

Shelley's Story

Author's Note:

The first two chapters of Shelley's journal do not go into a lot of detail because she is merely adding another perspective to the events at the end of Heather's first week in the program. The main story details for the events in this chapter are told in [Heather's journal](#).

This will change in chapter three as Shelley has her own experiences to report.

The exception to the above statement is the Friday night scene in the nightclub, in chapter two, which is only told in detail in [Laura's journal](#) as Heather was too "out of it" and Shelley and Suzie were too scared and upset to relate it properly.

MONDAY

Hi, I'm Shelley and I'm not in the program, but my big sister is. Normally it's only people IN the program that write a journal, but anyone who knows me will know that I can't stay silent for long.

We are a fairly normal one parent family. Me, Heather, that's my sister and our Mum. Sis and I fought a LOT and when we weren't fighting we were teasing or playing tricks on each other.

I usually got the best of the teasing 'cause I've got more confidence than is good for me (as Mum always says) and Heather wouldn't say boo to a goose. She's not painfully shy or anything like that, but you can see her envy her friend Laura, who's a part time stripper and model.

It's Heather I envy. She's the one with brains in our family. Okay she's not brilliant, but she's the one with sense. She studies hard and knows what she wants. I know what I want, go for it without thinking and fall flat on my face.

I also envy Laura, not because she's got money or a body to die for or anything like that, though I'd love to be able to turn men on like she does, but because she's Heather's best friend and I want to be. I love my big sis like mad, but could never tell her, we're just not that close.

MONDAY morning

Got up as usual. Decided to play a joke on Heather by only waking her up with a shout as I left for School. If she's hungry all morning till lunchtime it'll teach her to finish all the ice cream yesterday evening without leaving ME any. It's not fair that she can eat anything and stay like a bean-pole, while I only have to look at a chocolate cake and put on 10 lbs.

Weird stories at school about some girl wandering around in the nude. God, some people will do anything for attention.

TUESDAY

Wonder what's up with Sis? She came running in last night, slammed the door and wouldn't speak to us. Then this morning she got up and went out really early. I think it was Laura's mum's car outside when she went out. Something's wrong. I wish we were close. I feel rotten that she can't talk to me about whatever it is.

SHIT SHIT SHIT. Went to assembly ([see cultural notes](#)) and they told us about something called the program. I was just thinking that I'd just DIE if it happened to me, and then Heather walked onto the stage. Naked, yes N - A - K - E - D. No wonder she was upset last night.

This pamphlet is incredible. When you're in the program you get forced to pose and spread your legs to let everyone look at you. You get groped. It doesn't say that, but that's what it means. One boy from the year above was even going round saying he'd licked that slut out in Biology. In English I got the assignment to write this journal. The program, sister's point of view. Well my point of view is it stinks.

I saw Heather at lunch today. She was being poked and grabbed by a whole gang of boys. Even from where I was I could see she was crying. I was going to run over and pull them away, but a boy tried that. Then he shouted at them and they stopped. I'm glad she didn't see me looking, that would probably have made it worse, if that's possible. Or maybe I was just a coward.

I'm ashamed of myself tonight. I didn't go home from school, I went to the town library. I even did some studying. Anything rather than face Heather. No wonder she didn't talk to me last night, but went to Laura this morning. Some friend I'd be. She's hurting like mad and I'm too scared to even see her.

When I got in this evening, Heather had already gone to bed. I found the open page of her journal. In big letters it says I am completely alone. I was about to read the rest of it when Mum called me downstairs for supper. When I went back upstairs, she'd obviously woken up and locked it in her bag. I watched her sleep for a while. Even sleeping she was restless and looked upset. And I'd failed her badly, first at lunchtime, then by avoiding her this evening. I didn't even back her up when Mum told me about the row she had with Heather. Some sister I am.

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast was awful. Nobody said a word. There was so much I wanted to say to her and I didn't. We don't walk to school together so she got her things ready and headed for the door. I couldn't stand it any longer. I ran in front of her, blocking the door. I hadn't expected to be pushed down the steps. Ow that hurt. I had to say something. "Sis, I just wanted to say I love you." Oh God, well done

Shel. As if she hasn't got enough to deal with you made her cry. We hugged, big style as Laura would say.

I tried to make light of it as we walked to school, together. I told her how proud I was and how hot she looked. Then she told me to go in ahead of her. She was about to get groped all to hell and she was worried about how I'd feel? I looked at her pleading with me and I just felt so much love I wanted to burst. A crazy idea came to me. I wouldn't fail her this time.

"Ok, Sis," I said and ran ahead. I went to the box where she had to put her clothes and stood by it. I undid my blouse and dropped my skirt. I shut my eyes trying to pretend I was just in my room at home, but the noise was too much. Someone undid my bra and pulled that off of me and two guys yanked my panties down. The jeering got louder, then someone shoved fingers up me. FUCK that hurt.

I wanted to run, but hands were all over me, grabbing, pinching. Someone even had a finger up my arse. But it was working. I could see Heather coming and nobody had noticed her. DON'T let her see how you feel, I thought.

"I can't help you the rest of the day, but I can distract them now for you." I said trying to grin at her. I didn't realise until afterwards that tears were streaming down my face, so I wasn't going to fool anybody. The pain was getting worse and I could feel blood. Those fingers had gone right through my hymen. Someone pushed me harder and I fell on the floor. Heather handed me my blouse and lifted my legs to put my skirt on me. Someone obviously shoved inside her hard because she nearly fell on me. She said something about underwear and told me I was brave. If only she knew how I'd let her down.

I saw fear in her eyes as she saw some of the larger boys come up to her. Then one of them gave her flowers, can you believe that?

I heard rumours she'd been gangbanged. Others said she'd given blow jobs to a hundred boys and they squirted their cum all over her. While I was at the library I found out about this program and the awful things girls in America had been made to do. And now it was poor Heather.

WEDNESDAY evening

Somebody do me and the world a favour and kill me. Heather was late back from school. She came back in a police car, naked. Mum went out to meet her and I was behind. Then I heard this. The Policeman's just asked her how you get picked for this program and she answered "It's supposed to be random but the two who

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

I know I'm a coward but I ran inside and threw myself on my bed. All I could keep saying or thinking was "It's my fault, it's my fault." Everything Heather was going through was my fault.

I ran to the toilet and started throwing up. She knelt beside me and hugged me. How could she DO that? We talked, I mean really talked for the first time and she didn't hate me.

She washed me in the shower and she was so gentle. She tried to wash me down below, but I was too sore, even though she was gentle. I told her I wasn't a virgin any more after this morning. That's not true she said, but I don't feel like a virgin any more. I just feel dirty.

She thought I'd been with boys. We really didn't know each other did we? I asked if she'd have to lose hers this week, really wanting to get her to tell me about the gangbang.

She was still a virgin, but thanks to me she wouldn't be soon. All she wanted to talk about was how brave I'd been this morning. Yeah right. I get her into this hell, I let her down on Tuesday, avoid her Tuesday night, do one thing, which just meant standing there trying not to cry on Wednesday and she thinks I'm wonderful. She tried talking me out of doing it again, then dropped a bombshell.

She's got to do TWO weeks. TWO weeks of the program, how can anyone be that cruel?

I made her tell me everything. No secrets any more. Wow! She has Gerald Claymore for Art. I Wish. We giggled over that.

I begged her not to tell Mum about this morning. She wouldn't understand.

Damn right she wouldn't. She wouldn't believe Heather when she told her how bad it was. So I showed her. I yanked down my pyjamas and showed her. Oh SHIT. So much for not telling her.

Heather was wonderful. She told Mum how brave I was to stop her getting angry at me. Mum wanted to take her off the Program, but Heather said no, she needed the marks or something.

We cuddled up on Mum's lap like we haven't done for years, then they packed me off to the kitchen to cook. They must really need time alone if they're willing to suffer MY cooking.

I went to bed that night a total mix-up. Guilty - God I felt guilty.. My pussy

still hurt like hell. But Heather and I are real sisters at last. I just wish she wasn't paying the price for it. But if she thinks she's doing it alone, she's got another think coming.

Shelley, part 2

THURSDAY

Heather tried to stop me stripping with her this morning, but while she was trying to stop her clothes being ripped off, I ran away from her, and stripped off my blouse and skirt. I'd planned this and saved time with no underwear.

"Come and get me, boys," I shouted, "I'll do more than she will." I laid myself spreadeagled on the ground. I was closing my eyes and gritting my teeth expecting the pain, but it didn't come.

Everyone else had gone and a teacher was telling us off. We had to go to the headmaster (see [cultural notes](#)) after school. DAMN.

I didn't see her until we were in the head's office. He was almost shouting at Heather telling her off for getting me to help her.

"She didn't," I shouted. I hadn't realised I'd shouted that until he told me not to shout. Apparently I was crying, although I didn't notice it at the time.

He made us sit down and I explained how it was all my fault and it should be me on the program. I begged him to let her off.

"I don't want to be let off," she said. I know it sounds trite but if I'd been standing up you could have knocked me down with a feather.

She went on to tell us what she'd learned from the program and she made it sound good.

He asked her why she'd got me to help her if it was so good.

I interrupted and told him it was my idea and how bad it was in the mornings. Then I stood up and showed him. He was shocked and asked her why she'd let me do it a second time.

"She didn't," I piped up. I was interrupting again. "Sorry."

She explained that she could never stop me doing anything and called me a hurricane. We laughed. Hey I like that. Hurricane Shelley.

He wanted me to promise not to do it again, but I wouldn't until he promised

that he would be there to stop things getting out of hand.

We went to the dining hall and Heather had another girl licking her pussy. She was enjoying it so I said that I wanted a go. I lay on the table next to her and we held hands while lots of girls licked us. We licked them too.

Then we kissed and I know it's wrong but I kissed her back with my tongue. We washed each other in the showers and said that we loved each other.

She told me how great I was and that she'd never have done it without me.

I told her "Superslut, you can do anything."

When she asked if that's what they were calling her I nodded, but after all, I said, "If you've got to be a slut, it's better to be a superslut."

I put my clothes in her clothes box by the entrance and we walked home holding hands. I'd finally made friends with my sister and I wanted to burst. Life couldn't BE more perfect.

FRIDAY

I failed her again this morning. Okay I know she made me leave her to walk in alone but I shouldn't have done it. She didn't arrive and both the headmaster and I were worried. He was worried enough to get the police to find her. We heard yelling and both of us ran towards the sound together. She'd been raped and not once. There I said it. All day I hadn't been able to use the word.

We took her back to school wrapped in a blanket and I helped the nurse to wash her in the shower. It was revolting.

I took her to the head's office and he told her that the program was over and he was sending her home. He wanted to call Mum, but I explained that she was flying to India for her job. Mum could have got a promotion if she'd travel more but she hated it when she had to go away and leave us. And now this happens when she's away.

Then the headmaster sent me to the gym find her some clothes. It took ages to find a gym teacher with the storeroom keys, but finally I ran back to the office with a school tracksuit.

When I returned to the head's office, she shocked us both. It started by her getting dressed, but then she just stood in front of the mirror, staring at herself, not moving. She didn't even hear us when we spoke to her.

Then suddenly she almost screamed "No." I realised that she was reliving it all and I tried to hug her. She twisted round and shoved me away. I could see that the

headmaster was as worried as I was, when she spoke again. "NO!" she almost shouted. Her voice was different this time, it wasn't scared any more, it was angry.

Then she spoke more normally. "I'm not going to do this. I am not going to let them win. I am staying in the Program." As she said this, she got undressed, dropping the tracksuit on the floor.

You remember my sister? Timid Heather? Timid my arse. She wasn't asking, she was telling and we both knew it. But I didn't understand and neither did the headmaster.

For a minute we both stared at her, unable to react. Then the headmaster told her that that was impossible.

Her reply burned into me. "I can't let it end like this or they've won. I can't go through the rest of my life with that memory being the climax of this week."

Then she began to cry like I've never seen anyone cry before and I never want to again. She turned away from us. This time when I tried to hug her she clung to me like she was drowning. She held me so tightly that it hurt, but after letting her down so badly again this morning she could have asked me to walk on water or jump off a cliff for her and I would have done it somehow.

Finally she turned to the headmaster and pleaded "Please don't send me home." The poor headmaster didn't stand a chance. Nothing he tried to say was going to change her mind, so he gave up and told me to take her to get cleaned up for lessons (her face looked a mess).

When she was ready, she sent me away saying "I need to do this alone, Sis, or I'll never be able to." Feeling a mixture of fear for her and hurt for myself, I left her in the shower.

I saw her briefly at lunchtime, holding hands with a naked Suzanne Peters of all people, one of the bitchiest girls in school and being made love to by Tony. No, strike that, being fucked by Tony. It was hard and she was loving every second. Even I laughed when I heard her shout "WOW" when it was over. I stayed away from her, though, because I knew she needed her space.

I met her outside after school and she was still with Suzanne and both were still naked. I stripped off and joined them. All three holding hands with Heather in the middle walking straight into.. a TV interview.

Oh WOW. (I use that word a lot don't I, but if you'd been with us this week, you'd use it a lot too.)

Heather told them about the program and how it had made her strong enough

to cope with what happened this morning.

I don't remember much of what I said when I was asked. If you want to know, it's all in Heather's journal. She cheated and recorded the interview off the telly and got it down word for word.

The three of us went out clubbing with Laura, Heather's best friend, that night. Heather was awful. She had a gangbang on stage and it only stopped when Laura did a lesbian act on her. We snuck her out of the club and drove her home.

(Note, added Sunday night: Apparently [Laura is writing a journal too](#). She describes the sex show they did that night in detail. I was too upset to watch.)

I washed her and we put her to bed. Suzie and Laura and me sat downstairs, just staring at each other. That wasn't Heather any more. I'd just found my sister and I'd lost her again. It sounds selfish but I was crying as much for me as for her.

SATURDAY

Laura and Heather had a row this morning. Suzie and I joined in. I ended up calling Heather an ungrateful bitch and I meant it.

We found out that Heather was helping with the dunk tank for three hours, then the pie throwing target in the stocks. Help I said? The other bitches in bikinis decided it was too cold and walked off leaving Heather to be dunked over and over again on her own dressed in a thin white t-shirt and panties that went completely see-through every time she was dunked.

When we got there Suzie and I gave her a break. There were plenty of spare shirts and panties. Shit, the bitches were right about one thing, that water was C.O.L.D. When Heather came back she nearly drowned on her first dunk and we dragged her out. She'd obviously had as much as she could take of that. She apologised for earlier and we hugged and kissed. She went off to find Laura to apologise to and we carried on with the dunking.

How Suzie and I survived the next two hours I don't know. I've never been so cold in my life. Of course the guys loved it. I've got rather prominent nipples anyway, but they had two pairs of nipples you could hang coats on to look at every time we went in that water.

Laura and Heather were working the pie throwing in the stocks. I wished we could swap, but I'd seen Laura's bum after last night and she couldn't hide the bruising with make-up in the dunk tank.

When the daytime fair was over, we had a meeting with the headmaster about improvements to the program. As Heather noted down everything that was

said, it would be silly for me to repeat it, you can just read [Heather's story](#).

When he told us the three of us were going to be in the program next week I could have hugged him. I was really hoping he'd say that. It's a bit scary but I love being the centre of attention and this is gonna be wild.

It's weird. A few days ago I hated the program and everything it meant. But it had brought me close to my sister for the first time, made me friends with Laura and Suzie of all people who turned out to be a lot nicer than I'd thought. And it made my little wallflower big sister into someone I could look up to. And best of all, the headmaster had accepted all our suggestions for changes.

Afterwards we went round the party, all four of us hand in hand. I ate far too much, and then we went mud wrestling together. I've always wanted to do that. It was ACE.

We chatted in the shower together. Suzie got nervous so Heather went down on her. Watching them made me feel so much love I could burst. It also made me horny as hell. I knelt down in front of Laura, looked up and said, "May I?"

She pushed me on my back and we got into a 69. Apparently I'm a gusher. She must have liked the taste as she kept me gushing for hours. She wasn't exactly complaining about what my tongue was doing to her pussy either.

We had arranged to ring Mum on Saturday. I sat with Heather while she told Mum about the rape and everything. She DIDN'T mention what she did in the nightclub.

But the amazing thing is, Mum has a boyfriend. She's actually been doing it with a man she's working with out there. I think she thought she'd shock us, but I think it's great. It's time she thought about something apart from work. But as I said to Heather, "You don't think about your own mother doing it, do you?"

We're going to have LOTS to talk about when she gets home.

Nothing happening tomorrow. Roll on Monday. I'm gonna be a Program girl.

Shelley, part 3

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

I'M IN THE PROGRAM!

I woke up this morning and the first thing I thought of was "I'm going in the program today!". Okay I'd spent most of the weekend naked anyway, but this was different. What is the program? Only the best excuse for a girl to get laid a lot without everyone saying she's a slut all the time.

Okay, halfway through last week I hated the program. And my own introduction to it, trying to help Heather, was a little painful to say the least. But with all the changes that were going to happen it's gonna be great. I must admit though, I wouldn't have volunteered to speak to the assembly this morning like Heather did.

I raced into Heather's room shouting "I'm in the Program. I'm in the Program!"

She said "No, you're not."... "Not for another hour" I said we liked teasing each other didn't I? She's my big sister but I was always more confident than her, but not any more, not since the Program.

I couldn't stop talking about it all the way through breakfast. It's just as well Mum was away because I told Heather all the things I want to do this week, like sex, sex and more sex. I'm mean I know Mum's open-minded, that's why she wanted Heather in the program in the first place, not for the sex, but to give her confidence and boy did it, but I think I might have embarrassed even her! Heather gave a TV interview in the nude on Friday, and her photo and mine and Suzie's were on some of the front pages of most of the newspapers, though they'd deliberately put little black boxes to hide our pussies and boobs. Some of them had more photos inside and they weren't blacked out. We've saved all the newspapers and I wonder what Mum'll say when she sees them.

I couldn't wait to get to school and strip off, till Heather reminded me that nobody was supposed to know I was going in the Program until it was announced in assembly.

At the end of the normal assembly stuff, the headmaster introduced Heather, like anyone didn't know my sister by now.

When she asked who could have believed that she'd be able to stand up there naked and address the school, I had my hand up. She made a joke about me and everyone laughed. Ok, I am her little sister, but they didn't know Heather. She might have been shy, but she never gave up on anything in her life, not like me. She wouldn't agree, but I think she can do anything.

I spent the whole time wishing she'd shut up and read out my name. When she finally started reading the names of who is in the Program this week, she read my name first. I jumped up and started cheering. I ran up the steps onto the stage and almost tore off my clothes. I felt like throwing them into the crowd below, but thought better of it at the last second.

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

Everyone laughed, including me. I was so happy I didn't care if they were laughing with me or at me. I felt a bit sorry for Suzie. She was blushing (Suzie ALWAYS blushes) and didn't look at all happy. I saw Laura take Suzie's hand to reassure her.

The boys didn't look happy either. One was blushing more than Suzie. I later found out his name was Stephen and he was a virgin. That didn't last long thanks to Suzie.

There was another girl, someone called Samantha, but she didn't come up to the stage.

We went into a room backstage and Heather reminded me to get my clothes. I went back out to get them and did a cartwheel on the stage.

When I got back Heather had got everyone to take their clothes off. Laura got naked, but the boys were slower and more reluctant. Suzie was even slower. I felt a bit guilty about enjoying myself so much when I saw how she was shaking. I was going to help her when Heather knelt down in front of her. She started licking her pussy. She stopped to explain that although today was "no touching", we could do what we wanted amongst ourselves, so long as the other one was okay about it.

She got one of the boys to take over licking Suzie. She had Suzie so worked up she didn't care who was doing it so long as someone did!

Laura was being greedy, being fucked by Christopher as she sucked on Gerald's cock.

Then Heather went over to Jed and shoved his cock straight into her mouth. The

look on his face was brilliant. I gotta do that.

I went to Lenny who was nearest to me. "Do you mind?" I took his open mouth to be "No I don't mind," so I took hold of my first real cock. I kissed it on the tip then started licking it as I'd seen Heather do. He said "Please" so I put it in my mouth a bit at a time, seeing how much I could get in and still be able to breathe.

I didn't get it all in, then I sucked on it and started moving it in and out of my mouth. "I'm gonna cum," he said. I wanted to be really dirty like the girls in porno films so as I felt it twitch I pulled it out and pointed it at my face. It squirted out all over my face. In fact some got in my hair.

I put some on my finger and tasted it. Mmm. A bit salty but nice with it. I could get to like this.

He made me lie on the floor and he lay down with his head between my legs. I've only ever had this done to me by girls before, so I hoped he thought I was nice down there. He didn't seem to mind anyway as he started licking me and putting his finger in and out of me. It was kinda nice having a boy do it, different to a girl.

I saw Jed fucking Heather. I sat up and called out "Wait everyone, I want everyone to watch me lose my virginity."

Lenny asked me if I was sure. "Yeah, and I'm losing it to a really nice guy."

"If you're sure," he said. He didn't sound that enthusiastic.

"Well if you don't want it, I'm sure I can find someone else. I won't bleed 'cause I got fingered too rough last week."

"Oh I want it alright, Lie back down."

I lay down but watched as he came close to my pussy. It's a pity I can't look at it from down there. But I could sure feel it. He was really slow and gentle, but it was tantalising. I still felt a bit of pain, so he stopped. "It's okay." He carried on deeper. I felt so full.

He started to pull out and at first I wanted to stop him, then he pushed back in again and I gasped. Out, In, Out, In, getting faster. When I came I felt my vagina gripping his cock and it felt so incredible I just said "Oh, Lenny." He pulled out of me and I could feel his cum running down to my bum.

I sat up smiling. "Now there's no virgins here."

But I was wrong. "Actually I've had blowjobs, but never actually...." said Stephen looking embarrassed.

"Your turn, Suzie," Laura and I both said together, then laughed.

Suzie looked a bit embarrassed herself. "You don't have to," he said.

She answered him by reaching over and kissing his cock. "Come and get it," she said as she opened her legs really wide, "Slam it in me." Hmm. Note to self. Have to remember that phrase.

I quickly raced over to lay down beside her so I could watch it go in. It was ACE. "YEAH" I said when it was all in, then Heather pulled me away.

He didn't last as long as Lenny. "Nice!" he said afterwards.

We suddenly noticed another girl, standing at the door, fully clothed, staring at us looking scared. "You must be Samantha," said Heather. The girl nodded.

Laura wouldn't let me go to class with cum all over my face, so we all went to the boys showers to clean up, leaving Heather and Laura with Samantha.

"I want everyone to grope me so I know what it's like," I said.

"But you know what it's like," said Suzie, who had heard about the previous week.

"I mean when they're not all trying to ram their whole hands into me."

Stephen started by gently stroking my boobs, then my pussy, slipping a finger into me. He might have been a virgin until a few minutes ago, but his fingers knew what they were doing. Whew. I leaned back against the wall with my legs apart. The other boys lifted me away from the wall and joined in, touching me everywhere. At one point I had a finger from each of them up in my pussy. I french kissed each of them in turn. I came too quickly, I want this to go on and on.

Then Suzie surprised us all by saying "My turn. I'm dreading this, so I'd better get it over with." They all began to stroke and finger her. She didn't exactly look like she was hating it.

I noticed that Heather, Laura and Samantha had joined us and Samantha still looked like she was facing a firing squad.

Now the boys were taking it in turns to finger Suzie, and every time she was close to coming that boy stopped and another one would take over.

"My arse too," she said. "I have to know what it's like."

I bent down so I could see their fingers in both her pussy and her arse. She got more and more worked up until she screamed "Now someone fuck my arse."

Jed carefully smeared her own juices over her arsehole and pushed his cock into her. I could see it was a bit painful on her face and so could Jed, so he slowed down even more.

As he moved in and out of her, she began to breathe quicker, then she relaxed totally, nearly falling on the floor, but luckily the other boys caught her.

"WOW!" she said. That's what I thought too.

"I wanna do that," I said,

"Sorry, Shel," said Jed, "I think we should go back into the changing room." I must have looked really disappointed because then he said "Don't worry, this is only day 1."

"I wanna try everything in the world."

Heather smiled, said "Leave something for the rest of the week," and laughed.

When we got there Jed amazed me by asking Samantha for a reasonable request. She had to sit on the table and show her pussy. I thought it was easy, but she didn't.

Jed, Heather and Laura had to help her. But she did okay. I wasn't paying much attention to her because I was cross that we'd had to come in here when I wanted to get fucked up the arse. I do know that she must have said something nasty to Jed as he went white and ran out the door.

But now it was time for class.

Shelley, part 4

Program WEEK TWO MONDAY, Morning

I left Samantha at her class and ran to mine. Some of the boys whistled when I went in and the girls laughed.

"That's enough of that," said Mr. Holland, my chemistry teacher.

"I don't mind," I said.

"I do. We have work to do. Now, before you were kind enough to honour us with your presence, we were discussing a problem. All of the teachers are under instructions to try to use program participants when we have them in class. That is easy for art and biology, but I could not think of a way to use a naked student in chemistry."

"Oh." My disappointment must have shown in my face as some of them laughed again.

"Don't worry, Miss Hoover, give a class of boys the chance to make the

most of having a naked girl in class and they are guaranteed to come up with something. And they have. So, perhaps, Mr. Hastings, you can explain. You'd better come up to the front."

"We want to know the difference in the chemical composition of your er, juices, normally and after you cum, I mean orgasm, you know using your fingers and..."

"Yes, I think she gets the picture."

"Oh, I'm not sure I can do that," I said

"I don't believe it," shouted out Kiera, one of my friends, "Shelley's never shy."

More laughter, including from me.

"No, it's not that, but I just came, rather a lot, and I just lost my virginity, so it wouldn't work."

"Can't we watch her anyway?" said Tim Hastings hopefully.

"No we can't. Contrary to some people's belief, this is a school not a petting zoo. (see [cultural notes](#)) Perhaps before the next lesson, Miss Hoover, you can try to restrain your sexual urges?"

"That might be a problem, sir," I said. "When we get to school, everyone will want to touch and play with us, so it's kinda hard."

"Hmm. Perhaps this is a petting zoo. Okay," he continued, "Can anyone think of any other ideas?"

"I can, sir," I volunteered. "Although I can't give a sample from before I came, there is something I wondered, seriously."

"Yes?"

"Well, Laura says that I'm a squirter. What does that mean and what do I squirt?"

"You mean that you want us to analyse it?"

"Hmm. Would that do?" I asked, already getting turned on at the thought that I have to wank in front of the whole class.

He selected one of the boys and one of the girls to hold glasses, one to try to catch any "squirting" and one to hold the glass to catch anything that ran down.

"You must be ready to get in position when Shelley is ready to cum," instructed Mr. Holland.

And so I began. I was already wet from the thought of what I was going to do, so without any delay I simply pushed my middle finger into my pussy. Normally when I wank, I close my eyes, but this time I kept them open, watching the faces of the boys, and girls, as they watched what I was doing. I watched one of the boys' eyes as my fingers got faster and faster. If they could, they'd have grown stalks and popped out.

I slowed down and relaxed, not because I needed to, but to tease them. The boy whose eyes I had been watching glanced up and saw me looking at him, then dropped his eyes again, embarrassed.

I speeded up again and soon began to breathe hard. I felt the cold glass against my pussy lips and closed my eyes as I came with an intensity I'd never known, not even this morning.

I suddenly felt shy and sat up.

"Can I go to get cleaned up please, sir?" I asked.

"Yes, of course," he replied.

I went to the showers and turned on the cold water until my skin was almost numb. What had I just done?

As I dried myself, I pictured the view they'd had. As I carefully dried my pussy lips I thought about my morning so far and smiled.

This might be weird or exhibitionist or even perverted, but it was fun and I liked the thought of all those boys being uncomfortably sat in class because of what I'd just done, probably wishing that they could ask for relief as the boys in the program could.

Back in class I found that only one sample MIGHT be enough and even that was a tiny amount. It would be tomorrow before we would get the results, if they came out at all.

Between classes several boys wanted me to masturbate again. "I'm sorry, I came so much in class, I don't think I could, and if I do it now, I'll make myself sore and won't be able to do as much later." Disappointed, they accepted my answer.

As they drifted away a couple of girls came up to me. "Can you hold yourself really wide open please? I want to see what I am like down there."

"Sure, have a good look."

I lay back and held myself open far enough that they could see everything. "You don't have to stand that far away. You can come close and look inside, it's okay."

They looked shy. "Sorry I didn't mean to embarrass you," I said.

They knelt down right between my legs and took turns looking up inside me. I could feel their breath on my pussy and a shiver went through me.

They got up. One said, "It's different from looking in books and it's hard trying to look at myself in a mirror."

The other said, "Thank you, but I'm glad I'm not in the program. I could never do what you have to do, like let us all look inside you."

"Why not?"

"I'd just die," she replied.

"You'd get used to it. After all, it's just a body, nothing to be ashamed of. Why don't you show each other, so you can both see what you're like?"

"I don't know, it's embarrassing."

"How about if I meet you after school and I can help you?"

"Oh, er, I don't know."

"Well if you change your mind, just meet me at the clothes boxes at the main entrance after school."

"Okay," they both said as they went off.

My next lesson was History and I was actually quite glad that nobody could find anything for me to do. I heard lots of whispering behind me through the lesson but managed to get my work done.

Between lessons I had more requests to show my pussy and had to masturbate once. Then someone wanted to see my arse, so I put my knees up to my shoulders and held my bum open as far as I could. He gently blew on my arsehole! I jerked up, startled.

"I didn't touch you," he said.

"No, I know." I got back into position and he did it again. It was a weird feeling but nice at the same time. Without being asked, I began to touch my pussy again, but had to let go of one of my bum cheeks. "You can hold my bum," I said, "It's okay."

He was a little rough pulling me apart, "Hey, careful!"

"Sorry."

I began to finger myself again, and accidentally knocked him in the face he was so close. I felt his breath in my arsehole again and continued.

This was amazing. I had a guy holding my bum open, blowing gently on my

arsehole, with his eyes inches from my pussy as I fingered myself like crazy.

I didn't take long to cum and as I relaxed, he took my hand and sucked my fingers clean.

"Nice," he said.

"Have some more," I said, taking his hand and wiping it over my pussy.

I reached for his trousers, but the damned bell went again.

That lesson I didn't get a lot of work done. I was too horny. The last orgasm hadn't calmed me down, it had made me worse.

