

JARED AND AMANDA NAKED IN SCHOOL

PART ONE—MONDAY

CHAPTER ONE

JARED

I knew it. I just knew it. The minute they called me down to the office that Monday morning, I knew what was up. I was getting sucked into The Program.

The Program? Oh, that's this thing we have here at Westport High. Its full name is the Naked In School Program. Yup, those of us "lucky" enough to be chosen to go into the program have to be naked, completely, in school, for a full week. We also get the chance to go through all kinds of shame and humiliation. This is designed, you see, to "teach respect" and to "foster the students' confidence." Yeah. Right.

Maybe I shouldn't say that—because it apparently **has** worked that way at Central High. That's where this whole thing started. That's a school about 50 miles away from here, and they've been doing it for about ten years. Apparently, over there, it **has** taught respect, and **has** fostered confidence. Maybe they just have a better class of student over there, or something—because it hasn't worked here.

This would be the third year we tried it. It was the beginning of the third week in school, and they don't do it the first two weeks, so I'd be one of the first this year. Oh joy. They've tried it, the first two years, on just the Juniors and Seniors, so this would be the first year my class was eligible (I'm a Junior this year). They're doing it in all four grades this time, hoping that would help. And I understand they've made a few other changes as well.

Because, as I said, the first two years haven't been good. One of the problems has been that parents can "opt out" of their kids taking part—and it seemed all the kids that **weren't** opted out were the geeks, the loners, the outcasts. Kids that get humiliated to **begin** with. Having **them** be the ones going through The Program seemed to be just another road to their humiliation. There was a lot of harassment, a lot of teasing, and rumors of at least one attempted rape. I do know that two girls that went through it had to be hospitalized afterwards. You'd think the administration would get the hint. Nope—they just keep hearing all these glowing reports from Central, and keep buying into it. But nobody was learning "respect" and I don't think being harassed and assaulted is going to help your confidence any.

Which brings me to **my** problem—who else was buying into those glowing reports from Central. Namely, my parents. They were all worried about my confidence, so they volunteered me. Over my strenuous objections, I might add. They didn't listen. Unfortunately, one of the kids that went through it last year that was one of the few to have a **good** experience was my older sister's best friend. My parents knew that, too. "It'll help your confidence. You're too shy." Blah blah blah.

Look, I'm **not** a geek, not really—by that, I mean I don't get harassed. I'm not in the popular clique, but I have my group of friends, and I get along with just about everyone. I don't get picked on, and most people like me well enough. I get good grades, but I'm not known as a "brain". I'm an ordinary guy with a fair-to-middling social life. No serious complaints, really.

But my parents are convinced I'm scared of girls.

There's some truth to that—I'll get back to that later—but what I'm trying to figure out is how, exactly, parading nude in front of the entire student body is supposed to cure me of being scared of the female half of that student body. Nobody's explained **that** leap of logic to my satisfaction yet.

Anyhow—I'm scared of girls to a point, but what I really am is scared of **girl**. Singular. As in one particular. I've had a crush on the same girl since seventh grade. I'm scared to talk to her. Because she **is** wildly popular—probably the best-liked kid in the class. Plus she's beautiful, smart, and very sweet. I've had it bad for a long time. My parents don't know that, of course—they think my complete and utter failure to garner a date **ever** is due to some paralysis over the whole female species. Well, it's not, not really. I have friends that are girls. I can talk to them. It's just romantic entanglements scare me—and that's all bound up with this **one** girl.

And, very shortly, if I don't miss my guess, that one girl is going to see.....me.....
NAKED.

Shit. Shit shit shit shit.

There are days when I hate my parents.

Anyhow, there was no getting out of it. I trudged to the principal's office, resigned to my fate. I turned the knob, opened the door, and stepped in. And just about swallowed my tongue. Because Mr. Tilling, the principal, was behind his desk.....and sitting across from him.....shit shit SHIT.....was Amanda Frazier.

My crush.

This just got a **WHOLE** hell of a lot **WORSE**.

CHAPTER TWO

AMANDA

I got to school that Monday morning, and went immediately to Mr. Tilling's office. I knew I was going to be chosen for The Program that week. Mr. Tilling had discussed it with me previously.

I guess I'd be considered popular. I do hang around with the Cool Kids, I'm a cheerleader, all that. Lots of people like me, lots of people look up to me. I say that not to

brag—not my style—but because it explains why I was “set up”. Yeah, there were a lot of problems with The Program the first two years, and, yeah, a lot of it was because a lot of the popular kids opted out. They got to stand on the sideline and be catty.

This is why Mr. Tilling approached me last week and asked that I volunteer. He wanted a popular kid to kick things off this year. I said no, of course. It would be humiliating, and way too much responsibility. He persisted. What can I say, he wore me down. He appealed to my sense of school spirit, the rat fink. Of course, **I** wasn’t the tough nut to crack—that’d be my parents. They **freaked**, especially my Mom. Tilling wore **them** down, too. So, here I was, preparing to go to school for a week in the altogether.

I was terrified.

That’d surprise some people, I know. Because I’m popular, have popular friends, am always (at least outwardly) in a good mood, get decent grades, am friendly, all that—people think I’m a cool customer. Not. What I am is a good actress. I should be in drama, not cheerleading.

Y’see, all I heard growing up was stories about my mother—how unpopular she was, how she was picked on, how she was an outcast and a misfit all through school. I never wanted to go through that, so I cultivated popularity.

Now I was confronted with a dilemma—how do I maintain a complete façade without any clothes on?

And, yeah, I was scared, too—I wasn’t all that convinced that my popularity was going to save me from the harassment. Especially considering it was all a façade.

But I agreed. Idiot that I am, I agreed. So, here I was, in Mr. Tilling’s office, waiting. Apparently there was going to be another guinea pig in the Junior class. Three actually, two boys and one other girl, but they were “pairing us up” this year, and one of the boys was on his way.

He walked in, and it was Jared Wicklow. I knew him; he’d been in school with me since sixth grade. Nice guy. Quiet, didn’t say much, so I didn’t know him all that well, but I always thought he was a nice guy. Good, at least they didn’t pair me up with an asshole.

And I took one look at him, and immediately felt better—about myself, because I felt **really** bad for him. Because if I was scared, poor Jared was **petrified**.

“Hi”, he managed to croak out as he sat next to me. I smiled, and said “Hi” back.

“OK, now that you’re both here,” Mr. Tilling said, “we can begin. Amanda already knows why she’s here, and I’ll bet you can guess, Jared.”

“The Program,” Jared replied, looking at his shoes, in a voice of total doom. I did really feel bad for him.

“Correct”, Mr. Tilling confirmed. He handed both of us brochures describing The Program. “I’m sure you two know the basics, and the brochure covers most questions you might have. However, there are a few changes this year. First of all, it’s not completely random. We’ve pleaded with some of the more popular kids, like Amanda here, to participate, so that we get a better cross-section of participants. Plus, we’re using a Buddy System this year.”

“Buddy system?” Jared asked.

“Yep. You, Jared, and Amanda, are buddies. We expect you to support one another throughout this week. And that means both of you. Amanda is more vulnerable because she’s a girl; but she’s also very popular. You’re **both** going to need support. You have three classes together—one in the morning, one right after lunch, and the last class of the day, so you’ll have plenty of time to lean on one another. And I trust you’ll exchange phone numbers.” He looked us dead in the eye. “I **can** count on your cooperation, right?” he said sternly.

“Sure,” I chirped.

“Uh, yeah, OK,” Jared stammered. Damn, he really was scared. Or didn’t like being teamed up with **me**, one or the other.

“Good,” Mr. Tilling continued. “Time to strip. Jared? You go first.”

“Uh, me? First?” he stammered.

“Come on, time’s a-wasting.” Mr. Tilling cajoled.

He did it. Slowly, painfully. I felt bad—Jared had **no** façade. He was scared, and embarrassed, and couldn’t hide it. Me? OK, I was curious, I admit it. Everyone thinks because I run with the popular crowd that I have a lot of dates. Not true. Nobody ever asks me out. So, in about two minutes, I was going to see my very first live up-close naked boy. I’d seen a few of the upperclassmen that got roped into The Program over the last two years—and, OK, I admit gazing at a few naughty magazines that my friend Maggie always seems to have. But a real boy, naked, this close? Never seen one.

Suddenly, there he was. And, I have to admit, I liked what I saw. Poor Jared was blushing purple, and standing kind of hunched-over, like he wanted to cover up. I was just enjoying the view. What was he ashamed about? Now, admittedly, I’m not much with a basis for comparison, but he didn’t seem to have much to hide. There were muscles I didn’t know he had, his ass was completely delectable—and, there it was, between his legs. He was soft, but it was still impressive. I looked him up and down, and kind of involuntarily let a “Wow!” slip between my lips. Apparently, it was the right thing to say, because Jared straightened up a little and gave me a bit of a half-smile—though he blushed deeper, which just made him cuter.

“Right. Your turn, Amanda,” Mr. Tilling said, breaking me out of my reverie.

“OK,” I breathed. Remember, Amanda. Act. Act, act, act. Big smile. Never let ‘em see you sweat—or cry, or be scared, or whatever. Off with the blouse, off with the skirt, off with the bra, off with the panties. We got to keep our shoes and socks, so those stayed on. Big smile, nothing bothers me. So, I’m stark naked in the principal’s office. Next to a boy who is similarly stark naked. No big deal, right?

Maybe if I kept telling myself this, I might believe it.

And then I caught a glimpse of Jared. For one thing, he was practically drooling. For another thing he got hard, instantly. That seemed to increase his discomfort. It shouldn’t have. And we were supposed to be supporting each other, right? So, I looked down at..... IT.....boy it was big.....anyhow, I looked down at it, and whispered to him, “That’s a nice compliment. Thank you.” At least I got him to smile, a little bit, again.

“Thanks for that ‘wow’ earlier,” he whispered.

I looked up at his face and said, “If I keep looking down, you’re **really** going to get a ‘wow’!”

“OK, now that the preliminaries are over, off to class with you two. You have English together first period, right? Go. And, remember, support each other.”

“We will,” I assured him. “You ready?” I asked Jared.

“NO!” he said.

“Good, neither am I. Let’s get it over with anyhow.” I marched out of the principal’s office, Jared behind me. The halls were filled, no big surprise. Smile, smile, smile. March proudly. Yadda yadda yadda.

How was I going to pull this off for a **week**?

CHAPTER THREE

JARED

Oh, man, it was **so** humiliating. Walking through the halls, stark naked—and with a boner, to boot.

Well, of **course** I was hard. I was looking at Amanda Frazier’s naked ass the whole way through the hall! Jesus, I had fantasized about seeing this girl naked since seventh grade. The fantasies didn’t hold a candle to the reality, let me tell you. When she got her clothes off, I thought I was going to pass out. And I was so embarrassed at how hard I got, and how quickly it happened. What Amanda said, though, that was really nice. As was her reaction to **me** getting undressed.

If anything, my admiration for this girl was increasing by leaps and bounds. She was one cool customer. I wish I could be as nonchalant about this as she was.

However, I had two things going on here. My discomfort at being naked—and my discomfort at seeing **her** naked. Not that I didn't **like** seeing her naked, mind you, but **what** a distraction. Especially since Amanda thought it would be a good idea if we stuck together, and managed to convince the guy who sits next to me to switch seats for the week. So, now I not only had to deal with my nudeness, but I had to deal with the girl of my dreams sitting next to me as naked as I was.

I was **going** to flunk English this term, I could see it coming.

She sat next to me, and I couldn't help but look. She really was beautiful. She had dark reddish hair, that hung down a couple inches down her back—she had it in a ponytail today—flawless skin, and sparkling blue eyes. That much I had known. And I guess I knew how awesome her body was—but now I **really** knew. She must have been a C-cup, and they were nice and firm. Long, shapely legs, a nice round ass, and a really cute red bush between her legs. She also—and I didn't know this before—had the tiniest little roll around her waist. It was adorable, actually.

She caught me looking, and flashed me a grin. Like I said, one cool customer.

“Well, I see we have not one but **two** people in The Program with us this week.” That was Mr. Tomasi, our English teacher. “Nice to see you—all of you—Jared, Amanda. You guys OK?”

“Sure,” Amanda said. I managed to squeak out a “fine.”

“You sure you're OK, Jared? This must be overwhelming. Do you need relief?”

NO! my mind screamed, but I managed to calmly say, “No, thank you.” Relief? Well, any guy in the program has the right, at the beginning of any class, to ask for relief. That means you either masturbate—or have someone in the class **help** you masturbate. But it has to be done in front of the class. No way, no chance, no how. I'll live with the “blue balls”—which is bullshit, anyhow—until I can get home and take care of it myself. In private.

Just sitting there with the woody was bad enough.

“That's something I always wondered,” Amanda asked impishly, “why do only guys get to ask for relief?”

