

# Laura's Story

## Author's Note:

Welcome to week 2 of the "Heather Collection".(htm-files). 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 Heather's 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.

## FRIDAY

Hi. I'm Laura and I just found out that I'm starting in the program on Monday. Although the program has only been running for a week here, I guess that most of you know what it is. Hell, after all the TV reports last weekend and photos of my friend Heather splashed over the front pages of just about every newspaper, you'd have had to be in Outer Mongolia not to know what it is.

Heather's been one of my best friends for as long as I can remember, and my best friend since my best friend Julie was killed. Heather was in the program last week when I was at home with REALLY bad flu.

My mum is disabled. She was hit by a drunk driver in the middle of the day. She never feels sorry for herself or does the martyr bit. She always says that she was lucky that day. YEAH RIGHT. Okay, compared to the two pedestrians he actually killed when he lost control and smashed into the front window of a shop, I guess, but if I were her I wouldn't feel lucky. She had to stop work as a psychiatric nurse, which she loved, because a) the wheelchair doesn't exactly give patients confidence or help her get round an old nineteenth century hospital and b) the accident did something to her which makes her unable to concentrate for too long without getting sleepy. Don't get me wrong, she's as sharp and witty as she ever was, she just can't be that way for too long at a time.

Money's no problem. I thought it would be at first (before my Mum got all that compensation money) and asked my best friend Julie to take me with her to one of her strip shows. I didn't know if I could do it, but it would give us some money and still leave me time to look after mum. To my surprise it was fun. Julie obviously enjoyed it or perhaps I should say got off on it. And it wasn't as sleazy as I thought. Some of the guys were arseholes, but some would come up afterwards and tell her how great she was.

So I went to another one, while I tried to think if I could do this. Suddenly Julie had grabbed my hand and pulled me out onto the floor. I froze up. Unless they wanted the great stripping zombie, there was no way I could do this. So she took me around the floor and let the men strip me. I was wearing a blouse and one of them undid each button painfully slowly. He slipped the blouse off my shoulders, threw it to Julie and there I was in a little lacy see-through bra. One of

the others wasn't quite so gentle with my skirt and ripped the catch trying to get it undone. It just got dropped on the floor and that was the last I saw of it. When they saw my equally see-through panties two of them lifted me high up off the ground and spread my legs apart. Up to that point it must have been like taking clothes off of a dummy until, until I caught their eyes. My God, they were totally turned on and it was by me. It sounds stupid but until then I didn't realise what an effect I could have on men and it was a total power trip.

The two men holding me bent down to take a nipple in each of their mouths. I was in heaven. "Can we get rid of this?" one of them asked. "Mmm," I mumbled as I nodded. He took a penknife from his pocket and simply cut through it and threw the remains into the crowd. Scratch one brand new expensive set of underwear.

Julie handed him an aerosol can of whipped cream and he put some on each nipple then they bent to gently lick it off, their tongues playing with my nipples. Apparently I really "worked the crowd" as Julie used to put it. I went round with the can of cream squirting some over my boobs and getting the men to take turns licking it off.

I noticed Julie doing the same, but she was also putting cream on her thighs. I simply HAD to do that. I made a long trail of cream on each inner thigh, from my knees to my panties. As they licked closer and closer my excitement grew more intense. I realised that I was dripping wet and if my panties were see-through before, that was nothing to how they were getting now.

One of the men kissed me lightly, right on the wet spot. "More," I breathed. He started licking me through the panties. It was too intense and I slammed my legs together. "You want me to stop?" he asked. "No, no, please." He laughed and pulled my panties aside and ran his tongue up my pussy very quickly. "Off." He thought I was telling him to get off. "No these," I said, pointing to my panties. He smiled and tugged and the flimsy material ripped apart easily. They followed my bra into the crowd. His tongue shot up inside me and everything went black, white, all colours as I shuddered to my first real orgasm. This was NOT like the boys at school I'd been with and I wanted him inside me.

Julie dragged me off the floor and into the changing room. When some of the men protested she cried out "Wait for Act 2." Then she turned to me "You can't let them fuck you. I let you do too much as it was, but you were enjoying yourself so much I didn't want to stop you."

Julie made me dress in her schoolgirl outfit for Act 2. She stayed naked and led me out onto a table centre stage and made everyone stand back so that everyone could see. She put my legs apart and lifted my skirt up. I felt a hundred eyes between my legs. She stroked my panties then put her fingers in my panties and up my slit. Rubbing me hard, she had just got me dripping when she took her hands away. She

left me like that, with my panties pulled to one side and my juices which felt like they were pouring out of me. It must have looked obscene. Then she put her fingers in her mouth and made a great show of licking every trace of my juices from her fingers.

She unbuttoned my blouse and pulled my bra up over my boobs and went to work on them, gently stroking one while licking the other, then licking that one while stroking the other. Every now and again she would take her hand and gently tickle my pussy lips. She took my panties off and held me wide open. "God," I thought, "they can see everything."

She took out a vibrator from her bag that she'd kept hung over her shoulder. It was big. "Don't worry," she said. "I'm not," I replied and I really wasn't.

She oh-so-slowly worked it into my pussy and as I was building up to a cum, she took it out. One of the guys nearby was staring at me open-mouthed, so she put it in his mouth. This went on for a while, she put it in me, each time waiting until I couldn't bear any more, then removed it and let one of the audience lick it. Finally she took it out and stuck it in my own mouth.

She shoved three fingers into me and had me bucking on the table. Then carefully making a show once more of licking her fingers clean, she went down on me. Keeping her head to one side so they could see, she started licking. I think she wanted to stretch it out a bit longer but my body couldn't take any more and with a tremendous orgasm like I've never had since, I just collapsed limply on the table.

She helped me up and I leaned on her arm as we walked back to the changing room to the most thunderous applause.

The boss said that Julie and I would make a great team, but it didn't happen that way.

Two weeks later was the bomb that blew Julie away from me forever. An Irish separatist group, unhappy with the peace settlements in Northern Ireland that had stood for 20 years, had planted a bomb in a car at the back of a club Julie was working in. Apparently they were wiring it up ready to drive the car to a big political rally the next day when it exploded, killing them both. Nobody else was hurt, except for Julie, who just happened to be leaving the club after a show. She didn't know what hit her they said. Killed instantly.

I wouldn't have survived that except for my other friend Heather. She put up with me constantly crying on her shoulder, or bursting into tears if we were out together. She even caught me one night with a bottle of tablets and took them away. I hit her, hard, then burst into tears. She went with me to the hospital.

She even started coming with me on my shows, and loved it. She always squealed when I'd strip the guy I was stripping for (much to his embarrassment and the

amusement of his friends). It was so funny to hear her squeal like that, that I started to deliberately turn the guys towards her when I pulled their boxers down. I knew she wished that she could do it, but she was dead timid. But it was fun to have her around.

I guess my story about the program really starts last Friday night. As the whole country must know by now Heather had been attacked and raped outside school on Friday morning. She seemed to be coping with it amazingly well.

I've a bit of experience about this. Mum used to do the big no-no and let some of her patients visit her at home, especially patients struggling to get over a rape. She taught me that it isn't something you just get over and the easier someone appeared to get over it, probably the more they were internalising it. So when Heather appeared to be so fantastic on her TV interview only hours after it happened, I knew something was wrong.

We were going out to Ws nightclub that night and Heather, her nutty sister Shelley and her new-found friend Suzie (who I'd always thought was a grade A bitch) all wanted to go nude. It was legal of course now, but there was no way I wanted to do that. Stripping at shows, which were under MY control, no problem, any day, but walk into Ws naked as the day I was born. That scared me.

But I figured that Heather had enough to cope with and she'd saved my life after Julie was killed. What kind of friend was I if I couldn't do this little thing for her? So I stripped and went with them.

Heather was on a high. Talk about being the centre of attention and lapping it up. This was Heather, my timid mouse working the crowd as Julie would have said and loving every minute of it.

It started tamely enough. She began to kiss the guys around her. I watched as their hands pulled on her bum to rub her naked pussy against their trouser-covered erections. Some of them started to fondle her boobs, as she went from one guy to another.

She took one guy's right hand and placed it deliberately on her pussy. I saw her wince slightly at first, so she was obviously still sore. She opened her legs wider to give him better access and when she closed her eyes and gasped I knew exactly where his finger was. She leaned back and another guy supported her from behind as the first one brought her to what was obviously a shattering climax.

But she wasn't finished with him. She got up and knelt in front of him and undid his trousers. She licked his dick from bottom to the tip, then went back and took one of his balls into her mouth. For a girl who was a virgin until this morning, she was doing great.

Then she took him into her mouth. She couldn't take all of him, but he wasn't

complaining. When his face began to contort she took her mouth away and used her hand until he shot his load across her face.

"Who's next?" There wasn't exactly a lack of volunteers. The third guy she did was big, and I saw the determined look on her face as she forced every inch down her throat. She didn't let him cum. She turned around and guided him into her pussy. The crowd went wild.

Another guy bent down to speak to her and she nodded. She turned away from him and started sucking another guy, then the guy who had spoken rammed his cock into her pussy. She nearly gagged on the cock in her mouth, then resumed her rhythm. When those two had finished they were replaced by two more, and two more. Her face and hair were covered with white cum and when guys swapped over I could see it pouring from her pussy.

When she ran out of volunteers, she actually went round to a single guy and pulled him onto the stage with her. She pulled his trousers down, laid him on his back and sat down on his cock, bouncing away until he screamed. Then she got up, leaving him lying there at half mast, and found another one. This one was less willing, but that didn't stop Heather. FUCK this was hot.

A new crowd of guys came into the club and went straight to her. They had her on her back on the floor and started taking turns with her mouth and cunt.

I don't know how many guys she'd had. More in one night than I'd had in a lifetime. Yeah I know everyone thinks strippers are easy or hookers but I'm not. Heather seemed to be really enjoying herself and suddenly I caught her eye. She wasn't there. I don't know how to explain it better than that. I looked into her eyes and Heather wasn't there.

Shelley and Suzie were looking worried too. Actually, Shelley was crying and looked really distressed. I turned to Shelley and said "Can you hold my bag? I've got to stop this. Just be ready to help me get her out of here, fast." She nodded, looking pale.

I went up on stage. "Hey, who's playing with my girlfriend?". That got their attention. Then I turned to Heather and said "Come here baby," doing a cliché licking of my lips. Okay it's crass, but guys love it. I pulled her up and kissed her. I don't mean a quick peck on the cheek either, but a real earth-shattering kiss with tongues and everything. The guys stepped back and I kissed each of her nipples, then started licking and sucking on them. Then I went lower and without warning her, stuck my tongue right in her pussy. She squealed like the old Heather. I licked her to a shattering orgasm, then laid her down and got on top of her into a 69.

I prefer guys, but as you'll have gathered I've done plenty of lesbian shows and they're okay. A girl who knows what she's doing with her tongue is better than a guy any day. But one thing I hate is doing a lesbian show with a new girl. Guys

always want a 69. The problem is that when you're in that position you can't see your own bum. If you're not careful some idiot can start ramming a finger up your pussy or arse. So when we're doing a 69, we always, always watch the other girl's bum. No matter how relaxed or orgasmic we're supposed to be, you always cover the other girl's arse, slapping away any stray hands. I knew that Heather wouldn't be doing that. Sure enough I felt a few fingers. And some guy was spanking me, and hard. It was really hurting. Another was slapping me round the face, though thankfully more gently. As I was on top, I could protect Heather.

When I felt a cock forced roughly in my arse I knew I'd have to get this over with quickly and get us out of here before it really got out of hand. Anal sex is okay, but dry without lubricants and a guy who couldn't give a shit is not a turn on. It hurts, a lot.

I licked Heather to another orgasm and faked one myself (I'm good at that) then dragged her to her feet and ran giggling out the fire exit before they knew what was happening. Shelley, god bless her, had started my car and Suzie had the back door open. I pushed Heather in and leapt in on top of her. Suzie slammed the door, and I pressed the door lock down. By that time Suzie was in the front passenger seat and Shelley had the car moving.

We went to Heather's home and Shelley took her into the shower and she washed her while Suzie and I held her up. We dried her and put her to bed. Then we went downstairs and collapsed on the sofa.

I wanted to explain to them how some girls react after a rape, but I was too tired to think. I just said "We're going to have problems with Heather." The other two just nodded, white-faced. We sat there in silence for a while just looking at each other, then finally fell asleep.

## **SATURDAY**

Saturday started awful. Heather was furious with me for stopping her last night. The others were furious with her for being furious with me. Heather stormed off alone, which was exactly what I didn't want her to do. Mum's so good at handling people in a crisis. I just screw it up, I always have done.

I nearly made a complete idiot of myself by going out to the fair with bruises on my bum. No wonder I was sore. Luckily Suzie noticed so I covered the bruises with performance make-up. I owe you one, Suzie.

Heather was doing the dunk tank. I couldn't help her with that and she didn't want to see me anyway, so I wandered around the fair.

Later Heather was in the stocks having custard pies thrown at her. She looked uncomfortable so I walked round the back. Some idiot was fingering her and not gently either. I took his finger away. He looked cross until he realised it

was another naked girl. I gave him my best smile and whispered "watch me."

I gently played with her pussy lips, avoiding the areas that looked really sore. Then a little rub on the clit, then gently up and down her wide open pussy. Even the idiot could see that she was getting worked up. I put my finger into her and she gasped, first in climax, then as a pie hit her right in her open mouth. I laughed and said "Hi" to her.

To stop guys fingering her, I asked the guy running the sideshow if we could turn the stocks round, to give people a chance to pie her face OR her bum. More targets, more money raised, so he was happy.