Am I a nympho? I wondered.

Shelley, part 5

Program WEEK TWO

MONDAY, Lunchtime, Afternoon and an incredible Evening

Of course I wanted to talk about everything and see if everyone else thought I was a nympho at lunch. But I got there last (stopped for too many reasonable requests) and the boys were already talking about their morning.

Then Heather, Laura and Jed had to go to help Samantha who was panicking somewhere. We sat more quietly and I was thinking.

"Am I stupid or something?" I asked nobody in particular.

"I take it you don't want an answer to that?" Lenny responded.

"What do you mean?" asked Suzie.

"I can't understand Samantha," I explained. "Okay, she's nervous, but when you're in the program, you're suddenly the centre of attention everywhere you go. People who ignored you last week now want to know you. Sure you have to pose a bit, but she managed that okay this morning, so what's the problem? It's not like anyone's even touched her yet."

Suzie answered, "Some people don't want to be the centre of attention. You love it. It scares the hell out of some of us." It scares her too? I didn't realise that! She continued, "The only time Samantha is ever noticed is when she sings and then she's safe, up on stage. And it's not just people wanting to know you. It's HOW

they want to know you."

Stephen reminded me of how Heather had been at the beginning of last week. "It was like she was just a body, for us to look at and play with. We didn't want to know her, we wanted to use her. You're happy with being used like that, Samantha's not."

We continued to talk, then suddenly Gerald interrupted. "I think that unless someone does something, Sam's gonna crack up or something."

I almost felt guilty because I enjoyed it, and said so.

Christopher said, "It's great that you love it, but..."

"Yeah," said Lenny and we laughed, which broke the tension.

"So the program's a bad thing?" I asked.

Suzie said "No," and told us about a girl she'd been able to help who'd been scared that she might be a lesbian.

We decided that Sam needed support. As Suzie put it, "I don't think Sam can survive that long on her own."

"So what do we do?" I asked.

Nobody had an answer to that one.

When we'd finished lunch Suzie and I found ourselves the centre of attention again. As nobody could touch us, one boy asked, "Can you touch each other?"

"What do you mean?" I asked, teasing.

He went red and couldn't answer.

"Ignore her, she's just playing," Suzie grinned.

"I'm no..." I started to say, then Suzie cut me off by kissing me on the mouth, hard.

Her kiss soon softened and her tongue pushed into my mouth, while her hands pulled me close to her.

Her fingers began to roam from my shoulders to my bum, and I just stood there.

Her hands moved round to my front and soon found their way between my legs, while she lowered her head to lick my nipples.

Then the damned bell went for lessons, just as she'd got me worked up.

I was so worked up that when Mr Crumpton asked if I wanted relief, I said, "Yes, I think I need it. We had a reasonable request and Suzie got me all worked up and..."

"That's okay. We don't need to hear the details." Some of the boys looked disappointed. "Do you want to give yourself relief or ask someone else? I think that's still allowed today."

"Ask somebody else."

"Any volunteers?" A lot of the boys' hands went up, but then I had sat with my legs wide open to make sure of that! To my surprise some of the girls' hands went up too.

I picked a shy-looking boy sat near the back. He tripped over the chair in front racing to get up. Everyone laughed.

"What should I do?" he asked.

GREAT. I need relief right now and he wants a lesson.

"Right now I don't care." I took his right hand and almost forced two of his fingers into me. He got the message and began moving them in and out. What he lacked in technique he made up for in energy and enthusiasm. To be honest I was so worked up already that almost anything would have tipped me over the edge, and sure enough, he did.

He looked a little shocked when I came.

"Thank you," I said, breathlessly.

"You're welcome," he said and returned to his seat. I managed to get to mine as well.

Between lessons, Laura stopped me. "Shel, you know Samantha better than the rest of us do."

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

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

I thought for a second, then said, "Let's get together this evening. You've got a lounge big enough for all of us, do you think your mum will mind?"

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

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

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

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

"Okay," she agreed. "Eight o'clock okay?"

"Great. See ya."

This was gonna be fun!

Laura and I managed to let the others know. While I was putting my clothes on, I looked around for the two girls from this morning. I'd have been surprised if they had been there. I told Heather about Samantha's Petting Party on the way home. She was hesitant at first, but agreed that it was probably a good idea.

I was really excited until it was time to get the bus to Laura's house. I kept asking Heather if it was time to leave yet until she told me to shut up.

We arrived first, only to discover that Laura had had to go to work. Then Laura's mum went to pick up Suzie and Samantha. The boys arrived while we waited for Laura's mum to return.

"If Sam gets nervous," I told Jed. "You'll have to talk to her, she seems to trust you."

"Okay," he agreed and smiled at me.

The door opened and in came Suzie and Sam.

If Sam looked nervous as she came in, she was more so when I said, "Let's take off our clothes."

While she hesitated, the rest of us stripped off. At first I thought this evening was going to be a disaster before it started, but then she shrugged her shoulders and started to take off her clothes.

I flashed her a smile.

"Right, we're going to have a petting party," I explained. "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."

Poor Sam looked like I'd just told her she was going to be murdered tonight.

"I can't do this," she said firmly.

Luckily Heather stepped in with "That's what you said this morning, but you did it. You did fine all day until bitch Gordon," quickly followed by Jed, who asked her, "You trusted us this morning. Did it help you today?"

She looked down at the floor and I felt bad for putting her through this. But she admitted that it had helped her.

"Then trust us now," said Jed.

"But you're all friends and you're all happy with, you know..." started Sam. I saw Heather look up to the ceiling, then glance at me. "I'm not like you," Sam finished miserably.

"You mean we're all sluts and you're not." Heather grinned.

"She's the Superslut and we're the Slutsisters," I said helpfully, to which Heather responded, "Not to forget Supertongue Suzie."

If we thought that it might lighten the atmosphere we were wrong. Sam looked even more miserable, if that were possible. "I'm just not comfortable with any of this."

Suzie pointed out that she was gonna get groped tomorrow anyway so she might as well get used to it.

Heather said that she did have friends, that's why we were all there, to help her. When Sam didn't reply, I realised that nothing we could say would help. I was about to suggest we cancel this and go home when Heather went on. "You wouldn't recognise a friend if they jumped up and kissed you."

Then she jumped up and kissed Sam. Just very gently, on each cheek, kissing Sam's tears away, then on the lips. Sam went tense again.

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

It probably doesn't sound that funny, but it was to us. Soon we were all laughing, even Sam, and I could feel the tension disappearing.

"Okay, I'll do it," Sam said finally. "If I freak out or anything, thanks for trying. Now, what do I have to do?"

Jed explained again about spinning the bottle and picking a card.

It started with Sam having to fondle Suzie's boobs. She must have been okay at it because Suzie gasped with pleasure.

Sam thought she'd done something wrong and said "Sorry:"

Suzie told her she was doing fine, so she carried on.

"My turn," I yelled out before Sam's turn went on all night. They laughed at me. I had to grope Stephen's bum, so I got him to hold his bum open so I could tickle his arsehole.

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

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

Even I had to laugh at that.

Then Stephen had to fondle Suzie's boobs. By this time, mine were feeling like they needed some attention, but Suzie's next words killed that idea.

"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."

I was surprised (and a bit disappointed) when she agreed.

Now Sam's boobs were getting all the attention, first from Suzie, then from Christopher. While everyone else was looking at Sam, I got in front of Stephen and put both his hands on my boobs.

He was wonderfully gentle and he stroked and tweaked me. When he bent his head down to lick my nipples, I forgot about Sam for a while. Nobody else seemed to have noticed us.

When I looked up, Heather was licking Sam's boobs, using her tongue to play with her nipples.

Then it was Jed's turn, and I was amazed. He asked Sam to hold her bum open for him, like Stephen had for me and he stroked her right there.

I think she liked it because then it was her turn and she picked a blue (exciting) card. "It says play with cock," she said, going slightly pink.

The bottle spun to me. "Sorry, Don't have one. You'll have to spin again," I said.

Stephen was the lucky boy. We could see that Sam was nervous as she knelt in front of him.

Her face was bright red as she touched it lightly. Then she grasped it and began to wank him. She wasn't doing it quite right at first, so Stephen gently moved her hand. "That's nicer," he said.

She began to stroke his balls with her other hand. I think she'd forgotten the rest of us were there. She look fascinated by the cock she was playing with. Stephen was obviously even more turned on than I was because in a very short time he warned her, "I'm going to cum if you don't stop."

She didn't stop and just put her face even closer to his cock. For a minute I thought she was going to suck it, but she didn't. She just waited until it spurted out all over her. She kissed the tip of his cock, then said "I'm sorry."

Stephen commented that she didn't look sorry and he was right. She had a grin on her face that I'd never seen before and cum splattered from her forehead to her chin. She even had some in her hair.

"Now it's my turn." Stephen looked at her with a really sweet look in his eyes. "And as you did that to me, I think turnabout is fair play, don't you?"

Her grin vanished in a flash, replaced by a look of panic.

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

She began to grin again and went slightly pink.

He told her to lie down and spread her legs, then he began to stroke her pussy. He held her open and made his fingers all wet with her juices, then tasted them. When he told her she tasted nice, she smiled happily.

He slipped one finger into her and she suddenly looked nervous again. I moved quickly to hold her hand and squeezed it. She looked up at me and smiled, then she closed her eyes again.

He pushed two fingers deep into her and we suddenly saw blood. "Oh god, I'm sorry, I didn't know. Are you okay?" he asked.

"Just don't stop...please," was her only reply.

He carried on, and she alternated between saying "NO more" and "No, don't stop."

I started chanting "Cum, Cum, Cum, Cum," in time with the movements of his fingers, and when she did she squeezed my hand so tight I thought she'd broken my fingers!

A look of absolute ecstasy crossed her face, and she began breathing hard. I could actually feel wave after wave of spasms going through her, before she finally began to relax.

Only then, did Stephen take his fingers out of her.

"Is it always like that?" she asked, still breathless.

"NO," Heather and Suzie answered together. We all laughed at that.

Sam started to giggle, then commented, "If only my mum could see me now."

Heather took Sam and Stephen to the bathroom to have a shower and they were gone for quite a while.

By this time I was so worked up that I confronted Suzie, "I think you owe me something."

"What?" she asked.

"Well, earlier today you got me all worked up, that damned bell rang and you walked off so I had to ask for relief in class." (Suzie laughed at that.) "So I think you owe it to me to finish what you started." I didn't give her a chance to reply because I kissed her, slipping my tongue into her mouth as she opened it in surprise. She must have been as turned on as I was because she pushed herself against me and we were soon exploring each other's mouths.

I took her hand and put it on my pussy. She broke our kiss and pushed me away a little bit so she could begin to suck on my nipples. As her tongue was tickling my nipples, she slipped a finger into me. Her finger began exploring until it found my most sensitive spot. Then she wouldn't leave it alone until I was breathing quicker and quicker.

I was quickly becoming overwhelmed by the sensations when she suddenly stopped. She pushed me back on the sofa and pulled my legs so my pussy was right on the edge, then lowered her face to my pussy.

Her tongue went straight for my clit sending a shock wave through me, before she pushed her tongue as far into me as she could. That was heavenly.

Again she stopped, this time to briefly push a finger into my pussy, take it out and (Oh my god!) ease it into my arse. Then her tongue was at my pussy again, this time lapping away until I came with a squeal. "Oh Wow!"

Then Heather said, "This is great, but it's not what Sam's going to face tomorrow morning."

"Then when she comes back, we'll have to prepare her for that," said Jed.

So when Stephen and Sam came back, Jed and Christopher began groping Sam roughly, while Suzie dragged Stephen over to the corner of the sofa. Hmm, what's that all about? Christopher made Sam bend over and he stuck fingers up her bum. She winced in pain.

"Guys will probably do that and it hurts, right?" asked Heather.

"Yeah," replied Sam with feeling.

"So here's a little secret," continued Heather. "Just before you get to the school door, slip a couple of fingers up you pussy." Heather promptly stuck two fingers up Sam's pussy, "get them nice and wet and work them into your bum to give it a bit of lubrication." Then Heather stuck her fingers into Sam's bum. "Okay guys, now carry on."

Soon she was flat on her back, her legs in the air, with Stephen and Christopher both fingering her holes for all they were worth, while Jed was groping her boobs.

Sam suddenly started laughing until tears were running down her face. "Thank

you, all of you." She looked around at each of us. "I've never laughed so much in my life as I have this evening." I could believe that. I got the feeling that she didn't have that much to laugh about in her ordinary life. "If I do freak out again, it won't be your fault."

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

I think by now Sam would have agreed to anything.

Heather warned her that the worst time would be when we get there because they will all try to grope us while we are undressing. "Just go along with whatever I do, okay, no matter how strange it seems?" she finished.

Sam agreed.

Shortly after that, Laura's mum came in to take Sam home. She is so cool; she didn't even notice we were naked, or if she did, she completely pretended not to. She did "raise an eyebrow" though when Suzie told her thank you very much, but that Stephen was going to take her home instead.

Stephen was standing directly behind Laura's mum, and I think I was the only one who could see him punch the air and mouth "Yes!" How I managed to keep a straight face I'll never know.

Right after Sam and her "driver" left, Suzie went off with Stephen, leaving just the four of us. Heather turned to me and said, "After all that hard work, I think the boys deserve a reward, don't you?"

I knelt down with Jed's cock inches from my face, but before I had a chance to touch it, Jed said, "I've got a better idea."

He got me to start wanking him, while he played with Heather's pussy and she was wanking Christopher, who started playing with my pussy.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Jed start playing with Heather's arsehole. She stopped wanking Christopher as she began to tense up. She came quickly. I realised that I'd also stopped wanking Jed, and began again, but at that moment Christopher decided to do the same to me and I had two fingers in my arse and two from his other hand in my pussy. I was still so dripping wet it probably sounded disgusting as he kept working his fingers in and out of me.

If Heather had come quickly, I wasn't far behind. That left the boys, and I suddenly knew what I wanted to do. "Stand together. I saw this in a porn flick once and ever since I've wanted to do this." I grabbed both their cocks, pulled them close and led them both into my mouth. The boys caught on quickly and held the back of my head as they double mouth-fucked me. God, that sounds so-o dirty when I write it

down!

"I must try that," said Heather, and knelt down beside me. The boys stepped sideways and put their cocks into my sister's mouth and did the same to her.

After a few minutes she pushed them back to between us and put Jed's cock in my mouth, while she gently wanked Christopher. At the same time, she was sucking on Jed's balls.

Then she moved aside and pulled me across to Christopher. We both began licking up and down his cock, then she slipped his cock into her mouth, so I sucked his balls.

Then she stopped, and began wanking Jed again, telling him cum all over her slutty little sister. I moved my face closer, determined to catch every drop. Seconds later he spurted over my face. I managed to catch some of it in my mouth, but mostly it went over my cheeks and chin.

I grabbed Christopher by his cock. "I think my big sister's face needs decorating, don't you?" He grinned and Heather looked eager. Soon her face was decorated with plenty of white.

Then Heather surprised me. "We can't waste all of this," she said, and began licking it off my face. Then she kissed me, pushing some of his cum into my mouth. Then I licked her and did the same. With the last tongueful of cum she began to kiss me properly as we swapped cum. That seems a little weird now, but at the time it was, I don't know, pretty special. I'll have to think about that.

Then, as quickly as she started, she stopped and jumped up and went to the shower, leaving me wondering what she thought about that as well.

I joined her in the shower and we washed each other, then got dressed to wait for Laura's mum to return to take us home.

On our way home Heather turned to me and said simply, "Well done, Shel." I hadn't done much, I thought, but I squeezed her hand.

The slutsisters had done it again.

Shelley, part 6

Program WEEK TWO TUESDAY

I woke up already feeling horny, so I don't know what I'd been dreaming about. Today was going to be REALLY exciting, my first official groping before school.

At breakfast I asked Heather, "Isn't it time to go to school yet? It's my first official groping today. The nasty ones trying to help you last week don't count, they weren't official because I wasn't in the Program."

Heather rolled her eyes looking at the ceiling.

"Well they weren't," I said defensively.

She laughed. "They weren't official, so they don't count," I insisted.

I saw a crowd as we arrived at school and at first nobody noticed us. I soon put a stop to that by shouting, "Okay folks, the slutsisters are here."

I walked away from Heather and soon had my own not-so-little audience. I hadn't bothered with underwear and had put on my shortest school skirt, the one Mum normally wouldn't let me wear to school. I went over to the grass and sat down, making sure to keep my knees up and my legs apart.

"Can I touch you?" someone asked from behind me.

"Wait a minute and watch me first." I unbuttoned my blouse down to the last two buttons and began to play with my breasts. Then I reached down to my pussy with one hand and began to finger myself.

I turned to one of the boys and said, "You look like you need a little relief," and undid his trousers before turning to another boy and doing the same. They looked a little startled.

"Come on," I encouraged, "I want a cum bath."

The first one started slowly pulling on his cock. "Come on, boys. I'll lick clean the first one to cum on me."

Now I was surrounded by about a dozen guys all wanking themselves. I even stopped playing with myself so I could watch their different techniques.

I felt a splash of cum land on my chest about the same time as another hit my cheek. "I was first," cried one.

"No, it was me," insisted another.

They looked ready to fight for it, me, until I said, "Okay, I'll clean you both. There's plenty of me to go around."

Others were still wanking over me and I pulled my skirt down and my open blouse together. Any cum that didn't go on my face, I wanted to save on my clothes.

I took one of the cocks into my mouth and licked every part. Of course he was soon hard again, so I turned to the other, licked him like he was an ice lolly until he was so turned on that he pulled my face directly towards him and began to fuck my mouth. As he came (again!) in my mouth I swallowed every drop and I was vaguely aware that the original dozen or so had finished and more had taken their place.

Fair's fair, I thought and turned to the nearest boy and grabbed him by the balls, pulling him to me until I could take him into my mouth.

My eyes were covered so I couldn't even see, so I took the cum from my eyes and wiped it across my forehead and into my hair. Thank God we were excused assembly if we needed a shower.

This time when I felt him about to cum I aimed his cock at my blouse. "Saving it for later," I said, grinning at him.

I looked down at what had been my clean and neatly pressed clothes, still being cummed on. I heard the assembly bell and quickly got up, took off my clothes carefully not spilling anything, then wiped myself down with them and threw them in the box.

As the crowds around us dissipated I caught sight of Samantha. She had a strange smile on her face. I wondered what she'd been thinking, or doing? Whatever it was she'd obviously enjoyed it. I felt pleased that my petting party had been a success. Although it had been fun, if it hadn't prepared her for this morning, I'd have classed it as a failure.

In the showers I asked Sam if she was ready for today. "You seemed to be okay just now," I said.

"Yeah, thanks to Suzie," she 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." She flashed me a brilliant smile that could light up a miserable winter day. God, if she smiled at guys like that, she'd never be alone again. Although I'd seen her laugh last night and even though we'd shared classes for a few years, I realised that I'd never seen her smile, not once.

I had Design first. The class had already decided that they wanted to design underwear for me. Before I could even sit down Mr. Peterson announced with a

chuckle, "I'll have to check the Program rules to find out if she's actually going to be allowed to model this lingerie."

"Perhaps they'd better make sure that it doesn't actually hide anything," I suggested helpfully.

Another girl pointed out, "It won't be finished this week anyway, so Shelley won't be in the Program by the time it comes to modelling it. So we'd better not make it too revealing or she might not want to model it."

"Yes, I will," I promised. "Whatever you make, I'll model it, even at the end of term fashion show if you like."

"Assuming Dr. Reynolds approves that is. The Program's not exactly a challenge for you, is it, Shelley?" Mr. Peterson twinkled. Don't get me wrong, the last thing Mr. Peterson appears to be is gay, but I don't know how else to describe it. He twinkled.

I grinned back at him. Suddenly though I felt serious. Mr. Peterson deserved more than just a grin. "This week, sir, I can do anything and everything. It's like you can dress really slutty at Halloween and hardly anyone thinks you're a slut. It's an excuse to dress like you'd never dare to any other time. Well Program week is sorta like that. I can try everything and most people don't think I'm all that terrible. After all that's what the Program's for, isn't it?"

I looked around at the other girls. "Last week I was a complete virgin. I had thought a lot about sex for a long time but I'd been too scared to actually do anything. I'd kissed a few boys but that was about it." Some of them looked more than a little skeptical. "Yeah, really, that's all I'd done. But this week," I shook my head, "It's all new and exciting and crazy, and sometimes a little scary. But you know, girls, some of the time the boys are just as scared as I am. And besides, it feels really, really good."

"And after the Program? Well, I could go back to being good little Shelley again." I tried to keep a straight face, but couldn't and giggled at that thought. "But I don't think I will."

The room had gone quiet, but I could see that a lot of the girls were thinking hard about what I'd just said.

After a moment Mr. Peterson cleared his throat. "Come on now, everyone. We have a lesson to get back to. Thank you for sharing that with us, Shelley." I like Mr. Peterson.

The class was mainly girls and even after the last week it still felt strange to have a load of girls' hands touching me in what had once been my private places.

But there were two boys in the design class. One measured me just like the girls

had done. The other did the same, but then said that he needed a few more measurements.

"I'm making a playsuit that has built-in dildos, front and back," he explained with an evil grin. "So I need to measure you... there."

"This wouldn't be just an excuse to finger Shelley, would it?" asked Mr. Peterson.

"No!" he protested, then, more honestly, "Not completely."

I laughed and said, "It's okay. His won't be the first fingers I've had up me and they won't be the last."

"Okay, but only if you're okay with it."

The boy told me to remain standing, legs a couple of feet apart. "Bend over, I'll do your bum first."

He was prepared, I'll give him that. He carefully covered a finger in gel before inserting it into my bum, then did the same with a dildo. After the initial shock, I took a deep breath and began to breath slowly to relax. He waited for me to say "Okay."

"Tell me when it's too deep," he said.

"That's okay, okay, okay.. That's uncomfortable." He withdrew it a little. "That's fine." He carefully measured.

He got me to stand up straight and aimed the dildo for my pussy. "You can wash it first," I insisted.

"Sorry," he went red. "I forgot."

He ran to the toilets and when he returned he let me inspect it. I could smell the soap.

"You won't need gel this time," I said. Everyone laughed, even Mr. Peterson.

He pushed it slowly into me until I said "Enough," removed it and carefully measured it, then caught me by surprise as he put a couple of fingers into me. He felt around until he found my G-spot. Grinning at my reaction, he removed his fingers and measured exactly how far they'd been in at that moment.

"Just to add a little extra stimulation for the wearer," he smiled.

"Just remember that I'm supposed to be able to walk down a catwalk wearing it. Too much of that and I won't even be able to stand!"

I was disappointed when the lesson was over. Even without the fingers and dildo, it had been fun, and I was really pleased with what I had said. I wasn't thinking about

it when I said it but I'm hoping now that, despite everything else, it helps Sis with her bet next Monday.

Of course in the breaks between lessons I had lots more fingers.

After the second lesson, I saw the two girls who'd wanted to see up inside me yesterday. "Can we see you again?" one of them asked.

I went into an empty classroom, sat on a desk and lay back, holding myself wide open. "You can touch me if you want to," I reminded them.

I saw them look at each other. "I wouldn't know what to do."

I took her hand and placed it on my pussy. She stroked me like I WAS a kitten. (Okay, I'm a sex kitten but that doesn't count.)

I took two of her fingers and put them into my pussy, moving them in and out gently.

After not much more than a few seconds, she took them out. "I don't know what to do," she complained.

"Why don't I show you what feels good? Lie down."

She hesitated. She looked at the other girl, who had her hands down her knickers.

"I will if you will," the second girl said.

The first girl lay down and I unbuttoned her blouse and she lay there looking nervous.

I lifted her bra to expose her breasts. "What if someone comes and sees?" she said.

"Well, you're going to be in the Program anyway one day, so why worry? This will be good practice for you."

I caressed her boobs before bending to suck on a nipple. "Hmmm," she murmured.

Continuing to lick and suck her boobs, I let my hand go to her leg, then ran it up to her knickers. When I touched just where she was damp, she gasped.

"You want me to stop?" I asked.

She shook her head violently. I slipped my hand inside her knickers. I said to the other girl. "Why don't you do what I'm doing?"

She looked like she was going to say no, but then came forward and bent her head down to take the unoccupied nipple into her mouth.

After a minute or so, I was about to move down to remove her knickers when the damned bell went for the next lesson and rapidly she pulled down her bra and

started to button up her blouse.

"After lunch or after school is better," I said. "More time." Neither of them said anything but they did look at each other intently. Helping your friend with her "homework" can be so much fun, I thought as I turned away so they couldn't see me grinning.

After daydreaming my way through the next lesson, it was lunchtime.

It was unbelievably awful.

The boys were talking about Laura flipping out with Ghastly Gordon and smashing a television or something.

Suddenly there was Laura, being marched into the dining hall by the same G.G. Handcuffs were put on her, then Nurse appeared and began to cut her hair off. Okay, not all of it, but a lot shorter anyway.

Then I noticed that G.G. had a cane. In my first year I had seen one of the older boys caned, for beating up a younger boy, but never since and never a girl.

A loud swish and Laura bucked up hard. I looked away, I couldn't bear to watch. I heard another and another and another until finally Laura let out a cry.

"Ghastly's got it in for us Program girls," said Heather. "First me last week, then Sam yesterday and now Laura. We've got to find a way to stop her."

"I wonder who she'll pick on next," I said, beginning to get really worried.

When I finally looked at Laura, I saw that Suzie and Christopher were leading her away.

We racked our brains trying to think of ideas to stop Ghastly, but nobody couldn't think of anything, short of murdering her, which was a bit impractical.

The afternoon was weird. The whole school was quiet, none of the usual noise. Even the staff were whispering to each other. It was really eerie. I didn't get a single reasonable request all afternoon, not even a pose. I would have been disappointed, but lunchtime had taken away my own interest in it as well.

There wasn't even anyone waiting as I got dressed in the cum-encrusted blouse and skirt. I had been looking forward to the reaction of everyone when I wore those disgusting clothes to walk home, but I didn't even notice if there WAS a reaction. I dropped them on my bedroom floor and ran a bath to relax.

A few hours and one terrible phone call later and I was on the bus to the hospital. Sam had tried to kill herself. The Program had suddenly gone from wonderful and fun to a nightmare come true.

When we were allowed in to see Sam, I had to ask her why she'd done it. She'd

panicked because she was scared that singing naked in the choir contest on Thursday night would ruin her singing career.

Poor Sam. She was going to be exempt from the Program now and all she was worried about was whether we'd still be her friends.

"Of course we will," I said.

"Even if you do make me lose my bet," said my sister, who had finally arrived, red-eyed, obviously she'd been crying.

Sam asked, "What bet?"

I answered, "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. We were both grinning from ear to ear.

Heather pointed out that if Sam was admitted to a psycho ward she probably wouldn't be allowed out to sing anyway. Sam hadn't thought of that.

Heather sent Laura to get the school nurse, who was in the hospital canteen.

While she was away she explained her brilliant idea to get the handcuffs off Laura and get Ghastly off our backs. It was risky, so I was surprised when the one who was most enthusiastic about the idea was Samantha. Of course she was going to be away, safe in a psycho ward anyway. We agreed not to tell Laura, in case it didn't work.

Nurse confirmed that if Sam was in psycho she wouldn't be allowed out to sing, so she demanded to finish her week at school, even if it meant staying in the Program.

When the psychiatrist came, he didn't want to let her go home. That would probably have been the end of that except that Laura's mum turned up.

She might be in a wheelchair, but she gets things done. By the time she'd finished it was decided that Sam would live with her and Laura for the rest of the week and go to school, where between lessons, we'd all keep an eye on her.

When we got home from the hospital, we were really surprised to find that Mum had got back a day earlier than we'd expected. I went upstairs so Heather could tell Mum about Friday night, then she came upstairs to tell me it was my turn to see Mum on my own.

"Shel," she hissed at me before I went downstairs. "I didn't tell Mum about Laura and Sam, so don't mention it."

"Why didn't you?" I asked.

"If we tell her what's happened, she'll try to do something. You know what she's like. So we'd have to tell her about our plan and she might tell us not to do it."

"I think we should tell her."

"Shel, please."

"Okay, I won't say anything, but you're wrong."

I went downstairs and curled up next to Mum. She gave me a big hug.

"Your sister had a sip of my wine, Shelley. Would you like one as well?"

"Thanks, Mum, but no thanks."

"I'll tell you the same thing I told her. I think you're both old enough to have some wine or a glass of beer here in the house, okay?"

"What about if you're not around?" I thought I better get the rules straightened out.

"That's fine too, but I can trust you not to let any of your friends get too drunk, can't I? Or you, for that matter."

Oops, I knew THAT look. She had just written another Commandment.

She finished the last bit in her glass and poured herself another one. Now that's not unusual but I did think, oh dear, I hope Heather's story hasn't upset her.

She took another sip, a very small one thank god, before continuing, "And what dark secrets have you been keeping from me?"

I guiltily tried to put Laura and Sam and our rescue plan out of my mind.

"None," I said, "except that Heather wanted to tell you about the nightclub face to face."

"Which is why you didn't mention it either."

"She was scared you'd freak out and come straight home."

"I think with Laura looking out for you both, I don't have a lot to worry about."

"Yeah, Laura was brill. And her pussy tastes nice too, not as nice as a cock, but..."

"Whoa," cried Mum. "There are some details I don't need to know, thank you. You're still my little girl and while I might be glad that you are exploring your own desires, I'm not sure I want to know every juicy titbit."

"Oh."

"Would you really like to hear every detail about what Eric and I get up to?"

I thought for a second, then "No, it would be kinda weird."

"Thanks," she laughed. "I might not be a sex-mad teenager, but I'm not THAT weird."

"Mum," I asked. "You and Eric, is it serious?"

"I don't know yet," she answered. "I think it might be."

"Good. It's time you had some fun again, and if you want the house to yourselves, just let us know. And if you want some ideas, we've got plenty."

She laughed. "I think I can remember what to do."

"I wanna try everything, Mum. I wanna do one of the things Heather did as well."

"Not a gangbang?" she asked, sounding shocked.

"No, that was horrible, though maybe with just a dozen or so it might be fun."

"Shelley!" she said firmly. "That comes under the category of things I don't want to have to imagine."

"Oh, sorry."

"But if not a gangbang, then what?"

"I want to try being spit-roasted," I said. "Heather says that's the one thing she remembers that she really liked from Friday night."

