

Samantha's Story

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.

Program WEEK TWO MONDAY, Assembly

Today was the worst day of my life and it's about to get worse.

I couldn't believe that life could be so cruel.

Last week this thing called the Program started at our school. I was ill for the first three days, but I found out about it on Thursday.

If you're in the Program, you have to go around naked the whole time and be groped up by any boy that wants to. Or girl come to that. It's disgusting. Someone ought to stop it. Luckily the girl last week seemed to like it. I saw her running into the showers with cum all over her. Y. U. K. YUK! And I heard that after school she had a lesbian orgy. Finally on Friday at lunchtime I actually saw her having sex with some boy on the dining hall table.

Her photo was in all the papers, she was on the telly, everywhere.

I heard she'd been raped, but a girl like that wouldn't say no to anything, so I didn't believe it. As we came into school this morning I heard girls talk about her having a gangbang at the Ws nightclub on Saturday night. GROSS or what?

I got asked my name as I went into assembly. They don't usually do that.

Then I saw HER, Heather, (that's her name apparently) standing up at assembly, naked of course, telling us how wonderful it all was, based on respect for one another and all lovey-dovey. It might be wonderful for her. But you wouldn't catch me running around school naked, offering myself as a sexy plaything. Stupid Bimbo.

I listened to her ramble on, then she called out a list of names. This stupid kid I know called Shelley ran up and stripped off right there in front of everyone on stage. Everyone laughed. I didn't know she was that girl's sister.

More names were read out and other girls and boys went up there. "Samantha Downing." That's my name. There had to be some mistake. Everyone around me turned and looked at me. Some were laughing. No, this can't be happening to me. I felt a bit lightheaded and everything went black.

Someone was wiping me with a sponge with cold water. "You fainted, Deary," said the school nurse. "I was dreaming. What am I doing here?"

"You fainted when they called out your name for the Program, so they brought you to the sickroom. Have a warm sugary drink to make you feel better, then I'll take you to the others."

I take my coffee without sugar, but I gulped it down. Revolting, but I did feel a bit less queasy. "Take me where?" I asked.

"To the changing room of course. Come on, we don't want you to be late. You've missed most of the first lesson, which is just for you all to get to know each other, but if you miss the second, you'll end up doing another whole week, like Heather did last week."

THAT got me moving. I didn't think I'd survive a week of this, but two weeks? No way!

We walked to the changing room, she opened the door and gently propelled me inside and closed the door behind me. Oh my God. Everyone was naked and they were...

I didn't believe it. They were all sat around watching one of the boys have sex with one of the girls. I've never seen a naked boy before, in the flesh I mean, and now I was in a room with five of them and one was having sex in front of me.

When they finished one of them noticed me. It was HER. "You must be Samantha." I nodded slightly. She said something about clothes, then sent everyone off to the showers except for one girl who looked a bit older, who smiled at me and said that she was Laura. I've heard about her, she's a stripper. What was I doing in the Program with all these, these sex maniacs?

Heather repeated that I had to put my clothes in the box. I couldn't believe I was doing this, but I started trying to undo my blouse. But I was shaking too much.

She was trying to be nice. "I was terrified last week," she said, "Do you want me to help you?"

"You? Terrified?" I said, looking back down at the floor. Perhaps it would swallow me up.

"So terrified I ran away and hid for hours. That's why I have to do another week. Believe me, it gets better."

I couldn't believe that she'd been scared. She was famous after all. I stood unresisting as the two girls took my clothes off.

"I'm not like you. I couldn't do that. Just the thought of someone touching me," I could feel myself panicking again as I breathed more quickly.

The other girl, Laura, stood in front of me. "Nobody's going to touch you today," she said. "Now concentrate, watch me, watch my breathing, slowly in, hold it, slowly out. In, hold, out. In, hold, out." Her droning voice and deep breaths were mesmerising and I felt myself beginning to calm down. Until I thought about all the things I was going to have to do. "I can't bear the thought of the rest of the week, everyone touching me and.. and..."

"That's enough," she almost shouted at me. I stepped back thinking she was really going to hit me. Then she spoke firmly and slowly. "Concentrate on today." She paused. "Nobody is going to touch you today. If they do, tell somebody, tell me or Heather if you don't want to speak to anyone else." She paused again. "Think about getting through the next three hours, most of which is in lessons anyway and come and sit with us at lunchtime."

I walked with them to the boys showers. The little one, my age, Shelley was being groped by all of the boys. "I just wanted to see what it was like," she said, as if it was the most natural thing in the world to do.

Then another girl (the girl who had been having sex before) wanted the same. She even let them stick fingers in her bum, then she got one of the boys (not the one she'd had sex with before) to have anal sex with her. It was horrible and I knew they'd expect me to do all that.

When he'd finished having... fucking her, he suggested we all went back to the changing room. That girl stayed to get clean.

Then he turned to me. "I have a reasonable request." Nothing about this sounded reasonable to me. "Please sit on the table." I could do that, and did, but it got worse.

"Would you open your legs please? I want to see your pussy." I was stunned. I'd almost forgotten I was naked I'd been so scared. "Please, Samantha, I'm not doing this to upset you. Trust me?"

Something in his voice made me want to trust him. I nodded, but I couldn't move my legs. I told him, expecting him to be cross.

"Can I move them for you?" he asked. I nodded. He very gently moved my legs apart, not taking his eyes off of my face. Heather took my hand and gave it a squeeze. Then the boy knelt down in front of me. I just knew he was going to touch me... THERE. But he didn't. He was a few inches from my pussy, looking at it and smiling, but in a nice way.

He looked back up at me and said. "Nice. You have a really pretty pussy, Samantha."

I said "Thank you," just like he was complimenting me on my dress, or make-up, or something I'd done.

"Now can you sit on that table and show it to my friends?" I got down and walked to the next table. Then I sat down, and took a deep breath and put my legs wide apart. I couldn't believe I'd done that.

"Come and look, guys," he said. They all did. I felt myself going red. Nobody's ever seen me like that since I was a baby and now five boys were standing around a table, staring at my pussy. (I said it!)

"Can you hold yourself open for me?" he asked me.

"I don't know what you mean."

"Heather, can you show her?" She jumped onto the table opposite me and held her labia wide apart so that I could see right inside her. "I don't know if I can do that," I said.

Laura said, "Let me do it for you." I was too scared to reply, so I let her. She stood beside me and used two fingers from each hand to hold my pussy open. I knew the five boys could see everything. A few seconds later, I pushed her hands away. "I can do it."

Starting with Jed, each of the boys knelt down in front of me and looked into me. Nobody said a word. Then the girls did the same. When they'd finished I let go and asked "Is there anything else I have to do?"

Stand facing the table" said Heather, "Bend over, hold your bum cheeks open to show your asshole."

"But someone will stick fingers up me."

"Probably, but not today," she said.

Not very much reassured, I did it. Nobody touched me. It was alright.

I knew what Jed and the others had done. They'd tried to get me ready to go out to the rest of the school. They'd made me do all that, not because they wanted to do anything with me, but because they wanted to help me.

As the bell rang, I said to Jed, "I wish all boys were like you five. You could never hurt anyone."

I don't know what I'd done wrong, but he looked at me with a look of agony and ran out the door.

"What did I say?"

"It's okay," said Heather, "It wasn't your fault. But you'll have to ask Jed."

Shelley walked me to my classroom door, then went off to her own class. Now I was REALLY on my own.

Samantha, part 2

Program WEEK TWO MONDAY, Morning

Shelley left me at the door of my classroom and I suddenly felt terribly alone. My first lesson was English language and Mr. Thompson was busy explaining the difference between an adjective and an adverb. He paused as I came into the classroom, smiled, and said, "Welcome, Samantha." I felt every eye on me as I made my way to my seat. A boy from the back of the class whistled and others laughed. "That's enough," Mr. Thompson barked sharply. "Any of you who feel the need to be childish can go and help in the staff crèche for the day and return to this class when you've grown up a little."

There were no other interruptions and he didn't call on me during the class so I had time to think. The others this morning had been totally different to how I imagined them, especially Jed and Laura. Doing those things with them had been awful, but not as awful as I'd imagined. I'd felt safe with them somehow, but now I was alone.

They'd been nice to me because they had to be, but they were all friends and could help each other, not that most of them looked bothered about being naked or sex or anything. I could never be like that. The only time anyone ever paid any attention to me was when I sang, it was the only thing I was good at.

It just wasn't fair. No friends, and I get this to deal with. They were all confident and loved doing things I thought were, well, dirty. Of course Jed was really just trying to get me to let him have sex with me.

My God. Who was I kidding? Jed had the looks to get almost any girl in school and I suspect that he knew it. He could charm anyone into anything, look at how I'd reacted this morning to him. I'd have to be careful or he'd have me eating out of his hand.

As I thought that, I realised that I was being unfair. He hadn't been trying to take advantage of me, he'd just been being nice and then I said something that hurt him somehow. I'd have to apologise even if I didn't know what I'd said wrong.

Feeling more and more confused, I didn't even hear the end of lesson bell. "Miss Downing," I heard my name vaguely, it was Mr. Thompson. "Miss Downing," he repeated, "please stay after class to see me." Shit! What had I done wrong now?

"Sir?"

"Sit down, Samantha," he said gently, then closed the curtain on the window of the

door to the corridor. He returned and sat opposite me.

"You haven't heard a word in class. Are you finding it all a bit much?" he asked.

Was that the understatement of the century or what? I just nodded.

"You aren't alone, you know," he said. How did he know exactly what I was thinking?

"The others are all so confident, they were busy having an orgy this morning when I went in there. I can't be like that. And look at Heather, standing up in assembly this morning, stark naked, like it was okay."

"I don't think she'd mind if I told you, but you are actually coping better than she did this time last week."

"Me?" I shook my head.

"The boys from my cricket class found her hiding in the cricket hut, huddled in a corner, crying. She'd tried to cover herself with mud she was so embarrassed. At least you managed to come to class. She missed all morning, hiding in that hut. That's why she has to do a second week."

"How can she be so different?"

"Because she learned that even if some in this school can be bastards," I looked up sharply to hear him use that word, it just wasn't like him. He smiled and continued, "she learned that there were others that would support her, and before you say it, not just her sister." He guessed right again, that's exactly what I was going to say.

"Do you know why the headmaster ([see cultural notes](#)) chose the other three girls for this week?" I shook my head.

"Because they helped Heather survive last week when she thought she couldn't. You couldn't have a better group of people to help you through this. And I'll tell you what I told Heather last week, if anyone gives you any trouble, come to me."

"I feel kinda safe when I'm with them, but I can't be with them all the time," I said.

"There are a lot of people you don't even know who are looking out for you," he replied. "I think you might end this week by finding out you have more friends than you ever believed possible."

Somewhere in the back of my mind I heard the next lesson bell.

I looked up at him. He took out a handkerchief and wiped my eyes. "Now I think it's time for your next class. And you might find it goes better if you don't dwell on the program in every class. I can imagine that it's hard, but try to concentrate on the class."

"Sorry," I said sheepishly.

"Remember what I've said."

"I'll try." I had to run to my next class. He'd kept me talking for so long that I'd avoided any "requests" in the corridor.

The next lesson was surprisingly easy, but it was the one after that which I was dreading.

This time the moment I stepped into the corridor some boys wanted me to show them my pussy. I sat down and opened my legs trying my hardest to be a thousand miles away.

Suddenly someone touched me between the legs. His hand was slapped away hard by another boy, who said angrily, "No touching today, and can't you see she's scared enough already?" I didn't even see who he was as he turned and they all drifted away leaving me alone.

Was it that obvious I was scared? I guess it was.

Walking to the next lesson I bumped into Jed, literally. He was running in the opposite direction and knocked me flying. As he apologised, I stopped him and said, "Jed, Thank you for this morning. And I don't know what I said to upset you, and nobody will tell me, but I'm sorry, whatever it was."

He smiled. "You didn't say anything wrong. Don't assume that everything is your fault. You just reminded me, that's all." He lifted me to my feet. "Last week things got a little crazy, and I thought it would be a great idea if the five of us gathered round the naked girl and felt her up. We treated her like our personal sex toy and pushed away anyone who tried to stop us."

I looked at him, shocked. He continued, "Finally someone yelled at me, 'Look at her face,' and I did. She had tears running down her face and was too terrified even to scream for help. I've never been so ashamed in my life. As I told her the next day, we saw a naked body we could have fun with and forgot that there was a human being in there. I never thought I could ever abuse a girl and we did that to her. See, you can forget thinking I'm so wonderful. And stop blaming yourself for upsetting me. You just reminded me what I'm really like, that's all."

"You're not really like that. Even Heather adores you, you can see it in her eyes." He looked surprised at that.

"Thanks, Sam. I'll take a look next time I see her. Now we'd better finish true confessions and get to class."

This was the one I was dreading. Sex Education with superbitch Ms. Gordon. Sure enough, the moment I walked into the class, she snapped at me,

"You're late, Downing. Now sit on this table." She turned to face the class and continued, "Seeing as we've got someone from the program, we'll take a look at them."

"I was going to do boys' sexual anatomy, but as we haven't got a male participant this week, we'll do girls' instead." She turned to me, "Open your legs." She turned back to the class and said, "open your textbook to page 215."

"Now, as you can see, she has rather more pubic hair than is shown in the book. The fashion nowadays is usually to shave most or all of it, or frequently shave the area hiding the labia and vagina, and making a design from the hair covering the pubic bone. Because Downing is shyer than most girls, she has allowed it to grow naturally, so the parts aren't so visible."

She spoke to me without even turning to look at me, "Now hold your lips open." I closed my eyes and did as I'd done earlier in the morning.

"Now class, one at a time, bring your books with you and try to identify each of the parts. Unfortunately you cannot touch them as we've been informed that this no touching day applies to lessons as well. It would have been better if you could have felt her clitoris yourselves, but we'll have to get Downing to get it aroused to make it stand out."

I was horrified. What did she want me to do?

"Just find your clit and masturbate a little to make it stand out."

I've never done THAT. Luckily I knew where everything was, I wasn't THAT ignorant. But I'd never touched myself like some girls say they do.

I shivered a little as I touched my clit. I noticed Ms. Gordon smile nastily. She was enjoying my embarrassment.

I rubbed it slightly then took my hand away to hold myself open again. As each of the class came and looked closely at what had been my most private areas, I realised that they weren't mine any more. My body belonged to anyone who wanted to see it and tomorrow it would belong to anyone who wanted to touch it. With a flash of clarity I understood how Heather had gone from shy wallflower like me, worse than me, to someone who would have sex with anyone and everyone. If our bodies weren't our own any more, if they'd been stolen from us and given to everyone else, what difference did it make if everyone used us?

Nobody had touched me and yet I felt like I'd been raped. The class had gone quiet and I looked up. I realised that I wasn't lying on the table any more. I was curled up in a tiny ball in the corner crying as I'd never cried before.

Ms. Gordon had obviously dismissed the class and gone without even speaking to me. Most of the students looked away, trying not to catch my eye. A few looked

sympathetic but didn't dare approach me.

But now was the time I'd been dreading almost as much as Sex Education, lunch, when I'd be on display to everyone for the first time. Just the thought made me sob harder again and I didn't move.

Samantha, part 3

Program WEEK TWO

MONDAY, Lunch, Afternoon & Evening

I'm afraid I'm not the best person to be writing what happened next. It's still a bit of a blur of images. I remember Laura bending over me and saying I'd be okay. I said something about rape being better and didn't even notice at the time the stricken look on Heather's face. I seem to be good at upsetting people today.

They tried to lift me up, I remember that. Then I was in Jed's arms being carried down the corridor. Then I remember a shock of cold water and I was in the shower with someone washing me while I clung to someone else. I told you I wasn't the best person to write about this.

As whoever was washing me gently touched my whole body, I began to feel human again. I realised that Laura was washing me and Heather was holding me up. They'd warmed the towels somehow and I've never felt so pampered as when Jed and Laura carefully dried me with the warm towels.

I followed them, not really knowing or caring where I was going.

A few boys asked for reasonable requests and Heather said that she'd do them. I must thank her sometime.

Nurse was her usual cheery self. It's impossible to feel bad when she's around. Soon I was eating a meal, I don't remember what it was, but I remember having two helpings.

Nurse told me not to eat too quickly, while the others looked surprised that I was eating so much. "No breakfast," I explained, not mentioning that I never had breakfast and probably nothing to eat tonight either. I survived on school dinners, which is why I could eat masses at lunchtime and still be thin as a rake, much to the envy of some other girls. If they only knew.

"Do I have to go back out there?" I asked.

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

Heather asked me how I'd 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," I replied.

Then it was lesson time again.

The first lesson was music. I love music. The previous week had been mainly instrumental, but this week it was my favourite, voice practice. I adore singing and it's one thing I'm actually good at. Not even being naked as I sang to the class could take that away from me, but as I sat down a nagging thought worried me. I couldn't pin it down, but something was bothering me, or maybe it was just a general fear.

I barely noticed the requests in the corridor, I was posing without even thinking.

I actually paid attention in Geography, can you believe that? Not that rock formations at the coast are exactly enthralling, but I was just so pleased to be able to think normally again instead of looking round to check who was staring at me.

The last lesson was Biology. You won't be surprised that I wasn't exactly looking forward to it, but it wasn't nearly as bad as I'd expected.

"This week we will continue our look at joints and musculature," said Mr. Wright. "We looked at the muscle groups supporting and controlling the ankle and the movement of the foot last time, so today we will look at the knee joint and the muscles affecting that."

"Miss Downing, can I use you for this, please?" I got up and walked up to the front. "Now, as you know, in lessons we are not bound by the same rules as reasonable requests, so although today is no touching, as you know from our studies last week, we need to feel the various muscle groups."

I knew it was too easy, and I must have looked upset, because he continued, "However, as you were told that you wouldn't have to be touched today, perhaps I should ask someone else to do this instead. You can sit down."

"It's okay," I said. "I can do it." Did I just SAY that? One minute I'm freaking out when people are looking at me, the next I'm volunteering to be touched? Okay, nothing intimate, but... I guess being ASKED makes a difference. He made me feel like what I wanted mattered.

He smiled at me, "Good girl. Okay if you can stand sideways on to the class, and bend your knee like this."

He began to point out the muscle groups and where they are attached to the bones. "To feel some of these you have to press slightly into the leg, but remember to be gentle or you'll hurt Samantha." He pointed out each muscle on the chart and

then on my leg. "Okay?" he asked me.

"I'm fine," I replied, not quite believing it myself. I was more than a little nervous of the students doing the same. Kneeling down to feel around my knee put their faces right at pussy level.

It went surprisingly easily. A few of the boys spent more time looking up than at my knee, but every one of them was careful and gentle. One stroked my leg as he examined my muscles and I was glad when his turn was over as his touch was having an effect on me I wasn't ready for.

After school, Shelley invited me to Laura's that night. We were going to have a meeting about the program, all ten of us. "I don't know if I can get there, I'm not allowed out after school."

"That's okay, tell your mum to ring Mr. Thompson. He'll confirm that it's a proper school activity. And Laura's mum will pick you up in her car at 7.30." She had it all figured out.

Actually, although I'm not allowed out after school, I'd said it partly as an excuse, I didn't want to spend the evening being reminded of school and the program. But what could I say as she'd fixed everything? Damn.

"Have fun slutting around all day?" said Mum when I got home. "Yes, we get told when you are in this program. I bet you're having a great time with all those other sluts. Just as well you can't catch anything thanks to the injections you all have to have." I got this every time I went out, even at weekends. In the end I just stopped going out.

"I've got to go out to a program meeting tonight."

"You know you don't go out on school nights."

"It's an official school program meeting. Here is the teacher's number if you want to check," I said.

Mum still wasn't happy about it, until Laura's mum turned up and confirmed (again!) that it was a genuine school thing. Then she let me go.

"Laura can't come," said Laura's mum. "She has to fill in for someone at work, but the others are coming. I'm going to stay upstairs out of the way, but if you need me, just call. I have strict instructions from Laura to look after you."

Two of the boys couldn't make it either, so it was just 4 of us girls and 3 boys.

"Okay," began Shelley, "Let's take off our clothes." I was going to object but

everybody else had already started undressing. After today, what difference did it make?

"Right, we're going to have a petting party," she continued. I didn't like the sound of that. "We take it in turns. First we spin the bottle and whoever it points to is the person we have to touch. Then we pick up one of these cards, which have different instructions. The ones on white paper are tame, the ones on blue paper are more exciting."

"I can't do this," I objected.

"That's what you said this morning," said Heather, "but you did it. And from what I hear, you were fine all day apart from that bitch Gordon."

"Yes, but..."

Jed spoke. "You trusted us this morning. Did it help you today?"

I bowed my head, but admitted, "Yeah."

"Will you trust us now?"

"It's alright for all of you. You're all friends, and you're all happy with, with..."

"Sex," finished Suzie. "You can say it."

"Well, sex and stuff. I'm not like you."

"You mean, we're all sluts and you're not?" asked Heather. For a moment I thought I'd made her angry till I realised that she was smiling at me.

"She's the Superslut and we're the Slutsisters;" said Shelley, running it together as one word. We all laughed at that.

"Not to mention Supertongue Suzie," added Heather.

"No, I mean, I don't know what I mean. I'm just not comfortable with any of this," I answered miserably.

"Sam," said Suzie. "We're not asking you to take part in an orgy. But like it or not tomorrow a lot of people are going to be touching you and feeling you up whether you like it or not. You've got this one chance to try to get used to the idea."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to sound snotty about you."

"You said we are all friends," said Heather. "This time last week, I knew Laura and Shelley. Suzie I thought was a bitch, sorry Suzie, and I didn't know the boys at all, and from our first meeting I didn't want to know them. Now they are all

the best friends I've got."

"I wish I could be like you," I said, feeling close to tears.

"You think you have no friends? Why do you think we are all here if you've got no friends?"

I sat silent, miserable.

"You know your problem?" Heather went on. "You wouldn't recognise a friend if they jumped up and kissed you."

And she did. She turned my face towards her and kissed the tears that were running down my cheeks. Then she kissed me ever-so-gently on the lips. I froze, not knowing what to feel or think.

"You might be able to kiss me into forgetting I'm frightened," laughed Suzie, "but it doesn't work with everyone."

Everyone else laughed at that as well and I found myself joining in.

"Okay, I'll do it," I said. "Look in case I freak out or anything, thanks for trying." I looked around at all of them, gulped once and asked, "Now what do I have to do?"

Jed smiled at me, then handed me the bottle. "Why don't you spin it first?"

The bottle pointed at Suzie and I snatched up a card, a white one.

"Read it out," said Shelley.

"Fondle Boobs."

I reached out with a hand and touched her breast.

"Boobs don't bite, you know," she said and I laughed. "Pretend you're just examining them by touch."

I carefully ran my hands all over her boobs and finished by brushing them over her nipples. She gave a slight gasp. "Sorry," I said.

"Don't be," Suzie said, "My nipples are really sensitive since I've been going naked, that's all. Do it some more." She took my hands and put them back against her nipples. I rolled her nipples in my fingers and watched her face to see what she liked and what she didn't. She seemed to like it all!

"My turn," said Shelley to everyone's amusement. The bottle turned to Stephen. "Grope Bum." Stephen turned round. Shelley squeezed his bum, and stroked it, pulling his legs apart so she could run a finger down in between. "Hold your bum open," she ordered. Then she ran her finger down between his buttocks

again, this time carefully tickling his arsehole. Stephen barely suppressed a gasp.

"Hey, the white cards were supposed to be tame," he protested.

"Yeah but this is Shelley," said Heather, "and she hasn't got as far as the letter T in the Dictionary yet." We all laughed.

"Stephen's turn next," said Shelley.

The bottle turned to Suzie. "Fondle boobs."

When he'd finished, Suzie said, "Why don't we forget the bottle, except for Sam? We're here so she gets used to this, so when it's our turn, we do whatever we have to do with Sam, and when it's her turn, she rolls the bottle to see who she has to do it with."

"OK," said Heather and Jed together. The others agreed.

"Sam?" Suzie asked.

I sheepishly nodded my agreement. What was I letting myself in for? I asked myself.

Suzie took a card. It was another fondle boobs card. The sensation as she touched me was incredible. She gently caressed my boobs, lightly brushing my nipples each time.

Christopher had another fondle boobs card. His touch was different, rather rougher than Suzie's, but still quite gentle. He startled me by finishing by dipping his head and ever-so-sweetly kissing each of my nipples.

I hadn't noticed that my legs had spread a little wider until Suzie said, "I think you liked that."

"Why?"

"You're all wet." It took me a second to realise what she meant, then I closed my legs abruptly.

"It's nothing to be ashamed of," she said. "Christopher, do the same to me." He bent down to kiss her boobs and I watched him play with her nipples, nipping them lightly between his teeth, then licking them quickly.

"Now, see Sam?" she said, "I'm all wet too." She took my hand and wiped it over her pussy. She was wetter than I was.

"Now feel yourself," she said. I did.

"Are you wet?"

"Yes."

"See, all that proves is that you're normal, just like us," she said triumphantly.

Heather was next and she didn't waste time with hands, she just started licking my boobs, sucking on my nipples and playing with them with her tongue.

Then came Jed. "Grope Bum."

"Bend over," he instructed. "And spread your legs apart a little way." He started stroking my thighs, then suddenly grabbed my buttocks and squeezed hard. Then he let go and lightly tickled each buttock. Switching between my bum and thighs was agony, but nice agony.

"Can you hold your bum open for me?" he asked. I actually did what he asked and he gently ran his finger down from my back almost to my pussy. He began smearing my juices around my arsehole and for a second I was afraid (hoping?) that he'd put his finger in me, I was SO sensitive. Then he stopped. "Your turn," he said.

I don't know what made me do it, but I picked a blue card. "It says play with cock," I said. I spun the bottle and it pointed to Shelley.

She stood up, opened herself up. "Sorry, Don't have one. You'll have to spin again."

This time it pointed to Stephen.

Nervously, I touched it, then ran my fingers down to his balls. I grasped it with one hand and began to move my hand up and down. He moved my hand and placed it differently. "That's nicer," he said, smiling at me.

I stroked him faster while with my other hand I stroked his balls. "I'm going to cum if you don't stop," he said breathlessly.

I didn't stop and I realised I wanted to see if I could make him cum. He came alright, splattering his cum right in my face. Some even got in my hair. I bent down and kissed the tip of his cock.

"I'm sorry," I said, "I went too far."

"Yeah you look sorry," he replied. "Covered in cum with a big grin on your face." I giggled.

"Now it's my turn. And as you did that to me, I think turnabout is fair play, don't you?"

He saw the look of panic on my face.

"Don't worry. I promise not to hurt you and I'll stop if you tell me to, okay?"

I hesitated for a couple of seconds, then I nodded but I couldn't keep a small grin

off my mouth or a blush out of my cheeks, I was pretty sure.

"Come over here and lie down on the carpet, and pull your legs apart."

He began to slowly stroke my pussy, then carefully opened me up to stroke inside. He put his finger to his mouth and licked. "You taste nice," he said.

Then I felt his finger slip just inside me. I wanted to close my legs but I didn't. Shelley came and held my hand. I think that meant as much to me as Stephen's finger! I opened my eyes and smiled at her. She smiled back but then that finger got my attention again.