“Because girls don't **need** to!” came from the back of the class—it was Danny Jacobsen, one of Amanda's cronies. “Trust me, Amanda, you walk the halls like **that** and you'll be fending **off** all the guys who want to give you relief!”

“Good point,” Amanda giggled.

CHAPTER FOUR

AMANDA

English was actually OK—but the rest of the morning got worse.

I guess I very quickly came to appreciate the Buddy System concept—because it was easier at first, with Jared there with me. When we separated, after English, it got more difficult.

Because the Reasonable Request thing came into play.

Y’see, we have to go along with any “reasonable request”. What’s reasonable? Well, that’s never been defined, exactly. Definitely looking. You have to let people look. You even have to pose, or something, if someone wants you to. I had a **lot** of people that wanted me to.

The big question mark is touching. Is that reasonable? Well, the way the program was first set up at Central, touching came to be considered reasonable. I’m not sure I agree with that, but I knew I was going to be touched—and I knew that refusing would most likely—though, as I said, this was never spelt out explicitly—get me in trouble.

So, right after English, on the way to my next class, I got felt up. Three times. And asked to pose, a bunch of times. I barely made it to Chemistry. And, by the time I did, I was confused and shaky. And Chemistry didn’t help—Mr. Ankiel, our teacher, is a smirking, arrogant dick. He took great pleasure in making me twirl and pose in front of the class before he finally let me sit down. By the time I was done with that—on top of all the touching and ogling on the way to class—I was **really** confused and shaky. And I was having a hard time maintaining the façade.

You see, as I alluded to earlier, I’m not sexual. And I don’t consider myself sexy. I’m too fat. Well, not **fat** fat but I’ve never been satisfied with my body. Too many lumps, too many rolls. And now I not only had to show all to everyone, I had to let them poke and prod my lumps and rolls. And then there’s that not sexual thing. Everyone thinks, because I’m a cheerleader and hang around with all the football players, that I’ve dated half of them. This is not helped by the fact that one of my two best friends—Maggie, the girl with the dirty magazines—is a slut. Hey, that’s what **she** calls herself, don’t blame me! Anyhow, Maggie **has** gone through half the football team, everybody knows it, and people assume I’m following in her footsteps. Not true—as I said, Jared’s the first boy I’ve never seen naked. And I’ve never been touched. Until today, that is. Heck, I’ve barely ever been kissed.

And I don’t like losing control. That’s what the façade was all about—maintain control, never let them see you sweat. Well, I was losing control, in a hurry. One morning of this, and my body had completely abandoned me. My mind might have been firmly maintaining the barriers—but my body was crumbling. Especially when Mike Person, one

of the football team, slipped a finger in my....you know....between third and fourth period.

My body was **completely** out of control by then. I was horny. Really, really horny. That's on top of being ashamed and self-conscious. And I didn't want to be horny, and I didn't know what to do about it, and I didn't know how I was going to get through a whole week of this! My mind was screaming "horrors!" while my body was screaming "more!"

If walking the halls between classes wasn't bad enough—walking into the cafeteria, stark naked, in front of the whole junior class, was completely mortifying. Even my friends razzed and jeered me as I got in line to get my food. And I got touched or fondled about three dozen times.

Searching desperately for an oasis, I spotted Jared, all by himself, eating. I avoided my friends and plopped my tray in front of him. "Hi!" I chirped, the Happy Amanda Mask firmly in place. "How's it going?"

"Oh, grrrrreaaaat," he moaned. "This is so humiliating."

"Ah, it's not so bad," I lied. "You got to go with the flow."

He looked me in the eye. "I really admire you. Thanks so much for sitting with me here at lunch—I wish I could take lessons from you."

"It's all in the attitude," I told him, trying to convince myself as much as him.

"Maybe. I'm not one for attitude. I mean it's not easy for me. I don't hide very well."

I had to giggle at that. "Especially when you're stark naked, awfully tough to hide."

He laughed in agreement. That was nice, at least he loosened up to laugh at my silly joke. He had a nice laugh.

"I don't know, it's probably easier for you," he was saying. "I'm completely inexperienced. You're the first naked girl I've ever seen, and I've certainly never **been** naked in front of anyone."

"Ditto," I told him.

"Really?" He seemed surprised. "I didn't realize.....you know....."

"What, that I'm not Maggie Benson?" I laughed. "Nope, we may be friends, but we're nothing alike. Well, at least our sex lives are nothing alike. Considering I don't have one, and hers is all-encompassing." Jared laughed again.

"Forgive me for besmirching your honor, miss," he said gallantly. I giggled, and told him, "Don't worry about it."

“So, my sister’s best friend went through this last year. I know what the girls that go through it get put through.” He looked at me. “I guess, since you were completely inexperience—that your experience has quadrupled in just this morning?”

“And how,” I admitted. “I’ll be honest. I’m so horny, I can’t stand it. And I’m **not** used to that. And, yeah, I’ve been felt up, and had a couple fingers up my.....you know....but not long enough to actually **do** anything so I’m even **hornier**.”

“I can relate. I had a couple of freshmen girls ‘just want to touch it’ on the way here. I thought I was gonna explode.”

“Ooh. I know enough to know it’s worse for a boy.” I looked at him. “Have you asked for relief yet?”

“NO!” I had to laugh at his vehemence. “No, and I don’t plan to. I’ll take care of it when I get home.”

“It’s a long day.”

“Yeah, and it’d be a lot longer if I had to jerk off in front of a whole class!”

“I dunno. Might be fun. It’d certainly be educational. I’d enjoy watching, I know that much.”

Jared practically choked on his ham sandwich. “Uh-uh. No way.”

“I’ll bet you change your mind. Sometime this week.” He was having none of it.

Suddenly, he stopped that line of conversation, and looked at me. “You know what? You’re easy to talk to.”

“You sound surprised.”

“I am,” he told me. “You always intimidated me.”

“Me?” I laughed. “How the hell did I do that?”

“Because you’re so put together,” he told me. “You’re so in control, so vivacious. Everybody likes you. You’ve almost got your own little band of courtesans.”

“Ah,” I demurred, “Like I said, it’s all in the attitude.”

“Maybe so,” he told me, “but the attitude is what might be intimidating.” He took a bite of his sandwich. “Plus, you’re the prettiest girl in school, that doesn’t help.”

That took me aback. Big-time. “Me? Prettiest girl in school? You’ve got to be kidding.”

“Hell, no, and I thought that **before** I saw you naked,” he smiled.

“And now you’ve changed your mind,” I said.

“Nope. More convince of it than ever. Shit, if I ever **do** need relief, it’s because I have to stare at **you** three periods a day. I’m going to flunk all three of ‘em, I’m betting. You’re the distraction to end all distractions.”

“Jared, you’re nuts. Look at me.”

“Believe me, I have been,” he smirked.

“And you don’t see the fat?”

“What, all them womanly curves? I’m not going to be able to convince you if you don’t believe it.” He looked at me. “I didn’t think you had any body issues, considering how comfortable you feel about this.”

OK. That’s when I slipped. He didn’t realize this, but I found him as easy to talk to as he did me. And I realized he was sincere. So I told him. “Jared, this is the truth. I’m not nearly as comfortable with this as you think I am. I wasn’t kidding when I said it was all attitude.”

“Oh.” While he mulled that one over, I changed tacks. “Besides, what’s **your** excuse, then? Don’t tell me **you** have body issues. Stud,” and I winked at him. He turned a delightful shade of hot pink.

“Um, well, to tell you the truth—I don’t have much of a body image either way. It’s just kind of there, you know what I mean? But, no, low body image isn’t **my** problem. I’m just shy. Especially around girls. And here I am, parading nude in front of every girl in the student body. It’s mortifying, in a way that I can’t explain.”

“Hmmm,” I said, “So what made you volunteer for this, if you feel that way?”

“I didn’t. My parents volunteered me, and told me afterwards.”

“Oh, shit,” I commiserated. That explained a **lot**.

CHAPTER FIVE

JARED

After our little chat at lunch, we walked to Biology together—that was our next class. And, I have to admit, while part of my brain—the part that’s connected to my dick—was watching her naked ass sway in front of me, the other part was stunned.

I had just eaten lunch with the girl of my dreams. We were both completely naked. And it was like having a nice chat with someone I had been best friends with for ten years. This girl really **was** easy to talk to—easier than I’d ever imagined.

Hell, I admit it. This crush on her started in seventh grade. It was puppy love, I know it, I was in love with an image. I knew her—but I didn’t **really** know her. It was the **idea** of her that I was in love with. Oh, that, and I wasn’t lying when I said I thought she was the most beautiful girl in school. But, yeah, I knew what it was. I just surmised, from the image, that if I ever got the nerve to actually get to **know** this girl, that I’d fall completely in love with her. And, what was thrilling, and completely scary, is that the events of this morning hadn’t done a thing to make me feel I was wrong about that. She was better up close than she was from afar, at least so far. And I’m not talking about physically, either.

OK, I’m not **completely** talking about physically.

We walked into Biology, her in front of me, and I immediately heard a familiar voice shout out, “Hey, look, it’s Amanda’s tits!” I laughed. I had forgotten that Amanda’s friend Maggie was in this class, too.

Maggie’s in Amanda’s crowd, but I knew her. **Everybody** knows Maggie Benson. As Amanda has said, she’s got a reputation for being....er, let’s just say, free with her favors. But nobody holds it against her, because, not only does she not apologize for it—which makes most people respect her choices—she’s also got a great personality. For one thing, she’s genuinely **funny**. She teases everybody, no real maliciousness intended, and cracks everybody up.

She was still going at Amanda. “Hey, Frazier. A week with you bouncing those bazookas of yours all over school, and I’m going to have to hide all my boyfriends.”

“I don’t think there’s anywhere on earth big enough to hide all your boyfriends,” Amanda retorted.

“Apparently, your **bra** qualifies!” ZING! I had to laugh, as did Amanda, and Amanda then sat down, giving Maggie a full view of me. I braced myself—but not really. Like I said, Maggie was funny. I knew there was a quip coming—but I also knew that Maggie would make me laugh more than she’d make me embarrassed.

I was wrong. On both counts. As Amanda sat down, and I walked up the row beside her, I heard Maggie let out a gasp. I looked at her, and her eyes were as wide as saucers. And then she said, to my astonishment, “Jesus Christ, Wicklow! Are you **packing**! Is that a telephone pole or are you happy to see me?” She couldn’t stop staring. I couldn’t stop **blushing**!. And she kept it up. “My God, that’s the biggest dick I’ve ever seen on a high school kid. And I’ve seen enough of them. Damn. I think I **like** this whole Program thing!” I tried to wave her off, but she kept staring. And, boy, was I purple by this time. Amanda kept giggling. I’m glad **she** was amused.

Me, I was embarrassed. Yeah, OK, and I was flattered, too. Wouldn't you be? I was never one to check out other guys in the locker room—as I told Amanda, body image was rather a non-issue to me. It was there, and there it was. How it compared wasn't much concern to me. But, yeah, having Maggie Benson—who, as she said, had a basis for comparison—drooling all over me was flattering.

It also made me more horny. I didn't think that was **possible**. Ay yi yi.

Just then, Ms. Toranetti walked in. She's our Bio teacher—and she's also the person at Westport who was the primary driver of The Program. She really wanted this to work—I know some of the failures of the first two years killed her. And, so, she walked in, saw me and Amanda sitting there starkers—with Maggie, on the other side of Amanda from me, **still** staring—and smiled.

“Well, isn't this a pleasure. I get a matched set of nudists in the class. Hello, Jared, Amanda. Welcome to The Program. How's the first day been so far?”

“Fine,” Amanda said—but it seemed strained to me.

“Tolerable. Almost,” I said, to giggles.

“Ah, it gets easier, Jared.” She looked at me. “But, I must say, you do look rather uncomfortable. Have you had relief yet today?”

“No!” I said—probably a bit stronger than I intended.

“Don't you think you should?”

I was about to refuse, but I was interrupted—by Maggie. “PICK ME!” she bellowed. “Oh, pick me, pick me, **please** pick me,” she rattled, writhing in her chair, to the laughter of the rest of the room. Amanda especially, and she looked at me and gave me a little wiggle with her eyebrows, as if to say “go for it”. And I made the mistake of looking over at Maggie—and she winked. And licked her lips.

I was gonna say no to **this**?

No, I was not. I accepted Maggie's offer, and went up to the front of the room, as required, and sat in a chair. Maggie knelt in front of me, and slowly started running her hand up and down my dick—which was close to exploding in about two seconds.

“Oh, what a beautiful piece of equipment,” Maggie purred, to the giggles of the class. She looked up at me, and must have seen something in my face, because she whispered, “You've never had this done to you before, have you?”