"Spit-roasted?" she exclaimed.

"It's when..." I began.

"Yes, I know what it is. That's something else I think you can save for your journal."

Mum laughed when she said about saving things for my journal, but now she was serious again. "Shelley, just because I said I don't need to hear all the juicy details doesn't mean that there is ever anything that you can't tell me, you understand?"

Before I could answer, she went on, "Now, the only thing I want to hear is what my beautiful daughters said on television last week. Would you get Heather back down here please, and ask her to bring the video she told me about?"

I jumped up, turned and ran for the stairs before she could see the huge grin I knew was on my face.

We came straight back down, Heather holding the video in one hand. I had told her

that Mum didn't know yet how we were "dressed" on it. Heather had just sighed.

Mum had turned the telly on and sat herself in the middle of the sofa. "You know, neither your father nor I have ever been on the telly. He was on the radio once, one of those phone-in thingies, but that was all."

Heather put the tape in and picked up the remote. "You haven't mentioned Dad for a long time, you know."

"I know." Dad was a civil engineer and he was working in Africa on a railway bridge when he was trapped under a mudslide and a half-built bridge parapet. I was a lot older before I understood all those words but they were burned into my head when Mum read us the newspaper stories. I was six and Heather was seven when it happened. When we were older Mum explained to us that it had taken ages for the insurance money to come through. That was why she had had to go back to work and she stayed working later on to help her deal with Dad's death as much as for the money. It has sorta worked the same for me. I'm no brainbox but I do try most of the time at school and when I don't feel like trying I remember Dad and feel somehow I don't want to disappoint him too much.

All of us were quiet for a moment. We were all remembering Dad. Then Mum snuffled once but spoke very clearly. "I'll always love your father. He was my first love and no one will ever replace him in here." She touched her chest on that side. "But being with Eric has made me realise that it's time to move on, as they say. You girls don't think I'm wrong, do you?"

Heather said it right. "Dad is never coming back. We'll never forget him and we know you won't either. If he could still speak to us, I know he'd.. insist you find someone else. Go for it, Mum." All I could do was nod my head. I don't get speechless very often, but I still missed him and I think I really understood for the first time that I always would miss him but that that was really okay.

Mum sat up and rubbed her hands together. "Let's see this tape then. "Was it really on the main news?"

"Yes it was," Heather said, "On the main BBC news at nine o'clock, about halfway through." With that she pressed a button and the show started. She had to fast-forward through a few minutes of other stuff. Then she slowed it back down to normal and suddenly the woman reporter was speaking.

Mum was leaning forward and then it happened, the gasp I mean. "Oh.. my.. god! You're naked!" And then a few seconds later, "And so are you!" Another gap. "And so's that other girl! ... Is that Suzie?"

Mum slumped back into the sofa. "Heather, please turn it off for a minute. Thank you." Heather and I held our breaths.

She stared at Heather. Then she stared at me. "You vixens!" she shouted and put a

hand over her mouth. "You gorgeous vixens!" She took her hand away and her face exploded into an ENORMOUS grin. Then she started to laugh like I have never in my life heard her laugh. She had her arms crossed holding onto her sides and she was rocking from side to side. Heather and I sat there gobsmacked.

"Why didn't you tell me, either one of you?" She managed to get that out between gasps of laughter.

"We wanted it to be a big surprise for you when you got back," I said, "It looks like we were right."

"Oh, you were right, alright." Mum had managed to settle down. Now she was "only" grinning.

"Besides," Heather added, "I was afraid you might freak out in India if you knew about it but couldn't see it for yourself."

"You may have been right about that, actually. You are both forgiven." Then she took a hankie out of a pocket, rubbed the tears from her eyes and blew her nose. She took a big drink of wine and looked at each of us in turn. "Okay, girls, on your feet and get out of those clothes."

"Mum!" we both shouted.

"Now." We both recognised that tone of voice. We stood up and did what she said.

I was just pushing down my knickers when Mum stood up and started taking her clothes off!

She saw us gaping at her and said, "What? You two strip off on National Television (her voice capitalised those words) and you're surprised at me when I get naked in my own house?"

To say that we were speechless is this week's understatement. We just stood there, not speaking, not even moving.

When she was naked, yes totally naked, she lifted her hands way over her head and did a slow twirl. After she was facing us again, she dropped her arms and asked, "Well, what do you think?"

I found my voice first. "You're fantastic, Mum, gorgeous."

Heather nodded and added quietly, "Eric must think he has died and gone to heaven. You're beautiful, Mum."

"Thank you both, very much." She paused. "Now, I think this calls for a toast. Shelley, go fetch two more wine glasses, the good ones from the dining room. There's plenty of wine left in the bottle and I think we should finish it."

I was back before she finished talking. She poured us each a full glass and handed

them to us.

Then she raised her glass and we both did the same. "To being free," she said then added, "and in charge of our own bodies." We all sipped.

Then Heather raised her glass again. "To Dad."

"Yeah, to Dad." "To.. Billy." No one spoke for a moment after we drank that toast.

"Now Heather, rewind that tape to the start of the interview and turn the sound up. I want to hear exactly what you all say."

We sat there on the sofa, Mum in the middle and none of us saying anything, until Suzie started speaking.

"She's very pretty, Heather. Is she the one that.. I mean, have the two of you..?"

"Yes, Mum," Heather answered, "She was the girl in the classroom. You know, Mum, if we're gonna be naked in front of each other, then you really are gonna to have to learn to chill."

"I know," she giggled in reply, "Let me try that again. Is she the one that... fucked you on Friday morning and that you fucked right back?" I don't think I've ever seen Mum blush before.

"Yes, Mother, we fucked each other and it was wonderful," Heather spoke slowly and oh so solemnly. Then suddenly we all were laughing and hugging and drinking the wine. And chilling. It was perfect!

We played the tape again. At the end, Mum put her glass down and then an arm around each of us. "We have loads to talk about, about what you all said on that tape and a lot more things as well. But now I think I'm about talked out, and you two have finished your wine, AND it's a school night."

Then she looked at us seriously, but with a twinkle in her eyes. "One final thing. All the time in Delhi, I always slept naked. Yes, yes, I know what you're both thinking but that's not what I'm talking about. I had forgotten how lovely it is to sleep naked, even if you're by yourself. Tomorrow night I'm going to get all my pyjamas together and give them to Goodwill. I'm going to ask you guys one thing, and yes Shelley this is that kind of ask, sleep naked tonight, both of you. After tonight you can do what you want, but I bet you won't want go to back. Even on a cold night you can always put an extra blanket on the bed. And you still don't have to wear anything if you don't want to."

"Now, off to bed, both of you. I'll straighten up."

"It's not that late, Mum," Heather said, "And we both have to do our journals."

"Okay, but not too late, okay?"

"Sure, Mum," I said over my shoulder, "And if I ever have a gangbang like Heather, I'll just write all the juicy bits down in my journal so you can read them to Eric later." I turned back and stuck out my tongue then ran upstairs before she could reply.

I finished writing my journal but then I couldn't sleep. I decided to go downstairs and get a drink and then I saw that Heather's light was still on. I crept round the door. "Can't you sleep either?" I asked.

She jumped. "God, you made me jump. No, I can't. Fancy something to eat?"

So we went downstairs and saw Mum sitting on the sofa staring into space. She had a small grin on her face.

"Hi, Mum, we couldn't sleep." Both of us spoke at the same time. We have GOT to stop doing that.

Then I leapt in as usual. "I can see you smiling, Mum. What are you thinking about?"

"Eric." Then she looked up. "I'm really missing him." I peeked at Heather and she peeked at me while Mum grinned, "And yes, girls, that IS one of the reasons I'm missing him."

We were all still naked and I couldn't stop my eyes looking down. Mum's nipples were hard! I managed not to say anything but I think Mum caught me staring at her chest.

She chuckled at me. "It's hard to hide things when you're naked, isn't it?"

That was just too much. When Heather said, "Welcome to the Program," we all lost it.

Then Heather asked, "When are you seeing him again, outside of work I mean?"

"Did I tell you guys he coaches cricket for Coldbourne?"

"Yes, but not which school," Heather replied.

"Well, they have an important match this Saturday and they missed two training sessions while we were away in India, so he's going to be doing that tomorrow evening and again on Thursday. What about afterwards I asked him and he said remember he lives alone and he has a million things to do at home."

"You don't think he's avoiding you, do you?" Heather got that out just before I could.

"No, not at all. I could see in his eyes that he was as.. pissed off about it as I was. But Friday night he's coming over here for dinner and.."

"We can meet him!" I said.

"Yes, but you don't have to shout," laughed Mum.

Heather asked, "What about..?" She didn't finish that but gestured down the front of her body.

"We'll have to see about that," Mum laughed, "But I think we all," she stared straight at me, "should be dressed properly when he arrives. Later on..?" She shrugged her shoulders. "And before you ask, yes, he's expecting to stay the night."

"Way cool, Mum!" I hugged her tightly.

Then Heather changed the subject. "With all the excitement tonight, I forgot to eat. Anybody else hungry?"

"Me." This time Mum and I spoke at once, but THAT was way cool too.

"Did I see some ham in the fridge? Is it okay?" Mum asked.

"Yeah, it's fine. We bought it yesterday after school," Heather explained. (Before the petting party, I thought. God, that seems like last year, not last night.) "And there's fresh bread and salad bits," she added.

She looked at both of us, "Ham sandwiches for three?" Mum and I nodded.

"And I'll make us all some salad," I volunteered. We all like tomato with ham but we hate the way it makes the bread go soggy.

It only took a minute to throw together some lettuce and tomatoes so while Heather finished making the sandwiches, I showed Mum the collection of newspapers we'd saved from the weekend. She started reading them one by one.

As we ate our sandwiches and salad, she said, "I didn't know that my two daughters were so famous."

"Or infamous," said Heather, bringing out the one newspaper I hadn't shown Mum.

It had the same photo as some of the others, but underneath a different sort of headline, "School for SLUTS". The text, what there was of it, described our school as teaching girls to forget any morals they once had and making us fit for "nothing but the whorehouse or the streetcorner."

"Why didn't you show me this one, Shelley? Did it upset you?"

"A bit," I admitted. "But I thought it might upset you."

"Well, it's not very nice reading things like that about someone you love. But there are lots of people who don't agree with the Program or anything to do with sexual openness. And we live in a world where people like that don't care who they hurt to

make their point. I'm just sorry it was you."

"I'm not," I said. "I mean, you don't think of us like that, so they can't hurt us. Think if they'd written that about Samantha."

"Who's Samantha?"

I looked over at Heather. She sighed and nodded so I continued, "A girl in my year who's also in the Program. She's got no friends and she's ever so shy and I don't think she's happy at home either. Her mum already thinks she's a slut just because she's in the Program. She was so upset today that she cut her wrists. Can you imagine it if she'd read that about herself?" At Mum's sudden look of concern, I quickly added, "She's okay. And she's staying with Laura and her mum for the rest of the week."

"If it's difficult where she is, tell her that she can always stay here if she wants to. We probably have more room than the Townleys do." Mum looked thoughtful for a second and then asked, "This is probably a silly question, Shelley, but how are you coping in the Program?"

"It's great, Mum. On Monday morning before we even went to class, I lost my virginity and..."

I stopped. Mum looked a little disappointed.

"I guess I'm not your little girl any more."

"You'll always be my little girl. But they can't force you to do that in the Program, so how?"

Heather interrupted, "It was right after Monday assembly when all of the new participants were announced. The headmaster allowed us to get together privately.." (I shook my head at that but didn't say anything) "...so we could get to know each other. Well, we got to know each other really closely."

I carried on. "Some of the others were fucking." I stopped for a second. It still felt weird being able to use words like 'fucking' with Mum... "And I was giving this cute guy called Lenny a blow job. It was the first time I'd ever touched a real live cock. And it was nice and I loved it when I made him cum on my face."

"So did he, I bet," Mum chuckled.

I grinned back at her. "Yeah, then he went down on me and it was ace, Mum, but I just knew I wanted him inside me."

"She even made an announcement," put in Heather, "To make us all watch her lose her virginity. Poor Lenny was so embarrassed."

"I can imagine," laughed Mum. "Oh Shelley, the poor guy."

"He was so sweet, Mum. He asked me twice if I was sure and I had to threaten to find someone else before he'd do it. And it hardly hurt at all."

"Then we got Stephen to fuck Suzie because he was still a virgin too. And I watched him put it in her, till Heather pulled me away from them."

"I should think so too," laughed Mum.

"I wanted to go to class like that, but Laura made me go and take a shower to wash all the cum off my face. But I like being covered in cum and I got to do a Heather this morning!"

"What's a Heather?" asked Mum, trying not to laugh and not succeeding very well.

Heather cringed. "Well one day last week, Heather let loads of boys cum all over her and I wanted to do that, but I wanted to keep it all, not have to wash it all off."

"So what did you do?" Mum asked and then glanced at Heather, "I'm not sure I want to know the answer but I don't think I'll get the option."

"I'll show you." I ran upstairs and put on my cummy blouse and skirt. When I went downstairs both Heather and Mum's eyes opened wide with disbelief.

"When I got to school this morning for the morning groping, I made loads of boys cum all over me. Lots of it went on my hair and face, but I wiped that off onto my clothes too. So now I've got a souvenir, and we're the slutsisters for real!"

Mum shrieked at that. I think the wine was getting to her.

Heather just shook her head. Then she held her nose. "You stink, Shel, or rather those clothes stink."

"I might have chosen a different word," Mum added, "But I don't think I shall. Your clothes do stink."

"Oh dear. I guess this was not one of my very brightest ideas, was it?"

"No, darling. Now I don't know if the blouse can be saved, but the skirt probably can." Then she chuckled. "I have to admit, girls, that I don't have a LOT of experience getting.. cum out of clothes. Why don't you put them in soak in the sink right now with a capful of that stain-removing stuff I use in the wash. Read the label. I'm not sure if the water should be cold or hot."

As I went out to the kitchen, Heather called, "And go have a quick wash yourself before you sit back down with us."

Kitchen sink first, then a stand-up wash at the bathroom sink upstairs and I was back.

Mum and Heather were still smiling and Mum said, "I was just saying to your

sister I thought you seemed to be getting a lot more out of the Program than the people who designed it had planned for. What do you think?"

"I don't know about that. All I do know is," I stuck my tongue out at Sis, "Heather's Superslut and I'm Hurricaneslut." I thought I'd better get my own back at least a little bit after the clothes disaster.

"I wonder why?" asked Mum ironically. Heather laughed.

"I was going to be Babyslut but we're saving that for Samantha."

"What have you got tomorrow?" Mum asked.

"Well, I want to see what it's like with two boys at once and there's some girls in my class that might be fun too. Oh and I wa..."

Heather cut me off. "I think Mum meant what lessons," she said.

"Oh," I replied disappointedly. "I don't know. I left my timetable at school."

Mum chimed in with, "And I'm not sure I really want to know every detail of what you get up to this week. You might be in the Program, but you're still my baby girl."

"I'll be sensible Mum," I said, "but after all, I can't catch anything and I can't get pregnant."

"Just be careful, that's all I ask. Boys can get a little rough and over-excited sometimes."

"They'd have trouble getting more excited than Shelley, Mum," said Heather, sticking her tongue out at me.

We laughed again but then the atmosphere began to turn serious. We all sensed it.

Heather had finished her sandwich quickly but had drunk at least another full glass of wine.

Mum put her own glass down and moved so she could face both of us easily.

"Now, when are you going to tell me what's been bothering you both all evening? Even when we've been laughing and joking, you've been holding back. What's wrong?"

Heather looked at me for a moment before turning towards Mum. "Mum," she said. "I've been trying to decide whether to tell you this, because I'm afraid you might tell us No."

"Well, you'd better tell me now," answered Mum, putting down her sandwich as well and giving Heather her "gentle Mum stare".

"You said you feel safe knowing that Laura is looking out for us. But Laura's in trouble. She kinda went berserk when she found out this morning that Ghastly Gordon had filmed us all having sex after Assembly yesterday."

Mum looked at me for a moment, then turned back to Heather.

"Ghastly was actually showing the class the recording when Laura got there. She smashed the DVD and covered herself up and wouldn't pose in Gordon's class. So they made her wear handcuffs and cut her hair and caned her in front of the whole school."

"It was horrible, Mum," I added.

"And with her hands cuffed behind her back she can't protect herself."

"Dr. Reynolds allowed this? I thought you said he was okay?"

"No, he got called away to London for a meeting about.. my rape, and all this publicity. It was Mr. Graham and he does anything Ghastly tells him to."

"Hmm. I understand now. Has anyone contacted Dr. Reynolds?"

"I don't know but I've thought of a plan and all the girls agreed to it, even Samantha. We're all going to wear handcuffs tomorrow as a protest, then we're going to tell Mr. Graham that he has to take Laura's handcuffs off, or we'll cut our hair and give a press conference."

"Whew," gasped Mum. "As we would have said when I was young, 'Heavy'. But what if it doesn't work? None of you will be able to protect yourselves."

"We won't let Laura down, Mum," I insisted.

"Please don't ask us not to do it," begged Heather.

"I won't pretend I'm happy about it. And I'll worry about you, even more than I usually do." She reached over and held our hands. "And I'm very proud of my babies, but please be careful."

We hugged her. "But I don't think you should ask this girl Samantha to do it. From what you've said it may be too much for her."

"I'll try and persuade her not to," promised Heather, "But she was the first one to agree. I don't think she'll want to be left out." (Yes, but when she thought it was so great, she didn't think that she'd be doing it herself, I thought. She thought she would be in the hospital.)

"Just try and look after her, then, if you can."

"I'll try, Mum, if I can't persuade her not to do it."

"And look after your little sister too." I knew what she meant but I kinda wished she hadn't said it. But I didn't say anything.

But Heather was struggling not to laugh. "What's so funny about looking after your little sister?" asked Mum indignantly.

"How am I supposed to do THAT?" Heather replied. "It would be like trying to hold in an nuclear bomb blast." We all laughed yet again.

With all of us pitching in, it only took a few minutes to clear up downstairs. I went up to my room, threw off my blouse and skirt and absent-mindedly reached for the old t-shirt I usually sleep in. Oops. I threw it across the room and slipped under my duvet. Hmmm, Mum may be right. Everything felt nicer, the duvet, the sheet underneath me and even the pillow.

I moved around and the duvet made my nipples go hard. That's nice too, I thought. My left hand started on my tits and my right hand stroked its way down to my pussy. There's always time for a little fun, isn't there? And there's no one watching, that seems kinda weird now. It was a gentle play and I came gently as well, and very quickly.

I rolled over on my side, my favourite position for falling asleep. Usually I go back over my day in my head last thing. Not tonight. There was way too much to think about so I just closed my eyes and drifted away. The last thing I remember thinking was what if Heather's plan doesn't work tomorrow. Will any of us cope any better than Sam and Laura had done?

Shelley, part 7

Program WEEK TWO WEDNESDAY Morning

In spite of such a wonderful evening with Mum, I think my sister woke up in a bad mood because she was snapping at me for everything I did from the moment I woke up to when we left for school. She even snapped at me for pouring her milk on her cereal for her until finally Mum told her to stop it. It was just like before we became friends.

She didn't look like she'd slept very well. Perhaps she was tired. I hope that's all it is because even if I miss teasing her all the time, I'd miss her being my bestest friend even more. She'd even finally stopped treating me like some little kid this last week.

At school, Heather and Suzie and Sam and Jed and I went straight to the

headmaster's office. Jed put handcuffs on all of us girls like we'd told him to.

Heather tried to persuade us to let her confront Grisly Graham on her own. (Actually he isn't that frightful, but it goes with Ghastly Gordon!)

Sam is so different to Monday, or even yesterday. She looks so sure of herself. I wish I felt as sure as she looks. She made it clear that nothing Heather said would put her off.

I just said, "Where you go, I go." By the look she gave me, even that didn't please her.

Suzie stopped the argument by telling Heather to give up and the longer we argued, the longer Laura was out there, handcuffed, being groped on her own, without us to help her.

Then it turned out that he wasn't even in yet anyway.

It's weird, but when we went out to the daily groping I didn't even think of taking my handcuffs off. The others didn't either. With Laura having no choice, it just wouldn't have seemed right somehow.

It wasn't as bad as last week, when I'd distracted everyone from Heather, but it was pretty bad. When they realised that we couldn't do anything to stop them, a few of the boys got really rough, no matter what I said. It was the younger ones who were the worst. I suppose most of them don't have girlfriends yet.

I spent the whole time determined I wasn't going to cry like last week. If the others could take it, so could I. It seemed like it was going on forever. I knew I'd be too sore after that to have any sex today and I still hadn't tried anal, but by the time they'd finished shoving fingers up there, there was NO WAY I was going to do that today either.

In the showers Laura asked us what we were doing.

"If you have to have handcuffs, then we're wearing them too," I said.

"But what if something happens while you can't even defend yourselves?" Laura argued.

Heather stopped that argument stone dead by pointing out, "If something happens, having hands free isn't always enough anyway."

I wondered how long last Friday was going to hang over us like this. None of us knew what to say. Finally Suzie had the courage to say it, "Look. Nobody's going to gang rape us in school, so stop worrying."

Laura was pissed off that we were making Samantha do it too, till Sam told her we weren't making her do anything.

She couldn't even persuade Sam to take off her handcuffs, so she knew she wouldn't succeed with the rest of us either.

I was really lucky with my first lesson. It was English with Mr. Thompson. Heather had obviously told him what we were doing because he started the lesson with, "Shelley, come up to the front please and turn your back to the class." I stood at the front of the room facing the board.

"You will notice that Shelley is wearing handcuffs. I happen to know that the other program girls are wearing them as well, to show solidarity with Laura Townley, who, as you all know, has to wear them all week. I have to say that most of the staff were as shocked as you all obviously were by what happened yesterday and for myself, I admire the girls for taking a stand."

"Yeah, anything that teaches that bitch Gordon where to..." said a boy from somewhere near the back.

"That's enough," snapped Mr. Thompson. "Ms. Gordon is a member of staff and is entitled to respect."

"She doesn't show any respect to any of us," argued a girl. "My sister was in class with Heather last week and she made Heather let all the class go down on her and then let the boys wank over her. My sister said it was disgusting."

"And look how she treated little Samantha Downing on Monday," said one of the boys. My sister's boyfriend was in that class and he said he hated the way Ghas.. Ms. Gordon seemed to really enjoy upsetting Samantha until she left her crying on the floor in a corner. I mean, God, sir, Samantha's so shy she wouldn't even wear a bloody mini skirt."

"And you could see she was getting a kick out of caning Laura yesterday," said yet another boy. "I'm sorry sir, but the only respect she deserves is a good kicking. And the rest of you staff are as bad as she is for letting it go on." There was a murmur of agreement.

"I probably shouldn't say this but I happen to agree with you, and I can assure you that action is being taken. I can't say any more." He paused and looked round at all the students who sat there staring back at him like they didn't believe him. He moved to the side of the room and turned so he could look at me as well as the others.

"I shouldn't have even said what I have just now. I'd be grateful if you would all agree not to repeat that outside of this room until Dr. Reynolds returns. Maybe you all think I'm being a coward but the situation is very complicated and perhaps sometime soon I'll be able to explain myself better. But if you can persuade yourselves, each of you, that I am worth trusting, all I can really say now and remain of any use to the Program girls is what little I have just told you. I have

spent over 15 years in teaching and every day of those 15 years I've tried to treat all of my students with respect. I feel that is the only way I may justifiably ask for your respect in return. If you feel, after this difficult situation, no, this bad situation, is resolved that I no longer deserve your respect, that will be your decision, and one that will sadden me deeply."

I was quite surprised by what he had said at the start but what he said after that sounded like the truth to me. But it still seemed that all of us in the program were fair game, despite all the wonderful words about respect.

"In the meantime, to get back to the point. You will notice that Shelley is handcuffed. While I support their making a protest, I have to say I think this is unwise. But as I have as much chance of changing her mind as I have of winning the National Lottery, there's very little I can do about it." He paused. "But you can."

"What, Sir?" asked one.

"We can't take her handcuffs off her," said another.

Mr. Thompson laughed. "I didn't mean that. But the girls can't defend themselves at all like this. Although most people won't take advantage, some will. And I don't want to find that someone's been using this chance to treat her roughly and stick his fingers up her."

I couldn't stay silent at that. "SomeONE, sir? SomeONE? Have you staff any idea what it's like out there? We get surrounded by a whole crowd, all trying to grab us at once, or see how many fingers they can get up us, or up our arseholes. And that's BEFORE I wore these handcuffs. I'm going to be sore all day and that's just after getting to school this morning."

He looked genuinely shocked. "No," he said to me. "I had no idea it was like that and I'm sure the same goes for most of the rest of the staff." He turned back to the class, "Then what I am saying is even more important. The staff can't be with them all the time, but you can. I want all of you, especially you bigger ones, to protect her, and the other Program girls, every moment until this is resolved. And spread the word to other classes. Anyone abusing the girls will have hell to pay when the headmaster returns. And that's a promise. Any of you that can, protect the Program girls, whenever you see them in trouble, if necessary, even against certain members of staff. And I didn't say that either."

Then he let me sit down for what was left of the lesson.

You can guess that I had no trouble between lessons.

In my second lesson, Heather came to get me. Grisly (Graham) had arrived. We went to get the other girls. Heather decided she wanted the support of having the boys there too, so we collected them as well.

Us girls and Jed followed Heather into the office and Heather demanded, "We want Laura's handcuffs off, right now."

"The punishment has been decided," he replied angrily, so Heather turned to Jed, shaking her head to wave her hair in his direction.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"Get on with it," Heather snapped, so he took a long length of her hair and cut it off.

"If Laura's handcuffs stay on, so do ours, and we're all cutting our hair as well," she explained, then went on, "Christopher is outside with my mobile. It's programmed to dial that woman reporter who interviewed me last Friday. When we've finished chopping our hair off, we're giving a press conference. Wanna come?"

He actually thought she was bluffing. Hadn't he seen ANYTHING of Heather this last week? She's not timid any more and there's no way she was going to back down.

Suzie was next. "Me next, Jed," she said and she closed her eyes as she felt him cut her hair. She moved back to stand near me and I squeezed her hand.

"The Headmaster is going to love this new publicity," sneered Heather.

Sam stepped in front of Jed, then Grisly cried, "Hold on! What do you want?"

"Firstly, Laura's handcuffs are removed and never put back," Heather demanded. "Secondly, no more punishments until Dr. Reynolds returns and thirdly, Program participants are excused from Ghastly Gordon's lessons until Dr. Reynolds returns and can hear our complaints."

That last one was going beyond the demands we'd agreed on and I thought, 'He'll never agree to all that.'

I was right. He didn't.

Sam gave Jed a nod and he cut her hair too. She turned her face away from Mr. Graham so he wouldn't see her trying not to cry. "Time for that phone call," she said.

Christopher came in and dialled, then Grisly tried to grab the phone, but Jed simply picked him up and sat him on his desk like he was a five-year-old.

Grisly was furious, yelling about assault. Jed asked Christopher if he could see any assault and Christopher answered innocently, "What's assault, man? Is it anything like a pepper?" I couldn't help giggling at that, which annoyed Grisly even more.

Then he threatened to suspend us all and shouted for Dr. Reynolds' secretary, but Christopher told him that she'd been only too happy to disappear for an early lunch.

(Note added later. We found out on Friday that she was disgusted by his treatment of Laura and would have liked to have stayed to see Grisly get "his comeuppance". That was Mrs. Johnson's word.)

At that moment the reporter came on the phone and Grisly gave in. Heather spoke to the reporter thanking her for the report she'd done last Friday, while Grisly looked terrified that she was about to tell her what was going on now.

He gave Heather the key to Laura's handcuffs.

As we turned to walk out, I put my back in front of Jed to block him, and could only just get my hand up to reach his arm. "You forgot my hair. I'm not being left out."

He grabbed nearly ALL of my hair and I shrieked, "Not THAT much," then I realised he'd been teasing. ('I'll get him back,' I thought.)

He still cut quite a long thick length and Christopher gathered up our hair.

Heather refused to have her handcuffs removed until Laura's were, so we started to walk out, Heather with key in hand. But just before we left, Heather swung round and tore a real strip off Grisly. I haven't often seen her as angry as that, and believe me, I don't want to again soon. Jed managed to gently guide her out the door eventually and the rest of us followed. I didn't notice if any of the others did, but as I left I gave Grisly my "evil eye".

Meeting Laura outside her lesson, I was shocked to see how bad she looked. Thank God Heather thought of her plan, I don't think Laura would have lasted much longer.

Jed started to tease her about a reasonable request, then seeing the look on her face, he stopped and simply undid her handcuffs.

Then as he undid ours, she asked "How?"

"Mr. Graham changed his mind," Heather said and Jed told her, "We brought you a present," and gave her the bag containing our hair.

She held our hair like it was precious and began to cry.

She asked us who'd cut our hair and I told her "Jed, and we told him to really make a mess of it."

"He succeeded," she laughed.

I grabbed the scissors and pretended to cut Jed's hair. "Care to join us?"

Then to my surprise, Laura jumped in between us and kissed Jed.

Laura held our hair in her hands. "This is the nicest present I've ever had," she said.

"I will treasure this always."

The bell rang and we went to lunch. Everyone was chattering but I wasn't listening. My mind was on Samantha and I had a plan of my own to help her.

When I'd finished eating, I went to find one of the girls in the choir. We talked for a while, but I don't think she wanted to help.

I returned to the dining hall and refused to say where I'd been. Heather said we had to go to Dr. Reynold's office to see Grisly Graham.

Suddenly frightened I hesitated and she held my hand as we walked to the office together.

We had to go to London, we were told. Dr. Reynolds wanted us to speak to the inquiry into what had happened last week.

As we left the office, he sneered at us, "This trip is a school activity so you probably won't be needing clothes much." He sounded really pissed off.

I had a sudden thought. I might be away and then my plan wouldn't work. I ran back to the dining hall to find Suzie. I quickly explained what I was trying to do. She looked skeptical, but promised that she'd try to help.

We got in the taxi, picked up our case from Mum, who seemed to be under the impression that we were incapable of getting on a train to London on our own. In the end we reassured her that we could manage that without supervision and she told us not to do anything she wouldn't do.

I told her, "It's London you should worry about. It's about to get attacked by the slutsisters."