He pulled his finger out and touched my clit and before I had time to react to that, he had two fingers deep into me. For a second I felt a sharp pain. I looked down and saw blood, my blood.

"Oh god, I'm sorry, I didn't know. Are you okay?" he asked, pulling his fingers out of me.

"Just don't stop...please."

He put his fingers back. I was a little sore, but not bad, and suddenly he found a spot that made me – Wow!

He saw my reaction and rubbed it again and again.

"No, No, too much." He stopped.

"No, don't stop. Please don't stop!"

They were all looking at me and I felt like they were somehow urging me on. He laughed and he carried on faster and faster until an intense feeling went through me like I never knew was possible. It kept coming and going in waves until finally it subsided. Only then did he take his fingers out of me.

"Is it always like that?"

"NO," said Heather and Suzie together. The others laughed, and so did I.

We all stopped and then I started to giggle again, this time to myself. "What?" Suzie asked. I shook my head. "If my mum could see me now." And that started another round of laughter.

"I'd better take you to the shower," said Heather. Stephen came along to wash his hands.

"I'll leave you two to get cleaned up," said Heather.

I was surprised (and pleased!) when Stephen stepped into the shower with me. Then he began to slowly wash me, starting with my boobs, then down my tummy

to my pussy, squirting the shower hose into me, which almost sent me over the edge again! Then he washed my legs.

We dried one another and rejoined the others.

I think the others had been having fun of their own as Shelley especially looked all flushed when we went into the room.

I flopped down on the sofa next to Shelley, but didn't have time to relax, because Christopher came over to me.

"Okay, stand up," he said, "It's now tomorrow morning and you've just arrived at school."

"I don't know if I can stand for long after that." I was talking to Christopher, but smiling at Stephen.

As soon as I was standing (just a little bit shakily!), Jed came up behind me and began to grope my boobs, and not particularly gently. Christopher stood in front of me, then he simply reached down, grabbed my pussy and stuck some fingers up me. I was really glad I was still wet.

"Bend over and show us your bum," Christopher ordered.

I knew what was coming but it still hurt as he pushed a finger into my arse.

"Stop a sec," said Heather and he took his finger out. "Guys will probably do that and it hurts right?"

"Yeah."

"So here's a little secret." I noticed Suzie and even Shelley listening carefully. "Just before you get to the school door, slip a couple of fingers up you pussy," and without warning she stuck two fingers up my pussy, "get them nice and wet and work them into your bum to give it a bit of lubrication." She stuck her fingers into my bum and she was right, it was better. "Okay guys, now carry on."

Christopher put two fingers in me and it wasn't comfortable, but it wasn't bad. Stephen came over and shoved some of his fingers into my pussy, while Jed kept grabbing and pinching my boobs.

They stopped for a moment and gently pushed me onto my back. Jed raised my legs into an obscene position and Christopher and Stephen seemed to be having a finger battle for possession of my holes. Suddenly it struck me as hysterically funny and I started laughing.

They removed their fingers and Jed let my legs down.

I sat up, still laughing. I couldn't seem to stop.

"Thank you, all of you." I managed to say eventually. "I've never laughed so much in my life as I have this evening. I'm still not looking forward to tomorrow, but if I do freak out again, it won't be your fault."

"It's been a pleasure ma'am," said Stephen bowing formally, then spoiling the effect by straightening up and waving his now-floppy dick in my face.

I pretended to try to bite it and we laughed again.

"Don't even think about freaking out," Heather advised. "Just think about the next few minutes, say to yourself I can survive this for the next five minutes. Then if it's an awful experience and goes on for longer, think about the next five minutes, and the next, until it's over. Five minutes at a time."

"Okay," I agreed.

"Now, tomorrow, the worst time will be when we get there because they will all try to grope us while we are undressing. There should be a teacher there to stop that happening, but if there isn't, just go along with whatever I do, okay, no matter how strange it seems?"

"Okay."

I went to bed a total mixture of feelings which I still haven't sorted out. That wasn't me this evening, it couldn't be me.

Could it?

Samantha, part 4

Program WEEK TWO TUESDAY

Sorry this section of my journal is late. I couldn't write anything Tuesday evening, so I had to write it on Wednesday.

I woke up early, feeling happy. If that sounds strange to you, it sounds even stranger to me. I never wake up happy. I get woken up by mum yelling at me. Then she finds every little thing that she can to moan about until I leave for school.

School was a refuge from home. But after once bringing a friend home to find mum half drunk and swearing at both me and the friend, I never did that again. It was easier to avoid people and not have friends.

I wasn't much good at school, especially in maths and sciences. When we'd had a maths exercise about running a bank account, everyone had laughed at me, because

I'd made such a mess of it. Every time I had to take account of a cheque, I'd added it to the balance instead of taking it away.

So I learned not to be noticed. I was good at that, so good that when someone organised a class party they forgot to invite me. I mean that, they weren't trying to be horrible, they forgot I was in the class. They were so apologetic that they made me feel even worse!

And no, I didn't go to the party. I don't go out any more. Since I started at senior school, Mum became obsessed that I was "slutting around", as she put it, every time I went out in the evenings. If I did go out I spent the evening worrying about the scene when I'd get home. In the end it was just easier not to go out at all.

The only thing I loved was music, any kind of music. Luckily, apart from being invisible, it was the other thing I was good at. I'm told I have perfect pitch and I love to sing. Some of the other girls in the school choir have tried to make friends with me, but I'm the loner. I didn't try to make them understand, it was easier to keep them away.

And now this Program. Suddenly I was the centre of attention almost everywhere I went. I'd had to let anyone look at my breasts or pussy or arsehole all day. Today would be worse as I'd have to let them touch me, or grope me to be more accurate. A total nightmare.

And yet I woke up happy. I had friends. Friends that cared enough to waste an evening to help me, when all I had done was call them nasty names. Okay, we were supposed to support each other but they cared, I could sense that. And suddenly today wasn't the nightmare I'd been dreading. I even smiled at breakfast.

Of course Mum jumped on me for that, "I suppose that stupid grin is because you're dreaming of being with all those boys all day now you have the perfect excuse to be everything you should be ashamed to be."

Not even Mum could destroy my mood this morning. "Mum. I have real friends for the first time and I don't care what happens today." Why did I bother to answer her? I knew she'd twist everything I said against me.

Sure enough. "Boyfriends you mean," she started. "How many have you slept with already?"

I laughed and nearly choked on my cereal. By the time I'd finished coughing it was too late for an answer. And I didn't care. I got up from the table, got my bag, said "Bye, Mum," and kissed her goodbye.

She was too stunned to answer. If shocking her into silence was that easy, I'd have to kiss her goodbye more often.

I was already learning that when you're in the Program, the weirdest thoughts

occur to you. I was on the bus and wondering what everyone's reaction would be if I did some outreach and stripped off right now. The thought was so tempting that I decided, "Yes, I'll do it."

I took off my jumper and tie, then started on the buttons of my blouse. I'd undone half of them when I noticed a couple of boys staring at me and chickened out. I was about to do the buttons up again, but stopped myself. No. Let them look. I spent the rest of the journey trying to summon the courage to undo more buttons, but couldn't find it.

Of course when I got off the bus, they followed me. Hardly surprising as they went to my school, so I guess they were gonna see me anyway.

SHIT! I was the first one there. Oh God, don't say I have to do this alone. Then Gerald turned up. He hadn't been at the petting party (as Shelley had called it) last night, so he was surprised to see me with my blouse already half undone. "Hi, Samantha. How are you doing?" he said as he kicked off his shoes and began to unzip his trousers.

I put my jumper and tie into my clothes box and reached for the buttons of my blouse. My hands were shaking as I realised that I wasn't as confident as I'd felt earlier, especially as I was now surrounded by boys who were already chanting, "Off, Off, Off." Gerald was surrounded by so many girls that I couldn't see him. After everything that had been said last night, I was alone.

None of the other girls were here and where was the teacher that was supposed to be protecting us?

The chant had changed. "What do we want?" "TITS!" "When do we want 'em?" "NOW!" I fumbled with a button and couldn't get it undone. "TITS, TITS, TITS, TITS...."

"No you don't," said a familiar voice and my hands were pulled away from my buttons. Suzie, thank God. I breathed a sigh of relief.

She bent her mouth to my ear and said loudly. "Remember, follow my lead, do what I do."

She began to kiss my ear and then moved round to kiss me on the mouth. I kissed her back and the chanting around us died down.

She unbuttoned the rest of my blouse and stroked me as she slipped it off my shoulders and arms, then put it in the box. "Now me," she said.

I pulled her jumper over her head and unbuttoned her blouse. My hands weren't shaking any more. She pulled us together for another kiss, this time her hands running up and down my back. I did the same to her.

Then she pushed me away and turned me around. She had my skirt unzipped and at my feet in seconds, but she didn't stop there. While I was turned away from her she smoothly undid my bra and quickly pulled it off. All eyes were staring at my boobs, so I was glad when she turned me around again and turned her back to me to take off her skirt and bra.

Now we faced each other again and she bent her head down to kiss from my neck down to my boobs. The boys were entranced. I pushed her up so I could kiss her boobs. One of her hands was inside her knickers, then she took it out and put it in my mouth. I could taste her on her fingers.

Now her hand was inside my knickers, her fingers beginning to probe me. I could feel boys pressed up behind me.

"Hey," Suzie shouted. "If you want to see more, you'll have to give us some space." They actually tripped over each other as they backed off a few feet. I couldn't suppress a giggle.

She suddenly stopped and slipped off her knickers. She held them to the nose of the nearest boy, then threw them into the crowd.

If I went home without knickers it would confirm Mum's every thought about me. That was enough to make me want to do it. I pulled them down without another thought. My God! She'd managed to make me wet. They were soaked. A sudden dirty thought crossed my mind and I held them to my nose and inhaled my own scent.

I saw one of the boys that had stared at me on the bus and I wiped them over his mouth and nose. I looked down and felt pleased that he was in obvious discomfort in his trousers. "You want these?" I asked. He nodded eagerly so I pushed my knickers down the front of his trousers.

Suzie took charge again. "Lift one leg up, " she instructed. When I did, she lifted it higher and I fell back slightly. Many hands caught me. Now she was licking me, THERE. I could already feel myself cumming. Then she stuck two fingers into my pussy and withdrew them straightaway then wiped my own juices over my arsehole before inserting them slightly, then taking them out again.

I knelt down in front of her and got my first close-up look at another girl's pussy. I kissed it lightly, then used my fingers to hold her open as I licked her for the first time. I had the crazy desire to force as much of my tongue into her as I could and I felt her body react.

At that moment I was distracted. As I was bent down to Suzie I was basically presenting my other end as an easy target, and of course, it wasn't ignored for long. I felt a finger playing with my clit. That was too much after my orgasm, so I reached behind and pushed his finger into me. At least that wasn't QUITE so

hypersensitive.

Poor Suzie. My unexpected pause had lost it for her. I tried my best to rekindle it with my fingers, but the moment had passed. The bell went.

I got up (with difficulty). "Sorry," I said, "I was startled by a guy's finger on my clit."

She smiled ruefully. "That's okay, but you owe me one."

"I'll look forward to it," I replied, shocking myself as I realised that I would.

Maybe Mum knows me better than I thought, I wondered. Maybe somewhere deep inside there really is a slut trying to get out. Just like Heather, I thought, smiling to myself. At that moment I spotted Heather and Shelley for the first time as the boys who had been surrounding each of them drifted away. Shelley looked a right state. She'd obviously been having fun too.

Shelley saw my smile and looked questioningly at me.

This time yesterday the thought of being a slut would have terrified and disgusted me. Now if anything, it amused me.

Another silly thought crossed my mind. If Heather's the "Superslut", Heather and Shelley together are "The Slutsisters" and Suzie is "Supertongue", I wonder what they'll be calling me by the end of the week. And isn't it time Laura had a nickname too?

We were allowed to skip assembly if we needed to shower after the morning groping. It was officially called the Morning Display, but after Heather's first week nobody called it that any more, even the staff.

I certainly needed a shower and wasn't surprised to find the other girls in the boys shower with me.

"You ready for today?" asked Shelley brightly. "You seemed to be okay just now."

"Yeah, thanks to Suzie," I replied. "I hardly got bothered. Somehow I don't think the rest of the day will be quite that easy. But I'll be okay." I flashed her a smile.

As it happens, I was right. In the first lesson I was able to concentrate, and it was Maths of all things. I even answered a question and to everyone's surprise, including mine, got it right.

My first real test on my own came between the first and second lesson. I had hardly got out of the classroom before I was surrounded by boys wanting reasonable requests.

Almost before I'd said "Yes" to the first he put his hand on my pussy. Another wanted to kiss me. Was that a reasonable request? Nothing I'd read mentioned that.

Hell, what difference did it make? I was quite glad I'd said yes as it was nice. Not earth-shatteringly mind-blowingly nice, but nice. While he was kissing me, I felt a mouth on one of my nipples, then another on my other. Someone was grabbing at my bum a little roughly too.

The finger was removed from my pussy and others replaced it. Breaking the kiss, I looked down to see three different boys each with a finger in me, the two who were sucking on my boobs and one other.

They were making me a little sore and I backed off a little. The lesson bell went and I pulled away with relief.

Five minutes survived, I thought.

The second, longer, break was more difficult. "Can you bend over and show us your bum?" What choice did I have?

When he promptly stuck fingers into my pussy, I straightened up. "Ask first," I said angrily.

"I want to finger you," he replied.

"No," I said.

"But you have to," he argued.

"You've had one request, it's someone else's turn." I turned to a shy-looking boy and asked him, "Do you have a reasonable request?"

He nodded. "Can I finger you?"

"Yes, if you're gentle."

He carefully stuck a finger into me, looking at me as if I was about to bite him at any moment. "You can be a little harder than that," I told him.

Another wanted to feel my bum. He went straight for my arsehole and tried to put a finger in me. As "feel your bum" seemed to mean stick a finger up there, I told him, "Make your finger wet first."

He licked his finger and began to put it into my arse, carefully, thank God.

While this was going on, another was stroking my boobs with both hands. When he pulled on my nipples I cried out, "Hey, I'm attached."

"Okay, enough," I said. "I need a quick shower before the next lesson. Anyone want to help?" I'd said THAT?

Needless to say I wasn't short of volunteers. I had the advantage of being naked and they were trying to keep their uniforms dry so I wasn't groped in the shower. I

did get lots of help drying myself, especially certain parts.

I had Art next and was surprised to be told to choose my own position. I sat on a table with my knees drawn up to my chest, feet together and rested my head on my knees. That is more comfortable than it sounds. Someone clicked with a digital camera and at the end of the session when the photo was displayed on the computer I realised that it wasn't as modest as I'd thought. From slightly to either side of my feet you could clearly see my pussy lips between my legs. After what I'd done this morning did it really make any difference?

We were all gathered in the dining hall, except Laura, and talking about the rumour that Laura had had a fight with Ghastly (Gordon), when she was led into the room by Mr. Graham and Ghastly. There were also rumours of a video.

She looked scared and resigned. Until that moment I'd thought of her as tough as steel, the invulnerable one. She didn't look that way now.

There was a collective gasp when they put her hands behind her back and handcuffed them because she'd been covering herself. Then Nurse appeared with scissors and began to cut off her lovely long hair for the same reason. I have long hair, though not as long as Laura's, and I could imagine my feelings if someone cut mine.

Nurse missed her vocation. She actually made a good job of the cut, much to Ghastly's displeasure going by the look on her face, and left Laura's hair still quite long, but above her boobs.

That was bad enough, but then they bent her over a table and caned her. I could see her gritting her teeth determined not to cry out. I don't know how many strokes they gave her, but on the final one she let out a strangled cry.

Heather and Shelley were speaking to Jed, looking as shocked as I felt. Mr. Graham and Ghastly left the room leaving Laura still bent over the table. Laura looked towards our table, her face streaked with tears. I froze. If they could break Laura like that, what chance did any of us have?

Suzie and Christopher pushed past me and ran to help Laura. They led her quickly out of the dining hall and a buzz of conversation started all around us.

I swear I wanted to go and help Laura, but she'd be okay with Suzie and Christopher, I reasoned. Liar, I accused myself. You just can't handle her pain. It was true. I got through life by trying not to feel. This was too raw. And it was Laura. Not only one of my new friends, but one I thought was like a rock. I didn't even want to think about it.

Nobody approached our table the whole of that lunchtime. The whole school seemed to have gone into shock. Suzie and Christopher brought Laura back and she stood while Suzie fed Laura. None of us said a word. What can you say when

there is nothing to say?

No, that's another excuse. I was scared to say anything in case I made her cry again. But she seemed almost zombie-like, going through the physical motions of eating while not really being there at all.

I don't remember anything from that afternoon's lessons, but I didn't get a single reasonable request in the breaks in between them. The shock from lunchtime seemed to have had the effect of making everyone avoid me, and probably the others as well.

I had choir practice after school. My singing was lifeless. Mr. Tyler, the music teacher and choirmaster was understanding. "I know you probably don't feel like singing joyfully today," he said kindly. "I hope you are feeling better on Thursday night."

THURSDAY NIGHT! THURSDAY NIGHT! The words went through me like I'd been hit by a train. How could I have forgotten? I'd been dreaming about it for months. I ran. I ran into the first darkened room I found. Thursday night. Why did it have to be **THIS** week?

Sorry, I'm rambling. Thursday night was the regional semi-finals of the inter-school choir competition. Not only would Mum be there, but she'd got tickets for neighbours, family I'd hardly heard of. Her daughter was going to be a star. Something I did that she was actually proud of. We'd even be on live TV. And I had the main solo all to myself.

And I'd have to do it naked.

I can't do this, I thought, my mind in a whirl. Why me? Why this week? I could picture Mum's face of disgust reflected in our relatives and neighbours.

I'd dreamed of this for months and they'd ruined it for me. No music producer would take me seriously after this, at least only the ones that thought having a naked singer would make songs sell well. My life was over. Thank you, Program.

I walked to the kitchen in a trance, took a knife and slowly slit my left wrist. I don't even remember any pain. With my right hand over the cut, I ran to the toilets, sat down and bolted the door.

I should have written a note, I thought. Make someone realise what they'd done to me. Nobody would find me until the morning.

At that thought I began to feel frightened and also began to feel the pain. I let out a sob as I watched my life drip away onto the floor. I put my right hand over my left wrist. Seconds later the door came flying open and Laura was there.

"I've done something silly. Please help me," I said like an idiot.

She tried to reach my wrist, but her hands were still cuffed behind her. "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."

I did as she said but just knew it was too late, "Laura, I'm scared," I said.

She ran out to get help, but was back in moments. I was beginning to drift away. I was caught in a whirlpool of blood and it was spinning faster and faster drawing me down into the hole in the centre. The more I fought, the closer I got.

In the distance I heard her voice telling me to stay awake, then a sharp pain as she kicked my leg brought me back to reality. "You must concentrate. Nurse will be here any minute."

I looked at her hopelessly, "I'm sorry."

"You'll be alright, I promise you," she replied.

Suddenly there was Nurse and a crowd of people. Everyone was talking at once and then everything became quiet and everything went black. The last thought I remember was how stupid it was to die like this.

I woke up surrounded by bright lights. My wrist was bandaged and throbbed painfully. There was a tube running into my other arm, obviously I was having a blood transfusion. I later learned that they had first given me two units of something they called plasma and this now was the second unit of blood.

"Hi, Deary." I recognised that voice. It was Nurse.

"Hi, Nurse," I said.

"You want to tell me what this was all about?"

So I told her. I mean I told her everything. About my life, Mum, my singing, the choir and how Thursday night was going to ruin my career before it even started.

I learned that the doctors wanted to admit me to a Psycho ward for observation for a week or so and that after that I'd be given a medical exemption from the Program.

I'd never have to do this again. Relief surged over me. It was over.

"I'm going to get a cup of tea," she said smiling. "Your friends are here to see you." After she went out, Laura, Suzie and Shelley came in.

"So you're out of the Program?" said Suzie.

"Yes," I grinned, then felt guilty. "I let you all down."

"No, you didn't," said Laura.

"Why did you do it?" asked Shelley.

"On Thursday night I am singing in the national school choir semi-finals," I explained. "It could make or break any singing career I have. And I suddenly realised that I'd have to do it naked. Nobody would take me seriously after that, not even our choir."

"Why not?" said Suzie. "Do you really think that any serious recording company is going to give up the chance of a good singer just because she happened to have been forced to sing naked once?"

"Especially with all the publicity you'll get them," finished Laura.

"I hadn't thought of that," I admitted.

Laura looked me in the eyes and said, "Sam, I'm sorry. We let you down. I let you down."

"No," I protested.

At that point Heather came in, her eyes were red, she'd been crying.

"You nearly died because I couldn't help you because of those damned handcuffs," Laura continued. "And I had them on because I was stupid. I gave Ghastly Gordon exactly the chance she wanted. And none of us were there for you when you needed us."

"You didn't know about Thursday because I forgot about it and didn't tell you. If anyone was stupid it was me." A thought crossed my mind. "When I come out of hospital, now I'm not going to be in the Program any more, will you still be my friends?"

They looked at me like I had two heads or something.

"Of course we will," said Shelley.

"Do you really think you can lose us that easily?" asked Laura.

"Even if you do make me lose my bet," said Heather.

"Anyway," said Suzie with a grin, "Program or no Program, you owe me one, remember?" I laughed and Suzie had to explain to the others what she meant.

Hey, wait a minute, I shouted to myself. "What bet?" I asked Heather.

Shelley answered with glee. "Heather bet the school that next Monday if she asked how many girls wanted to be in the Program, and there was less than twenty, she'd stay in the Program for the rest of the term."

"And after today, there's no WAY she's gonna win that bet," finished Suzie, grinning almost as much as Shelley was.

"It doesn't matter," Heather laughed, "I'm probably going to lose anyway, thanks to Ghastly Gordon."

"Sorry to ask what you've probably already told the others," said Heather, "but you were doing so well this morning, so why did you do it?"

"I was a soloist in the semi-finals of the national school choir competition on Thursday night," I answered. "And I suddenly realised that I'd have to do it naked and basically freaked out. It's so important to my career and I thought it was ruined forever."

"So what happens now?" she asked.

"They want to admit me to a psycho ward for a week, then I'll be exempt from the Program."

"Will they let you out to sing in the choir on Thursday if you're stuck in a psycho ward?" asked Heather.

I hadn't thought of that. After all this, I couldn't give that up now.

"The school nurse would probably know," said Laura. "She's in the canteen."

"Laura," said Heather, "can you fetch Nurse from the canteen? I think we'd better find out if Sam can still sing."

"Okay," she replied and went off.

"Sorry to change the subject," Heather continued, "But I've got an idea how to get those handcuffs off of Laura tomorrow. But I'll need your help."

She explained her idea and we all thought it was great.

"In case it doesn't work, don't say anything to Laura," she begged.

A minute or so later Laura was back with Nurse.

"No, if you're in hospital, you won't be able to sing at the contest," she said.

"But Nurse, I have to," I protested. "Do I have to stay in hospital?"

"They won't want to let you out until they are sure you aren't going to harm yourself again," she replied. "And anyway, if you don't stay here, you won't get the Program exemption."

Ouch.

Three more days of the Program for a chance of stardom?

No big decision.

"I want to go back to school. I have to sing in that contest," I said firmly.

Nurse shook her head. "I don't think they'll let you out."

"Please, Nurse," I begged, "Explain to them it was just a silly reaction and..."

A man in a dark suit came in.

"What was a silly reaction?" he asked. "I'm Dr. Gilbert by the way, duty registrar for Psychiatry. I have to assess you for admission."

"Thursday night I'm singing the main solo in a National contest. This afternoon I suddenly realised that because it's a school event I'll have to do it naked. I freaked out, panicked. That's all it was."

"All it was?" he asked. "From your notes I see that it nearly killed you."

"You can't admit me. I have to sing in this contest. It's the most important thing in the world to me."

"And what happens for the rest of your week in the Program? How can I be sure you won't try something else?"

"Look," I tried to explain. "I panicked because I thought I'd lose everything if I had to sing naked on Thursday. That nobody would ever take me as a serious singer. As the girls pointed out, if anything it will make companies want me if only for the publicity. Do you really think I'd do anything to give that up?"

He looked at me, his face obviously showing a conflict.

"And Nurse will be around if I need help before then, won't you, Nurse?"

She nodded.

"I'll have to discuss it with your Mother," he said.

"She refused to come," said Nurse. "Sorry, Deary."

"Even if you have support at school, I can't let you go out to a situation where you obviously have no support at home," he decided firmly. "I'm sorry. I can't take that risk."

"Then she's coming home with us," said a voice from behind him.

We turned to see a woman in a wheelchair.

"And you are?" he asked.

"The mother of this one," she said, grabbing Laura around the waist. "And a Registered Nurse, both general and mental illness, with post-graduate qualifications in counselling and about ten years' experience in crisis counselling."

He looked surprised.

She continued, "We've met before, if you remember. I'm on the board of the local Rape Crisis helpline and support association and I spoke at your last conference on crisis counselling."

Now he looked impressed.

"Now, if you can ask the casualty doctors if this girl is fit to go, I'll take her home now."

Dr. Gilbert considered this carefully. I could hardly breathe while I and the others waited silently.

"First, I must make some conditions," he finally responded. My heart leapt. She'd done it, he'd given in.

"Can you arrange to take her to school and pick her up afterwards?" he asked Laura's mum.

"No problem."

"Okay. Now then, young lady," he continued, addressing me. "I'm taking a serious risk letting you go, do you understand?"

I nodded.

"If I let you go, you are still legally under my care and my patient. I am placing you in the care of Mrs..."

"Townley," interjected Laura.

"Mrs. Townley. That solves any objections from your mother." He went on. "After school you go straight home with Mrs. Townley and you stay there and do not go out alone. If you go out, you must be with one of these fellow participants or Mrs. Townley."

He turned to the girls, "Girls, if you go out with Samantha, you will not leave her alone for a minute, agreed?"

"We'll stick to her like glue," promised Shelley. He smiled.

"In school, your nurse will work out a routine for you so that you aren't left alone any more than necessary."

"Okay," I said.

"And there's one more condition." He tried to look sternly at me as he paused but failed. "Get me a ticket for Thursday night."

"Okay, no problem."

"Now I'd better see these casualty doctors and convince them that I haven't lost MY mind. Don't make me regret this decision, promise me?"

"I promise."

"Mrs. Townley, I'd like to see her in my office here at 6pm on Friday night, if you can manage that. Then we'll try to decide what to do after that." I must have looked cross because he continued, "When I said we, I meant you, Samantha, but with our help." I nodded.

Half an hour later they'd finished giving me blood and I was soon on my way to Laura's.

Laura loaned me a night-dress to put on as I didn't have any clothes. After something to eat, Laura's mum shooed us up to bed.

"Mrs. Townley," I began. "Thank you."

"Come here," she ordered. I walked to her chair and she put an arm around me and pulled me down for a hug.

I shared a room with Laura, apparently she often had friends to stay overnight. I wanted to talk about our plans for tomorrow, but remembered just in time that I'd promised to say nothing.

"Laura," I called.

"Yeah?" she said sleepily.

