protected, even, if necessary, against teachers. By lunchtime it was brilliant. We had boys protecting us, we had girls stopping boys getting to us by getting in first with requests, one girl even let guys grope her to stop them getting to one of us. It proves it CAN work. But it needs the right people in charge and action taken quickly if things start to go wrong, BEFORE they get crazy."

"That's quite a teacher," said Mrs. Chaplain. "Tell me more."

"Shelley should tell you about that," I said. "It was in her class."

So Shelley told most of what Mr. Thompson had said, which obviously met with the approval of the panel.

"I have a proposal, Mr. Chairman," said Mrs. Chaplain.

"Go ahead."

"I move that this inquiry be adjourned to reconvene Monday next at the school. I've heard so much that I want to see the school and meet the people there before we decide on what changes need to be made."

"Seconded," said Miss Corton quickly.

"Agreed," said the psychologist.

"Mr Stephens?" asked the Chairman. He nodded. "Then, if no one disagrees, this hearing is adjourned until Monday, to reconvene at the school at 2pm if that is convenient for everyone."

Nods all round.

"That allows you to go back to deal with the situations that have arisen while we have kept you here, Dr. Reynolds. It only remains for me to thank Heather and Shelley for their help today..." he paused with a slight grin, "...and to remind them that this isn't a Program zone, so they had better get dressed before they leave the building. Thank you, everybody. Meeting Adjourned."

We pulled on our clothes and went with Dr. Reynolds.

As we walked to the taxi, I asked, "How did I do?"

"Apart from nearly giving Richard Cellon a heart attack, I think you made your point. And so did Shelley. Well done, both of you. We will be travelling back on the morning train and Mrs. Chaplain is coming with us if I can book her a hotel for Friday night."

"Don't bother, she can stay with us," said Shelley. "She'll get to know us far better that way."

"I'm not sure I want to imagine what you are planning already, young lady. Now I suppose you want to go out tonight. My God, the Hoover sisters let loose on London. Perhaps I should go back tonight."

We laughed. "The slutsisters," corrected Shelley.

"That's worse. Here you are, Heather. If you're going out clubbing, you'd better have some money to buy something suitable to wear. I'm sure that someone at the hotel will be able to suggest where to buy something and where to go out. Ask one of the waiters."

Shelley chatted up one of the young waiters trying to serve us dinner in the hotel, much to the embarrassment of poor Dr. Reynolds and, I think, the waiter. (Funny how nobody objected to Shelley's clothes in the hotel dining room when Dr. Reynolds was with us. No pointed stares this time!)

One of the waitresses came up to us with a odd-looking order pad. "I'm sorry to bother you both, but could I have your autographs?" Silly me, it wasn't an order pad, it was her autograph book.

"Oh great, I've never been asked for my autograph before!" I don't have to tell you

that was Shelley, do I? She grabbed the notebook and signed it. I could read the signature from across the table!

She passed it to me and I pretended to think about it. "How about if you do me a favour if I sign your book?" She looked puzzled.

"We're going out clubbing later and I don't exactly have anything suitable to wear. Is there anywhere I can buy something decent at this hour?"

"Or indecent?" said Shelley, making Dr. Reynolds splutter and nearly choke himself on his wine, sending most of his mouthful of wine all over the white tablecloth.

He was mortified. "I'm sorry," he said to the waitress.

"Dr. Reynolds hasn't had as long as I have to get used to trying to eat and drink with Shelley in the vicinity."

"Don't worry," she said, "I'll bring a new cloth."

"Sorry, sir," said Shelley, not looking sorry in the slightest.

Dr. Reynolds returned his napkin to his lap and smiled. "I have to ask you, Shelley, isn't that little black outfit indecent enough for you?" He emphasised the word, "little".

"Do you like it, sir?"

"There's a lot more of you showing than outfit, wouldn't you say?"

"Yes, I would but it's so tight it's uncomfortable. Didn't you notice, sir, how hard it was for me to get it off and back on again."

"Yes, I did."

Then Shelley said something unbelievable, even for Shelley. "Gotcha, sir! You were looking!"

Dr. Reynolds stared at her, while I wondered what jobs we could find next week at the Job Centre.

Then he laughed, a big deep friendly laugh unlike anything I've ever heard from him.

"Shelley Hoover, I'm at a loss for words. Yes, you're right. I was looking. When I first saw you in that, I thought how.. beautiful you looked. 'Pretty' wouldn't do you justice today."

Then he admitted, "I should have used the word "sexy" just now, but that really would have been most inappropriate."

He shook his head and added quietly, "I can't wait until I tell Mrs. Reynolds. She's going to tease me about this for weeks."

The way he said that I knew he and his wife were really close.

"Now, girls, I would be extremely grateful if you would refrain from repeating this conversation to anyone at school. I do have to maintain a certain.. degree of dignity there."

Shelley sounded ashamed. "I'm sorry, sir. I didn't mean to embarrass you... just tease you a little."

Dr. Reynolds bowed his head formally. "Apology accepted."

Shelley's shame evaporated with a big smile. "But I did make you laugh!"

He took a sip of wine and looked away from us for a moment, his fingers idly toying with his knife. I'd seen him like this before, in his office. He has this fancy letter-opener on his desk and he would play with it while thinking and then point it around the room, or even directly at you, when he started talking. I don't think he was aware he did it. I glanced at Shelley and wondered if she too had seen the letter-opener wielded. Certainly she'd gone quiet now.

Sure enough, he suddenly picked up his knife and started dueling with the ceiling as he spoke. His words, though, were quiet.

"You know, girls, I am having to do things now that would have been inconceivable to me even two years ago. I'd heard all about the Program in the states for some time but here in England? Not likely. It all started for me, though, with a meeting in my office with Richard Cellon well over a year ago. We go right back to Cambridge, him and me. He's a good man, Heather, maybe a little full of himself but with a first-class mind. And until today, I thought, completely unflappable. You two probably did him a lot of good, but he'll never let on. I know you were being very serious today, both of you, but there was a part of me sitting there this afternoon truly enjoying his discomfort."

"So, the 'faceless ones' had sent a friend to tell me I'd be running the first Program re-launch here in England." Shelley looked curious at that and he turned directly to her and said, "Yes, Shelley, I had no more choice than Heather did. As a teacher and an administrator, or indeed as an educated man whose morality comes from a different time, it made little sense to me and I didn't want it in my school."

"And reading all the literature, and yes, Heather, everything I could find on the internet, didn't change my mind initially, but at least I had some idea what I was getting into. But for all that I wasn't prepared for what I would feel once the thing became a reality. I'm actually having to tell young girls and boys to run around my school naked, on public display, and to allow themselves to be groped for a week whether they want it or not. But in spite of all the problems, you two have

convinced me that the Program is extremely worthwhile."

"Us, sir?" piped up Shelley, just before I could say it.

"How?" she added.

I thought I knew. "Let me put it this way, Shelley. Two weeks ago could you have ever imagined your sister or you handling a government-level inquiry as you both did this afternoon? Or coping with the media as you've had to do? Coping magnificently, I should add."