I even took a turn myself and it was quite fun, especially when Heather smeared a cream pie over my bum and let a finger stray you know where.

Afterwards a girl came up to Heather to thank her for teaching her boyfriend how to masturbate her. Hmm. Sounds fun. I'll have to ask her about that little episode.

In the shower Heather apologised. I just wanted her to promise not to put herself at risk again. Then she said "I owe you this too." She started stroking my boobs exactly in the way that gets me going. Now apart from last night in the club, we've never done anything together, but she's been to enough of my lesbian shows so I guess she's been taking notes or something.

When she touched my bruised bum I gasped. It still hurt. When I told her that a guy had been spanking me while we 69'd last night, she looked really upset.

She started to gently kiss each bruise, and said "Thank you" each time she kissed one. It was so sweet and erotic at the same time. Then she bent me over, gently pulled my buttocks apart and stuck her tongue in... my arse.

I know some people think it's disgusting, but I can't help it. A tongue in my arse shoots electric shocks right through me. I nearly died on the spot.

She put a finger in my pussy and continued to lick my arse until I came. Whew, she can apologise to me every day like that!

Then she kissed me on the nose and told me to knock her out if she ever treated me that badly again. I assume she was referring to this morning because she can treat me like she had in the last few minutes as often as she liked.

We had our meeting with the headmaster ([see cultural notes](#)) and we all had our say. I wanted to go last so I could add a few things from my experiences stripping.

Then we were told we'd all four be in the Program next week. To be honest I'd been half expecting it as we talked. When you're a stripper you develop a sort of

"how to read men's minds" sense. If you don't you end up in trouble pretty soon.

Suzie was upset and scared, even the news that we'd be given a 5% bonus on all our marks didn't cheer her up a lot (see [cultural notes](#)). Shelley made a comment about Laura and the slutsisters – makes us sound like a perverted pop group! Mind you, Heather can sure play on my instruments!

He was surprised that we didn't ask for advance warnings in our list of changes. I explained that for anything like this having time to dwell on it makes it harder. It just adds to the stress. We never do that to new strippers, it wouldn't be fair.

The field party was okay. We even did some mud wrestling. I've done it a few times before, but it was still fun.

Suzie was beginning to panic so Heather took her mind off it by sticking her tongue halfway up her pussy! If watching them was kinda nice, what Shelley did next was nicer! She asked me for permission to go down on me. Such politeness. Was I going to refuse? Was I hell.

We got into a 69 and lapped away at each other until we both came. Shelley's a gusher which was fun. Then we realised that Suzie and Heather were sitting watching us.

It's going to be an interesting week.

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## Laura, part 2

### 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 *Heather's 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.

## MONDAY, Assembly

I had told Heather last week that I'd be terrified to go in the Program. But now we had the program sussed. No more force, genuine respect and a lot of fun, everything the program should be.

Heather made a great speech at assembly. In a week she'd gone from someone crying in my bedroom to someone who could stand up and speak in front of the whole school, naked. People think I'm confident, but she's amazing.



Actually this morning I wasn't so confident. I read and re-read the Program manual and it just didn't seem to allow for us to have a say. Somehow changing things had been too easy. Could this damned Program really work the way Heather thought it would?

Shelley of course was excited as anything about being in the program. She'll have no problems.

Suzie looked unhappy when we went up on stage. I took her hand. She looked at me nervously. She might have been the class bitch but I was beginning to like her.

After assembly Heather managed to relax Suzie by going down on her. I went over to the hottest looking boy, Christopher, and said, "I have an unreasonable request." He looked puzzled, still angry that he'd been roped into this thing. "Fuck me." His face changed from puzzlement to amazement to lust in seconds. I bent over a desk and held my buttocks wide open to give him a choice. He teased me by putting his cock at the entrance to my arsehole, then eased it into my wet pussy. Gerald was looking at me with a stunned expression, so I reached over, grabbed him by the cock and pulled him towards me. I opened my mouth and pulled him into me. His stunned expression changed to a wide grin.

Suddenly Christopher tensed up and I felt his cum squirting into me.

We changed over. I lay on the desk on my back, and Gerald plunged into my pussy while I licked my own juices from Christopher's cock before sucking it back to life. I pushed Gerald away from me and told him to lie down on the desk. "I've always wanted to do this," I explained. I climbed on the desk and lowered myself onto his cock, then leaned over him. I looked back at Christopher, watching us. "What do you want? An engraved invitation?"

Light dawned on his face and he wasted no time feeding his cock into my arsehole. I'd never felt so full or so horny. It would have been nicer if it had lasted longer, but all three of us were too het up for that. Feeling both of them spunk inside me pushed me over the edge and I came intensely. We lay in a sweaty heap on the desk as I licked both of them clean.

I remember thinking that it was a good idea Shelley hadn't seen us, but she was still busy sucking off Lenny, who at that moment came all over her face. She loved it.

We lay there recovering and watching Shelley give her virginity to a somewhat surprised Lenny. Then Stephen lost his to Suzie.

The room reeked of sex, then Heather noticed a girl standing at the door. She was fully clothed, but the look of total disbelief and terror made it easy to guess that she was the missing fifth girl.

Heather suggested the others went to the showers, while she and I stayed with Samantha. The poor girl needed us to help her undress she was so scared.

"Just the thought of someone touching me," she cried, beginning to hyperventilate. I got her to breathe in time with me, slowly, until she started to calm down. Then "But I can't bear the thought of the rest of the week. Everyone touching me and, and."

"That's enough," I said to her, sharply enough even to shock Heather. It certainly shocked Samantha, who recoiled from me as if I'd slapped her.

"Concentrate on today. Concentrate on the next three hours. You'll be with us again at lunchtime."

We went to see the others, only to see Shelley, then Suzie, being groped by all five boys. Then Suzie asked for someone to fuck her arse. Jed obliged.

Immediately afterwards when he saw Samantha standing there looking even more terrified if that was possible, he made us all come back into the changing room.

I have to say he was brilliant. He helped Samantha to sit on a desk and spread her legs. Heather showed her how to open herself up for examination. Samantha said "I don't know if I can do that," so I held her open while the boys started to look at her. Then she pushed my hands away and did it herself.

Heather got her to bend over and show her arsehole. After Samantha had managed that she turned to Jed to tell him how wonderful he was. "You could never hurt anyone." He paled and ran out of the door leaving a totally astounded Samantha.

But it was time for class, so we headed out. From now on, we were each on our own.

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## **Laura, part 3**

### **Program WEEK TWO MONDAY, Morning**

My first lesson was social studies so you won't be surprised to learn what we were discussing. I learned that the official title of "the program" was the "practical course on the acceptance and promotion of all aspects of human sexuality". No wonder they just call it the program!

Our social studies teacher, Mrs. Henderson, was a small, quite elderly lady with a

softly spoken voice, unless she got angry, when she traded in her voice for a foghorn and her mild phrases for words that would make a Liverpool docker blush.

"As you know Miss Hoover well, perhaps you can share with us some of her experiences in the Program," she said.

"I was off sick with flu last week, so I didn't see her much," I said.

"But I'm sure that she has talked about it with you."

"Yes, in private conversations," I replied.

"From what I've seen of her this morning, she would appear to believe in the program and the program promotes openness. I am sure that she would not mind you sharing her experiences, especially as you will be helping prepare others for their time in the program."

Put like that, I could understand where she was coming from, and I don't think Heather would have objected, so I began, "The first time I saw her was Tuesday morning before school and she was terrified and thinking of running away. I tried to help her from my experience as a stripper, but this is different. When I strip, I am in control, in the program it seems like everybody else is. I could see why she was so scared."

"When did you see her next?"

"Not until Friday after school and she was totally different."

"How do you account for that change?" she asked.

"Initially the program does the opposite of what it seems to want to do: It isolates you and makes you different and makes you feel very alone. Somehow Heather found the support from others to counter that. That's why she said that we are all participants."

"And how do you feel about being in the program? Many would say it would be easy for a stripper."

"Angry, humiliated and a bit scared."

"Why?" asked one student, "How can you be scared? We saw you on Friday night," said another.

"As I said, when I strip, I plan my routine, I do what I want to do. In the program, realistically I don't have that choice. If any of you want me to sit like this," I sat on the table and spread my legs, "and hold myself open while you kneel inches away from me and look right up inside me, I have to do that. Heather had to masturbate in front of people and let people touch her or grope her."

"After Friday night how can that bother you?" asked one of the girls.

"Friday night was awful. Everyone thinks that Heather got over her rape so easily. It just isn't true and she's going to need a lot of support. On Friday night she just reacted. It was almost as if it wasn't her. If she was going to get fucked, why not just let everyone have her. She freaked out, so I stepped in and got her out of there the only way I knew how."

"We thought you were just being a, being a,"

"Slut?" I finished for her, "like strippers are meant to be? I hated every minute of that show I put on with her."

"Thank you, Laura, you can go back to your seat now," said Mrs. Henderson. "Class, I hope that you'll remember that all the program participants need your support, boys as well as girls, and those who you would think would have no problem, like Laura as well as the more timid ones."

She opened up the discussion and asked each of them to imagine their time in the program, so at least I wasn't in the spotlight all the time. Hey, Laura, reality check here. You don't want to be in the spotlight, while Heather is lapping it up? This program has some weird effects.

When the class ended some of the boys came to me. "We've got a reasonable request."

"Yes?"

"We want to see you wank. You said yourself that you have to do it."

Note to self. Keep mouth shut.

I lay on one of the benches in the corridor, put my right leg over the back and began to slowly play with my pussy. With my other hand I was stroking my breasts which I love. I worked my fingers in and out of my pussy trying to imagine myself anywhere but where I was, lying naked on a wooden bench in a school corridor, frigging myself while a gang of boys watched me with growing excitement.

I thought about the double fucking I'd had this morning.

"She's getting off on this," said one of the boys, "Look at her smiling."

If only you knew, I thought.

Shit, thinking about this morning was too effective, I was going to cum. When I cum, I cum hard and it took me a few seconds to realise where I was.

"Are you okay?" asked one of them. I laughed.

"Want a taste?" I asked him, holding my fingers towards his face.

He pulled a face "Ewww."

"If you don't like that, you'd better learn to pretend you do if you ever want to keep a girl happy."

"What do you mean?"

"Haven't you ever gone down on a girl?"

"No. Does it matter?" he asked.

"It might. A lot of girls get better orgasms from oral sex than they ever can from a cock. And I love giving blowjobs. To see a guy lose control and have him in the palm of my hand, er, mouth until I make him cum is a real turn-on."

"But that's different."

"Why?" I asked.

"I wouldn't know what to do down there."

"Ask the girl you're with, or get another girl to teach you." FUCK. Why did I say that? I knew what was coming next.

"Can you show me?"

The bell went for lessons. Whew, saved by the bell, literally.

I didn't have time for a shower and I'm sure the girl next to me knew exactly what I'd been doing. "Been having fun?" she said.

After the lesson, she said, "I wish I could be like you. Not afraid of anything or what anyone thinks. I was terrified all the way through assembly that they'd call out my name, and it'll be like that every week now. I'd probably faint like that other poor girl."

"Samantha."

"How is she?"

"She was fine when I saw her before second lesson, but I haven't seen her since. I hope she's okay. I just hope that everyone gives her lots of support and encouragement."

We walked to lunch together.

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# Laura, part 4

## Program WEEK TWO

### MONDAY, Lunchtime and Afternoon

Nine of us gathered together for lunch so two of the boys moved two tables together. It sounds terrible but we hadn't even noticed that Samantha was missing. The boys were beginning to tell us how their morning had gone when a girl came over to our table. "Something's wrong with Samantha. Ghastly Gordon was a bitch to her in class and she's still in the classroom and won't move," she told us.

We looked at each other guiltily. "Some of us had better go to see her," said Heather.

"I'll come with you," I said, "And Jed, she seems to trust you, can you come too?"

We ran to the Sex Ed. classroom with the girl to find Samantha curled up like a ball, still crying.

"What happened?" Jed asked her.

She didn't answer so the girl told us, "Gordon made her sit on the table and hold herself open while everyone took a close-up look. She had to play with herself to make her clit stand out. Then suddenly she freaked and ran to the corner and got like this. Gordon just walked out."

"That bitch needs a lesson," I said. "Sam, listen to me, it's just us here. You're okay now. We're going to take you to the nurse, okay?"

"Why don't they just rape me and get it over with? It couldn't be any worse," she cried. I saw a look of pain cross Heather's face. Samantha continued, "I feel so dirty." She was shaking. She looked up and her eyes looked as if we were going to hit her.

I quickly changed the plan. "Sam, we're going to take you to the showers first, okay? Nobody's going to hurt you." Heather and I tried to lift her, but she was limp, a dead weight.

"Let me," said Jed. "Sam, I'm going to carry you, okay?"

No reaction.

He slipped a hand under her knees and another around her back and lifted her effortlessly. "Blimey Sam, don't you ever eat? You're light as a feather."

Carefully not banging her on the door he walked out of the classroom with her in his arms. A few people were in the corridors and one approached Heather. "I have a reasonable request."

"Not now," she snapped at him. "Are you blind?"

We made it to the boys showers and Jed stood her up in the shower. Heather held her up while I turned on the shower. It was cold. At least that got a reaction from her. Jed passed me some soap and as the water began to get warmer I started to soap her body. I even carefully cleaned in her pussy, rinsing just as carefully.

Jed and I towelled her dry. "Are you okay to walk now?" I asked. She nodded, standing up properly taking her own weight.

"We're taking you to the Nurse, okay?" I said. She walked with us around her to the Nurse. This time a few students came to me for a "Reasonable Request."

"She can't," said Heather, "She has to go to the Nurse with the other girl, but I can do it if you want." She stayed to do what they wanted.