“Not unless you count my own hand,” I admitted, whispering back. She giggled, and said, “Well, then, I'd better make it an experience to remember, right?” She looked down at it, her hand running softly but firmly up the length, and then said, “I don't think it's gonna

fit, but I have **got** to give it a try.” And then next thing I knew, the head of my dick was in her mouth. And then more of my dick. And more. And still more.

Holy fuck.

I was getting a blowjob from Maggie Benson. While I was naked. In front of our whole Biology class—including, let’s not forget, my long-time crush. Who was grinning ear to ear, I noticed. Then my attention was diverted—as Maggie **swallowed**. I was getting deep-throated. All the way, as her lips made contact with my pubes. She raised her thumb in the air as if to say, “I did it!” as she took it all in. I looked down, her cheeks were all puffy and I could see the muscles in her throat working as she swallowed my dick. And it felt....well, it was indescribable.

One thing I knew for sure was that I was ready, already. I tapped her on the shoulder and, when she looked up, gave her a little sign. She didn’t care. She just started slowly and slightly bobbing up and down on my dick. I think it took about three bobs—and I **exploded**. Maggie swallowed every drop. Then she released my dick, and looked up at me with a little self-satisfied smile. “I took it all!” she exclaimed, to the cheers and whoops from the class.

“That you did,” I agreed. “Wow.”

“You’re welcome,” she giggled. “It was my pleasure.” She stood up, bowed to the class, and sauntered back to her seat to applause. I tried to quickly catch my breath, before attempting to stand up. My legs were like spaghetti.

“Hey, Wicklow.” It was Ed Dauer, another one of Maggie and Amanda’s friends. “That’s the way to do it. You need relief, get a professional.”

“I am **not** a professional,” Maggie said in mock indignation. “I **never** charge money.”

“Shit, I don’t know why the hell **not**,” I blurted out. Everyone howled at that, even Maggie.

Ms. Toranetti laughed herself, and then said, “Good. Now that we’ve concluded our entertainment, we can get back to class. Having trouble walking, Mr. Wicklow? Take your time.” I just blushed and waved as I unsteadily made my way to my seat.

“I **told** you you wouldn’t be able to go through the whole week without relief!” Amanda whispered as I sat down. I just shrugged and kind of grinned.

“Since we’ve got two Program participants in the class this week, we’re going to take advantage of it. I’m pushing up the sex-and-anatomy lesson.” Amanda and I looked at each other, in apprehension. Ms Toranetti must have picked up on it, because she said, “Don’t worry, you two. It won’t be that bad, and you’ll not be forced into anything. And this is a good group. Right?” she said pointedly. The class cheerily affirmed her opinion.

“I’m going to be honest with you. The Program means a lot to me. And that’s what we’re going to start with, today, talking about The Program itself. Jared, Amanda, I’m going to be asking for some of your impressions—not today, because it’s the first day, but later in the week. Today, we’re going to talk about The Program in general—and why it’s mostly failed here the past two years.”

Kevin Abraham, a kid I didn’t know well, raised his hand. “It’s mostly failed because there weren’t enough controls.”

Ms. Toranetti looked at him. “Marie is your older sister, isn’t she?”

“Yeah,” Kevin confirmed. “For those who don’t know what Ms. Toranetti is talking about, my older sister, Marie, got put through the program last year, when she was a senior.” Kevin took a deep breath. “She’s one of the ones that ended up in the hospital. She had—well, basically, it was a nervous breakdown. She’s a lot better now, but it really messed her up.”

I raised my hand. “What happened to her? I don’t mean to pry, but, listen—I’ve found all of this uncomfortable and embarrassing, but not anything that’s really going to mess me up. What went wrong with the program, really, the last two years?”

“People abused the rules,” Ms. Toranetti told us. “Kevin, I’m going to try not to really get into this, but let me give them a bit of background.” Kevin nodded. “Kevin’s sister was painfully shy. Now, this is why her parents wanted her in The Program to begin with, but it backfired. Marie was a wallflower; I don’t know a nicer way to put it. She spent four years fading into the woodwork—and suddenly she was the center of all attention. And not always in a nice way. She didn’t handle it well.”

“Yeah,” Kevin agreed. “It was too much, too soon, and too intense. And that whole reasonable request thing—let’s just say that ‘reasonable’ gives you a whole lot of leeway. What’s reasonable for me, or you, might not be reasonable for someone else. When you’ve spent four years so shy that nobody even **talks** to you—and then you end up being groped every time you walk down the hall, it’s a drastic change. Marie just freaked.”

“Yes,” Ms T. agreed, “and, don’t for a second think I’m blaming the victim here, because I’m not, but there were too many Maries in the pool the first two years. This is why we wanted people like Amanda, who aren’t shy—and even Jared, though he’s not the social butterfly Amanda is”—everyone laughed at that, Amanda and me most of all—“even Jared is pretty well-liked and has a decent amount of friends. That’s also why we came up with the buddy system—and why we teamed people like Jared and Amanda together. Both are normal everyday students, both are very nice people who we knew would treat the other with respect. This doesn’t cure all the ills, but good role models are hard to find.”

“Aah, all this responsibility,” Amanda mock-sighed to laughter. “There’s one objection that I have to that theory, though.” Ms T. nodded for her to go on. “Knowing someone isn’t shy doesn’t take care of all of it. Maggie would have done better with this than I am

—because I’m completely sexually inexperienced.” That was a tough admission for her to make, I could tell, especially with half the class looking at her in disbelief. “That’s the big problem I’m having—not the nudity, per se, but that I feel like I’ve had my sexuality thrust onto me, and I’m not sure how I feel about that.”

“That’s a good point,” Mrs. T said. “Do you feel the same way, Jared?”

“Well, let me just tell you this,” I said, “what just happened a couple minutes ago was the absolute first time any hand ever touched my dick that wasn’t my own. And a **mouth**? Forget it.”

“Oh, goody, I love breaking them in!” Maggie interjected to general laughter.

“Good, Jared. So, how do you feel?”

I thought about that one for a minute. “You know, less put-upon than I thought I might. But that’s because of Maggie, she made it fun and didn’t embarrass me. And my buddy, here, Amanda, too—she was making all these goofy ‘go for it’ eye motions at me. It was fun, because Amanda encouraged the fun, and Maggie **made** it fun.” They were both beaming at me. That was cool. “I told myself I was **not** going to ask for relief at all this week—Amanda’s pushing and Maggie’s enthusiasm changed my mind. I never would have done it without them.”

“Good,” Ms. T said, “and that’s why we want people like you guys in The Program. Jared, you’re likeable—Amanda, too. Maggie **likes** you, Jared, as a friend, I mean. That makes it all easier.”

“She likes his **dick**,” Ed Bauer quipped.

“Well, yeah,” Ms. T agreed, “but it couldn’t be just that. Maggie, would you have been that enthusiastic if you didn’t like Jared as a person?”

“No way,” Maggie agreed. “I don’t know Jared all that well, but he’s cool. And cute.” Dammit, it’s awfully hard to hide a blush when you have no clothes on! “If I thought he was a complete loser, I wouldn’t have been that enthusiastic,” Maggie continued.

“Right,” Ms. T went on. “But what we think is that if we **start** with people like Jared and Amanda, it’ll give a better reputation to the program **itself**. We also think the Buddy System will help. People like Marie didn’t have that kind of support.”

“It’s only been a half a day, and I can tell you that that part of it has already helped,” Amanda said. I smiled at her, and agreed. “She already gave me a nice pep talk at lunch,” I told them. “ And going through a class like this is a lot easier with her here.” I got a radiant smile at that one.

“Well, we’ll see what you have to say about **that** when we start in on anatomy,” Ms. T joked. “But, yeah, we really thought it was beneficial. I’ve talked to some of the other

kids in The Program this week, and they are all enthusiastic about the Buddy System, even after just a few hours.”

“My problem with The Program is some of the rhetoric,” Amanda piped up. “That whole ‘boys are different than girls’ garbage. That gets my goat, I have to say.”

“You don’t agree with that? You don’t think girls are different than boys?” Ms. T asked.

“Only in the plumbing,” Amanda quipped. “Look, I’m here naked. How many of you guys are turned on?” Every male hand in the room raised. Plus Lisa Sherrick. “Hey, I’m lesbian, what can I say,” Lisa quipped, making Amanda blush.

“OK,” Amanda continued. “Now, Jared is also naked. How many girls outside of Lisa are turned on?” Every other female raised their hand. “OK. And Jared, are you turned on by being naked?”

“I was,” I replied, “But Maggie Hoovered it out of me.” The class broke up at that. I turned to stare at her. “Give me a minute, though.”

“Oh, thanks,” she said, grinning at me. “Anyhow, you get my point. And **I** am turned on by being naked. So what’s the difference? We’re all turned on. We might be turned on by different things, but **that’s** not even a given, witness Lisa.” She grinned at me. “And when Jared and I have history last period with Mr. Riley, he **won’t** be looking at **me**.”

Oh shit, I had forgotten about that. Mr. Riley was gay. Yeeks.

Amanda went on, “So, what’s the difference?”

“The difference is how men and women **react** to that. The difference is also how members of the opposite sex **deal** with it,” Ms T replied. “For instance, the whole relief thing.”

“I’m glad you brought that up, because that’s one of the inequities, to my mind,” Amanda said.

“But it’s harder for boys to spend a whole day being aroused without something being done about it,” Ms T said.

“I think that’s way overstated,” I piped up. “Am I glad I got relief? Yeah, but that’s because Maggie was fun, like I said. I could’ve lived without it. It wasn’t bothering me all that much.”

“Really?” Ms T asked.

“Really,” I said. “And I don’t think for a **second** that Amanda’s all that comfortable.” She shot me a grateful look. “It’s more obvious on boys, that’s all. No, walking around with that thing sticking out isn’t the most pleasant thing in the world, but I can’t see how it’s

more pleasant sitting all day in a puddle.” Amanda **really** shot me a grateful look just then. I was scoring points left and right. Without even trying to—I mean, I was sincere what I was saying. This **couldn’t** be all that pleasant for her. She had hinted at such during lunch.

“Look,” I went on, “guys have been using that whole ‘I’ve got blue balls!’ stuff with girls for centuries, and it’s designed to get what the guy wants. But what about what the girl wants? Look, I’ve been poked and prodded all day, but so has Amanda. I got to have something done about it. She doesn’t. I don’t know if that’s fair.”

“That’s a good point,” Ms T said. “I’m going to have to think about that one. Jared, you need to speak up in class more, OK?”

I blushed. I blushed more when I realized that every single girl in the class was looking at me in undisguised awe. I didn’t speak up because of that, I spoke up because I thought an important point needed to be made. But the looks from the girls in the class were a nice fringe benefit.

CHAPTER SIX

AMANDA

I could’ve kissed him. I swear, I could’ve wrapped my arms around him and kissed him right there.

He **got** it. He completely got it.

Who woulda thunk it?

Anyhow, the rest of the day was uneventful, but that’s mainly because gym class was cancelled. I have it right after Bio, but they were using the gym for something so I got a study period instead. And poor Jared had to put up with Mr. Riley ogling him in history, but he was OK about it. Mr. Riley’s a nice guy, everybody knows he’s gay, but he’s cool. We walked in, Mr. Riley looked at Jared, and said, “Jared, are you straight?” When Jared replied in the affirmative, Mr. Riley just went “Too bad.” Even Jared laughed.

Afterwards, we had to go to the entrance to get dressed—with an audience, of course. Except **I** didn’t get to get dressed. Cheerleading practice, you see—and since that’s a school activity, I had to be naked for it. Oh, joy. Anyhow, Jared got dressed, and I just gathered up my clothes to bring to the football field. They had separated the “dressing and undressing area” by sex in the past, but they didn’t this year—because of that whole Buddy thing. We were there to support each other. Since we were both being ogled and asked to pose by a gaggle of kids of both sexes, the support was welcome.

Jared walks to school, as do I, but in different directions. I walked him as far as the football field. As he went to go, I pulled him aside and said, “Thanks for what you said in Biology.” And I kissed him. Just a little light one, but on the lips. Hey, I **said** I wanted to

kiss him. It was really weird because, by that point, he was fully dressed and I was **not**. But I'm glad I did it.

And can that boy **blush**!

I could've done without cheerleading, I have to admit. All those rolls and bulges, unrestrained, while I had to jump around. All right, I admit it—I'm pretty well-endowed. This is **not** a good thing when you're doing jumps and splits. I think I need to try to talk the administration into allowing sports bras, or I'm going to get a damn black eye. Yeesh.

Of course, I was the only naked cheerleader. Of course, I had an audience. And Mike Person, the same football player who slipped a finger in my....you know.....did it again after practice. I let him. Dammit, I'll admit it, I enjoyed it. And this time, without the time constraints of having to get me to class, I let him finish me off.