"Your mum's fantastic."

"Yeah, she is."

"Goodnight."

"Goodnight."

Samantha, part 5

Program WEEK TWO WEDNESDAY

I woke up literally screaming in the middle of the night in a strange bed feeling a terrific panic. I don't know what I'd been dreaming about but I just knew I wasn't going to make it through this week.

Laura and her mum were at my side at once.

"It was just a nightmare," Laura's mum reassured me.

"I know, but what if everything goes wrong tomorrow? I'm not strong like Laura." Laura snorted at that.

"Well you are," I protested, "At least a lot stronger than I am."

"Even if that's true, Sam, right now I don't feel very strong at all."

"What do you mean if everything goes wrong tomorrow?" Laura's mum looked concerned.

I remembered just in time that I couldn't tell them about the plan. "I don't know," I said. "I've just got this awful feeling like something dreadful is going to happen."

Laura sat down on the bed beside me and hugged me. "We can't stop what happens at school, but I promise you Mum and I'll be here for you, no matter what happens. You will get through this week."

"And after this week? Mum hates me even more now. You heard what she said on the phone." When she'd been called to be told that I was staying here for the week, she'd said, "Good riddance to bad rubbish. I never wanted the fucking brat and she's been a millstone round my neck since the day she was born. If she wants to be a slut somewhere else, she can. But I never want to see her again." I will probably remember those words till the day I die.

The doctor calling her had slammed his hand on the "speaker" button to try to cut off the sound when he realised that I could hear every word, but he was too late.

"Mum," said Laura, "Can't she stay here in my room? In a few months I go to University and I don't mind sharing until then."

"Samantha, your mother was angry. We all say things we don't mean when we're angry."

"She meant every word," I said. "She's always said that having me destroyed her life and she wishes that she'd had an abortion."

Laura and her mum looked at each other at that.

Then Mrs. Townley looked at me with sudden comprehension. "Is that why this concert means so much to you?"

I nodded. "If I can make it, if I can get some producer to notice me, I can get away, out of my home, out of this school, away from my mother and then... Then maybe I can have a real life."

"Is it that bad?"

"She doesn't beat me every night or anything like that. In fact she never hits me at

all and there's nearly always food and stuff. Compared to what some kids have to put up with, it's nothing. But she hates me and nothing I say or do is ever right. I used to think if I did really well at school and was the perfect daughter that I could make her love me, but I can't. This concert was the first thing she's ever been proud of me for and she's bringing all her horrid friends to show me off to them. And now I have to do that naked."

I paused. "I know that I can never make her want me. Now I just want to get away."

"Even from your friends?" she asked.

"I couldn't even have any friends because she'd scare them out of the house. She did it once before."

Laura took my hand. "Guess what, kid? You've got one now, so like it or lump it."

"You're really nice, and I'm grateful that you're helping me, please don't think I'm not. But you're in the Program with me and we're supposed to support each other. Please don't pretend that you actually like me or will want to know me once this horrid week is over."

Even as I said it, I wished I could take it back. No wonder I don't have any friends.

Laura turned to her mum. "Mum, you've got work tomorrow, you really ought to get some more sleep. We'll be okay." Her mum left and Laura turned to me, "Why shouldn't we like you? Apart from that last thing you said. What's not to like? You're cute, talented, pretty... yes, pretty," she repeated when I laughed at that. "And when you're not upset like now, I've never heard you say a nasty word to anyone. So why shouldn't we like you?"

"Cause nobody does. I don't have any friends," I argued.

"Have you let anybody be your friend?"

I shook my head.

"Why not?"

"Because if I take friends home, she'll scare them off."

"Yeah you said that. What about the one you did take home? Was she scared off?"

"We weren't friends after that."

"And why was that? Did she say she didn't want to be friends with you because of your Mum? Because if she did, she wasn't much of a friend in the first place."

"No. She was nice. But I told her that we couldn't be friends any more."

"So you never gave her a chance. You pushed her away before she could hurt you, before even giving her a chance to be your friend." With a flash I realised that she was right. I'd been pushing people away for as long as I could remember.

"And you're so used to pushing people away before they can hurt you that you're still doing it now, tonight, to Mum and me."

It felt like years of hurt were pouring out as I realised what I'd been doing all this time. "I'm sorry," I managed to get out between my tears.

When I'd finished crying, it seemed to go on forever but I did finally stop, she pushed me away enough so that I could see her. "I've got a job for you tomorrow. A mission if you like."

I looked at her wondering what she could have thought of.

"In between classes, getting groped, and rehearsals for the choir, make a friend and bring her home tomorrow night."

"That's not right, this isn't my home," I objected.

"It's your home for as long as you want it to be. Now if you don't want it to be once this damned Program's over that's fine. But don't put it on us. If you decide you don't want us as friends, that's your decision. But don't you dare try to lie to yourself that we didn't want you."

The fight had gone out of me. I lay down on the bed, no, my bed, and to my surprise, Laura squeezed in with me. She lay behind me and put her arm around me and the last thing I remember was feeling warm and secure with her arm around me as I went back to sleep.

When I awoke, she was back in her own bed. I felt a bit shy about the night before. "Sleep okay?" she asked, smiling. She didn't mention anything that we'd talked about or her cuddling me to sleep. I looked at her and realised that if she wanted me to, I'd do anything she asked me to do. I also knew she'd never demand anything of me.

And now I was actually looking forward to school. No matter what happened, I decided, I was going to be as loyal to her as I knew she would be to me.

Over her coffee at breakfast Mrs. Townley said to me, "I bet that wrist still hurts, huh?"

I nodded. It had been aching a little ever since I'd woken up.

"Laura, fetch the first-aid kit for me, would you?" And then to me, "I'll re-dress it for you, darling. I was a practical nurse for years, you know."

Laura returned with a large dark-green plastic case. She cleared the breakfast

things away and opened the case on the table next to her mum. I'd never seen anything like it before. It looked like a complete Casualty Department in a box.

She had to cut the last part of the bandage away and when she did there was a little fresh blood but not that much.

"Now this will sting a little, sorry." She had some cotton wool and a small brown bottle. Shit! That did sting and I yelped. But that was the worst of it. She wrapped my wrist tightly in a new bandage, then did something to the end of it with the scissors so she could tie it securely.

When we arrived at school I had to leave Laura to go with Heather and the others, including Jed, to the headmaster's office. I'd psyched myself up for this and I was ready for the confrontation with Mr. Graham. Jed put the handcuffs on us, but then Heather tried to persuade us to let her go in alone. I replied, "We're in this together, whatever happens."

"Sam, at least you stay out here," she pleaded. "After yesterday if something happens to you I'd never forgive myself."

"Laura's my friend too, now," I insisted, "And you're not making us do this. It's our decision, remember?"

Suzie reminded Heather that while we were arguing Laura was out there with no other girls to take the pressure off of her.

Then we discovered that Mr. Graham hadn't even arrived at school yet.

We went back out to the morning groping session, as Shelley insisted on calling it, quite accurately.

None of us said anything, but we all kept our handcuffs on. I'd got Jed to leave my handcuffs fairly loose, but their rubbing still hurt me every time I moved.

It was awful. I can't think of another word to describe it. If you've never been surrounded and had people fighting to force fingers into your holes while others were pulling on and biting and twisting your boobs, you can't even begin to imagine it.

I had wanted to keep my cool and show no emotion, but I abandoned that idea in seconds. I was crying my eyes out and none of them even noticed. At first I begged them to be gentle, then I screamed at them to be gentle. Then I just stopped speaking. Words did nothing. I tried kicking out at them, but that made no difference either.

And the teacher we'd been promised to (and I quote) "stop things getting out of hand"? You are joking, aren't you? I know why Heather and Laura have become so cynical. The staff would say anything but would do nothing. I knew we'd get no

help there, not while Graham was in charge.

And yes, I know teachers will be reading this journal afterwards. As you won't read this until after the concert, I don't care what you think. If I'm a success, I'm out of here. If not, nothing matters anyway. So I've just two words for the lot of you. FUCK YOU, YOU BASTARDS! Okay that's four words, but I never was any good at Maths.

One guy grabbed my pussy and with his fingers inside me, literally picked me up. You can't believe how much that hurt.

All of this was worse than I'd ever imagined. The boys trying to be rough at the party the other night hadn't prepared me for anything like this. I felt like I was being torn apart with every new hand that found its way into my pussy or arse.

I was ready to totally freak out when Heather found me. "You've had enough. I'll find Jed to get you uncuffed," she screamed at me, so I could hear her above the racket.

"No," I managed to yell back. "This isn't about me, or you for that matter. It's about Laura and I'm not letting her down."

Reminding myself what we were like this for really helped. Dear Heather, she looked so worried about me. It felt nice having someone worrying about me. She forced her way behind me and turned her back to my back, so she could hold my hands.

As well as making me feel better, it also made it almost impossible for them to finger our arses, though some, cheated of that pleasure, simply pinched them and tried to pull us apart. I held onto Heather's hands for dear life.

Others were still ramming fingers in and out of my pussy, but remembering why we were doing this and having Heather hold my hands made the pain seem less.

When the bell went and the crowd dispersed, Heather asked me if I was okay.

"I'll live," I assured her, trying to sound braver than I felt.

In the showers Laura tried to argue us out of going around with handcuffs. (We still hadn't told her our plan.)

"Look. I'm grateful and everything. It's one thing you three doing this, but making Samantha do it is going too far," she argued.

"Nobody made me do anything," I said, actually angry with her.

"She was the first one to agree to the idea," Suzie pointed out. (Was I really?)

Laura looked at me and tried desperately to make me change my mind. "Sam, I can see you've been crying and we're not even in the first lesson yet. I have three whole

days of doing this. Remember what the doctor said. I'm responsible for you. I couldn't bear it if anything happened to you."

I just replied by asking "Friends stick together, don't they?" and putting the thought of three days of this firmly out of my mind.

"Yes, but..."

"No buts. Okay, I hate it. You've seen me cry already. Well, get used to it, because you'll probably see it again. But I survived this morning and I'll survive the rest whatever happens."

Laura could see that nothing she could say was going to change my mind.

"Just be careful, okay? I'd hug you if I could, but I can't, so consider yourself hugged."

"Okay," I said. I was actually smiling, with genuine relief that she'd accepted that I was going to do this whether she liked the idea or not. "If it makes you happier, I promise that if it gets too much, I'll find Jed and get him to take my handcuffs off. But it's not going to happen."

Minutes later I wished I hadn't tried to be so brave. I had French, but as the French teacher was away, we had a study period. The teacher assigned to monitor us was Ghastly Gordon.

She laughed as I walked into class, my legs apart because it hurt my pussy to walk with them properly closed.

"I suppose I don't need to ask if you want relief as you seem to have had quite a bit of relief already, judging by the way you are walking," she said with a sarcastic grin.

"You are not going to make me cry this time, GG," I said to myself. The reaction on her face told me that by some terrible mistake, I had said the words out loud.

"I don't care whether you're crying or laughing with joy so long as you do what you are supposed to do in class," she replied. "I take no pleasure from upsetting you."

"Liar," I thought, but this time, didn't say it.

"As you are obviously into bondage, let's not waste this lesson. Lie on the table."

I was sure that being tied up was against the rules, but I was wrong. I looked it up later. It only says that "No student is ever required to have his or her freedom of movement restricted as a part of a Reasonable Request." It says nothing about that as far as classroom participation is concerned. As I was about to discover, the same applied to oral sex.

She had them tie me down, but with my knees drawn up to my sides. It was a bit

like the position the boys had me in at Shelley's Petting Party, but this was totally different. The boys there had been gentle and everyone had been at the party simply to help me. I knew that I was at everyone's mercy in this classroom. I just hoped that they wouldn't hurt me too much.

"Now, many people, both men and women, find that being restrained intensifies the senses, especially orgasms. It can enable some non-orgasmic women to have an orgasm for the first time, and enable others to have multiple orgasms. Now that we have a real live subject we can find out if it is true. Samantha, do you normally orgasm from foreplay or on your own?"

I was too scared not to answer. "No," I admitted.

"Have you ever had an orgasm?" she asked.

"Yes." I didn't tell her that my first ever orgasm was Monday night.

"But you don't orgasm easily?"

"I suppose not."

"Okay, another device for intensifying orgasms is a simple blindfold. One of you boys, tie this blindfold over Samantha's eyes."

For a second I went rigid with fear as I could no longer even see what was going to happen to me.

You can survive this for five minutes, I told myself, desperately trying to focus on what I'd learned at the Petting Party.

"Now. In groups of four, you have five minutes to try to bring Samantha to orgasm, more than one if possible. No, you can't use your penis, so put it away." Thank God for that, I thought. "You can use fingers or your tongues, though as she looks very sore, I suggest you be gentle. If you simply cause her pain, you are highly unlikely to succeed in bringing her to orgasm."

For a second there I actually thought that she was thinking of me!

"Okay, first group."

It was terrifying being at their mercy, totally unable to move or even see what they were doing.

But I have to admit that the experience itself was NOT as bad as I had feared. The whole idea of having the first boy to ever go down on me in Ghastly Gordon's class, and to be tied up and unable to even tell who it was, was horrible. This was not how I wanted my first time (orally anyway) to be. But they really did try to be gentle. If I winced or gasped in pain when they found a sore spot, they avoided it after that.

But my soreness worked against them. By the time the fourth group had changed to the fifth, I was desperately wishing that they would be able to do it. I'd even stopped my mental game of trying to guess whether it was a boy's tongue or a girl's on my pussy. The gentle stimulation was becoming too much and I just wanted relief.

I don't normally touch myself down there, but I found myself wishing that I could. Even someone's tongue in my arsehole, while turning me on like crazy, couldn't finish me off.

I willed myself to cum, but of course it did no good.

The final group were working on me, when she stopped them. "You can see by the way she's writhing around that she's turned on. But with some girls, who've been brought up to believe that sex is wrong, or somehow dirty, it is very difficult to find release, isn't it, Samantha?"

"Yes," I gasped. "Ms. Gordon, please..."

"In this situation, sometimes pain, instead of being a turn off, can be a relief, tricking the mind into believing that if it hurts it can't be wrong. Would you like to try that, Samantha?"

By now I was past caring. My whole body was a mass of sexual tension begging for release. "Anything, anything. Please, I need to cum," I begged, unable to stand it any longer.

"Try spanking her bottom, gently at first, then harder," she instructed.

Even gently it hurt. I was so sore from this morning. I gritted my teeth.

Someone started to pinch my nipples, hard, as the spanking got harder. The spanking stopped for a moment and I could feel my body betraying me as I was wetter than I'd ever been before.

"She's really wet," said one of the boys.

A different hand took over. I think it was one of the girls and she just wasn't spanking hard enough. Was I crazy? Wanting pain?

Another change and whoever this one was wasn't playing. The first slap was so hard I bit my tongue. The second sent a wave of intense pain and a strange heat through my entire body. I felt my pussy literally running.

I had a sudden thought of my mother's reaction if she saw me like this and I laughed until he hit me again, right on my exposed pussy.

I cried out and he did it again, this time more softly and again and again, swapping from my bum to my pussy and back to my bum. Then a pause as he (or someone

else) pushed a couple of fingers very gently into my pussy. They needn't have been gentle, I was past all that.

As whoever it was played inside my pussy another spank sent me over the edge.

Although I hate to admit it, that orgasm was more intense than anything that had happened to me at the party or since. The dull ache in my wrist returned but even that made me smile. Ever since they'd started to spank me I had completely forgotten about the wrist.

Someone pulled off my blindfold and began to loosen the ropes and I watched one of the boys licking and licking me, drinking up what seemed to me to be like a river of juices coming from my pussy.

"You must always untie someone quickly after orgasm or it is possible for them to hurt themselves," she warned everyone, so they untied me quickly.

The boy who had been licking me came over to me and kissed me. "You were fantastic," he said. I could taste myself on his lips and we kissed again. I was forgetting where I was.

"That was incredible," I said, to nobody in particular.

The lesson was over. Word obviously got around quickly. Samantha likes pain. It seemed like every person who passed me in the corridor was slapping my bum, or my tits. This time it wasn't a turn on. It just plain hurt, and I was relieved that for once they didn't follow me into the shower, where I tried to clean myself.

That's not easy with your hands behind your back. Finally I gave up and the next boy who came in to use the toilet was met with, "Please can you wash me down?"

It felt odd having only ONE pair of hands on me, but he was thorough, cleaning everywhere, not missing a spot from behind my ears to my feet to (predictably) my pussy and arsehole. I didn't care. It felt wonderful.

When finally the bell went for the next lesson I kissed him and walked to the lesson.

A short time later Heather came for me, and soon all of us on the Program were outside the headmaster's office (except Laura of course).

Jed, the three other girls and I followed Heather into the office. The other boys waited outside.

Heather told Mr. Graham that unless Laura was released we would all stay in handcuffs. He didn't care (you bastard, I thought), so she had Jed cut off a long thick section of her hair.

Mentally I begged Mr. Graham to give in, but he didn't.

Heather then explained that we were going to have a press conference after Jed had cut hair from each of us, to protest at the treatment Laura had received.

Suzie stepped up next to get Jed to cut her hair.

For a second I felt something akin to jealousy thinking of Laura being caned. Was I really that weird?

Thinking about Laura made me decide to go next.

Mr. Graham said, "Hold on!" and asked what we wanted.

Heather demanded Laura's release, and no more punishments then added a demand we hadn't discussed, that we were all to be excused from Ghastly Gordon's Sex Education lessons. Feeling my still tingly pussy, I wasn't sure that I wanted to be excused!

He refused and I said "Okay, Jed."

I felt ashamed because I nearly cried as he cut off such a large piece of my lovely hair. This was for Laura, I told myself, then spoke up, "Time to make that phone call." Perhaps I could at least spare Shelley.

As Heather started to speak on the phone, Mr. Graham leapt up from behind his desk to try and get the phone from Heather. I could not believe my eyes! Jed jumped in front of Mr. Graham and forced him to sit on his desk. And Jed would not let him move.

He tried threatening to suspend us all, then called for Mrs. Johnson, the secretary. When he finally realised he could not stop Heather's phone call, he gave in. And a moment later Jed had the key to Laura's handcuffs.

I needn't have worried about sparing Shelley as she still insisted that Jed cut off some of her hair so she'd be like the rest of us.

We're almost exactly the same age, but sometimes she seems like a kid. Or maybe she's just on a different planet to the rest of us.

We met Laura outside her lesson and after briefly teasing her, Jed unlocked her handcuffs, before doing the same to the rest of us. Bliss! when those cuffs stopped rubbing my wrist. We presented her with a bag of our hair as a souvenir and she started crying and hugging each of us.

Heather and Shelley left us after lunch. Shelley came rushing back to speak to Suzie about something and then breathlessly explained to us all, "Heather and I have to go to London to the inquiry about last week. Good luck, everyone."

And then she was gone again, like a whirlwind.

As we walked to the toilets, Laura saw what were already becoming bruises on my

bum, thighs and tits. Her eyes narrowed angrily.

"I'll explain tonight," I promised. "But don't worry, it's not what you think." She hesitated, so I kissed her and told her, "It's really nice having someone worry about me and care about me. Thank you."

We hugged again before we went off to lessons for the afternoon.

Stephen came up to me straight after school with a message from Mr. Tyler. The choir practice had been postponed until eight o'clock tonight. Laura was nowhere to be found so I was faced with going back to her house alone.

"May I accompany you home, young lady?" asked Stephen with a big mock bow and a sweep of his hand.

"I would be delighted, dear Sir." I attempted a curtsy but made a mess of it and laughed.

All the way home I told him about my weird day, how I was worried that I was a freak because pain had given me an orgasm and how disappointed I was that I didn't even know who was the first boy to go down on me.

"I don't think you're a freak," he'd stated firmly when I told him about fearing that I was a freak.

When I told him about being eaten out for the first time, he was sympathetic. "That must have been tough for your first time," he said.

"It wasn't that it was especially horrible or anything, but I'd been dreaming about it happening and it was such a let down."

"I can imagine."

"Actually I've been dreaming about it ever since Monday when you were fingering me," I confessed. "Wondering what it would be like if... you went down on me." There, I'd actually said it.

When we got "home" he kissed me. "How about we make some dreams come true?" he suggested. I invited him in and we went straight upstairs.

He kissed me some more and he undressed me, stroking and kissing me as he exposed each part. I'd been naked all week but this was so exciting I could hardly breathe.

"Now from what I hear you like being tied up and helpless," he grinned.

I was about to deny it but I felt my nipples stiffen even more at the thought of being at his mercy.

"Don't worry. I won't do anything you don't want me to and anytime you want, just

tell me to stop."

"I'm not worried," I said. (Oh my god, I thought, is this really happening?)

He used some sheets to tie me to the bed, then wrapped a pillow case around my eyes. He started by kissing me all over and I mean all over. He kissed my face, my arms, my breasts, my tummy, my legs, my feet, everywhere except where I wanted him to. He even turned me over to kiss my back and bum, but he kept well away from my pussy and arsehole. He turned me back again and his fingers were all over me then, making every area of skin they touched come alive.

I was writhing under his tantalising touch. "Please," I soon begged, "I can't take any more."

"Okay, I'll stop."

"No."

"What do you want me to do?" he teased.

"I want. I want you to lick my pussy." I didn't care any more what I said.

"Like this?" he asked and I felt him hold me open as his tongue found its way into me.

"Yes," I screamed. If they could hear me in Rome, I didn't care.

"Or like this?" he asked. He put two fingers deep inside me while he used his tongue to toy with my clit.

I couldn't answer any more, I was having trouble breathing.

"Hmm," he said. "I think she likes that."

For the next few minute I felt like I was a musical instrument being played by his hands and his wonderful tongue. And then the whole fucking orchestra! (Sorry about the language ... No, I'm not.)

I came. I won't use all the metaphors or words we use to describe it because none come close.

I suddenly realised that I was untied and I could see again. "That was amazing. Thank you."

Then he took my hand, the one with the bandaged wrist. He turned my palm up. "Does it hurt?"

I tried a stupid joke. "Only when I don't laugh."

He leant over and kissed the wrist tenderly. "Kiss it, make it better. That's what Mum used to say when I was little."

I thought of where else he'd kissed me. "All your kisses make it better."

I was looking down then and noticed his cock, straining at his trousers. He let me undo his trousers and I pulled them down, together with his pants. He removed his shirt.

I grabbed his cock but he said, "Sam, your hand job the other night was wonderful, but I really want to be inside you. After that I just want to fuck you senseless."

I hesitated, then shocked myself by saying quietly "okay."

He sensed my hesitation. "You don't want to." It wasn't a question, just a statement.

"I don't know. It's just I've dreamed of losing my virginity, making love on the sand with someone who loves me. Really special."

"And having someone just fuck your brains out to get off after licking you out doesn't quite fit the dream." That sounds much worse than the way he said it. And he was smiling.

"Look," I said, "It was a silly childish dream, Go ahead."

"Sam, look at me. You don't owe me this. You don't owe me anything. When I lost my virginity to Suzie the morning we met, there was nothing romantic about it. If anything it was funny, but it felt right, for me. And just before then when Shelley got Lenny to fuck her, it was totally crazy, but it was totally Shelley. It was right for her. I don't want anything less for you."

I could love this boy, I realised.

"Then at least let me return the favour," I asked. "I want to," I insisted.

"You gave me my first orgasm on Monday night, now let me give you my first blow job. You wanted to be inside me, remember?"

I didn't give him a chance to say anything, but moved over to him and put my mouth over his still-hard cock. It sprang back to life.

After sucking on it, I took my mouth away so I could lick every part, even putting the tip of my tongue in the little hole at the end.

"Sam," he warned me, so I quickly popped it back into my mouth again and gave his balls a gentle squeeze with my hands.

I had this incredibly naughty idea and pushed his legs apart a little. I put one of my fingers in my pussy to make it really wet, then eased it into his arsehole. The reaction from his cock told me he liked it.

With one finger playing in his arse, my other hand stroking his balls and my mouth sucking on his cock, I was pretty certain that he wouldn't last long.

When he came I wanted to drink down every drop. I didn't quite manage it and a little dribbled down my chin.

"I think we'd better get cleaned up," I said and we went to the shower.

We washed each other slowly and thoroughly. "Now what was that little trick with my arsehole?" he joked, then put his own finger into my arsehole while with his other hand he stroked my pussy gently.

He was getting hard again, so I said coyly. "I'm a little tired, perhaps we should go back to bed?"

He chased me to the bed and dived on top of me, tickling me.

"Wait!" I gasped. "I want to try a 69."

He positioned himself over my face and I could feel his breath on my pussy. "You wanted to fuck me senseless, now fuck my mouth senseless," I told him. "Mum says I'm a slut, so make me your little slut. I'll do anything you want."

It wasn't a proper 69 as he fucked my mouth hard. I could feel it every time he hit the back of my throat. I thought aloud, "I must ask Laura how to deep throat." At that he started spraying my throat with his cum. I was so surprised I pulled him out of my mouth so it sprayed on my face and the bedsheets.

I hadn't realised that we'd left the door open and now I saw Mrs. Townley standing there grinning. "I know Laura challenged you to bring a friend home tonight, but I don't think that's quite what she meant. When you've finished I'll get you some clean sheets." Then she simply shut the door.

"Stephen," I said, feeling serious again as I lay in his arms, "You were the first boy to finger me, the first boy to give me an orgasm, the first boy who I knew who it was to go down on me and the first boy I gave a blow job to."

He looked at me with a tenderness that made me want to lie in his arms forever.

"I know you wanted to fuck me and I'm sorry if I disappointed you."

He interrupted me. "Sam, you could never be a disappointment to me."

"Let me finish before my nerve gives out." He smiled. "I want you to be the first one to fuck me properly, but I'm just not quite ready yet. Everything is so weird this week and I don't want to do it just because I'm in the Program and everyone expects me to. But you're in the Program too and I don't want you to think you can't do anything with anyone else just because I'm not ready for that yet."

"Sam," He looked at me with eyes that seemed to see right into me. "You are the most amazing girl I have ever met." He kissed me and held me.

We were both starving by this time so I made my boyfriend (!!?) and me some

sandwiches. There were only the two of us there, as Mrs. Townley had gone out somewhere. Then it was time to go to choir practice.

When we got to school, we found a notice saying that choir practice had had to be cancelled due to unforeseen circumstances.

"Oh dear, Sam, I hope that hasn't messed you up for tomorrow."

That was sweet and I kissed him quickly on his nose for it.

"Oh no, not at all. This last practice tonight was just meant to be a gentle run-through. The last really important practice was Monday."

"Mr. Tyler told us then that our final preparations for the concert should be just like a sports team before an important match. If you're not ready well before the day before, if you see what I mean, nothing you do on that last day is going to help you. For us to practice hard so close to the concert could only increase our nervousness."

"And besides, he told me on Monday, he doesn't want me to maybe strain my voice at the last minute. So no, you sweet boy, this doesn't mess me up. I'll just go home and do a few quick vocal exercises before bed."

His ears pricked up at that last word so I added, "Alone."

A week ago I might have been furious to have wasted my time going all the way back to school for nothing, but the fact that Stephen had insisted on escorting me probably explained why I wasn't.