"Not a chance. Heather would have freaked and I'd have just said something stupid and giggly."

"The Program is intended to develop your sexual maturity. I don't know whether it's done that, but it's made you both grow up a lot and brought you out of yourselves."

He put the knife down to sip some more wine, and then smiled at each of us before continuing.

"But the truth of the matter is that I wish I was your age again. Not right now, though, but perhaps a few years from now when a fully-operational and successful Program is running smoothly. The young people who come along after the two of you, and the others this week and the other Program participants in the near future, the later ones will know what's coming and what is expected of them, and if we can get it right, the good they can get out of it."

He leant forward as his voice got even lower.

"I don't want to frighten either of you.." he smiled at Shelley, "..yes, you too, little Miss Fearless, but you have a huge responsibility. It may have been totally accidental.." now he smiled at me, "and completely unfair, I know, but you must understand that you are going to be leaders. The people running the Program are listening to you and will continue to do so, if Richard and I have anything to do with it. What you tell them will have consequences for a very long time."

This time he drained his wine glass with a long drink.

"Wow, girls, that was way heavy. Do I have that right, Shelley?"

"Yes, sir, you do. Way heavy and wicked too. It doesn't matter, does it though, if I just keep on keepin' on?"

"No, of course not. That's all any of us can ever do."

Shelley's face shone again with a big smile. "And I did make you laugh!"

"That you did, Shelley. And thank you for that. I haven't had much to laugh about this week."

I suddenly realised Dr. Reynolds had really opened up and there might be a problem. "This conversation, sir. What about my journal?"

Without hesitation he replied, "Of course you must report it. But please don't leave out my mentioning my wife, or anything else, alright?"

"Don't worry, sir. It wouldn't be complete without everything." What a stupid thing to say, I thought, as soon as I said it.

Looking back at this now, I realise that I was a lot more embarrassed than Dr. Reynolds was. Being Shelley's sister is often a challenge, and never boring! As for the rest of what he said, the truth is I'm more than a little frightened.

When the waitress came back to change the cloth, she said to me, "I get off at about eight. There's an evening street market not far from here. I could take you if you like. There's a couple of shops on the street with the market that stay open until the market closes, which is late as it usually turns into a bit of a party."

"Sounds perfect," I said.

You will be glad to know that the rest of the meal went without further incident! I know I was.

Mum was at Eric's house when we caught up with her on the phone. This is getting awfully serious awfully quickly, but Mum sounds so wonderfully happy that it makes me happy just talking to her. She's waited long enough, God knows, but it seems like the waiting has finally paid off. I know Shelley feels the same. I bet she'd hold their clothes for them while they were at it, if she thought it would help. Come to that, so would I.

And I finally found out what happened to Shelley after I lost her. She really should think about taking up writing. She's got a couple of best-selling autobiographies in her already!

We went to the market with the waitress, who, we learned, was called Laura. Wait till you hear about the clothes we found. Score one for London.

James, another waiter from the hotel, caught up with us at the market. Laura's eyes shone brighter than a lighthouse when she saw him, and I suspect that her eyes were not all that was switched on. James suggested a nearby pub where we met two brothers, Pete and Paul. (No, I'm not making that up, they really were named Peter and Paul.) Such sweet innocent children... until they were Shel-shocked! Oh yes, and Heathered as well. Perhaps a little less innocent now than they were before. What with James, as they say, getting Laura right where she wanted him, I made the early score, London 3 (including the 1 for our clothes), Slutsisters 4. Shelley has all the juicy details.

Once we were all cleaned up we went out clubbing, all six of us. The club they

took us to was amazing, there's no other word for it. Laura turned out to be... but that would be telling. It was enormous fun, although I was still quite tired as I hadn't slept much the previous night worrying about Shelley.

Shelley of course wasn't tired. She's incapable of it. And, yes, she did enjoy herself in the club maybe even more than she had at the pub. You can judge this for yourselves from chapters ten and eleven of her journal.

Author's Note: If you want to find out about their evening, you can [click here](#) and you will be taken to the start of Shelley's version of the evening.

Heather, part 16

WEEK TWO

FRIDAY Daytime

The first thing I noticed early Friday morning was Paul's smell. A little like sweaty socks, but not that unpleasant. I remembered from some Biology class sometime that human body odour comes in, what was it, six basic scents. Most people usually disliked three of the scents, but were okay with the other three. Well, my nose liked Paul's smell, which was a good thing because the rest of me liked the rest of Paul.

Time to open an eye, as an experiment. The others forgot to shut the curtains last night after I crashed. I am not an early riser, more like a late crawler, so I don't often see the dawn. The sky was blue but not too bright, so the sun must have just been coming up on the other side of the hotel. The truth is, though, that I was pleased they forgot about the curtains.

I rolled over and looked at Paul. He was lying on his back and for the first time I heard some quiet snores coming from him. He sounded like an eight-year-old to me, so I lifted the bedclothes to check. Uh uh, not an eight-year-old. He was in good nick but not very muscly. Perfect. His cock was sleeping too. Soon, I told myself, soon but not yet. I dropped the bedclothes again and snuggled into his shoulder.

My sister'd had quite a night for herself, for all of us really. Look at the effect she had on Laura. I suddenly saw this stupid picture in my head. Shel is sitting on the floor somewhere, naked of course. She has this big box in front of her with a large crank on one side. She is singing something as she turns the crank when the top of the box flies open and Laura, about half life-size, jumps up. She's wearing last night's dress, dripping wet so it clings to her like a second skin, so she seems naked too. She's attached somehow to a huge spring in the box and she's bouncing up and down with an enormous grin lighting up her face. At the top of each bounce her

skirt flares up to reveal her pussy, no underwear on show. I knew Laura would never go back in her box again, and that was Shel's doing, ably assisted by James of course.

The silly picture made me giggle causing Paul to stop snoring and start to stir. I raised myself on one elbow and kissed him softly on his lips.

"Morning, baby," I whispered, "Did I wake you?"

Before he could answer I kissed him again. This time his mouth opened and I slipped my tongue part way in. At first he only responded with his mouth. I pulled my tongue back and his tongue chased mine into my mouth. I sucked on it for a while like a lollipop. He shifted his body so he was lying on his side. His arm came round me and his hand slid down to caress my arse. I felt his cock harden and grow against my stomach. God, I felt so alive. This really was the best way to wake up.

I noticed my bladder starting to hurt. I couldn't remember peeing late last night and I had to go now, desperately.

I pulled back and grinned, "I gotta pee, right now."

Paul grinned back, "So do I."

"Come on then."

I pushed him onto his back and started to climb over him. But I got wrapped up in the bedclothes and giggled again.

"Fuck, I'm stuck."

He pulled everything up, then pushed them halfway down the bed. Now I could escape. When I was standing I grabbed his hand and dragged him after me. As we passed Shel and Pete, I looked at them. They were totally out of it, but they looked relaxed and happy. I pointed at them and glanced at Paul. He gave a thumb's up.

I shut the bathroom door and switched on the light. "You first."

"In front of you?" He sounded a little startled.

I was more startled than he was. After my attack last week, why would I want to do this? I didn't know why, just that I felt like I "had to".