"Hello, Deary, what's wrong?" said the nurse. I quickly explained.

"Let's get you a nice cup of tea, okay?" Samantha nodded.

I said, "Can I leave her with you, Nurse? I want to go to see the headmaster about Ms. Effing Gordon."

She pursed her lips at my choice of phrase but didn't say anything. Instead she shook her head. "He's not here, Deary. He got called down to London for an investigation into the rape last week and all the publicity over the weekend."

Damn. That left Mr. Graham in charge and everyone suspected that he and Ghastly Gordon had a thing going. We'd get no help there.

There was a knock on the door. It was Heather carrying a stack of plated meals. "I thought Samantha might need something to eat and I brought some for the rest of us, too." And I thought I was the practical one.

"I'm not hungry," said Samantha.

"Nonsense, Deary," said Nurse. "You might not feel like it, but you need to replace the energy after your stressful morning. And if Heather's been kind enough to bring lunch for you, the least you can do is try to eat some."

Samantha forced a forkful into her mouth. She was obviously hungry as she ate everything in no time. The rest of us took longer. Jed brought Samantha another plate and she wolfed that down. "Not too quickly, Deary,"

"No breakfast," said Samantha, explaining.

When she'd finished, she asked, "Do I have to go back out there?"

"I'm sorry, Deary, but if you don't, you'll end up having to do a second week."

"When's your next Sex Ed. lesson?" Heather asked.

"Thursday morning," she replied.

"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?"

"Okay, I guess. I hate them, but they've been okay. I'm just dreading tomorrow when they can touch as well," she said.

"Come on," said Jed, "Let's go out together to the dining hall."

"I think you're a bit late for that," said Nurse and sure enough the bell started to ring for lessons.

We all went to our various lessons. I spent most of the afternoon worrying about Samantha, and hardly paid attention to the lessons. Between lessons I did the usual posing, but quickly and abruptly. Nobody said I had to make a performance out of it, did they?

I passed Shelley in the corridor. "Shel, you know Samantha better than we do."

"I hardly know her at all, just because we're in the same year it doesn't mean we share classes or anything. Why?"

"She had Ghastly Gordon and it freaked her out. She seems to have coped with the posing requests, but she's dead scared of what's going to happen to her tomorrow. I can't think how to help her."

Shelley thought about it quietly for a minute or two. Then she looked up, her face brightening. "Let's get together this evening. You've got a lounge big enough for all of us, do you think your mum will mind?"

"No, she's cool," I said. "She'd want to help anyway."

"Good, it might be good to have her there. I'll try to catch Samantha and you can invite the others to a petting party," she said. "But nobody mention what it is to Sam."

"Do you think that's a good idea after she freaked out today?" I objected.

"Which do you think is better, a petting party or turning up at school for morning groping?" she answered.

I couldn't disagree with her. "Okay, Eight o'clock okay?"

"Great, See yer." She ran off humming. Was I ever that carefree?

As it turned out, I had a phone call before they arrived for the party and had to go out. Another girl was ill and I had to go and do a show for a sports club. "Don't



worry," said my mum. "I'll look after them."

Knowing she would do just that, I went to work.

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## **Laura, part 5**

### **Program WEEK TWO TUESDAY**

Maybe if I hadn't worked last night, today would have been different. Maybe I'd have reacted differently and been able to cope. Maybe. But I doubt it.

The show at the sports club didn't finish till nearly midnight, and I had a two hour drive home. By the time I'd had a decent bath to get the smell of baby oil off of me, had something to eat and got into bed it was almost three o'clock. In my hurry I'd undercooked the burger I had, but sod it, I was tired.

In the morning I regretted my impatience as I threw up and couldn't face breakfast. So I was slightly late for school, but in time for assembly. Got away with it, thank God.

The guys were all busy with the other girls so I was able to get undressed in peace. As I finished, the bell went, so we went in together.

Samantha looked okay. I guess Shelley's idea had helped. Halfway through assembly I realised that I shouldn't have accepted that booking so far away on a school night. I was already feeling tired and I hadn't got to the first lesson yet.

I had three reasonable requests to feel me up on the way to the first lesson. The first two were okay, but the third was rough, his fingers rubbing my clit like he was trying to sand down wood.

I got into trouble for not paying attention in Maths. I can't blame anyone but myself, I was just too sleepy. But being shouted at to make me notice what was going on and finding everyone else laughing at me put me in a mood and not a good one.

Of course my bad mood wasn't helped by the thought of the next lesson I was going to. Everyone's favourite, Ghastly Gordon and Sex Ed. I wonder if they realised that what would otherwise have been most people's favourite lesson had become the most hated lesson due solely to Ghastly Gordon. She's managed to make everything nasty, not nasty as in sexy or dirty, just nasty as in unpleasant. If they wanted to put us off sex for life, they'd picked the right teacher. Okay, exaggeration. I confess, nothing's gonna put me off sex for life, but if anyone could, she could.

And her treatment of little Samantha yesterday didn't exactly make me feel better towards her. Could this morning get any worse? I didn't know, but it was about to get a lot worse.

I'd been feeling sick since breakfast time and ran to the toilet to throw up again. I splashed cold water on my face. I had to be alert to cope with Gordon. If I'd had any sense I'd have realised that I should have gone to the nurse. I had the perfect excuse for missing Sex Ed. Call me stupid, but I went into Sex Ed., a minute or two late, but feeling confident that I could cope with anything.

Anything, that is, except seeing myself in full living colour being fucked by Gerald and Christopher. It took me a minute to register what I was seeing. This was yesterday morning after assembly, in our private room behind the stage. The one time this week we weren't on public display.

I froze, unable to react to what I saw on the screen. It continued to play. Being mainly intended as a security camera, for when trophies and things were stored there prior to presentation, it was a static camera, and took in most of the room. I could see all the others, but couldn't take my eyes off my own image, near the top right of the big screen.

Now they had finished and I was licking them clean. Gordon stopped the tape. "Lights please," she called out. A boy nearby sprang up to turn on the main lights.

"You needn't sit down. We'll be using you this lesson," Gordon spoke sharply.

I was suddenly aware of the look on the faces of the others in the class, some, about half of the boys, obviously turned on, others, including most of the girls and quite a few of the boys, looking at me with utter disgust.

I could feel my resolve and my strength drain away. Gordon rambled on about the multi-orgasmic ability of girls and how it could sometimes take more than one partner to satisfy a girl. "So it's nothing to feel ashamed of," she concluded.

She was right of course, and everything she'd said had been reasonable, but I felt an anger building up that wouldn't go away.

"The mechanics are not always as easy as it looks, however. Now ideally we'd have her re-enact that scene here in the classroom, so you could see how such problems are overcome." In a million years, I thought. "Unfortunately," she continued, "even in the Program, I can't make her do that. Unless you'd like to get into the spirit and volunteer?" she asked. I shook my head, still feeling an odd mixture of pure anger and numbness.

"Pity. Okay, get on the table in the position you were in yesterday morning." I complied. "Now hold your bum open so I can show the class exactly what I mean." I began to do it, honestly I did, but then something snapped.

"No!" I shouted. "What you did filming us goes beyond the Program. We're human beings, can't you understand that? We have feelings."

"Do as you are told," she replied coldly.

I slowly unpinned my hair and pulled it forward. I have long hair so it covered my breasts easily. I walked over to the video, took out the DVD and threw it on the floor, then stamped on it, and rubbed it on the floor with my foot. I picked it up and bent it with all my strength then put it on the floor again and stamped on it until it finally split, sending plastic flying across the room.

"Show's over," I said, walking to my seat and sitting down, covering my pussy with my hands.

Most of the class were staring at me, and I realised it was mostly with admiration. But Gordon wasn't finished. "Come back here," she ordered.

I got up and stood by the door instead, my hair still covering my boobs and my hands covering my pussy. As she approached I ran out the door and she followed me running faster than I would have believed possible for her.

She grabbed my arm. "To the office," she said, twisting an arm behind my back.

Mr. Graham was in the Headmaster's office when we arrived. "This girl refused to pose and covered herself with her hand and hair, and deliberately smashed a DVD." began Ms. Gordon. "Then when I gave her a second chance and told her to come back to the front, she ran out of the classroom." She paused, then finished, "It's not as if anyone was even touching her."

He looked surprised. "I find this hard to believe of you. Is this true?" he asked.

"Yes but only after she showed the video..."

He cut me off. "I'm not interested in why you did it. The Program is very specific. You are on display at all times and must pose as required. There are five minutes left of this lesson. You can go back to your Sex Education lesson and pose as you are instructed. I will consider what to do later, when I have more time."

"No sir," I said. "I won't be treated like Ms. Gordon treats us. We may be in the program but we deserve some respect. You aren't even interested in what she did."

"I have another lesson to go to. You will remain in the outer office until I return."

I sat miserably in the office for the rest of the morning, awaiting my fate. As lunchtime began, I heard Gordon and Mr. Graham speaking about me, but hadn't been able to catch very much of what they said.

I'd never been in trouble at school before, except after Julie was killed, when I basically cracked up. I missed more school than I attended that year and ignored

lessons when I bothered to attend them. I'd been offered counselling but refused it, repeatedly. It had only been when Heather had caught me trying to take an overdose and had taken the tablets away, that I realised that I needed help. In total I effectively missed a year of school. The school was brilliant and allowed me to be put back a year (they didn't have to) so that I could complete my education. That's why I'm the eldest girl in school by quite a bit.

But that year aside, I'd never been in trouble. Apart from being a stripper I was a "good little girl." Well mannered, well spoken, obedient, boring. My good girl image had just been shattered with a vengeance and the consequences scared me.

"Come with us to the dining hall," said Mr. Graham.

I followed, having no idea what was going to happen.

"As you know, Laura Townley is in the Program this week," he announced to everyone. "Participants who cover themselves with their hands may be restrained, so for the rest of this week, she will have her hands handcuffed behind her back." Gordon snapped them on me before I realised what he'd said.

"Furthermore, she covered her breasts with her hair, and continued to do so after being told not to. Therefore in accordance with Program rules, her hair will be cut."

Nurse appeared looking very unhappy. "I will leave it as long as I can," she promised. She carefully measured a length that came to just above my breasts and I felt those scissors cut away years of growth in a few minutes.

By this time I was crying and she was trying not to look at me. She finished and left the room.

"Finally, Miss Townley deliberately destroyed school property. The punishment for this is six strokes of the cane." If I was shocked, the rest of the school were also as a gasp went around the room. Corporal punishment was almost never used here and the worst I could remember was a couple of strikes on a palm for some boy caught stealing.

As I was bent over the table I searched with my eyes for my friends, but couldn't see anyone through my tears.

A searing pain went through my right buttock as Gordon struck for the first time. She waited, deliberately, before delivering an equally stinging blow to my left side.

The third and fourth followed quickly before the pain could subside.

She paused before putting the fifth straight across both buttocks, crossing the lines of the others, making them sting more again.

The sixth was lower, and hit the join of my buttocks and thighs. I'd stayed almost silent up to that point but that last stroke was too much and I cried out very loudly.

It was a minute before I realised that they'd gone. The dining hall was still silent. I couldn't get up with my hands cuffed behind me.

I looked for my friends and saw Heather and Shelley in an animated conversation with Jed, not looking at me.

Suddenly Suzie and Christopher were at my side, lifting me to my feet. "I feel sick," I managed to get out. They escorted me along the corridors and stood me in one of the showers. I felt icy cold water flowing over me and actually felt better, especially when they directed it onto my bum.

It slowly took the heat away and I clung to them sobbing.

They made me return to the dining hall, where I remained standing while Suzie fed me. I still couldn't feed myself because of the handcuffs. When the lesson bell went, she offered to stay with me.

"No, you'll get into trouble."

"It doesn't matter," she answered. How could I have ever have thought this girl a heartless bitch?

"We need to go to lessons," I insisted. "I don't want you in trouble and I certainly don't need any more trouble myself."

"Okay, just remember we love you." She kissed me. I think she'd intended a light sisterly kiss but something took over both of us as within seconds we were devouring each other's mouths.

I pushed her away with my shoulder. "We have to go," I said, then I actually managed a smile as I said, "But we can continue this later."

She beamed at me with something closely resembling a "Shelley grin".

"I'll hold you to that," she said and left.

I followed her out and went to my own lesson.

It seems strange to write that most of the afternoon was really easy, although I remained standing in lessons. Okay, a couple of guys took advantage of my handcuffed state to grope me. One gave me a playful slap on the bum. Pain shot through me and I literally fell to my knees. "My God," he said, "I didn't think. I'm really sorry."

"Fuck off!" I screamed at him. He ran. A girl I didn't know came over to me and helped me stand up again. I turned to thank her but she was gone before I could say anything. I owe that girl, big style.

But apart from that the afternoon was easy. After school I had a drama rehearsal. Luckily I didn't have to sit down for that either.

I went back to the toilets before going home. I heard a strange noise, like a whimper. I looked towards the stall it came from and saw what was unmistakably blood on the floor in front of it.

I kicked open the door and saw Sam sat on the toilet, holding her wrist in her other hand. She looked at me and said quietly, "I've done something silly. Please help me."

I instinctively tried to put my hands over her cut, stopped of course, by the fucking handcuffs. "Sam. Grip your arm just above the cut and at the same time try to put pressure on the cut to stop the bleeding. Lift that hand high above your head. I'll have to get help."

"Laura, I'm scared," she whispered and looked at me. Looking at her already pale face, so was I.

I stumbled outside screaming, "Help! Help!" When I saw someone, I yelled. "Get the nurse to the girls toilets. Tell her it's a slashed wrist. Fast!"