We arrived at the station with only a couple of minutes to spare, only to be met by Ghastly Gordon, a reporter and a photographer.

Ghastly was being nice for once and bought us a drink and some chocolate.

When the train came the photographer wanted photos of us getting on the train, naked. Ghastly was telling Heather that it was okay as it was a school activity, but I'd already stripped off. We posed on the steps, then hanging out the window. I leaned as far out as I could so the photographer would get a good shot of my boobs. She shook her head between snaps and laughed at me.

We were idiots. As the train pulled away without warning, Heather realised that Ghastly still had our case and our clothes. Heather looked really worried. I hadn't noticed Ghastly, though, because I'd been too busy posing for that photographer.

Please, Sis, I thought to myself, we're away from school now and can have some fun. "Don't worry, Sis," I actually said though, trying to sound hopeful. "It's gonna

be a real adventure."

Shelley, part 8

Program WEEK TWO

WEDNESDAY Afternoon and Evening

I couldn't sleep. There was a bedside lamp and I switched it on. Below it in a small drawer I found some notepaper and a pen. Oh well, I thought bitterly, better keep my journal up-to-date. You never know. But the truth was I thought I knew and I didn't like it, not one little bit. Shit!

An adventure I'd said. How could I have been so stupid?

Heather, I don't know if you will ever read this, but I never understood, last week, though I could feel you were hurting, I never understood what it was like to feel totally alone and helpless.

At times like this you look at yourself and realise what others must have seen all along. I'm just Shelley, the silly little girl that thinks everything is fun. Even this morning, which hurt like hell, was almost some kind of twisted game.

Suddenly it's not a game any more. It's easy to not worry about anything when you know you have others around you who care about you and will look out for you.

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

We'd boarded the train, to the stares of other passengers and that cute photographer, which I got a real kick out of. When we found a seat a girl of about Heather's age came to sit opposite us. She'd seen us on the telly and was amazed to see us in real life.

She asked lots of questions about what we were doing and the Program. She obviously found the total exposure and the being groped by all the boys hard to deal with, so I wound her up even more when I said that girls grope us too. You should have seen her face when I said about losing my virginity. But that was nothing to how she looked when I told her about spit-roasting!

She got out at Birmingham and a bit later the train broke down at another station and we had to wait for ages. Heather hates being confined for long, so she got out to stretch her legs. After a while they announced that the train was ready to depart. But Heather hadn't returned.

I couldn't see her on the platform either. As a whistle blew and the train sounded its horn, I quickly jumped out on the platform.

The train pulled away and I searched everywhere for Heather, ready to really yell at her for making us miss our train.

It didn't take me long to realise that she wasn't anywhere on the platform, or the station. I was getting used to the stares from people by this time and I approached the barrier. I realised that Heather still had my ticket.

"I'm looking for my sister." I said to the ticket guy. "She's got my ticket."

He looked me up and down and I felt his eyes lingering on my pussy. "Oh yeah? (his eyes didn't leave my pussy) and has she got your clothes too?"

It was stupid but I didn't want to have to explain and just wanted to get away from him, and I just panicked, so I ran through the barrier.

A couple of staff chased after me, but I was too quick. I ran round the corner and into an alley to hide. WHAT was I thinking?

Someone had discarded a coke bottle, still half full. I hadn't had anything to drink since lunchtime and the running had made me even thirstier, so I took a chance and wiped the mouth of the bottle with my hand and drank a bit. It tasted a bit funny but okay, so I drank the rest. Mum would kill me if she knew.

I'd wanted an adventure and now I was having one. I remembered someone saying once, "Be careful what you wish for, you might just get it."

Of course what I should have done was go back to the station, explain what happened and get someone to help me get to London. Easy, sensible, no problem... but not stupid ol' me.

I don't know if it was something in the coke or whether I was just tired from last night, but I began to feel light-headed and incredibly tired. So I stayed where I was, lay down to rest awhile on a pile of cardboard in the alley and fell asleep.

When I woke up to a sudden noise, I was shivering with the cold. It was dark and I realised at once what had woken me. "She's alive," said one of the men around me.

"She's quite pretty," said another.

A third didn't say anything but simply grabbed for my tits. I tried to run, but I was hemmed in.

"Please don't hurt me."

"Hurting you wasn't what we had in mind," said the third man, coming up even closer. He laughed in my face and his breath smelt awful. "Thrown out of some John's car were you? That's the rich for you. You should stick to your own class."

With that he pushed me head back and kissed me full on the mouth. At the same time, he pawed at my pussy.

When he stopped kissing, I felt his finger inside me.

"Please, I'll do whatever you want, just let me go."

"She'll do whatever we want," said another. I didn't like his tone.

"Okay, girlie," said yet another, unbuttoning his trousers and pulling out a big floppy cock. "Suck this."

He smelt disgusting. But with everyone of them looking at me, what choice did I have? I bent down and took it into my mouth, trying desperately not to feel sick, not to breathe.

I couldn't get it hard and I felt some relief that if they were all like this at least I wouldn't get raped.

That thought made me think of Heather again and I let out a sob.

I heard a voice, "What's going on down there?" and a torch shone down the alley. While they were distracted, I ran, and ran.

I didn't (and still don't) know where I was, but I found myself at a pub. ([see cultural notes](#)) It was the only place open. There was a lot of noise coming from the public bar, it sounded like they were watching football, but peering through the other door, the lounge bar was empty. I was so hungry and I wanted a drink to get the foul taste out of my mouth, so I went inside.

"Please, I've got no money, and I'm lost. Please can I have a drink and something to eat."

"And how are you going to pay me?" he asked sarcastically. Here it comes again, I sighed to myself.

I didn't answer.

"I'm sure I can think of a way. How about a fuck for a drink and as much as you can eat?"

"No way."

"Ah well, you looked like you needed something to eat."

"Can I at least use your loo?" I asked.

"Be my guest."

The toilets were actually clean and I ran some cold water, scooping it up in my hands to rinse the foul taste out of my mouth.

I hadn't eaten much at lunch because of all the excitement and I'd eaten even less at breakfast due to nerves. Come to that, all I'd had last night when we got back from

the hospital was that bloody ham sandwich and a bit of salad.

I went back to the bar. "Changed your mind?" He was staring straight at my boobs as he spoke.

"I won't fuck you, but," I took a breath, "I'll give you a blow job." After this week and what I'd had to do in the alley, what difference did it make?

It was hard, (bad choice of word, girl) but I tried to imagine it was Lenny and the guy was soon spurting down my throat. I swallowed without thinking.

"You're pretty good for a kid," he said, softer now. "Here, grab this," shoving a coke and a fairly disgusting microwaved burger in front of me.

I drank the coke and wolfed down the burger like I'd never eaten before. He brought me more.

"You need somewhere safe to sleep for the night?"

Thinking of how cold I had been outside, I nodded, not at all sure that I wanted to go anywhere he suggested, but I couldn't think of an alternative.

He rang someone up someone and a few minutes later a woman drove up. "This her?" she said, thumbing at me.

"Yeah."

"Need a bed for the night?" she asked me.

"Yes, but I haven't got anything to pay with."

"I wouldn't say that," she said with a grin, but it wasn't a nasty grin, "Come on."

"I won't have to..." I desperately searched for the words, "do anything, will I?"

"No, don't worry, kid. Nobody's gonna hurt you or rape you or anything."

I went with her. I must have been mad, but I went with her.

She took me to a big old house with a faded chipped sign outside saying "HOTEL" and showed me into a room. She put the light on.

"You've got a washbasin and a toilet in there. It's not much but it's warm and it's clean," then she closed the door behind me and I heard her lock it.

I looked around and realised that the ceiling over the bed was covered with a mirror. Apart from the big double bed and a bedside table and lamp there was only a small dressing table. It was empty apart from the top drawer which was half full of boxes of condoms.

I tried the window, but it had shutters which were locked on the outside. I wanted

to yell, but didn't know who might come, so I just went to bed.

I wouldn't dare sleep, so I was in for a long night waiting to see what awful things could happen to me tomorrow.

I found some pen and paper in the bedside table and decided to write about my "adventures", not that anyone would ever read them. At least doing that seemed to settle me down a little. I put the pad and pen back in the drawer and stuffed what I wrote under the pillow, wishing it was my pillow back at home. I decided I might need to sleep after all so I put off the light and tried.

I saw the train leaving without me, the alley and those smelly men and then running and running. I could see that dingy pub as well and that horrid man with his horrid cock, but then I remembered another pub, years and years ago, and another man.

We had stopped the car somewhere in the country and all of us got out. Daddy was carrying Heather on his shoulders but I didn't care. I could run faster than Mummy now, or at least I thought I could, and raced round the corner of that pub to a garden at the back. Mummy was chasing me and we were both screaming with laughter. I stopped by an empty bench and Mummy and I sat down. Both of us were still laughing when Daddy caught up with us and knelt down so Heather could climb off his shoulders and onto the bench.

"Please, sir, may I have a coke?" Heather could always play the little madam, especially with Daddy. (That hasn't changed, I thought, deciding I could use the little madam right now.) Mummy and I wanted cokes as well, so Daddy disappeared into the pub to get the drinks...

and I fell asleep.

Shelley, part 9

Program WEEK TWO THURSDAY Morning

For reasons that will be obvious, I have not put names in most of this section, or given many descriptions or details about where I was.

I can't believe I actually slept. I could hear noises from various rooms around the house.

I tried the door. It opened. I quickly closed it again. Perhaps if I pretend to be

asleep until the house goes quiet I can sneak out and get away from here.

That idea quickly disappeared with a loud knock on the door. Before I could jump back into bed to pretend to be asleep, the door opened and in walked a girl a few years older than me.

"If you want some breakfast, I'd come down in a hurry before it's all gone," she said cheerfully.

She was blonde (bleached), with hair a bit longer than mine, maybe just a little bit taller than me and apart from the sexy nightie she was wearing she didn't look like I imagined a prostitute would look.

"I'm not hungry," I snapped, just wanting her to go away.

"Please yourself. But if you change your mind here's something to wear." She threw me a big baggy t-shirt. "But they'll all be disappointed."

"Why?"

"Helen (I've changed the name) says you turned up naked at our local [\(see cultural notes\)](#) in the middle of the night. Everyone's dying to know how that happened."

"It's a long story," I sighed.

She laughed a little at that. "Yeah, I bet it is," then, "Have we met before?"

"I don't think so."

"Funny, you seem kinda familiar." She shrugged her shoulders. "You sure you don't want to come down and eat? Full English with all the trimmings."

She had left the door open and I could smell wonderful smells. "Yeah... Thanks," I added as an afterthought.

"We don't bite you know. And you won't catch anything."

"I know."

"Would you like me to bring something up here?" she asked.

"I want to go home."

"I'm not stopping you."

"Then why was I locked in last night?"

"Oh, that?" She paused. "You know what we do here, or you've guessed, right?"

"With the mirror over the bed and a drawer full of condoms it wasn't hard."

"Well, would you really have wanted some drunk john bursting in on you last

night?"

I shook my head sharply, suddenly remembering the men in the alley last night again.

"You thought we were keeping you prisoner?" She couldn't help laughing. "I'm sorry, I shouldn't laugh, but it's so funny."

She got serious all of a sudden. "It wasn't so funny for you, was it? Poor kid, I bet you were terrified."

"I was a bit," I admitted out loud. A lot, I said inside my head.

"You sure you're not hungry?"

"Starving."

"Well, put that t-shirt on and come get something."

Two girls were already sitting at the kitchen table and a third one was cooking. The girl with me pointed me at an empty place at the end of the table and sat next to me.

Before I even sat down, one of the girls at the table said, "Okay girl, let's have the details." "This I have got to hear," said the other.

"Whoa!" said the one doing the cooking. "Give the poor girl a chance, at least offer her a cuppa (see [cultural notes](#)) before the Spanish inquisition."

"Do you want some tea?" asked one of the girls obediently.

I was gagging (see [cultural notes](#)) for some tea, but just said, "Yes, please."

A big, steaming mug appeared. There was a sugar bowl nearby.

The girl by the cooker came over carrying two plates. Mine was huge and filled with bacon, eggs, sausage and mushrooms. The other girl's plate was smaller with smaller portions. A few seconds later a filled toast rack and butter appeared in front of us.

"No questions until she's had a chance to eat," she ordered, then turning to me, "Don't let it get cold."

Fat chance of that. I was starving so I attacked the plate quickly. Of course the moment I'd finished I was barraged with questions.

"Where're you from?"

"Why didn't you have any clothes?"

"Why were you in the *****?" (name of pub deleted)

"Give the poor girl a chance," said the one doing the cooking. "Let's start with what we're all dying to know. How did you end up naked in our local pub?"

"Whew, where do I start?"

"The beginning?" said one of the girls helpfully. The others groaned at that but nodded as well.

"They started this Program thing at my school. Some of us have to go naked all week."

"Naked? In school? Not even knickers?" This was from three different girls but it sounded like one question.

"Yeah. Anyway my sister was in it, the Program, last week, but on the way to school she got raped."

"THAT'S where I've seen you," cried the girl who had come up to my room. I'm getting fed up with saying that so I'll call her Tara. (And I'll call the other two sitting down Megan and Maureen, and the one still standing Helen.) "You were in all the papers and on telly and everything. You're even in today's paper."

Tara got a newspaper from the sideboard. Sure enough on the front page was a photo of me leaning out of that railway carriage yesterday. "WHERE IS NAKED GIRL?" screamed the headline. Underneath it began, "Shelley Hoover, one of the girls in the controversial Naked In School program is missing somewhere in the country, still naked. See page 4."

In the bottom right-hand corner was a close-up of Heather, obviously crying and the words "WORRIED SISTER WAITS".

"Fuck." I couldn't take my eyes off Heather's picture for a moment. "Oh Fuck," I repeated softly.

"So, Shelley. You go to Slut School. What's it like?" Tara asked. Her friendly voice brought me back to the kitchen.

"Thinking of going, Tara?" laughed Maureen. "You don't need no school to teach you to be a slut."

They all laughed at that.

"It isn't Slut School," I protested. "That was just what one stupid reporter called us."

"Okay," said Helen. "So you go to school naked. But that's somewhere up Liverpool way." (I didn't bother to correct her.) "It doesn't explain how you end up in Rugby with nothing but your birthday suit."

"Well, after my sister got gang raped and it got on the telly and in all the papers,

they decided to hold an inquiry. They called us, that's my sister and me, down to London and as it was a school related activity, we got told we still had to be naked. But the train broke down....." I paused to catch my breath.

"They sent you on a train naked?"

"Yeah."

"Fucking Hell!" I don't who said that but we all laughed.

"It was okay, but you should have seen the other passengers' faces." More laughter at that.

"So the train broke down, then what?"

"Heather, that's my sister, got out to walk around 'cause she doesn't like being cooped up for too long. When the train was going to go, I couldn't see her, so I jumped out. But I couldn't find her anywhere and the train was long gone.. The ticket guy was perving and I panicked and ran away."

"Whew, I wouldn't want to be in that area on my own, naked or not," Megan said. "You're lucky you didn't get knifed. Oh God, sorry, Tara." Tara had gone noticeably tense and pale.

"It's okay," said Tara. "Shelley, carry on."

"I fell asleep and some disgusting old drunks found me and wanted me to..." I flinched at the memory.

Tara squeezed my arm. "It's okay. You don't have to say it, we can guess."

"But something disturbed them and I ran away until I found that pub. And I was hungry, but the guy wanted to fuck me. So I finally gave him a blow job instead. Then he called, Helen is it?" I looked at her. "And you came and brought me here."

"Nicky's not so bad but he's crap with girls," Helen explained. "You got robbed, girl. The most he gets out of us is a handjob if we want a free meal."

The others looked as if she might have said something to upset me, but when I laughed, they laughed too.

"So we've got a celebrity in our high-class establishment."

"Hardly," I said.

"Maybe not," she said, "But the newspapers will make a story out of it. That would be awkward."

Helen appeared to be in charge and continued, "Look, can you promise not to tell them where we are or our names?"

"Sure." After all the talk, suddenly I was back to the present. "Shit. I've got to ring my Mum. She'll be freaking."

I stood up from the table and looked round the room for a phone but I couldn't see one.

Helen seemed to think for a few seconds before asking me, "Do you want to ring her right now?"

"Oh yes, please," I cried.

"Then come with me."

She took me to a large room at the front of the building. The heavy drapes had been pulled back and one of the windows was open. There were two low sofas, a few dirty mags on a coffee table and a big TV in the corner.

"This is where the johns wait for us." She pointed at the TV. "If they want we can even entertain them with some ..."

"Pornos?" I suggested.

She gave me a look. "You're pretty sharp, Shelley, you know that?"

"My Mum says I'm always.. trying." That got me a little chuckle from her.

"Sit down, anywhere. I'll be right back." She was quick. I hardly had my bum on the sofa by the open window before she returned. I reached for the phone she had in her hand, but she shook her head and sat down next to me. She had Mum's "Eleventh Commandment" look in her eyes.

"Shelley, this is very important, to me and the other girls." Her tone was pleasant but firm. "We keep a very low profile here in Rugby. We have to, or we'd be in all kinds of shit. Do you understand?"

She waited for me to nod, then continued, "So, can I trust you to not say anything to your Mum which she could identify us with?"

"Yes, of course you can. You guys saved me, maybe even saved my life. Anyway, I don't even know where I am."

"Good, so let's just sit here for a sec so you can decide what you're gonna say to her, okay?"

I started thinking out loud. That's a little unusual for me, the thinking bit I mean. "Well, the first thing she's gonna want to know is, am I okay. That's easy, 'cause I am now, thanks to you. And I'm gonna want to know if Heather's alright. Oh shit, I forgot about her for a moment. I hope she's okay. She'll be freaking too."

"I'm sure your sister's okay. That picture of her in the paper, she must be safe. But I

agree with you, she's got to be worried about you too. Now, what else?"

"Mum's gonna wanna know what happened to me. But I'm pretty sure I can put her off for now by saying 'it's a long story, Mum. Can I tell you all about it when I get home?' She's always cool that way IF she thinks I'm okay."

"What will you say if she asks you where you are right now?"

"Yeah, that's the tough one. I don't want to lie to her. I don't do lies very well. When you speak first and think second like I do, lying can get very tricky. Besides, I hate lying, especially to Mum."

"So do I, Shelley," Helen laughed.

"How does this sound then? 'This nice woman took me in last night so I was actually able to sleep in a real bed with real sheets. I've had a huge breakfast and she's gonna get me to the station later this morning.' How does that sound? It's all the truth, especially the 'nice woman' bit."

I scooted across the sofa and hugged her. "Thank you."

I sat back up again. "How's that, ma'am?" I gave her my good-little-schoolgirl voice.

"Perfect. Especially the 'nice woman'. We don't get that very often."

"Helen, when I get home and there aren't any reporters around, I'm gonna have to tell her and Heather everything. Mum'll be pissed off if she thinks I'm keeping anything back."

"That's fine. Just make it clear to them both why I'm concerned."

"Cross my heart and hope to die, put a needle in my eye."

Helen grinned, "I've not heard that in years."

"Oh dear, I just thought. I'm supposed to keep a journal all about what happens while I'm in the Program. I'll have to put down about here and how you found me." Helen looked alarmed. "It'll be very strange if I leave a big hole and don't write it."

I thought about what I could do. "How about if I change all your names and.. and the name of the pub. That way nobody could use my journal to bother you."

"That should work." She didn't sound too happy. "But please be careful what you write."

"Cross my heart again. I'll be really careful."

I was a little scared to ask this next bit. "Helen, I better tell Mum and Heather your correct names though. I'll never keep things straight otherwise when I'm just

talking."

Now she leaned across and hugged me, then sat back. "I may regret this but you're a good kid, Shelley. I'm gonna trust you to do the right thing by us. It's obvious you understand our.. problems with publicity."

"After all the things they wrote about Heather and me, I should do."

She pressed a couple of buttons on the phone and handed it to me. Then she stood up.

"Put in the number, then press dial. When you're done, press off. I'll let you talk to her on your own." She paused. "Fancy some tea or coffee?"

"Tea, please, two sugars and very hot."

"Just like Tara has it, including the hot part. I'll make a fresh pot."

"Oh no, don't bother. A bag is fine."

"No bother. Tara'll drink whatever I make. That girl could sink a battleship, never mind float it, the amount of tea she drinks." She left.

As soon as I heard Mum's voice, I shouted, "Mum!"

"Shelley, thank God! What happened to you?"

"I'm okay," I cried. "I got lost and fell asleep and... It's a long story, Mum. Can I tell you when I get home?"

"You're really okay?"

"I'm really okay. Is Heather okay? I thought I'd lost her."

"She's fine. She's in London with Dr. Reynolds. She still has to tell her story to the inquiry. But you can come straight home."

I really wanted to. But I knew I couldn't. "Mum, I should be with her. Can you ring her? I'll ask them at the station if they can get me on the next London train."

"You sure, Shelley?" Doubt in her voice.

"I'm sure, Mum."

"Where are you now?"

"This nice woman took me in last night so I was actually able to sleep in a real bed with real sheets. I've had a huge breakfast and she's gonna get me to the station in a little while." I hoped that sounded natural.

"Okay, I love you." Acceptance and warmth this time.

"Love you." I hung onto the phone a few seconds before pressing the off button.

I looked up and Helen was coming back into the room, opening the door with one hand and balancing a small tray with two big mugs on it with the other. I could see the steam coming off them.

"That was great. Thank you again." But I could still see the concern in her eyes. "It was real easy. I said exactly what we agreed, and she accepted it, no questions asked."

She passed me one of the mugs and I asked her, "Do you have a few minutes?"

"As much as you want." She sat back down and we both sipped our tea. It was hot!

"What's it like...?" I asked.

"Being a whore?" I nodded. She took another sip before answering. "Well, mostly it's just a job. Well-paid, low overheads but no pension. I suppose that's sounds pretty harsh to a kid like you. But it's the truth."

"But it's still against the law, isn't it?"

"Not if a girl's on her own. But a place like this, I think it's called 'keeping a disorderly house'. Old-fashioned, huh? But some of the old laws are still on the books. We've got no problems with the local filth..." I think I look confused at that word. "... The police. We don't have to give them any money, but if any of them wants the occasional freebie, that's fine. All of them are in good nick," she grinned, "And one of the regulars is really hot. He gets me off every time."

"What do your neighbours say? Do they know?"

"A couple of them know for sure, they've spoken to me. But I think in general the folks round here don't know. We try to keep it very quiet and we shut at ten in the week and by midnight on Fridays and Saturdays, so they've never complained to us directly. One of the detectives I look after has told me there's been a couple of complaints, but he's always been able to calm them down so nothing's happened."

"What do you guys like to be called?"

"That's a good one. The best one is 'working girl' but that's a mouthful. And 'prostitute' sounds like you're in court. And there are some rude ones as well. Mostly when the four of us are talking we just use 'girl' especially if we know them. 'Whore' is fine, it's the truth after all and it really depends on how you say it. If you want to call us whores to your Mum that's fine."

"Whore," I muttered and then giggled, "It sounds naughty, I like it."

She bowed slightly towards me. "My favourite word is 'tart' but no one uses that one any more, pity."

"That sounds sweet and sour at the same time."

"I'd prefer sweet and sharp but you've got the idea. You asked me what it's like. Well, a lot of the time it's not very nice. The nice punters are mostly shy and lonely and I admit it is nice to make an unhappy guy feel happy for a little while. But a lot of them treat us like shit. I mean, they don't hit us, that's only happened twice in the three years we've been here and both times no one got hurt, but you can see the.. contempt in their eyes. We're just pieces of meat to them. Suck them up, let them climb on top and fuck me til they cum, get dressed and go. I might as well have been to the dentist, except they've paid me instead of the other way round. That's what whoring's really like, a lot of the time. Not exactly romantic, huh?"

This was too much information too quickly and I didn't know what to say. "You've given me a lot to think about." I changed the subject. "I was a virgin till last Monday and I think sex is mind-blowing and I want to try everything as soon as I can. I'm not weird, am I?"

"No, you're not weird, not even a little. I can remember when I was your age and if I couldn't be with a boy that night, I had to do myself before I went to sleep. It just felt way too good to go without. I think that's normal."

"Isn't it ever any good when you're.. working?"

"Well, there is the cop I mentioned. And I do have a few, fairly regular customers who do it for me. They're mostly in their late twenties or early thirties. I think most of them have stressful jobs and I know they don't want the commitment of a real relationship. But they do care about me when they're with me. Maybe it's just their pride but they really make the effort to get me going first. They make me feel like I matter even if it is only for an hour. And then there's this one old guy, he's got to be well over 60. Shelley, that old man gives me the best head I have ever had! I'd let him do me for free but he always insists on paying. And last Christmas he gave me an extra £100 to take all the other girls out to dinner. But he's one in million."

"Does that answer all your questions?"

"Oh yeah. And thanks for telling me the truth. That means a lot, you know."

She stood up. "On your feet, girl. The others are going to wonder what we've been doing."

"Something naughty, I hope."

That got me a spank on my bottom, a hard one.

Back in the kitchen, Helen got Megan and Tara to stand up. Maureen wasn't there.

"Tara, you're about Shelley's size. Can you find her something to wear?"

Tara grabbed my hand, "Come on then."

Megan looked over at me. "This picture," she pointed at the newspaper, "Nice bod, Shelley."

It was really friendly the way she said it and I started to blush, but Tara pulled me quickly through the door.

She took me up to her room. "Find something to wear and I'll drop you off near the station. I'll be back in a sec."

Everything in her wardrobe was tiny. But she's about my size, weird. Then I giggled. Working clothes, cool. I found a black tanktop and a matching skirt. It was a struggle to dress, but I managed. I looked at myself in her mirror and considered career opportunities. I don't think this is what that advisor had in mind.

Tara was gone about five minutes. When she returned she handed me £80.

"What the fuck?" I said. "I can't take this money."

"Oh yes you will. It's only £20 from each of us and we'd all pay twice that for the entertainment you gave us at breakfast. Besides, we've decided we're gonna do Nicky for you, not quite sure how yet, but I don't think he'll enjoy it."

I wasn't sure, especially about taking their money. Then the thought of them getting back at Nicky for me made me giggle. "Make sure that bastard knows why, okay?"

"How can I pay you for these clothes and everything?" I asked.

"Don't worry. Business has been good. And by the time I wind Nicky up about him making a nude schoolgirl suck him off for a burger and coke, I'll be getting free burgers for a month!"

I laughed, trying to imagine his face.

I thought about Helen in particular doing Nicky. He's gonna be hurtin' for certain. "Helen's outstanding. I really like her."

"You two seemed to hit it off straightaway." Then she dropped her voice. "Helen has been wonderful to me, like a big sister, mum and best friend all rolled up into one." She said that like I wasn't there, just for a second.

Then her voice brightened again. "You'd love Megan and Maureen as well if you could get to know them. Helen calls them her 'm and m's' you see."

I must have looked puzzled because she quickly added, "Whenever a punter wants two girls, for a show or the whole works, it's always 'M and M'. Megan, she's the one who was admiring your bod, she's into girls, big time. I've known her for, I don't know, four years and there's never been a bloke. But girlfriends? I've lost count. And you should hear her describing what she gets up to with them. Shit,

Shelley, her stories get me wet sometimes. Shall I tell you a little secret?"

This should be good, I thought. Tara started giggling as she said, "A couple of weeks ago I go into the front room in the morning, where you called your Mum from, and I catch Megan naked and wanking herself silly, watching a lezzie video. She just looks at me and grins. The cleaner was ill and Megan was supposed to be dusting!"

I managed to ask between laughs, "What did you do?"

"I said something like, 'I just wanted to see if you wanted a cuppa.' And then I go. As I'm shutting the door again, she calls out, 'Yes, please, one sugar.' And you know what? I don't think her fingers missed a stroke!"

By now we were both gasping. "No. There's more. I get back to the kitchen and tell the others. Like a shot Maureen's on her feet. 'I'll just see if she needs a hand!' Maureen comes back in about quarter of an hour, her cheeks are glistening if you know what I mean, and she says, "Megan wants to know where the fuck her tea is."

When I got my breath back, I asked, "So, is Maureen gay too?"

"Babe, how can I put this? If it can stand up and she fancies it, that's it. Trousers or skirt, it don't matter. About a year ago she was seeing a guy and a girl at the same time, but separately. When she goes out, one of us usually calls out to her, 'Bi, Bi, Maureen'."

I got that. We had been sitting on the edge of the bed. I stood up and gave her a twirl. "So, What do you think?"

"You really going home like that?" she asked.

"You don't mind me taking these clothes, do you? Don't I look okay?"

"Girl, you look hot. If I went home like that, my mum'd kill me five times over."

She gave me a long look, top to toe and back up again. "Black and black. With your light skin the contrast is fantastic. If I was into girls, I'd have you on this bed now."

"I couldn't help but stare at your bum as we came up the stairs. Those jeans don't leave much to the imagination, do they? If I thought you were into girls, I'd already be on that bed myself." (Fucking hell, girl. What did you just say!)

I think we were both embarrassed. I know I was.

Tara cleared her throat. "As I was saying, I don't usually wear the same colour top and bottom. But I'm gonna have to think again, I can see."

"Hey, why do you have so many street clothes. I mean, you just work inside, don't you?"

"Yeah, but I go out when I'm not working, you foolish girl. But you've got it slightly wrong about the work. When I'm working I always start completely dressed. Some guys like to strip me off themselves. The other ones, I always give them a little show first. They seem to like it, and it helps me to get in the mood at least a little bit."

"Go on then."

"What?"

"Give us a little show."

(Note added later. This was such an intense experience for me. I could remember every single detail and wrote them down, but my writing was just not good enough. I showed this section to Laura and she agreed to help me. All of the thoughts and memories are mine, but a lot of the words are hers. Thank you, Laura xxx)

Tara shook her head but then she went over and put a CD on. Wow! The volume was up and it almost knocked me down. The sound was magnificent and I never use that word. (I even misspelt it in my original writing, grin.) I looked around and found two medium-sized speakers halfway up the wall on either side of the window. Then Tara turned it down and suddenly it was all warm and dreamy although the music still had a sexy beat. I stood by the window, the music making me move a little. Tara went over by the bed and faced me.

She had a bloke's shirt on and started the buttons from the top, one at a time but leaving the one between her tits fastened. I hadn't noticed before but she wasn't wearing a bra.