"Why not? I wanna watch." I don't think he noticed my slight hesitation.

He shrugged and pointed his cock down at the pan. It was such a strong stream that I thought he could easily win any pissing contest he decided to enter. He finished eventually and reached for the handle.

I caught his hand. "Let's not waste the water." I pushed him back and sat down. I moved my knees apart and used my hands to hold my pussy open so he could see

everything. My pee went on and on and on. Bliss! After a quick wipe I pulled the handle. The flush thundered.

"Christ, I hope that doesn't wake them up. Shel's a heavy sleeper, but what about Pete?"

"You've heard about people who'd sleep through World War Three? Pete's one of them."

I stood up and embraced him. "We both stink, you know. Fancy a shower?"

There was a huge bath next to the loo with a detachable showerhead above it on a long flexible metal hose. While Paul played with the water temperature I found a shower cap and stuffed my hair into it. Paul's hair was quite short and would dry quickly.

"Shall I wash your hair for you?" I asked.

"Yes, please."

He pointed the water all over my body then passed it to me. I did the same to him, then lifted it above his head to thoroughly wet his hair. I got a sachet of shampoo and washed his hair twice. There was some conditioner there as well. I opened the sachet and sniffed. Apple. I liked that.

There was plenty of shower gel too, so we could get each other soapy all over. I didn't really want to fool around in there. When he started to do more to my pussy than just wash it, I took his hand away briefly and shouted "Later". He understood but still made sure my pussy, arsehole and breasts were very clean. Not that he neglected anywhere else, mind you.

I was just as thorough. He hardened when I cleaned his cock but somehow that was only natural, not sexy. I made certain his arsehole was spotless as well.

The hotel provided several big fluffy towels. We took turns rubbing each other briskly. I don't know about him but I tingled all over when we were finished.

We hadn't bothered with the shower curtain so the floor was pretty wet. Paul took one of the towels and dried the floor as best he could, then hung both towels over the curtain rail to dry. Very domestic. I was impressed.

We switched off the light before opening the door. We snuck dramatically across the room but we needn't have bothered. Shel and Pete hadn't moved at all while we were in the bathroom.

"Lie down," I commanded him, "I owe you for being such a nice guy last night."

"No, you don't," he replied but I noticed he didn't waste any time. He pushed the bedclothes away and lay in the middle of the bed, clasping his hands behind his

head. His cock was at half-mast and he looked good enough to eat, so that's what I did.

I knelt beside him and started kissing him on his forehead. His eyes were shut so each eyelid got a kiss as well. I stopped for a while at his mouth for a round of tongue-tag. That was fun. My next stop was his right nipple. After three or four licks the little nipple got hard so I could suck on it. He seemed to enjoy that so I repeated the exercise on his left nipple. While I was there I dragged my nails gently down his right side. He gasped and started to double over.

"Ticklish, are we?"

"Yes, fuck it." But he still managed to keep his hands behind his head. What self-control!

At last it was time for the main event. I pushed his legs apart and knelt between them. Using only my mouth I sucked his cockhead in. I was supporting my weight with my hands so I was comfortable like that. I was moving my mouth up and down an inch or so when he started thrusting up as my head moved down. Now his cock was moving from just behind my lips to the the back of my mouth, in and out quite quickly. I was enjoying myself, but not nearly as much as he was. I could taste pre-cum on my tongue now and I wondered how close he was.

I lifted my head away and looked up at him. "If I finish you off, will you still be okay to fuck me?"

"Not a problem."

"Good."

Now I supported myself on one hand so I could work on his whole cock. I wanked him a few times to get pre-cum and saliva all over my hand. Then I brought my mouth back and fucked his cock with my hand and mouth together. I varied the pace. Slow for a few strokes, then fast for a bit, then slow again. I could feel the veins along the side of it as I moved up and down. His hips were thrusting again now. And I could see out of the corner of my eye that his hands were at his sides grabbing and twisting the sheet. He started to whimper and I knew he was almost there. Then he groaned once loudly and his cock started spurting cum down my throat. I've no idea how many times he spurted but my swallowing could not keep up. Some of his cum leaked out over my hand as I slowed, then stopped.

I kept him like that, his cock in my mouth and my hand around the shaft, sucking gently and working my tongue slowly from side to side along its underneath. His breathing came back to normal so I let him go. I knelt there for a while cleaning my hand with my tongue until I couldn't find any more. I checked his crotch but it was dry. Good.

"Thank you, Superslut, that was... something else."

For a second I wanted to throttle the little miss, but then I thought, what the fuck, why not accept it.

"Superslut is horny. Your turn."

Paul stood up and bowed, his arm sweeping an arc along the bed. I giggled at that and lay down where he had been. But then I sat up for a second to flip the pillow over to the cool side and tried again. That was better.

He didn't waste any time on foreplay but went straight for my breasts, sucking and licking my left nipple while his hand worked on the right one. The dear boy was doing right. Perhaps it was the way I had emphasised "horny". I loved it, and showed my appreciation by stroking the back of his head.

But other needs were even greater. I lifted his head up with my hands, then pointed wordlessly down my body. The bastard knelt straight up and saluted but then got down between my open legs immediately.

He spread my pussy wide open and then pushed his tongue in as far as he could. That was a long way in. Then he began to move his whole head up and down, keeping his tongue straight out and fucking me with it. Each time he bottomed out, his nose bumped into my clit and a beautiful jolt went right through me. Then he kept his tongue part way in and started wiggling it up and down. Fuck, that was good, even though he wasn't touching my clit any more.

He came up to my face briefly and kissed me so I could taste myself.

"Cock," I demanded.

"Not yet," he refused.

He went back down and continued to eat my pussy. Then I felt a finger start to rub my arsehole very softly.

"God, that feels nice," I sighed.

I knew he heard me as he used his hands then to lift my butt off the bed. I felt something wet and warm against my arsehole. It had to be his tongue.

"That feels so much nicer, babe," I told him. I wasn't kidding.

He must have believed me as he soon grabbed my ankles and lifted my legs right up.

"In that case, hold onto your legs. Are you sure you're okay with this?"

"Yes," I answered and got a firm hold of my legs.

With my knees almost touching my sides he started licking my arsehole with a lot more confidence. Awesome. He pushed his tongue right in there and pulled back

again over and over. It was the same thing he'd done with my pussy, only slower this time. Soon he started doing my pussy with a finger as well. After driving me crazy like that for a while he switched his mouth and finger. He was working my arse quite hard but there wasn't even a small amount of discomfort. I was boiling down there.

Then he replaced his mouth on my pussy with his thumb and started rocking his hand back and forth, making his thumb move into my pussy as his finger moved out of my arse, then vice versa. FINALLY he fastened his mouth on my clit and started to suck.

It did not take long for my world to explode. Did I gasp or shout? I have no idea. I was completely out of it for what? Ten seconds? Thirty seconds? Two minutes? Who knows?