Yeah, I came. And I didn't even feel all that self-conscious about it. Hey, I was **really** horny by that point. At least now I was even with Jared—and, yeah, it was a relief. But I couldn't help think that I wish it were Jared doing it. Mike was fine, but he wasn't particularly gentle, nor particularly clued-in to what makes a girl feel good. He just poked around down there.....

You know, I don't know if The Program is working if I can't even SAY it!

He poked around....my pussy. There. I said it. He poked around my pussy, and I came. But I wanted more.

I wanted Jared. Where the hell did **that** come from? And why was I now realizing that I was jealous of Maggie?

Shit.

Anyhow, after that, I got dressed. It was strange. I was relieved—but at the same time, I felt kind of constrained. I didn't expect **that**. But I walked home dressed, and went inside, to deal with my Mom.

She's **not** happy about The Program. Mr. Tilling, when he came to convince my parents to let me take part, quickly realized who the reasonable parent in my family is, and went to work on my father. Daddy's cool. But he's not home when I get home—Mom just works mornings, Daddy's a lawyer who works all day—so Mom it was.

“How was school, dear?” she asked.

“Interesting. The Program started today. I got selected, as I thought I would.” I could see her stiffen up.

“So you pranced around school all day naked,” she spat out.

“Yeah. It was kind of fun.” Yup, I put the mask on for her, too. “Very liberating.”

“Oh, that’s **all** we need is for **you** to get liberated. I do not know what this world is coming to.”

Not wanting to deal with this, I grabbed some cookies and went to my room to deal with homework.

Daddy’s better. After supper, he called me into his office that he has in the house. “Your mother tells me The Program started today.” I nodded. “How do you feel about it?”

“Weird,” I admitted. I can let my guard down around Daddy. He’s the only one. “It was liberating, and humiliating all at the same time. At least they gave us some support this time.” I explained about the Buddy System, and about Jared. “He helped, a lot. He’s very nice.” I told Daddy about what he said in Biology.

“How is he dealing with things?” Daddy asked.

“No better than I am,” I admitted. “He’s shy, and isn’t much for building walls around himself, so he felt even more exposed than I did. It got better, though. Maggie gave him a Hummer in Bio.”

Daddy cracked up laughing. “It **would** have to be Maggie Benson, wouldn’t it? Um, did **you** have anything done to you?”

“Yeah,” I admitted. “I was groped a lot, and after cheerleading Mike Person...um.... fingered me.”

“Did you come?” Daddy asked.

“Yeah,” I admitted, blushing to my roots. “He’s not exactly Mister Skill, but I was rather pent-up at the time.”

“I can imagine,” Daddy laughed. “It’s OK, you know. You need to loosen up. Nobody else realizes this, but I do—that’s why I agreed to your taking part.” He smiled at me. “You close yourself off too much. I know that, and I think you do, too. There’s more to life than being Miss Congeniality.”

“Yeah, and I think this week is going to give me a lot to think about on that score.”

“Good.”

--end of part one—

JARED AND AMANDA NAKED IN SCHOOL

PART TWO—TUESDAY

CHAPTER SEVEN

JARED

I went home Monday night. Had a nice talk with my parents. They're all for The Program, as I explained, but they're worried about me more than they let on. They let me talk out some of the things that happened. It was good.

And then I went upstairs and jerked off, and I think it took all of seven seconds. All, and I mean **all** I could think about was a naked Amanda kissing me.

It was strange. Look at all that had happened to me today. I walked around school naked. Girls were grabbing my dick all day. I got my first blowjob ever, and from a certified expert. And, still, the most shocking thing that happened was a little kiss from my long-time crush while she was naked.

I think I dreamed about it that night.

Anyhow, Tuesday dawned, and another day of walking around naked was ahead.

"How are you feeling?" Mom asked me as I came down for breakfast.

"OK, I guess."

"I guess having Amanda to help you is a good thing," Mom commented. I had told her all about the Buddy System last night.

"Yes and no." Since this whole thing was supposed to bring about openness, I decided to spill the beans. Before I could, though, my sister Tina, a senior, walked in. I hadn't seen her last night, she had been out.

"Hi, little brother. Actually, considering what I heard yesterday, I should be calling you not-so-little brother."

"Oh, Jesus," I groaned. "You heard."

"I heard, I didn't see. Pity, that."

"Jesus, Tina, you're my **sister**!"

"I'm just wanting a look, that's all. I have to see if the stories are exaggerated."

"What are you talking about?" my Mom interjected.

“Apparently, your son is packing some serious heat,” Tina smirked. Mom just looked blankly at her, so she continued. “The scuttlebutt is that what he’s got between his legs is **very** impressive. I do believe I heard the words ‘tree trunk’ and ‘telephone pole’ bandied about.”

“Oh, thanks a lot, Tina,” I grumbled.

“Really?” Mom laughed.

“That’s what I’ve been told,” Tina said. “You know, little brother, there **is** that whole outreach thing. You know, where you’re encouraged to go nude other places? Like, here, perhaps?”

“No way!” I blurted.

“That’s enough, Tina, you’re embarrassing him.”

“Ah, it’s all right,” I said. “But I ain’t getting naked around here unless **she** does.”

“Hmm. That might just be worth it,” Tina grinned. “Hey, if it’s big enough to make Maggie Benson drool.....”

“Oh, you heard about that, too, huh?” I asked.

“Yep. Also heard about the Hummer.”

“Oh no.”

“All right, what?” Mom was lost again.

“Maggie Benson—who loves sex, by the way—was so impressed by the size of Jared’s boner that she volunteered to give him relief in Bio class. She ended up deep-throating him,” Tina told Mom, to my dismay.

“Tina, did you have to tell her **that**?”

“Well, this is all about openness, right?” Mom asked. “Jared, don’t be embarrassed. Did you enjoy it?”

“Yeah,” I admitted. “Maggie is something else.”

“Now, back to what I asked you—having Amanda in the program, is it a help. You said yes and no.”

I took a deep breath. “OK, openness. Fine. I’m going to spill the beans to you two.” Took another breath. “I’ve had a crush on Amanda Frazier since seventh grade.”

“Oh,” Mom said.

“Amanda Frazier’s a phony, Jared,” Tina said. “You can do better than that.”

“A phony?” I asked.

“Yeah. She’s plastic, fake,” Tina maintained. “She flits around being Miss Perfect, and it’s all an act. Look, I know what she’s about. You don’t become Miss Popularity by being **yourself**. She’s all things to all people—and it’s phony.”

“I see what you mean. Look, I’ve never **known** her—it’s all been worship from a distance. But we’re stuck together now. And if she’s being phony, I don’t think she’s going to be able to maintain it through **this**.”

“Huh?” Tina asked. She hadn’t heard about the buddy system, and so I explained it—and that Amanda was my buddy. “Waitaminnit—Amanda Frazier is walking around buck-naked **too**? I’m shocked she had the guts. Talk about baring yourself—if you do it physically, doing it metaphorically is sure to follow.”

“That’s what I meant,” I told Tina. “Actually, I think she’s struggling with this—though she’s not admitting it. But I’ve seen a crack or two in her armor.”

“Good, she needs it cracked,” Tina said. “There’s a nice, **real**, person in there, from what I’ve seen, struggling to get out.”

“Hey, we all have our armor. Shyness is mine,” I admitted. “Losing myself in hero-worship for a girl that didn’t even know I existed was another.”

“Good point,” Mom interjected. “She knows you exist now, I’ll bet. But now I know why having **her** as your buddy might be a bit difficult. The girl of your dreams, stark-naked and next to you.”

“Yup, three periods a day, and we ate lunch together yesterday. She was even there when Maggie gave me the blowjob. And Ms. T has promised up some adventures in anatomy in Biology—and that means **both** of us.”

“Maybe now’s the time to tell her how you feel?” Mom said.

“Nope. No way, no how. Not, at least, until I have some **clothes** on!”

After that interesting exchange, I went to school. I didn’t wear a lot—what was the point? As I got to the entrance where I had to disrobe, I saw the crowd had already gathered. I also saw Amanda walking towards me.

“Hi,” she said.

“Hi yourself,” I replied. “Ready to go get nekkid?” I teased.

“Sure thing.” We walked towards the entrance. The crowd parted, and applauded.

“Hey,” someone shouted, “you guys need any help getting undressed?”

“Yeah, I’ll definitely help!” I recognized Maggie’s voice, and just laughed.

“Hey, I’ve got a better idea,” Maggie continued. “You know what I want to see? I want to see them undress each **other**.” There were shouts of agreement and encouragement all around. “That’d be a great show.”

Oh shit. “Well, I don’t know,” I said.

“Come on, Jared, it’s a reasonable request, you know it is,” Maggie maintained.

“She’s right,” Amanda whispered. “OK, we’ll do it. It is a reasonable request,” she told the crowd. I felt a lump in my throat like you wouldn’t believe.

“Look, relax. It’ll be fine,” she whispered again. “Do you want to undress me first, or should I go first?”

“Umm, you’d better go first,” I told her.

“My pleasure.” She started with my tee shirt. When that was off, she crouched down. On the way down, she ran her hand down my stomach, which didn’t help my nervousness one bit, let me tell you. Then she reached for the waistband of my shorts, and down they went. Next, the underpants. They were quickly gone, I stepped out of them, and Amanda stood up. Smiling at me. And, oy, she gave my dick a quick squeeze on the way up.

Shit. I should’ve gone first.

Anyhow, the crowd applauded, and I grinned and gave a little bow. Then it was my turn. And, to make things worse, Amanda hadn’t dressed for simplicity of shedding garments. Her blouse had a gazillion buttons, and my hands were shaking.

She noticed. “Relax. It’s OK.” She smiled at me as I **finally** got through all the buttons and slipped her blouse off of her. She was so damn gorgeous, I couldn’t stand it.

“Do the skirt next. There’s a button on my left hip.” I undid the button, and slid the skirt down her legs. She stepped out of it. Just in her underwear, she was breathtaking. She was wearing a frilly pink bra, and her panties were similarly frilly and pink.

“I’m **gonna** fuck up the clasps on the bra,” I said. She just laughed. I motioned for her to spin around, but she shook her head no. She was going to make me reach around, dammit. When I did, she put her hands on my sides. Damn damn damn. Somehow, and I don’t know how, I managed to get her bra undone.

I slipped it off, took a big gulp, and went for the panties. Like her, I had to crouch down. When she stepped out of them, her pussy was at eye-level.

I cannot possibly describe how hard I was at that point. I also noticed, with no small degree of astonishment, that she was wet. Amazing. She was as turned on by this as I was. She certainly hid it better. Well, maybe not completely—as I stood up, I noticed she was blushing. I also noticed something in her eyes—something I couldn't quite put my finger on. She smiled at me, and bowed to the cheering crowd.

The bell rang, to our cheering section's dismay. "Sorry, time to go," Amanda said, and we went into the door. To my utter shock, she grabbed my hand. Then she leaned into me and whispered, "That was the most sensual thing I've **ever** done. Thank you." I couldn't speak.

We walked to English, our first class, and what an adventure **that** was. At one point, she was being fondled by some guy, and I had a girl's hand around my dick—and we were **still holding hands**. I don't know what was more thrilling, having my dick being fondled, or holding Amanda's hand.

Damn, I needed relief. But the only person I wanted to do it was **her**, and I couldn't ask. I just couldn't.

After all that, English was uneventful. Except she kept grinning at me.

After English, I had gym. I hadn't had it yesterday, as the gym was being used. So, this was my first time. We had to use the opposite sex's locker room. So, I was on full display in a locker room full of naked girls. They kept pointing and giggling and reaching out for a quick grab. That's when I realized something had happened to me—because I didn't mind. At all. It was fun. And when the gym teacher asked me if I needed relief, I said, what the hell. Melissa Thomas, a girl I knew a little bit, offered to help out. Without Amanda there in the room, I was able to relax, and Melissa jerked me off very well. I came all over her hand. Showering **after** gym was **really** an adventure. Three girls jerked me off in the shower.

If anything, at least The Program was giving me **some** semblance of a sex life!

The rest of the morning went fine, and then it was time for lunch. Followed by Biology. And Amanda.

She sat with me at lunch again. "How was your morning?"

"Fine," I told her.

"You take any relief?" she teased.

"Actually, yes. In gym. After undressing you, and then having an entire locker room of girls grabbing my weenie, I suppose I needed it."

She giggled. “I wish they’d change the damn rules so **I** could get some relief!” I’m an idiot. I should’ve offered. I could’ve moved over to sit next to her, done her under the table, and no one would have been the wiser. But, like I said, I’m an idiot.

I probably would’ve cursed myself for being an idiot all day, except for what happened next. We chatted about nothing much through lunch, and then we went to Biology.

That’s where it happened.

CHAPTER EIGHT

AMANDA

I still couldn’t believe what had happened that morning. I can’t describe how undressing him—and having him undress me—made me feel. What I found out that, even when you’d been running around naked all day, that having someone actually undress you was really, really intimate. It made me tingle all over. And having Jake Rogers stick his finger in my....pussy (see, I **can** say it) wasn’t nearly as intimate as having Jared hold my hand while it was happening.