I went back and knelt down in front of Sam. She was becoming tired. "Sam, stay awake. Concentrate."

She didn't reply. I stood up and kicked her leg, hard. That made her take notice.

"You must concentrate. Nurse will be here any minute."

She looked at me, "I'm sorry."

"You'll be alright, I promise you," not feeling at all sure.

Then I was pulled away as Nurse and a couple of men entered. I couldn't even see them work, but soon one of the men carried Sam out in his arms.

I opened the fire exit doors and the two ambulancemen took her and in seconds she was whisked away.

I felt overwhelmed with guilt. If I hadn't got angry this morning, I'd have been able to help Sam. If she didn't make it, I knew I'd never forgive myself.

I shuffled mindlessly into the nearest darkened classroom and collapsed onto a chair, wincing from the cuts on my bum but past caring. What could I do? I've never felt so helpless and it was only Tuesday.

After a while, still feeling sorry for myself but with nothing else to do, I went to the clothes box. Inside was a handcuff key, so I had to find someone to undo me. Then I went straight to the hospital.

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# Laura, part 6

## Program WEEK TWO WEDNESDAY

Sam was alright at the hospital and Mum was brilliant as always.

She persuaded the doctors not to force Sam to be admitted to a psychiatric ward, but allowed her to stay with us instead.

Sam admitted that she'd just panicked when she realised that she was going to have to sing a solo at the choir concert naked.

But last night she was really upbeat and positive.

Mum had wanted to talk to me about what had happened to my hair, but I was too exhausted and went to bed almost as soon as we got home.

In the middle of the night Sam woke up screaming and we talked for a long time. She's a nice kid, but she'd be even nicer if she'd actually let anyone get close to her.

At least I found out why that damned concert is so important to her. She sees it as her one way out of the life she has at home with a mother that hates her. If anyone else told me their parents hated them, I'd take it with a pinch of salt, but Sam's mother hadn't even bothered to go to the hospital when she'd been told Sam had tried to kill herself. No wonder Sam thinks she's in hell. My life with Mum isn't always perfect, but Mum loves me and sees to it that I know that she loves me. I can't imagine what it must be like to live at home, knowing that your mother wishes you'd never been born.

I must be mad because I actually invited Sam to stay as long as she wanted, sharing with me until I went to Uni., then she could have my room. She refused.

I hugged her until she went to sleep.

I didn't tell her that I'm as scared as she is. I am now totally convinced that I can't complete this Program. It has become a waking nightmare. My life isn't my own any more. My trademark long hair is fucked up and nothing seems right. To make matters worse, everyone assumes that because I'm a stripper this should be easy for me, so what's my problem? That thought made me smile. Shit! At least after the last two days, nobody will think it's easy for me.

I feel like I've been stripped bare, emotionally, and forced to show my vulnerability to the whole school. Last night I felt a sudden empathy with Samantha, realising what it must have been like for her to be bared physically like this. Probably very similar to how I felt when I could see my own embarrassment reflected in the sympathetic gaze of the other students.

Somehow that makes it worse. I'm Laura the stripper. I'm strong, independent, never needs anyone. Suddenly that was taken from me and I became Laura, scared out of my mind, dependent on the sympathy of others to simply make it through the day.

Although we don't have a formal graduation like they do in the States, I know that I can't go on to University without a pass grade in this fucking Program.

Why did I try to help Heather? Why did I go to that damned meeting of hers with the headmaster? From her reaction yesterday she had been having much too much of a good time to give a damn about what I went through.

I thought that I'll give this one more day then decide. I'm not going to let myself crack up, though, even if it means quitting school and giving up University.

I fell asleep thinking about what my options might be if I couldn't go to University.

None of us talked much at breakfast. Too tired I guess after our disturbed night. But it felt like more than that with Sam. She had a weird look on her face, I can't describe it, but I'd never seen it before. And she was holding her head high. I actually felt jealous of her, can you believe that?

We got split up when we got to school. A gang of girls came and whisked the boys away, almost ripping their clothes off as they did so. The boys didn't exactly seem to mind! I don't recall ever seeing a group of boys strip so quickly.

After I'd undressed, Ghastly came and slapped on my handcuffs, then left without saying a word. It was free-for-all-with-Laura time. I tried to play it cool, the confident stripper, but that lasted about two seconds. Bent over, prodded, poked, I didn't even protest, it was as if Ghastly had thrown me to them. They knew it and so did I. In the end I just collapsed on the ground and curled up like a baby, waiting for the nightmare to end.

It became like it was happening to someone else, in some twisted dream. Now and again, someone would be so rough that I came back to horrid reality for a second or two, but the rest of the time it was like it wasn't really me. They could probably have all fucked me and I don't think I'd have even been aware of it.

Suddenly it got easier. There were fewer around me and I got up, just relieved to have become the sex toy for only half a dozen instead of God-only-knows how many.

When the bell rang, I went straight to the showers without looking around me. The other girls joined me there and I could see that Sam had been crying, a lot. Shit, I was supposed to be looking after her. I'd promised that damned psychiatrist. Some friend I was.

Then I noticed that all the girls, including Sam, had handcuffs on.



Shelley explained that they were wearing them while I had to. That was very sweet of them but, as I pointed out, "What if something happens while you can't even defend yourselves?"

Heather answered that. "If something happens, having hands free isn't always enough anyway."

Ouch. I felt bad for even mentioning it. Nobody could answer that for a minute, then Suzie cut through all our unsaid thoughts with, "Look. Nobody's going to gang rape us in school, so stop worrying."

I should have been grateful for what they were doing to support me, but I didn't feel grateful. All I could feel all morning was anger. I clung to it like a drowning man to a buoy. I was especially angry at them for making Samantha do it, but found to my surprise that she was angry at me for suggesting it, saying that nobody had made her do it. I really tried to persuade her not to carry on, pointing out that she was already crying and this could go on for days, but she was determined.

"Okay, I hate it," she admitted. "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 the rest whatever happens."

I wished I felt so confident, for her or for me. Perhaps Mum would speak to her tonight and make her give up this silly idea. But in spite of myself, I went to the first lesson actually feeling a little better. I had someone else to worry about now, not just myself.

It didn't last. In the first break, someone shoved me against a wall while someone else went down on me and two others sucked on my breasts. What they were doing wasn't unpleasant, far from it. Any other time I'd have loved it, the attention, and three tongues doing their level best to pleasure me, but I wasn't human any more. I was a piece of meat to be used and that took away any joy from it.

Some other boys pulled them away and a fight broke out. I took my chance and escaped. As I ran away, I glanced back to check that nobody was following me and I saw one of my original attackers clutching his hand to his bloody nose. Perhaps that should have made me feel better, but it didn't. I never did thank my rescuers and I don't even know who they were. I didn't really look, I was so pleased to get away.

The lessons were actually a relief. Teachers seemed to be deliberately ignoring me. I wasn't asked to participate in anything, not as a display anyway.

The second break was better. Not that I was ever left alone, in fact I wasn't left alone for a second. Some boys surrounded me and I prepared myself for the abuse to come, but it never came. They turned their backs to me and linked their arms making themselves like a wall around me. What was going on? This wasn't

allowed by the Program, yet two teachers walked by, talking, looked at what was happening and walked on, saying nothing.

Some other boys complained, so one girl not on the Program led them away and let them feel her up instead, telling them that I was too sore. I could hear her as they fingered her to an orgasm, then her moans of pleasure changed to slight cries of pain as others continued to do to her what they should have been doing to me. She didn't stop. I could hear her but I never saw her face. I just saw someone running off carrying her knickers as a trophy and I was sure I heard something she was wearing tear.

This was unreal. I should have been so happy and relieved, but it was like a dream. Nothing could shift the cold melancholy that had settled over me, the total hopelessness I felt.

Another lesson where I was left alone. Other students were even asking me how I was. I just said "Okay, thanks," without thinking. But I knew that if they continued to help me I'd fail the Program. That had been made clear to Heather when Shelley was helping her last week.

Their actions had saved me when I felt like I was drowning, but I couldn't allow it to continue. I had a choice, suffer and go to University, or see that ambition die. I suddenly knew how Heather had felt when she wrote that she had to be the school prostitute if she wanted to go to University. Okay, I didn't have to let anyone actually Fuck me, though I wouldn't be able to stop them with these damned cuffs, but if I was their plaything for the week, what difference did it make? Perhaps if I just said "yes" to everything, it would hurt less.

Even as I thought that, I realised it was a joke. Not only had "Reasonable" been lost somewhere along the line, but so had "Request". I hadn't been ASKED anything all morning. I wasn't a person any more, it was as simple as that. After all, if even the staff could get away with what they did to me yesterday, and other staff could stand by letting it happen, I obviously had no rights. The fact that there were a few nice guys out there who didn't like what was happening couldn't change that.

My thoughts were interrupted by a teacher's voice. "The lesson is over, you can go now." I'd missed the whole lesson, deep in thought, yet I hadn't been told off for it. It had to be that I was now the stupid bimbo stripper that wasn't worth worrying about and that thought made me want to cry again.

As I left the classroom after that last lesson for the morning, Jed came up to me asking for a Reasonable Request. I just looked at him feeling betrayed. How could he do this to me?

Then he grinned and went behind me and took off my handcuffs. I realised that the other Program participants were there and he went to each of the girls and took their handcuffs off too.

"Mr. Graham changed his mind," said Heather.

"Here, we brought you a present." Jed handed me a carrier bag.

When I looked into it, it was full of hair. I didn't understand, then I looked up and noticed that all four girls had a huge chunk of their hair cut out, and whoever did it hadn't been like Nurse and bothered to make it neat.

"From the four of us with love," Suzie said.

Heather asked me to forgive her for letting me down yesterday. I couldn't speak.

I squeezed the hair in my hands and just started to cry. "I felt like nobody cared," I gasped. I just had to hug them all. I'd felt so bad only minutes before and now this. When we'd finished hugging and crying and crying and hugging, I looked at my friends and said, "You all look terrible... Who cut your hair?"

Shelley laughed. "Jed, and we told him to make a mess of it."

"He succeeded," I assured her.

She grabbed the scissors and went to cut Jed's hair, but I pushed in front of her and kissed Jed. Hard. I think he was actually embarrassed (as we all know he adores Heather) and he asked, "Was that a reasonable request?"

"No," I said, "An unreasonable one. And I can soon make it more unreasonable if you like." I kissed him again, lightly this time, and we all laughed.

When the laughter had passed, I became serious again. I held their hair in my hands and said, "This is the nicest present I've ever had. I don't know what happened, but I will treasure this always."

I later found out that they'd all put on handcuffs and cut their hair to force Mr. Graham to have me released from my handcuffs. They'd threatened a press conference if he didn't. And it had all been Heather's idea. I felt guilty for doubting her.

At lunchtime I wanted to know how they'd made Mr. Graham change his mind. Heather wouldn't tell me a thing. I made her promise that she'd put "every fucking syllable" in [her journal](#).

The other girls were all excited about the sudden change in behaviour by everyone. They'd also had this odd experience of other students actually protecting them. Shelley explained that in her lesson, Mr. Thompson had said that the staff were as shocked as we were by what happened to me yesterday and had ordered everyone to protect us "even against staff" and to spread the word around the school that anyone abusing us would have "hell to pay" when Dr. Reynolds came back.

After lunch our little party was broken up as Heather and Shelley were sent to

London. They were wanted to give evidence to the inquiry about Heather's rape on Friday and the publicity surrounding it. I hope Heather's alright. She's been weird since the rape, almost on a high most of the time and I was scared that she'd snap back suddenly without warning and without anyone there to help her when it hit her hard.

I walked to the toilet before afternoon lessons and Samantha was ahead of me. I ran to catch her up. I'd been so excited that I hadn't noticed before. She had bruises covering her bum, and some on her thighs and breasts. "What the hell happened to you?" I demanded grabbing her a little more roughly than I had intended.

"I'll explain tonight," she said cryptically. "But don't worry, it's not what you think."

I didn't know what I thought, but I was worried. She saw the concern in my eyes and kissed me. "It's really nice having someone worry about me and care about me. Thank you."

I just hugged her as the lesson bell went.

Suzie stopped me on my way to the lesson. "Are you free tonight?" she asked.

"I suppose so," I said.

"Look, Shelley has this daft idea to help Sam, but it means us joining the choir."

I spluttered. Believe me, you do NOT want to hear me sing. Even the plastic ducks in our bathtub wear earmuffs!

"And the last choir practice before the concert is tonight after school."

"So what's this idea?" I asked, knowing that if it was a Shelley idea it had to be crazy and totally impractical.

"No time to explain now, I'll tell you later, okay?"

Suzie had arranged for Stephen to trick Samantha into thinking the time for the practice had been changed, so that left the coast clear free for us.

The choir practice was really good, or rather the choir was really good. Suzie and I? We sucked, big style. Even miming to the words we felt like idiots and probably looked it.

Suzie spoke to them after the practice, with Shelley's idea. It sunk like a lead balloon. Sam had pushed them away for so long, they didn't see why they should help her or even how they could help her. I explained about her mother and when I told them about her mother not even going to the hospital when Sam attempted suicide, there was a gasp from almost everyone. I realised that I'd probably said things about Sam that I shouldn't have. After all, she'd told me everything privately

and I'd just blabbed it to the whole choir. I hoped that I hadn't made things even worse for her.

I took a long way home, to make sure that Sam, who would now be on her way to choir practice (or so she thought), didn't see me coming back from school so late.

About quarter of an hour later, there was a knock on the door. It was one of the choirgirls. I'd vaguely known her before and had always thought she was a snob.

I now found out that her name was Tanya. "Is Samantha in?" she asked.

"No."