The next thing I do remember is Paul on top of me and his cock fucking me with long slow strokes. This was like nothing I had ever experienced. I grabbed him and kissed him as hard as I could. Now all I was aware of were my mouth and pussy and I was in heaven. I reached down with my hands on his arse and pulled him in as I thrust up. He increased his tempo and the bedsprings began to complain. And then I came again. Not nearly as hard as before but still wonderfully. I stayed awake for this one as warm arrows shot through my body over and over again.

Paul withdrew and lay down next to me. "You're amazing, Heather."

I couldn't speak. He pulled the bedclothes back over us and held me tightly. He was stroking my back slowly and I could feel my whole body relax. Then I fell asleep.

Bang! Bang! "Heather! Shelley!" Bang! Bang! "Are you alright?" Bang! Bang!

I sat up quickly. What the fuck was that?

Bang! Bang! "Heather? Are you there? Shelley?"

Oh Shit! Dr. Reynolds. What time was it?

"Coming, sir!" I shouted as loudly as I could.

I think he must have heard me because the noise he was making stopped. I got halfway to the door before I realised I was naked. Did it matter? He'd already seen all of me lots of times. Yes, of course it mattered. I remembered there were white terry bathrobes hanging in the bathroom so I detoured there, grabbed a robe and wrapped it quickly around myself before opening the door.

"Sorry, sir. What's the matter?"

"I was worried sick, Heather. I tried ringing you twice but there was no answer. I didn't know if something had happened to you." He sounded genuinely concerned.

I remembered what I'd been doing a little while before. "I guess we were sleeping too soundly, sir. I'm sure we'd have answered the phone if we heard it."

"What's all the racket, Heather?"

Oh Fuck! That was Pete's voice. I turned in time to see his naked butt disappearing into the bathroom. I could feel my face redden as I turned back to Dr. Reynolds.

"Sir..." I began but he interrupted me.

"You needn't explain, Heather. It's quite alright." He had a big grin on his face as he continued, "I guess you and your sister had a good time last night?"

I could feel my embarrassment ebbing away. "Yes, sir, an amazing time." I paused. "Sir, that was Pete. He's with Shelley. His brother, Paul, is with me."

"Peter and Paul, ey?" He shook his head. "Brothers, you say. You sure about that?"

I swear I could have kissed him then, not for what he was saying but for being so.. cool.

He went on, "Look, if you girls want to have a decent breakfast, you'd better get down to the dining room in fifteen minutes. We've a train to catch."

I knew what railway food was like. I certainly wanted to eat here first. "I'll get Shel up right now, sir. Shall we see you down there?"

"Indeed." He turned away towards the lifts. As he walked away he shouted back, "Fifteen minutes."

I shut the door. Then Pete's head appeared, "Who was that?"

"Nobody," I was going to pretend to be angry, "Just our headmaster."

"Fuck, I'm sorry."

He sounded upset so I relented, "Don't worry, he's unbelievably cool about.. things."

I changed the subject, "Is my sister conscious yet?"

"Don't think so."

"I'll soon fix that. Watch."

I walked over to their bed and pulled down the bedclothes. Then I grabbed one of Shel's big toes and twisted. Hard.

"Ouch! That fucking hurts!" She looked at me and whined, "Why did you..?"

"Because Dr. Reynolds was just at the door and we have fifteen, no fourteen,

minutes to get down to breakfast, unless you want to try and survive the journey back on stale sandwiches."

Shelley leapt up, "No way, José!" and headed for the bathroom.

I called to her, "Paul and I have already had a shower. If you're quick, you can have the shower to yourself. Use the shower cap. I left it there for you."

Pete said, "I'll get her cleaned quickly, no fear."

"Okay," I replied, "But no fucking around." I raised my voice so Shelley could hear me too.

"Yes.. ma'am," as he returned to the bathroom.

Paul was sitting on the side of our bed. "Sorry, babe," I said to him, "We gotta split."

He stood up and started dressing immediately. I found some knickers, a jumper and jeans. I couldn't be bothered with a bra, not that I really needed one, dammit.

Paul was by the desk with a pen in his hand. "You on email at home?" I nodded. "What's your address?"

I gave it him and he wrote it down. Then he handed me another piece of paper, "Here's mine."

I stuffed it in my pocket, then wrapped my arms around him.

Shelley came out of the bathroom, "Hey, you guys, no fucking around, remember?"

"Fuck off, Shel, we're dressed." Then I smiled at Paul, "Now, where were we?"

Shel giggled her first giggle of the day, "I guess I'll have to wear Dr. Reynolds' favourite outfit, the black one. I mean, it's that or the zips."

Lesser of two evils, I supposed to myself, but said, "Here, at least wear some knickers today, okay?" I tossed a carrier bag at her with a few bits of new underwear in it."

"Spoilsport," she grumbled but she did put on a pair, the smallest ones I'd bought of course.

I ate far too much for breakfast, but Shelley outdid me. Why can she eat anything she fancies and NEVER put on a pound, while I have to be careful all the time? There's no justice.

We discovered there was a train drivers' strike so Mrs. Chaplain made a phone call and then told the taxi driver to take us to Stanstead Airport where we could get a

flight to Blackpool.

Of course, when we got to the terminal, after Mrs. Chaplain had bought the tickets and she and Dr. Reynolds had checked in their baggage, Shelley wandered off. She didn't remember, but we'd been here once before on a holiday flight, when the airport had been much smaller. Since then it had grown tremendously. I was just beginning to worry about her when she reappeared, with a boy in tow!

"This is Ricky. He's on the same flight as us, isn't that great?" she exclaimed. Looking at him looking at her clothes, or lack of them, I figured what they'd been up to, but I was wrong.

"I've always wanted to join the Mile High Club," she grinned. "So I said he can look but not touch until we take off."

I rolled my eyes. I wanted to tell her not to go too mad, she'd been a virgin only five days ago, but who was I to talk? At least she could probably count how many guys she'd had sex with. I knew I couldn't.

That set me thinking while everyone else was gone for coffee.

My thoughts were interrupted by Shelley punching me in the side. "Come on, our flight's been called twice."

Being only a domestic flight, we didn't have to worry about passports and things, just as well as we didn't have them. I sat by a window, expecting Shelley and the boy she had following her like a puppy to join me, but instead they went to find other seats near the back, after Dr. Reynolds had muttered something to her before sitting down next to me himself. Mrs. Chaplain took the aisle seat across from us.

I looked out the window and began to think again about everything that had happened.

"A penny for them?" he asked me.

"What?"

"A penny for your thoughts."

"What do you mean?" I replied.

"You've been miles away since we left the hotel. It doesn't take a genius to work out that there's something wrong."

"I'm okay."

"No," he said, "I don't know what you are, but okay you certainly are not."

The way he said that made me think briefly of Yoda from Star Wars and for a moment I imagined him with a Yoda-like head telling me to reach out with my

feelings. A momentary giggle escaped me, but then I felt serious again. It was my feelings that I wanted to escape.

I looked at him for a moment and opened my mouth to speak, then closed it again. This wasn't some jedi teacher, this was my Headmaster and there's things you just don't talk about with your headmaster.

"Let's just forget I'm a headmaster for a while. I'm just a friend who wants to help. And if you say something your headmaster shouldn't know, we just won't tell him, okay?"