What she was wearing were pink fluffy slippers with no heels. She flipped her feet at me one at a time. Her aim was good and it was easy for me to catch them both. I giggled and dropped them beside me.

Her hair was up but she did something with a couple of pins and a lush mane of thick dark hair cascaded over her face. Her head was down and she shook her hair a couple of times before tossing it back as she raised her head. She was staring directly into my eyes.

She turned slowly, her hips swaying gently from side to side until she was facing the other way. She rested her hands on her hips, fingers pointing at the floor. Her hips were still swaying as she slowly worked both hands around until she was rubbing them up and down the cheeks of her arse.

She didn't turn her head but spoke softly, "Do you like my bum, Shelley? My tight little bum?"

I couldn't answer, my throat was too dry. All I could see were those hands rubbing

her arse. I was suddenly aware of my hardening nipples. The tightness of the tanktop only made them harder. I found myself rubbing the top with my right hand from one nipple to the other and back again. I started pinching the left one, rubbing it then pinching it again.

Tara was still facing away from me and I heard the zipper on her jeans. The first song finished on the CD, then another one began, just as dreamy. Now she could get her hands into her jeans. Somehow her hands were back on her arse inside her jeans without lowering them at all. I could make out her hands grabbing and releasing each cheek and I could hear her little sighs almost in time with the music and her hands.

Now her hands returned to her hips and she started pushing her jeans down. She got them about halfway down her arse, then pulled her panties up so they were free of the jeans. She pulled them into her crack and went back to rubbing the newly-bared part of her arse.

I was digging this big time. This was so fucking hot and by now both of my hands were rubbing and pinching my tits. I didn't care now, I just wanted to see more.

Suddenly she turned round, bent over and pushed her jeans right down. "If you were a punter, I'd get you to remove these jeans for me. Do you want to?"

I couldn't say anything. I just went over and knelt in front of her. I pulled each leg of her jeans off, being very careful not to touch her legs or feet. I almost ran back to the window.

"That's okay, Shelley. I promise not to bite." Oh god! I could feel those words in my pussy.

She stood again staying next to the bed. Now she only had a pair of plain white panties on and that teasing shirt. She started playing with her tits through her shirt now. She was staring at my tits and her hands were making the same moves mine were. We were maybe ten feet apart and I knew if one of us took a single step forward we'd be together. Neither of us took that step.

She undid that last button and reached inside with both hands on the opposite breast, kneading them in time with the music. Then she turned around again and quickly removed the shirt. As it dropped I could glimpse the side of each breast. Then she faced me again. This time each hand covered the breast on the same side. She was moaning steadily now, squeezing her nipples and pulling them, then kneading the whole breast before concentrating on the nipples again. I wanted to suck on them in the worst way.

"Do you want me to stop, Shelley?"

"No, don't stop, please!"

Now she wasn't teasing any more. She slid both hands down her sides taking her panties with them. She stood up with her legs a little apart and started rubbing her tummy and the fronts of her thighs. She kept her hands well away from her pussy. She was completely shaved! And she was totally turned on. Her lips down there were open and her clit was visible.

Then she lay back on the bed and slowly opened her legs. Her pussy smiled at me.

"Come closer, please. But not too close, okay?"

I walked over to the side of the bed. How I didn't keep going and jump on top of her I'll never know. But I just stood there quivering silently, staring at her pussy and rubbing my own. I wasn't even pretending any more. I wanted to get off.

And so did she. She slid two fingers straight inside and back out again as she massaged her clit with her other hand. Her eyes were squeezed tight and her head was rolling from side to side. And now she was moaning louder than the music.

I was using two hands as well, just like she was. Then her hips shot straight up into the air. Her pussy was a foot or so off the bed and suddenly everything of hers froze. It was like she had turned to stone, except for her panting and growling. My eyes closed and I came as well.

Somehow I kept my feet. When I opened my eyes, Tara was lying there looking up at me.

"God, Shelley. That was fucking amazing. You okay?"

"Yeah." It took a major effort just to say that.

Suddenly I felt relaxed and happy. "So that's what your punters get, is it?"

"No fucking way." She laughed a contented, happy little laugh. "I've never given a show like that before. I like you, Shelley. I like you a lot."

I sat down next to her. "Thanks, Tara. I feel nice now, a little confused but nice. You know, I told Helen before that I wanted to try everything out to see what it's like. But I didn't expect to see the hottest strip show in England so soon.

An evil glint shone in her eyes. "Everything, did you say, everything?" Oh dear, what the fuck is she thinking about?

She sat up suddenly. "Your turn!"

"What?"

"I said, your turn."

"No way!"

She just grinned at me. How could such a pretty girl suddenly look so evil.

"Well, if you're scared.."

"Am not!"

"Yes you are!"

"No I'm not!"

"Prove it!"

She had me cold and she knew it. "Stand up." I did and so did she.

"That outfit has got to go."

"Why? I thought you said I was hot in it."

"You are, but that's not the point. Stand in front of the mirror and try and figure out how you're gonna get it off and be sexy at the same time."

"Oh," I said quietly. I hoped I sounded disappointed because I was.

"Well, there are one or two thousand other possibilities here, you know."

Then she snapped her fingers. "Get your kit off. Now!"

I struggled back to my normal (!) naked state as quickly as I could.

"Here." She handed me a frilly pink blouse. I put it on, buttoned it up to my throat and turned to the mirror. Fuck! You could clearly see my nipples through it.

"There's hot and then there's hot. What do you think?"

"It's gorgeous!" I could feel the material against my nipples. They weren't hard, but they weren't flat either.

"Now, for the bottom I think.." She handed me something orange. "Rub them on your cheek."

"Wow, what are they made of?"

"Silk, pure fucking silk pyjamas. You like?"

"Oh yeah."

"Next, ladies and gentlemen, we need knickers. You got to have 'em on before you can take 'em off, right?" What could I say? "So, I'm gonna turn around. I want you to go over to those drawers, top drawer, most of my knickers. Choose a pair and then put the pyjamas on. I want to be surprised when you show me your knickers later."

She turned away and I invaded the drawer. The colours! Plain white schoolgirl ones at one end to black and scarlet wisps at the other. In the middle somewhere I found a pale blue thong. I loved the colour. I tried it on and it fit perfectly. I didn't need to look in the mirror. I could feel my bum was completely bare. I did check my pussy in the mirror, though, and every important bit was covered but almost nothing else. I quickly pulled the pyjamas on. They caressed me wherever they touched.

"Okay, you can turn around now."

"And finally, Shelley, the most important thing of all. Look through those CDs over there and pick out some music that makes YOU feel sexy."

Halfway down the pile I found it. He was an black American singer with a voice that could get me wet all by itself. The CD was called "Ballads of the Night".

"Good choice." Tara had been looking over my shoulder. "Now, lighting."

She switched both bedside lamps on and closed the curtains. The daylight disappeared and the room just felt right. She put on the CD and adjusted the volume so we could only just hear him clearly.

"Okay, here's what you do. Stand by the bed and pretend you're all by yourself. Concentrate on the music, just the music. Let your body move to the music. Then notice me sitting here and go for it."

She turned the easy chair by the window around so it faced the foot of her bed, then reached over and made the first song start again before sitting down. The last thing I noticed before I shut my eyes was that she was still naked.

I imagined for a moment that I was back in my own room. The door was locked and I was starting to dance to some music, sexy music like I could hear now. I kept my eyes closed and now I was in a different room, alone with this hunk. As he was singing to me I began to tell myself what I could see and feel.

Listen to his voice, girl. You're not dancing with him, You're dancing for him. Match your movement and your breathing to his voice. Think about him walking slowly over to you. He's taller than you and he's wearing one of those string vests that only covers half his chest. He's very buff ([see cultural notes](#)) but not too muscly and he's singing to you, only to you. Lift your hands to your breasts and pretend they're his hands. They feel strong, and gentle at the same time. Put your hands over his and press them against you.

I opened my eyes as the first song ended and smiled at Tara.

"He has big, gentle hands, Tara. Can you see how they're making me feel?" She knew enough not to answer.

The next song was just a little faster. I danced over to Tara, turning my back to her as I approached. I needed to feel his hands on my bum so I slid my hands directly under the silk and caressed my cheeks. I grabbed them hard and thrust my hips forward as if he were pulling my body against his. That was exciting so I relaxed my hands and my hips and did it again. Then a third time. And a fourth.

I faced Tara, still with my hands on my bum. I pulled them out and around my body, and then up to my breasts again. This time I especially rubbed my nipples slowly through the blouse. My nipples hardened again to two little stones. As I started to pinch them I could feel a response in my pussy. This was so wild.

I danced back a step and started to unbutton the blouse from the bottom. I was looking at Tara but she was looking at my hands. As my skin came into view I touched each exposed part. Tara matched her hands to mine. I touched my waist, she touched her waist. I rubbed my stomach, she did the same. There were still three buttons left when the bottom of my breasts appeared. I ran my fingers along their underside, so did she. I decided to test her. I let one hand move up and cover a breast, then massage it. Even though she could see my hand through the blouse, she couldn't really see what it was doing. She copied its actions just the same.

I could feel myself getting impatient. I wanted more. I unbuttoned the last three buttons, pulled off the shirt and tossed it to Tara. She smiled and mouthed a thank you.

When Tara lowered her jeans before, she was showing me her bum. I decided to face her instead as I removed the pyjamas. They were not tight so I could easily tug them down an inch and stop. I ground my hips in tiny lazy circles. As I moved, different places on my bum, hips and thighs were caressed by the silk. I kept grinding as I lowered the silk another inch or so.

Tara's hand was on her pussy. She wasn't masturbating, just getting acquainted. Her other hand was busy with her tits though, squeezing and pinching. My hands were working my tits too. The song ended and I could hear her breathing until the next song began. This one was a slower tempo again, so my hips adjusted their grind, bigger slower circles.

I pulled the silk back up and slipped one hand inside and inside the thong. My hips lost the music when my fingers touched my clit. Shit, was I wet! I fucked myself two or three times to get my fingers good and wet too. I pulled them out and had a wild idea. I leaned forward and held them under Tara's nose. We were both very careful not to touch each other, but she inhaled my scent deeply, her eyes closing as she did so.

Tara closed her legs against mine so I wouldn't fall over. Our eyes locked momentarily as we silently agreed this touch was allowed, because we remained separated by silk. I remained half leaning over Tara and sent three of my fingers back inside the thong for some more honey. This time I brought them to my nose. I

smiled at Tara and she smiled back. One at a time I cleaned my fingers with my lips and tongue. I was giving each one a blowjob, all the way in, then back out again, several times.

I straightened up again and, like Tara had done before, I lost the pyjamas quickly and tossed them over my shoulder. Only the thong remained. My hands covered each breast loosely and I humped my pussy in time with the music. I watched Tara's eyes settle on the blue thong and I knew what she wanted to see.

My hands were rubbing my tummy then, so I slid them over the thong strings. I grasped them firmly with both hands above the blue patch. I lowered the patch, then raised it again. Up and down it went in time with the music. Now you see me, now you don't, now you see me, oops gone again.

I had to do the arse bit next. I spun round quickly and bent slightly at the waist. One hand was caressing one cheek while the other hand started spanking the other cheek. Not hard, but just enough, I hoped, to turn the cheek slightly pink. I could feel it get warmer so I was pretty sure I had succeeded.

I was ignoring the music now. I pulled the thong across one cheek exposing my pussy. I knew she was watching because she gasped as soon as she could see it. I shoved a finger inside to get it wet, then rubbed my arsehole with it. My other hand was rubbing my pussy from the front. I was finding it harder and harder to stand any more.

I could keep my legs slightly apart as pulled the thong down and off. I turned back again so I could watch Tara. She was fucking herself with her fingers! I knelt in front of Tara to get the best view I could of her pussy. I leaned back on one hand and started fucking myself with my other one. As two of my fingers moved in and out, the heel of my hand rubbed across my clit. One of Tara's hands was pinching and twisting a nipple, hard, while her other hand mimicked mine. We were both moaning loudly now.

Our fingers kept speeding up. I could hardly see hers any longer and our screaming was drowning out the music. The room began to spin, then time stopped. Our screams dropped back to heaving pants at the same time. The music returned. We had done it again. Tara and I had cum simultaneously!

We stayed there for most of the next song, hardly moving. We kept touching ourselves, slowly, tenderly. I felt another orgasm approaching. It was a strangely gentle one and I could keep my eyes focused on Tara's all the way through it.

"That was awesome!" "Fan-fucking-tastic!" The only thing I can't remember now was who said what.

(Note added later. You sure can write, Laura. Thanks again.)

The spell was broken. "We need showers, Shelley. Come on." She grabbed my

hand and dragged me to the bathroom.

Their shower was huge. There was plenty of room for us to splash and horse around without getting too close. When we got out she handed me the largest fluffiest towel I've ever seen and it seemed like it only took me a few seconds to dry off.

Back in her room Tara collected up all the clothes we had used for our "shows" except her jeans. "I think you were sweating earlier. I damn well know I was."

She said that so casually that I felt cool with her again, and dared to ask her, "Was I hot enough for you? Your dance drove me crazy."

"Well, I couldn't keep my hands off myself while you were dancing. Or maybe I should say out of myself."

She had a big grin on her face, so I heaved a huge sigh of relief and grinned back, "Neither could I."

A thought struck me. "Are there any shy whores?"

"Not on this whore's planet!"

I picked up my original black outfit. "Okay?" I asked.

"Sure, go for it. While you're struggling I'll put these in the laundry."

I was just straightening the skirt when she came back. "Let's have a butcher's." ([see cultural notes](#))

She thought for a moment then said, "Wait a minute, that skirt doesn't have any pockets."

That made me laugh. "There's hardly enough room for ME in this skirt, never mind pockets."

"Do you want some underwear to go with it?"

I turned my back to her make-up mirror, bent over, spread my legs slightly and shoved my bum out. The skirt rode up and we both got an eyeful of everything this time. "Nah, this skirt doesn't need any help."

"You are a bad, ba-ad girl, Shelley." Then her voice softened and she whispered, "Do you really have to rush away?"

When I stood up straight we were exactly the same height, except that I had a pair of her pink flats on and she was barefoot. We held each other loosely and comfortably and shared a very strange kiss. We had stripped and got ourselves off in front of each other more than once, but that didn't seem to matter now. It was like a big switch had been thrown and we were mates again. Nothing more, but

also nothing less. The kiss was close and intimate but somehow not sexy and it lasted for a long time.

"Will you give me your number?" We both said that together!

I gave her my number and she put it in her diary which was in a make-up drawer. "Now yours," I said.

Her face fell. "I can't. With all the press and everything, we can't take the risk." She looked down. "I promised Helen."

I must have looked disappointed because she touched my cheek and said. "When it's all died down, I'll call you, okay?"

I was sure that I'd never see her again and I don't know why, because I'd only just met her, but that thought made me really sad. "You really will call me?"

She didn't answer, but changing the subject to cheer me up, she said, "Let me do your face. You don't need much but just a little.." She stopped to giggle. "..to go with the skirt."

"Now who's ba-ad?"

Tara worked quickly. She got me to choose one of her lipsticks but not put it on yet. A little foundation, some blusher and then eyeliner and mascara.

She kept looking at me in the mirror to check her work. "I hope you're not upset at Megan's remark earlier. She wasn't coming on to you. When she sees an attractive girl she's always gonna say something. By the way now that I've seen it all, you do have a seriously nice bod."

"Thanks, so do you." I thought for a second and grinned back at her in the mirror, "I guess coming from Megan makes that a real compliment then." I stared at Tara. "What about you? Are you into girls at all?"

"Not really. I mean, sometimes I need a serious cuddle, Megan is very sweet and a great listener, and I let things happen." She glanced away and laughed, "Besides, she's got magic fingers!"

"And sometimes," I was laughing now as well, "Two in the bush are worth..." I couldn't work out how to finish that so Tara did, "Quite a lot."

"Here," I said when I stopped laughing, "Check this out."

I hiked up my skirt and got on the bed on all fours facing away from her. I looked back at her over my shoulder and started panting loudly, "God, baby, you're the greatest! Fuck me harder, harder, HARDER! That's it, Don't stop!" Then I collapsed forward on the bed trying to shake "uncontrollably".

Tara screamed with laughter. Then, "Not bad, for an amateur. You sit back now

and watch a 'pro-fessional' at work. You'll probably wanna take some notes."

She stripped off her jeans and panties again and lay on her back with her legs wide apart. She started quietly, "Baby, baby, oh god, look at you, you're huge!" She grinned at me, "Almost all of them aren't, you know." Then she went back to work. "Come here. Momma needs some real lovin'."

She went on for something like five minutes slowly getting louder and moving her hips faster and faster until the whole bed was shaking and she was SCREAMING. Very impressive.

At that point the bedroom door opened and Helen stuck her head in. "Giving our schoolgirl some lessons then?"

Tara switched it off instantaneously, "You betcha. You never can tell when a girl is gonna need some faking. Right?"

Helen just chuckled and shut the door again.

"Actually, Shelley, your technique was pretty damned good. So where does a sweet little thing, I won't say innocent, like you learn this stuff?"

"I've seen loads and loads of trashy chick flicks, and..."

"And?"

"And quite a few pornos too," I giggled.

"Thought so, the pornos I mean. We've got quite a collection downstairs. The punters like them and sometimes when business is slow, we girls watch them for a bit of a laugh."

"Or a bit of a wank, if your name's Megan," I laughed.

"Or even Tara." She winked at me.

"Or even Shelley." I winked back.

As she pulled her jeans back on, "You were asking me if I liked boys or girls, remember?"

I was straightening my skirt, "That's right." Then I sat back down in front of the mirror.

"Basically I dig guys. I've got two regulars who really do it for me. One of them comes twice a week, but the other one only comes once a week."

I put on my little-girl voice. "Please, miss, how are you spelling 'come'?"

That got a full body laugh from her. "Shelley, you're.. priceless." Then she handed me the lipstick.

"Boyfriend?" I asked as I started on my lips.

"Not for, let's see, over six months. He was alright, I guess, he didn't seem to mind what I did, at least not until he found out about the two regulars. Then we had a big fight and he walked."

"Are you sorry?"

"About him? No. Look, Shelley, I've got no qualifications, a body most girls would kill for, a safe place to work, loads of lolly and three great mates here. I'm not proud about what I do, but I ain't ashamed of it either."

I wasn't sure what to say to that, so I just nodded.

Then she grabbed my shoulders and straightened me in front of the mirror.

"Shoulders back, tits out, what d'ya think?"

I couldn't believe what I saw. I've never looked better in my life, not ever.

"What the fuck have you done to your hair, babe?" You could have heard her disappointment from the pub.

"That's way too long a story for now," I replied.

Her voice went quiet again. "Then you'll just have to come back and tell me.. soon."

"Yes, very soon." Equally quiet. But then I jumped up suddenly. "Shit, I almost forgot."

I ran across the hall to the room I'd slept in last night. I came back clutching what I had written in my hand.

"What's that?"

"We have to keep a journal about what's happened to us in the Program. I couldn't sleep for a while last night so I wrote down all about yesterday for it."

"Please can I read it?"

"Not now, there's no time. Anyway I told you guys almost all of it at breakfast." Then I thought again. "Wait, I will show you the last two pages. I wrote this one last night."

After she read it she looked up. "You poor kid. You really were scared out of your skull last night, weren't you?"

I nodded, "Yes, I was. But don't say any more to the others about that. Now that I know none of you meant to scare me. Promise?"

"Promise. What's the other page?"

"I wrote this one this morning before you came to my room. It's what I was thinking about after I stopped writing last night."

As she read she kept looking up at me. Afterwards, "Your dad?"

"He's dead. He died when I was six years old. Now don't go all misty on me. I really miss him but only some of the time. It's not a problem. It's just.." I took a breath, "..that I wanted you to know. About both pages."

She handed the sheets back. Both of us were quiet again.

Then I spoke up brightly, "But when you call me, I'll come back and I'll bring my whole journal for you to read. How's that?" Now you'll HAVE to call me, I thought, or hoped.

"That sounds like a very good plan." Then she shook her head. "I was saying, a couple of years ago, that you didn't have any pockets."

She reached into her wardrobe and pulled out a small pink bag with a silver shoulder chain.

"No, Tara, you've already done way too much."

"Total nonsense, and you know it. Besides, it matches your new shoes." While she was speaking she swept the make-up she'd used on me into the bag and handed it to me. I added the money I'd left on the make-up table and carefully folded the writing paper into it as well. While I was doing this, she put my trainers in a small carrier and handed me that as well.

"You go on downstairs, Shelley. I'll catch you up in a sec."

Megan was making grilled cheese sandwiches when I went into the kitchen. She looked up. "Holy shit, Shelley. You hotter in that outfit than you were naked in that photo."

I gave them a twirl and they all made nice noises. I know I'd already had a huge breakfast, but those sandwiches sure smelled good.

Maureen noticed my interest. "I don't think we gave Shelley enough to eat this morning."

Before another word was said, Megan had a plate and a hot sandwich in front of me. Mmmm, good. While I was eating Tara called Helen out of the room. They were back just as I was finishing.

I finally said goodbye to the other girls (hugs and kisses with each of them) and Tara drove me to the station. It seemed to be taking a long while. "It seems a long way," I said.

"I promised the others to make sure you wouldn't remember where we live. I'm

sorry, Shelley."

"I understand." I was disappointed but I understood.

She suddenly pulled over and stopped the car in a quiet street. "The station is right round the next corner and under the bridge. I won't go in there with you. I hope you don't mind?"

"I understand." I got out of her car. "You will call me?" I didn't care if it sounded like I was begging.

She smiled, got out of her car and came round to me. "I promise," she said and she kissed me lightly. I returned her kiss hungrily trying not to let her go.

"Whoa, girl," she said. "When you've finished at Slut School, you can come work with me anytime."

We both giggled and she looked, I don't know, younger all of a sudden.

She was standing in front of me, her arms lightly around my waist and her eyes looking right into mine. She didn't move but her eyes went out of focus like she was thinking very hard about something. Then she blinked and her eyes were focused again.

She took a step back. "Turn around and close your eyes, just for a sec."

I did what she asked. Suddenly I felt something small and cold around my neck.

She fiddled behind my neck for a few seconds, then said, "There, you can open them now."

I looked down and gasped. A beautiful silver trinket, a unicorn, was hanging from my throat. I lifted it so I could see better. It felt heavy even though it was small.

"Oh, Tara," was all I could manage as I swung around and hugged her as hard as I could.

"Listen," she was nearly whispering, "There's a story behind this. But it will have to wait until I see you again."

I started to protest but she put a finger on my lips to shush me. "It represents someone who was very close to me. When I tell you about.. her you'll understand why I can never wear it again. But I really want you to have it. It's too beautiful to stay in a drawer forever."

"But, Tara, this necklace must still be worth..."

"Not nearly as much as you think, even though the chain is silver so it won't corrode or leave a mark."

"I'll guard it with my sister's life." Tara looked confused, "Don't worry. That's what Heather and I always say about something that's very.. precious."

I kissed her nose. "Gotcha!" I laughed trying to lift her spirits back up.

She attacked like a snake and licked my nose back. "Gotcha back!"

I was touching the unicorn. I couldn't keep my fingers off it. "When did you decide?" I glanced down.

"Only just now.. for sure. But I thought about it when we were getting ready to leave. After you gave me those pages to read I thought to myself, today's been so special that I gotta give her something that's just as special. That's when I thought about the necklace. Remember I sent you downstairs ahead of me? That's when I fetched it."

She reached into her pocket and took out a small white card. "While you were enjoying one of Megan's famous sandwiches I had a go at Helen. When I reminded her that the mobile you used is completely untraceable she agreed to let me give you that number."

I snatched the card from her hand and examined it. It was completely blank except for a handwritten phone number.

"Now don't get too excited. That phone is switched off almost all the time. So unless you're very lucky you still won't be able to ring me. But I can use that phone to ring you safely." She shook her head. "I know it sounds like we're just being paranoid, but you probably have no idea how easy it is for fucking reporters to dig up all kinds of shit." Then she laughed. "Anyway I'll die if I don't get a chance to read that journal of yours."

She leaned back against the side of the car. "Now make me smile again before you run off. Walk me some walk, girl."

So I gave her a few steps of maximum wiggle. That felt good, especially with no underwear.

"Still in school, huh? Wanna get some teacher in trouble? Ten steps like that at the right time and I bet you get an A-plus!"

Then before I could walk back to her, she was in her car.

As the car started to move she turned her head towards me and shouted, "I'll call you!"

She was gone before I could answer.

I walked round the corner into the station and soon I was standing in front of a startled station master. He made a couple of phone calls then told me the London

train was leaving almost immediately.

And a few minutes later I was sitting in a train, with a policeman by my side, on my way to London.

"I really can get to London just by staying on the train," I told him. "I hardly need a police escort."

"After all that's happened, I'm not letting you out of my sight, until I hand you over in person to your headmaster in London."

We sat there quietly for a while, then I stood up quickly.

"Where're you going?" He sounded alarmed.

"Nowhere. Don't worry. I just wanna stretch."

And stretch I did, testing the tanktop Tara had given me well beyond anything the manufacturer had ever intended. And testing the policeman's concentration as well, I could see. Let's have a little fun, I decided. I sat down again. This time I was opposite him in the facing seat.

I looked him over again and decided he was hot. He was still checking me out too. I glanced around and no one else could see. I leaned back in the seat and crossed and uncrossed my legs slowly, like Sharon Stone did in that old movie. With the miniscule skirt and me not wearing underwear, he couldn't help but stare at my pussy, so I did it again, this time leaving my legs uncrossed.

"If you don't stop that, I'll lose my job AND my girlfriend, and probably end up on a charge."

"Aw shucks, Mr. Poe-liceman," I drawled. But I closed my legs and we both started laughing, though I think his laughter was partly relief.

I spent a lot of time staring out of the window, fingering the necklace and thinking about Tara. For a while I couldn't figure things out. I wasn't in love, I knew that, so what were these feelings inside me? Were they to do with the awesome "non-sex" we had? (I couldn't think what else to call it?) I didn't think so but I would have to think about that. Who are you kidding, girl? You ain't never gonna forget about that! But these feelings didn't feel like sexy feelings at all.

But there were those three orgasms. The first one was kinda sneaky. Tara was so far out of it when she was cumming I don't think she even noticed me. The second one, though, was magnificent. (I think I like that word now, and I can even spell it!) In yer face that one, well in Tara's face anyway. I was so proud of that cum. It was even stronger than the first one. But then that third one. Completely different to the others and wonderful in its own way. That one was warm and cozy, like sharing your favourite sweets with your best friend. Non-sex? I don't think so.

What Tara and I did, whatever it was or wasn't, it was definitely sex. And god, I do love sex!

Then the big penny went Clang. I had just said it, "best friend". Tara was my first, real, grown-up, non-school, friend ever. It was as simple as that. I knew that she thought I was her friend too. The necklace seemed to prove that. The whole thing was amazing.

But very confusing too. I couldn't shake off an uneasy feeling that most of this morning might just have been a crazy dream. I desperately wanted to see Tara again but I was dependent on her contacting me. Would she ring me or not? Until she actually did so I'd be guessing. I believed her that the phone number she gave me was really quite useless. Could I deal with this? This not knowing about something that had suddenly become so important to me.

And then I relaxed. I remembered all the funny little things Tara and I had shared this morning. And I remembered that first kiss. It wasn't strange to me any more. It was the sort of kiss friends share. And I began to smile again.

I would tell Mum and Heather right away but I wouldn't say anything to anyone else. Not that I was ashamed of what Tara did. No fucking way! (Nice choice of word, girl, this time.) It was a dead cert that she would call me. (Wasn't it?) What was starting between Tara and me seemed to be very special, and the truth was there was no one except my family that I wanted to share that with. Not yet anyway.

"You look very happy, Shelley." The policeman's voice startled me.

I saw his smile though and answered quietly, "Yeah. Yes, I am." Yes, dammit, I really was.

A police car met us at Euston and we wound our way through London traffic to a big hotel. As I got out of the police car someone came flying at me, almost knocking me over.

"Oh fuck, Shel," said Heather, already crying, "I thought I was never going to see you again."

We were both crying as we walked into the hotel.

Shelley, part 10

Program WEEK TWO THURSDAY Afternoon & Evening

We were going to eat at the Hotel, but after seeing the looks the Desk clerk was giving my clothes and what I had in them, Heather decided we'd eat somewhere else.

Hey, it's his problem, right? The old hypocrite.

Heather wanted me to tell her what had happened to me, but as we walked out of the Hotel, I was dazzled by the flashes of a load of cameras. If seeing the cameras last Friday evening had been incredible, this was more than incredible. We were in London, of course, and it seemed to me that every camera in London was outside the Hotel. Cool, or what!

"Shelley!" "Shelley!" they called. Heather smiled at me and stepped back. A couple of the photographers and one of the cameramen had knelt down on the Hotel steps so they could shoot up my skirt. They didn't have to kneel down very far. I deliberately opened my legs a little and couldn't help laughing when the flashes went off.

Microphones were pushed in front of my face, "Shelley, Are you alright?" "How does it feel to know the whole country was looking for you?" "Why did you go into hiding?"

I had a sudden panic. Remember, I told myself, nice woman and teenage daughter ... not whores ... nice woman and teenage daughter I forced a smile back on my face and took a deep breath.

"Whoa. One at a time! Okay, I feel great, glad to be back with my big sister. How does it feel to know the whole country was looking for me? Weird. I didn't actually know until this morning when someone I was with recognised me from a newspaper. Then it was kinda unbelievable."

"Why did you run away?"

"I didn't. It was a silly accident and we got separated in Rugby when a train broke down. Then I got lost."

"So where were you all this time?"

"I was lost and thirsty and had no money or clothes. I had a drink and I think it had something in it because I fell asleep. I woke up and it was dark and cold and some men were trying to, well, make me do things."

"Were you raped like your sister?"

You bastard, I thought and glared at him. "Thanks for being so bloody tactful when she's standing right here behind me. The answer is no. I was lucky, someone distracted them and I was able to escape."

"Where did you go then?"

I was still pissed off about the previous question. But this guy sounded nicer so I took a second to chill before I answered him.

"I think I must still have been under the effects of whatever was in that drink because I kept running until I saw a pub. They gave me some food and a woman neighbour of theirs gave me a bed for the night. She was nice."

"Why didn't you ring anyone?"

"I think it must have been the effect of the drink. I was woozy and not thinking straight. I'm just lucky that someone was decent enough to help me."