I think I learned something. It was going to take some time to process exactly what, though.

Anyhow, the morning was fine. I got diddled numerous times and had more hands on my boobs than I can count, so I wasn’t kidding when I told Jared I needed relief. I wonder if I asked Ms. T, what she would say. She seemed receptive to it, yesterday.

Anyhow, we walked into Biology, and there were two chairs set up in the front of the room. Well, I suppose I should have expected that. As I should have expected it when Ms. T pointed Jared and I into the two chairs. The rest of the class filed in, laughing and hooting at the two naked dweebs sitting in front of the class.

“All right. Now that we’re here, we can begin. Jared, normally I’d ask you if you need relief, but I’m going to hold off. If you need relief later, there will be an opportunity.”

Damn, there goes my chance. What opportunity, though, I wondered?

“I’m fine,” Jared was saying. “I got attacked in gym.” Everybody laughed at that. Hmmm. I had gym next. Maybe I could get some of the boys to give me a going-over in the shower.

Jesus. What was **happening** to me?!?!?

Anyhow, I figured I’d better concentrate on what Ms. T was saying, because it obviously involved **me**. “This, as you may have guessed, is anatomy. More particularly, sexual anatomy. Jared and Amanda get to be our guinea pigs.” I grinned and waved. The mask wasn’t gone, after all.

“I’m going to start with Jared. Obviously, we all know what a penis is.” Everyone laughed at that. “What we’re going to talk about is how it **works**. Jared, do you masturbate?”

“I’m an almost-seventeen-year-old boy, what do **you** think?” he joked.

“I’ll take that as a yes, then,” Ms T laughed. “What I want you to tell the class is what you know about your penis, and what makes you feel good.”

“The underside,” he said. “Continuous pressure on the underside, that’s what feels best. What I think girls might not know, judging from some of them that have grabbed me today, is that the head is actually **over** sensitive. An occasional rub is great, but if you pay **too** much attention to the head, it hurts.”

“What about your testicles? Does any attention paid to them help?” Ms T asked.

“Yeah, but it has to be a **light** touch. Don’t squeeze so hard. One girl in the halls today grabbed ‘em and almost turned me into a soprano.” The class cracked up at that.

I have to admit, I was **fascinated**. And Jared was actually dealing with all of this very easily. Something had happened to **him**, too.

I was determined to be as cool as he was. It wasn’t as easy, though, because, as Ms. T pointed out, a girl’s anatomy is more complicated than a boy’s. I had to spread my legs very wide, which was embarrassing enough. Then I had to point out my labia—inner and outer—my vagina, and my clitoris. Yes, it was embarrassing. All the boys took a nice good long look. Jared did too, the fink!

“Now, do you masturbate, Amanda?”

“Sometimes,” I admitted. Last night, for one, furiously, though I didn’t say **that** out loud!

“Where are your most pleasurable places?”

“Well, inside my inner labia, in between my vagina and my...er....clit. That’s more sensitive than you’d realize. Right at the entrance to my vagina, that’s very sensitive. Oh, and there’s a place inside, towards the front of my body.”

“That’s your G-spot. Now, what about your clitoris?”

“That’s the most sensitive, but it’s kind of like what Jared was saying about the head of his...er...penis. It’s almost too sensitive, especially at the beginning. I have to work my way up to that. Once I’m, you know, into it, it’s the best place.”

“Great,” Ms T said. Great for **her**, she didn’t have to describe her masturbatory technique to a bunch of classmates! “Now that we know what feels good, the next step is a demonstration.”

A demonstration?!?!?

“First of all, this does **not** constitute a reasonable request. Both or either of you are welcome to refuse. Jared, have you ever masturbated a girl?”

“Uh, no,” he stammered out. I got the same question, about a boy, of course. I also answered no, which was the truth. And I knew what was coming next. Oh, shit.

I was right. “What I’m going to ask you to do is masturbate each other, to orgasm. I trust you were both listening to what the other one said.” We both nodded. “So, you know what pleases the other one—and you can discover more of that once you get started. Now, as I said, this is **not** mandatory, you can refuse, and I don’t want anyone else in the class to say a word. This is up to you.”

‘Sure, why not?’ Damn that façade of mine, it answered before the sane part of me could shut it up. Well, I suppose I really couldn’t say no. Plus, I **did** say I wanted relief, right? I just hope I didn’t screw up doing **him**.

“You’re really OK with this?” he whispered.

Him, I told the truth. “No, I’m scared to death,” I whispered back, “but I don’t think we can get out of this. Really. It’ll be OK.”

“OK. Fine. I’ll do it,” he said out loud. Ms T had us maneuver our chairs so that they were facing one another. My legs were spread, and our knees were almost touching.

“One thing Amanda didn’t mention, Jared, is that girls are slower to heat up. Attention to the breasts usually helps with that.”

“Uh, OK,” he stammered and, bless him, he reached out for my boobs, and started fondling them and rubbing my nipples. It felt **great**, I have to admit. “Is this OK?” he asked.

“Yeah, but they don’t break, so you don’t have to be so careful,” I said, grinning at him. He took the hint and applied a bit more pressure. It felt even better.

Well, in for a penny, in for a pound—so I reached out underneath his arms and grabbed his....dick. See, I can say that, too. I grabbed for his dick and started moving my hand up and down with it. “OK?” I asked.

“Yeah,” he grunted with a grin, “just be careful. That **does** break.” I giggled at that. “That wet spot at the head is precum, if you spread that around, it’s easier.” I did so.

As I did, his right hand moved down. And, the dear boy, he **had** been paying attention—his first move was a long swipe with his finger from my entrance up to my clit. I shuddered, I know I did.

That's when I looked up—I had been looking down, at what I was doing, but I looked up then. I realized he was looking at **me**, and our eyes locked.

It was right then that the class disappeared. I stopped noticing that **anyone** else was in the room, except Jared and me. Our eyes were locked on each other's. I stared deep into him as he diddled me, and his dick in my hand just felt **right**, I don't know any other way to describe it. And him? Jesus. He slipped a finger in me, and I jumped. He let it slide in and out slowly, deliberately, and I started panting. He then spread my wetness all up and down—and, when he got it spread out nicely, he flicked my clit.

I squealed. He kept it up, and I know I kept squealing. I could not **believe** how good this felt. Meanwhile, I **was**, believe it or not, concentrating on what I was doing to **him**, and I could tell he was getting close. His eyes were black as they stared into mine, and he was breathing as heavily as I was. His hand dropped off my boob—damn—and the other one stopped moving so quickly, so I stroked him a little harder. He gave me a little sign, letting me know he was close, and I nodded. That's when he came, in a torrent. Since I had his dick pointing slightly upward when it happened, he came all over my boobs.

And I thought letting him undress me was intimate!

The look in his eyes when he finished was one of complete adoration. That scared me, I'll admit. What really scared me was I think I was giving him the same look. Especially, after he caught his breath, when he increased his attention on me. His hand was **everywhere**. And then he did something I'll never forget—he brought his other hand back up to my boob. Which was covered with his cum. It was sticky, and warm, and intimate beyond all describing. That, combined to the delicious things he was doing to my pussy, and combined with the look in his eye—well, I didn't take much more of **that**. I went off like a rocket.

And I **shattered**. I completely shattered. All the protection I run, all the walls, all the masks, the grand façade—they just **went**. I don't know who else realized it—but Jared realized it **completely**, I have no doubt of that. I was wide open to him, and he knew it. As I came down, I was overwhelmed. I flopped forward and rested my head on his shoulder—away from the class, so nobody else could see—and I cried, just a little bit. Everyone else just thought I was exhausted from cumming, and I was—but Jared knew. He knew everything. He rubbed my back and whispered “It's OK,” in my ear as I desperately tried to stop crying. When I finally did, I straightened up and put the mask back on, flashing a big grin to the rest of the class. It worked. They had all been silent, but, when I did that, they all started cheering and whooping.

“You guys can go back to your seats,” Ms T said, softly. We managed to stagger back there. Maggie was giving me little cheers—little did **she** know. Ms T cleared her throat, looking rather uncomfortable for some reason, and spoke again. “There's something you

guys need to know. Sex is a lot of things. If the two people involved are willing, and open-minded, and willing to trust each other, it's always fun. However, I have to tell you, very rarely is it **that** intense. Just so you know."

Jared and I looked at each other in complete disbelief. "Now, one thing that's important is communication," Ms. T was continuing. "You saw **some** verbal communication between them, at the beginning. But it doesn't have to always be verbal. Some of the best communication during sex is done with the eyes. Jared and Amanda did that, all the way through."

She was right, I realized. Was that why it was so intense? She went on for the rest of the class period—thankfully, in generalities, not about the floor show—but, when the bell rang, she asked us to stay a minute.

"I need to apologize," she started, clearly uncomfortable. "I didn't mean to put the two of you through **that**. I've done this for years—my old school has been running The Program for almost as long as Central High—and I've never seen anything that intense. That should have been private. I am sorry."

"It's OK, really," I tried to reassure her.

"Yeah, I didn't mind," Jared agreed. "But, Ms T, you're the sex expert here. **Why** was it that intense? Am I **that** good?" he asked with a laugh.

"Yes," I giggled.

"You may very well be that good," Ms T smiled, "but, in my experience, the intensity of a sexual experience isn't dependent on the how, or the what. It's the **who**."

The who. It was intense because of who I was with, that's what she was saying. Oh jeez.

I was **not** prepared to deal with **that**. I looked at Ms T in horror, then looked at Jared, equally in horror. And then I did something I'm not very proud of.

I ran out of the room, full-speed.

I sleepwalked through my next two classes, including my first taste of the boys' locker room in gym. I had more hands on my body that I thought could fit, and I barely noticed. By the time I got out of my second-to-last class and headed to History—and Jared—I was ashamed of myself. I was afraid he was going to think the problem was **him**. It wasn't. The problem was **me**. So, when I sat myself down next to him in history, and he shot me a questioning look, I made sure I gave him a big smile. And not an Amanda's Mask smile, either. This one was genuine. He smiled back. Thank goodness.

But I was still ashamed of myself. So, when we headed out to the entrance—him to get dressed, me to get my clothes—I asked him a favor.

“Jared, don’t get dressed here, OK?”

“What?”

“Walk me to the football field, the way you are. Then you can get dressed. Please?” He shrugged his shoulders and grabbed his clothes, and we walked. There’s a bit of woods between the school and the field—that’s what we were walking through. It was the long way around to the field, but it led to the road in back of campus that Jared took to get home. Plus, it afforded us a degree of privacy—all the rest of the cheerleaders and the football players took the direct route.

He spoke first. “What Ms. T said after class bothered you.”

Fuck the masks, I told myself. Be honest. For once in your miserable life. “No, Jared, it didn’t bother me, per se. What it did, is, it scared the shit out of me. I need time to deal with this, OK?”

“Of course,” he said. “You’re not the only one. And you’re not the only one who’s scared shitless, if that helps any.”

“It does.” I stopped walking, and turned to face him. “I wanted you out here, like this, because I want—no, I **need**—to do this for you.” And then I kissed him. Not like yesterday. Not a little light kiss. I wrapped my arms around his neck, and **leaned** into this one. After he got over his shock, his arms wrapped around my waist. God, it felt good.

When I broke the kiss—and I was a good long one—I looked up at him and said, “Thank you. For today. It was...amazing.” He was in shock! I gave him another little kiss and said, “I have to go. See you tomorrow.” And I took off.

Thank goodness for cheerleading. Despite the Bouncing Boobies problem, at least I didn’t have to think about sex for an hour!

CHAPTER NINE

JARED

If you’ve ever heard of anyone walking in a complete daze—well, that was me, walking home.

Hell, I almost forgot to put my clothes on.

Almost.

After I remembered that, I did walk home in a daze. I’m surprised I knew the way. I had a lot to think about.

Look, I know Ms T’s talking about “the who” applied to me. This was my crush, right? The first girl I ever masturbate to orgasm is Amanda. Yes, I know it meant more to me

because it was her. Didn't surprise me at all. What surprised me is how **she** reacted. Cool, calm, unflappable Amanda cried on my shoulder. I was stunned.

It made me think of what Tina had said that morning—about Amanda being a phony. I knew, deep in my heart, that there was **nothing** phony in that little crying jag, that there was nothing phony in what I saw in her eyes while I was doing here. For that matter, there was nothing phony in that kiss I had just gotten. And, **man**, what a kiss!

So, what I guessed was, that Amanda was confused. She felt it, I know she did. So, she was confused. The big question to me was how she was going to resolve that confusion. It had me on pins and needles. The other question was, what should **I** do? Was it time for True Confessions? I didn't know if that would help or hurt.