I had to smile at that as I imagined two Dr. Reynolds refusing to talk to each other.

"It's just I was thinking about what you said last night... about our responsibility..."

"Perhaps I shouldn't have said that."

"Why not? It's true. But it's not even the inquiry or anything like that. You've read all about the Program in America, haven't you?"

"Yes. Everything you have and probably more."

"A lot of the girls over there felt pressured because the first girl, Karen, had done so much. As one girl said, she set the standard so high, that it created expectations for them to do the same. Another girl even called her the infamous Karen."

He remained quiet, waiting for me to continue.

"In my first week I hated Karen as well, because I felt like I had to let anyone do anything, because of what she did. Now I've gone and done the same or worse."

"And you're afraid that everyone will hate you because of it?"

"I don't know. Partly that, but how many girls like Samantha are going to have to do things because I did? It's all very well SAYING that what's reasonable for one girl might not be reasonable for someone else, but you know school isn't like that."

"You mean peer pressure?"

"Yeah. And I've made it a lot worse. It's gonna be even harder for girls to say NO and make it stick than it was for me."

"It's also going to be easier for girls like Shelley, who want to try things, to say YES, without people thinking badly of them."

"Girls like Shelley can do anything, and probably will, without any help from me," I laughed.

"You think so?" he said seriously. "Shelley looks up to you and depends on you

more than you realise. And girls who aren't as extrovert as she is, and who want to explore their sexuality, are going to thank you for showing them that they can."

I wasn't convinced. In my mind, I saw Samantha, back in class on Monday at lunchtime, terrified.

"You showed them what is possible. And for girls like Samantha, it's our responsibility to ensure that nobody forces them, not yours."

"If I had let you deal with Ms. Gordon last weekend, a lot of things wouldn't have happened this week."

"True, but that was my decision, not yours. And if it was a wrong decision, let's ensure that the inquiry learns from it and puts in safeguards for the future."

"I'll never forget what happened to Sam and Laura because I was stupid enough to think I could deal with her."

"Good." That was Mrs. Chaplain. She'd obviously been listening. "Sorry, but I couldn't help hearing what you were saying. Just don't let US forget what happened to Sam and Laura, or to you. Dr. Reynolds was right. You first girls have a responsibility, but it's not to put everything right. That's our job. It IS your responsibility, however, to be honest with us, as you were yesterday, so we can know what needs putting right."

She continued, "I'm sorry, Heather, but if I can be selfish, I'm glad these things went wrong now, so we can make sure they don't happen again. If things hadn't gone wrong this first time, perhaps they would have got far worse further down the Program, when it's running in every school. Because of what happened to you girls, we can make sure we learn the lessons now."

"And as for Sam and Laura," interrupted Dr. Reynolds. "If you'd been watching telly last night, you'd have been proud of them, and Suzie, and Tanya and Teresa..."

"Tanya and Teresa? Who are they?"

"Two of the choir girls. But you'll have to see it for yourself. And I think you'll like some of the changes at school as well."

After sitting quietly for a minute, I got up and went back to the toilet. I passed Shelley and Ricky. She didn't see me, she was too busy sucking him off in their seats. Nor did he, his eyes were shut tight.

I sat on the toilet and the sound of my own pee brought back visions of watching Paul pee and him watching me.

I realised that it was a week since I'd been raped. Even the memory of the way they'd pissed on me made me want to throw up. Was THAT why I'd wanted to

watch Paul this morning? To make something terrible turn back into something normal, non-threatening?

I'd been more relaxed with Paul than with Jed. Yet I was only a bit of fun to Paul and I thought Jed was falling in love with me. Was that why I was more comfortable with Paul? I knew it was just sex with him, nothing more.

I don't understand. I've always dreamt of some romantic guy sweeping me off my feet and us falling in love. Then I get raped. Do I reject sex? No. I become the school slut. But some guy wants to get emotionally close and I keep him at a distance. It doesn't make sense.

My thoughts were interrupted by the announcement to return to our seats and put our seatbelts on for landing.

"Sir?"

"Yes?"

"Have you heard anything from the police yet?"

"You mean about your attackers?"

"Yes."

"Yes. When the police couldn't contact your mother on Monday, they contacted the school and Mrs. Johnson gave them my number. All of them will face a number of charges, including rape of course."

"If you knew on Monday, why didn't anyone tell me before now?" I started seeing red.

"That was my fault, although your mother did agree with me when I spoke to her on Wednesday night. I thought it would be better to wait until you felt ready to ask."

Okay, I could see that, even if I felt that he'd been wrong. Then something worrying occurred to me.

"Will I... I suppose I'll have to go to court."

"The police think that they will probably all plead guilty. If that is the case, you won't have to go to court. You will be permitted to make a statement if you wish, either in person or in writing."

"If I go to court I'll have to see them, won't I?"

"Yes. And if one of them decides to plead not guilty, you will have to give evidence. I hope it doesn't come to that."

"So do I. I still dread seeing them. What's even worse, I wouldn't even recognise them as I never saw their faces. I keep imagining meeting them in the street. They'll know who I am, but I won't know them."

"That's unlikely. Only one was granted bail, the youngest, and he was granted bail on condition that he went to live with his grandmother in Essex, reported to his local police station daily and did not enter this county, except to attend hearings and even then he must be accompanied."

"So he's not in prison?"

"I think he's too scared to risk coming to find you, if that's what you're worried about."

"Not now, but sometime. Can I see pictures of them? It might make them less scary. And if one is free, I want to be able to recognise him."

"I'm sure that can be arranged. I'll contact the police for you when we get back."

"Thank you."

"Heather." He twisted in his seat so he was facing me. "Tell me to mind my own business if you like, but how are you coping? To look at you, it's almost as if nothing happened to you."

"It did happen..." I was suddenly angry, a lot angrier than before, and I just wanted to hit him.

He caught my fist in his hand and gently but firmly lowered it down into my lap. "I know. I was there, remember."

"I'm sorry, Sir."

"You have nothing to apologise for. I take it things aren't quite as easy as you manage to make them appear."

"Sometimes it's like a dream that happened to someone else. And then other times all I seem to want is sex. Surely I shouldn't be like that? It's crazy."

"You know either we or the police can arrange counselling?"

"That means talking about it and I don't want to even think about it."

"It's awful, but it happened, and whether you like it or not, you are going to think about it. It is going to affect you. Can I at least ask you to consider counselling?"

"I suppose so."

"If you don't want someone arranged officially, you know that Mrs. Townley counsels rape victims?"

"But she's a friend. Oh god, I don't know. Sometimes I wish somebody would make all the decisions for me, then at least I could be angry at them."

"I can't pretend to understand. And I'm not a counsellor, but if you need a friend, my office door is always open."

I knew I was going to cry and I was desperate not to, not in front of him. Why does kindness make me feel worse? I couldn't deal with that, not yet, so I had to change the subject.

"What happens about Shelley and me, about the Program I mean?"

"What do you mean?"

"We weren't in school all week. Does that mean we have to do another week?"

"No," he said firmly. "As far as I'm concerned, you were on school activities the last few days."

I giggled at that.