"You know," I said to him, "We're on school premises and we're in the Program." I reached for his trousers. He got the message and began to undress, but I stopped him. "Let me."

When I'd undressed him, he undressed me. And we didn't DO anything. Well, we walked or ran to the far side of the school field as far as we could from the lights and just lay on the grass on our backs, holding hands, watching the stars and the occasional lights from a plane crossing the sky.

I don't know how long we lay there, but almost in an instant, the weather changed. It didn't rain, but it got a lot colder and quite windy. We ran back to where we'd left our clothes and hurriedly put them on.

"Time I got you home," he said. He lived in the opposite direction.

"I can manage, it's okay."

"Uh, uh." He shook his head. "Remember the rules? Samantha is allowed out if she is with someone at all times."

"Do you really think I'm going to anything silly?" I asked.

"No, but it's the best excuse I can think of to spend a few more minutes with you."

The wind got colder and I was glad of his arm around me as we walked home.

"One Samantha, safe and sound," he announced to Mrs. Townley, when we got home.

Our smiles quickly disappeared when we saw the look on Mrs. Townley's face.

"What's happened?" I asked.

Samantha, part 6

Program WEEK TWO WEDNESDAY NIGHT

"One Samantha, safe and sound," Stephen had announced to Mrs. Townley, when he got me home.

Our smiles quickly disappeared when we saw the look on her face.

"What's happened?" I asked.

All the problems we'd been having with the Program faded into insignificance when, rather than answering immediately, Mrs. Townley took the two of us into the lounge where she had a 24-hour news channel on the television. In the top left-hand corner of the screen was a picture of Shelley's face. Two men were debating about the Program. I looked at Mrs. Townley. "Shelley's disappeared," she explained simply.

There were no suspicious circumstances, just that Shelley had last been seen at Rugby station by staff, then inexplicably had run away and hadn't been seen since. After watching the news item on the headlines at half past, Stephen went home.

Mrs. Townley closed the front door, then turned on me angrily, "When you go out, please let me know, or leave a note. I've been worried sick."

I was about to make an angry retort when I saw her face. She did look worried.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Townley. I'm not used to having anyone worry about me. I'll try to remember. I only went to choir practice because it was postponed until eight o'clock, then when I got there, there was a notice that it had been cancelled."

"You should have come straight back home. It's freezing out there tonight."

"It was fine earlier and we were just looking at the stars." Even the worry about

Shelley couldn't keep me from smiling at the memory.

She looked at me as if she could see right inside me. "Don't fall too hard, too soon," she advised.

"Is it that obvious?" I asked.

"Let's just say that if you wrote it ten-foot high on the school wall it might be more obvious, but only might." She laughed. "I'm glad you're having some fun at last."

"If it only lasts a day or a week, I don't care," I declared. "Well maybe I do, but I'm going to enjoy it while it does last."

"Good for you. But putting my nasty adult hat back on, please call me if you're going to be home late."

"You couldn't be nasty," I replied.

"Forget to call me again and you might find out differently, especially now." She pulled an angry face and nodded towards the television.

That thought made my smile turn to tears and her arms surrounded me.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Townley, I don't know what made me do that."

"We're going to have to stop you calling me Mrs. Townley. My name's Danielle."

"Okay... Danielle." I thought for a moment. "Danielle, I'm sorry about the mess earlier."

"Don't worry, sex is only clean and tidy in films."

"We didn't actually... do it," I said, feeling embarrassed.

"Samantha," she started, but I cut her off.

"Can you call me Sam? Samantha makes me think of my mother when she's angry at me."

"Okay. Sam. Let me tell you what I tell Laura. You don't owe it to me to tell me what you did and with whom. It's your business and it's private."

"I don't think much is private this week," I said. "I feel like I'm living with a spotlight pointing right on me and into me."

"That must be hard for you. It's bad enough for Laura."

"Yeah, it is."

"But to finish what I was saying, your life is yours. You don't have to tell me anything. But if there is anything you want to tell me, or ask me, you can. There's

nothing that you can't tell me, if you want to."

"It was so nice coming home to someone who cared enough to notice that I wasn't around," I said happily.

"That's strange," I added a moment later.

"What's strange?"

I looked all around. "I just said 'home', and I meant it." She smiled.

"Sam, I promised the doctor I wouldn't leave you alone," she began. "But will you promise me you will stay here and be okay if I go out? I must go and see Mrs. Hoover. She must be out of her mind with worry."

"I promise. You go. And give her my love."

Not long after she'd gone Laura came home, took one look at me and immediately asked, "What's wrong?"

"It's Shelley, she's gone missing," I blubbered.

"How?" "Where?" "Why?"

"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."

We sat for ages, just flipping from news channel to news channel, as if one of them would be able to tell us she was safe. Finally Laura went upstairs to have a shower.

While she was in the shower, Danielle came back. "How's Mrs. Hoover?" I asked at once.

"Worried sick, but her boyfriend, Eric, is staying with her. I gave her your love and she gave me a message for you."

"Yeah?"

"She said that if it was a bit cramped here, if you wanted to, you'd be welcome to stay with them. And no, before you think it, I'm not trying to push you to go," she reassured me, backing it up with a hug.

I smiled. "I know."

When Laura came out of the shower, Danielle called her downstairs.

"Mrs. Hoover told me you'd had a few problems in the Program, Laura. Now, you both know I tell you that you can tell me anything, but your life is your own and it's private?"

"Yes," we both said together.

"Well, here's one exception. Before I die of curiosity, what the hell happened to your hair? First Laura comes home with her hair a lot shorter. It's nice by the way, let me know who did it and I'll go to her next time and see if she can do something with my mop."

She went on. "And today, Samantha, you've got a huge great chunk out of yours. I don't know if it's a new style or something, but I can't say I'm keen." Laura and I laughed at that.

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

"Time I went to bed anyway," I said. "Goodnight, Danielle."

At the bottom of the stairs I remembered something. "Do either of you mind if I do a few vocal exercises? I won't be long." They both said no, they didn't mind, but I sensed their answers might have been different but for the concert.

A while later I heard someone go into the bathroom. It must have been Laura because I looked up to see Danielle leaning over me. "Are you still awake?"

"Yes."

"Thank you for what you did for Laura today." I felt a tear drop on me and realised that she was crying.

"I was horrid to you both last night, but thank you both for what you are doing for me." I sat up and she sat on the bed. At that point Laura came in and sat on the other side of her Mum and soon Danielle was hugging us both.

THURSDAY

We were all up early to see the news on the telly. Still no news of Shelley, good or bad.

"I'm going back round to Mrs. Hoover's," announced Danielle. "I know she won't want to leave the phone, so I'll see if she needs anything."

Then she looked at me. "But before I go, I'll change your bandage. Laura, can you bring the kit please?"

We sat at the kitchen table just like yesterday. Although there was no blood to be seen, Danielle still insisted on a full bandage "just in case". I was ready for the antiseptic so there was no yelp from me this time, only a grimace.

"Let's make it look tidier, Sam." She wrapped an unnecessary layer of white tape around it.

"That's better," she remarked. "Now would you like another one on your other wrist? As a fashion statement."

I was appalled until I saw her twinkling eyes. I pretended to consider this but concluded, "No, thank you, nurse."

"No, thank YOU, Sam. I've not been called that for years. Now, get your bum over here and sit on my lap."

She hugged me and spoke quietly. "You are beautiful and very courageous, darling. If I don't see you before the concert tonight, break a leg, okay? Just for a change."

I don't know how to explain it, but somehow I felt myself get stronger there in her arms.

"Does your Mum ever stop thinking of other people?" I asked Laura when Danielle was gone. "Not that I'm complaining, but I've always thought of people in wheelchairs as, you know, disabled, and your Mum has more energy than anyone I've ever met."

"Get used to it," she advised. "And learn to grab sleep when you can!"

"She got cross with me last night," I admitted, "Because I hadn't told her I was going out and she got worried. You know, I shouldn't say this but it felt good having someone worry about me. I'm not used to it."

"Talking about last night, did you bring a friend home?" Laura asked.

"Yeah," I said. "And he was fantastic."

"He?" she exclaimed, "You brought a boy home? Come on, you can't leave it there. Who was the lucky boy?"

"Only Stephen," I said, trying to sound casual and failing miserably.

"So what was so fantastic? I can see you had a good time by that big grin on your face."

"He tied me up, went down on me, then he wanted to fuck me and I said 'okay'."

"You said okay?"

"Yeah, but he was so great. He realised that I wasn't ready for that and he didn't do it."

Laura's mouth just dropped open at that.

"So I insisted on giving him a blow job instead, then we had a shower together and went back to bed for more. I don't know what your Mum must have thought when she came in and I had cum on my face. I was so-o-o embarrassed."

Laura smiled. "Knowing Mum, she probably thought it was time you had some

fun."

"Do you think Stephen's a bit, you know, weird?"

"No, why?"

"Him wanting to tie me up and stuff the first time we're together."

"I think he'd just heard what had happened to you and wanted to try it," said Laura. "Don't forget, he's almost a virgin himself and he's finding every new idea exciting."

"I just thought if he only wanted me tied up..."

"Which he didn't if you continued afterwards. And if he had, would it matter? You enjoyed it, right?" ... "Okay, you don't have to answer that, you face just answered it for you."

"Laura, am I being silly? He wants to fuck me. I want him to be my first, yet I just don't want to right now. I mean I want to like mad, but I don't want to."

"You're confusing me."

"I'm confusing me too," I admitted. "It's just that with the Program, it's like we're expected to have sex. There's this kid from my street who went to Disneyworld in Florida and she went to that EPCOT thingy. She was telling us about it for weeks. She said EPCOT stood for Every Person Comes Out Tired. The Program's like that. Nobody gets out a virgin."

"Every Girl GEts Done," said Laura laughing. "You mean you don't want to get EGGED."

She had me laughing too. "No. I know it's silly but I want it to be something special, not just because it's my week in the Program."

"That's not silly." She poured herself some more juice and while her back was turned she said, "You love him, don't you?"

"I think so. This is stupid. If there's one thing my Mum was right about it's that boys only want one thing."

"From what you tell me, if that's all Stephen wants, he could have had it last night."

"Yeah, it's so confusing."

"Look, did you ever think that he might actually like you? I'm not talking fall in love, wedding dress, 2.4 children and divorce ever after, but perhaps he just likes being with you?"

"No," I admitted.

"I'm not telling you to fuck him, but just do what's right for you. Enjoy it while you can. Very few things last forever."

"You're very like your Mum, you know that? You talk sense, but without preaching."

"Thanks, just don't tell Mum that. I'd never live it down."

We giggled like a couple of kids.

Getting ready for school I thought what a weird week I was having. I seemed to be spending nearly all of it either laughing or crying.

With only three of us girls this time, I was not looking forward to the Morning Groping. Even Laura looked worried when we had to pass through a line of older boys to get to our clothes boxes. But they moved apart to let us through and stood there surrounding us, arms locked together as we undressed.

"Ready for requests?" one of them asked. He actually sounded friendly.

"Okay," said Laura.

They let through just one boy at a time to each of us. It couldn't have been easier. No roughness, no pushing around. Compared to yesterday it was like a sunny day instead of a stormy night.

I had planned to go with Suzie this morning at the Groping. After she'd rescued me at the Tuesday Groping and turned a scary situation into something not far off heaven, not to mention making me cum like mad, I'd promised myself to return the favour.

Yesterday, of course, it was impossible, but I had really looked forward to making her cum this morning. But with us all worrying about Shelley, it just wouldn't have seemed right.

After all the ups and downs of the last few days this morning was almost boring by comparison.

Almost. At the start of the second lesson, the teacher announced that Shelley was safe and she was okay. I burst into tears, something I seem to do a lot lately, and got hugged by those closest to me.

And before lunch, a boy and girl came up to me. The girl spoke first, "I'm Jane. I don't know if Heather told you about me?"

"No, sorry."

"Well, last week, she taught my boyfriend, Roy..."

"That's me," he interrupted.

"She taught him how to go down on a girl and he's really good at it now. In fact ever since he's been showing all his classmates what to do and they've been practicing on me."

My face must have looked dumbfounded or something. "Yeah, it's been incredible," she admitted. "But with all those boys going down on me, I've been wondering..." Her voice petered out and she looked embarrassed.

"She's been wondering what it would be like to have a girl go down on her."

"I've been trying to summon the nerve to ask one of you in the Program, but after Tuesday and yesterday and everything, I wasn't sure if it was okay."

"You want me to go down on you?" I asked.

"Yes, if it's okay." Now she sounded a bit more confident.

"You know I have to stay in public areas, so anyone can watch?"

"That's okay," she replied to my surprise, "Half my class have probably already seen one or more boys go down on me, so what difference does it make?"

"How about we make a deal? I go down on you, then you do the same to me?"

Her eyes opened wide. "I hadn't thought about that. It's not that I'm a, a lesbian or anything, I just wondered what it was like."

"Okay, you don't have to, but after I do you, if you want to, you can. Remember, then you'll know what it's like for the boys going down on you."

"That's true."

She pulled down her panties, gave them to her boyfriend and jumped onto a table and lay down, her legs spread for me. Talk about enthusiasm! I was going to enjoy this, even if she didn't.. you know what.

She was already wet with anticipation as I spread her lips and tickled her clit with my tongue. THAT got a reaction! I stabbed her pussy with my tongue, putting it in as far as I could and wiggling it. Withdrawing it I blew gently on her pussy and began tickling her pussy with my tongue.

Then I made her hold her legs against her chest. I pushed her buttocks wide open so I could lick from her arsehole to her pussy and back again. "Oh God," she gasped. I licked her rose-bud for a whole minute, then put a finger into her arse, just leaving it there, not moving it while with my other hand I fingered her pussy like crazy until she came. I replaced my fingers with my mouth and moved it around so I could lick up every bit.

When she came back down to earth, she said, "My God, when you put your tongue in my arse and then your finger, I just thought it was so disgusting, but so exciting

too. Like all the things good girls don't do. I have GOT to do that to you. Get on this table, now."

For someone who had never done this before, she wasn't bad. She wasn't good either, she was sensational. She almost ignored my pussy, going straight to licking my arsehole. Somehow that made it even naughtier. When she did finally get to my pussy, I was on a hair trigger and the moment that tongue touched my clit I came. "Yes!" she cried, like she'd just won something.

Her poor boyfriend was hard as a rock and trying desperately to hide the fact.

I turned to her and said, "I think we'd better put him out of his misery." She grinned and nodded.

We both knelt in front of him and she pulled his cock out of his trousers and handed it to me. I kissed the tip, then slowly licked from its base to the tip, before putting it in my mouth. I gave him a few strokes, then handed him back to Jane, who began to suck on him like crazy.

I slipped one of his balls into my mouth and I soon felt the unmistakable signs that he was going to cum. I took over and put my face next to hers as he came over both our faces, his cum dripping down onto my boobs and her blouse.

"Kiss me," I told her and we kissed, smearing his cum over our faces as we did. When we finished, the look on Roy's face was incredible.

He pulled her to him and kissed her. "I love you," he said.

"Sam. Thank you, that was wonderful, but I think we need a shower," she said.

"I have to use the boys' showers," I pointed out when she tried to pull me into the girls'. So she followed me into the boys' showers. First she took off her blouse and rinsed the messy bits in the sink. Then she stripped off completely to join me in the shower. I was very careful to keep the water away from Danielle's neat bandage. We still made sure, though, that each other was clean, everywhere, if you know what I mean. God, this girl couldn't stay away from my arse, not that I was complaining!

Her tongue was in my arse and two of her fingers were fucking me when I came again.

So of course I had to return the favour. It did not take me long. This time I moved my finger in her arse in and out. She didn't stand a chance. In fact she wouldn't have been able to stand at all if I wasn't supporting her!

When I got back to the dining hall, Laura and Suzie were nowhere to be found. I managed to get a meal as the staff had saved me one, saying, "You seemed a little pre-occupied earlier." I was grateful because I was starving after Jane and Roy, and

Jane again.

But this had ruined my plans for Suzie yet again. I was too exhausted to do her after lunch as I'd planned. But I knew there'd be another time.

I shouldn't say this, but lessons had become boring, a sort of wilderness between precious minutes of excitement. Forget the rules, I was spending every spare moment with either my tongue up a pussy or my mouth around a cock, or with someone else doing me, and I was loving it.

And during the lessons today all I could think about was tonight's concert. I was excited of course but now I could feel the nerves starting to kick in, gently at first but insistently. Mr. Tyler had spent a lot of time with me over the last few weeks, before and after rehearsals. I'm pretty sure the other people in the choir didn't mind too much though. He was always ready to spend extra time with any of us.

We met Mrs. Tyler once. She arrived at the end of a long session a month or so ago and stood at the back of the practice room until Mr. Tyler noticed her. "Oh dear, boys and girls, the boss is here. I must be keeping you far too late." Mrs. Tyler came to the front smiling, and the little kiss I watched them share was clearly affectionate.

Okay, I admit it, I have a small crush on Mr. Tyler. He's always so nice to me, to all of us really, that I feel completely at ease with him.

In the next lesson I could feel the nerves again. Mr. Tyler had explained how nerves can be good for a performance. "Harnessed" was the word he used. Nerves can make you focus on what you're doing if you say to yourself, "Okay, I'm nervous. All that means is that tonight is important and I already knew that, so what's the problem?"

I started to concentrate on my solo. I loved those high notes, the way they soared over the rest of the choir, but somehow blended so beautifully with what the others were singing...

"Miss Downing! If you don't mind."

I blinked and looked around me. It was English Lit. and Mrs. O'Brien was staring at me from the front of the room.

"Miss Downing," this time more gently, "I realise that tonight's your big night and that is probably all you can think about today." She paused a moment. "That's fine, dear, but the rest of us have a lesson to get through." Now she was smiling. "Much as I enjoy listening to your charming voice, on the whole I'd prefer to wait for tonight before indulging that pleasure."

I must have looked very confused because that's what I was feeling.

"You were humming, dear."

Now everyone laughed, not cruelly at me, but for me it seemed.

I still felt embarrassed though. I managed to get out a "Sorry, ma'am" but that was all.

Then the boy sitting next to me leaned over and muttered, "Kill 'em tonight, babe."

"Mr. Hobbs, perhaps you could share your remark with the rest of us?"

"I just told Samantha to 'kill 'em tonight', ma'am."

"I hope you were speaking metaphorically, Mr. Hobbs. Perhaps you could remind the rest of us of the difference between metaphor and simile?"

At that point I tuned out again.

After school, as I was reluctantly getting dressed, Teresa from the choir came up to me.

"The bus leaves in an hour and a half," she said, "Let's get that hair of yours looking good again. My hairdresser's ace."

"I have to let Dan... Mrs. Townley know."

"Okay, we'll stop off there, but we gotta hurry."

The next hour and a half was a blur, then it was time to board the hired bus.

I was about to get on the bus, when Mr. Graham pulled me aside. "Outside activities are a privilege," he said. "And after yesterday morning, all privileges have been revoked for all of you."

I actually thought he was joking until he slapped the side of the bus, "Okay driver, that's everyone, you can go."

I watched in total disbelief as the bus drove away. All this, coming back into the Program, everything that had happened today. For nothing. Everything I'd practiced for for so long, gone in a few short terrible words.

I didn't bother to get dressed, but walked home naked ignoring the occasional whistles and shouted comments or insults.

There was nobody home. I went to the fridge and poured myself a cold drink and drank it down. When I went to wash the glass, I noticed that there was a knife on the draining board, a sharp knife. I stared at it, then picked it up. For a moment all I could see was the edge of the blade as I passed the knife from one hand to the other. But then I saw the bandage and remembered Danielle. I imagined her or Laura coming home to find me dead or dying and the thought horrified me.

How could I ever have thought that suicide was the answer? I asked myself as I hid it away in the drawer, out of my life, where it belonged.

I flopped down on the sofa feeling empty and miserable, just wishing that Laura or Danielle would come home. I knew that sharing this with them wouldn't make it go away, but it would make me feel better.

If this chance has been taken from me, somehow I'll make another one, then Up
Yours Graham.

The realisation that I was only dreaming hit me and I began to cry. My dream was gone, possibly forever. But the thing that had seemed like my whole life just wasn't that any more. Even though I'd tried to push them away, Danielle and Laura actually wanted me in their lives. But I wished they were there now. I really wanted, needed a shoulder to cry on.

Hearing a car pull up outside, I ran to open the door for them, but it wasn't them. What was Tanya doing here?

"Come on," she said, "Get in my car, or we'll be late."

"I can't go. Didn't you hear what Graham said. I'm banned. I can't sing tonight."

"Do you always give up so easily?"

Do I? I thought. I don't know.

"Have you still got those handcuffs?" she asked.

"No, why?"

She pushed past me, "Where's the kitchen?" Now she sounded angry with me.

"Through there, why?"

She went into the kitchen and searched through the drawers until she found what she was looking for, a pair of scissors.

She took hold of my hair.

"What are you doing?"

"The hairdresser did such a good job on it, don't you think?" She made as if to cut my hair.

"Teresa paid good money for your haircut for the concert and if you don't get your arse in my car in five seconds, I'm going to use these." I was pretty sure she was kidding me, but I wasn't that sure.

"Okay, I'm coming, but I don't see the point. he won't let me sing." That was clearly all she wanted from me, to not give up. I got into her car.

She got in on the driver's side and turned to me and touched my hair. It felt almost like an electric shock. "He did a beautiful job, even if he did have to make it so much shorter. You really look like a rock chick now. Is that gonna be your new image?" As she spoke I could feel her relax again.

"Maybe, who knows? If I can't sing tonight, it won't matter anyway."

"Whatever. And I think it looks great for tonight. I can't wait to hear what the other girls think about it."

"Are you sure it's alright?"

She leaned over and pulled my face to hers and kissed me gently on my lips. "You're beautiful," she said then straightened up, started the car and pulled away like she was in a race.

When we arrived at the conference hall where the concert was to take place, Mr. Graham was in the foyer. "I told you, you're not singing tonight."

"And I'm telling her she is," said a voice from behind Tanya and me.

"Since when does a music teacher have the authority to override the deputy headmaster?"

"Since the deputy headmaster started pursuing a petty vendetta that is more important to him than the good of the school. The choir needs Samantha tonight."

"The choir will have to do without her tonight. Unless you want me to suspend you as I am not only deputy headmaster, but acting headmaster."

"Not for much longer," replied Mr. Tyler. "You might as well know now that there was a staff meeting this evening and it was unanimously decided to state to the Headmaster and the Ministry that 'this school staff has no confidence in Mr. Graham as deputy headmaster'. Furthermore, we resolved to strike indefinitely from Monday morning unless you were removed from that position and a disciplinary inquiry instituted into your vindictive behaviour against the Program students."

Tanya and I watched and listened, amazed.

"You'll never get away with it," Mr. Graham growled. "And in any case, I am still acting headmaster now and I'll have her escorted off the premises." He turned behind him and shouted, "Security!"

Two security guards came running over to us, but Mr. Tyler spoke first, "This gentleman has been bothering two of my singers, presumably because one of them is naked. Would you remove him from the premises, please, and see that he does not return?" He turned to me, "Are you okay, Samantha?"

"Yes, sir," I said, trying not to smile or laugh.

"But I am the acting headmaster," protested Mr. Graham angrily.

"And you have identification to that effect?" asked the security officer. My heart sank.

"No, yes, I have my staff I.D. here somewhere." They released his arms to let him look. "My wallet! It's been stolen."

"Then I suggest you stop bothering these young ladies and go and report it stolen, before they report you, you old pervert," said Mr. Tyler, obviously enjoying himself immensely.

When he had gone, Tanya said to him, "That was great, sir, but perhaps you'd better return this to him tomorrow?" She handed Mr. Tyler a wallet. All three of us laughed.

"You'd better go and get ready, girls, before you turn me into a real criminal."

Heading backstage to join the others, I said, "Tanya? That was amazing. How?"

"My favourite uncle was a thief when he was younger, very much the black sheep of the family," she said simply. "He used to teach me tricks like picking pockets. I never thought any of them would come in useful though."

Was I nervous? No, but that changed to near panic as time went on, closer to our performance time.

We were the second of five choirs competing that night. Shortly before we were due to go on, Laura and Suzie appeared, naked of course. "We're in the front row of the choir," they announced. "So you won't be the only one naked."

I hugged them both hard. "How did you get here?"

"Mum brought us," said Laura, "and we brought Stephen too. And your doctor's here as well."

"What about my Mum?"

"Yes, Mum says that your Mum is here too, with a whole bunch of people."

"Don't worry," said Suzie.

That was easy for her to say.

There was a sudden commotion behind me. Tanya and Teresa had taken off their robes and were now down to their underwear. That went as well before anyone had a chance to say anything. Like me, they were all just watching in amazement. Then Tanya held up her hand. "Listen, everyone, Teresa and I thought it would look a lot

better if there were a couple more girls naked out there. For the Requiem, the four of us and Sam can be in the middle of the front row. We think it'll look cool that way." Teresa was blushing deeply but nodded dumbly.

Mr. Tyler was shaking his head, "This is a rather novel experience for me.. for all of us. But I think Tanya is correct." Then he chuckled. "I only hope I can keep time with the music out there, with such a lovely.. display in front of me."

"Well, that's decided then," Tanya smiled and kissed Mr. Tyler quickly on the cheek.

Our first piece was Fauré's "Requiem". Mr. Tyler had chosen a section that let the whole choir sing in glorious harmony. My solo came in the second half of the concert in Mozart's "Laudate Dominum". My part was very different from the choir's but the way it all blended together was amazing.

Even in the Requiem I had to stand at the front, so I took a deep breath and tried not to think about being naked in front of the audience. As we stepped up to our places there was a collective gasp and people started muttering. One rather large woman got up in disgust and huffed out of the hall.

There was quite a to-do in the hall with some angry voices and Mr. Tyler stepped down to say something to the competition director, who then took the microphone. "I just want to silence any speculation or accusations. The fact that some of these girls are naked is not some trick or gimmick as some are already saying. I will ask Mr. Tyler, their choirmaster, to explain."

"Most of you will have seen the reports on television and in the newspapers about the Naked In School Program. Our soloist tonight, Samantha Downing, was randomly selected for the Program this week, through no choice of her own. I am not breaking any confidences by saying that she has found the experience difficult to say the least. In spite of that, and knowing that she was required to remain naked if she took part in this event, she has chosen to do so. Knowing how embarrassed she was about this, some of the other girls have chosen to support her by also going naked."

The competition director took the microphone. "Thank you, Mr. Tyler, and can I just say that I admire her for her decision to sing for us tonight." He clapped his hands and some of the audience started clapping too. Oh God, how embarrassing. Any cameras that weren't already pointing at me swung in my direction.

When the applause subsided, Mr. Tyler tapped his baton on his music stand and we began. I was concentrating so hard on my part that the actual performance was almost an anti-climax, if that is possible.

While the remaining choirs were doing their first piece, we had time to rest. I went up to Tanya and hugged her. "I... I..." I began, but the words wouldn't come. So I

returned the kiss she'd given me earlier, with interest. One of the boys whistled under his breath.

"Don't I get one?" asked Teresa.

"Yeah, you qualify," I said. We'd both been in the choir for more than two years, and unbelievably, we had never actually spoken before she took me to her hairdressers today. And yet she'd just done this incredible thing for me. I said quietly, "Thank you." As I kissed her, I hugged her close to me.