This was all running through my mind as I stumbled in the door. Tina was already there. She drove back and forth to school. I was welcome to join her—in fact, we had shared the car since I got my license at the beginning of the summer—but I liked walking. But, since she drove, she always beat me home.

“Hiya, little brother!” She was in the kitchen. She offered me a coke, which I gratefully accepted. “Damn, you're dressed! I keep trying to get a glimpse of The Legendary Penis, but we don't have any classes close by.”

“Tina, you're shameless,” I laughed.

“How'd your day go?”

“Very complicated,” I told her, “but I'll save that story for when Mom and Dad get home. Don't want to go through it twice.”

“Sure. Are you getting more comfortable with it?”

“The nudity? Yeah, actually, I am. It's some of the peripherals that are giving me a problem.”

“I see you're still not comfortable enough to shed the duds at home, though!”

She was teasing. I knew it. Look, **I like** my sister, a lot. We've managed to escape a lot of the sibling rivalry bullshit. We're closer than most siblings I know, especially considering we're only a year apart in age. So, I thought, what the fuck. I stripped off my shirt and dropped my drawers. “There. Happy now?” I stuck my tongue out at her. Because of that naked kiss with Amanda, I was still hard, so she got an eyeful.

“Oh my Christ!” she gasped. “The stories were **not** an exaggeration. Little brother, that is a **monster**! Shit, **why** do we have to be related???”

“Tina, you're something else.”

“I am something else? Look at **you**! I’m completely flabbergasted.” I just grinned, walked around her, and grabbed some cookies. “You gonna stay like that?”

“Why not? You’ll enjoy yourself, I’m sure.”

“I don’t know about that. I might have to excuse myself and go up with my favorite dildo if I stare at **that** long enough.” I almost choked on the cookie. “You’re surprised, little brother? Heck, there’s only one virgin in this room, and it ain’t me. Assuming, of course, you still are.”

“Yeah,” I confirmed.

“That’s a pity.” She giggled, then got serious. “You know, I haven’t said this, but I think what you’re doing is really brave. And doing it here, even with all my teasing is particularly brave.” She stared at me. “And, you know, one good turn deserves another.” Then she shocked me. Before I could blink, she was as naked as I am.

“So, what do you think?” she smirked.

“I can’t believe you just did that,” I gulped. “And you are one hot customer, Sis.” I looked between her legs. “And look at that, you **are** a natural blonde!”

“Thanks.”

“How long are we keeping this up?” I asked.

“I think we should stay this way until Mom and Dad get home. Freak ‘em out.”

“That would be cool, but, damn, the temptation,” I laughed. “Tina, you’re a complete babe.”

“And you’re a complete stud,” she laughed.

“Thanks, Tina.” She smirked, and reached out and **squeezed** my dick! “Tina! You’re shameless!”

“That I am, big little brother. Don’t worry, though. I ain’t gonna besmirch your honor, or anything.” She started upstairs. “I got some things to do in my room, I’ll be back down in a while, we have to cook dinner.”

“OK.” She was going upstairs to play with herself, I just knew it. OK, **that** was flattering. I knew there were rumors about Tina, that basically she was the Maggie Benson of the senior class. I didn’t pay much attention to them—she **is** my sister—but I know that her friends call her E.T., which she once told me stood for “Easy Tina”. And she took one look at me and had to go diddle herself. Yikes.

Not that **I** was any better after seeing **her** nude, mind you. I went down to my room—which was in the basement—and I wasn't watching TV down there, I can tell you that.

We met in the kitchen after a while, and started in on supper. Nude. She kept goosing me. I tried to keep a **bit** of decorum, but did grab her boob once. We were like this when Mom and Dad came home.

“What have we here?” Mom asked. “A little outreach?”

“Yeah, I talked him into it,” Tina told them. “So I felt honor bound to join him.”

“That’s fine,” Mom said. She looked at me. “Tina heard right, didn’t she? You are a big boy.” Then she winked at me—I was blushing furiously—and she and Dad went upstairs to change out of their work duds.

When they came back down, I was stunned—they were as naked as Tina and I!

“All in the family, right?” Dad said.

“Yeah, we decided it would be fun.” Mom added. “A little loosening up would do us all some good.”

We sat down to supper that way.

“So, is the program going any easier?” Mom asked.

“Some,” I told her. “Today was an interesting day.”

“Couldn’t have been **that** interesting,” Tina interjected. “I mean, he told me earlier he was still a virgin. I would’ve thought **somebody** would have pounced on that big boy by now.” She grinned at me. “In fact, I’ve got a couple friends who I know would **love** to partake.”

“Sorry. My first time is reserved for Amanda.”

“Oh, jeez,” Tina said.

“Especially after what happened today.” Tina looked up with interest at that, and Mom asked, “What happened today, Jared?” So I told them, the whole story.

When I was done, Tina looked up at me, wide-eyed. “You got to her. You absolutely **got** to her, little brother.”

“Yeah,” I agreed, “but it also scared the shit out of her. How she’s going to deal with this is the big honkin’ variable.”

“You’re sure this wasn’t an act,” Tina said.

“Shit, Sis, how many times have **you** ever completely broke down and cried on a guy’s shoulder after getting fingered by him?”

“Never. Good point,” she agreed. Then she looked at me. “Little brother, it’s time to tell her how you feel.”

“Oh, I dunno about that.”

“I think she’s right,” Dad piped up. “She might think it’s just **her**.”

“That’s a point I hadn’t thought of,” I admitted. “I’ll have to think about this.”

“Well, I’m amazed you’re even **thinking** about it,” Mom said. “I’m also amazed you did what you did today. With Amanda, **and** walking around here nude in front of us. You’re opening up, Jared. It’s only been two days, and you’re opening up in ways I didn’t even dream of.” She smiled at me. “I worry about you, honey. We’re living in an open, sexual world now, and you seemed so repressed.”

“I was. But I was more lovesick than repressed.”

“What if she rebuffs you?” Tina asked. “What will you do?”

“Get over it. It’ll hurt, but I’ll get over it. I don’t plan to be repressed any more.”

“Good for you!” Dad said enthusiastically.

We finished supper, and I did my homework—in the nude. Tina came downstairs and gave me a squeeze goodnight, which just made me laugh. When I went to bed that night, I felt very strange—but I felt good, too. Better than I had in a long time.

But I didn’t know what was going to happen tomorrow, and that worried me.

CHAPTER TEN

AMANDA

I got done with cheerleading, got dressed, and made my way home. And all the doubts and the questions and the agonizing crept back in.

I got home and went upstairs. I’ll admit it, I locked the door to my room and masturbated. For quite a long time. Mom, thank goodness, stayed downstairs, until she called me down to supper.

I ate, not saying much. After supper, I made a decision. I needed to talk to **somebody**, and there was really only one choice. I went to Daddy’s office, knocked on the door, and asked if I could talk to him.

“Of course, Punkin, what’s on your mind?”

“I need to tell you what happened to me today, because I need your advice. This might shock you some, though.”

“I can take it,” he grinned. “Lay it on me.” So, I did. The whole day, from beginning to end.

To his credit, he was only mildly shocked. “I’m a bit worried about you having your first real sexual experience in front of an entire class, though.”

“That’s not what bothered me. What bothered me was how I **felt**.” I took a deep breath. “Daddy, how do you tell the difference between lust and...something more?”

“That is not an easy question, Punkin,” he said. “You can’t figure out if you’re just in lust with Jared, or if it’s something more than that.”

“Exactly,” I agreed. “It’s so confusing. Besides what happened in Biology, do you know what was the most exhilarating thing that happened to me today? Him undressing me before school. And next would be the kiss I gave him after school. I’ve had more guys than I can count all over me today—and I get more of a thrill from a kiss. A naked kiss, granted, but a kiss nonetheless. I’d rather have him kiss me than have any other guy fooling around with my...you know.” Yeah, I could say it, but not to my **Daddy**! “But having **him** fool around with my...you know...was almost more than I could bear.”

“You’re still a virgin, right?” Daddy asked me. I confirmed it. “Could you picture losing your virginity to Jared?”

“Just about constantly.” I admitted with a giggle.

“Fine. Could you picture losing your virginity to **anybody** else?”

I thought about it, and then gave him an honest answer. “No.”

“That’s part of your answer, then. These two days have awoken you sexually, I realize that—and, quite honestly, I’m glad.”

“I’m glad you’re glad. Because Mom’s going to **freak**.”

“Don’t worry about your mother, this conversation is between you and I and these four walls,” he assured me. “Anyhow, was I was saying, you’ve been awakened. I expected that. However, if it was just general lust, I wouldn’t expect you to care **who** you were with.”

“Hmm. Good point,” I agreed.

“And didn’t you tell me that you’ve enjoyed Jared’s company this week, at lunch and stuff? Just talking, even though both of you were naked?”

“Yeah. Yeah, I have. He’s easy to talk to, he’s kind, he’s smart, funny.”

“Right. Here’s my guess. My guess is you really like this guy. Now, my guess is that you also have the hots for him, and the two things **are** intertwined—but that doesn’t mean they’re the same.” He smiled at me. “Trust me on this one, baby—sex with someone you have feelings for is the best sex there is. And there’s no shame in admitting that. Love between a boy and a girl doesn’t have to be pure, innocent, romance. Sex creeps in. That’s perfectly natural. Especially in the position you and Jared are in right now—if you like him, I would **expect** sex to creep in.”

“Thanks, Daddy. You’re the best.”

“Don’t mention it. Now, how does Jared feel about **you**?”

“I don’t know.” I frowned. “He mentioned, at one point, a crush—a long-time crush, but nothing’s ever come of it. I don’t know how he feels about it now. I know one thing, though—I wasn’t the only one feeling something intense in Bio class.”

“That’s good, but you need to know.”

“You’re right. I do.” I stood up, walked over to him, and kissed him on the cheek.

“Thanks so much, Daddy. It helped, a lot.”

“Good. Anything for my Punkin.”

--end of part two--

JARED AND AMANDA NAKED AT SCHOOL PART THREE—WEDNESDAY DAYTIME

CHAPTER ELEVEN JARED

I woke up Wednesday morning, and quickly got dressed, as I was running a wee bit late. That’s probably a good thing, because, even fully clothed, Tina kept grabbing my ass all through breakfast.

This was going to take a little getting used to.

Anyhow, I walked to school. Coming down Robin Road, which runs along the football field, I approached the path that goes to the school building, and I got a nice surprise. Amanda was there waiting for me.

“Hey, you!” she called.

“Hi,” I said. “This is a nice surprise.”

“I got here a little early, and didn’t want to face the voyeurs without you.”

“I’m glad.” We started walking, and she took my hand again. This was the first time we had walked hand-in-hand together while fully clothed. I found out it didn’t make a bit of difference.

“Are you OK with what happened yesterday?”

“Mostly, yeah,” she said. “Jared, we have to talk. At lunch. We have to have a conversation.”

“OK,” I said, not without some trepidation.

“Don’t worry—this will be a good talk.” She beamed at me. That helped. Just then, we rounded the corner behind the school, and emerged at our entrance. Time for the Grand Unveiling yet again. The usual crowd was gathered.

“Oh, look, they’re holding hands! Isn’t that sweet!” It was Maggie, of course.

“Jesus, Maggie, you never followed me around this much before I was getting naked,” Amanda teased her.

“Listen, girl, it is not **you** that I am here to see!” Dammit, she was making me blush again. Anyhow, she went on. “Are you two going to undress each other again?”

“I wouldn’t mind that at all,” Amanda piped up, surprising me. “Does anyone else mind? We’re supposed to let you do whatever you want, after all.”

“No, it was great yesterday,” someone piped up. “Yeah,” someone else agreed. There was general approval. Amanda looked at me, and I nodded.

“I want to go first again,” she said. I nodded again, and she went for it. And **boy** did she take her time. We were kind of early, but the crowd started gathering in a hurry. Whole busloads pulled up, and came over to watch the show. Amanda slowly took my shirt off, and ran her hands up and down my chest, playing with the (admittedly sparse) hair. I was wearing pants today, with a belt, and she undid the belt and slipped my pants down as slow as can be. Next came the underwear. I was hard as a rock **long** before she got to that, so, when they went down, she was greeted with a very awake Mister Happy. She grabbed it. And, then, she **really** shocked me—she kissed the head!

To the raucous applause of the crowd, she stood up, still holding on to my dick, and said, “Your turn.” I didn’t know if I could top **that**, but I sure was going to try. She was wearing a pull-over top today, with just a few buttons in the front. I undid them, and slipped it over her head, with her **still** holding onto my dick. She had to let go as I reached down to unzip her skirt, and it fell to the ground as she stepped out of it. “Do the panties now,” she whispered in my ear. “Do the bra last.” I did as she asked, and crouched down to slip off her panties—blue today—and stood up to get at her bra. She grabbed my dick again, and leaned in very close as I reached behind her. She was panting, and looking up at me as I undid her bra. It fell to the ground. She looked up at me, still holding on to my dick, a gleam in her eye, still panting. This was almost **more** intense than what had happened yesterday in Bio. Damn, but I wanted to kiss her. Public Displays of Affection were frowned on at school—grabbing a naked guy’s dick was somehow OK, but a kiss wasn’t. You figure it out.