"What's so funny?"

"I was just trying to work out what subject last night came under."

He laughed at that, just like he did at Shelley in the restaurant yesterday.

"Or embarrassing your poor long-suffering headmaster in a busy restaurant?"

They opened the door to let us out. I hadn't even noticed the bump of us landing.

After we disembarked and Shelley said goodbye to her friend, I hugged her and told her I loved her.

"I think we'll take you two home before going on to the school," said Dr. Reynolds, giving our address to the cabbie.

Shelley objected, saying that Mum wouldn't be at home, she'd be at work. He smiled and told her that she had wanted to see both of us home, safe and sound.

"You must come in and meet Mum," I told him. "You can always get another cab from there."

But when we got home, I wanted Shelley and Mum to have some time alone first. "Can we wait here a minute?"

He understood, so he, Mrs. Chaplain and I waited on the pavement until Mum came out to call us.

I gave her a quick hug, then remembered my manners. "Mum, this is Dr. Reynolds. Dr. Reynolds, our Mum."

"I'm honoured, Mrs. Hoover."

"I hope my girls have behaved themselves," said Mum.

"Oh, MUM," said Shelley and I together.

"They've been angels," he replied.

"Fallen angels, I'm sure."

"You should be very proud of them," said Mrs. Chaplain.

"Oh sorry, Mum, this is Mrs. Chaplin, from the inquiry."

"Chaplain," she corrected.

"You must come in," Mum insisted, "I'll put the kettle on if you've time."

Dr. Reynolds looked at his watch. "I think we can spare a short time," he smiled.

"Then why don't you stay for lunch and these two can go back to school with you afterwards."

"We wouldn't want to impose."

"You won't be. But it'll only be stuff from the freezer, microwaved, I'm afraid."

"Don't worry."

When she'd served us all with lunch, Mum said, "Did you all see Samantha on television last night? Only we taped it if you're interested."

"We did," said Dr. Reynolds, nodding at Mrs. Chaplain, "But please, show it for the girls. I think one in particular would like to see it."

Mum gave him a curious look, but he gave nothing away.

She fast-forwarded it to where Sam was singing a solo. She looked so confident. When the camera slowly began to zoom out, at first I saw Laura and Suzie standing beside Sam, naked. I glanced at Shelley, who had a big grin on her face.

Her mouth gaped wide open, though, as the camera continued to zoom out to show two more naked girls ("Tanya and Teresa," said Dr. Reynolds) then the whole front row of the choir naked.

Before Shel or I had time to say anything, the scene cut to an interview with Laura and Suzie. Laura was teasing some poor reporter, then the screen sizzled as Suzie and Laura kissed. I felt odd looking at Suzie kissing Laura, then the feeling passed.

I looked at Dr. Reynolds. He was smiling.

"I told you you'd be proud of them."

When the taxi Dr. Reynolds had called arrived, there was a slight delay because Shelley decided to run indoors and takes her clothes off.

When she came back, she said, "I want them to know, as soon as I get there, that HurricaneSlut is back."

I couldn't let that go by unanswered, so, making the taxi wait again, I ran indoors to strip off.

"Slutsisters together forever," we agreed.

Dr. Reynolds looked at me strangely. "What happened to the shy little girl who ran away when the big bad headmaster made her strip off last week?"

I thought about that. I wasn't sure myself. But Shelley was, of course.

"I think she grew up," she answered for me.

When we got to school, Shelley eagerly ran off to her class. But as I turned to go, Dr. Reynolds called me back.

"Would you come to my office, please? I think you should find out straightaway what's been happening as a result of all you've told me and the other reports I've had."

Dr. Reynolds opened the office door for Mrs. Chaplain and me. Mrs. Johnson immediately leapt up from behind her desk. Her pleasure at seeing Dr. Reynolds was obvious. "Welcome back, Headmaster."

"Thank you, Mrs. Johnson. Is Mr. Thompson in?"

"He's in your office," she said, but at that moment the inner office door opened and Mr. Thompson strolled out.

Dr. Reynolds took his hand and shook it.

"Marcus." Then he seemed to notice me and changed it, "Mr. Thompson. All well? No problems with the transition?"

"Yes, all well. There was an unfortunate scene outside this morning when we prevented Mr. Graham and Ms. Gordon from entering, but other than that, no problems. But I'm afraid it was witnessed by quite a few students."

Dr. Reynolds frowned. "'I'm sure it couldn't have been helped. Now, Mrs. Johnson, could you arrange for tea all round," he paused and looked around, "Unless anyone would prefer coffee?" No one did. "Mr. Thompson, if you would, please bring us up-to-date on what's been happening."

We went into the office. Dr. Reynolds took his seat behind his desk and Mr. Thompson and Mrs. Chaplain took two of the armchairs. I stood uncomfortably.

What was I doing here?

"Do take a seat, Heather."

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Thompson, Heather has been giving evidence to the inquiry about what happened here before she left. I'd like her to hear first-hand what we have done about it. And this is Mrs. Chaplain. She's on the Program Committee, and the inquiry panel, not to mention that she is Head Teacher of the next school chosen to pilot the Program, so I know that she will be more than interested as well."

Mr. Thompson smiled at me and it was the same smile he'd given me a thousand years ago in the cricket pavilion, when I'd been covered in mud and crying. I felt a bit more comfortable.

"As you know, some of the staff got together Tuesday night. Realising we couldn't take official action, we decided to put the word about that we expected everyone to protect the Program Participants, sorry, Naked Participants," he corrected, nodding his head at me.

"Am I missing something?" asked Mrs. Chaplain.

"In assembly on Monday," Mr. Thompson explained, "Heather was talking to the school about the Program and she made a valuable point. I can't remember her exact words, though. Heather, can you?"

"You are all participants in the Program, it's just that some of us are going to be without clothes."

"I like it. May I make a note of that?"

I nodded. While she was writing, a serious penny dropped for me. TUESDAY night, he said. So where the fuck was the help for us at the Wednesday groping? I suddenly had to make a real effort to listen to what everyone was saying as anger started to grow inside me.

"Sorry, Mr. Thompson," she apologised, "I interrupted you."

"It went around very quickly that everyone had a duty to protect the Naked Participants. After Wednesday's lessons I had a queue of older students, mostly boys but a few girls as well, outside my classroom wanting to speak to me. When I found out they all wanted to talk about the same thing, I let them all in so we could discuss things together."

"They wanted to organise themselves into groups to protect the Program girls especially. I asked why they'd waited until then."

"But why..." I started to ask. Before I could finish my question, though, Mrs.

Johnson came in with our tea. When we'd all helped ourselves to milk and sugar, Mr. Thompson carried on. I continued to fume silently.

"They were waiting for us to do something. And with the staff seeming to go along with what was happening, they felt it was impossible for them to do anything."

"Anyhow, after they'd gone, I arranged with a few other members of staff to cover Thursday's and Friday's Morning Groping, for security."

Mrs. Chaplain coughed at that. Mr. Thompson looked embarrassed. Dr. Reynolds laughed. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Chaplain, but you can probably tell the committee that one thing that IS beyond its power is to make anyone think of Morning Display as Morning Display ever again, when even my new Deputy Headmaster can't think of it like that."