"Good. We've been talking and we don't want you and Suzie to stand out like sore thumbs. If you are going to be in the front row, you've at least got to act right or you'll spoil it for all of us."

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

"I'm going to coach you in things like how to stand, breathe and sing."

I laughed. "You don't want to hear me sing."

"No," she said seriously, "I don't. But if you learn to sing the things you have to sing, you'll mime it better tomorrow night."

"Fair enough. But if we're going to practise, we'd better find somewhere else or Sam will come back and catch us."

"We're meeting out the back of my house. It's private," she explained.

"I'll get some clothes."

"Don't bother, nobody will see you anyway. And it'll be an undress rehearsal." She giggled slightly at her own joke.

Who'd have guessed it? She actually had a sense of humour. Well, if you can call it that.

So she drove me to her house. Did I just say, house? A mansion, more like. It was huge, with a massive pool out back. Next to the pool, in an area closed off completely in what looked like a giant greenhouse was a mini gym, complete with hot tub.

"Wow!" I couldn't help being impressed, "You could have some wild parties out here."

She looked at me and replied coldly, "We don't have those sorts of parties."

Being told off like that made me feel like a child, and I reacted like a child, "It would be fun though," I said, and giggled.

A strange look on her face made me think that perhaps she wasn't as against the idea as she pretended to be. Was that desire I saw flicker across her face?

The crazy temptation to push her in the hot tub and make mad passionate love to her was removed by the doorbell ringing. Another choirgirl, Teresa, arrived with Suzie.

The less said about our efforts to sing or look remotely like we belonged in a choir the better. The longer we went on, the longer the faces of the two real choirgirls got.

Finally Teresa took Suzie home. A cold wind had come up and I shivered as I walked to the car. There are times when being naked isn't such fun. Tanya turned to me and said, "Let me get you a robe or something, the heater in my damned car isn't working."

We went back into the gym and she picked a robe for me. "Look," I said, "I know you all don't want us with you, but I promise you we'll do our best not to make you all look bad."

She looked at me and her face softened, "I know you will." She smiled at me. I'd never seen her smile before.

"You know you look really pretty when you smile."

"Yeah, right," she said bitterly. "I get boys wanting me because I have a nice car, a swimming pool, a hot tub, and these." She grabbed her tits.

"Then they're blind. Either that or you don't let them see you."

I'd hit a nerve there. "They see enough of me. I fuck them on the first date, don't I? Otherwise I don't get a second date, except in summer when they want to use the pool."

"I'm sorry," I said.

"What for? You haven't done anything."

"I always thought you were a shallow snob who thought you were better than the rest of us."

That hurt, I could see.

"But you're just like the rest of us, hoping someone might actually see through the façade and actually love us."

"YOU feel like that too?" she asked incredulously.

"Get half the girls in school together and they'd tell you the same," I said. "And the other half are probably lying."

She looked at me rather skeptically, then half smiled as if she was actually beginning to dare to believe it.

"Do you really think I look pretty when I smile?"

"You look fantastic when you smile, and if you smiled more often, boys would tell you the same," I said. No, to be accurate, that's what I tried to say. I got as far as "boys would tell" when she leapt on me and kissed me quickly on the lips.

"Thank you," she said. There was no half smile this time. Then her face dropped and she said, "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have done that."

"Why not?"

"Even the Program says we're supposed to ask permission to touch you," she answered, but I'm sure she was being coy.

Two can play at that game, I thought. "And suppose I want to touch you?" I asked, taking her hand for a second, then trailing my fingers up her arm to her shoulder. "Do I have to ask permission?" I trailed them down to her breast.

"No," she said.

I wasn't certain what she was saying. No, I didn't have to ask or No, don't do this. So I took my hand away. "No, what?" I asked.

"No, you don't have to ask," she said in a small voice, totally unlike her. She took my hand and put it back on her breast.

I looked at her and saw that she had tears in her eyes. I moved my hand up to wipe them away.

She tilted her head down, embarrassed. I put my hand under her chin and lifted her head to face me.

Then I kissed her. No tongues or anything like that, just a kiss. A long kiss. She put her arms around me and held my head as if she was determined not to let me pull away to break the kiss.

She had a sweatshirt on and I began to pull it up. She broke our kiss and pulled the offending shirt over her head and threw it on the floor.

I started to play with her nipples through the thin material of her bra. She became tense.

"We don't have to do this. I can stop if you want." I said a little prayer to myself just then.

With an almost Samantha-frightened-rabbit look on her face, she shook her head and reached back to unclip her bra. She was so nervous that she couldn't do it.

"Let me," I said softly, and unhooked it for her, then slipped it off her arms. She went slightly pink, almost like Suzie, as I touched her bare breasts for the first time.

I bent down to lightly lick her nipple and she closed her eyes. I toyed with those lovely breasts with my fingers and tongue until she was breathing hard and rapidly.

She reached down and pushed her trousers down. She then reached for her panties but I pulled her hands away. She looked up at me, questioningly.

"You don't have to fuck on the first date, you know. I promise I'll come back."

She gave me an exasperated look. I put my hand between her legs and felt her wetness. "I think this participant needs relief." I looked at her.

"Do you want relief, Tanya?" I asked.

She nodded vigorously.

I knelt down in front of her. I could actually smell her arousal through the wisp of lace she was wearing. I slipped them down, then made her lie down on one of the exercise machines. "What do you want me to do?"

"Lick me, finger me, I don't care, just DO something," she begged.

I held her open with my fingers and gently licked inside her. She went totally rigid.

I licked her for all I was worth, then, just before she could come, I stopped.

"Stand here and bend over the machine," I ordered. She could barely get up.

Without warning I stuck my tongue in her arse. "Oh, God," she cried, "That is SO dirty."

Taking that as approval, I began to lick her asshole and piston my fingers in her pussy at the same time.

She came like a volcano and I worked hard to lick up every bit of her juices. When she finally finished cumming, I stood her up. My face was covered with her and I kissed her, this time with tongues. She could taste her own juices on me.

"That was incredible," she whispered. "Now it's your turn."

"You don't have to," I told her.

She flashed me one of her wonderful smiles. "I know," she said. "Now lie down."

"Yes, ma'am."

She explored my pussy, first with her eyes, then her fingers, then finally, with her tongue. "Can you turn over so I can," she hesitated, "do to you what you did to



me?"

"You really don't have to do this."

"I want to," she said simply. I turned over and, damn me, held my breath.

With no hesitation she stuck her tongue into my arsehole and at the very same moment, two or three fingers in my pussy. Her long exploration of my pussy had made me ready to cum in an instant.

Then she got under me, and rubbed her face all over my pussy.

We kissed again and I suggested we clean up in the hot tub. "You can," she said, "But I want to smell you on me when I wake up in the morning."

That was quite something! "I'd better be going," I said reluctantly, "It's getting late."

I followed her out of the gym, both of us naked, and we got in her car.

Outside my house, she turned to me seriously and said, "I don't know what the others are going to think."

"They don't have to know. I won't tell anyone," I promised.

"No, but I will," she beamed.

"That's if they don't guess from the pong in this car," I said.

She pushed the seat back and before I knew it, she had her fingers up me again, wanking me to another orgasm. Then she sucked her fingers clean.

"That's to keep me going," she said. "And you're in some of my classes tomorrow, and if you want relief and don't let me do it, I shall be furious."

"Are you sure? Tonight's been a little crazy, but in front of everyone is," I searched for a word, "more difficult."

"I'm sure," she said, and kissed me, this time as tenderly as you could imagine.

Watching her drive off, I still didn't believe what had happened.

I walked into the lounge and Sam was crying. "What's the matter?"

"It's Shelley!"

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# Laura, part 7

## Program WEEK TWO WEDNESDAY Night

"It's Shelley, she's gone missing." Sam was weeping.

I started to ask fifty questions at once, then gave her a chance to explain.

"She got off the train at Rugby and ran out of the station for some reason they don't know and nobody's seen her since."

She told me that Mum had gone to be with Mrs. Hoover, Shelley's Mum. I turned on the news to try to learn more and we kept changing channels. Naked girl lost somewhere in the Midlands had become the lead story on every news report, each trying to outdo the other with speculation about what could have happened to her. Heather's rape was mentioned frequently too and the Program.

Finally I'd had enough of watching it and I went upstairs to dive into the shower. As I was getting dressed, Mum returned and called me downstairs. Mrs. Hoover had obviously told her something about what had happened at school and she wanted to ask both of us what had happened to our hair.

"Sam. Can I tell Mum this on my own?" I said

"Time I went to bed anyway," she replied. Turning to Mum, she said, "Goodnight, Danielle."

She went upstairs to our bedroom and I told Mum all about the DVD and the handcuffs and the hair cutting and the caning.

She was furious, as I knew she would be.

"Mum, that's not all."

Her eyes narrowed.

"Yes, but this is wonderful." I told her first about the other students suddenly protecting us and what I'd learned later that the staff were just as furious as we were and had put it about that anyone who hassled any of us would be dealt with harshly once Dr. Reynolds was back.

"I should think so too," said Mum, still angry.

"But that's not the best bit." And I finally told her what the other girls had done, first wearing handcuffs and all they had to put up with for that and then the confrontation with Mr. Graham. I even showed her the carrier bag of hair.

"Mum, this morning when I saw Sam with tears running down her face from what they'd been doing to her, I was worried sick. And later, when I found out what they'd done for me, it was wonderful." My eyes were watering and for once I didn't want Mum to see, so I made my excuses and went off to bed.

After a detour to the loo, I found Mum sitting on the other bed with her arm around Sam. I sat the other side of Mum and she hugged us both.

## THURSDAY

Mum went out early to see if Mrs. Hoover needed anything. "She won't want to risk leaving the phone," she explained. Sam said that Mum had got cross with her last night for going out without telling her. Sam was really happy as she told me about it. She said that she wasn't used to having someone worry about her.

So while we were talking about Sam and last night, I asked her if she'd brought a friend home as I'd challenged her to. She'd actually brought a boy home, Stephen. And spent hours making love to him. Okay, not actually fucking, but just about everything but.

After her experience in Ghastly's class I thought it was a bit risky for Stephen to try bondage with her, on their FIRST TIME together, but she loved it, so who was I to say otherwise?

Poor mixed-up Sam. She's desperate to fuck Stephen but so worried that it's all because of the Program. Or "Every Girl GETs Done" as I put it.

When she told me I was like Mum, I was secretly proud as anything, but made her promise not to tell Mum or I'd never live it down.

We laughed and giggled a lot together.

Careful Laura, I told myself. Don't get too close. Sam might be like the kid sister you always wanted, but she might also bugger off and leave you when the week is over. Have fun with her. Don't get too close. That way you don't get hurt.

The morning groping was easy. A crowd of boys protected us from anyone pushy and the requests were simple and straightforward.

I should have felt grateful, but I felt humiliated. I'm Laura, the stripper who can handle crowds of drunk men without a second thought, having to be protected from a few boys by other boys. I really wished they'd just have left me to handle it. But I smiled and looked grateful. It wasn't their fault I'm weird.

Suzie wanted to tell me about her evening with Teresa, so I told her about Tanya jumping me and us making out. As I said it she had a strange look on her face. I looked at her and she began to blush. She wasn't joking about blushing easily. I wanted to tease her about it but the look on her face stopped me. I think she

actually fancies me.

I looked at her body for the first time. Nice. We could have some fun. I stroked her hair a couple of times, kissed her briefly and rubbed her hand on my pussy, making her fingers wet. Then I put her fingers in her mouth and said "Until later".

"About later," she said, suddenly all business. "It turns out that Teresa really wants Tanya but has been too scared to say anything. I said we could meet after lunch, the four of us, in a classroom somewhere. Can you get Tanya to come? Say it's to do with the choir if you like."

"Set-up time eh? Fine, no problem," I responded. That seemed like fun, but why couldn't I get up any enthusiasm?

It wasn't even just worrying about Shelley. Even after we were told at the start of the second lesson that Shelley was safe, I couldn't get this hollow depressed feeling off my mind.

I got told off in one of the lessons for not paying attention. And as for between lessons, I hardly got a request, reasonable or otherwise. Okay, that's an exaggeration. I still got a few pose requests and the occasional "Can I feel your boobs/pussy/arse?" but the frenzy and the excitement were gone.

And I missed it. I felt ordinary and boring. I felt like leaping at the first boy that passed me and giving him a blow-job whether the poor guy wanted one or not!

I nearly forgot that I had to model for the photography class in the period before lunch. I felt sorry for them. I know I must have looked bored and depressed, no matter how many false smiles I pasted on.

What was wrong with me?

We'd won. I had my dignity back. Everyone being supportive and I hadn't even seen Ghastly or Graham. Sam was becoming like my kid sister, even if she did idolise me too much. (Hey, I can cope with that!) I had Suzie, one of the prettiest girls in school with the hots for me.

And I felt like I'd just been told I had two months to live.

Strike that. I felt like I wished I'd just been told I had two months to live.

I say again. What the FUCK is wrong with me?

After lunch we met with Tanya and Teresa. Teresa couldn't bring herself to admit how she felt towards Tanya and tried to run away, until Tanya caught her and gave her a kiss that almost brought ME back to life. SHIT Teresa, if that doesn't get the message across I don't know what will. Talk about toe-curling! Plug these two into the National Grid and you could close down a power station or two.

Tanya stripped Teresa and got Suzie and me to work on her boobs while she went down on her.

I couldn't resist looking at Tanya working on Teresa and at Teresa's face to see her reaction. But in between I watched Suzie. Suddenly she spotted me staring at her and I smiled.