The crowd cheered and hollered at the show, and—as usual—surrounded us. The ol’ poke and prod. Amanda grabbed my hand and we made our way through. I was horny as **hell**. I was also a little bit more in love with this girl every second.

We got to English, and Mr. Tomasi asked if I needed relief. I did, actually—so I said so. He asked me if I needed help. I said yes, and a few hands shot up. I almost picked Amanda. Amanda clearly expected me to pick her. At the last minute, I decided I couldn’t, and picked someone else.

When I got back to my seat, Amanda looked at me. “I would’ve done that for you, you know.”

“I know you would’ve,” I told her, “but I couldn’t. I just couldn’t. I didn’t feel right putting you in that position when I couldn’t return the favor.”

“I wouldn’t have minded,” she said.

“**I** would have minded. I can’t do that to you. It’s not right.” She beamed at me. Heck, it was just what I felt.

Things proceeded normally—well, normal for **this** week—until lunchtime. I grabbed a table, and Amanda quickly joined me.

“I’ve got a question for you,” she asked right away. “You remember mentioning a crush of yours to me?” I nodded. “You still got a thing for her?”

Well, this was a curious discussion. “Yes, more so than ever,” I admitted.

“Well, you know what? You should do something about it. Now’s the time. I need to tell you, you have impressed everyone here with how you’ve dealt with The Program. Even the guys—though some of them are jealous at what you’ve got dangling...”

“Oh Jesus,” I interjected.

“No, really,” she continued, “some might be jealous, but all think you’ve got guts. And half the girls in this school want to get in your pants—or lack thereof—something fierce. I know you’ve got a confidence problem, but now’s the time. You **know** your confidence has grown this week.”

“Yes, it has. But I don’t know if it’s **that** much,” I admitted.

“Trust me. You need to do this, and you need to do it now. You’ll never find out if you don’t find out now. Is she here?” I nodded. “Fine. Just walk up to her, and ask her out for dinner. Tonight—don’t waste any time. Go for it. Trust me on this one, Jared.”

“You really think so?”

“Yeah, I do.”

I was shocked I was even considering it. Here she was, giving me a Good Buddy pep talk, and she had no idea we were talking about **her**. But, you know what? She was right. I had gotten closer to the girl of my dreams than I had ever thought possible—and, in just a few days, unless I did something about it, it was going to be over. She was going to go back to her world, and I was going to go back to mine. Mine would be better—and I think hers would, too—but they’d be separate.

What was worse, taking a chance or living with **that** knowing I’d **not** taken the chance? After what had happened in Bio yesterday? Or after school? Or even this morning?

I couldn’t live with myself, knowing what I now knew.

“You know what? You’re right. You’re absolutely right.”

“Good. You’re gonna do it?”

“I’m gonna do it. Right now.” Whereupon I took a deep breath, looked into her eyes, and just said it. “Amanda, will you go out to dinner with me tonight?”

CHAPTER TWELVE

AMANDA

I was completely, utterly, shocked.

I had started this little conversation to get the subject of the lingering crush out of the **way**. When I realized it **wasn’t** out of the way, I thought I had blown it. So, I put the mask on, of course. Good ol’ Amanda, doing the Buddy thing, pumping my Buddy up. What else could I do? Except pray the mysterious crush would turn him down. But I thought I had lost.

And then I found out differently. I had **no** idea.

I said the only thing I could come up with. “Me? You’ve been talking about ME?”

“Yeah,” he admitted.

“How long?”

“Oh, since seventh grade.”

Seventh grade?!?!? Oh my Jesus. And then the horrible truth dawned on me. “Jared, you can’t possibly **still** feel that way.”

“Why not?” he asked, confused.

“Because you know the truth! For four years, you’ve had a crush on an illusion! A fake, a fraud, a girl who hides behind anything she can get her hands on!”

“Let me ask you a question,” he said. “When you cried on my shoulder yesterday, was that a fake?”

“No. Not even a little bit,” I admitted, very softly.

“And what I saw in your eyes during it? And that kiss yesterday afternoon, were those fakes?”

“No.”

“Look, long-distance crushes are by nature based on illusions,” he pointed out. “But I always knew what you were,” he said with a lopsided little grin. “You’re sweet, you’re kind, you’re fun to be with. The only thing you were faking was you were hiding your vulnerability. I figured that out yesterday morning, when I undressed you. You’re a lot more vulnerable than you let on. I don’t mind that, you know. It makes you a lot less intimidating.”

“I’m scared,” I whispered.

“You think I’m **not**? You think this is **easy** for me? I’d be half-ready to piss my pants, if I were wearing any. You remember. You remember what we went through yesterday. And now you know how I’ve felt about you, right all along. Do you realize what that **meant** to me?”

My world came crashing down all around me. Because I **did** know. I did know. It wasn’t just sex, it was **me**. How the hell did he manage to go through with it? And there I was, leading him through the woods, naked, and giving him the kiss to end all kisses. I looked at him. I was crying a little, I know I was. And he was just kind of grinning at me.

“Jared,” I said in a low, shaky voice, “you are the bravest person I’ve ever had the pleasure to know. “

“No, I’m not that brave,” he argued.

“Yeah. Yeah, you are.” I straightened up, dried my eyes, and smiled at him. Not the mask smile. Nope, this was a different smile, one just for him. “So, where are you taking me to dinner?”

He smiled back. It lit up my little corner of the world. I also do believe I saw a big sigh of relief! “Do you like The Mariner?”

The Mariner was a seafood restaurant. It was a shack—had all the ambience of a backyard barbecue with a roof stuck on top—but the food was fantastic. “I love The Mariner,” I said truthfully. “That’d be great. What time? I have cheerleading, I get home around four.”

“Six?” he asked.

“Six is perfect.” Just then, I had a little brainstorm. “Jared, have you done any of the outreach?”

“Well, I was naked at home yesterday, but that’s it.”

“Never been out in public naked?”

“No,” he admitted.

“Neither have I. I don’t know if I could do it alone. I think I’d need someone to do it with me.”

“Uh-oh. You’re not suggesting.....”

“Yeah, I am. Let’s go out tonight naked.”

“Amanda, I am **not** that brave, I just told you that.”

“Yes, you are.” I looked at him. “The thing is, well, there’s two things. The first one is, I want to do it, but I’m not brave enough to do it alone. I **am** brave enough to do it with you. The second thing is—this is hard to explain. We’ve been together naked for three days. If we put clothes on tonight—I don’t know. I just want us like this.” It was hard to put my feelings into words.

Evidently, it was good enough for him. “OK. We’ll do The Mariner au naturel.”

We finished up lunch and headed for Bio. Of course, we were stopped. I was asked to pose, and I did—and got felt up while doing it. Then **he** was asked to pose by a bunch of

girls, and he was hilarious—did all these mock-bodybuilding things, and then wagged his dick at them. I was in stitches. They were, too. He grabbed my hand and we made our way to class. I was getting felt up and prodded the whole way there, by guys I couldn't even see—while the guy I was now dating—yes, one date counts, especially with all else that had been going on—anyway, the guy I was now dating was doing nothing more than holding my hand. And it was glorious.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

JARED

She said yes! SHE SAID YES!

And I was now committed to go out, in public, to a restaurant, wearing nothing but my shoes.

Fuck it—SHE SAID YES!!!!

And I would have to go pick her up, at her house, with her parents there, in the nude.

Fuck it—did I mention she said yes?

I was delirious. Completely delirious. And the **looks** she kept giving me, in Bio—undisguised adoration. I couldn't believe it. I was on the moon.

The rest of school flew by. I let a couple girls jack me off, and did it with a smile. I didn't feel embarrassed any more. That was probably a good thing—considering I was bound to be embarrassed walking into The Mariner like this!

Amanda and I walked out of History, and just grabbed our clothes. We walked into the path in the woods again—and this time I kissed **her**.

I threw my clothes on—I needed a **little** time for modesty, after all, since I wouldn't be getting any tonight—and practically ran home.

“What's up, Jared?” Tina greeted me when I came in. “You look excited or something.”

“Tina, I have a date tonight. With Amanda Frazier.”

“You spilt the beans?” she asked. I nodded yes. “Good for you!” She tossed me a coke. I told her the whole story.

“Jeez,” she said when I was done, “she had no idea you were talking about **her** until you asked her?”

“Apparently not.”

“Look, Jared, listen. I take what I said back about her being a phony. I don’t think she is anymore. At least not to you.”

“I think you’re right.”

“And she’s right about one thing, little brother. You **are** incredibly brave.”

“I hope so,” I sighed. “I forgot to tell you the kicker. I think she’s trying to be brave herself, so she talked me into going out tonight in the buff.”

Tina practically choked on her coke. “You’re going to walk into The Mariner starkers? My goodness. I wonder if any of my pals are up for dinner out tonight—this I **gotta** see!”

“Oh, no you don’t,” I told her. “And, besides which, I need the car.”

“Of course you do, but I can get a lift.” Then she smirked at me. “Oh, and dear brother, if you get any slimy substances on the seat of **our** car, wipe ‘em up, would you?”

“Of course.”

“You wanna borrow my monster dildo?”

I cracked up at that one. “I don’t think so.”

Mom and Dad got home shortly after that, and I got to tell them the good news, too. They were thrilled, and bemused that we were going nude. Then, I went to take a shower.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

AMANDA

I don’t even remember cheerleading. I hope I didn’t fuck up too many routines!

Afterwards, I did something really strange. I grabbed my clothes—and stuffed them in my bag. I walked home naked. People were driving by and honking and waving. It was very liberating.

I felt like a completely different person. Only three days, and I felt like a different person. What shocked me was how good it felt. Why had I been hiding behind a mask all these years?

Of course, if I was mildly shocked at my behavior, that was **nothing** compared to my mother. I walked in the house and called “Hi” to her. Then I walked into the kitchen.

“Hi, honey.” That’s when she saw me. “AMANDA! Put some clothes on this **instant!**”

“Why?” I giggled. “I’m home now, what difference does it make?”

“You might be parading around school like that, but it has no place here! Did you walk **home** like that?”

“Yup,” I admitted. “Gave the neighbors a good show. Mr. Dalrymple was watering his lawn, I think I almost gave him a coronary.” Mr. Dalrymple was our neighbor—he was about sixty or so.

“AMANDA! This is what I was afraid of. This Program has messed with your mind.”

“Yup, it sure has,” I agreed. “And I’ve never felt better.”

“This is not how I raised you!”

“You’re right,” I spat out. “It’s not. You raised me to be afraid of my own shadow, afraid of everyone else around me, afraid of my own body, afraid of boys. **That** is how you raised me. And I’m not putting up with it anymore.” She was shocked. And I wasn’t wearing any masks. “Oh, and I’ve got another news flash for you, Mom. I have a date tonight. With Jared, my partner in The Program. We’re going to The Mariner.” I spread my arms out. “And we’re going like **this**.”

“You’re not going anywhere like that, young lady!”

“Try and stop me!” With that, I ran upstairs to my room.

I sat up there for a while, thinking. Then there was a knock at my door. Thinking it was Mom, I was about to tell her to go away, and then I heard Daddy’s voice. “Punkin? Can I come in?”

“Sure,” I said—and then tried to stop myself. I had forgotten—I was still naked. It was too late, Dad was already through the door. Ah well, I suppose he was going to see it tonight anyhow.

“We need to talk.” Then he looked at me. **All** of me. He even got a silly little grin. “I must say, you have grown up to be a beautiful young woman, Punkin.”

“Thanks, Daddy,” I smiled at him. “I can throw something on if you want to talk.”

“If it doesn’t bother you, it doesn’t bother me,” he said. He grabbed the chair that was at my desk, and straddled it. “I hear you had a little blow out with your mother this afternoon.”

“Yeah. She was pretty shocked to see me like this.”

“You walked home like that?”

“Yeah,” I admitted.

“You have changed so much in just three short days, I can’t believe it. And you’re going to The Mariner tonight like that? What happened to my sweet, demure little girl?” He laughed. “I’m teasing. I’m OK with it, really I am.”

“I’m glad someone is.”

“Look, the only thing that counts is that **you** are OK with it. Forget me, forget your mother. If this is who you really are, than that’s that. Enjoy yourself. You’re only young once.” He looked at me. “You really like this Jared guy, huh? And I take it he really likes you.”

“More than I ever imagined,” I laughed, and then told him the whole story.

“Wow. Sounds like he’s a keeper, anyone that realizes how special you are has to have something on the ball.”

“Oh, Daddy,” I sighed. “Thank you for understanding. But what are we going to do about Mom?”