She smiled.

So Mr. Thompson is Deputy Head now, I thought. But then he continued by addressing me directly. He was sitting across from me and had been looking at me while Dr. Reynolds had been speaking.

"Oh dear, Heather. I can see you're trying very hard not to explode, aren't you?" I nodded tightly. "What went wrong at Morning Groping on Wednesday morning then, am I correct?"

"Yes, sir, you are." This had better be good, I told myself.

"What went wrong was a combination of bad luck and my poor judgment. Mr. Moor had volunteered to supervise the corridor on Wednesday morning. On the way into school, however, he was caught in a motorway tailback after a big accident. He was stuck, crawling or stationary, for over an hour."

"Now you all need to understand something about Mr. Moor. He does not believe in such modern contrivances as mobile phones..." I sighed deeply at the irony. "...so I had no idea that he wasn't available for duty, so to speak. That's no excuse, Heather. I should have checked anyway, but I'm afraid I did not. When he finally arrived and I found out what had happened, I decided I should remain quiet about it. After all, given his nature it was simply an unfortunate occurrence. When I discovered later how awful early Wednesday morning had been for you girls, I hadn't the heart to tell Mr. Moor. He's one of the good guys, Heather, despite his preference for parchment and quills over word processors, so please don't blame him."

"That's okay, sir," I sighed again. Then I thought of something that made me laugh at the futility of it all sometimes. "Do you all know Marvin, the Paranoid Android, from 'Hitch-hikers'?" I asked.

I looked round as they all nodded. I gave an enormous sigh, with heaving

shoulders and shaking head, and just said, "Life." We all laughed, although I found myself thinking that perhaps Shelley's general outlook had a great deal of merit.

Mr. Thompson resumed his story. "Things went smoothly yesterday and, as Dr. Reynolds knows, at his request we held a staff meeting yesterday evening after school. I did explain that all that was needed was for him to know that he had the full backing of the staff if he suspended Mr. Graham, but they went further than that. They passed a motion of no confidence in Mr. Graham as deputy headmaster and resolved to strike from Monday unless he was removed from that position and a disciplinary inquiry instituted into his and Ms. Gordon's vindictive behaviour towards the Program students. Both actions were unanimous."

"Very clever," said Mrs. Chaplain. I wondered why and she must have seen my puzzled expression as she turned to me to explain. "If there are any repercussions later from Dr. Reynolds' suspending Mr. Graham and Ms. Gordon, he can say that his hands were tied, that he had to react to such a decision by the entire staff."

"So what actually happened?" I asked.

"Dr. Reynolds had already sent me faxes suspending both Mr. Graham and Ms. Gordon and barring them from the school grounds pending further inquiries. This morning, I and a number of other staff prevented them from entering the building and showed them the faxes suspending them."

"I wish I'd seen that," I said with real feeling.

He smiled at me, then grimaced, "Unfortunately too many students did see that. In fact you'll probably hear from the Program boys how they offered to help the two of them off the premises."

"I announced what had happened at assembly this morning. And there's some other points raised in assembly about volunteers going naked that we probably need to discuss amongst ourselves."

He glanced at Dr. Reynolds before adding, "Sorry, Heather."

I took that as a dismissal and got up to leave. "Oh, before you go, Heather. We discussed something else at the staff meeting, which Dr. Reynolds doesn't know about."

Dr. Reynolds looked up at that.

"As a staff, regardless of Mr. Graham's and Ms. Gordon's roles in what happened, we should have taken action sooner and we want to apologise for letting you girls down. While this staff are here, we promise you that it will not be allowed to happen again."

I felt myself becoming red.

"I announced that in assembly this morning. Please tell Shelley as well."

"Yes, sir," I whispered, overcome. I tried to get out of there quickly, but wasn't quick enough.

"Would you wait just a minute, Heather?" It was Mrs. Chaplain. "With your permission, Headmaster?"

He nodded.

"Having seen you on the television being interviewed, I've asked Dr. Reynolds to loan you one of the school video cameras. I'd like you to interview the other Program Parti... sorry, Naked Program Participants, on their experiences, to make a documentary for the Committee, and later for us to show to other school staff before they start to run a Program."

That actually sounded like fun. "Okay."

"Why don't you get someone to help you by operating the camera, then you can interview the others more easily?"

Then Dr. Reynolds spoke. "You can pick up the camera from Mrs. Johnson after school."

I nodded and left, finally, a lot more tired than I had been before the meeting.

It was between lessons. "Hi, you're back. Have you any idea what's up with Suzie?" asked one of my classmates.

I looked at her blankly. What now? I thought.

"She went running out of school in tears and some of the teachers ran out after her," she continued.

"Why?"

"Nobody knows exactly, that's why I was asking you. Something to do with a row with Laura, I think."

"Laura?"

""Yeah, they're lovers, you know. No, I suppose you don't."

"No, I didn't."

Having seen them on telly, I should have guessed though.

"Is Laura okay?" I asked.

"She's fine. She was in my fifth lesson."

I was a zombie in my next lesson. I felt drained, exhausted, as if everything that had happened had just sucked all the energy out of me.

Finally, near the end of that lesson the teacher said, "Why don't you go to Nurse and have a lie down for a while."

Nurse was great. "I've pulled the curtains, so you can have a little nap. Don't worry, I'll wake you when school's over."

"I won't sleep, I'm just knackered," I said, "I mean, exhausted."

"Just rest then." She closed the door.

I was wrong. My head hit the pillow and I was out like a light.

The next thing I knew was Nurse waking me. "Home time. Are you okay?"

I felt groggy. She handed me a cup of strong coffee. "This'll wake you up."

It was hot and I took a while to drink it.

When I got outside, Sam and Shelley were waiting for me.

"Sam, you were wonderful last night," I had to say.

"I know, but thank you."

She thanked us for our help. "We weren't even there," I objected.

She said how now she had all of us to care about her, nothing else was quite as important as it had been.

"So you weren't nervous then?" asked Shelley.

Sam laughed. "More than ever, because I wanted you all to be proud of me. But no, it wasn't life or death any more. If I did badly, it wasn't the end of the world."

"If I had some money on me, I'd take you out and buy you a drink to celebrate," I said.

Luckily Sam had money, so she insisted on taking US for a drink. She even stripped her uniform off again when she discovered that we had no clothes to get dressed into.

We drank a toast in a pub not too far from school. "To friends," Sam said, then she told us that Shel and I were invited to a party at Tanya Worthington's on Saturday night. Laura and Suzie were going and so were the Program boys. I was going to need a new bikini, and so was Sam, so we decided to go shopping in the morning. Shel said she'd wear something she already had, but she's coming with us anyway and I bet she finds something obscenely brief, not just for her, but for Sam and me as well. Oh well, why fight it? Shel usually gets her way with something like this.

As we watched Sam's bus leave afterwards, the pub was not far from the bus station, Shelley turned to me, shaking her head, "And you were worried about her. You thought you'd failed us all. Well, you didn't."

Had Dr. Reynolds told her about our PRIVATE conversation? "Did Dr. Reynolds say...?"