"If I strip off too do I get a kiss like that?" said one of the boys.

"Only if you promise to stand very close behind me," one of the girls called out. Everyone howled.

At that moment Mr. Tyler came in and saw us. "Would you mind not squeezing Teresa in half please? We are going to need her for the Laudate later."

I let her go, much to the amusement of the rest of the choir.

"Okay, the Requiem went pretty well. Well done, everybody. Now, Samantha, if you come with me, I've a few last-minute notes on your solo." So I followed him to the tiny changing room he was using as a temporary office. He simply wanted to calm me down. I can't recall a single thing he said.

As I positioned myself to begin my solo, I quickly glanced down the front row looking for Laura for reassurance and then I gasped with disbelief. But I had no time to think as Mr. Tyler was tapping with his baton. I took a few slow deep breaths to compose myself. He looked at me and raised an eyebrow to ask if I was ready. I nodded.

I wish I could tell you about my performance. But the truth is I can remember nothing at all until well after the whole concert was over.

Mr. Tyler and I were standing next to one another right at the back of the hall when one of the judges came to the microphone. This was the worst moment of the night. (It always is in these competitions.) He had some papers in his hand as he went through all the choirs trying to say nice things about everyone. He kept glancing down at his notes. I can remember most of what he said about us.

"Mr. Tyler, their choirmaster, chose an ambitious programme." He looked up at the audience. "Fauré's Requiem is a particular favourite of mine. What I heard this evening was a performance which was more polished and warmly emotional than many so-called professional choirs have achieved. I was moved. Turning to the Laudate Dominum, here the judges were unanimous. Miss Downing's soprano solo was extraordinary for one so young. Clear, lyrical, but with an understanding of the music and its demands. I sincerely hope I will have the opportunity to hear her sing it again someday soon."

"There," Mr. Tyler whispered to me, "I told you you were outstanding. Will you believe me now?"

I was numb. Everything I had worked for, all the vocal exercises, all the rehearsals, the number of times I sat in my room with my earphones listening to recordings of the Laudate, trying to mimic the best of what I heard and ignore what I thought was not right. Suddenly it was all worth it.

"Go on, Willy," a quiet voice said behind us. "Give the poor girl a kiss. You know you want to, and she's more than earned it." I turned and saw Mrs. Tyler standing there smiling at us. Mr. Tyler kissed my cheek.

"That was pathetic, you silly man. Try again."

"Oh, what the hell!" he said. Then he wrapped me in a warm hug and planted a big sloppy kiss in the middle of my forehead. "Congratulations, Samantha."

I needed arms around me then. Neither of us seemed willing to let go. At times like this, I guess, you say the silliest things.

"Willy, huh?" I giggled. It was out of my mouth without any thought. And I didn't care.

"William, actually. Only the wicked witch of the west over there is allowed to use 'Willy'."

"Okay, Mr. Tyler. I'll keep your secret. But someday I'll come back to the school to see you and then I'll call you Willy."

Where had mousy little Samantha Downing gone? I didn't know, and I didn't want to find out.

"Darling, I think you've hugged this beautiful naked soprano long enough. I want to hug her too."

Another pair of arms around me. Another, less sloppy, kiss on my forehead.

"Willy's been telling me for months how good you are, Samantha. I thought he was perhaps exaggerating a little. Now I see he wasn't."

Suddenly the whole place was silent.

"And the winners of this year's northern regional competition are.." And the judge announced a different school.

"My poor darling, after you've worked so hard."

Mr. Tyler shook his head. "We were beaten, fairly and squarely, by a better choir... This year."

"Oh my, Samantha. You know what that means, don't you?"

"Yes I do. Okay, boss, when do we start practicing for next year."

"Don't forget about the other competition, Samantha. I've got some new material I want us to try out for that. And then when the autumn starts we need to start rehearsing for the carol concert as well. We'll lose several good voices this year, that's a bigger problem this time than it usually is, and I hope we can find some talented replacements."

I pretended to faint. They both chuckled.

Mrs. Tyler suddenly asked, "Would you like to come over for dinner some evening soon?"

"Yes, please." I hesitated. "Could I bring a friend?"

She looked at me sharply, "What's his name?"

"Stephen."

She smiled, "Of course you can." Then she grabbed her husband's arm. "I think it's time you bought me a drink. Would you excuse us, Samantha?"

With that they were gone, leaning into each other and chatting as they left.

I was still a little numb but it was passing with each step as I headed for the noisy foyer.

We actually came second in the competition but out in the foyer I was surrounded by people telling me how great I was and how brave. A man stuffed a card into my hand and said, "Call me." I didn't even look at it at first, then when I looked up and realised who he was I tried to speak to him. "Don't worry," he said. "Enjoy the moment, the first of many I'm sure. And if you lose that card in all the commotion, especially as you haven't got anywhere to put it, don't panic, I'll contact you through the school." Then he walked away, leaving me speechless.

But although it was wonderful being surrounded by everyone congratulating me, there were a few people I wanted to see. I excused myself and searched for them.

But instead of the people I was looking for, I found Mum.

I waved the card at her. "I just got offered a contract," I said delightedly.

"You were disgusting," she replied. "I don't know why I came."

"Nor do I. You knew I would have to be naked because it's a school event. So if the body you gave me is so disgusting, why did you come to see it?"

She didn't answer at first, then "I can't believe that a daughter of mine would

behave like that."

"Mum, you don't know what it is to have a daughter. Being a mother isn't screwing some guy and giving birth to a baby afterwards, it's caring and loving and supporting."

"Oh? And feeding and clothing you for all this time counts for nothing?"

"Not much, no. I've had more love in the last twenty four hours from Laura and her Mum than I can ever remember having from you. And that's in spite of the fact I wasn't exactly nice to them."

"And where were they all the time you were growing up when I was struggling on my own?"

"They didn't know me then. But I can tell you where they were Tuesday night, in the hospital, with me, arguing to be able to take me home to stop me being admitted as a mental patient. Where were you, when I tried to kill myself? When I really needed you, Mum? Comforting a bloody bottle?"

She actually had no answer. I think that's when I made up my mind.

"I'll be back tomorrow night to collect my things. Then you'll never have to see me again."

"Good. I won't be there, so remember to leave your key when you leave. Although I'll be changing the locks anyway."

"Fine." I nearly said some more things, but instead I just turned and left her.

Next I found Danielle, with Dr. Gilbert. "Hi, Dr. Gilbert. Danielle, can you keep this card safe for me?"

"Yes, what is it?"

"Only a card from Gerard Vaughan, the biggest manager in the business. He manages everything from rock acts to choirs to, well, you name it. And it says 'when you want a contract, call me'. I didn't even know HE was going to be here. I'm gonna pinch myself to check I'm not dreaming."

"I don't know if the choir are doing anything now, but if they aren't, I think it's time for us to have a little family celebration," said Danielle.

I almost missed the little word "family". Almost. "Danielle, you're all the family I've got now. I've just told Mum I'd get my stuff out of her house tomorrow night. Can you help me?"

"Of course I can."

"I hope you don't regret taking me in," I said. "I'm not always the nicest person."

And in case I ever forget to say it, Thank you for all you've done for me." I hugged her.

"Seeing you out there tonight was thanks enough," she replied. "You were wonderful and I couldn't be more proud of you if I was your mother." She had tears in her eyes.

"You're more of a mother than my mother has ever been. I probably shouldn't say this with Dr. Gilbert here, but when I got home tonight, after Mr. Graham told me that he wasn't going to let me sing, I stood in front of a sink with a kitchen knife. And I looked at it and I thought of you and Laura and how awful it would be if you came home and found me dead and I couldn't understand how I could ever have thought that a knife was the answer. I love you both so much."

"We love you too, Sam, very much."

I smiled at her and said, "I know."

"I was looking for the choir to thank them. Dr. Gilbert, thank you for all this. None of this would have happened if you hadn't believed in me."

"Even us doctors get it right sometimes," he replied. "And for what it's worth, you were fantastic."

"Thanks. Now, I must find Laura and Suzie and the others."

I was alone for a moment as I was crossing the foyer towards what looked like the largest snack bar. Someone called out, "Samantha!" and I turned round. A few feet away a man had a small camera in front of his face, obviously taking my picture. I was so startled I don't think I even smiled.

He said nothing else and turned to go. Suddenly two security men appeared and four hands grabbed his arms. The camera dropped to the floor. One security man now had a strong hold on the stranger as his partner picked up the camera. They were different to the guards who'd dealt with Mr. Graham. I was very curious so I came closer.

"No cameras are allowed anywhere on the premises tonight, sir. Haven't you noticed the signs to that effect.. everywhere?"

"No, officer, I'm sorry. I haven't. If I could just have my camera back, I'll be on my way." If he could scrape any lower, he'd have been kissing their shoes.

"Do you have some I.D., sir?"

"Sorry, officer, I don't think I do."

"George," the one holding the camera said, "What do you think? Should we believe him?"

George replied, "I shouldn't." Now he addressed the stranger. "Sir, I'm going to let go of you now. I don't think you'll scarper (see [cultural notes](#)) without your camera now, will you?"

The stranger straightened his jacket. "You can't do that. You..."

George interrupted him. "I'm afraid we can, sir. You're on private property, and unless you can prove to us that you have a legitimate reason to be at this 'Private Function', effectively you're trespassing and breaking clearly posted rules. Have I got that right, Jimmy?" This last remark was to his colleague.

Jimmy addressed the stranger. "George here got it exactly right. He's new. Now, let's start again. Show George some I.D., now!"

A wallet was reluctantly handed over.

George examined it. "Now here's a thing, Jimmy. Mr... Williamson here seems to be an employee of one of our esteemed national tabloids. I wonder what pictures he's been taking?"

Jimmy chuckled, "Guess what, Mr. Williamson? I know how to operate this camera. So let's have a butcher's, shall we?" (see [cultural notes](#)) He flipped open a small screen on the camera and pressed some buttons.

Then he noticed me hovering and smiled, "Young lady, Samantha, isn't it?" I nodded, shyly I'm pretty certain.

"Oh dear, where are my manners?" He actually bowed slightly! "May I call you Samantha?"

"Only if I can call you Jimmy," I giggled. Suddenly my shyness went. "And your cute friend here, can I call him George?" George was a hunk.

"I should be careful, Samantha. I know George's wife."

George was grinning 'from ear to ear'. "Aw, Jimmy. Why did you have to go and say that?"

I suddenly felt really safe with these guys. I noticed George was not looking at my face, but that was nice, not pervy. I don't know what was coming over me but I suddenly posed for them all, hands on hips and feet slightly apart and the biggest smile I could muster.

"Go ahead and look, fellas. I don't mind. After all, everything you can see has just been shown on the telly. And Mr. Williamson, as you don't have your camera, this one is especially for you." I wiggled my shoulders to make my tits shake.

George and Jimmy laughed loudly. Williamson scowled.

Jimmy was still smiling as he asked, "Samantha, would you like to see these

pictures as well?"

Something told me I should. Jimmy kept pressing a button as the pictures appeared one after the other. There were more than a dozen of the concert itself. Some were just of me but most of them showed the choir.

Jimmy remarked, "A very good piece of equipment, Mr. Williamson, high-powered zoom and they're all in focus." Williamson muttered something I didn't catch.

"Oh dear," I suddenly said. There were several shots of me standing close to and then hugging Mr. Tyler. There were none of Mrs. Tyler. Then he had caught the argument with my Mum. I was obviously angry in a couple of pictures, while it looked like I was crying in a couple of others. Then a picture of me with Danielle and Dr. Gilbert. The bastard had been stalking me. Finally of course was the picture just now. The only thing he had missed was me and Gerard Vaughan.

"Jimmy can you get rid of all the pictures after the concert. Please. They're all personal and.."

"No problem, my dear. Now watch me."

He pressed something on the last picture. "Photo deleted" appeared and the previous picture was displayed. Again and again "Photo deleted" until the last concert picture was showing.

"Now, here comes the fun bit." He stepped back and pointed the camera at the ceiling. He held it there for some time.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Williamson shouted.

"Language, sir." The way George said that made me decide you did not want him pissed off at you, not ever.

"That's alright, George. I've heard the word before. And even used it a few times myself."

At last Jimmy lowered the camera and then pressed buttons again for a minute. Then he cleared his throat. "What I've just done, Samantha, is I've taken enough pictures of that spotlight up there to fill the camera's memory. This has clobbered all the pictures you wanted me to get rid of. If I hadn't done that, our friend here might have been able to recover the pictures I deleted. Now all that's in this camera is the concert and that spotlight."

Williamson was really angry now but he didn't say anything.

While Jimmy was being magical with the camera, some strange, all-new thoughts started going through my head. I've got a national newspaper photographer here all to myself. I remembered some popstar somewhere saying that there's really no

such thing as bad publicity. I think he had just destroyed his hotel room and been thrown out on his arse and there were a couple of photographers around to record it.

What if I offered Williamson here something HE could use and something that could only help ME? It couldn't hurt to ask, could it?

"Mr. Williamson," I was trying to be as polite as I could with the bastard. "Would you like a couple of good pictures that none of the other newspapers can get? Pictures I'm sure your newspaper will want to print?"

"What did you have in mind?" I had to hand it to him. Despite what had just happened he had turned professional in a flash.

"Well, I'll have to ask my friends, but if they agree, would you like a couple of pictures of naked choirgirls no one else can get?"

"Yes.. thank you." Those last two words really hurt him. Good.

"Jimmy, do you and George have a few minutes?" They both nodded eagerly.

"Well, you hold on to that camera, Jimmy, and if you all would follow me please?"

I resumed my walk to the snack bar. With Jimmy still holding the camera, I smiled to myself as I gave them my very best wiggle-walk. I could finally see the whole gang sitting and laughing and asked the three men to wait outside.

I beckoned Laura, Suzie, Tanya and Teresa over and told them I'd had some problems with a photographer but those two gorgeous security guys had helped me. When they all started asking questions I said there's no time, I'd tell them all later, but I'd really like the guy to take some good shots of the five of us, naked.

Teresa shook her head, but Tanya told her, "It's all been on the TV, Teresa. Besides I'd love to have a newspaper picture of us like that. Come on, baby."

Soon the five of us were standing in a naked line. Laura and Tanya were the tallest so they were at each end. I was in the middle and we all had our arms around each other's waists.

Williamson took a notebook and pen out of his jacket pocket. "Girls, could I get your names and ages please, starting with you?" He pointed at Laura.

"Laura Townley, nineteen... That's l-e-y."

Teresa was next but instead she looked over at Tanya for support. Tanya smiled and nodded. Teresa took a deep breath then and answered Williamson, very distinctly. The rest of us did the same.

Then Laura called out, "Wait. Everyone put your right foot slightly in front of your left foot and let your hips relax. How's that, fellas?"

Jimmy was the first to answer, "Much better, young lady. That shows off your.. figures much better."

With the photographer there I decided it was not the best time to tell Jimmy about Laura's qualifications.

"Okay, Samantha? Everyone?" Jimmy asked. We all said yes so Williamson finally got his camera back. He seemed to be taking an awful lot of shots. Then I remembered about the zoom and realised that some of these shots were not for the newspaper.

I could see that Jimmy had the same idea, so I caught his eye and shook my head. We both shrugged.

Jimmy took charge again. "That's quite enough, Mr. Williamson. George, would you escort our guest to the door and .. " he grinned at me, ".. kick his southern arse out of here."

"Hold on," I shouted. I ran over to the three men. "Jimmy, would you hold the camera again for a second?"

I could swear Williamson snarled as he handed the camera to Jimmy.

"Thank you, George. I know you're married, but I still think you're cute." I hugged him tightly and kissed him on the cheek. He hugged me back but didn't kiss me.

Jimmy stayed behind. I waited until the other two men were out of sight.

"Now, Jimmy. Married?" He shook his head.

"Girlfriend?" Another shake.

"Into girls?" His startled look answered that one.

I launched myself at him. This hug was different as I ground my body against his. The kiss was on his lips and I couldn't stop my tongue pushing its way into his mouth. His tongue pushed back but the kiss was over almost before it began. Almost but not quite.

I looked up at him. "Thank you. Those photographs, they were awful."

"I know," he whispered and kissed me again. No tongues this time, from either of us.

Jimmy took a step back and looked down at my wrist. "You know, Samantha, I was stupid too, once, when I was your age." He was in short sleeves so he could simply turn one arm over and show me. If you didn't know to look, you would not have seen the faint scar.

"I don't know if this will help, but sometimes I look at this and say to myself, thank

god you failed, Jimmy."

We were completely alone as our eyes connected, just for a moment. It had been the first time I'd thought about the wrist all evening, and it would be the last.

I turned to the other four girls. "This man and his mate probably saved me from a pile of embarrassment. He deserves some more kisses. And that's what he got from each of them, even from the no longer shy Teresa.

"What else can I do to thank you, Jimmy?"

"That's easy, Samantha. Just send me an autographed copy of your first album." And before I could reply, he turned quickly and strode away.

Suddenly a naked Stephen was next to me. The hurt look in his eyes nearly killed me.

"What would you have said to him if he'd asked if you had a boyfriend?"

Oh fuck! I wrapped my arms around him and held him as tightly as I could. "I'd have said my boyfriend was standing right here next to me."

I watched his eyes clear and a grin start to grow and grow. I don't think I've ever seen a bigger grin than that one across his face. Somehow Stephen and I walked into the snack bar without separating.

I spoke out to the whole choir. "I don't know what to say to you guys, except thanks to you I just got offered a contract with Gerard Vaughan."

"Wow!" said Tanya from behind us. She managed to hug us both.

"Is that good?" asked Stephen.

"It's more than good, it's incredible," said Teresa, who also hugged us.

Stephen tightened his hold on me and whispered, "Congratulations, babe," before he started a kiss that went on forever, a kiss like I've never felt before. I'm shivering now, just thinking about it.

"How did you get the choir to do it?" I asked Suzie.

"Nothing to do with us," she said. "We only did what Shelley asked us to do, which was join the choir so you wouldn't be the only one naked. But even she's not gonna believe this."

"Ask Tanya and Teresa," said Laura. "Everything else was all their idea."

I looked at them standing next to each other. They were holding hands and looking happier than I've ever seen them. "You two? I don't understand."

"In the Requiem, we thought it would look stupid having just you three in the front

row naked," explained Tanya...

"So we decided to go naked too," continued Teresa.

"When the audience were so good about it for the Requiem, some of the others in the choir said that they thought it would be better if the whole front row was naked."

Tanya took over the story, "So those that were okay with stripping, we moved to the front and we moved those who weren't to the back."

"When I looked down the front row and saw you all naked," I had to stop while I laughed.

I squeezed Stephen and continued, "I mean, the whole fucking front row! I had to look the other way and take some slow breaths to calm down. I didn't dare look in your direction for the whole piece. Thank god Mr. Tyler gave me time to compose myself."

"I think he was as shocked as you were," said Teresa. They both grinned, like a pair of cheshire cats.

"So what's everyone doing now?" I asked.

"Some of us have got some explaining to do, to parents and such, so we're going to have the choir party on Saturday night instead, at my house," said Tanya.

"Laura and Suzie are invited too," said Teresa.

But one of the other girls called out, "But only if they bring the Program boys with them."

Stephen raised his voice, "Just try and keep us away!"

General laughter at that.

"It may not be our first proper date," I said quietly to Stephen, "But you and I have a dinner invitation," and I told him about me and the Tylers earlier, and being invited to dinner.

As we walked back towards Danielle, I saw her with my Mum. They looked like they were arguing, or rather Mum was arguing while Danielle looked serene. Laura put a hand on my arm, "Leave them alone, Sam. Mum can take care of herself."

"Laura," I said, "Your Mum says we're having a little family celebration." She smiled at the word "family" and squeezed my hand. "Do you think she'd be upset if I invited Suzie and Stephen?"

"No, I think she'd be very pleased." (She probably couldn't say much else with Stephen standing next to me like a lost puppy!)

I ran back to Suzie, who was standing alone. Her parents hadn't come. "We'll never all squeeze in the car," I told her. "So I'll go in the bus with the choir. But if you don't have to get home, would you come out for a celebration with Laura and her Mum and Stephen and me?"

"I don't have to get home, my parents are out of town for a long weekend," she said, slightly bitterly. Then she smiled, "I'd love to."

Samantha, part 7

Program WEEK TWO THURSDAY NIGHT

I'd planned on getting the school bus back, but Tanya insisted that I go back with her and Teresa in her car.

Mr Tyler had arranged for us to leave through one of the side exits, but even so, we braced ourselves for the inevitable horde of photographers and reporters.

Miraculously there were none. I didn't understand why, but I was grateful for a bit of peace after this incredible evening. I wasn't to find out why there were none until later in the evening.

It felt strange sitting in the car with Tanya and Teresa, two girls I'd know for so long, and yet not known at all. We were all silent, lost in our own little worlds.

I thought about everything that had happened so far this week, from the scared and lonely girl I had been on Monday morning to someone capable of handling that photographer. (Okay, I'd had help, but I had organised that mini-photo-shoot for him.)

This evening had been like an incredible roller-coaster. From near despair to the tension of the performance (now it was over I could admit to myself how nervous I'd been), to the elation afterwards. The judge's comments actually went over my head a bit, but Mr. Tyler (Willy - that is so sweet) being so pleased with me, that meant something. And the row with my Mum left me feeling, I don't know, not the "poor little Sam" I had been any more.

It was really weird, but the contract offer that would have meant so much to me, didn't. I mean it was great, but it paled into insignificance compared to seeing the tears in Danielle's eyes as she said that she was proud of me.

And as for the reaction of the choir, genuinely happy for me... Especially these two. I couldn't believe what they'd done for me. By now we were out of the city traffic and about to pull onto the motorway and I burst into tears. It wasn't that I

felt upset, just overwhelmed I think. But Tanya immediately pulled over.

"Sam, what's the matter?"

"I just realised what I've been missing all this time."

They didn't understand.

"All this time I've been complaining I had no friends and at the same time not letting anyone get close. And then the two of you go and do something wonderful like tonight. I've been so stupid."

"You think you're the only one?" said Teresa. "I've been fantasising about Tanya for months and was too scared to tell how I felt until today."

"Ditto," said Tanya simply. "So let's make a deal. From now on, no hiding things from each other, no secrets."

"Deal," said Teresa and I together.

Tanya dropped Teresa off first, then took me "home" to Laura's.

"Now I must get home to tell my parents what I've been up to in case it gets on the news," she said. "See you in school."

"Bye, and thanks again." After I shut the door, I smiled to myself, ...when it gets on the news, Tanya.

In spite of the diversion to Teresa's I had arrived home first, a combination of Tanya's fast car and even faster driving.

The phone was ringing, so I raced to answer it. It was a man for Laura, so I promised she'd ring him back when she got home in a few minutes.

Danielle and Laura arrived home soon after with Suzie and Stephen. Laura made her phone call.

"They want me to work tonight," she told her Mum.

"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 they're pretty faded now anyway. I need to do it, Mum. After the last few days, I need to know I can still cope." She turned to me. "Sam, I'm really sorry. You were great tonight. Have a nice time with Mum and the others."

"Will you be okay?" I asked her.

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

"Danielle, why don't you go with her?"

"Me? Go to one of Laura's strips?"

"Why not? I bet she'd feel happier this time knowing you were there."

"But it's your night," she argued.

"Then do it as a favour to me," I responded. "Look, you were both there for me when I needed someone. Now it's time to think of yourselves."

She kissed me. "Are you sure you're going to be alright?"

"I've got Suzie and Stephen here. I'll be fine."

But before they went, we turned on the news. Sure enough, it included an item on the concert. I felt a bit sorry for the choir that actually won as they were hardly mentioned. The item ended with a brief interview with Laura and Suzie, outside the main entrance. At the beginning of the interview, they kissed each other, and that wasn't so brief. No wonder the cameras couldn't stay off them. When they cut back to the studio and a slightly embarrassed newsreader, I suddenly saw everything.

"That's how Tanya and Teresa got me out so easily. Mr. Tyler sent us out one way while you two distracted the press for me. That was incredible."

Laura and Suzie grinned. "All in a day's work," said Laura, not noticing the look of hurt that appeared briefly on Suzie's face.

When Laura and Danielle had gone, I turned to Suzie and said, "Okay, I've got a reasonable request."

"I'm sorry, Sam," she said, "I'm just not in the mood."

"What's wrong?"

She hesitated a little too long. "Nothing, just tired."

"Come on, clothes off."

"No. I told you, I'm not in the mood."

"Stephen, help me please." I started to undo her jeans, while Stephen held her arms.

"Alright, alright, I'll do it."

While she undressed I fetched a blanket and folded it in half and put it on the table. I patted the table, "On the table, please."

She hopped onto the table. "Assume the position, please."

"Getting bossy now she's a big star," laughed Suzie.

Without a word I began to lick from her foot all the way up her leg, stopping just short of her pussy. Then the same with her other leg.

I slowly licked around her pussy and used my fingers to open her up. "Sam, I know I said you owed me, but you don't.... FUCK! Where did you learn THAT?"

I'd just sucked quite hard on her clit, while stroking inside her pussy with a finger. I let her clit go and grinned, "I've been practising."

I began working her with my fingers again, bringing her to the point of cumming, then easing off. "Now, you weren't in the mood, so I'd better take my time until you are, hadn't I?" I said.

"Sam!" she nearly screamed at me, "If you don't ..." She couldn't speak as I brought her finally to a climax. I lapped at her pussy as she came, probably making the most disgusting noises.

I stood up and kissed Stephen knowing that he could taste Suzie all over my mouth. I was about to undo his trousers to give him a blow job when Suzie said, "Right, Sam. Clothes off, right now. Get on this table and spread 'em. Two can play at this game."

"Only if we '69'," I said. So I lay on the table, with Suzie lying over me, and we began licking each other, first slowly, then like crazy.

"Hmm," said Suzie, "I wish I had my dildo."

"Don't worry, we've got the real thing here already. It's about time he did something after all the entertainment we've given him."

She laughed and I said to Stephen. "Okay, this girl needs fucking bad. Get in here and make yourself useful."

I held her wide open so he slid straight into her. I tried (not very successfully) to lick her and fondle his balls as he pounded into her.

How he kept going until after she came I don't know, but he did. I put his dick in my mouth and licked him clean, before turning to Suzie. I licked out every drop of their combined juices, then used my fingers to pull out more of their cum.

When she got up and looked at me, she said, "Sam, you look disgusting."

"She looks wonderful to me," said Stephen. I thought he was just being gallant until I saw the look in his eyes. It gave me goosepimples.

I kissed him and we devoured each other, his hands roaming over my body, while I gently wanked his dick.

He stopped me. "Sam, If you don't stop doing that, I'm going to need to fuck you. And I don't want either of us to regret it in the morning."

I was about to say, "I won't regret it," when he continued, "And besides, I have something special planned for us, so we'll both have to be patient. I'd better go, before we really do get carried away."

I reluctantly let go of this dick which I knew would be inside me soon. "I wouldn't want to spoil your surprise and I think I need to talk to Suzie privately. Will I see you tomorrow?"

"I'm not sure I could cope with heavy girl talk anyway," he grinned.