Just after that Teresa came, and the two girls were busy kissing again. I glanced at Suzie, wondering whether to do the same with her, when old memories came flooding back. Suzie deserved someone capable of loving her, not someone with a trunkful of guilt she could never be free of. The longer I allowed things to go on, the deeper I would hurt her. With a shock I realised that I could never allow that to happen. I had to stop this.

I ran out the door, pushing roughly past the watching boys. I ran to the janitor's cupboard that he nearly always left unlocked. Locking myself inside, I sat uncomfortably on an upturned metal bucket and cried. For the past I could never change and for the love I could never have.

I took a shower alone after the lesson had begun to try to hide the fact that I'd been crying. Luckily it was English, with Mr. Thompson and he said nothing.

The second lesson was biology. Things were getting better organised. Mr. Wright had me sit right in front of a video camera hooked up to a huge TV screen. (He even showed me that there was no DVD in the recorder it was wired into.)

That way the whole class could see clearly without fighting for a turn around my pussy.

It is SO COOL to see yourself opened up on a giant screen about 8 foot wide. I'd never even seen myself in such detail. I played with myself a bit and watched, fascinated, as my own pussy opened up and I became more aroused. I watched Tanya watching me.

Finally I just had to say, "Mr. Wright, I know it's long gone past the first five minutes, but can I please ask someone to give me relief?"

He smiled. "I understand your predicament. As it fits with the lesson we are doing, I don't see why not. Are there any volunteers?"

A few hands shot up, but none as fast as Tanya's. Some of the others in class looked at her amazed, many with open mouths. One poor girl probably needs hospital treatment. I'm sure she must have dislocated her jaw!

Mr. Wright rearranged the camera so we could see her face clearly. Tanya was just about to start, when I stopped her. "Mr. Wright. Can you put a DVD in? I'd really like to take this home."

"If Tanya doesn't mind."

She grinned. "Consider this a thank you for lunchtime."

There were a few whistles and gasps at that remark.

She carefully held me wide open, taking care that her hands didn't obstruct the camera. She dipped two fingers into me, then withdrew them and slowly put them in her mouth.

"Not fair," I cried.

She stopped what she was doing and stood next to me, took my hand and put it inside her knickers. The angle was awkward, so she pulled her knickers off and lifted her skirt up so everyone could see me put my fingers into her.

Stepping away from me, she said, "Now you've got something to taste while I fuck you senseless."

She returned to my pussy and holding me open again, stuck her tongue inside me.

I watched as she lapped away, occasionally slipping a finger into me as well.

Then she switched to using just her fingers and I watched on the screen as her fingers pumped in and out of my increasingly wet pussy, faster and faster.

I began to imagine it was Suzie doing all this to me and my orgasm came so suddenly it actually took ME by surprise. I'd never seen the creamy cum I have when I cum, and certainly not in close-up on a huge screen.

Tanya leaned back in and carefully licked up every drop. Then she got up and kissed me. I could still taste myself on her. "That's thank you from both Teresa and me."

Mr. Wright took out the DVD and gave it to me. Before even having a shower, I raced to my locker to put it away safely.

In the shower afterwards I realised my predicament. Suzie not only had the hots for me, she even had me fantasising about her. I couldn't allow this to continue, to escalate even, but how to stop this without hurting her?

When school was finished I didn't bother to get dressed. I ran out of school naked and stopped off in our 24-hour minimarket for a few bits of shopping. There weren't many people in there at this time of day but the looks I got varied from disgust (one woman desperately trying to prevent her three teenage boys from staring at me) to amusement to open lust from one middle-aged man.

When Suzie arrived with Stephen for us to go to the concert, I managed to keep the conversation on what Stephen had been doing all day.

At the concert door, Teresa came running to us very upset. "Graham wouldn't let Sam come and sing tonight."

I was getting tired of being helpless while other people hurt me or my friends. Sam deserved better than this. If I had seen Mr. Graham at that point, I think I'd be in jail by now and the school would be looking for a new deputy headmaster.

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## **Laura, part 8**

### **Program WEEK TWO**

#### **THURSDAY night, FRIDAY Morning and early Afternoon**

I tried to excuse myself by saying if it hadn't been for Ghastly Gordon on Tuesday, none of this would have happened. I would have gone out with Mum, Sam, Suzie and Stephen for a nice meal and returned home to bed. I would never have gone to that show and come back to find Suzie curled up with Sam. And I'd never have hurt her like I did.

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

Mr. Tyler somehow managed to arrange for Sam to sing at the concert despite Mr. Graham banning her. In fact Mum and I never saw Mr. Graham all evening.

Sam had been fantastic at the concert and she knew it. Tanya and Teresa had joined Suzie and me in stripping naked to support Sam in the first bit and the whole front row had been naked for the second, which included Sam's big solo.

Sam was on such a high that she'd handled some sleazy press guy like a pro and had got us to pose with her for photos, naked of course.

Sam was going back with Tanya and Teresa, so Mr. Tyler called me over discreetly. "Can you do me a favour?"

"Depends what it is."

"Would you and Suzie distract the press out the front while I sneak Sam out the back?"

Sounded like fun. I know it seems nasty but I was missing being the centre of attention. I found Suzie chatting with Mum and said, "Sorry to interrupt but I need to borrow Suzie. Mr. Tyler's asked us to distract the press so he can get Sam out of here."

We walked out of the main doors to camera flashes. There was a moment of amusement all round when a young male reporter tried to put a microphone in my

face, but tripped over and the microphone hit my cheek. I caught his arm to try to stop him falling, but only succeeded in turning him over so that he landed on his back looking straight up between my legs.

"I know you want an interview, but you could have just asked me questions. Or is this a new interview technique?"

The poor guy turned red and tried to get up, but I was enjoying this. As he pulled himself back so he could sit up, I pulled his head into my crotch, and cried out, "Oh, Oh, Oh, do me more, you're SO good at that!"

Suzie burst out laughing as he finally managed to extricate himself, redder than ever, probably realising that he was going to be in a lot of photos. I even saw the photographer Sam had made us pose for earlier snapping away.

I straightened up and put my arm around Suzie. "I think the first question must go to our friend here," I said, finally letting him go.

The poor guy pulled himself together. "Wh..What's it like going to Slut School?"

Suzie started to say, "It's not..." but I beat her with "I think you just found out. Do you like it?"

He muttered some reply I couldn't hear, but obviously some of them did and there was more laughter. The poor guy tried to retreat, but Suzie said, "Laura, don't be cruel. He's only doing his job." Then she went up to him and kissed him. Judging from his face, I don't think that made him feel less embarrassed.

"Call that a kiss?" I said to her, pulling her to me and kissing her on the lips. "Now THIS is a kiss," and I kissed her again, harder this time. I felt her tongue slip into my mouth and she went so weak I had to hold her against me.

I could feel the softness of her body against my skin. She felt so lovely I never wanted to let her go. She had forgotten the press as she melted in my arms. I realised with a shock that this kiss meant more to her than it did to me. What was I doing to her?

Come to that, what was she doing to me?

I broke the kiss abruptly. "We have questions to answer," I told her.

Realising the situation again she blushed redder than the poor reporter had done.

"Next question?" I asked.

"Is Samantha going to do all her performances naked?"

"No. This was simply because we are in the Program this week."

"Is she a lesbian too?"



"No, she's not, and nor are we."

"Has she got a boyfriend?"

"You're too old for her," I said quick as a flash, deciding that if Sam wanted to tell them, she'd have to tell them herself. Until then, it was her business and not theirs.

"Come on, has she got a boyfriend?"

"You'll have to ask her."

"When is she coming out?"

I looked at my watch, "About five minutes ago. Now that we've done our job for the evening, we'll say goodbye."

I turned and took Suzie's hand and we walked back inside. I heard at least one voice saying "bitches" and I grinned at Suzie.

The drive home was strangely quiet. Suzie seemed to be deep in thought and I was trying to think what the hell I could do about her. Even Stephen was quiet, sensing the tension. Mum tried to make conversation a few times, but eventually gave up.

When we got home, Mum turned to us and said, "I don't know what's up between you two, but this is Sam's night. Don't spoil it for her."

"We won't, Mum," I assured her.

Sam told me I had to ring Geoff, my boss at the agency.

Someone had let them down for a oil-wrestling show. It was only topless, so I knew the remaining marks from the caning wouldn't show. I jumped at the chance.

Mum wasn't pleased when I told her.

"Oh, darling, no. This is Sam's special night and it's not as if you need the money."

"It's only a topless so the cane marks mostly won't show and besides they're pretty faded anyway. I need to do it, Mum. After the last few days, I need to know I can still cope."

All that was true. Although my performance with the reporters had boosted my confidence, after this awful week, I wasn't really sure I would feel in control enough to do a strip show again. And a wrestling show with a bunch of others girls was a nice and easy, no-pressure way to get back into it.

What I didn't tell her was that I also needed to get away from Suzie, to try and think things out. Suzie was falling for me, big style, and if I was honest with myself, I was beginning to feel the same way. I was glad I wasn't a guy or everyone would have seen my reaction when her tongue slipped into my mouth

tonight. As it was I wondered if she'd felt me shiver when she was pressed against me earlier. I hoped not. But I didn't feel ready for this. It was still too soon.

Then I told Sam how wonderful she'd been and to have a good time with Mum and the others.

Sam was just concerned about me. "Will you be alright?"

"That's what I need to find out," I answered.

Then Sam was wonderful. She persuaded Mum to come with me, on what was supposed to be HER special night. Any other time I'd have DIED to have Mum at a show, but I really wanted her there for me tonight.

"Are you sure you're going to be alright?" I asked Sam, feeling guilty.

"I'll be fine with Suzie and Stephen."

We watched the news report which included Sam at the concert and Suzie and the kiss and the interview afterwards. Suzie didn't look at me, but kept her eyes firmly on the screen.

When Sam commented on it I just said, "All in a day's work."

Mum and I left and I felt the tension begin to slip away.

"She's very nice," said Mum in the car.

"Who?"

"Mrs. Gloucester," she replied, giving the name of our next-door neighbour, who was a grade A bitch who thought she was above everyone else in the street. "Who do you think I meant?"

I shrugged.

"You know Suzie's falling for you, don't you?"

Does Mum ever miss ANYTHING? I complained to myself.

"And how do you feel about her? Don't bother answering, your face just did."

"I'm not ready for this, Mum."

"Then you'd better make it clear to her, before you really hurt her. Or even better, you could stop living in the past."

Was that what I was doing?

I didn't have time to think about that any more as we pulled into the car park of the Rugby Club.

Showtime.

I slipped into "Lili-mode" at once and was relieved to find that it still fit me like a glove.

Lili is my stage name, and switching to being Lili was like becoming another person.

Okay, maybe it's not that different from the ordinary me, but for some girls it is.

One older girl I knew, Michelle, was not much different from how Sam had been, really shy and withdrawn. But when she was performing, she became Brooke, a totally different person, confident, out-going, afraid of nothing. She told me once that she had to give a small presentation to her group at university and she froze up. It was important as she was being marked on it. "So I told myself, 'Come on, Brooke, you're a stripper, you can do this.' And it worked. I felt myself change and I did the whole thing straight through, no problem at all."

"Hi, Lili," said Geoff, "Thanks for coming."

"Hi, Geoff, this is my Mum. Don't mind if she stays in the changing room, do you?"

"No problem. Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Townley. Laura's told us all so much about you."

"Nothing bad I hope?" she asked.

"Oh, terrible. Like Cruella DeVille with a new litter of puppies." Mum shrieked with laughter at that. Geoff can charm anyone.

Geoff mentioned that they were talking about changing the ending of the show to full nude, so of course, I had to show him the cane marks on my bum. Amazingly he didn't ask how I got them, but simply said, "Okay, we'll add some black powder paint to the oil if they change it to nude."

We did that sometimes to make it look rougher and dirtier. It made it look like we were wrestling in used motor oil.

Because I was last to arrive, everything was set up and two of the girls had already wrestled. I quickly put on a nurse's outfit and, when the music came back on, strode out confidently. I walked up to a man who wasn't yelling or whistling and pretended to take his pulse. Pushing everyone out of the way, I pinched his nose and pretended to give him mouth-to-mouth. The others roared with laughter, as they always did.

To make up for it, I gave him a kiss, which left him almost needing resuscitation. This was me. In my element.

Feeling more confident now, I grabbed one of the more vocal men and unbuttoned his shirt, put my head against his chest and grabbed his cock through his trousers. "Yup, definitely alive," I announced to more laughter. He tried to grab at me, but I was too quick for him and spun round out of his grip.

I slipped off the uniform and threw it to Geoff. I'd chosen a black bra that barely held me in and black knickers which were lacy at the front, but a lot more full-backed than my usual thongs. Added to them were black stockings and suspender belt.

The nearly see-through front and the too-small bra would have to make up for the boring bum! I didn't hear any complaints.

I stood aside as Christine walked in. Christine had dressed as a sweet innocent schoolgirl, complete with pigtails. She had more to take off than me, so I had some time to wait.

But when she had removed her school shoes and her skirt, I went up and grabbed her and threw her in the ring. She landed with a splat splashing oil across onto the men on the other side. I jumped in beside her and ripped open her white blouse sending buttons everywhere.

While she began to get up, I stood proudly as I was booed. Christine is actually stronger than I am, but she looks cute and innocent (which she is definitely NOT), so I always play the baddie if we wrestle. It's actually more fun being bad anyway.

Acting over-confident I knew she'd knock me flying back into the oil before we started wrestling for real.

She might be stronger, but in the slippery oil that isn't as much of an advantage as you might think. Strength in the sense of endurance makes more of a difference in mud, which is heavy, but in oil, we were more evenly matched.

I finally managed to pin her and we ran off to the showers. Oil is easier to wrestle in than mud or jelly (not to mention warmer), but takes longer to wash off. We just got the worst off for now.