"So how did you find out you'd been reported missing?"

"This morning, when the woman saw my photo in the paper. So she let me use her mobile to ring my Mum. And that's it."

"Who was the woman who helped you?"

"I don't know, but if she's watching, I'd like to thank her."

"Where did she live?"

"I don't know. I wasn't exactly in a fit state to notice last night and this morning we were rushing to the station for me to come here."

"Will you be seeing her again?"

"As I don't know who she is or where she lives, I don't think that is likely, do you?"
A few of them laughed at that.

"Why were you naked in Rugby?"

"You know I am in the Naked in School Program. Well we have to be naked for all school activities, and we are in London to attend a meeting about the Program, so it is a school activity."

"Where did you get the clothes?"

"Her teenage daughter gave them to me."

"Will you strip off and pose for us now?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"This isn't a school activity. And you couldn't see much more of me anyway, especially the ones looking up my skirt."

Thankfully, they turned to Heather at that point and started asking her questions about the inquiry.

Then they took photos of us with our arms round each other and Heather asked them where we could eat.

Heather had a huge steak, but I wasn't really very hungry after that big breakfast and the cheese sandwich. I paid for it with some of the money I'd been given and we walked back to the Hotel, where Dr. Reynolds met us and took us to the inquiry.

"Don't worry about the inquiry," he said. "They might look imposing, but they're only human. Remember, they need your help. That's why you're here."

Wow! The room where the inquiry was, was huge, with engraved wooden columns all around and this massive table at the front which looked out of place because it was modern and a different colour wood.

The man running the inquiry said, "Thank you for coming. And can I say, Shelley, that we are all very happy to see you safe and sound."

"Thank you," I said, feeling nervous.

He explained that they'd speak to Heather first. I was glad about that. Perhaps I wouldn't have to say much. I know that doesn't sound like me, and whether it was the room, or the people at that table, or what, I don't know, but it made me feel small and unimportant, and I didn't like it one little bit.

He introduced the members of the inquiry panel, himself, and two other men and two women. One of the women was quite young and made me laugh when she said that she was on the panel because she could actually remember going to school.

The Chairman told me to wait outside, but Heather grabbed my wrist and wouldn't let me go. She started arguing with the Chairman and when he wouldn't let me stay, she said "If you hadn't been too damned lazy to get off your butts and hold the inquiry in the school where you should have done, my sister wouldn't have gone missing and ended up in danger yesterday."

He was furious, but so was she. "So don't pretend you're here to help us in any way. You're here to make everything look good, to save the Program. If you decide you really do want to hear from us, you know where we'll be. Back at school where we belong."

Then she started to walk out, when the older woman called her back. So I was allowed to stay and another chair was brought for me to sit next to Heather.

I tugged on Heather's arm and whispered to her, "If this is a Program thing, shouldn't we be naked?"

She nodded and we stripped off. I think the Chairman was going to have a heart attack. He told us it wasn't necessary, but Heather replied, "If you are here as part of a body that tells girls and boys you've never seen that they have to go around naked all week..."

"And get groped," I added.

She looked cross at being interrupted. "As I was going to say, and get groped, then surely you can't be embarrassed by two of us naked in front of you."

The two women and one of the men agreed with us, so we stayed naked. Heather said they were lucky I hadn't suggested they should go naked too. The older woman started laughing like mad at that.

Heather explained how the Program made us sex objects, and read bits from Sam's diary from her first day. Sam had read that to us on Tuesday morning, when we were discussing our journals together before lessons. Heather had thought it was good and copied it down. She had showed it to Mr. Thompson at the hospital that night.

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.

Then Heather showed them parts of her own journal from the first week.

We found out that the lawyer on the panel was the one who'd told the headmaster that we had to masturbate and had to let people finger us and stuff, whether we wanted to or not.

Then Heather did something that even shocked me. She turned to me and said, "Shelley, lie on the table and bring yourself off." It was so embarrassing. This wasn't school. The lawyer wasn't happy either. Then Heather made it worse. "Shelley, lie on this table and continue." She meant the big table where the panel was sat. So I got on their table, trying not to look at their faces and carried on fingering myself. She made me carry on until I came, then she let me sit down again.

She started talking about us having to let boys finger us, then she spoke to me again, "Sorry, Shel, I need you again. Can you help me move our table closer, then lie on it?"

"I have a Reasonable Request. Spread your legs and hold yourself open. I want to touch you."

She started touching my boobs and pussy very softly. It sounds weird but there was nothing sexual in it, she wasn't even looking at me. She even put her finger in me and started to wank me off before stopping abruptly and telling me I could get down.

Then she made me stand on the table next to the panel. She got up next to me and told me to finger her like they do at the morning groping. I didn't want to and said so.

"Shelley, it's okay. This is important."

So I shoved my fingers up her so hard I nearly knocked her over, then after a minute or so of that I told her, "Bend over, Bitch!" The young woman looked shocked, then looked away when I shoved fingers in Heather's arse. I just wanted Heather to tell me to stop, but she didn't, so I carried on forcing my fingers in and out of her pussy and arse until finally she fell down onto the table, crying.

I felt awful. "Heather. Are you okay?"

She nodded and gave me a weak smile and squeezed my hand.

She told them, "Shelley stopped when she thought I couldn't take any more. At school, it would continue until the bell goes. Shelley, touch my boobs."

"No, you've had enough," I pleaded. "You do mine."

She pulled and twisted my nipples painfully. She was really rough and I was trying not to cry, but she carried on and on until finally I started to cry. She stopped and gave me a hug.

"At school, it's not one person but a crowd. And everything at the same time. The first morning my sister was groped, they tore her hymen they were so rough, not to mention tearing her clothes and nicking her underwear. Nobody in our school calls it the Morning Display any more. It's the 'Morning Groping'."

The entire panel looked shocked and the older woman decided that we needed a break for some tea.

In the canteen I felt back in control again. Heather and I were the centre of attention as the whole room went quiet. One man splashed coffee on his jacket when he dropped some food into his cup. I smiled at him but he looked down kinda sheepishly.

We had no money, so the young teacher on the panel paid for us. She laughed when I said that it was one of the advantages of being on the Program. "With nowhere to keep your money, people end up buying you things."

Back in the inquiry, when they asked about Sam, Heather told them all about my petting party and how it had helped her.

Then she told them about Sam trying to kill herself, and about Laura and the plan to get the handcuffs off her.

She even told them about what Mr. Thompson had done.

The questions turned to me on that.

The headmistress on the panel, Mrs. Chaplain, spoke to me. "Mr. Thompson's words to your class obvious had a great effect on the whole school. I for one am dying to know what he said."

Ouch. What should I say? I didn't want to get him in trouble.

"Shelley, you don't strike me as the kind of girl that is normally reticent to say what she thinks. Is there any reason you don't want to tell us?"

I didn't answer.

"I think that you think that you are protecting him," she guessed. My face probably showed her that she was correct.

"Mr. Chairman. Can we agree that what Shelley says here is confidential and no action adverse to Mr. Thompson will be taken by anyone here, including Dr. Reynolds?"

Nods all round, including from Dr. Reynolds.

"Can we further ask the minute secretary to note this on a separate sheet, which can be destroyed if necessary?"

"So instructed," replied the Chairman.

"Now, Shelley, you have our assurance that you can speak freely without any risk to Mr. Thompson, who, I might say, I am impressed with if he can command such loyalty from his students. Now what did he say that had such an effect?"

"It wasn't anything much," I replied. "When one of the boys said that the staff were as bad as Ghas.. I mean Ms. Gordon, for letting it happen, he said that he shouldn't say so but he agreed. He told us that action was being taken about it. And then he told them to protect me as he didn't want anyone sticking fingers up me."

I shook my head at this. "He had no idea," I continued, "I mean he really didn't know what it was really like, and I told him so. So then he said to spread the word that everyone was to protect all the Program girls all the time and that there would be hell to pay if anyone abused us. Then he said that they should protect us even against members of staff if necessary and not to tell anyone what he'd said about that bit."

Mrs. Chaplain and the teacher on the panel looked grim when I said the piece about protecting us against members of staff.

"That is outrageous," she said angrily, then seeing my face she turned to me, "No dear, that's not what I mean. You have spoken well. It is outrageous that it should be necessary for a member of staff to have to ask students to protect each other against another member of staff."

She turned to Dr. Reynolds. "I know there was nothing you could do to prevent this, but I am sure that when you decide what to do about these members of staff, if you have any trouble with the Local Authority, this Committee will be behind you 100%."

There were murmurs of agreement all round.

She turned to the lawyer. "It seems clear to me that the Program rules allow for abuse which was not intended or even dreamt of by those who wrote it. I've read that pamphlet many times and never in my worst imaginings did I think of things like we have seen and heard of today. What can we do about it?"

"We don't have the authority to change the pamphlet," he replied, "Though we can recommend to the Minister that he issues a further Statutory Instrument to amend it. But we probably don't have to change the pamphlet..."

"Surely we must?" said the other woman on the panel, a young teacher.

"If you'll let me finish," he replied, not angrily, "Under reasonable requests it states that disputes as to what is reasonable can be referred to local Program officials. There is nothing to stop us issuing binding guidelines. Although the appeals system doesn't apply to classroom participation, again, we can issue binding guidelines to the schools."

Then Mrs. Chaplain proposed that the inquiry come to our school next Monday. Everyone agreed and they thanked us for coming. Then the chairman reminded us that we'd have to get dressed again as we weren't in a Program area.

Dr. Reynolds told us that Mrs. Chaplain was coming back to the school with us in the morning, so I suggested that she should stay with us to get to know us all better.

Then he gave us some money to buy clothes suitable for going out clubbing and joked about the Hoover sisters being let loose on London. (I corrected him, of course, telling him we are the slutsisters.)

Back in the Hotel it was ace. We were in the restaurant and one of the waitresses asked us for our autographs! I like being famous.

When Heather asked her where we could buy decent clubbing clothes at this time

of day, I made Dr. Reynolds choke on his wine by saying "or indecent."

Poor old Dr. Reynolds. He was chatting to me about my black outfit but I could see he was all uptight. This must be a horrid time for him. He was smiling at us with his mouth but not with his eyes. His eyes just looked tired and so did the rest of him so I decided to tease him a little bit to try and cheer him up.

I glanced over at Sis and she looked like she wanted to be anywhere else but sitting next to me. But then Dr. Reynolds laughed. Not a polite little titter either but a big belly laugh that shook the table. Score one for Shelley!

Then something really weird happened. He started talking to us not like a headmaster at all. It was like we mattered to him personally like we never had before. Well that goes both ways. I think I'll be... comfortable with him now, but I best not let on to the other kids at school. That could mean death, well not death but you know what I mean.

And I think he's proud of us too. He even called me "Little Miss Fearless". That's like cosmic! How does that phrase go? Fearless by name, fearless by nature? Cool cubed. He couldn't even make a tiny hole in that with his warning for the future. I wonder if he knows I love all kinds of roller coasters. Yeah, probably he does.

As we were leaving the restaurant, I sneaked another look at Dr. Reynolds and he was tired again. I've decided on a little secret part-time job for me when we get back to school. Make him laugh again.

"We must ring Mum," Heather said in the lift.

Up in our room she tried home first. No answer. Then she dug a piece of paper out of her pocket, muttering that she must learn Mum's mobile number and tried that. Success. She held the phone so I could listen too.

"Hi, Mum," we both said at once.

"Can I hear both my babies there?" Then, "Wonderful. Where are you?"

"In a big fancy London hotel," Heather replied. I decided to let her do the talking. I hoped Mum wouldn't start cross-examining me.

"And where are you, Mum?"

"At Eric's." We glanced at each other and grinned. "He insisted he should cook for me tonight. But I haven't tasted anything yet. I'm not even sure what it is but it smells divine!"

"Where is he right now, Mum?" I asked. Okay, that was enough of Heather talking on her own!

"In the kitchen, why?"

"Because," I said, "You know what I want to ask you."

"Shelley, you're terrible," she giggled. "How good is your French, you two?" That stopped us.

"Maintenant, c'est un dîner à deux après l'amour."

I got the first and last words, now and love. Fantastic!

But Heather was there before me, smartie, and squealed, "It's not even eight o'clock yet!"

"I know," she sighed. "It's given me a hell of an appetite."

"So when are you guys coming home?" she asked, then a lot quieter, "I miss you both."

I went three-two-one quickly with my fingers. "We miss you too," together.

Then Heather explained, "Dr. Reynolds said all three of us will catch a train back in the morning."

"And we'll all be dressed this time," I added. Mum laughed at that.

"Just before you-know-what, Eric and I saw you two on the evening news. Heather, you were very mature and professional, I'm proud of you."

She paused for a couple of seconds. She knows how to tease me but I bit my tongue and took it.

"Shelley, what can I say? You were beautiful. Where did that dress come from?"

"The teenage girl in Rugby gave it to me." I'm sure Tara's over 19 but a girl can lie about her age, can't she?

"She's smaller than you, I guess?"

"A little, why?" Let's stay on the dress, I thought. That's safe ground.

"Because, dear, it wasn't clear how you could breathe in it." Then before I could answer she laughed, "I don't think I've ever seen you look so sexy. I'm gonna buy all the morning newspapers tomorrow. If you're not in every single one of them I'll be very surprised."

"Shelley, don't go all cocky now but I have to give you a real compliment. When you were answering all those questions the cameraman had your face in close-up. Your make-up was superb. You never use make-up. Did someone do it for you?"

"The girl who gave me the dress." Ah, the absolute truth.

"Well she should consider doing it professionally. Eric couldn't take his eyes off

you. I felt so proud at that moment. And he was clever enough to have a tape running. You'll be able to see how good you looked when you get back."

A perfect moment to change the subject, I said to myself. I put on my "innocent" voice. "Has Eric seen the other tape yet?"

"A very good question, dear. No, not yet. But I have it with me and I'll be showing it him after dinner. Stop pulling faces, Heather."

She was. "How did you guess?" she asked.

"I know you. But think about this, dear. Eric is maybe the only person in town who hasn't seen it. Everyone else at work certainly has. Give us a smile, Heather. Everyone was over the moon about it. They all said that both of you were amazing. So, Heather, what's that phrase, deal with it. Okay?"

"Yeah, I know you're right. It's just that when I think about it, I remember what else happened that day."

I put my arm around Heather and squeezed. She gave me a little smile.

"So do I, Heather. That's why the TV interview is so amazing. You were so brave that afternoon."

There was more than a little pause before she continued, "I think I better tell him about Tuesday night, after we saw the tape.

Cool, I thought, and said, "Yeah, I think you should. I don't want to shock him tomorrow night."

"The more I'm learning about Eric, Shelley, the less shy he seems."

"So you think he'll be cool about things."

"Yeah, I think he will, but check with me first, okay?"

Throughout that last bit Heather seemed really interested in the ceiling. She knew what we were talking about, of course, but said nothing. I think she was actually quite happy about it but refused to show it.

Mum decided to change subjects again. "So what are you two plotting for tonight?"

I answered straightaway, "The slutsisters versus London. It should be a fair fight."

That pulled a huge laugh from her. "Okay, I don't want to hear any more. Just stick together, okay?"

"Like glue, Mum, " I said.

"Oh dear, girls. Eric is hovering. I think he has his 'if I don't get off the phone this instant our dinner will be ruined' look. I better say good night." Thank you, Eric, I

thought with relief.

"Have fun tonight, both of you. God knows, you deserve it. Love you."

"Love you back." Together again. That one didn't need a countdown.

As Heather put the phone down I headed for the loo.

"Not so fast, young lady."

"I need a pee." I left the door open. I knew what was coming.

Heather raised her voice. I knew I was in the next room, but she still sounded pissed off.

"You turn up today in the sexiest outfit you've ever worn, perfect make-up, no knickers, an expensive looking necklace around your throat and who the fuck knows how much money in a new bag? And oh yes, shoes to match the bag. You think I'm blind or something? Dr. Reynolds will have noticed all that too. What do you suppose HE'S thinking? I KNOW what I'm thinking!"

That all came at me like a machine gun. I knew she was pissed off, but not that much. I was gonna have to tell her the truth right away, or the night would be fucked. Besides underneath the anger was my sister who loved me and who I loved back.

"Okay, Sis. Let's sit down and I'll tell you the truth. I admit I told those reporters a couple of porkies." (see [cultural notes](#))

Heather sat on one side of the bed, half turned so she could see me. I sat on the other side. I thought putting a little distance between us might be a good idea. I took a very big breath before I began, but despite her anger I couldn't resist a dramatic opening line.

"I spent last night in a whorehouse."

"Oh shit, Shel. I was afraid it was something like that, but I was hoping I was wrong. Did anyone hurt you? Why didn't you tell me sooner?" She stood up. "We gotta find Dr. Reynolds and go to the police."

I jumped up and ran round the bed and hugged her.

"Sis, you're gonna want to kill me in a second but it wasn't like that at all. Nothing bad happened to me there. The complete opposite. I've got so much to tell you and Mum that it's gonna take me absolutely ages to do it right. Would you be willing to accept just the main bits now? I promise I'll tell you everything tomorrow, Okay? Please?"

"Okay, give."

I took a second to get my thoughts in the right order.

"For a start everything I told the reporters was the truth up to the pub. The landlord gave me something to eat. (The blowjob would have to wait.) Then he called his friend, Helen. She's a prostitute and she took me to the house where she lives and works. She gave me my own room to sleep in. This morning at breakfast I met Megan and Maureen and Tara. After breakfast Helen let me phone Mum. Then Tara took me up to her room and gave me everything you see, the outfit, the bag, the shoes. Each of the girls also gave me £20 to help out. And Tara did my make-up and took me back to the station. And before she went she gave me the necklace. Don't ask me about that now. I'm not sure myself. Maybe we can all figure it out tomorrow night. And that's everything."

Heather shook her head but now she was smiling again. "If anyone else had told me such a ridiculous story, I'd be certain they were crazy or lying or both. But you, I believe every fucking word. How you do it, though, I'll never figure out."

"You know what the worst thing today was? Lying to Mum. Not once but sorta twice. When I rang her this morning I told her the same lies about Helen and Tara that I told the reporters. I really feel shitty about that."

Heather hugged me again. "Believe me, Shel, I know exactly how you feel. I did the same thing to Mum about the Ws, remember? And I felt pretty shitty about it too. Mum'll understand, watch."

We just had time to get cleaned up and go downstairs a little before eight.

At exactly eight o'clock (there was this enormous clock on the wall behind Reception), Laura, the waitress, met us and took us to a street market. It was ace. In between stalls selling fruit and veg were stalls selling all kinds of things, from perfumes, to incense to all sorts of weird and wonderful clothes. Some of the stalls were playing music and the various sounds mingled into a chaotic, but exciting noise. The market was full of a mixture of people too. A lot of students going through all the ethnic stuff, and old people buying food. Some of the kids were dancing next to one of the stalls with music. Heather insisted I buy a sweatshirt for when it got colder later at night.

Then Laura took us off to a side street to a small shop absolutely crammed with clubbing and dance gear. "I love this," she said, "but I'd never have the nerve to wear it." She was showing us a lycra body with a deep mesh V at the front, which you would be able to clearly see your boobs through. It was crotchless, but came with a matching skirt which was nothing more than two semi-circles of material joined at the waist on each side.

"Try it on," Heather and I both insisted.

"Oh, I couldn't," she said.

Nothing we could say would persuade her, so we looked for something for Heather. Heather fell in love with a pair of leggings with the whole inner thigh cut out, which would have left the pussy and bum crack exposed except that it came with a set of inch-and-a-half-wide or inch-wide or half-inch-wide strips of various colours and materials which attached at the back by tying, and went between your legs and fastened at the front with poppers.

To go with that was a variety of tops to choose from. Heather chose one that was almost sheer and finished just below her nipples.

"Now you," she said to me.

"I wanted to wear this," I replied.

"No chance. You've been wearing that all day. Dance half the night in that and you'll stink."

I was going to argue but then I saw this fantastic dress. It was thin white cotton with long shoulder straps that stopped at two Vs of the cotton just above the boobs. The Vs covered the boobs and met in the middle. But along the sides of each V were two small zips. If you undid them, the material fell down to reveal naked boobs. And almost as good was the skirt part of the dress. It went down slightly more than the skirt I was wearing, but had a zip up the front, which could show your pussy. The bum part of the skirt was clear plastic. If all the zips were done up, it was revealing but tame compared with some of the other things there, but I knew I wouldn't have the zips done up for long.

Both of us got changed. I couldn't stop giggling as I tested the zips. All of them worked smoothly. How convenient! Heather had chosen one of the inch and a half wide straps to go over her pussy, but the one she chose was a material that clung so tightly it highlighted her pussy instead of covering it. It clung even tighter when I tied it at the back for her.

As we went to pay for the clothes, we caught Laura still staring at the outfit she didn't dare to wear. "If you're going out with the slutsisters, you ought to have something indecent to wear," I said.

"Just try it on," encouraged Heather.

"And lose the bra," I added. Unnecessary, I know, but I wanted to make a point.

"Right," she said. "Here goes. But I'm going to have to wear some knickers with this. I'm not as brave as you two."

I picked her a white thong, which was almost but not quite sheer at the front. She looked at it for a minute and took it.

She went and got changed. The shop only had a mirror in the main part of the store, so you had to come out of the changing room to see yourself..

"Oh my God!" she squealed, just like I used to squeal when I was younger, like last week. "It's incredible!"

"No," said Heather, "You're incredible."

"I don't look too slutty?"

"You look hot," said a guy who had come in the shop at that moment. I was sure I'd seen him before.

Laura flushed with sheer pleasure. "Why thank you, kind sir."

Then she turned to us. "This is James, he works at the Hotel too. I asked him to meet us here as he's taking us to the club."

James took us in briefly with his eyes, and said hello, but he couldn't keep his eyes off Laura.

"I think you'd better wear that tonight, Laura," said Heather.

"Okay, I will." She paid for it and we went back out into the market street. I took Heather's hand and dragged her to one of the stalls with music and began to dance. Heather had no choice but to join me, while Laura and James watched. I made the dancing as sexy as I knew how and I know it worked because James had a hard-on I could clearly see through his trousers.

I shouted into Heather's ear and she and I both advanced on Laura, each taking one of her hands and pulled her into the space that had developed around us. She shook her head and yelled, "I can't do this," so we sandwiched her between us and continued to dance. I was touching her boobs every now and then while Heather lifted her skirt to flash her tiny thong at James and the growing crowd.

She soon got into it and began gyrating and touching me up too, as well as flashing her tits at James. When the music stopped for a minute, she hugged me and said, "I don't believe I just did that." James hugged her and gave her a kiss that made MY toes curl, so God knows what it was like for her. Then he took us to a nearby pub.

Just going into a pub again reminded me of last night, and of Tara this morning. I squeezed the pendant affectionately.

I hadn't realised that I'd stopped at the door until Heather asked me if I was coming.

No lounge bar this time, but a busy loud public bar or saloon as they called it. James bought a round of drinks and we found a table to sit at.

I discovered that the dress was so tight that I had to unzip the "pussy zip" part of

the way, just to sit down.

There was a group of young lads at the bar, so I turned towards them and "accidentally" left my legs a little bit open. I felt a little bit guilty when one of them knocked his drink on the floor when he saw me, but not guilty enough to stop teasing him.

I toyed with the zip, then got up, pulled the zip back down and went to the loo, making sure he saw my bum in the clear plastic skirt.

When I came back out, I sat on the bar stool next to him. "Hi, I'm Shelley," I said, wishing I could think of an original and witty opening line.

"Pete," he replied. "Like the outfit."

"I noticed," I said casually.

"Do all those zips undo or are they just for decoration?"

"Buy me a drink and I'll let you find out. A beer, please." When he looked surprised, I said, "Don't like spirits."

I wish I could get served with drinks that fast back home. He turned to reach for the zips on one of my boobs, but I stopped him. "Can't a girl taste her drink first?"

I began to drink, then decided not to tease him any longer and put the glass down. I took his hand and placed it on one of the zips. He undid the two zips on my left boob and pulled the V down, then did the same to the other boob. He handled them both gently, then bent his head down to lick one of my nipples.

Then to my surprise, he stopped. "Does this zip go all the way?" he asked, reaching down to the skirt.

"We both do," I answered.

"Cheeky."

"I thought you liked my cheeks," I answered. See, Laura isn't the only one with quick answers!

He stood up and took my hand. "Where we going?"

"Into the other bar. It's only opened up at weekends, or if it gets busy later on."

The other bar had a pool table, covered with a canvas sheet. I climbed on it and spread my legs. I grabbed his head and pulled it towards my pussy. He took the hint and began to spread my lips apart with his fingers. He pushed his tongue right into my pussy. "God, it's like a fucking river down here."

"Fancy a swim, then?" I giggled, "Or maybe a drink?"

He started with his tongue, then used his fingers in my pussy instead, then he lapped at my clit while he pounded me hard with his fingers. After more than a day without any sex, I tried to hold on and make it last, but soon my breath was coming in gasps and so was I.

When I could breathe again, I hopped off the table and knelt down beside him. "Your turn." I gave him my sweetest smile and kept looking into his eyes as I unzipped him and took his cock out. I gave it a squeeze with my hands and said, "God, I've missed this."

I licked every part, wanting to taste every inch of him. Then I put my mouth over the end of his cock. I sucked on it while I played with his balls with my hands. But after a minute or so, he stopped me.

"I want to fuck you, if you still go all the way."

I bent over the pool table and spread my legs a bit apart to make it easy for him. It felt lovely being filled again as he entered me slowly. But he was being too gentle. "Fuck me hard, Pete," I told him.

He withdrew just as gently, then waited. I think he was teasing me. Just when I couldn't stand the anticipation any longer, he slammed into me.

He had just slammed into me for the third or fourth time when the door opened. It was Heather, with another boy. Pete said, "It's my brother" at the same time as I said, "It's my sister."

Then I said to Heather, "Can I borrow yours for a minute?"

"He's not mine, we were looking for you."

"Great, then you won't mind if I borrow him. Fancy a blow job while your brother fucks me?"

He didn't need asking twice. He was a bit bigger than his brother, but softer, though I soon put that right. The two brothers set up a rhythm, first alternating so Pete withdrew while his brother pushed his cock into my mouth, then he withdrew while Pete pounded me again. Then they changed so both pounded me at the same time. I don't know which I preferred, though the two sensations were quite different.

So I finally got to be spit-roasted although Pete didn't last much longer. Then Heather said, "Don't let that one cum in your mouth. I want him." So I stopped blowing him and got down. Heather made him lie on his back and lowered herself down onto him. She'd said she was tired but the energy she was putting into fucking him didn't give that impression.

She finally collapsed on top of him, his cum running out of her pussy.

When she recovered, she said, "God, I needed that. There's nothing better than sex as a tension reliever."

Pete's brother said, "Nice to know I'm just a substitute for Aspirin."

Heather gently punched him and all of us laughed.

All his cum had run out of her pussy onto his cock. I just had to have it, so pushing her aside, I put my mouth over his cock and gave him a good tongue bath. I love the taste of cum, though it felt strange tasting Heather as well on his cock.

When I'd licked my lips clean, I introduced myself. "Hi, I'm Shelley, you've met my sister, Heather."

"I'm Paul," he replied.

"Nice to eat you," I said, shaking his hand.

Then Heather reminded us, "I think we'd better get cleaned up and get back to Laura and James before they wonder where we are."

After a good wash, we went back into the main bar. We needn't have hurried. Laura and James were too busy kissing and feeling each other up to have even noticed we had gone.

"Why don't you go into the room next door?" suggested Heather.

She showed Laura and James to the other bar.

Laura came back a while later looking like the cat that had got the cream. "Thanks, you two," she said. "I've been trying to get off with James for ages. One evening with you and he notices me."

"More than noticed, judging by the cum running down your leg," said Heather with a grin.

"Shit. I'm going to get cleaned up then it's probably time to go on to the club."

I was tempted to tell her not to waste that cum, I'd clean it off her, but I didn't really know her and we were in a public bar.

She disappeared for a few minutes then she and James came back together, hand in hand.

One more quick drink with Pete and Paul and we flew away (sorry awful joke) to the club. All I could think about was all six of us "cumming back" (even worse, I know) again, real soon. With six of us we had to take two taxis. James and Laura had to split up as only they knew where we were going, and Laura came with me and Pete, while James went with Paul and Heather.

I got into our taxi first and slid all the way across. Laura was next and as she bent forward I could see all of one boob including her nipple. Nice. Pete was last in and stretched his arm along the back of the seat. I don't think Laura noticed, she still had a dreamy look in her eyes. The overhead light went out when Pete shut his door.

As we pulled out a car horn hooted at us. "Up yours, mate," our driver growled, "I pay more Road Tax than you do, so fuck off!"

All of us laughed at that, but it made me look out the back. I couldn't tell which car had hooted, there were way too many. Night time in London, I thought, wicked! No plans for sleeping anytime soon, that's for sure.

I turned round to look out the side window. A Chinese (I think) girl was running along the pavement towards us. She was wearing a thin long-sleeved jumper and jeans, and her long dark hair flowed behind her. As she ran past some West Indian boys, one of them must have shouted something, probably rude because they all laughed. She didn't even look back, I bet she was late for a date. Then I gulped. The tallest boy was wearing a tight white t-shirt and I could see how buff he was, even from the taxi. I quickly rolled down my window and waved at him, but he never looked my way. Damn!

And then there were the lights. Every shop we passed was shut but their windows were still brightly lit. In the next block there were three restaurants, a café and an Indian takeaway and they were all heaving.[\(see cultural notes\)](#)

With the window open I could hear London too. Even with the traffic I could see and hear two men arguing, but I couldn't make out what they were shouting about, or even if it was English. Then a café door opened and I got a quick blast of some retro-dance.

The taxi turned onto a much busier road. We overtook a double-decker bus and the exhaust fumes were strong enough to make my eyes water. I turned my head back towards Laura and Pete and waved my hand in front of my nose but it didn't help much.

Laura laughed, "The sights and sounds of London. And now the smells too, huh?"

I grinned as Pete added, "Burn you a new fucking nose, them buses. Welcome to London!"

I was about to say, fuck the bus fumes, everything else is amazing, when I looked past Pete out his window and suddenly saw more bright lights on the side of one building than I had ever seen before.

"What the fuck is that?" I pointed through the window.

Laura looked where I was pointing. "Harrods.. the department store."