Before he could go, I knelt down and kissed the tip of his dick, saying, "And I'll see you tomorrow too."

"Sam," he said, exasperated and turned to leave quickly.

When he'd gone, I confronted Suzie. "I think I understand what's wrong."

She didn't answer.

"Well, let me guess. You get about as much support from your parents as I did from my Mum, right?"

I took her silence to mean I was right.

"And you see Heather and Shelley not only with a supportive Mum, but with each other. And then there's Laura with a great Mum. And now suddenly I end up moving in here, and you feel left out."

"How?"

"Because that's how I would feel if you'd moved in here and I'd been left at my house alone."

I realised then how her face had softened at Laura's name a moment ago.

"And you're jealous of me with Laura too, aren't you?"

She turned her face away.

"Laura is like my sister. It's wonderful and she's great, but it's nothing more than that."

She was crying softly. "I'm sorry."

Oh no, I understood now. Teresa and Tanya all over again. "Does Laura know how you feel?"

"I don't know."

"Don't you think you should tell her? Tanya and Teresa both suffered for months because they couldn't bring themselves to tell each other how they felt."

"And what if she doesn't feel the same way?"

"Then at least you'll know. Suzie, I know it's not much, but even if Laura is my sort-of adopted sister, whatever happens, we'll be friends, okay?"

"You're wrong," she said.

"About what?" I protested.

"You're wrong about it not being much."

We hugged each other.

Apparently we were sleeping on the sofa together, still naked but very comfortable, when Danielle and Laura walked in.

Samantha, part 8

Program WEEK TWO FRIDAY MORNING

I woke up singing, in my head that is. It was the Albert Hall in London and a huge orchestra was behind me, yes me, not the choir. Okay, it was a dream and I knew it, but a girl's allowed to have her dreams, isn't she?

I sat up and looked across the room. Suzie was lying in Laura's bed all by herself. Where was Laura? This seemed strange.

And stranger still when we found out that Laura had gone out before the rest of us had woken up. Breakfast was a quiet meal. Suzie was missing Laura, that was obvious, but even Danielle was distracted and preoccupied. I was grateful for the silence, though. Today was going to be at least a little crazy, and that was worrying me.

It was still strange on the walk to school with Suzie. One minute she was looking off into space and smiling, the next she was studying the ground and frowning. Clearly she did not want to talk. I had spent years not talking to almost everybody so I understood the symptoms and was sure that I was doing the right thing just by walking quietly beside her. She finally said something as we turned into the path leading to the main school entrance.

"I wonder if she'll be here already." I didn't have to ask who.

When we got to our boxes and there was still no Laura, Suzie sounded slightly alarmed.

"I hope she's alright."

I tried to sound reassuring even though I was starting to worry as well. "I'm sure she is. There's probably a very simple reason why she's not here."

"Was everything okay last night?" I had to ask.

Her face exploded into a grin and she whispered, "Yeah, only the... most... phenomenal... sex... I've ever had! I'm not worried, but..." She let her voice hang there.

They had rearranged things in the corridor this morning. Spaced along the walls were ten benches, five on each side. Near the ones on the left was a long line of tall boys facing into the corridor. They were obviously our "guardian angels" (exactly the right phrase). Yesterday their arms had been linked but today they simply stood close together. The line only stretched to the third bench. I guessed Heather and Shelley were still away.

"Why don't you take the first bench, Suzie," I suggested, "So you can see when Laura gets here?"

"Good idea." Then she hugged me and gave me a quick kiss. "Thanks for being my friend."

I smiled back at her, "I'll take the far bench. Come on, our public awaits."

As I walked to my bench I noticed that all the Program boys were missing. I wondered where they were.

The tallest "angel" near my bench turned round as I got there.

"Morning, Samantha. I watched you on the telly last night. You were wicked."

Before I could thank him he added, "I have a Reasonable Request."

"Yes?" No way would I refuse him anything.

He stepped close and he was so tall I found myself staring at a dark-red t-shirt. One of his hands lifted my chin so he could kiss me. No tongues but one of the friendliest kisses I can remember. For an instant I thought of Jimmy, the security guard last night.

He pulled his head away slightly. "Congratulations, babe. Ready for your first customer?" I nodded. "The two short ones were here before anyone else," he added.

"How do they look to you?" I asked.

"Pretty harmless, I'd say."

"Okay, let them through together then."

No one else could hear our quiet conversation. The "angel" tapped each of the boys on a shoulder and they were let through. Both of them were a little shorter than me (!) and one of them was wearing a pair of round, thick glasses. I spoke to him first.

"Hi, what's your name?"

"Billy," he croaked. He was really nervous.

"And yours?" I turned to the other boy.

"Would you believe Billy as well?" At least he sounded more relaxed.

I continued with the second boy, "I think I better call you William. You don't mind, do you?"

"Okay, I guess." He paused. "It's just that my Mum calls me William."

I laughed, "Then you'd better behave yourself... William." He laughed at that with me.

"What's your request, William?"

"May I play with your breasts?" He paused and lost some of his confidence. "And suck them?"

"Of course you may, William." We seemed to be formal. It was rather sweet.

He put a hand on each breast and started rubbing gently, not at all hesitant. That was a surprise. He started concentrating on my nipples, squeezing and pulling on them. I was enjoying it.

"Now, Billy, what would you like to do?"

"Can I touch your pussy, please?"

"Have you ever touched a girl down there before, Billy?"

He dropped his eyes and shook his head.

I whispered to him, "Shall I tell you how to do it?" He grinned and nodded eagerly.

I was standing so I moved my feet farther apart. "Okay, just use one hand and start rubbing up and down slowly..." I thought for a moment, "...but like you mean it."

He started too high so I told him, "Lower, right underneath, then up to the top."

Much better. He had a good touch and I could feel my pussy enjoying it. At that point William bent down and started sucking my right breast. Actually he opened his mouth wide and took quite a lot of breast into his mouth and was sucking hard

as his tongue rubbed against the nipple. Very, very nice.

With Billy rubbing my pussy as well I was getting seriously turned on. Better see to another "customer" or two quickly!

I spoke up so both of them would notice. "Okay, boys, let's give someone else a go."

When William straightened up, he mouthed a silent "thank you" and turned away.

I took Billy's hand and held it against his nose. "Does that smell nice?" I asked him.

He sniffed. "Yes, it does." He sounded genuinely surprised.

"You did that very well, Billy, especially as it was your first time. When you get a girlfriend and she lets you touch her pussy, start just like that and she'll be happy. And don't be afraid to ask her what to do next. Believe me, she'll appreciate that." He walked away quickly. Maybe, I thought, I've made his day a pretty good one.

The tall red t-shirt faced me again. "What's your name?" I asked him.

"Everyone calls me Ed," he answered.

"I'm Sam, okay? Who's next, Ed?"

He came close again. "Well, Sam, how would you feel if a girl was next?"

"Not a problem." I looked past Ed and saw this girl standing there. All the boys had given her some space so I could check her out easily. Short, dark hair, no make-up but a very pretty face. She was wearing a green halter top that did nothing to hide her breasts. I think the word people would use was "ample". A darker-green miniskirt completed the picture.

Ed spoke again after I'd had my look. "The thing is she's jumped the queue a lot. The boys who are waiting have agreed to let her go next if both of you agree to let us all watch. She's cool. You?"

"You said 'us', Ed. Do you want to watch too?"

"Fuck yes!" he grinned.

"Okay," I agreed, "Actually I don't have a choice in the matter, while I'm in the Program anyway. Besides it's kind of exciting when people watch." Where did that come from? I asked myself. "But let us have plenty of room, okay? That way everyone can see better."

"No sweat, Sam." Then he laughed, a lovely deep sound. "Sometimes it's cool to be tall, you know."

Ed spoke quietly to all the nearby "angels" and then signalled the girl. She sauntered over, grinned and stuck out her hand.

"Hello, Samantha. I'm Charlotte, but the world calls me Charlie."

I took her hand. "Call me Sam."

"Sam, I have an UN-reasonable Request. I want to fuck you." As she said the word "fuck" she dragged a fingernail across my outstretched palm. Wow!

"What, here in front of all these... boys?"

"Uh-huh." The look on her face said she was as keen for an audience as I was.

"Can I fuck you back?" I could feel my breathing getting heavy at the idea. She was a real babe!

"If you can still stand up," she grinned and left the remark hanging.

She got real close and took me in her arms. She was a little taller than me and her breasts half-rested on mine as she leaned down and licked my lips. I opened my mouth to kiss her but she kept her lips away. So I stuck my tongue out as well and we dueled. There's no other word for it. It was really teasing.

"Let me see your tits," I asked.

She stepped back, reached behind her neck and undid the halter. Her tits were to die for. The nipples were already hard. I leant over to suck her left nipple and attacked her right one with my hand. Then I remembered our audience and switched over. Her right tit was nearer the wall and this way the boys got a better view. That was almost the last time I thought of them.

I straightened up again and moved my whole body in for a real kiss this time. Her hands were not idle. One hand caressed my arse and one of its fingers began to rub up and down my crack. The other hand went for my pussy. A finger went right into me there.

"Wow, Sam. Those boys really got you wet, didn't they? Oh, by the way, I'm not wearing underwear."

One of my hands confirmed this. We stood like that for a while, tummy close to tummy, fingering each other and staring directly into each other's eyes. Her other hand, the one rubbing my arsehole felt so good that I had to reach round her and copy it. That made her sigh. Good.

"Sam, you said I could fuck you, remember?" I nodded. "Lie down on the bench then."

I did it. My left foot was on the bench with my leg bent, and my right foot was on the floor. The crowd shouted encouragement. I don't think Charlie needed any. I

certainly didn't.

Charlie knelt between my legs and scrunched her skirt up around her waist. She shouted to the boys, "Don't even think about it, fellas."

She spread my pussy wide open with her fingers and gave me a long slow lick from bottom to top. Then she took her head away so the boys could see. She repeated this several times, constantly shortening the interval between her licks. She was getting me hotter and hotter and she knew it. Then she fastened her mouth against me and I could feel her tongue doing wonderful things inside. Her nose kept bumping and rubbing my clit and I started to moan. Somehow, though, I wasn't that close to cumming yet.

That changed when she lifted her head away and started doing me with two fingers from one hand while her other hand massaged me just above my clit. She leant down and said, "I'll give you a small one now and then drive you crazy." She fucked me much faster then and rubbed directly on my clit. I came almost immediately.

She slowed down but didn't remove her fingers. Then she she bent down and licked my clit, quickly but softly. She was right. I started the big climb again. Then she stopped and leant down and kissed me for a moment.

"Sam, I've got a special little toy with me. Would you like me to use it?"

I must have hesitated because she added, "Don't worry. Nothing goes inside but my fingers."

I was a little frightened, but I couldn't resist. "Do it."

"Okay, but I must tell you one thing first. When I start, it may be so intense that it hurts. But the hurt disappears very quickly, and then... Well, you'll see." She pushed her skirt halfway back down so she could get at a pocket. She pulled something out and then hitched the skirt back up again. She showed it to me. It looked like a lipstick but was a little longer and thicker. It looked quite innocent. Wrong, wrong, wrong.

"Play with your tits, Sam. Hard."

I'd just been lying there before, but now I went after my tits, squeezing my nipples and twisting them. While I was doing this, Charlie began to fuck me again but quite slowly. I think she added a third finger, but I really don't know for sure. She picked up the toy and fiddled with it. Suddenly I could hear a loud buzz coming from it.

She looked into and held my eyes as she lowered her hand. **FUCKING HELL!!** She had put the thing directly on my clit and she was right. It did hurt, but what a hurt! In a moment the hurt went away and I started to feel waves coming out from

my pussy one after another, slowly at first but then more quickly.

Her fingers never varied their rhythm and the waves seemed to match that rhythm. But then I came. And came and came... and passed out. I think I must have screamed as well because when I opened my eyes and could see again, Ed and two or three other guys were looking down at me.

Ed's voice was the first one I heard. "Are you alright, Sam?" He sounded worried.

"I'm fine... fine. Where's Charlie?"

"Still here, baby," she replied. "Want to fuck me now?"

I felt my face smile at hers. "No, not now. But soon. Okay?"

"Sure. Whenever you want. Shall I help you sit up?"

I managed a nod. She lifted my left foot and placed it on the floor. She put an arm around my shoulders and pulled me up to a sitting position, then sat next to me, still with her arm around me.

I found I could speak again. "What the fuck is that thing?"

"What? Oh, you mean my little friend." She showed it me again. "It's called a 'Pocket Rocket'. You like?"

"I like. Where can I get one?"

"Meet me next week, when you've got pockets again, and you can have this one."

"Promise?"

"Promise. Last period before lunch most days my lesson is right across the corridor from yours." She paused. "There is one catch, though."

"What?" Right then I didn't care what the catch was.

"You have to promise to use it on me. Now that you've met it, I think you can understand why."

"Fucking right."

For the first time I noticed she had amazing green eyes. "Love the new uniform, Charlie. It goes with your eyes."

"Ta, I do wear green a lot. Which reminds me, I gotta run and change before Assembly."

"Underwear?" I asked her.

She smiled, "Not decided yet."

I was about to ask Ed who was next, when the First Bell rang. The Assembly bell would ring in two minutes. Charlie stood and offered me a hand.

I took it and stood up. Amazingly I felt fantastic. I let go of her and took a couple of steps. I was fine. I couldn't believe it. I watched Charlie disappear into the crowd at full speed. She had at most five minutes to change.

If the Program mornings continue in the future like yesterday and again today, "Morning Groping" is far too nasty a name. The original "Morning Display" is still too tame though. The best I can come up with is "Morning Show-and-Do". I quite like that but I must ask the others what they think. After what Charlie did to me, though, maybe "Morning Show-and-Be-Done" is even better.

Miss Taylor, one of the PE teachers, had been keeping a quiet eye on everything today. She takes us for swimming, amongst other things, and with a shock I suddenly realised just how good she looks in her swimsuit. Those were thoughts I would never have had a week ago. I wasn't old enough yet, for sure, but I wondered if any of the girls, or even the boys for that matter, who were old enough had ever... oh my, Samantha, what are you thinking about?

When the Assembly bell sounded, Miss Taylor stopped Laura, Suzie and me on our way towards the showers and said, "Mr. Thompson would like you three to come to Assembly today. He thinks, and I agree with him, that you will find it... entertaining."

She looked at us critically before handing Suzie a comb. "Here, use this quickly, all of you. You'll be fine for Assembly. And afterwards you have permission to have a proper shower and miss the beginning of your lessons."

The three of us found seats together near the back. Everyone was congratulating me about last night. I was beginning to get used to the attention now, but not, I hope, in a stuck-up sort of way. Everyone seemed so genuinely happy for me that it felt warm and pleasant. I wondered, though, when the feeling of faint embarrassment would fade, or, come to that, if it ever would.

Mr. Thompson walked onto the stage, cleared his throat into the microphone and tapped it with his finger. He silenced the room quickly. It struck me how tired he looked compared with how he'd been on Monday when he was comforting me. I suddenly realised that we girls weren't the only ones who had been under a tremendous strain this week. His face was grim and so was his voice as he began.

"I had hoped to avoid this first announcement, but as quite a few of you witnessed the somewhat unpleasant scene in the car park first thing this morning, I will simply say Mr. Graham and Ms. Gordon are not working at this school..."

He was interrupted by a tremendous cheer. He tried to silence it, but finally gave up and just waited until it subsided. "I was going to go on to say, until further

notice, but as there can't be one of you out there who doesn't know what has occurred here this week, I am revealing nothing new by telling you that they are suspended pending disciplinary hearings. I am sorry to say that some of you may be asked to speak at those hearings."

His voice got quieter. "On a personal note, I feel very bad that we, as a staff body, let you all down by allowing the situation to deteriorate so badly before we took any action. I know that many other members of staff feel the same way. To the Program girls especially, I apologise and I can promise that while this group of staff are in this school we will see to it that a situation like that never arises again."

Now there was silence in the hall apart from some shuffling of feet. "Until Dr. Reynolds returns, which should be later today, I have been appointed as acting headmaster. We are trying to organise a rota to cover Mr. Graham's and Ms. Gordon's classes, but if you go to one of their classes and there is no member of staff present, I ask you to behave yourselves as the young adults you are."

But now he smiled. "I'll turn now to a much happier topic." A short pause. "Yesterday evening there was an important competition for our school choir. Most of you have probably heard by now that we came second." There were a lot of disappointed groans at that.

Mr. Thompson waved the room quiet again. "I watched the whole thing on the telly and I'm bound to say that I felt the judges got it slightly wrong." He let the whistles and laughter run for a bit. "Now I'm going to ask the whole choir to stand up, wherever they are, in a moment, but before I do I want to make sure you all know precisely what happened at the concert last night. There may just be one or two of you left out there who don't know the full story."

I knew what was coming so I tuned it out. Better to remind myself of the other good things that had happened last night. Mr. Tyler and his wife were so kind to me. I really needed a couple of hugs just then. They were worth remembering. I spotted Mr. Tyler standing at the side not far from me. Our eyes locked and we both grinned. Good old Mr. Tyler.

I found myself idly scratching my wrist, yeah, that wrist. I remembered Jimmy, the security guard, and the scar he showed me. Glancing down I knew I'd have a scar too. I think he was right. Having a constant private reminder of an old stupidity just might stop me doing something else just as stupid in the future.

Handling that creepy photographer turned out to be lots of fun, thanks to Jimmy and the other guard, George. Now there's a hunk. Sorry, Stephen. Just because I love you doesn't mean I'll stop looking, only looking, sweetheart, when the view is as wicked as George.

Laura and Suzie on either side of me suddenly took each of my hands and squeezed them.

I hadn't been listening to Mr. Thompson, but I tuned back into his words in time to hear him say, "None of this would have happened had it not been for two of the other Program girls. They were the catalysts..."

He spotted one of his students at the front and spoke directly to him, "Look it up, Mr. Williams." The room roared. He moved his mouth closer to the microphone momentarily. His next four words only were very loud.

"As I was saying... These two girls were the catalysts that inspired and instigated last evening's remarkable events. So please, Laura Townley and Suzie Peters, would you stand up with the choir and allow the rest of us to show our appreciation to all of you in the traditional manner?"

He moved away from the microphone and waved both hands upward. The whole room erupted with applause and whistles and shouts and god knows what else, even before all of us had managed to stand. Laura was grinning and that was wonderful to see, especially after what she had been through this week. Suzie was of course blushing brightly.

After a full minute or so Mr. Thompson spoke again. "Now... everyone... shhh... thank you... shhh." The room was quiet again. "Thank you, all of you in the choir, for an outstanding performance. Mr. Tyler, a jolly good show, sir. Now, as I've explained, there was rather more to last night's performance than the wonderful singing. How to put this politely?" A tiny hesitation. "Members of the choir, if you remained clothed throughout the performance last night, please sit down."

All the boys and half the girls sat. Suddenly there was a noisy interruption off to my right. Tanya and Teresa were stripping! Blouses, skirts and panties disappeared quickly. Neither, it was obvious to everyone, had worn a bra today. Then they faced the stage holding hands.

If Mr. Thompson was surprised, he recovered quickly. "I was not going to ask all you girls who are still standing to follow the example..." He glanced at a paper in front of him. "...of Tanya Worthington and Teresa Campenelli in the back there."

Everyone turned around at that. It seemed like all the girls in the room started gasping or chattering, while all the boys started whistling or shouting remarks.

Mr. Thompson was suddenly annoyed. "Quiet! All of you! Now!" That got the room's attention.

He then spoke gently, "Tanya? Teresa? Is this just for Assembly, or something more?"

Amazingly it was Teresa, not Tanya, who answered, "More, sir, if that's okay with you?"

"Would you care to explain that for me?"

Teresa looked at Tanya who smiled, "You're doing fine, girl. Keep goin'."

Teresa seemed to get her confidence back again. "Well, sir, the whole town is now a Program Area, right?"

"Yes," from Mr. Thompson.

"That means that any of us, girls or boys, can go without clothes if we want." She paused. "Well, Tanya and me, I mean, Tanya and I..."

Mr. Thompson interrupted, "That's okay, Teresa. I'll let it go THIS TIME."

I think nearly everyone who had Mr. Thompson for English laughed at that. If I'd sold a record for every time I've heard him tell one of us not to confuse I with me, I'd already have a gold disc.

"Well, Tanya and I want to go without clothes some of the time, not all the time. We spend more time in school than anywhere else, so if we want to... be naked then we want to be able to be naked here at school." She took a deep breath. "That is, if we're allowed to."

"Well, Teresa, you've made yourself very clear. Thank you. Tanya, do you agree with everything Teresa has just said?"

"Yes, Mr. Thompson, I do. And may I add something else YOU may think is very important? I talked to my dad this morning and Teresa talked to her mum and both of them said it was alright with them if it was alright with the school." Now she smiled, "Do you want us to bring in a note from our parents?"

Everyone laughed at that, including Mr. Thompson. "No, Tanya, at least not right away. I'll be happy to take your word on that. However, Dr. Reynolds may feel that it will be necessary when he returns." And now he chuckled again. "No doubt Mrs. Johnson will be asked to design a form of some sort for parents to sign in due course."

There was another knot of confusion right near the front on the far side of the room. Suddenly it was quiet and another naked girl was standing there.

"Miss McCormick, I didn't know you were in the choir." Mr. Thompson was obviously curious.

"I'm not, sir." I could hear the smile in her voice from where I sat.

"I'm not a dentist, Miss McCormick, so I hope I'll not have to extract your story tooth by tooth." That got the intended laugh.

Mr. Thompson held up a hand. "A moment, everyone. You should all know that Miss McCormick has... now how shall I put this? ...a certain flair for the dramatic. She was one of my students for the past two years, but the gods have given me my

parole this year. There were a few times last year when I thought I was in her class rather than the other way around." He let the room quiet down and then he faced her again. "Cynthia, is this... display spontaneous?" I realised that his little speech had allowed the girl to collect her thoughts.

"Yes and no, sir. I decided just now to copy the girls back there but I've been thinking about this most of the week. I want to be naked some of the time just like they do, but I must be honest, sir. I haven't said anything to my folks yet."

She paused but before Mr. Thompson could reply she continued, "I'm also hoping to persuade my boyfriend to... follow my example between now and Monday." She giggled, "I can be very persuasive."

Everyone laughed at that. Then a boy stood up, near the front as well but on this side of the room. He pulled his jumper over his head and then started on his trousers.

Mr. Thompson's sigh was broadcast by the microphone. "And who, pray tell, are you, young man?"

Loudly, "Cynthia's boyfriend!" Then a lot quieter, "Justin Coyle."

He finished undressing before he said, "I think this is necessary if I'm gonna have any chance of a good time tonight."

There was some giggling at that, but Mr. Thompson just nodded his head and replied, "I think I probably should say 'well done', Mr. Coyle. I suspect this might turn out to have been more a matter of survival than pleasure for you. Mr. Coyle and Miss McCormick, would you both sit down please. You may, if you wish, remain unclothed today. However, I'm putting you both on your honour to speak to your parents over the weekend, alright?"

I couldn't see from where I was sitting but Mr. Thompson's reaction indicated that they must have nodded in agreement. It had been a pleasant few minutes, but now Mr. Thompson looked very serious indeed.

He turned to the rest of us and spoke very distinctly. "Now, every one of you, listen very carefully to what I'm about to say. I know that I am speaking now with the full authority of the headmaster. These four students, Teresa Campenelli, Tanya Worthington, Cynthia McCormick and Justin Coyle are not, I repeat, they are NOT in the Program. That means all of them are NOT available for Reasonable Requests. Any student who tries to abuse them, or even to annoy them in any kind of sexual way, will be dealt with immediately, forcefully and without... being... given... a... second... chance. And all you girls out there, don't think I'm only talking to the boys. Verbal abuse is still abuse and will be dealt with just as severely." He stopped to scan all of us. "Have I made myself completely clear to every single person in this room?"

A pin dropping would have been deafening after that.

After a moment, Tanya raised her hand! "Mr. Thompson, sir? Suppose any of us want to do something sexy, without any other student making a request?"

"A very sensible question, Tanya. And one I do not know the answer to." He stood there thinking for what seemed like a long time. "How about this as an interim solution? Let's say no... unusual behaviour at all until Dr. Reynolds has had a chance to consider the question carefully." There were complaints from many of the boys until Mr. Thompson cleared his throat. "Nudity only, as and when any of you choose, but absolutely nothing else. Tanya? Teresa? Cynthia? Justin?" They each nodded in turn.

Cynthia had one last question. "Which toilets and showers should we use?"

"That one's easy, Cynthia. The girls' facilities of course. Not you, though, Mr. Coyle. Using the facilities of the opposite sex only applies to Program students."

He addressed the room at large again. "The best-laid plans, hey? I had a very careful script prepared before these delightful young ladies and Mr. Coyle interrupted me." He paused to nod politely to all four of them. "So, undeterred, I shall return to it. Tanya and Teresa were the girls, along with Samantha, Laura and Suzie, who were naked for the first piece at the concert. These five girls had no idea what sort of reception they were going to receive when they walked out on that stage last night. Thus all five of you showed real courage there and I commend you all."

Suddenly it was crazy, with clapping and whistling and everything else. Like the room had been holding its breath after Mr. Thompson's serious words and let it out, all of it all at once.

"Now would you all sit down, all of you, that is, except Samantha."

The moment had arrived that I knew would happen. I felt good about it and not scared at all.

"Samantha, I know you have had an immensely testing time this week. Last night, however, you proved yourself magnificently. Not only with your singing, which was angelic, but also with your bravery and determination, which were breathtaking. Samantha Downing, we salute you."

And now the spotlight was on me totally. I had complained to Danielle about being exposed all week, with nowhere to hide, but this, this was different. I had earned this spotlight and life was just fine. I could tell that everyone was as loud as before, maybe even louder. But it was strange. I could feel the applause and everything else much more than I could hear it, and it made me just a little giddy.

For the last time, Mr. Thompson shushed the room. I sat down and Laura and

Suzie gave me a quick hug.

"Well, this Assembly has been rather longer than usual," Mr. Thompson had a "conclusive" tone in his voice. "To those members of staff who may have to rush their first lesson today, I apologise for the length of this Assembly, but not its content."

"One final announcement, though, for my own students. I suppose there's good news and bad news for you. I shall be unavailable for the rest of the day to take any of my lessons. That's the good news." He paused then grinned. "The bad news is that I've arranged with my colleagues in the English department to cover all my lessons." There were more than a few groans around the room.

"So would you all now proceed, quickly and quietly, to wherever you should be right now. Thank you."

As I reached the aisle I was stopped by Mrs. Johnson, the headmaster's secretary. She stood directly in front of me.

"Samantha, dear, I just wanted to say how much I enjoyed last night. I love Mozart and what you did with the Laudate was... very beautiful. As for the rest of it, what you and the other girls..." she nodded at Suzie and Laura, "...did was very brave. Well done."

I was flabbergasted. Not at what she said, which was clearly honest and very nice, but at her calling me Samantha. For as long as I had been at the school I had never heard her call any student anything except Miss This or Mr. That. And my surprise caused me to do something surprising right back. I leant forward quickly and kissed her on the cheek.

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Johnson. That was quite the sweetest thing anyone has said to me this morning."