"No, Sis. But sometimes, you're real easy to read."

"Great. Does everyone know how I've been worrying?"

"I doubt it. Just those of us who love you."

I had to hug her. "Thanks, Shel."

But she hadn't finished. "But do us a favour? You know you wrote about feeling alone last week?"

"Yes."

"Well, you're not. So instead of getting all stewed up inside, talk to us."

"Yes Ma'am, little Sis."

When I got home I went to my room to be alone. What a rollercoaster of a week! Even the last twenty-four hours has been crazy.

Bits and pieces of last night began to bounce around in my brain, as if they were bouncing on those trampolines at the club. Club Color, what an awesome place! I couldn't recall ever even hearing of anywhere like it before. You could fit Ws into its back pocket and still have enough room left over for.. I don't know, I couldn't finish the thought but I think you get what I mean.

Shel was really in her element there. Talk about a duck and water. From the moment she landed at the bottom of that slide with the zip on her skirt all the way up and her pussy smiling at everyone until the end of the games when she and Laura really got it on, I don't think she stopped to take a breath once. I had this silly notion (or maybe not that silly) of Shel telling the owners of Ws in great detail where their club was lacking. I know I complain about her a lot, but I really shouldn't. Somehow she doesn't just land on her feet every single time, she makes all of us around her feel better than we did before she blasted her way into whatever we were doing.

Look at what she did to Dr. Reynolds at dinner last night. I should say "for Dr. Reynolds" instead. I don't think he's ever laughed like that with students before. And then he opened up to us, not like he was lecturing us but much more like I might be with one of my friends. I know he has to be strict with us to do his job properly, but maybe, just maybe, he won't be quite so uptight all of the time now.

And trust Shel to find someone to have sex with on the plane. For two sisters, we're so different.

But she wasn't just shallow little happy-go-lucky Shelley as I'd always thought. I remembered how she'd tried to rescue me at Morning Groping last week. And just now. I thought I'd kept all my worries to myself and she'd known all along. Perhaps if I stopped treating her as a kid sister, I might not be so tired. All the same, I laughed to myself, if she disappears like that again and worries me sick, I'll kill her!

I'd forgotten to tell her what Mr. Thompson had said, but that could wait. There were so many changes and I needed time to get my head around them all.

I really ought to go and check that Suzie's okay, but then Shelley banged on the door. "Mum just rang from work. She's given me a shopping list for food. Eric's coming to dinner tonight. Oh and we've got to wear something nice, not Shelleyish she said, she doesn't want to scare him off straightaway."

I could hear Mum saying that and grinned.

But just as we were about to leave, the door bell rang. It was Jed. "Hi, Heather. Dr. Reynolds said you forgot to collect this and asked if I could bring it to you if I was going to see you. I didn't even know you were back." He sounded upset and looked a bit angry.

"I'm sorry, Jed. I wasn't feeling well and spent most of the afternoon asleep in the sick room."

The anger disappeared from his face to be replaced with concern. "You're alright now?"

"Yeah. I was just overtired, that's all."

"Excuse me," interrupted Shelley. "I'll get the shopping. I think you two need some time together. Don't forget to get ready for later." And she disappeared out of the door before I could say anything.

"Later?"

"Yeah, Mum's got a boyfriend and she's invited him to dinner to... Meet The Family."

"Yuk."

"Actually he sounds nice. And Mum's so happy."

"That's okay then. What's the camera for?" he asked, changing the subject.

"Can you work a camera?"

"Yeah, why?"

"Then you can help me. I've been asked to do a documentary, interview all the Program girls and boys about our experiences. The only thing is, they want it for the inquiry and they are coming up here on Monday."

"Sure. We can probably do most of it tomorrow."

"Yeah, you're probably right." But then I remembered, "Shel and I've been invited to Tanya's party tomorrow night, so we're gonna do a quick bit of bikini shopping in Nelson Square tomorrow. Sam'll be coming too."

Jed laughed.

"What?"

"It's just that where girls are concerned, 'quick' and 'shopping' don't usually fit into the same sentence."

But then he looked all serious all of a sudden. "Heather, I was worried about you."

"Me? Why? Shelley was the one who went missing."

"I knew you'd be worried sick and blaming yourself. And you had that awful inquiry thing about your, your..."

"You can say it, my rape."

"Okay, your rape. And that idiot Gordon sent you off naked as well."

"I'm okay."

"You don't sound it."

"Thanks."

"Heather. I know we started badly, but I'm your friend."

"You know what I really want right now?" I asked.

"No, what?"

"This." I unzipped his trousers and pulled out his cock and began to wank him. Then I pulled him upstairs to my bedroom and moved my mouth over his cock. I had this weird feeling of having come home.

I soon had him hard, so I pulled down my jeans and knickers and lay back on the bed.

"Fuck me hard, Jed. Fuck my brains out."

He got on top of me and I felt him enter me. Then he did exactly as I'd said. He

rammed himself in and out, harder and harder, faster and faster, until both of us came and he collapsed on top of me.

"Christ, I needed that," I said, but Jed looked at me suspiciously.

"Mum'll be home soon, and I need to tidy up for our dinner party tonight. Can you ring me in the morning so we can organise these interviews?"

He looked a little hurt, but gave a cheerful grin. As he pulled on his clothes, he said, "Sure. We'll wow that committee on Monday, okay?"

I smiled back.

As I let him out the door, he turned and said, "Don't think I'm complaining about the sex, I'm not. But I want to take care of you, not just fuck your brains out."

"I know," I said quietly.

"I'm here when you need me, just don't forget it." Before I could answer he was jogging (!) down the street.

I watched him go and closed the door quietly. I felt guilty as hell. I'd used sex (okay, great sex!) to keep him away from me, and what was worse, he knew it. I'd hurt him, yet I felt dirty and used... with no one to blame except myself.

That's the end of my two weeks in the Program and the end of this journal.

But there's too many things left unanswered and it feels incomplete. I think the choir party might be fun, and god knows, I could use some simple fun. Then there's meeting Eric tonight.

I've kind of got used to sharing our thoughts between us girls (and trying to make some sense of it all in a journal), so it's going to feel a bit empty otherwise.

And right now, I feel like I'm a mess. I'm not sure I'd feel comfortable being counselled by Mrs. Townley. As I said to Dr. Reynolds, she's a friend, but at least we can talk sometime and maybe she can point me in the right direction.

I think, tomorrow, when I interview the others, I'm going to suggest that we at least write what happens up to the assembly Monday, and perhaps what happens at the inquiry too.

please spare a few dollars to help support our animal refuge



www.rescueddoggies.com

loving care for abandoned dogs who nobody cared for

[Click here to read more](#)

<http://www.nakedinschool.net/heather/readmore.html>

© Copyright 2005 Chrissy Giles

I'd really love to hear what you think. I welcome criticism and compliments alike, (okay, I guess I prefer compliments, I'm only human!)

While these stories are in progress, I'd also welcome suggestions and ideas. If I don't use an idea in this story, perhaps I will later.

Chrissy Giles

Email chrissy@chrissygiles.com