The world knows what Harrods is, you cow, I thought. Any other time I'd have said something but this sight just took my breath away. I stared and stared until the taxi slowed to a crawl near the first display window.

Now those were dresses. A girl could wear one of those anywhere! "Look at those..." I couldn't even get the word out, "...there, in the window."

Laura clearly was as impressed as me. "I don't know about you, but I'd go broke just walking past the windows," she sighed.

There was such a note of real longing in Laura's voice that it broke the spell I was under.

"Yeah, I know what you mean. Hey Laura, it doesn't matter. Look what we bought tonight. In that dress you're wearing, girl, you could choose from all the boys in that pub back there and just..." I snapped my fingers, "...snap your fingers."

"She's flyin', babe," Pete agreed, ([see cultural notes](#)) "Snap your fingers and I'll prove it."

Laura smiled and placed her hand along Pete's cheek. "You're pretty hot, but..."

"Yeah, I know," Pete sighed, "Your boyfriend. Jammy bugger."

"And I bet there's not a dress in Harrods to touch mine. I mean..." I quickly unzipped both my boobs. I watched Laura's eyes drop to my chest and stay there. I felt the cool air on my nipples and I couldn't resist playing with them a little.

I got a reaction from the driver as well. "Those are gorgeous, love," he called back to me. "I mean, you're gorgeous too, but those are.. outstanding."

"Thanks, but I think it's the air that's making them stand out."

I looked at the driver and he seemed to be looking forwards, but then I noticed his mirror was at an odd angle. I looked straight at it and blew him a kiss.

"I'm old enough to be your dad, love. Look, I'm not hitting on you, but I hope you don't mind an old bloke having a butcher's."

I grinned at the mirror. "You're never too old to look, are you?"

Then Pete came in with, "I read about this bloke once. He put it in his will that they were supposed to drill a couple of eye holes in his casket just in case." All of us laughed at that.

I turned and looked out my window again. It seemed like every other shop window had amazing clothes in it, even the shops for blokes.

I sat there thinking what a great place London was. Here I was sitting in a taxi with three other people, sightseeing like any other tourist, but my tits were hanging out

and none of them were batting an eyelid, unless you count the driver.

This night just keeps getting better and better.

Shelley, part 11

Program WEEK TWO

THURSDAY Night

It seemed to take ages to get to the club, but I didn't really care as I watched London go by. For a while this amazing white "stretch limo" (that's what Pete called it) was next to us. I couldn't see into its windows but I decided I wanted one for Christmas anyway (only kidding, Mum). After it turned down a side street I looked up and saw a giant poster with a picture of a huge nightclub with a pool and the phrase:

The only thing missing at Club Color?

U

"That's where we're going," Laura explained.

Pete said, "Oh, I've been there before. But didn't it used to be called Blue?"

"Yeah," she replied, "But that was before they opened the other levels a few months ago. You know the way in then?"

"The way in?" A look I couldn't figure out crossed between them. "Oh, yeah, I remember."

That sounded interesting, I thought. I suddenly remembered my boobs were still out and I thought I better put them away again until we got inside the club.

"Show's over, folks. Don't want to get thrown out of the club before I get in, do I?"

I zipped myself up again. As I did, the driver re-adjusted his mirror and chuckled, "Ta, love. Me trouble (see [cultural notes](#)) won't know what hit her tonight."

Even Laura laughed at that. I knew he was going to be thinking about me when he

was doing his wife later. That is so cool, I thought. I must remember to ask Laura if she gets the same buzz after a strip show that I was feeling right then, and for the same reason.

When we finally arrived, from the outside it looked depressing, like a huge brick warehouse. Along the whole side of the warehouse were painted the words "CLUB COLOR".

There was quite a long queue outside, so we had to wait a while to get in.

Heather and I got stopped by the bouncer because we had no I.D.

Dammit! We pleaded with the bouncer but he wouldn't change his mind and waved us aside.

Then James said, "Haven't you seen them on telly or in the papers? Shelley's photo's been on every front page today."

The bouncer called his mate over. He looked me up and down with a big grin on his face. "Keep these two out of the club and when the boss finds out, you'll be dead."

I gave him a peck on the cheek. He thought for a moment then smiled at James, "Here's some passes for the VIP lounge. How many of you are there?"

"Six."

He handed us each a gold credit-card-sized piece of plastic. "Have fun."

If I wasn't impressed by the outside, my first impression inside was even worse. The door led into a badly-lit corridor which smelled of damp. At the end of the corridor was an escalator, which we went up. Turning round at the top, we went up another one and then a third.

We found ourselves in a small brightly-lit room, with four plastic tubes which were slides, as the only exit. Between one pair of tubes was a man, who waited for the light at the top of the tube to go green before allowing the next person to slide down. The other pair of tubes was closed off by a bar locked across them.

I looked down the tube, but it spiralled away into darkness with only a row of multicoloured lights running down the top on the inside of each tube. The boys went first, then Laura. "See you at the bottom," she yelled as she disappeared into the gloom.

After about twenty seconds the light went green and I pushed myself off. The lights disappeared at one point, leaving me in darkness for a second or two, before incredibly bright lights blinded me as the slide went flat and the sides vanished. A second later the slide dipped down and I found myself in cool water.

It was quite shallow, but when I stood up I was totally drenched. Quite a few people stood around the small pool, laughing, among them, Laura. The cow was completely dry.

"I forgot to tell you you have to roll out to the side the moment it goes flat or you end up in a pool," she said, grinning madly. Forgot, my arse.

Before she could react I grabbed her and pulled her into the pool with me, and a swift sweep with my right leg cut her legs out from under her and she was sitting in the pool next to me.

I heard another splash and turned round to see Heather land in another pool a few yards away.

We were hurried out of the pools so the next people could come down the slide, then Laura realised that guys were staring at her.

Her lycra body clung to her even more and was totally transparent. She might as well have been naked, you could see every curve and her nipples stood out clearly. Even her skirt was virtually see-through. I wanted to do her right there in front of everybody!

She put her hands to her boobs to cover them. "Oh my God..." she began to panic.

James came and gave her a hug. "You look fantastic," he reassured her. "At least yours don't show quite as much as Shelley's."

For the first time, I noticed my own clothes. The thin cotton of the dress was like a second skin and was practically invisible. On the way down in the slide, the pussy zip had come all the way undone leaving my pussy totally exposed to anyone who cared to look, and quite a few did.

Heather was even more indecent. Her sheer top was as invisible as mine, and the strip of material that had been covering her pussy was wedged up inside it. She pulled it out, but it still didn't hide much.

I noticed that Laura had removed her hands from her boobs and was enjoying the attention.

The boys and Laura led us through to a small "drying room". Huge fans blew out hot air. It was like being inside a giant hair dryer.

When we'd stopped actually dripping, but were still damp, we went out to the main dance floor. It was at least twice the size of Ws. At least I took it to be the main dance floor. I was soon to find out that it was only one of four dance floors.

This dance floor, the one on the ground floor, came complete with a swimming pool that made the one in Ws look like a child's paddling pool. Rather than a proper side, the floor just sloped down into the pool gently at one side, so there

was no edge to fall over. Along one side of the dance floor was a stage. Where the stage met the pool was the only place you could actually jump into the water. Near to that point on the stage was a row of showers, each with a silver vertical pole. A guy and a girl were standing under the one of the showers, she in a bikini, he in shorts, kissing and caressing each other. I could see his hard-on through his damp and clingy shorts. I don't think he was wearing underwear, grin.

The whole place was painted in blue and silver and black.

"Come on," said Laura, grabbing mine and Heather's hands. "While the boys are getting the drinks in, I'll show you the rest," then, to the boys, "We'll meet you at Red2M."

"The rest?" I said.

She laughed. "You're not used to London clubs, are you?"

She led us through some thick doors, up a flight of stairs, and through another set of thick doors into a room which was almost as big as the first. This one had even louder music than the one below it. The décor was black and purple, with white flashing lights that seemed to come from everywhere.

Another flight of stairs led to a third room, about half the size of the previous ones. The colour scheme was different again, vivid reds and oranges mixed with the inevitable black.

Through another door, along a brightly-lit corridor was another, fourth room, the same size as the third. This had a gentler atmosphere, and was painted in pastel greens and blues, the only black being the wood panelling, the bar area and the doors. The lighting was soft and it was also cooler than the other rooms. "This is the chill zone," explained Laura.

I'm not sure I'd have described it as a chill zone as the room seemed to be filled with couples kissing and feeling each other. Still being damp, the lower temperature made me shiver.

Laura noticed me shivering. "Let's go back to reds," she said and took us back to the previous room. I hadn't noticed before but along the walls were letters and numbers. We found the section that read 2M and sure enough, James, Pete and Paul were there with our drinks.

"This place is quite something," said Heather, obviously as impressed as I was.

"We like it," said James. He took us over to a side area near the stairs where there was a whole row of small stands offering fast food. Paul chose a small portion of curry and rice, so Heather said, "If you're having that I'd better have one too."

Laura chose noodles with chicken from another stand and the rest of us had

burgers. Mine was so thick that I nearly got some of it down my dress. Pete was forced to keep licking my fingers clean so I just had to do the same for him. Fair's fair, right?

After eating we watched some dancers they had on a stage for a while, then James suggested we go down to Blue for the games.

"Games?" asked Heather suspiciously.

"You'll see."

Downstairs the male staff were going through the club selecting girls for the games. They seemed to be selecting the sexiest dressed, so I wasn't surprised when one of them grabbed all three of us.

I wasn't, but Laura was. "Shit," she said, "I'd forgotten what I was wearing. I'm usually dressed too tamely for them to bother with." She turned to her "recruiter". "Sorry, I can't do this," she said.

He shrugged his shoulders, "Up to you, but it'll be fun and you might win."

I wasn't letting her get away with that. "If you set us two up, you can do it too." I grabbed one hand and Heather grabbed the other and we dragged her through the club. I say dragged, but she didn't exactly resist very much. And she was giggling. A good sign.

Three trampolines had been dragged onto the stage. "Okay," announced the MC over the PA system. "Each girl has thirty seconds to jump up and use one of these knitting needles to pop a balloon. They are being timed. At the end of the next game, the girls with the worst scores for both rounds will be eliminated. That will leave twelve girls to go on to round three."

It soon became obvious what the attraction of this game was, to the boys there anyway. Having picked the girls with the skimpiest clothes, all that bouncing up and down soon meant that quite a few of the girls' clothes couldn't hold in their boobs. One or two stopped to re-adjust their clothes and tried to hold themselves in, but most just carried on until the balloons were burst.

Laura looked mortified, but she needn't have worried. Her top held her in okay, though her skirt flying up gave some lovely views of her thong. It was still wet and very see-through.

Heather's top just flew up flashing her tits with every bounce while the strip of material supposedly covering her pussy found its way into it instead. Funny, but nobody seemed to mind.

My boobs were safe enough, but, like Laura's, my skirt flew up with every jump. But unlike Laura, I had nothing on underneath.

"She's gonna have fun in the next game," laughed the MC.

Before I could ask Laura what the next game was, the trampolines were wheeled away and replaced by two metal stands with a light cane pole balanced across them. Limbo. So that's what he meant.

Poor Laura got picked first for the second round. With her legs spread briefly as she ducked under the pole, the thong I'd picked for her stretched tightly across her pussy and hardly hid anything. A giant screen behind her showed a close-up of the thong.

Quite a few of the girls found themselves in the same predicament as Laura as thongs never designed for gymnastics revealed more than they hid. Laura shrieked when she saw the giant image. "Oh my God, did they show me like that?" I nodded, grinning. "I might as well have been naked. It's like a porno mag."

Heather fell on her first turn, but the MC announced, "Now to stay in the game a girl who falls can forfeit her knickers or thong or whatever that is."

So Heather simply took off the material I had tied around her pussy, to cheers from the boys. She turned it into a scarf for her neck.

I was next after Heather, that is, they'd saved me for last. Luckily I didn't fall as I had nothing to take off. But for some reason I got a cheer anyway. The giant screen image of my pussy just might have had something to do with it. I could feel myself getting wet down there and that had nothing to do with that first pool.

They lowered the pole and a few girls fell on the next turn. Two removed their knickers to more cheers, the others dropped out.

On the next turn Laura fell. "That's me out," she said.

"Come on, Laura, other girls have done it, and you did say you might as well be naked," I argued.

Some boys had started chanting "Strip! Strip! Strip!"

But above them all came a "Come on, Laura, don't give up now."

"Was that James?" I asked her. She nodded.

"Well, what are you waiting for?"

"I don't know." She sounded doubtful but her eyes were shining. Right, girl, Shelley to the rescue!

I put my hand between her legs. "Girl, you're dripping at the thought of all those boys looking at you. Don't tell me you don't know." I began to peel down her thong and she didn't stop me. Of course nobody could see anything, yet.

We lost a few more girls in that round, then Laura surprised me by not hesitating and going for it on her next turn. She got a lot of cheers, even though she fell. She didn't even get up immediately, but lay there with her legs spread for a few seconds while the guys whistled and whooped. When she came back to me, her face was red. "Oh my God, that was... Shit, what have you done to me Shelley? Mum always warned me about what some boys are like, but she never mentioned anything like you."

I laughed. You ain't the first to say that, I thought.

James had come close to the stage, but was being held back by security. Laura tapped one of the security guys on the shoulder to let him through to the edge of the stage. James grabbed her and kissed her. He spoke to her but I couldn't hear what he said.

"Well? What did he say?" I asked when he went back.

"He said I was great. He never thought I had it in me... Oh and he's going to fuck me senseless later." She had a big grin from ear to ear and I could even see her teeth biting her tongue.

The girls who had been eliminated had been taken to the edge of the stage, which dropped down, dropping them in the pool.

The MC was speaking again. "Okay, we're down to the final twelve. Before the next round, we have a couple of celebrities with us. You've probably seen them in all the newspapers this morning. Direct from TV interviews to Club Color, it's Slut School's Shelley and Heather, please come up here, girls."

Heather sighed and we both went to the MC's stand.

She tried to tell him that we don't go to slut school, but I'm sorry, Dr. Reynolds, I think that name's stuck.

"On a serious note, I'm sure we're all pleased you're safe and well, Shelley. Let's have a cheer for the Hoover sisters..." I shook my head and he put out his hand to silence everyone and handed me a small mike.

"Not the Hoover sisters, the Slutsisters," I said, much to Heather's embarrassment. "She's Superslut and I'm Hurricaneslut."

"Why Hurricaneslut?"

"Nobody can keep up with me and I'm unstoppable," I answered.

"That sounds like throwing down the gauntlet to me, folks. Let's see how they do in our next game."

We were divided into three groups of four and Heather, Laura and I were split up.

Three twister mats were laid out.

You know the game of twister, right? Well, imagine it played with a dozen scantily-clad girls, some with no knickers and with a wandering camera focusing on all the interesting bits and showing the image on a giant screen. Tits 'n' ass, as the Americans say, and of course lots of pussy.

Unlike the limbo some of the time I could see the screen. At one point the camera was focused on Laura's bum showing her arse and pussy clearly. I decided that she had a nice arse. If I ever get down to London again..... Who are you kidding, Miss Fearless? WHEN I get down to London again...

The first two girls to fall on each mat were eliminated one of which was Heather, and met the same watery fate as the other girls eliminated.

That left six of us. We were taken to the dancing poles with the showers. The MC said, "Okay, this is a dance-off to eliminate two more girls. You can each choose, you can dance dry, or have the shower going too. Whichever you think will be hottest."

The first girl danced dry, but she was an incredible dancer. What moves. Even Tara could learn something. I was second and I used the shower, knowing it would turn everything I was wearing see-through, which couldn't hurt my chances. I pretended I was Tara as I gyrated and slowly undid all the zips on my dress and played with my boobs and pussy. At the end I left the zips undone.

The third girl was a crap dancer but spent the whole time spreading her legs and rubbing her pussy. She tried to direct the water over her pussy as much as possible.

I don't really remember the next two, but Laura was last. To my surprise, she opted for the shower and in seconds she might as well have been naked. I was also amazed that she was an extremely good dancer, something I would never have expected. She had replaced her thong, but halfway through tore it off and threw it into the crowd. "Atta girl!" I shouted. Pete stuck two fingers in his mouth and whistled very loudly.

The first girl, me, the third girl and Laura made it through to the final. That was, in order, dancing, sex, sex, and in Laura's case dancing AND sex. The other two girls went into the pool.

"The final round is Who Dares Wins. Each girl has thirty seconds to do something that she thinks the other girls won't dare to do. The other girls then have thirty seconds to copy her or they are eliminated. First up is Mandy." (Mandy was the third girl.)

She simply took off all her clothes, lay down, spread her legs and held her pussy wide open. Laura and the first girl looked horrified. The first girl walked off in disgust.

"Laura, what difference does it make? They've seen virtually all of you."

To my astonishment, she did it. It seemed like a reasonable enough request to me. Of course I did it, no problem.

"Next is Shelley."

I just got down beside Laura and stuck my tongue into her pussy, then, so the camera could see, took my head away a little and began to finger her, then sucked her juices off my fingers.

When my time was up Mandy replaced me. She started to finger Laura but didn't lick her and wouldn't suck her fingers clean, so she was eliminated.

"I'm really gonna do this. I don't believe I'm doing this." She was getting herself worked up, so I kissed her. I'd only intended a small kiss, but the reaction from the crowd was... wow. So, not wanting to disappoint an audience, I slipped my tongue into her mouth and to my surprise felt her tongue slip into mine. Her hand was feeling my pussy and I remembered what we were supposed to be doing.

I lay down and told her. "Come on, get that tongue in there as well."

She didn't pause for a second. She positioned her head so the camera could see her tongue go into me, then put her fingers into me, then into my mouth, back into me, back into her mouth, until her time was up.

"My turn now," she said. She positioned herself over me in a 69 and began to finger me again, but then she beckoned to James. When he was allowed through at the MC's orders, she stopped fingering me for a minute and unzipped his trousers and started giving him a blow-job.

Suddenly people around us were spraying us with foam from fake extinguishers.

"Now we've cooled them off, I think it's only fair to say that Laura is the winner."

I was a little pissed off at first until he went on.

"Shelley is used to doing all this in public, so let's have an extra big hand for Laura, who's been a regular here for longer than I have and never dared to take part before. She wins a year's free admittance for herself and up to three guests, including passes to the VIP lounge. And she'll go on to the final, where she could win a holiday or a car."

Brushing the foam off our faces, I gave Laura another kiss.

Picking up our clothes, but not bothering to put them on, Laura took us through to the VIP lounge, reached by a small footbridge over the pool. Heather, Pete and Paul followed us there.

I jumped straight in the jacuzzi. Heather and the boys undressed and she, Pete and

Paul joined me in there, but Laura stopped James. "It's only fair I finish what I started," she said, and went back to giving him a blow-job.

This time there were no interruptions, except when Laura asked him, "Do you want to cum in my mouth, over my face, boobs, or what?"

"Over your face," he said.

"Why do guys like that?" she asked all of us, before returning to the job in hand, or in mouth.

Pete answered her, "Because it's so dirty and it's like he's marking you as his."

At that moment, he marked her. Most of it missed her face and landed in her hair, but he didn't seem to mind.

"Happy now?" she asked with a big smile on her face.

I was about to lick the cum off her face, when we were all startled by Heather spluttering. She had fallen asleep in the jacuzzi and slipped below the water. Paul was nearest to her and dragged her out of there.

When she could speak, she said, "Sorry, I'm just so tired. I hardly slept Tuesday night and didn't sleep at all last night worrying myself sick about someone not far from me now." She glared at me, but laughed.

Paul dried her with one of the big fluffy towels stacked in a corner, then he made her lie down over two of the chairs. He continued caressing her with the towel until she fell asleep, this time safely.

Laura had slipped herself into the jacuzzi and washed her face and was already kissing James.

"Well, I suppose I'll have to look after both of you," I grinned at Pete and Paul.

They got into position to spit-roast me again, but I said "No, I want to try something else. But first, Pete, can you fuck me?"

He didn't need asking twice, and soon I felt that satisfying fullness that comes from being well stuffed with a hard cock. But as he was really getting going, I pulled away and said, "Don't worry, I haven't finished with you yet."

Then I called Paul, "As you were so nice to Heather, I want you to fuck the only place I'm still a virgin." His eyes lit up.

"I've never done this before," he confessed.

"That makes two of us, then. Get it wet in my pussy then be gentle."

When he pushed his dick into my pussy, I almost didn't want to let him go. I lay on

my back and used both hands to hold my arsecheeks open for him and braced myself for the pain. It hurt a bit when he pushed into me an inch or so, but he waited for me to say okay before he continued. I panted like a mother giving birth until he was all the way in. He paused again until I told him to continue.

"Wait. Pete, put your legs over me and fuck my pussy at the same time."

It was a bit awkward, but by Paul leaning back and me moving around a little, Pete managed it and I felt the incredible sensation of have a cock in both holes at the same time.

"Laura, Can I borrow James for a minute?"

"Only if I can watch."

I was going to make a joke about it being a reasonable request, then realised that she wouldn't understand.

James went to his jacket and took out a camera. "I forgot to get photos earlier," he said, taking a couple of me with the two boys before handing the camera to Laura.

I took his dick into my mouth. Three at once. Wow! Wow! WOW!

"Come on boys. Fuck the little slut senseless." This was quiet little Laura?!!!

I pulled my mouth off James for a second, "That's 'fearless little slut', miss." Back to work.

As they obeyed her, she kept taking photos.

"Why are you holding back, James?" she asked.

"Because it's you I want to fuck senseless."

At that moment I felt both Pete and Paul cum inside me which brought on my own climax.

When I was back in the world of the living again, I watched Laura being royally fucked by James. Pete had taken the camera and was taking lots of pictures.

When James had finished and withdrawn, Pete took a photo of cum leaking out of Laura's pussy.

I just had to taste it. "You said you missed the photos of us together earlier." I stuck two fingers into her pussy and brought out some of his cum, put it in my mouth, then put my tongue right into her.

"Not fair, I want some," cried Laura, so I moved round and positioned my pussy over her face, then dived back into hers.

Of course James had to get some great shots of Laura with her tongue in my pussy.

I rubbed myself over her face smearing her with cum, then turned round again so that he could get us kissing.

"There's a couple of empty pussies here," I challenged, but the boys were spent, for a while anyway.

Laura and I washed each other down, then James gently dried her and dressed her, while Pete and Paul did the same for me.

Paul gently picked up Heather so as not to wake her and carried her through the club. We heard one girl bitch "What a slut" when she saw Heather being carried out. Laura and I looked at each other and giggled.

We went outside to a row of waiting taxis. Paul gently put her in a back seat and sat in there himself, resting her head on his lap.

The other four of us got into another taxi and I immediately asked the driver if he had some paper and a pen I could borrow. I tore the paper in thirds and gave one piece to Laura and another to Pete with my address and phone number on each piece. I got Pete, James and Laura to write down their details on the third bit.

"I don't believe the things you got me to do tonight," said Laura. "You're a bad influence, Hurricane Slut."

We all laughed.

"She's a wonderful influence," retorted James.

"And you're not biased I suppose?" she asked, then turned to me. "If you come again, what will you do then? Get me gangbanged?"

"No, that's Heather's speciality," I joked, feeling a bit bad as I let it slip out.

"I just hope James doesn't expect me to act like this every night."

"No, just once or twice a week will do, so long as you keep me going in between." That earned him a punch in the ribs.

The taxi had a wide back seat and I had claimed the middle for Laura and me. Laura was on my right so Pete had gone round the back and climbed in on my left. James was next to Laura by the other door.

Laura sank back into the seat and sighed. She still had that just-fucked air about her and a little smile that seemed to be remembering James and a certain VIP lounge. Pete had his arm round my shoulders.

I was too wired to relax so I whispered to Pete, "What do you think? Wanna make the driver's night?"

He had the perfect answer. He reached up to the roof and found a switch that

turned on an overhead light. It was just like a spotlight on Laura and me. Wicked!

"Appearing for one night only," Pete announced, "Direct from Club Color, the lovely, the amazing... Shelley!"

Suddenly I had the attention of a surprised Laura, never mind the driver.

"Hang about, Shelley," she warned. "Screwing around in a club is one thing. But whatever your evil mind is plotting, I'm sure it's illegal in public." She turned to James. "Help me out here, dammit!"

James leant over and kissed her cheek. "Babe, whatever Shelley gets up to here, it can't be worse than banging your boyfriend on a pool table in an open pub. Anyone could have walked in on us back there, and I don't think either one of us would have given a fuck."

Pete was there before me, "Yeah, you guys were way too busy giving each other a fuck."

Even Laura laughed at that. "Well-ll-ll I suppose that's right." Then she suddenly grabbed James' face between her hands. "Did you just say 'boyfriend', you cheeky bugger?"

"Might 'a' done. Can't remember. Guys, did I say 'boyfriend' just now?"

I slammed my hand over Pete's mouth. This was NOT a time for something sarky from him. I kept quiet as well.

"Right, James Whatever-the-rest-of-your-name-is. You better give me the right answer right now. Do you want me to be your girlfriend?"

James came up with the right answer. He reached a hand behind her head and pulled her into a kiss that I could almost taste as well. Laura was pushing herself so hard into the kiss that I could feel the pressure of her butt pushing back against my hip. It was Rather Nice.

But if this was not a time for Pete's humour, it was certainly also not the time for Shelley's wandering hands, although it was really hard to resist touching her. She was moving her whole body now, including what was touching me.

When Laura decided breathing was important again, she grinned stupidly at me, "Go ahead, do your worst, girl. I don't give a fuck any more." Now THAT was funny.

I briefly hoped the driver wouldn't crash the taxi but decided that we weren't moving fast enough to be that worried. I took a deep breath and muttered so only Pete could hear, "Showtime!"

I reached for the zippers by my left boob but Pete's hand was already there. Zip,

zip, pull and I could feel the cool night air on my nipple just like earlier. My nipple still liked the feeling. Pete leant down to suck on me, but I pulled his head up again.

"Think of our audience, babe. I don't think the driver wants to see the back of your head."

"Oh." The dear boy sounded genuinely disappointed, but nonetheless went to work on my tit with his fingers. He rubbed, he squeezed, he tweaked, every move firm and tender at the same time. He wet his palm with his tongue and started rotating his hand in mid-air so that his palm was teasing the tip of my nipple. God, he was good.

Laura's eyes had gone all gooey as she watched Pete's hand doing its thing. I decided Laura's time had come. I quickly unzipped my other boob. That nipple was hard even before the air hit it.

"This one's lonely, Laura."

Nothing more was needed. Laura twisted round and bent her head to my tit. Her lips surrounded the nipple. At first she just sucked soft little sucks, but soon I felt her tongue as well pushing and licking. She's done this before, I thought, and not just at the club tonight. They didn't teach her that technique in Sex Ed., that's for sure.

She looked up at me and smiled then reached over behind Pete's head and pulled it down to my left tit as she returned her mouth to my right one. Two nipples, two busy mouths, I was toasting, roasting and coasting. Then without warning Laura bit down hard. A sudden jolt went straight from my nipple to my pussy. I gasped loudly, the first sound any of us had made for quite some time.

What she had been doing before, and what Pete was doing now had made me forget I even had a pussy. But not any longer! Now everything they did was in stereo, half on my tits, half in my pussy. I didn't know if I could cum just from what they were doing but I was willing to find out.

I was able to reach down behind the mesh across Laura's chest and caress her tits. The first time I squeezed a nipple she gave a small cry and pushed my hand hard against her with one of her hands. Clearly she was as needy as I was.

"Pete," I whispered, "I'll make it up to you later, but Laura..."

Pete grinned back, "Go for it, babe. I don't mind watching."

"James?"

"If Laura's cool, I'm cool."

Laura had not said a word since giving me the green light. Now she sat up and

leant back against James. She pulled up her skirt and tried to spread her legs. I manoeuvred (another word I had to look up to spell correctly) round and knelt on the floor so she could get one leg on the seat and one on the floor. Her pussy was pointing directly at me, and over my shoulder at the driver. I realised the taxi wasn't moving any more and that the driver was kneeling up and leaning over the front seat to watch.

The thong I'd bought her was completely transparent again from her juices. I peeled it to one side so all of us except James could admire her pussy. It was swollen and looked very wet. The only hair she had down there was a dark narrow strip about three inches long from the top of her pussy towards her navel. That's your lot, boys, I thought and leant forward covering her pussy with my open mouth.

I could concentrate here on what I was doing, not like back at 'Club Crazy'. Her pussy tasted even better now than it had before. I started with long slow licks from her arse up and across her clit. Each time my tongue touched her clit her whole body shuddered. She was close.

I stopped for a moment and looked up towards her face. James had pulled down the top of her body and was very busy with his hands on her tits. I watched as he squeezed both nipples at the same time.

"Shit, babe," she growled, "Do that again." So he did. Her body writhed even though I was nowhere near her pussy.

Now she glared at me. "Don't even think about stopping. I need this."

I went back to work. This time I used my fingers too, probing for her G-spot. I think I found it when she yelped and said something none of us could understand.

That's when Pete said, "You shouldn't be left out, Shelley."

He reached underneath me and unzipped my skirt, then pulled the whole thing up round my waist giving the driver a clear view of my naked arse. I was already almost as wet as Laura so Pete simply started to fuck me slowly with two of his fingers. That boy is going get his later, whatever he wants. He must have been watching Laura carefully because his fingers sped up as Laura got even closer. I kept working her pussy with my fingers now and concentrating on her clit with my mouth. Then Laura started to cum and Pete must have used his other hand to rub my clit hard. Holy Fucking Shit! I was gone!

When I was awake again my mouth was full of Laura's juices. Pete was gently rubbing my pussy area while his other fingers kept moving in and out slowly. Then Laura pulled my head up to hers and kissed me deeply.

She broke the kiss and, leaning back against James, found her normal voice again.

"First James, now you. The best fucks I've ever had." Then she smiled. "Your turn?"

"Not now," I sighed, "Heather is gonna be worried about me again if she wakes up and I'm not there."

I turned to Pete. "You, on the other hand, are on a promise. Whatever you want, however you want it."

I noticed the driver. He was dumbfounded. "Mr. Driver, has this taxi run out of petrol?" Everyone laughed.

Pete suddenly remembered the meter. "How much is this ride gonna cost us?" He sounded worried.