She smiled warmly at me, but then I could feel her reluctantly putting her mask back on. "Mr. Thompson has asked me to ask you to come to the office briefly before your first class."

"Sure, Mrs. Johnson. But please, could I go have a quick shower first. Miss Taylor said..."

"Of course you may, Miss Downing. But be as quick as you can, please." Then the warm smile returned. "And no fooling around in there, young lady."

There's a lot more to Mrs. Johnson than she lets us see, I thought as I headed towards the door. Despite all the people pushing past I found myself right next to Mr. Tyler.

I whispered to him so no one else could hear, "Thanks for everything, Willy."

Then I ran like hell for the showers.

Suzie and I were side by side, alone in the showers, and she was listlessly rubbing some soap across her body. I moved in front of her to catch her eye, "Laura didn't need a shower, you know."

"Yeah, I know. But I didn't even get a chance to ask her where she's been this morning."

Oh dear, she did sound unhappy. And seriously in need of a distraction. "Wash your back, Suzie?"

"Huh? Yeah, okay, thanks."

Facing away from me, she couldn't see my grin. I soaped her back like you would a muddy five-year-old's. Then I tossed the soap over my shoulder and sent ten tickling fingers round to her ribcage.

I had the advantage of surprise and Suzie was shrieking before her brain could make her body react. She tried to twist away, she tried to run, she tried both at the same time. But I was relentless, staying behind her where she couldn't get me back.

Eventually I stopped the tickling myself. By now we were on the other side of the showers and Suzie was bent over with her hands on her knees, panting heavily. I stood back with my arms crossed, out of range of a counter-attack and grinning like a maniac.

Suzie looked up at me and glowered, "You-u-u..." But then her face softened and she was grinning instead. "Thanks, Sam. I needed that."

I thought I was safe but decided to check anyway. "Truce?"

"Yeah, truce. Come on, we'd better finish here."

That's all Suzie said while we rinsed ourselves and towelled off. She did grin sheepishly at me a couple of times, though, so I knew I'd done as much as I could.

I walked into the office a few minutes later. Mrs. Johnson was busy on her computer. Mr. Thompson was standing behind her and looked up at me.

"Ah, the nightingale alights." Then he shook his head. "Sorry, Samantha. Sometimes I'm just plain silly. Could I have a brief word?" I'm not sure but I think he may have bowed slightly as he held the door to the inner office open for me.

He motioned me into a chair and then sat next to me, not, I noticed, behind the big desk.

"So, Samantha, how are you coping with everything this morning?"

"Okay, I guess, sir. It is a little weird, though. One minute it feels all warm and

friendly, the next minute it's a little scary. I mean, I'm still Samantha Downing and I'm still here in school and I'm still naked in the Program, so nothing really has changed, has it?"

Mr. Thompson just smiled and waited for the big "but".

"But of course everything has changed, hasn't it? A few days ago almost nobody knew who I was. Now the whole school knows me, and not just 'naked me'. And god knows how many people heard me sing on telly last night. And an important agent wants to sign me up for... what, a new singing career? I don't know. And I have a new family, the Townleys, who love me and have taken me into their home, and into their lives. And..."

I was suddenly crying and couldn't stop. Was all this just too much for me? At that point I didn't know and that made me cry some more, not big heaving sobs but little sniffles that would not stop. Mr. Thompson produced a handkerchief, shook it open and handed it me. The first noseblow sounded like a loud fart (sorry, but that WAS what it sounded like), but the second one was much quieter. I wiped my cheeks dry, and my nose once more as well, before returning the handkerchief.

I folded my hands demurely in my lap, sat up straight and looked at Mr. Thompson. "What did you want to see me about, sir?" I was determined not to lose it again.

"Only to tell you this, Samantha. I believe you know a Mr. Gerard Vaughan." I nodded, suddenly eager. "Well, he phoned me first thing this morning. He wants to meet the whole choir today, and then have a private meeting with you, he said, with my permission of course. I had a brief word with Mr. Tyler and what we've all agreed is this. Mr. Vaughan will see the whole choir during the lunch hour and then the two of you can meet privately. Okay so far?"

"Yes, of course." Then that "so far" registered. "What else is there?"

"Well, it sounds like your meeting will be serious business. If you would like Mr. Tyler or me, or both of us, to sit in on that meeting, I or we would be very happy to. I believe Mr. Vaughan wants to be your agent, or manager or something, but you may feel you need some support with him until you get to know him better."

I didn't think Mr. Tyler was much of a business type of person. Mr. Thompson, on the other hand, impressed me a lot more. You might be wrong, I told myself, but here comes your first "career" decision.

"Please, sir, I'd like it a lot if you'd be at the meeting." Then I added so he'd understand I was being serious. "I trust you."

"Thank you. I promise to do my best to justify that trust." He glanced at his watch. "It looks like you've already missed quite a lot of your first lesson. We might as well use up the rest of it. I'm sure Mrs. Johnson would be grateful for some help

right now. We have to get the word around to the whole choir about lunchtime. I've decided to allow all of you to start lunch a quarter of an hour early so you can eat something before the meeting. Let's go see Mrs. Johnson, shall we?"

She had prepared a note on her computer for Mr. Thompson to sign, and now her computer was spitting out one copy for each member of the choir with their name at the top. Each of us could give our copy to our fourth-lesson teacher so we could leave early.

Mrs. Johnson had everyone's lesson schedule on her computer and she was going through the pile and marking where each student was now. When she was finished and Mr. Thompson had signed them all, she and I divided them in half and each of us delivered a pile.

The procedure was a little different for my form. My fourth lesson today was English Lit. and Mrs. Johnson had written on my form where Mrs. O'Brien was now. I delivered this one last, just as the bell ending the first lesson rang.

Our second lessons were in the same direction so, as we walked, I explained to Mrs O'Brien what was happening at lunchtime.

"This is very sudden, Samantha, is it not? I hope it's not too sudden. What do you think?"

"I'm really not sure about a lot of things right now. But Mr. Thompson has agreed to help me with my meeting today."

"A very good idea. I have a lot of respect for him. I know you may have to start to make some big decisions now. They will have to be your decisions, but do listen to his advice."

Then she stopped and turned me to face her. "If you will, allow me to offer you some advice. You are going to have to find some people to trust. People who you think will honestly have your best interests at heart. That will be difficult and you will have to learn to judge people and then go with your judgment. I know nothing about this Vaughan fellow, but I do know Marcus Thompson. If you want to trust me, I'm telling you to trust him."

"But suppose I pick the wrong people to trust?"

"Then you might get hurt, but I have a feeling you already knew that." She made that a question by raising an eyebrow.

"So if I make a mistake, I guess I have to back up and try something, or someone, different."

"Rather like one of those mazes and their high hedges. We all have to do it, Samantha. It's one of the things life's all about."

"Mrs. O'Brien, is there anything simple or easy about all this?" I really hoped her answer would be yes.

She laughed at that but not loudly. "Maybe just one thing, my dear, but not until you know it. Before then it will seem the most difficult thing there is."

I thought for a moment she wasn't going to tell me but she was still smiling. "Have I confused you now? What could be difficult and easy at the same time? Frightening and exciting? As simple as a sunrise or as complex as nuclear physics?"

I suddenly knew the answer. "Let me say it, ma'am." She waited. "It's love, isn't it?"

"Exactly so." At that point the second bell went.

Fortunately I was only a few seconds away from my next lesson, History. Mrs. O'Brien had given me so much to think about that I'm afraid I paid no attention to the spread of the British Empire in the nineteenth century. Or was it the eighteenth century? I told you I wasn't paying attention.

Mrs. O'Brien's words had made me more than a little uneasy. I sat there trying to understand what was going on inside me. There were a mixture of emotions competing. Happiness and excitement were certainly there. But so was fear. It felt scary to be noticed, to be put into the spotlight even if the ones aiming the spotlight at you were friendly. That was wrong. They were claiming to be friendly but I didn't know that yet. Especially Gerard Vaughan. I didn't know what plans he might have for me. But I had to assume for now that he wants to profit from me and my talent. Will that be good for me as well? I didn't know and that was scary all by itself.

That was the bad stuff. Was there any good stuff? Yes, I believed there was, but what to call it? Satisfaction was the best I could come up with. I had given a fucking outstanding performance last night. I knew it and I thought that others, including Mr. Thompson now, knew it as well. I had worked my arse off for last night, so it wasn't as if something had come my way which I hadn't earned.

And while we're on the good stuff, I thought, there is dear, sweet, gorgeous, sexy Stephen. I'm so glad he's accepted waiting a few days until we do it. He probably doesn't really understand why this is so important to me, only that it does matter to me. And that makes it okay with him.

My next class was Maths and for some reason I did listen. I was even able to do a problem on the board. Okay, I made a mistake, but with the teacher's help I was able to figure out where I'd messed up and fix it, and somehow that was even more satisfying than getting it right the first time. Like I'd said to Mrs. O'Brien, when things hadn't worked out, I'd backed up and tried something different, even though

I needed a little help along the way. Sort of like life, I smiled to myself as I returned to my seat.

I only had a few simple Requests during the morning breaks, some poses and two different boys who wanted to congratulate me with a kiss, just like Ed had done. The second boy offered me some tongue, but that was just friendly rather than sexy. Afterwards he whispered, "If I request anything more, my girlfriend will cause me pain, she told me, and I believe her."

After what Charlie had done to me earlier, I certainly didn't think I needed any more stimulation this morning, although I wouldn't have refused any "reasonable" offers. There were, however, two episodes worth mentioning.

The first was when two girls from my year came up to me, each with a small book and a pen in her hand. I knew them slightly.

"Hi, Sam. You were fantastic last night, and we thought you might actually get famous someday and so we thought we'd be the first ones..." one of the girls began.

"To ask you for your autograph," the other one finished. Then they both grinned at me.

Wow! I wondered if they realised how cool I thought that was.

"Sure," I said and signed their books. They even asked me to add today's date, to make it official, one of them said. They had proper autograph books and they had each turned their book to a blank page part way through. Gosh, I wondered, who else had they got in their books, but somehow it seemed impolite to ask.

They were just going when I stopped them. Something huge had just occurred to me. "Could I possibly sign them again, please?"

"Why?"

"Just trust me, okay?"

They opened the books again for me to the next page and watched while I signed "Samantha Townley" and again wrote the date.

"Why 'Townley'?" one of them asked.

"I can't tell you now. But if I do become famous, that's the first time I've used that name."

"Cool," the other one commented. As they walked away I thought I might just have done something quite wrong, or at least something I should not have done without Danielle's and Laura's permission. I promised myself to not do anything more about it until I had discussed it with both of them.

The second episode was just as I was about to walk into English Lit. I happened to

look across the corridor and spotted Charlie staring at me. She smiled and then looked down towards her feet. I looked down there as well before realising she was actually looking at her skirt, where her hand was patting a pocket. I knew what was in that pocket and felt a sudden warmth in my pussy. I looked up again and must have blushed, as Charlie's smile grew a lot wider before she turned and walked into her classroom, her hips swaying, I was certain, just for me.

For the first time this week I wanted classroom relief. I'll rephrase that. I needed relief, so I approached Mrs. O'Brien, who was standing next to her desk.

I recalled our chat in the corridor, but it still seemed weird to me to be talking to her twice in the same day. "Hello again, Mrs. O'Brien," I said quietly, "Please, would you ask me if I want relief?"

"Really, Samantha?"

"Yes, really. I'll tell you why next week, if you want me to, but I really need it now."

"Alright, dear. Wait here next to me."

Once the class had settled, Mrs. O'Brien spoke. "Class, Miss Downing here has requested relief." She turned to me. "Would you like assistance?"

"Yes, please."

I think every boy's hand shot up as well as about half the girls. Wow, I thought. I saw the boy I wanted smiling at me. He was the one who had wished me luck yesterday. "Terry, please."

The other boys groaned their disappointment but several of the girls giggled.

As he stood, Mrs. O'Brien said, "Mr. Hobbs, I thought there was someone in this class you were already quite... close to." Oh shit! I didn't know that. I wondered who his girlfriend was, and if she still would be now.

"You don't miss much, ma'am, do you?"

"I try not to, sir."

"Well, Melanie stuck her hand up too."

"Miss Reardon, I guess you can't complain about Mr. Hobbs then, can you?"

"No, ma'am, I suppose I can't. But I can feel a little jealous, can't I?"

I thought I had a solution. "Melanie, want to join us?"

Terry had a headstart on Melanie, but she moved a lot faster than he did and was standing next to me by the time he got there. The rest of the class laughed loudly,

whether it was at her eagerness or just the general situation I wasn't sure.

Melanie spoke first. "What do you want us to do, Sam?"

I giggled at her. "How's Terry at going down?"

"Outstanding." The girls in the class oohed and aahed.

I turned to Terry. "Don't let me down now. Promise?"

"I'll do my best, Sam."

Mrs. O'Brien picked up the only items on her desk, two books. "You may use the desk if you wish."

"Thank you, ma'am," I replied.

I lay back across the desk with my legs hanging over the edge and my right side facing the class. The desktop was cold, but I could not have cared less.

Terry very quietly asked me, "Are fingers okay, or do you just want my mouth?"

Melanie whispered back, "Sam, you want both, believe me."

I told Terry, "You heard what Melanie said. Go for it."

Melanie walked behind the desk so that when she bent down to kiss me and play with my tits the class could still see. That's what she told me afterwards. I hadn't thought about it at the time.

I don't know which of them was better. She kissed me for a while, and boy could she kiss, and then moved down and sucked first one nipple, then the other one, back and forth. Terry sent one finger first into my pussy, but when he found I was already very wet immediately switched to two fingers. His mouth concentrated on my clit, sucking very gently at first but soon much harder.

I think I was still sensitive from Charlie and her magic toy, because very quickly they had me moaning and writhing all over the desk. Then it happened. I started to cum and Melanie twisted my nipples as Terry's fingers moved fast and his tongue rubbed my clit. Not an earthquake like earlier, but very, very satisfying.

When I could understand speech again, Melanie whispered, "Can I have a taste, Sam?"

Mrs. O'Brien must have very good hearing, as she answered for me, "Only a quick taste, Miss Reardon. I have a lesson to teach."

Melanie was fast but pretty thorough. And while she was down there Terry was letting me taste myself on his lips, tongue, nose and cheeks.

Suddenly Mrs. O'Brien was right next to the desk. "Okay, kids, that's enough." Her

tone was friendly so the class's laugh was friendly as well.

Terry helped me to stand up as Mrs. O'Brien whispered, "Better, Samantha?"

"Yes, thank you, much better."

Then she spoke up so everyone could hear, "Mr. Hobbs, perhaps you could help Miss Downing to her seat."

Before Melanie could move away I hugged her. "Thanks. You were right, he is outstanding."

I thought I had whispered but from their reaction I guess most of the class heard me.

Mrs. O'Brien of course had the last word for Terry. "Hmm, Mr. Hobbs, I suspect that if you and Miss Reardon were to break up, there may be one or two other opportunities for you here."

As Terry escorted me to my seat, I noticed a distinct bulge in his trousers. So did several other girls as he made no real attempt to hide it.

"Alright, class, starting today and for the next few lessons we are going to look at several famous speeches from Shakespeare's plays. Not only was he a great poet with a wonderful command of English, but he also had some very strong views on human issues which, I would suggest to you, are as relevant today as when he wrote them some 400 years ago. Our first speech comes from Macbeth so would you all please turn to page 113 in your books."

I was "book-less" so she continued, "Mr. Hobbs, Miss Downing has no books with her. Perhaps you could slide your chair over and share with her?"

This was unusual. All week Mrs. O'Brien had let me slide undisturbed through her lessons. I looked up at her and she was looking straight at me. I felt she really wanted me to get involved today. Okay, I decided, let's see.

After Terry had settled down close to me, there was some noise near the front and three girls started giggling.

Mrs. O'Brien was pissed off. "Miss Morgan, would you share with us what you've just muttered to your friends? I hope it's relevant."

Liz Morgan feared no one, so I was not surprised when she said, "I was only just wondering, ma'am, if Terry and Sam had picked out the baby furniture yet."

That was so outrageous that even Mrs. O'Brien started laughing. She turned to Melanie. "I'm sorry, Miss Reardon. Perhaps I should have asked if you minded."

"That's alright, ma'am, as long as I can see all their hands." That set the class off again.

"Enough, everyone, that's enough now. We have work to do. The speech we are about to consider is near the top of page, starting with 'tomorrow and tomorrow'. Yesterday I asked Mr. Hobbs to prepare to recite this speech. Are you ready, sir?"

"Yes, ma'am." He stood and I tried to pass him the book. "I don't need it, Sam. Thanks. It isn't that long so I think I've got it memorised."

"Good, Mr Hobbs," Mrs. O'Brien commented. "Let's hear it then."

Terry cleared his throat and began. He didn't speak very loudly or quickly, but every word was clearly pronounced. He really sounded like he was someone who was thinking out loud. I thought he was terrific, as I followed the words in the book.

*Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.*

"Very good, Mr Hobbs. You sounded like you knew what you were talking about. We shall see. Thank you."

Terry sat down and I smiled at him. I could sing, sure, but I couldn't have done what he just did, and certainly not given such a good performance.

Mrs. O'Brien addressed the rest of us. "Now I don't intend to go into the whole play or discuss why this speech is crucial to the story. If you are lucky enough to have me for English Lit. next year, we will spend a great deal of time on Macbeth. Murder always makes for a good yarn, just count the bodies on television for a single week sometime. You may be surprised by the number."

"No, instead I want you to think about what Shakespeare might be saying about life in general. Think outside the box. I'm not fond of that phrase, but it is apt here. Take a moment and then when you've thought of something, raise your hand."

It was the last line that struck me the most. Life's an idiot's tale, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. Like if I was lucky enough to become a famous singer. I knew then why she was so keen for me to get into this. I raised my hand. While I waited I glanced around the room. There were five or six other hands raised, then another three or four. That was one of things that was good about her classes. Lots of us got involved and she was never rude to any of us, unless one of us got too

cheeky first.

Then she smiled at me, "Miss Downing?"

Here goes, I thought, and took a deep breath. "I was thinking about the last bit, ma'am, 'a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.' I think he's saying that just because something is loud or seems to be very important, like all the fame and money a pop star gets, it maybe isn't important at all. It's like when someone says to you, you should take that with a pinch of salt."

"I think that's exactly what he's saying, dear." She always uses dear for the girls and sir for the boys when we're discussing things. "Did anything else strike you?"

"Well, the whole thing seems to be saying there's nothing that's really important, nothing matters, and I don't want to agree with that, ma'am, not at all."

"You're correct about this one speech, and without straying too far from the speech, I'll just say that the speaker is quite deeply depressed here, so he's unlikely to feel like saying anything positive. And I agree with you also about not wanting to believe that nothing matters. Lots of things matter a great deal."

"But," I came back with, "The things that really matter may not be the ones we think matter. It's like last night, when Mr. Graham sent me home and told me I couldn't sing. You have to understand, we've been working for last night all year. And it meant even more to me, well for reasons I won't say now. If that had happened earlier this week, I... I don't know what I might have done. But all I could think about last night was I had Dani... Mrs. Townley and Laura who love me. And if I couldn't sing at the concert, it wasn't the end of the world any more. I'm sorry, ma'am. I don't know if I'm making sense."

Mrs. O'Brien smiled at me. "Yes dear, you are, a great deal of sense. Thank you, Miss Downing. Miss Morgan?"

Sorry, Mrs. O'Brien, I said to myself, I've got to think about this right now, so I'm afraid I ignored most of the rest of lesson. But I think she expected that would happen. Maybe she even intended for it to happen. One thing though, that I have to give her credit for is getting me into Shakespeare for the first time ever. But not just Shakespeare. She's managed to do that with other stuff as well. I decided I wanted to be in her class next year. How could I manage that? Hmmm.

A little while later Terry got into an argument with another boy. I'd missed the start so I couldn't follow what they were saying, but I was rooting for Terry. I think he won the argument. Good.

Before I knew it, Mrs. O'Brien spoke to me again. "Miss Downing, I believe it's time for you to go."

Terry looked at me funny so I whispered, "Got a choir meeting now. Your

performance was ace... both of them. See ya."

As I passed her, I muttered, "A quick question, ma'am, please?"

"Excuse me for one moment, class," she said and followed me out the door.

I knew I had to be brief. "I just wanted to thank you for today's lesson. You did it on purpose, didn't you?"

"Guilty as charged, dear. After I watched the concert last night, I got to thinking that you might be feeling very confused today. I rang Mr. Hobbs up, I've all your phone numbers at home, and arranged for him to prepare for today. When you have a chance, think about what we did today. I hope it helps."

"Yes, I think it has already." Then I suddenly thought about phone numbers. "Mrs. O'Brien, I'm moving to the Townley's tonight, permanently. I must tell Mrs. Johnson. I hadn't thought about that. If you could check with her later..."

"Yes, I shall, thank you. Now I must get back in there. Good luck today."

And before I could blink I was staring at the classroom door.

Samantha, part 9

Program WEEK TWO FRIDAY Afternoon

As I walked into the dining hall I could see most of the choir in the queue. A few were already eating.

I joined the queue and saw that lasagne was on the menu. It was one of the few main dishes they cooked that I liked, and I liked it a lot. Great, I thought, I'm starving. I was considering whether this appetite as well was down to Charlie and her little friend when I heard a familiar voice behind me. It was Teresa, and of course she was naked.

There were two boys in the queue between us so she had to raise her voice. "Sam, those seats in class are free-eezing! How have you managed it all week?"

"Carefully, very carefully," I called back. Everyone near us laughed at that. "Where's Tanya?"

"Dropping all our books off in her locker. And having a pee, I think."

She hadn't seen Tanya approaching. "Why don't you broadcast it on the Tannoy? (see [cultural notes](#)) I'm not sure if they heard you in the Chem. lab." The sciences had

their own small building behind the main one so the Chem. lab was about as far away from the dining hall as you could get.

As the laughter died Tanya added, louder than was now necessary, "I may have to spank you for that."

The boy next to me offered, "Please, Tanya, can I hold her for you?"

"In yer dreams, Mike," Tanya and Teresa responded together.

I had nearly finished an enormous helping of lasagne when Mr. Tyler stuck his head in the door and called out, "Chop, chop, everyone. We're in the auditorium."

I chugged the rest of my Coke, stood up and burped very loudly.

Someone had to say it, didn't they? "Better out than in."

I "la-la'ed" a progression at him.

Teresa giggled, "That sounded rough, Sam."

From anyone else I'd have been annoyed. I saw the remains of a burger on her plate. "Let's hear a quick rendition of "Hamburger Heaven", girl, and admire your tone, right now."

Teresa ducked her head and mouthed a "sorry" at me. I smiled back.

Mike the "volunteer" and I were first into the auditorium. Sitting right at the front buried in a newspaper was Gerard Vaughan.

Mr. Tyler was up on the stage and signalled for the choir to join him there, including me. We took our normal singing positions. I was in the middle of the front row. That's when I noticed three ladders set up in the auditorium, one in the middle in the central aisle and the other two halfway along each side of the front row. Odd, I thought, and promptly forgot about them.

Mr. Tyler stood at the side so he could see both Mr. Vaughan and us. "Hello, boys and girls." He ALWAYS started that way. He told us once that when he was small, the host of his favourite children's programme on the telly began every show that way. Apparently this host had the best natural singing voice he'd ever heard, including every choir he'd ever directed, and this was his way of reminding himself what he had to aim for.

He continued, "I'm pretty certain most of you know the gentleman in the audience. His name is Gerard Vaughan. To say he's 'the biggest noise in the music business today' is possibly an understatement. Mr. Vaughan."

Mr. Vaughan stood to speak to us. "Thank you, Mr. Tyler, for that." He looked towards the side of the room for a few seconds like he was gathering his thoughts, before facing us with a small grin brightening his eyes.

"Yes, I'm certainly the biggest cheese in British music at the moment. I must emphasise that 'at the moment' because the music business is incredibly fickle. I have to be on the run constantly just to stand still, but I can't complain. I've made a lot of money in this game. Of course, my artists have made a lot more, usually at least one zero more, if you see what I mean."

"But that's not the main reason I do what I do. I don't need the dosh any more. My wife asks me at least once a month to retire, but then she spends the rest of the month."

He stopped there. It took most of us, including me, quite a while to get the joke, so our laughter was slow and scattered.

"Don't worry, boys and girls, may I call you that as well?" Of course he could, but it struck me as a nice gesture to ask. "When you're older and married and mortgaged, you'll get jokes like that a lot quicker."

"Where was I? Oh, yes. The reason I'm still in the music business is that I love music, all kinds of music, classical, jazz, every pop genre from 50s rock 'n' roll to disco to rap to hip-hop to electro-rock to everything else in between. The insurance premiums on my personal collection keep my broker better dressed than I am." His suit was sharp, with a capital S, and fitted him perfectly.

"One thing you must know about me is that I never, never lie when I express a musical opinion. I can't afford to, literally. I was at your concert last night. I spend more time at live gigs all over the country than doing anything else, because however good today's technology is, it still doesn't get close to the truth. There were really only two choirs there last night, you guys and the winners. I'll be honest with you. I scored it as a dead heat between the choirs. Had I been one of the judges, I'd have given you guys a narrow win, though, because of Miss Downing."

He looked directly at me now. "You have an extraordinary voice, Miss Downing, and it sounds like Mr. Tyler has done a great job nurturing it. But I don't want to take away from the rest of you guys. You are an outstanding choir." He allowed his compliments to sink in.

Then he dropped his bomb. "How would you kids like to appear on The Larry Baker Show?" Fucking Hell! What is The Larry Baker Show, you ask? Only the biggest musical and variety show on TV, that's all. Every international star, and I do mean every, appears on it when they visit Britain.

"Well I can arrange it, I'm pretty sure. I have some influence on their bookings."

"Excuse me, Mr. Vaughan," Mr. Tyler interrupted, "But aren't you the programme's executive producer?"

"Oh dear, Mr. Tyler, someone who reads the credits. You must lead a sad life." The

comment was almost cruel, but it was said with such good humour that Mr. Tyler laughed with the rest of us.

"Okay, I have a LOT of influence on the bookings." He let our laughter fade. "I believe one of our acts in August has had to cancel due to ill health."

"Who's that, sir?" Mr. Tyler asked.

"I don't know. I haven't decided yet." Even as I was laughing, I thought, shit, this guy IS powerful.

"Is everyone here, Mr. Tyler?"

"Yes."

"The reason I ask is that there are only three naked girls up there, while there were five, or more, at the concert."

"Ah, yes," Mr. Tyler answered. "Last night we had two cuckoos in the nest, as it were. Samantha's friends knew she had to sing naked, so two of them joined the choir just for the concert, so that she would not be the only naked girl there. At the last minute our own Tanya and Teresa decided to join them. Our cuckoos didn't sing, however, they only mimed the words."

"I see. Tell me, can they sing?"

Teresa spoke up first. "No, Mr. Vaughan, they can't sing a note. Tanya and I know that for sure because we rehearsed them the night before. They were awful."

What's happened to Teresa, I asked myself. Speaking out at the Assembly, first, and now again to Gerard. I thought Tanya was the outgoing one and Teresa the shy one. Love and happiness can do strange things, I guess.