Christine quickly put on a white crop top (short t-shirt) and a red bikini bottom. She was to wrestle the loser of the first bout, Tai Lee, a beautiful Asian girl.

The fourth girl, who I would have to wrestle in the final, was Capricia. She was smaller than me, but the fastest mover we had. She'd had an easy win over Tai Lee, so I knew she'd be fresh whereas I was already quite tired.

"More money tonight, they've changed it to Dom.," she said.

"I can't. I still got cane stripes on my bum," I told her.

"What the fuck are you doing with cane marks? I didn't know you were into CP.."

"I'm not, dammit. They were seriously fucking me around at school. And I did some shit that gave this bitch of a teacher the excuse she was waiting for and she caned the shit out of me. That's all."

"So this is the reason Geoff is using the black shit tonight, huh?"

"Yeah, just for me," I replied sarcastically, then, "Sorry about that, but try to keep me bum down if you can."

The black powder paint would be sprinkled over the oil and once it was mixed in, it looked pretty disgusting. It was supposed to, and did, look humiliating as we shoved each other's face into it.

I knew Geoff would have added plenty of powder so it would cover well.

Sure enough, Christine and Tai Lee came into the showers covered in the black yukky stuff.

At the start Capricia and I stood together, while two of the men poured clean oil over us, to make the shirts go see-through. I put one of my bloke's hands on my boobs and he enjoyed a little play. I could see Capricia doing the same.

I held out the front of my bikini bottoms for him to pour oil into them, then made him rub it in well by shoving his hand into my bikini. He got a little cheeky down there, but he wasn't at all bad at it so I let his hand stay in there for longer than usual.

That got a cheer.

Capricia and I often do a little lesbian bit at the start of a match, just to get them really wound up. She started by stuffing her hand in my bikini and making it obvious that she was playing with me.

I forgot where I was for a moment and found myself imagining it was Suzie playing with me as I ground my pussy against her hand.

I was rudely brought back to the present when Capricia pushed me backwards into the oil. I got a good hold on her bikini and pulled down. She had to choose between losing her bikini or joining me in the muck. She chose the latter and some of the crowd booed good-naturedly.

We were both soon plastered and I managed to get her face-down in it as I rubbed her face and hair into the oil.

Letting her up, I slipped her top over her head to yells from the crowd, especially as I then gave her tits a good mauling with my icky fingers.

Her smile turned evil as she grabbed my top and tore it from me.

Although we started fairly even, her easy first round soon showed when she pulled

down my bikini, flipped me on my back and sat firmly on my face. Believe me, an oil-encrusted bikini bottom jammed into your nose and mouth is not sexy. Before I could recover, Geoff threw her a big black dildo and she spread my legs and thrust it into me. Fuck, that felt good!

Leaving it inside me, she punched the air with both hands, then got up a little to pull down her bikini bottoms and sit back down over my mouth, grinding her pussy over my face while pumping the oily dildo in and out of me.

Finally she got up and pulled me to my feet. Geoff threw us towels which we wrapped around us and we ran for the showers.

Not quite what I had expected for tonight, but an easy show.

Another thing was unexpected was Mum. She was really quiet all the way home.

"How did you like the show, Mum?"

"Eh? Oh. The show. You were good. I think you worried needlessly."

"It didn't bother you seeing me doing all that?"

"No, not at all."

I could tell that her mind wasn't on this conversation. I wondered what she was thinking about but I knew better than to ask. If Mum wanted me to know, she'd tell me.

Yet another thing I wasn't prepared for was seeing Sam and Suzie curled up together, naked and asleep, when we got home.

Suzie woke up and was a little embarrassed, but Mum put her at her ease.

"I think Sam's exhausted," she said.

"After today, I'm not surprised, let's just let her sleep," said Mum, who then got a blanket to put over her. Sam just carried on sleeping, a contented smile across her face.

We went upstairs, and I couldn't help but notice the big grin on Suzie's face too. "Been having fun with my new little sister, have you?" I was only teasing a little but she went red with embarrassment and turned away.

I took her hand and turned her back to me. "It's okay." I kissed her lightly on the lips, not expecting what happened next.

She put her hands behind my head and ground her lips into mine, forcing her tongue into my mouth like some over-eager fourteen-year-old boy on a first date.

God forgive me, I responded. Maybe I was just so turned on from the excitement

of the day, from the show (Capricia hadn't let me get off on the dildo!) and from all these thoughts I'd been having about Suzie all day, but I nibbled on her tongue and wound my tongue around hers.

I don't know if I pulled my clothes off or she did, probably a bit of both, but soon we collapsed naked on the bed, that kiss of ours just going on and on.

She pushed my legs apart and began probing me with her tongue. I knew I wasn't going to last long and tried to move into a 69 but she wouldn't let me. She wasn't as good at this as Heather was (yet), but then she hadn't watched me as often to learn the things that really got me going. She was so enthusiastic, though, and I soon came on her face, but she just carried on licking and licking and probing and licking, bringing me to a second orgasm in as many minutes. She was going to continue, but I couldn't take any more, so I pulled her head up to mine to kiss her again.

Call me weird but tasting my own juices on someone else's face really turns me on and I had to have her.

I pushed her onto her back and simply dived between her legs. This wasn't the gentle love-making I usually love with another girl. This was raw hunger. I licked her pussy, her arse (THAT surprised her!) and back to her pussy, using my fingers and mouth and every trick I knew to bring her close to cumming, then letting her body calm down a little, then bringing her back up to almost cumming again. She was trying to tell me something, probably to let her cum, but she couldn't speak.

I finally let her cum, and she screamed. I mean, literally screamed. Mum came upstairs and barged into my room. Poor Suzie was so embarrassed. She'd even woken Sam up, who came upstairs yawning. "What's happened?" she asked, sleepily, then realising the situation, smiled and collapsed into her bed.

Mum discreetly left us, and Suzie was exhausted and lay back on my bed with a smile. As she drifted off to sleep, she whispered, "I love you."

I felt like I'd been stabbed through the heart. WHAT had I done? All my good intentions to let her down lightly and I'd just allowed this to happen!

I went downstairs and curled up alone on the sofa. I needed to think. It was time I used my brain instead of my pussy.

I woke up far too early, but got dressed without waking anyone and went out. I had breakfast in a coffee shop half an hour's walk away and tried to put my head in gear.

This was all happening far too fast for me to cope with. I thought hard about my options.

Before this damned Program, I had only needed a reasonable average of marks

from most of my subjects for three more weeks to get the grades I needed to be sure of getting into my first-choice university. (see [cultural notes](#)) Almost any marks from my last few weeks would get me into my second choice.

Then, the Program. We'd been told that we would be given 5% bonus marks for successful completion of the Program. I realised that the Program, which had caused all these problems, had just given me a way out. After this week, I figured that I deserved it. There were no school activities that I was involved in this weekend. I only had to complete today and I had enough marks for my first-choice Uni. without ever having to go back to school again.

By the time I'd arrived at school, I'd decided what I was going to do.

Because I'd gone to the coffee shop, I got to the school from the opposite direction to usual and went in through the staff car park.

I could hear shouting, but not from other students. These were men's voices.

As I rounded the corner, I came upon an amazing scene at the staff entrance. Two of the cleaners, who doubled up as security when needed, were refusing to allow Mr. Graham and Ms. Gordon into the building.

I couldn't hear what they were saying, so I crept nearer, hiding and crouching behind cars to get close enough.

As I got quite close to them, Mr. Thompson and Mr. and Mrs. Wright came out. They were followed a few seconds later by Mr. Claymore, and Mr. Tyler.

When Mr. Graham saw Mr. Tyler he totally lost control. "You're behind this," he shouted, "Get out of this school now, you are suspended."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Graham," said Mr. Thompson, who, to my surprise, did actually look genuinely pained by this, "But you don't have the authority to suspend anyone. You have already been suspended as deputy headmaster pending a disciplinary hearing."

Mr. Graham snorted, "Oh, yes, your famed bleeding staff meeting. You don't have the authority to do this. Now unless you allow me to enter, I will call the police."

"You are correct, we do not have the authority to suspend you, and that is not why the staff meeting was called. But perhaps you should read this fax I received last night." He handed him a sheet of paper.

Mr. Graham looked at it for a moment, then tore it up, scattering the pieces on the ground.

"That is, of course, just a photocopy, although the words 'destruction of school property' spring to mind," said Mr. Thompson calmly. I choked back a laugh at that, as he continued, "Now unless you care to challenge whether Dr. Reynolds has



the authority to suspend you and Ms. Gordon, I suggest you leave before I have to call the police."

"Then what was the staff meeting for?" he demanded.

"I suppose you've a right to know. Dr. Reynolds did not take the decision to suspend you lightly. He felt it was important that he had the support of the other staff before suspending you both. I might add that that support was unanimous."

Mr. Graham said nothing.

"In fact the staff meeting went further than merely supporting Dr. Reynolds' decision. We passed a motion that the entire staff would not work from Monday if you were still in authority here."

"You dared propose that?"

"No, it wasn't my motion."

"Tell me whose it was!"

"That is confidential..." began Mr. Thompson, but he was interrupted from behind.

Mr. Moor had appeared behind Mr. Thompson and had obviously been hurrying as he was clearly out of breath. "I proposed that motion, Mr. Graham. I have respected you as a teacher for many years, but since you've been having a... relationship... with Ms. Gordon, you've become nothing more than a cowardly bully. If I had the breath for it, I'd throw you both out of here myself."

From not far behind me came applause and jeers. A large crowd of students had gathered to enjoy the spectacle.

Then I realised that Jed and the other Program boys had walked right up to the small group of staff. They were naked of course and were being stalked by a large group of girls.

"Sir," began Jed, addressing Mr. Moor. "Do I understand that we have trespassers on the grounds? I'm sure we would be delighted to help them to leave."

Mr. Graham looked at him with disgust.

Then Gerald, who I'd hardly seen all week and never heard speak in anger before, turned to Ms. Gordon. "We let you turn this school into a nightmare, but that's over. If the powers that be are insane enough to ever let you back here and you ever treat any student like you have done, you won't have to worry about hearings."

Christopher added, "We'd love the chance to show you how we treat bullies like you."

Ms. Gordon looked defiant, but Mr. Graham looked scared.

So Christopher turned to Mr. Thompson and suddenly became more polite. "Sir, Would you have any objection if we escorted Mr. Graham and Ms. Gordon to his car and out of the school?"

Before Mr. Thompson could answer, Mr. Graham turned and nearly dragged Ms. Gordon back to his car. Just before he got to his car, he passed me. I stood up to face him. There was so much I wanted to say to them both, but my mind went blank, so I just said, "Goodbye."

As he got into his car, Mr. Graham shouted to Mr. Thompson, "You haven't heard the last of this."

I heard Mr. Thompson say quietly, "I sincerely hope not."

Suddenly Mr. Tyler ran up to the car, pulled something that looked like a wallet from his jacket and handed it to Mr. Graham. "You left this at the concert last night. I'm sure you might need it."

Mr. Graham started his car, then stalled it as he tried to reverse out of his parking place. The crowd, which had followed them to his car, laughed.

He started the car again, carefully reversed out, then ignoring the 5mph speed limit, roared down the drive and out the gate.

The girls immediately surrounded the five boys and I heard the familiar cries of "Reasonable Request". With a jolt I remembered that I was supposed to be naked and available as well and I ran full speed to my clothes box at the other entrance and stripped off my clothes. The first bell rang as I removed my knickers.

"Where have you been?" asked Suzie as we headed for the showers (though I didn't really need one), but we were interrupted by Miss Taylor telling us to go into assembly first.

Mr. Thompson came onto the stage and told everyone that Mr. Graham and Ms. Gordon had been suspended.

Then he did something incredible. He apologised for letting us down, especially the Program girls and promised that the staff would make sure that it never happened again. He also announced that he was acting headmaster.

Then he talked about the concert last night and everyone cheered the choir and Susie and me. I was used to applause at my shows, but this was different. I began to smile until I realised that I was going to really miss this place after today.

Tanya and Teresa stripped off and announced that they wanted to stay naked. Then some girl I barely knew did the same, and so did her boyfriend, though he looked more embarrassed about it than she did.

The final cheer was for Samantha of course. When the cheering stopped, I gave

Sam a hug, then Suzie did the same. Before we could leave Mrs. Johnson stopped us. I've never seen her so friendly as she congratulated Sam for her singing and all three of us for our "bravery". The other two had definitely been brave but I couldn't stop myself feeling resentful that she had called me brave for doing what was after all my job. I got away quickly, leaving Mrs. Johnson still talking to Samantha and Suzie.

Afterwards I didn't need a shower so I went straight to my first lesson.

Lessons felt weird. None of them required my participation this morning, maybe that was it, or maybe it was knowing that this was my last day at school, ever.

Between lessons I had a few reasonable requests, but even most of them were just for posing. Two guys wanted to feel my boobs and one wanted to feel my pussy and even that was just FEEL, not stick his fingers in me.

I shouldn't write this here, but I actually missed the groping. I'd become so used to having something inside me half the time that it felt strangely incomplete, lonely even, not to have someone's fingers in me ALL morning.

I would have felt really unbearably horny if my mind hadn't been on my upcoming talk with Suzie. Even as it was I was tempted to ask for relief, but one thought of having to face Suzie was enough to cool me off.

Lunchtime was almost a relief of a different sort. At least I'd get this over with.

When I got to lunch, Suzie ran up to hug me. "I haven't seen you all morning," she said between rapid-fire kisses.

"Suzie, stop it," I said, far more abruptly than I'd intended. "We have to talk."

I took her into a classroom, shut the door and pulled the curtains.