"Don't worry, mate. I flipped the meter a long time ago. I'm going off the clock now. After your little show, ladies, I'm gonna have to take my break. There is someone I know not far from your hotel. I'm gonna make her head spin." I thought of the girls in Rugby and smiled to myself.

I reached into my bag and handed him a tenner. "Will this cover it?" I asked.

"More than enough, darlin'."

I told the driver to keep the change. Pete looked insulted so I gave him a little kiss. "Don't you worry, babe. I'm starving again and thirsty and Room Service is not cheap. By the time the night is over, you may end up grateful I paid for the ride. And James, I bet Laura could use something to eat as well."

Laura had a giggle fit. "You better feed me, sweet thing. Otherwise I may do something later you'll find very, very painful."

"Yeah," I added, "Supper, blow-job, a hungry girl could get confused."

All of us were laughing now, the driver loudest of all.

I looked again at the driver. He was NOT bad-looking, in an ancient sort of way.

"What's your name?" I asked him.

"George."

"Married, George?"

"Nope. Tried it once but it didn't work out. She's in the Midlands somewhere now with a nice bloke and a cute daughter."

You know how you suddenly form an impression about someone, good or bad, and you haven't a clue how or why. Well, for some reason I got a really nice vibe off this guy. I decided to add another item to my list of sexy things I wanted to do.

This item read, "Fuck a nice old guy."

Then I remembered something he'd said earlier. "George, this 'someone not far from our hotel'. She wouldn't be a working girl, would she?"

"She would. Her name's Sally, but when she's working she calls herself Michelle."

"Sounds like you've known her a long time?"

"About four years. Why?"

"I'll tell you in a minute. Are you nice to her?"

"Yeah, I think so. I give her presents for her birthday and Christmas, and I occasionally take her out for a meal. And I take 'working girl' seriously. Sometimes she wants to give me a pass but I always pay, except for MY birthday and Christmas."

"You're a good guy, George. Now I'll tell you why I'm asking all these questions. One of my best friends is... a whore." I felt Pete, Laura and James staring at me. I looked at them. "What? Whores can't have friends?"

As usual Pete was first. "No, of course they can. It's just that you're kinda young to have one as a friend. That's all, really."

He sounded cool about it. I wonder if he realised how close he was for a second or two to NOT being invited to stay with me that night.

I turned back to George. "When I come back to London to visit, any chance you could drive me around?"

"No problem, love." He reached behind his back and produced a business card and handed it to me. I read "George Marks, Driver for Private Hire" and a phone number.

I knelt directly in front of him. "Those questions I asked about Sally. You gave all the right answers, you know." I took his face in my hands and kissed him. He had thick lips but they were as soft as a girl's. Our tongues met and I thought, wow, what a big tongue he's got!

"George, if you drive for me do you think we could come to some kind of arrangement about the money?"

"Do you mean what I think you mean, love?"

"My name's Shelley not 'love', and yes, that's exactly what I mean." That new item I added to the list in my head? I crossed out "a nice old guy" and wrote in "George". And not because of that tongue of his.

He asked for his card again and wrote something on the back. "My mobile. I

always answer that unless I'm asleep. Not many people have that number."

"Does Sally?" I asked.

"Yes."

He got my trademark quick kiss on his nose. "Now, George, how far are we from our hotel?"

"About three minutes. You all ready?" All of us said yes.

Laura asked James, "What's the best way for Pete, and Paul I guess, to get into the girls' room?"

"Well I don't think they can just waltz across the lobby. We should be able to get them round the back and up the service lift though. What do you think?"

"Sounds right to me," Laura replied.

I gave George one more quick kiss when we got to the Hotel. The four of us found Heather and Paul sitting in the bar. Heather still looked sleepy.

"Where've you guys been?" I think she was too tired to really be annoyed. At least I hoped so.

Laura kissed me on the lips briefly and then answered, "Shelley and I made the taxi stop. The driver wanted to watch the show."

Paul laughed but Heather just shook her head wearily, "I don't know why I bothered to ask. I should have known better."

I squatted down next to her and spoke very quietly, "Sis, do you want Paul to stay the night?"

They looked at one another and both answered yes without looking back at me.

"Great, I want Pete to stay as well. So here's the plan. Laura and James will sneak the boys up to our room so no one else knows. I guess you and I should say goodnight to our friends and go up first."

I glanced at James and he nodded. Then he squatted next to me with a big grin.

"Let's do it like they do in a spy flick. I'll knock twice on your door, wait and knock twice more, okay?"

"Cool," I grinned back. What a night! Even the teeny-tiny things were fun.

Then Laura used an ordinary voice. "It's time for me to take James home. Maybe we'll get some sleep sometime. I'm not sure."

"Sounds like a challenge, woman!"

"You up for it, man?"

"Last time I looked," he nodded.

Everybody hugged everybody else in case we were being watched, then Heather and I went up to the room. Poor thing, she leant against me all the way up to our room. She was exhausted.

About five minutes after I shut our door I heard "knock-knock, pause, knock-knock".

I cracked the door and asked, "What's the password?"

Pete was still quick despite the hour, "Randy buggers."

In they came, both of them grinning.

Heather spoke first, "Paul, I gotta apologise to you. I'm still so tired that I just want to sleep. Sorry."

"Don't worry, babe. I already knew that." Then he chuckled, "That phrase everyone uses when they're trying to be polite about sex, sleeping together? Well, that's us for tonight. Besides I want to be here when you wake up. That should be fun."

"Well I hope I wake up before breakfast then," Heather smiled, "Because we have to get an early train."

"Shall I help you undress?"

"Please."

That was the last thing Heather or Paul said. Pete and I watched while Paul undressed Heather and then himself. He pulled back the bed clothes for her and she literally fell into bed. Paul pointed at the light and I nodded. I switched on the bathroom light and left that door open just a crack so when Pete switched off the main light there was just enough light from the bathroom to keep us from tripping over the furniture. I looked over at Paul lying there with my sister. What a smashing bloke he is. He was on his side facing the other way and holding Heather against his chest. I couldn't make out how she was lying.

I put my mouth right next to Pete's ear and whispered, "Here comes another first for me... silent fucking. Do you think you can manage that?"

Pete nodded and started to undress me. Then I did the same for him. We carefully pulled the bed clothes down off the foot of the bed until there was only a sheet and the pillows left on top. I lay down on my back and opened my arms for him.

He lay next to me and we started kissing. Funny, I thought, for all the sex I'd had tonight I'd done very little kissing. We made up for that now. Short kisses interrupted long ones. This was nice. I was pleased the room was warm so we were

comfortable lying there naked. I could feel his cock jabbing into my tummy, but I knew there was no hurry and that made it even nicer.

Pete took a string of little kisses over to one of my ears and blew gently into it. That made me shiver, so I did the same to him except I licked all over his ear as well. Then he pushed me on my back and licked his way to the tops of my tits. Round and round them he went with his mouth getting close to my nipples before veering away without touching them. I knew he was teasing me but I loved it. There was a kind of lovely tension building in my tummy that I'd never felt before. It seemed like it was so fragile that if he did more than he was doing right then, it would go and I wasn't ready to lose it just yet.

Then he ever-so-gently sucked a nipple into his mouth. Sure enough the feeling in my tummy went but it went with a little explosion of warmth that stretched from that nipple through my tummy and down into my pussy. He moved to my other nipple with his mouth but not before he repeated his trick from in the taxi. He wet his palm with spit and teased the first nipple while sucking on the second one.

I wondered if I could give him the same kind of pleasure by using my mouth on his nipples so I dragged him up for a kiss and whispered, "My turn. Are a guy's nipples as sensitive as a girl's?"

"I don't know, but I do know I like them licked and bitten gently."

I had my orders so I pushed him onto his back and got down to it. I licked and sucked and used my teeth carefully. I could tell from his breathing that he was digging this. Really cool. I went back up for some more kisses but then I felt something in my pussy that screamed, "For chrissakes, fill me!"

I raised my head and whispered, "Let's fuck now... but can I be on top?"

He grinned and nodded. I got up on my knees straddling him and reached down for his cock. Amazing, I thought, this was the first time I had actually touched it this time. He was HARD and I was WET so getting him in me was the easiest thing in the world to do. He grabbed my waist to help me get into the right position and then I just relaxed downwards. He slid into me smoothly as I dropped all the way down until our pubes met. I leaned forward and started fucking him, mostly with my hips moving more backwards and forwards than up and down.

I was doing it slowly and he started thrusting his hips up and down just as slowly. Doing it this way meant his hands could do wonderful things. Breasts, nipples, sides, tummy, his hands were everywhere, moving constantly, and I could feel every caress as if he had never touched me there before. He pulled me down so our mouths were close. But we didn't kiss, instead we took turns licking each other's lips. That was pretty wild too. His hands had moved round to my back and arse. This was a whole new area for his hands to explore. Again wherever he touched me I tingled.

And all the time we kept fucking, never speeding up but never stopping either. I had lost all sense of time. I only knew that at some point soon I was going to cum. I looked at him and asked, "Are you ready?"

"Oh, yes, real soon now."

"Should we go faster?"

"Haven't a clue, babe. Let's not and see what happens."

Some time after that I felt his cock get thicker (I think) and then start to spurt. I was nearly there but not quite. After he stopped and we went back to our rhythm it started for me. I had never cum like this before. It started somewhere deep in my pussy and slowly spread, into my thighs and down my legs, through my tummy up to my breasts and nipples, and strongest of all right up my spine to my brain. Nothing exploded but absolutely everything felt wonderful. And through it all Pete and I kept up the rhythm. Then suddenly I stopped. I had no energy left at all, but I didn't care. I just wanted this feeling to last.

But of course it didn't. It went slowly though so I could enjoy its going almost as much as its cumming. Pete just held me in his arms. I wanted to stay like that but didn't think that it would work, not all night. I rolled off him and flopped on my back.

He got up on one elbow, kissed me tenderly then asked me, "Which side do you want to sleep on?"

"Don't know. I've never done this before. What about you?"

"I've done it twice before and both times I was on your side. But I'll stay on this side tonight and see what it's like." Then he chuckled, "This'll mean I get the damp patch. Lucky you."

He got up and fetched the bedclothes from the floor and laid them over me. Then he switched the bathroom light off and slipped in next to me. He was on his back and I was on my side facing him with my head on his shoulder. I remember nothing else.

Shelley, part 12

Program WEEK TWO FRIDAY Daytime

Pete and I were lying on a blanket in the middle of this meadow. We'd been kissing and cuddling, naked of course, in the bright hot sunshine when he started to slide his hand up the inside of my thigh towards my pussy.

"Ouch! That fucking hurts," I heard myself shout. I opened my eyes and Heather was by the bed twisting one of my toes.

"Dr. Reynolds was just at the door and we have fifteen minutes to get down to breakfast, unless you want to survive the journey back on stale sandwiches."

Railway food, yuck! Hotel food, yummy! I was starving! I'm outta here, now.

"No way, José!" as I headed into the bathroom.

I'd just pulled the chain when Pete came in. He bowed, "Washer and drier to the stars, that's me."

He got the shower turned on and stood in the bath. "Come on, babe. Don't hang about."

I got in, got wet and got stuck in. I washed my front while Pete washed my back. He spent a little more time on my arse than was strictly necessary, but hey, that was allowed. Then we both turned round and I washed him. What a great butt he has! I bent down and gave it a quick kiss before making sure it shone. We rinsed ourselves off and were out of there. Three minutes tops!

That place sure supplied loads of towels. There was a large fresh towel for each of us. It'd be faster if we dried ourselves so that's what we did. When we'd finished, Pete threw both towels into a corner and took me in his arms.

"We've got time now," and kissed me. "Thank you for a wicked evening."

I kissed him back. "Don't you forget how it ended. I won't."

He grabbed my shoulders and spun me around. "Out," he ordered and smacked me hard on the bum.

"Ow! That'll cost you next time. I shan't forget," I promised him.

When we came out the bathroom, the other two were kissing by the window.

"Hey, you guys, no fucking around, remember?"

"Fuck off, Shel, we're dressed," Heather snarled over her shoulder. "Now, where were we?"

I grinned at them but didn't say anything. My sister looked happy and that was a very, good, thing.

I was struggling into yesterday's black outfit when Heather tossed a carrier at me and said, "Knickers today, okay?"

I think I was muttering as I rummaged through the bag and I could hear Pete chuckling behind me as he dressed. At least I managed to find a thong that wouldn't hide too much. It would have to do.

Then Paul said, "Come on, bro. Let's scarper ([see cultural notes](#)). Give us a minute so we go down on separate lifts, girls, okay?"

And then they were gone. I wondered if I'd ever see Pete again. God, I hoped so.

Heather was tying her trainers when I asked her, "So, did you and Paul wake up early then?"

"Yeah," she sighed, "But then we fell asleep again." She paused. "I like him."

"Wanna see him again?"

"What do you think?" I didn't need to answer that, her face answered it for me.

"Well I've got their phone number." I patted my bag before slinging it over my shoulder.

"And I've got Paul's email." She patted a pocket on her jeans.

Both of us were laughing as we left the room.

After a great breakfast, we piled into a taxi, but the driver said, "I'll take you, but you prob'ly won't get a train. They're on strike again so there's 'ardly any trains runnin'."

At Euston station, Dr. Reynolds asked him to wait while he found out if there was a train. There wasn't.

"Head teacher to head teacher, Julian, the inquiry, that is we, screwed up, not letting you return to where you were needed. So we need to get you back, now," stated Mrs. Chaplain firmly, "The inquiry budget will just have to stretch to plane fares." She made a quick phone call, then, "Stanstead please, driver."

Stanstead was heaving, but Mrs. Chaplain said that was normal. She left us with Dr. Reynolds while she bought four tickets to Blackpool.

I went exploring and in the food hall I saw a cute boy about my age. He had

trousers that were too tight for him making his bulge obvious, so I sat near him and stared at it, I mean him. No I don't, I mean it and him. I was good and didn't flash my knickers, but he got the message anyway and came over to me.

"Like a coffee?" he asked, "Or, judging by where you were looking, something else maybe?"

"A coffee first, please."

He went and got me a coffee. "What's your name?" he asked.

"Shelley. What's yours?"

"Ricky."

"Where you flying to?"

"Isle of Man, but I have to fly to Blackpool and change planes."

"Great, that's where I'm going."

"Isle of Man?"

"No, Blackpool. But we'll share a plane."

He looked like he was going to say something, but hesitated.

"What're you thinking?" I asked.

"Have you ever joined the Mile High Club?"

I decided to play coy and say, "What's that?"

"It's a club for people who've, you know, done it, in a plane, when it's flying."

"You mean you want to fuck me on the plane?" I tried to sound angry.

"Yes, I mean no, I mean yes. Sorry."

I grabbed his hand and put it between my legs. I knew I was wet at the thought.

I stroked his dick through his trousers. "You mean you want this in here."

"Stop, you'll get us arrested," he cried pulling away. "Sod the Mile High Club, let's find a loo... now."

"Nope. That's all you get until we take off. Look but no more touch." I turned to face him and opened my legs. This was getting fun. And, dammit, I was pleased Heather had made me put on some underwear.

I dragged him back to the others. "This is Ricky. I've always wanted to join the Mile High Club, so I said he can look but not touch until we take off."

Heather gave me a despairing look and shook her head.

"Where's that coffee lounge?" asked Mrs. Chaplain. She had a look in her eyes that said she'd heard me but wasn't gonna say anything. Instead she and Dr. Reynolds followed me and Ricky to the food hall. Heather didn't want one, so she stayed where she was.

Our flight had been called for a second time and Heather still hadn't come, so Dr. Reynolds sent me to get her.

When we got on the flight, Dr. Reynolds lowered his head to me and said quietly, "I want to talk to Heather. Why don't you and your friend find somewhere more private at the back?" He was grinning. Cool.

The plane was half empty so we picked a double seat near the toilets. I LOVE take-offs and Ricky let me sit by the window. I watched as we rolled back from the terminal and seemed to crawl to the end of the runway. We stopped there for ages. I think Ricky was bored as he slipped a hand over my top and began to play with one of my nipples from the outside. I moved his hand and put it underneath my top.

As we starting moving again, he slipped his hand down to my pussy and I opened my legs a little to make it easier for him. By the time we took off, he had two fingers pushing in and out of me, faster and faster.

"And we have lift-off," he said.

"In more ways than one," I sighed. I remembered Pete's fingers in the taxi last night. Ricky's were almost as good.

I stopped watching the buildings below getting smaller as I came. He took his fingers out of me and sucked on them, then kissed me. I could taste myself on him.

He pulled my top up and bent down to lick my nearest nipple. I made him stop when the air hostess brought round tea and coffee, which we refused, but I know she saw his hand, which had gone back to my pussy, and she could hardly have missed my face. I felt like it was burning from having just cum and from embarrassment. (Yes, Shelley gets embarrassed!)

Once she'd gone, we got up and slipped into the toilet. After locking the door, I attacked him, pulling his trousers and pants down. There wasn't much room.

"Sit down and I'll sit on you," I said, pulling my skirt up and thong off.

He didn't argue and I turned my back to him and lowered myself onto him. Just the thought of what we were doing had made him hard and I'd been wet since he'd suggested it, but I still had to guide him into my pussy.

I pushed down hard onto him and he let out a gasp, then I began working myself

up and down, supporting myself with the rails for the disabled. They were just the right height.

It wasn't the greatest fuck physically, but the sheer naughtiness of it made us both cum quickly.

I picked up my thong and put it in his pocket. I took his y-fronts and put them on, then opened the door and slipped out alone.

He came out a couple of minutes later. His pants were awfully loose on me. This'll never do, I thought. I nipped back into the loo, removed them and scrunched them up tightly in my fist before returning to my seat.

I handed them back to him and grinned. "That's more like it. Now we're both commando."

The so-and-so had nicked my window seat, but I was feeling too good about everything to give a fuck.

We both had such grins on our faces that it must have been obvious what we were doing to the air hostess. I noticed she had a small metal pin below her name badge. It was engraved with the letters MHC.

"Where did you get that?" I asked.

"It's for..." she stopped, embarrassed.

"We know what's it's for. Where can we get one?" I giggled. "Two, actually."

"I've give you an address when you get off the plane," she smiled. "Was it fun?"

"Yeah, but there's not much space in there."

She laughed. "You think that's bad, try it in a small plane when the pilot's flying it at the same time."

Ricky tried to keep a straight face as he asked, "Is that what they call mid-air turbulence?"

She laughed again, then turned and went.

I unzipped Ricky's trousers and took him into my mouth. He was all soft, but I made sure he didn't stay that way for long. It was a weird angle, but surprisingly easy to take all of him into me. He protested that the air hostess was coming, but I just sucked harder and tickled his balls with my hand.

After he'd cum in my mouth I let a little bit dribble out deliberately. The air hostess brought us two glasses of water. "I thought you might like these." Ricky was SO embarrassed, especially when I licked the last of his cum from my lips, but the air hostess just shook her head and grinned.

As we got off the plane, she quietly handed us each a card. I looked at it and it had a website where you could order Mile High Club stuff.

I kissed Ricky goodbye and he went off to wait for his connection.

Heather looked happier. "Have fun?" she asked.

"What do you think?"

To my surprise she gave me a hug. "I love you, Shel."

"I love you too, Sis."

Once we were in a cab, Dr. Reynolds insisted that we stop off at home before going to the school.

"But Mum'll be at work," I argued.

"No, she won't. She was determined to see you both home safe and sound."

To my surprise Heather made everyone wait outside, while I went in to see Mum on my own.

"Shelley!" Mum nearly crushed the life out of me and soon we were crying in each other's arms.

"Mum, you didn't have to come home to meet us."

"I wanted to be sure you were really safe."

"But we spoke on the phone."

"I want to see you and touch you."

She held me away from her and looked me up and down. She ignored the cum-stain on my top. "Where DID you get these clothes? No, forget I asked that." Then, "Where's Heather?"

"Waiting outside."

Mum insisted that we all stay for lunch. Then she dragged us into the lounge so we could watch a tape of Sam's concert on the telly. Laura and Suzie had done as I'd asked and joined Sam in the choir, but when I saw all the other naked girls in the front row, you could have knocked me down with a feather. What a day I was having! First I was embarrassed on the plane, and now I was speechless!

Dr. Reynolds called a taxi and when it arrived a few minutes later, we walked outside. "Wait a minute," I called and ran back indoors, ran up the stairs to my room and stripped off my clothes.

The look on the taxi driver's face when I ran out to the taxi naked was something

else.

"I want them to know, as soon as I get there, that HurricaneSlut is back," I explained.

"Hang on," said Heather, and got out of the car, went indoors and came out naked.

As she got into the taxi, she said, "Slutsisters together forever, right?"

"Too Right." (Maybe this time I should spell that "two right". Yeah, I know, a terrible pun. Sorry.)

"Now unless anyone else wants to strip off, can we go now?" asked the driver.

"We can go," replied Dr. Reynolds.

Mrs. Chaplain just looked at Dr. Reynolds. "Where did you find these two?"

He didn't answer for minute. He was looking at Heather.

"I'm just wondering what happened to the shy little girl who ran away when the big bad headmaster made her strip off last week," he replied.

Heather didn't reply, so I did. "I think she grew up." Then I added, "Sir." We were going back to school after all.

We were late for the first lesson of the afternoon, and at first I didn't think old Mrs. Henderson was over-impressed by the interruption as she started in her stern voice, "I don't normally appreciate interruptions to my lessons, but I think on this occasion," her voice got a lot friendlier then, "I think I'll forgive you. I'm sure we're all glad you're safe and back with us. But let's keep this interruption relevant to Social Studies. What was it like being part of a government inquiry?"

"Scary, Ma'am. At first I wanted to run away. They all seemed so... so..." I tried to think of a word. "They were so up there, above us. I felt small, not unimportant, but it was like these big important people were suddenly staring down at me."

"And how did you handle that situation?"

"I took my clothes off." A few people around the room giggled at that.

Whatever answer she'd expected, it wasn't that. I had to explain. "It's just that it was all about the Program and it felt all wrong sitting there with clothes on. I thought being naked might help, but it didn't. I still felt nervous. I don't know how Heather did it. She was fantastic. She got us to give them demonstrations and she really let them have it."

"Not what I might have expected from your sister." Mrs. Henderson had Heather last year.

"Heather's changed a lot. Remember what she was like at Assembly Monday? Well, she was so good in London that they even decided to move the inquiry here next Monday because they want to meet everyone at the school."

"That might be interesting."

Between lessons I didn't get a Reasonable Request. Not one. I felt like I was suddenly different and nobody knew quite what to say or do. I felt my chest, looking for Tara's unicorn. Then I remembered I had taken it off when I'd stripped off at home. I felt a little lonely, right there in the middle of a busy school corridor. I did not like it.

The following lesson was a private study period. A teaching assistant was supervising.

"Can I say something to the class?" I asked him.

"Sure."

I stood at the front and faced them. "Why's everyone acting so weird? It's me, Shelley."

Nobody answered, until the teaching assistant did. "When you left here, you were just Shelley. Now you've been a huge news item, interviewed by everyone on the telly and been part of a big secret inquiry."

"But Heather was a bigger story last week, and this didn't happen to her. And from what I've seen so was Samantha last night. Why am I different?"

"Perhaps because it all happened while you were away and you've come back looking different somehow."

"Look. I'm still Shelley." They didn't seem convinced. So I did a cartwheel across the front of the classroom, then promptly misjudged it and crashed into the poor teaching assistant.

The class burst out laughing.

"She's still Shelley, alright," yelled a voice from the back.

I was sure I was going to have bruises tomorrow, but it felt good to be back.

When the bell went, some of the class surrounded me with "Reasonable Request!"

"You first." I pointed at one of the cuter boys.

"Can I lick your pussy?"

"That's not a Reasonable Request."

"Oh, but can I anyway?" That got a laugh.

"What the hell? Okay, but you'd better be good."

He wasn't, but I didn't care.

I felt good.

After the final lesson, I met Sam at the clothes boxes, while I waited for Heather. Laura and Suzie weren't there either.

"They had a row," said Sam, "and Suzie was really upset. I'm surprised nobody told you about it."

"Why was she so upset?"

"Of course, you don't know. Suzie's in love with Laura. I don't know what the row was about, though. Laura was strange this morning."

Heather turned up as she was speaking.

"Sam, you were wonderful last night."

"I know," she smiled. "Thank you."

"We saw you on the telly today. Mum taped it for us," Heather explained.

"And to think you were so worried about it earlier this week," I said.

"You all made it easier," she said.

"Us? How?"

"And I don't mean by getting Laura and Suzie to strip off with me, Shelley, but thank you for that, it really helped."

"Then how?" asked Heather. "We weren't even there."

"By making me realise that it really didn't matter as much as I thought it did. I've got people who care about me now and would still care even if I'd made a complete balls-up of it. There's Laura, her Mum, Suzie, you two, Tanya, Teresa, even Mr. Tyler."

"So you weren't nervous then?" I asked.

"Yes, I was, if anything even more so, because I wanted you all to be proud of me. But no, it wasn't life or death any more. If I did badly, it wasn't the end of the world. And that helped, a lot. And I've you two to thank for starting that with that Petting Party on Monday night."

"If I had some money on me, I'd take you out and buy you a drink to celebrate," said Heather.

"I've got some in here," Sam replied. "Aren't you two getting dressed?"

"Nothing to get dressed into," I grinned, "We came like this."

Sam starting taking off her uniform. "You don't have to," said Heather.

"No. But I'm going to."

Sam had a large folder with her, the sort teachers usually carry. "What's in that?" I asked her.

"Oh, just some papers I need," she replied. She'd said it in a strange sort of a way, like she really didn't want to talk about it. I glanced at Heather and she shook her head quickly. She'd picked up Sam's vibe as well. I didn't take it any further.

Instead I said, "Hang on. My locker's not far from here. I think I've got a carrier for your clothes, and the folder." I ran back inside and I was right. I was back in a minute with a manky plastic bag.

"Sorry, Sam. It's not very nice. Just throw it away when you get home."

"Should I ask what was in it?"

"No," I answered and we all laughed.

We went to a nearby pub and she bought us both drinks.

"To friends," Sam toasted.

Then she asked us, "You guys doing anything tomorrow night?"

Heather answered, "Nothing special for me, why?"

"Me neither," I added.

"Well, there's a party. You see, when we have a concert, the whole choir usually goes straight to Ws after to dance and chill. But, after what happened last night, a lot of the girls thought they'd better go home instead and 'explain' their new outfits, or rather their lack of outfits, to their parents. So... you guys know Tanya Worthington?" Heather nodded, I shook my head no. "Well she said we're all invited to hers on Saturday night. And so are Laura and Suzie. Then the other girls in the choir invited the Program boys..."

"I can't think why," I giggled.

"Probably something to do with Stephen standing next to me naked." Sam got that look in her eyes. "God, he's hot! Don't you think?"

Heather and me glanced at each other, then said together, "We think."

Sam took a breath, then continued, "So, I'm sure you two are invited too. I'll ring

Tanya when I get home to let her know. Okay?"

I was thinking about ALL those choirboys. Some of them were... well, we'll just have to see what happens, I told myself.

Heather said, "Tanya's folks are loaded. I was over there once last summer and they have this amazing swimming pool. You'd think it was Hollywood, not boring old England." She paused. "Crikey, I'll need a new bikini."

"Shit," Sam replied, "So do I."

I grinned at both of them, "Well I have a couple that were too small for me last year. One of them should be perfect."

"You're awful," Sam shrieked.

Heather put on her "despair" face, but then joined in the laughter, "No, Sam, she's just Shelley."

When she stopped laughing, Heather asked, "So who's gonna hit Nelson Square with me tomorrow?" That's the big covered shopping centre in the middle of town.

"Me!" This time it was Sam and I who answered together. Then I added, "Just remember, girls, where bikinis are concerned, tiny is.. tasty."

Heather picked it up, "And tinier is tastier."

Sam grinned, "And I guess tiniest is tastiest."

"You got it." I had the last word.

When we'd finished our drinks, Sam said, "I've got to get home. I have to see that shrink tonight at six."

We walked out, still naked, and headed for the bus station, oblivious to the stares. "You'd better have some change for the bus," she said, handing us some money.

Sam's bus left first so we waved her goodbye, then waited for ours.

"And you were worried about her," I said to Heather. "You thought you'd failed us all. Well, you didn't."

"Did Dr. Reynolds say...?"

"No, Sis. But sometimes, you're real easy to read."

"Great. Does everyone know how I've been worrying?"

"I doubt it. Just those of us who love you."

She hugged me. "Thanks, Shel."

"But do us a favour? You know you wrote about feeling alone last week?"

"Yes."

"Well, you're not. So instead of getting all stewed up inside, talk to us."

She grinned, "Yes Ma'am, little Sis."

Our bus came at that moment, so I didn't have time to think of a reply.

My Program week is over. Weird, wonderful and even a little frightening at times, the truth is I wouldn't have wanted it any other way.

So what's next? Mum's cooking a great meal tonight, I know because I've done the shopping for it. She forgot our favourite chocolate ice cream, though. I didn't. Eric won't be human if he doesn't like it as well.

Hmm, I wonder what he's like. So far all I know about him is that he's a little older than Mum, on his own, and really likes sex. I think we're gonna get along just fine. (Not like THAT, for chrissakes. I only meant as friends.) And I know he's made Mum very happy. I could hear that in her voice everytime we talked this week, even last Saturday when she was still in India and worried sick about Heather. Was that really less than a week ago? Lots of water under lots of bridges since then, huh?

Heather and I'll meet him tonight. Mum said we shouldn't dress too "shelleyish". Translation, too sluttish. I'm sitting here in my knickers brushing my hair. I've got one good pair of jeans. They're black and like Tara told me, black suits me. They're well tight so they'll do nicely. And my dark-green blouse, it's got half sleeves and covers my boobs okay even though I'll leave a couple of buttons undone. If I tie it off below my boobs I can get away without a bra. Yeah, sweet and sexy, just the look I want.

God, this hair! Jed did a real number on me, the bastard. Sam's hair, though, looked fantastic this afternoon. I must find out where she had it cut. If I can, I'll go there tomorrow before the party. I want to make a good impression on all those choirboys, and yes, this time I do mean that sort of impression.

I know just the place to take Heather and Sam for their bikinis. All of the stuff there is wicked, in both senses of that word.

My room's at the front of the house and I've just heard Mum's car outside. I'd better get my blouse and jeans on in case Eric is with her.

Shelley Hoover, signing off... for now.

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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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