Gerard replied, "A pity that. They can lip-sync better than most of the professionals I manage. And they're both babes. Would someone please congratulate them from me?"

"Alright, everybody, I want to hear you sing now." His voice had changed. Any trace of nonsense was gone. This was business. "Don't worry, I'm not auditioning you. You've got the gig. But I want to see and hear you again. And one other thing I forgot to mention, dosh. You'll all get paid, full professional rate for a single performance. Including you, Mr. Tyler. And besides that, you'll all get expenses. We rehearse Monday to Wednesday, no Thursday afternoon, and then record the show before a live audience on Thursday evening. So that means four nights in a decent hotel, breakfast and evening meals and transportation down and back. It'll be two to a room, which twos are your business not mine, and is there a Mrs. Tyler, sir?" Mr. Tyler nodded. "She's invited as well. I wouldn't want to be named in a divorce action, thank you very much."

"Excuse me, Mr. Vaughan." It was that Teresa again. Maybe I've had her wrong all these years. "Are we going to be naked again?"

Gerard laughed. "That is, as they say, the \$64,000 question, young lady. What's your name?"

"Teresa Campenelli, sir."

"Well, Miss Teresa Campenelli, you have chutzpah. (see [cultural notes](#)) Do you know what that means?" She shook her head. "Ask Mr. Tyler. And believe me, from me it's a real compliment. Now about your question. The first thing I must say is that I don't know if we can, legally I mean. I've already got the show's lawyers looking at it. We also have to check with the BSB, that's the Broadcasting Standards Bastards to us in the business by the way, and with some of our regular advertisers. Welcome to the real world."

"My guess is that it will be okay to do. Now I want to do it, or rather I want you to do it. It would be such an enormous 'first'. Even in America they haven't yet managed something like this on prime-time television. Yeah, I know about naked cheerleaders and such like, but that's meant to be sexy titillation." He was starting to sound enthusiastic now, and not so business-like, but I was probably wrong about that, and he was being a salesman with us.

"But here, the nudity would, I think, enhance the whole performance. Naked is natural, singing is natural, they really do go together in the right context. I think so anyway. Of course it would be controversial. What do you think, Mr. Tyler, just about it being natural?"

"I agree with you. Once I got over the initial shock of a whole row of naked singers last night, it was an absolute joy to direct them. All of you, you really never sang better than you did last night. I don't pretend to understand such things, but perhaps the freedom you felt last night, you somehow transferred to your singing."

Gerard took over again. "It would only be right though, if the whole choir was naked. Otherwise it would not feel right. It would be like some of you did not approve of what the others were doing. If that sounds rough, I told you before I always tell the truth as I see it, when it involves my bread and butter." He paused for a moment. The whole choir was motionless. You could feel the tension.

"So, boys and girls, I'm going to ask for a show of hands now. But a couple of final items first. Those of you who are under-age will have to have your parents' permission. That's the legal position for sure. But even for the older kids, I would not be happy unless we had your parents' agreement as well. And one other thing, if there are a few of you who think, 'God, I'm ugly naked. I'm too fat, too thin, no boobs, a tiny cock, whatever.' Don't worry. I do not want a stage full of beautiful young people who happen to sing well. I want a stage full of young people who sing beautifully, and who happen to be naked."

"And so, without further ado, raise your hand if you're willing to sing naked on my show."

Over half the choir raised their hands immediately. The rest took a little longer, but not much. Even Maggie and James who were fat, with capitals F, A and T, held their hands high, and Maggie was grinning.

"Okay, kids, I now know what I'll be doing for next couple of weeks. I didn't want to say this before, but if I can make this happen, I know, as sure as I'm standing here, that advertisers will be begging for spots that night. And them begging means me raising the ante. And you guys will get some of that, I promise you. If I make money, so will you guys. Hang on a minute."

He picked up his newspaper, folded it to a page in the middle and came to edge of the stage. "Look at this." He held the paper in front of him so all of us could see.

The picture filled nearly half a page. It showed the choir during the Mozart and above it was a big headline, "FULL-FRONTAL FRONT ROW!" To the left was a smaller picture of me alone, naked and singing my heart out.

"You can't buy publicity as good as this. Who wants their own full-colour copy?" A chorus of yeah's, cool's and a couple of wicked's responded.

He took a pen and notebook out and asked Mr. Tyler, "How many in the choir, sir?"

"Twenty-four."

Let's see," he started scribbling, " Twenty-four, one for you, two for... Laura and Suzie, two more for the school and three for me. Thirty-two, yeah, okay." He put away the notebook.

"Mr. Vaughan?"

"Yes, Teresa."

"Uh, it's not Teresa, sir." I turned and looked. It was Maggie! "I'm Margaret Jameson... but everyone calls me Maggie."

"My apologies, Maggie. From here I couldn't see who was speaking. I just assumed it was Teresa again. Your voices are very similar, but then I am a southerner. What is it you want to say?"

"I, uh, just wanted to ask you if you wanted us to sing naked now."

"No, Maggie, I don't. Some of you are going to feel self-conscious at first, and right now I want to hear your best singing." He took off his jacket. "Don't worry, kids. Only the jacket is coming off. While you're singing I'm going walkies all over, listening and considering camera angles. That's why these ladders are here, so

I can get some idea of what the cameras will see. I also want to think about where mikes might go. I drive the show's director crazy, but sometimes I'm right when he's wrong, only sometimes though. Mr. Tyler, do your stuff. And kids, just ignore me. I promise not to make funny faces at you, well not many anyway."

Mr. Tyler took his normal position. He had his music, but the rest of us did not. I'm pretty sure he didn't need his either, but perhaps it just made him more comfortable.

"Okay, you've just eaten," Mr. Tyler reminded us, "So you'll be a little rough. Let's run through the progressions."

He took out his pitch pipe and blew a loud middle-C. For the key of C, the progression is C, D, E, F, G, F, E, D, C, up five notes then back down again. Then we move up half a tone to D-flat and repeat the sequence in the new key. The keys go up C, D-flat, D, E-flat, E, F, G-flat, G, A-flat, A. So the highest note we sing is actually high-E. Then we go back down again through the keys, finishing on C, where we started.

He was right. We were all rough when we started, but by the time we reached E-flat on the way down we were spot on, clear and dead together. We were ready for Fauré.

Even during the progressions, Gerard was moving around the room, listening for a moment then moving on, as well as up and down the ladders in front of us.

Mr. Tyler called to him, "We're ready now."

"Right, let's hear the Requiem then. And kids, don't forget Auntie Georgina in the last row."

We were good, at least as good as at the concert. Gerard was up on the stage now, walking and stopping as before. There were ladders either side of us in the wings. He was up and down those as well. Then he stopped directly in front of me so I couldn't see Mr. Tyler. That didn't matter at all, but then the bastard stuck two fingers in his mouth and made the ugliest face you could imagine with his tongue sticking out at me. It took all my concentration, but I remained in the music. He was still in front of me when we hit a couple of bars that only the boys sing. I stuck my own tongue out right back at him. He smiled at me, then moved away.

When we finished singing he was back down in the audience. I was glaring at him and he was grinning back.

"Before you explode, Miss Downing, you passed a difficult test with flying colours. All of you, please listen to me now. What I did to Miss Downing just now was cruel. But there was a very important point to it. When you're performing live, absolutely anything is possible. Your job is to sing your hearts out, whatever may happen around you. I'm sorry if I upset you for a moment, Miss Downing, but will

you forgive me now?"

Part of me wanted to tell him to go fuck himself, but only a small part. The rest of me knew he was right. He did look very funny, though. I'm chuckling to myself right now, while I'm writing this. I don't know how I didn't break up then, I really don't. So yes, he was right, it was a good lesson.

"Do you promise not to do it again, sir?" I knew I was sounding like one of my teachers. I meant to.

"I can't promise that, Miss Downing. All of you need to learn how to cope with the unexpected. Fair enough?"

"I suppose so." I made that sound doubtful. He wasn't getting a complete victory. "But you know what you've done. If something really does happen while I'm singing, I'm going to see your ugly face again, I know it."

"As long as you remember that you kept on singing, perfectly, I can live with that."

Then he addressed all of us. "That was outstanding. This hall has a wonderful acoustic and depth of sound everywhere. If the contest had been here, maybe you'd have beaten the other choir, although they might well have sounded better too. Mr. Tyler, may I hear the Mozart now?"

Mr. Tyler asked, "Where would you like Samantha to stand?"

"Good point, sir." Gerard thought for a moment. "I'm going to be awkward again. Miss Downing, can you come forward near the edge of stage please? Are you alright if you can't see Mr. Tyler?"

"I don't know, sir. I've never tried it, not for real." My doubts were real as well.

Gerard smiled, "Let's try this then. We'll figure out where you'll stand in a mo'. Start to sing facing Mr. Tyler, then after a few bars turn slowly until you're facing Georgina back there. Or her brother Silas, if you prefer. He's visiting her from the States and she's brought him to the show as a special treat. Alright?"

I got this image in my head of a sweet old couple who'd be looking at me but hearing the choir as well. I found the idea relaxing.

"Okay, everyone else, please take two steps to your left and two steps back. You too, Mr. Tyler, two to your right and two back as well. I want you further from the choir."

He looked at me. "Two, no three steps, to your right. Fine. Now don't, whatever you do, strain your voice. Just remember how big this room is." He raised his voice slightly. "Mr. Tyler, in your own time."

I started singing facing Mr. Tyler. Then I turned towards "Silas and Georgina" and

suddenly it didn't matter that I was out at the front all by myself. I wasn't good, I was brill. I forgot where I was. There was just me and the sound of the choir. It was strange though, I could hear them better even though they were quite a bit further away from me than I was used to. They were a single voice to me this way, much more than before, and I found I could sing my line against theirs more easily.

There was something in Gerard's voice after we finished that wasn't there before. "You were somewhere else then, weren't you?" I nodded. "I hope you can find that place again. That was awesome, Miss Downing."

He looked at his watch then. "Thank you, every single one of you. You heard what I just said to Miss Downing. Moving her away from you made you sound better as well. That was... beautiful, there's no better word for it. Thank you, Mr. Tyler. You will hear from me very soon."

He put his jacket back on and picked up his case. "Come on, Miss Downing. Take me to Mr. Thompson's office. We must talk."

He had a lovely voice when he spoke softly. Keep your wits about you, I reminded myself.

"I felt I had to remain formal in there until we could talk. Please, may I call you Samantha from now on?"

I was still high from my singing, so from somewhere came, "I actually prefer Sam, Gerard, but Samantha's fine as well." There goes your career, you idiot, a voice inside screamed at me. What possessed you to say "Gerard"?

That stopped him right in the middle of the corridor. He looked at me once, then he looked up, then back at me. And started to laugh.

"Samantha Downing, who prefers to be known as Sam, we're going to get along just fine. So tell me, what's Mr. Thompson like?"

"He's nobody's fool, is Mr. Thompson. That's why I've asked him to be at this meeting. I hope you don't mind."

"No, I don't mind at all. I want the school on my side, at least until after the show, so I hope he and I get on. I really do."

"Hello again, Mrs. Johnson," I said as we walked into the office, "Have you met Mr. Vaughan?"

"Yes, thank you. Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Thompson told me to take you two straight in."

She began to stand up, but I stopped her. "Mrs. Johnson, I must tell you something for your records." She looked at me and waited. "You know Laura Townley?" She nodded. "Well, I'm moving in with them permanently starting tonight. I've left my Mum."

"Is everything alright, my dear?" She sounded very concerned.

"Yes, ma'am, everything's never been better." Then I added, "I'm very happy."

Her whole body visibly relaxed. "Good, I'm very pleased for you. I'll change your records immediately, but I'll have to have a letter from Mrs. Townley, please. Monday, if possible. You understand, don't you?"

"Of course I do, ma'am. I only hope I remember."

Now she put on her serious voice. "If you do forget, I'll remind you." But she was smiling. "Anything else, Miss Downing?"

"No, thank you, Mrs. Johnson."

She led us into Mr. Thompson, who immediately said, "Hello again, Samantha. Mr. Vaughan. Coffee or tea, you two?" He and Gerard had clearly already met.

Mrs. Johnson's coffee always smelled wonderful. "Coffee, please," from both of us.

"Three coffees, Mrs. Johnson, if you please."

While she was getting the coffees, Gerard said, "Do either of you know if Mrs. Johnson likes flowers?"

Mr. Thompson answered before I could, "She loves flowers. Today's unusual in that there are none on her desk."

Gerard pulled out his notebook. "I'm a permanent creep, you see, and keeping the Mrs. Johnsons of this world happy is very important to me. Very useful too."

At least he admitted what he was doing and why. Mrs. Johnson brought the coffee in and soon the three of us were settled. Mr. Thompson began.

"As I explained to you earlier, Mr. Vaughan, Samantha has asked me to sit in on this meeting. Are you both still happy with that?" Both of us nodded to him. "In that case, I'll sit back and enjoy my coffee, and listen carefully."

"Alright, Samantha, Mr. Thompson, this is my meeting I suppose, so I'll begin. I want to be your manager, Samantha. I can't put it plainer than that. Do you understand what that means?"

"I'm not sure at all what that means. The first question I have I thought about earlier. Am I working for you, or are you working for me?"

"Hmm, the easy ones first. The legal position is that I work for you. The truth is, though, that I know a hell of a lot about this business and at the moment you know nothing. Is that fair?" I nodded. "The next thing is that we both want you to succeed. Will you accept that?"

Again I nodded but Mr. Thompson spoke. "If I may, you manage lots of different artists, don't you? Of course you do. Can this not sometimes put you into a conflict of interests position? Suppose there's a spot on a TV show that both Samantha and another of your artists could fill equally well. You'd have to choose one and disappoint the other. How can you be fair to Samantha and this other artist at the same time?"

Wow, I would never have thought of that. I was already glad that Mr. Thompson was there.

"All I can do is tell you what I always do when that sort of thing comes up. Basically, I put both artists forward for the show to choose. I hope I do it fairly. I'll get a fee whichever artist works."

I suddenly remembered what he'd said to the choir. "Earlier, when you were talking to all of us, you told us about an act on the Larry Baker Show which is going to cancel due to ill health, but you hadn't decided which. That doesn't sound very fair."

He suddenly roared with laughter. "I'm sorry. That was meant to be a joke. Although most acts are booked in advance, we always leave one or two slots open until the very last minute. You never know who might be in the country, or who might suddenly have a big hit. But if it was necessary, when I'm casting for a show, I have to do what is best for the show, even though that often means casting acts which I don't represent. But if I do have to cancel an act, I do everything within my power to get them something else."

He took a breath and spoke in a softer tone. "It comes down to trust, Samantha. I've got a lot of papers with me. One of them is a complete list of all the acts and artists I manage. It's not as long a list as you might think, because to do my job well I have to spend time working with everybody. Here, have a look."

He opened his case and passed me the list. There were about twenty names on it and I had heard of over half of them. One pop group I had forgotten about. As far as I could remember they hadn't had a hit for several years, so I asked about them.

"What's happened to Spitfire?"

"Only that they've effectively broken up. Two of them are refusing to have anything to do with the third one. I haven't dropped them, but at the moment there's nothing I can do. A shame, though, they are a talented group, if they'd just decide to grow up."

That sounded believable to me.

"Sam," he continued, "Look down that list. There are no young, female singers there now. The last one I had, Miss Tyree (she was a rapper, Mr. Thompson), has retired to have babies, so maybe that will satisfy you both that I'm less likely to

have a conflict of interest than you might think."

I passed the list to Mr. Thompson. Again I believed him. Mr. Thompson then said, "The Nelson Quartet, you manage them?" Gerard just smiled.

"Who?" I asked.

Mr. Thompson replied, "One of the finest string quartets in Britain. That one impresses me, I'm bound to say.

Gerard reached into his case again. "You can speak to any of these acts, Samantha, explain that you're considering hiring me and ask them any questions you want, about them, about me, about the business, and judge for yourself if I'm worth it. These are my secretary's phone numbers. She already knows who you are, but she should ask you about your address and phone numbers." He nodded at Mr. Thompson. "She already has the school number and your and Dr. Reynolds', and Mrs. Johnson's names."

That was bloody quick, I thought.

"When you call her, Samantha, tell her who you want to speak to, all of them if you like, and she will have them ring you. But please don't give out my poor long-suffering secretary's phone number to anyone else. By the way, you'll notice the second number is a mobile. If the office number isn't answered, her mobile always will be. The arrangement at weekends, however, is that I'll only ring her mobile between ten and four unless it's a real emergency."

He scored another point with me.

"Okay, Samantha, here's the big one, our proposed contract." God, it was thick. I was suddenly scared.

"Just look at the top page for now. You'll see a list of four solicitors. All of them are top drawer. They know the business almost as well as I do. The name at the top of the list is the man I'd recommend, but I should mention the one at the bottom of the list. Emil Hoskyns is an outstanding lawyer. Sadly, though, he and I hate each other's guts. I won't go into details but it's true. We've crossed swords several times. I think he's one up on me at the moment, and that really pisses me off. You should sit down with one of these men and have them go through the contract with you until you're happy that you understand it."

"Now I'll pay the solicitor's fee for that. Because I don't yet work for you, I can set his fee off against tax, so it'll cost me a lot less than it would cost you."

"The other person you'll need is an accountant. Now, although there are only a few good lawyers in our field, there are dozens of good accountants, and you'll be fine getting some recommendations from the solicitor. If you start to become successful, your accountant will save you a lot more than his fees and mine

combined." He smiled again. "I guess I've scared the shit out of you, huh?"

I could only nod. He was so right about that.

"Mr. Thompson, what kind of impression have I made on you?"

"Well, sir, if you've been telling the whole truth, basically a favourable one. Would you mind, though, if I suggested someone else to Samantha for her to talk to as well?"

"Not at all."

Mr. Thompson turned to me. "How much do you still want this, Samantha?"

"As much as ever, sir." I was saying to myself, if it doesn't work the first time, I can back up and try again. I knew I didn't know what I was doing, but I still wanted to try. I really did.

"Well, Samantha, I don't think this part of the meeting can go any further safely for you until you have a lot more independent advice. Fair enough, Mr. Vaughan?"

"Absolutely, sir. I really wouldn't want it any other way. But is there anything you'd like to ask, Samantha?"

I looked at Mr. Thompson, "Is it okay to ask something about the contract?"

He nodded.

I took a breath. "Who decides what type of work I do?"

"Well it's my job to get you bookings, although you don't have to accept them. As for records, that will be in a different contract with a recording company, which I hope will come sooner rather than later."

"Sorry, That's not what I meant. I don't know how to explain what I mean." I was getting frustrated with myself.

"That's okay, Samantha. Take your time," said Mr. Thompson.

"Are you asking me about your image? Your style?" There was something in Gerard's voice I couldn't figure out. I didn't like it, though.

"Yes, that's it exactly. Who decides that?"

"I do," he said quite sharply. Then his voice softened. "It's something we work on together. But when it comes to the final say, it's my job to mould you and make a star out of you."

"And how do you see me? I don't want to be known forever as the naked choirgirl."

"Well there certainly is a hole in the market just now for a beautiful young classical

singer. After you do The Larry Baker Show, I'm sure I can get you plenty of work quickly. We can start thinking about your first album as soon as the contract is signed."

"Hold on a minute. I want that show to be the last time I sing naked. Are we agreed about that?"

"Yes, we are. Maybe in a few years, things will change. But we can consider that then."

Mr. Thompson was leaning forward now. "What's this about singing naked?"

Gerard looked at me. I said, "You tell him."

"The choir has just agreed that if I can line up all the necessary permissions, which includes this school and all the choristers' parents, they are willing, all of them, to sing naked on our show."

"You will certainly have to discuss this urgently with Dr. Reynolds."

"I realise that. Before I leave here, I'll make an appointment with Mrs. Johnson to see him."

I didn't care that much about the naked singing, so I changed the topic to what really mattered.

"So you see me as a classical singer?"

"Yes, of course. Your voice is perfect for it. And, most importantly, there's a gap in the market at the moment." He stopped for a moment and looked at me. "How do you see yourself? What do you want to do?"

"I think, I think this time last week, I'd have loved your idea, even if I do hate opera."

He looked serious, "But not now?"

"I can't help it. I've changed this week. I want to express myself. I'm not just Samantha who does everything she's supposed to any more. If anything, I've become a bit wild, the sort of girl my mother would have warned me against."

I caught Mr. Thompson smiling at that, but Gerard wasn't smiling.

"When I got my hair cut this week, the first thing a friend said to me was that I looked like a rock chick now. And I looked in the mirror that night and she was right. I do look the part. I need help with everything else, though. How to sing rock, how to dress rock, how to move rock, how to talk rock, how to be rock!"

"You want to be a rock star?"

"Well, not necessarily Rock, but a pop star yes."

He looked up to the ceiling. "Why do artists always want to be what they're not? Sam, you have the perfect voice for what you're singing now. You do it well. No, you do it outstandingly well. You're seen as the innocent sweet girl with the voice of an angel. Yes, even after singing naked. If anything, that is even more poignant, a sweet innocent girl having to do that and doing it so bravely."

I began to feel cold. "But that's not who I am any more."

"It's what people will want you to be. You start trying to be something different and your sales will fall off in no time. They'll want you to be an angel. Long hair would be better, but you still sing like one."

"Are you saying you won't let me sing how I want to sing?"

"Yes. For now anyway. Later on maybe. Look, Sam, even you've admitted this is all new to you. My job is to do the best for you. You need to trust my judgment."

"Thank you, Mr. Vaughan, but I think I have to say No."

Both men looked startled at that. I could feel myself getting weepy, and angry, and frustrated, all at the same time. I forced myself to take some deep breaths. This was very, very important.

"I can't make you understand." I sat further back in my chair and cried. I didn't care if either of them saw me. I knew what I wanted to be. I knew that now. I had a home and a family and friends who believed in me and would support me and if Gerard Vaughan wasn't one of them, I didn't want anything to do with him.

"I think you should try," said Mr. Thompson gently.

I made myself stop crying. "I've spent my whole life trying to be what someone else wanted me to be. And it made me miserable. Now I just want to be me. Okay, I might do everything wrong. I might make mistakes, but they'll be my mistakes."

"Samantha. I can't pretend to understand." Mr. Vaughan (I didn't feel like "Gerard" any more.) was leaning towards me. "But I have to be honest with you. I don't think you have it in you to be a pop star. And why would you want to do that anyway? Most of them only last a few records. You are a fine classical singer. You have it in you to be the hottest classical singer on the market, with a career that will last for years and years... Don't throw it away. Look, from what I've heard you've had a difficult week. I'll leave this contract here with Mr. Thompson. Wait a week or two and think it over, quietly."

He turned to Mr. Thompson. "A privilege to meet you, sir. And I'll be contacting your headmaster about the TV show."

"Mr. Vaughan?" I said.

"Yes, Samantha?"

"Do you still want me for that TV show?"

"Yes. Yes, I do."

"Good. Because I owe them a lot and I really want to do it."

"I'm glad. Well, Samantha. It looks like we will be seeing each other again. I shall leave you with Mr. Thompson."

And with that, he shook Mr. Thompson's hand and left.

As soon as he'd left, I burst into tears again. I'd just thrown away my dream. Even if I changed my mind, it wouldn't be the same now. I seemed to be crying a lot today in this office, first tears of joy, then of frustration, now of what? Anger? Disappointment? I'm still not sure.

"I would offer you a handkerchief," said Mr. Thompson with a slightly silly smile on his face, "But I don't seem to have one for some reason."

That made me smile, but not for the reason he'd intended. I remembered returning his handkerchief this morning but clearly he'd forgotten. Probably his day had been a lot tougher than mine.

"Have I just made a huge mistake, Mr. Thompson?"

"I can't tell you that."

"Everything you said to me at the beginning of the week came true. Can't you advise me what to do now?"

"I don't think you really want me to. But I think Mr. Vaughan was right about one thing. Take your time. I nearly laughed when he said you'd had a difficult week. That's a bit of an understatement, isn't it?"

He had me laughing too. "I don't know how I'd describe it, sir. I'd say it's been like a rollercoaster, but that doesn't come close."

"I do think you need time to adjust. You were right about one thing as well. You aren't the same person I spoke to last Monday. I'd get to know myself a little before deciding what I wanted to be. You'll be seeing Mr. Vaughan for the TV show anyway, I can't see Dr. Reynolds saying no if all the choir have agreed to it and Mr. Tyler thinks it's okay. So relax a bit. I probably sound like an old man saying this, but you've all the time in the world. Make sure that you know what you want, and not just what you think you want, before you decide."

I actually started to laugh, not loudly, but enough for him to stare at me with his mouth open. And that made me laugh some more.

Finally I got myself back together again. I looked at him intently. "Don't worry, I'm not crazy. But today is, excuse my French, one fucked-up day, and it's not over yet. That's what made me laugh." Now he was chuckling with me, and never a word about my "French".

I had calmed down. Suddenly I was pumped and wanted to get out of there. The meeting had NOT worked out, but was it a total disaster? I hadn't a clue, and just then I really didn't care too much. I was certain I had to let things settle down inside me, just like Mr. Thompson and, to be fair, Gerard had both said. And I had to talk to Danielle about all this, that was obvious and truly the only thing I was really sure of.

The lesson bell had gone while I was with Gerard, but I headed for my lesson anyway, and the ones after that, praying for a serious Reasonable Request. I didn't even get any "posers". The day was still fucked up.

During my last lesson, Mrs. Johnson brought me one of those large pocket folders. Inside were all the papers from Gerard. And on top of them was a short hand-written note:

Sam,

Here's my mobile number, xxxxx-xxxxxxx. Ring me anytime. If I can't talk, I'll ring you back. I'm meeting Dr. Reynolds on Monday morning. If we don't speak before, we can get together then.

I overheard your conversation with Mrs. Johnson before our meeting. I'm stopping overnight on Sunday night, so if you and Mrs. Townley are free Sunday evening, perhaps the two of you will allow me to buy you dinner.

G

What an incredible, totally fucked-up week. Looking at the first parts of my journal I can hardly recognise the girl who wrote them.

I still think it was wrong to force me into the Program like this and nobody's going to persuade me otherwise, but I have to admit, without the Program I'd still be that girl who wrote those first two chapters.

Without the Program, what would have happened at the concert? I'd have probably sung just as well, and maybe been offered a contract by Gerard Vaughan. I'd have snapped it up without thinking and spent my next few years as the good little choirgirl.

It seems laughable that that's what I wanted. It would have got me out of one prison, my home and this town, and put me in another. And I wouldn't even have known it.

I'm still not sure about the Program, but without it, I'd never have met Laura and Danielle. Was the Program worth the pain it put me through? I'm looking at that stupid scar on my wrist. I now have a family that loves me and if going through hell was what it took to bring me that, I'd go through hell every time, even if it meant a hundred scars like that one.

I don't know what I'm going to do now. I'll have to talk with Danielle and Laura about it, not to mention doing some hard thinking. Perhaps GV is right, I don't have what it takes to be a pop star. Already that idea sounds like a childish dream. But whatever I do, it's got to be right for me.

Samantha Downing (or maybe Townley)



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(<http://www.nakedinschool.net/heather/readmore.html>)

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

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

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