She smiled, getting totally the wrong idea.

"Suzie, this isn't going to work," I began, then continued without a breath until I finished. "I'm leaving. I go to university soon, and now I've completed the Program, I don't need any more credits to get in. I'm going away this weekend to work in Spain until I start university."

She looked at me like she didn't understand.

"I really like you, but I'm not ready for the kind of relationship you want."

She was beginning to understand.

"I never wanted to hurt you and I'm really, really sorry if I've let you believe I could give you more than I can. I think it's best if we don't see each other again so I'm going to leave tonight." (I knew I could crash at Geoff's for one night and that he could arrange a flight out tomorrow at short notice. I also knew that work would

be no problem.)

Now she understood. She let out a terrible cry, "NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO" that just seemed to go on and on. I wanted to touch her but she pushed me away, still crying out "NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO".

I ran to the dining hall and looked for Samantha. "She's in some meeting with the choir," I was told.

I couldn't leave Suzie like that, so I went back to the classroom, but she had gone. I ran round frantically but couldn't find her anywhere, then I ran outside and kept running until I was at the bottom of the field, alone, where I could sob in peace.

"Suzie, I'm so sorry," I thought aloud. "I never meant to hurt you."

In my mind I could still hear her desperate cry of "nooooooooo" and I'm not sure I'll ever forget it.

I breathed slowly, determined to calm myself to be ready for the next lesson, so I could complete my Program week and get the hell out of here forever.

As I walked to the showers, I reasoned Sam would help her later, that they'd really hit it off this week. But I continued to feel terribly guilty as I washed my face to try to look presentable for the afternoon's lessons.

I looked around me and knew that I'd never come back here. An incredible mix of emotions buffeted me, but they brought me no relief at all from the searing pain of Suzie's agonised cry

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## **Laura, part 9**

### **Program WEEK TWO FRIDAY afternoon and evening**

I'd just walked into the final lesson of the day when Mr. Moor came in. "If you don't mind, I have to borrow Laura for this lesson."

The teacher nodded, so I went with Mr. Moor. To my surprise he didn't take me to a classroom, but to the teachers' lounge. A junior teacher was there and Mr. Moor asked if he could leave us in private.

"Sit down," he ordered.

I sat.

"I want to know what's wrong between you and Suzie Peters," he started bluntly.

"Sir, that's our business..." I started but he cut me off.

"When I find a girl as distraught and totally inconsolable as she was this afternoon, wandering aimlessly down the middle of the main road outside the school, not knowing or caring where she was, so hysterical that Nurse had to sedate her, it crosses the line between your business and very much our business."

I hadn't realised she'd taken it so badly. But I couldn't explain, not to him, not to anyone.

"Okay, let me tell you what we do know." He pulled his chair closer to mine. "You are both crazy about each other. That's becoming more obvious every time you're seen together. Am I wrong?"

I shook my head slightly.

"I said, am I wrong?"

"No, sir."

"And now she tells me that since you'll have enough credits once you finish the Program to go to the university you want, you aren't coming back on Monday, or ever again. Is that correct?"

"Yes." I tried to make this sound defiant, but I knew I failed.

"After some parts of this week, I can understand you not wanting to come back to school, but why suddenly decide you don't want to see Suzie again, ever? And don't tell me it's what you want, because any fool could see that you're almost as broken up about this as she is. You allow her to fall in love with you, then you suddenly turn round and do this. It's cruel, Laura, and that isn't you. I've never known you act with deliberate cruelty to anyone, let alone someone you're obviously crazy about."

I stayed silent, then realising that he was going to wait until I said something, I replied, "She'll get over me."

He sat back, shaking his head at me.

Then he sighed, "I think at the very least you owe her the reason for your decision. She's going crazy trying to find anything she's done wrong."

"She hasn't done anything wrong," I protested.

"Then why?"

"I can't say."

"Then let me tell you about a young couple I knew years ago. A nice kid and a lovely girl. Absolutely made for each other. He was a bit old for her, he was a

student teacher, she was only seventeen. But anyone could see how much in love they were. Then some idiots at school started teasing her about the love affair. She started coming home crying every day."

What had this to do with me, I thought.

"He became convinced that the best thing he could do for her was to leave her. So he got another job and took her out to dinner and explained why he was leaving. He was relieved that she took it so well. Until the next day when he learned that she'd taken an overdose and killed herself. Two days later he tried to drive his car off a cliff. It jammed, so he didn't die, but he was broken. Unable to teach or do anything else. He became a shadow of the man he'd been, never able to forgive himself for what he had done."

"It's a nice story, sir, but people don't usually kill themselves over a broken love affair. It's the sort of thing that you read in novels. It doesn't really happen."

"No?" he shouted. Then his voice caught, hardly able to let the words out, "This one did. The girl was my daughter."

FUCK. I knew he'd never told anyone at school about this. And now suddenly he was telling me?

"Some people fall in and out of love easily. Some people fall hard, just once. My daughter fell hard and Suzie is the same... and I'm beginning to think that you are too."

He let that sink in, then continued, "So before you destroy both your lives, at the very least let her understand why."

"I can't."

"Can't? Or won't?"

"I'll destroy her if we stay together, so it's better to split up now, before it gets worse."

"Nice, clever, reasonable words that say nothing, and they are an insult to the girl you admit you love." He was getting angry again and almost shouted his next words at me, "Now in one short sentence, why are you doing this to both of you? WHY?"

"Because I killed the last person I loved and I can't let that happen again," I screamed at him. "Happy now? You know everything! Can I go now?"

I started to get up and couldn't. I collapsed back into the chair and cried (God, that word is so feeble). I bent over and hid my face. He gently touched me on the shoulder and I shook him off. This was too personal, I didn't want anyone close, not him, not Suzie, not anyone.

He tried again to touch me and I screamed at him, "Get away from me!"

All I could see was Julie's stricken face as she left me for the last time. All I could hear were the hateful words I had yelled at her and that terrible earthshattering sound a few seconds later.

More images flooded in, one following another in an obscene slide show: the smashed car, the blood, Julie's handbag intact for chrissakes, the crunch of broken glass as I staggered aimlessly past the carnage, the awful sickening smell of blood and explosives and burnt flesh, the smouldering rubber from the tyres. Then Heather's face, with blood pouring from her nose where I had punched her after she'd poured the tablets away. But always, the confusion and betrayal in Julie's eyes as she walked away, unable to believe that I'd hurt her like that. Finally her eyes faded out and I saw the same expression in Suzie's eyes when I had done the same to her.

He waited for me. The images receded and he still just sat in his chair, waiting.

"I have to go," I said.

"Okay," he replied, "But I don't think you should be alone right now. I'll take you home."

I nodded. He followed me to my box and waited while I dressed. I didn't know what time it was, but everyone had gone. He drove me home, where I found a note from Mum. "Gone to Doctor's with Sam." Of course. Sam had to see Dr. Gilbert tonight.

"You'd better come in," I told Mr. Moor. I knew the drill from Mum. Someone in a state? You stay with them. You don't leave them alone. I just didn't think it would ever again apply to me.

I had made us drinks and we were sitting in the lounge when he said, "Tell me about it."

"My best friend Julie died because of me," I said simply.

"Who was Julie?"

"She was my best friend for years. Then when she got me started stripping, we practiced on each other and in just a week we became lovers. But she wanted more than wild sex. I thought we were just friends who also had great sex together, but she loved me."

"She was older than you, wasn't she?"

"Yeah, a year or so. We were going out for a meal afterwards, so I'd gone along to one of her shows. I can't even remember how it came up, but I got angry with her, telling her she was stifling me. She said she loved me. I told her..." I closed my

eyes, unwillingly living the scene over again for the thousandth time. "...I told her I didn't need her, that I could manage without her and she could go for the meal on her own. She looked so hurt, like she couldn't believe it. And she ran out. And that's when the bomb went off that killed her." I felt the tears coming again.

"And I couldn't tell her I was sorry, that I didn't mean it, that I loved her."

He looked at me.

"You didn't kill her. Evil men with a bomb killed her."

"But if I hadn't shouted at her like that..."

"Then you would have been with her, and you would both have been killed. It wouldn't have saved her life."

I looked at him, astonished.

He continued, "If Julie were here right now, do you think she'd be glad you survived?"

"Of course."

"She'd be glad you had that row, because it saved your life."

I was crying again. At that point Mum and Sam came in and Mr. Moor put up a hand to stop them. Mum understood and said, "Come on, Sam, let's get a drink," and they went back out again.

Mr. Moor spoke again. "And do you think Julie would want you to never love again because of her?"

I shook my head, too ashamed to reply.

"Sometimes we don't have the chance to make things right, like my daughter's boyfriend, or you with Julie. Sometimes we do. Those men killed Julie. They also hurt you. Don't let them hurt Suzie as well. If you don't love her, fine, but don't punish her for what they did to you."

He got up then and walked out of the room without saying another word.

A few minutes later I went into the kitchen. "Mum, I'm going out. There's something I have to do."

"I don't think you should go out like that," she replied.

"I need to go, Mum."

"I'll go with her," said Sam.

So she walked with me, neither of us saying a word. We walked across town,



finally ending up at the graveyard where Julie was buried. Her grave was a little overgrown and I began to pull away the weeds. Sam helped. When we were done, she said, "I'll wait over there."

When she had gone, I sat down by the grave. "Julie, I'm so sorry. I needed you more than I can say. And I'm sorry I hurt you. I loved you and I always will. But now there's someone else I love and I've hurt her too. This time I have the chance to tell her I love her, if she'll have me. Wish me luck, my darling. And be happy for me."

I sat there for a while. And felt a peace come over me, mixed with an anger at those who'd stolen us from each other. When I stood up, I was determined not to let them do it again.

"I need to go and see Suzie," I told Sam. "And I need to do this alone."

"No can do," she replied. "I'll stay out of the way, but I promised Danielle I'd stay with you."

As I hadn't brought the car with us, we took the bus to Suzie's house. Before I went to knock on the door, Sam spoke again. "Invite her to stay the weekend. I can move in with Heather and Shelley for a while. Their Mum invited me. And you two need some time together."

"Sam, it's your home too now."

"I know. And you're like my big sister. Going away for a few nights won't change that."

I kissed her. "Thank you, Sam. But I don't want to push you out."

"You're not. Now stop arguing and go and see her."

I didn't have to. Suzie had seen me from her window and came out the door. Her face was blotchy and she looked wary of me.

"Suzie, I'm sorry..." was as far as I got before I started crying again and we were in each other's arms.

"There's some things I have to tell you," I tried to explain through my sobs.

"You don't have to say anything," she replied.

"Yes, I do. I love you and I want to be with you." Now we were both crying.

Sam walked up to us. "I've just called a taxi. Have you invited her yet?"

"Invited me?" asked Suzie.

"I'm moving out to Heather and Shelley's for a while, so you two lovebirds can get

some time alone together."

"Sam, that's really nice," said Suzie, "Thank you."

"Hey, I gotta keep my big sister happy, haven't I?"

Suzie threw some things together into a bag and we were soon home.

"Everything alright?" asked Mum, as Suzie and I raced upstairs.

I turned, halfway up the stairs, and flashed her a smile. "It is now."

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Less than a week ago, I found out I was going into the Program.

Now my week is over and it feels like it's been a year, not a week. Not only was it harder than I could ever have believed possible, but so much has happened as well.

I knew beforehand I wouldn't be able to control what happened, which is why it scared me more than I'd let on to Heather, but if I'd known how out of my control it would get, I'd have run a mile before agreeing to do it.

And I'd have been wrong. I'd have missed out on so much.

I knew Heather would be a friend, she's proved that already, although I had my doubts earlier this week. But to have four girls, two of whom I didn't even know this time last week, go through what they did for me on Wednesday morning, it leaves me almost speechless. I'm not going to even attempt to write how I feel about that.

Especially Sam. She's something else. When she joined us in the Program, I have to admit my first thought was that she was going to be a problem, someone we'd have to carry along all week. But when I found her in that toilet, suddenly she mattered as a person and I could have hugged Mum when she said that Sam could stay with us. (I know she felt guilty about making me share my room without asking me.)

I've never seen anyone change as much as Sam did in such a short time.

Wednesday morning seeing her trying not to let me see she was crying, when she was obviously in pain, and knowing that she had let that happen to her for me, made me feel so awful and shallow and grateful and a lot of other emotions all at the same time.

And letting Jed cut her hair like that, knowing she had to sing at a concert the next day, what was she thinking? I am SO glad it worked out for her. And I couldn't love her more if she WAS my sister.

Shelley turned out to be more than the slightly spoiled kid sister I thought she was. I'd seen her often enough when visiting Heather, but as they didn't get on well, I

really didn't know her. First she organises that petting party for Sam, a crazy idiotic idea that nobody else would have dreamt of, yet it turned out to be exactly what Sam needed. Then she joins in with standing up for me on Wednesday, and after all that, has time to remember to set us up to help Sam at her concert. All the same, I think I'm glad my new sister isn't quite as nuts as Shelley is. But I'll never think of her as Heather's brat sister again.

And Suzie. Hell. What can I say? I can hardly believe she still loves me after what I did to her. I'm more of a mess than I thought I was, but at least I can move forward now. I don't feel tied to the past any more. I just want to make Suzie as happy as I know she makes me.

If that sounds pathetic and soppy and sentimental, I don't really give a damn.

This crazy Program did all this, even when it was a total screw-up.

I wonder what it could do if it wasn't screwed up?



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I'd really love to hear what you think. I welcome criticism and compliments alike, (okay, I guess I prefer compliments, I'm only human!)

While these stories are in progress, I'd also welcome suggestions and ideas. If I don't use an idea in this story, perhaps I will later.

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