“I’ll handle your mother.” He sighed. “You know she had a rough childhood. By the time I met her, in college, she seemed past it. It all came back after we had you. Not right away, but, as you grew, she became more overprotective. But you seemed fine with it, so I didn’t know what I should do.”

“I **was** fine with it. But that was a mistake.” I sighed. “What I’ve gone through this week has brought home some unpleasant truths. I have been hiding all my life behind Happy Smiling Amanda, the class social butterfly. I’ve been hiding my feelings, my wants, my needs—all so that I won’t feel any pain. The problem is, I don’t feel any joy, either. Not until this week. I’ve been a phony, Daddy, for a long time. It’s all a fake. And, after this experience, I know it—and I can’t do it anymore.”

“Jared saw through you, didn’t he?”

“He did,” I confirmed. “Before I even realized he was doing it.”

“The only thing that worries me is that it’s been very fast.”

“You think that doesn’t worry **me**?” I laughed. “But this week, and Jared especially, make me feel whole. And, as an added bonus, every time I even **think** about him, my nipples crinkle.”

Daddy laughed. “You didn’t have to tell me **that**!”

“True, you could probably see for yourself.”

“I’m trying not to look,” he laughed.

“Why bother? God knows I’m not making it **easy** not to look!”

He smiled at me then. “You really are very beautiful. All over, and inside and out. You just remember that.”

“Thanks, Daddy.” I stood up, as did he, and hugged him. With me being the way that I was, I don’t think it was all that comfortable for him—but he dealt. “You’re the best. I need to take a shower.”

“You do that. Have a good time tonight. And be careful.”

“I’m sick of being careful.”

“OK, how about, be smart?”

“That I can do. I haven’t lost all my marbles.” He laughed, and left the room. I let him go, then walked into the shower.

--End of part three--

JARED AND AMANDA NAKED AT SCHOOL PART FOUR—WEDNESDAY EVENING

CHAPTER FIFTEEN JARED

So, I walked out of my house, stark naked. Drove the car, stark naked. And went to ring Amanda’s doorbell, stark naked.

I’ve **got** to be nuts.

The door opened, and there she was, in all her glory. She had left her hair down, had a little makeup on, a gold necklace, a bracelet, her watch, shoes—and an ankle bracelet. And that was it. Boy, was she beautiful.

She kissed me on the cheek. “Hi. We need to go, my Mother’s lost her mind. Daddy is fending her off for me.”

“Wait a minute. You need a purse or something.”

“Why?”

“Because I need to bring my keys and my wallet into the restaurant, and I seem not to have any pockets.”

“Good point,” she giggled. “Wait here, be right back.” She was back in a flash, with a small purse. I handed her my wallet, and she put it in. I could hear the yelling and screaming from the house.

“What’s **that** all about?” I asked as I opened her door.

“My lunatic mother,” she sighed. I walked around and got in and started the car. “She’s shocked I’m going out like this.” She looked at me with a little grin. “She was **really** shocked when I walked in the house this afternoon after school like this.”

“You didn’t!”

“I did. Call it a test run. Walked home from school naked. In fact, I haven’t had a stitch of clothing on since I took them off at school this morning.”

“You sound proud of yourself.”

“I am.”

“You should be,” I told her. She lit up like a Christmas tree.

The Mariner wasn’t far, so we got there in no time. I handed her my keys, and she put them in her purse. “Ready?” I asked.

“Yeah. Let’s do it.” I walked around and opened her door. She stepped out, I grabbed her hand, and we headed for the entrance. I took a big breath as we stepped in.

You go to the counter to order at The Mariner. Then, you get a number, and, when they call your number, you go get your food. The part of the counter where you order is around the corner from the dining room, so only a few people saw us at first. Of course, they were all staring. And everybody working **behind** the counter was staring, too. That was bad enough. Then we turned the corner, into the dining room.

Every head turned. I even heard a gasp or two. And then I heard, loud as day, “Look, it’s my big little brother!”

Oh, shit. Tina hadn’t been bluffing. She was here.

Amanda looked at me with a question in her eyes, but I just led her to an empty table. Everyone around us was staring. And here came Tina.

“You did it, big little brother!”

“Hi, Tina.”

“And you must be Amanda. I’ve heard a lot about you. I’m Tina, his sister.”

“Hi,” she said, grinning. “I figured out the sister part. But why do you call him your big little brother?”

“Well, I’m a year older, so he’s always been my little brother.” She grinned, the rat, and then pointed at my crotch. “And then I got a load of **that**, and now he’s my **big** little brother!” I turned bright red, while Amanda started laughing so hard she almost choked. “I keep telling all my friends he’s my really **really** big little brother.” Amanda couldn’t stop laughing. “Anyhow, I just wanted to see if you had the guts to do it, Jared. Good for you. Have fun.” With that, she went back to her table.

“That’s your **sister**?” Amanda gasped.

“Yeah.”

“Wow. She’s really cool.”

“You know what? You’re right,” I agreed. “Even if she does tease me mercilessly.” Just then, we heard a rustling from the entrance, and then a familiar voice bellowed, “Hey guys! Check out the scenery!” Oh, shit. It was Maggie, along with a couple of other people from Amanda’s crowd.

“Oh no,” Amanda whispered. Maggie came right up to us, her friends in tow.

“Look at this, our two nudists!”

“Hello, Maggie,” I said.

“So, what’s up with this? Is this, like, a **date**?” she said.

“Yes,” Amanda told her. “It is most indubitably a date.”

“Good. I thought I saw something brewing there.” Amanda and I looked at each other incredulously. “Hey, I’m good at spotting these things.” Then she leaned in. “And I have to say that you two have more guts than any two people I know. I can’t believe you’re here like this. I’d never do it. Good for you.”

“Thanks, Maggie,” Amanda beamed.

“Ditto. You’re all right in my book.” I said. Her friends came over, and they were all remarking on how brave we were. Amanda looked at them, and said, “You know what? I don’t feel brave. I feel free.”

That was a good way to put it.

Maggie and her friends found a table, and we were alone again. They called our number, and I went up to get the food. Of course, Maggie noticed this, and **had** to let out a wolf-whistle.

We ate, and the rest of the meal was fairly uneventful. Oh, sure, we got stared at, and I know at least one couple of old fogies took one look at us in the altogether and stormed out in a huff, but it was all right. More than all right, considering the company. We chatted about anything and everything, getting to know one another better. She told me a bit more about being guarded. I told her a bit more about being shy. And we both agreed that we pulled each other out of all that. Well, each other, and The Program. Then we chatted about friends, and school, and stuff. It was normal—except for the fact that we were both naked.

Which became very apparent when she speared a scallop, brought it to her mouth, and dripped tartar sauce—right on her left boob. She giggled, and I just had to laugh. “Now **there’s** something you don’t see every day,” I said.

“True,” she replied. Then she batted her eyes at me. “So, you gonna help me out with this?”

What’s a guy with good manners to do, right? I grabbed a napkin and helped her out. And she even shivered a little bit. We finished up eating and walked out—people were still staring and chattering, even in the parking lot, and you know what? I didn’t care. I **did** feel free. Amanda was right. And she was there with me—that’s all that really mattered. I put my arm around her, she put her head on my shoulder, and we walked to the car.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

AMANDA

I just felt **so** good. I couldn’t believe how good I felt. The food was great, the company was better, and the feeling of complete, absolute freedom overwhelmed me.

There were a few other feelings that were overwhelming me, too. I really, really liked Jared—more so every second I spent with him. He made me feel warm, and safe, and tingly all over. And I was horny.

Really horny.

We got in the car, and Jared started it up. “You have a curfew?” he asked me.

“Yeah, but not until eleven and it’s only seven-thirty.”

“You want to do something else?” he asked.

“Absolutely. I do **not** want this evening to end yet.” I told him.

“My sentiments exactly. Well, then, where to, Madame?”

“Um, I think I want to go somewhere where we can be alone.” There, I got it out.

“We haven’t been alone much, have we?” Jared laughed. “OK. We can go to my house.”

“Your house? Won’t your parents be there?”

“Yeah, but they’re cool. **Both** of them, even my mother. My bedroom’s down in the basement. We can go down there, my parents won’t say a word, and they’ll leave us alone. We can fool around all we want.”

“OK, let’s go there,” I said. And then I took a deep breath. Something had been brewing in my mind all day. Now it was **pounding** at my mind, relentlessly. So, I said it. “Jared, I don’t want to just ‘fool around’.” One more deep breath. “Jared, I want you to make love to me.”

He just about drove off the road!

After he got the car going in the direction it was **supposed** to be going, he exhaled, and said, “Are you SERIOUS?”

I grabbed his hand, and looked at him. “Dead serious. Jared, pull over someplace, would you?” He did, in an empty parking lot, and took the car out of gear. He turned to me—I was still holding his hand—and said, “Isn’t this a little fast?”

“After all we’ve been through this week?” I laughed. “Jared, listen to me. I’m as pent up as I can get. I’m **so** horny I don’t know what to do with myself. I dream about it constantly. I do not think I can make it through the rest of the week without it happening. I just can’t.” I took another breath. “And I don’t dream about it with just anyone. I dream about it with **you**. I can’t hold out, I’m too horny. And I **so** much want you to be my first. More than anything in the world. I don’t want to just have sex—though I’ll do that because of the horniness—but what I really want to do is make **love**. And I can’t do that with anyone but you.”

There. There it was. I bared part of my soul to another human being for the first time in my life. It was scarier than walking into The Mariner without any clothes on.

He squeezed my hand. “Are you protected?” he asked me.

“No,” I admitted. “I am **not** thinking straight!”

“So, what you’re telling me is that you want me to walk stark naked into the drug store and buy condoms, right?” I looked at him—and noticed the shit-eating grin on his face. Thank goodness.

“No, sweetie, I want **both** of us to walk stark naked into the drug store and buy condoms.”

“You’re on.” He put the car back in gear, and drove off. I started giggling. I couldn’t help it.

“What’s so funny?” he asked me.

“You are. If only you could’ve seen the look on your face,” I told him. “And the bad driving!”

“Hey, you shocked me. I did **not** expect this.”

“I know you didn’t. Even after all we’ve done, you didn’t **expect** a thing. Do you know how wonderful that is?” He started blushing again. “You never would’ve asked, not this soon. Even though I know you want this as much as I do.”

“That is true,” he admitted. “I’d always hoped you’d be my first.”

“You’re so sweet.” We pulled up to the drug store, and in we went. Stark naked. To buy condoms, so we could go take each other’s virginity. If you had told me a **week** ago I’d be doing this, I would’ve had you locked up. But it felt...wonderful. It just seemed so **right**. Even when the clerk flashed us a dirty look.

I slipped the condoms into my purse, and we headed for his house. That’s when it dawned on me. “Shit, I have to meet your parents, and I’m naked!”

“Don’t worry about it. I told you, they’re cool.”

He was right. His parents **were** cool. Tina came in while we were chatting, and gave me a knowing little grin. But his parents were cool—even when we headed off to his bedroom.

When we got there, I realized I was shaking like a leaf.

He realized it, too. “Are you OK?” he asked me.

“I’m scared,” I admitted.

“We **don’t** have to do this, you know.”

“I want to,” I maintained. I sat down on his bed, and patted it next to me. He sat. “Listen to me. I’ve spent my whole life scared of everything. Just **admitting** I’m scared is such a big step for me you have no idea. Getting **past** being scared and **going** for it is something I never thought myself capable of. Do you realize how many times I’ve **done** that this week?”

He chuckled. “Probably as many times as I have.”

“Does this scare you, too?” I asked him.

“Yeah,” he admitted.

“Good,” I said. “I never knew how to open up. I’ve learned a lot about that, in just three short days. Some of it’s from The Program, but a lot of it is **you**.” He looked at me in amazement. “I’m serious. And I **want** to open up, and I want to open up with **you** as **much** as I possibly can. And, yeah, it’s scary. But that’s not going to stop me. Not anymore. Hell, the way I **feel** about you is the scariest thing I’ve ever experienced, but I’m not pushing it away, or hiding from it, not ever again.”

Little pieces of my soul, over and over again. I kept giving them away. And then I looked up, and saw the look in his eyes, and realized it was **worth** it.

I didn’t want to give him pieces of my soul any more. I wanted to give him the whole thing.

And I wanted his.

I didn’t say this. I said it with my eyes. He got it. I knew it right away—he understood. That might have been the scariest thing of all.

And then he kissed me. And it wasn’t so scary anymore.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

JARED

Overwhelming. That’s the only word I can come up with. Overwhelming.

I was starting to see things, you know. Over the past three days, I had figured out a few things about this girl. She kept most of her self under wraps. I understood what she was saying, when she told me she had a hard time opening up. But I had seen her open up, bit by bit, at least with me, over the past couple days. But now, she wasn’t offering me bits. She was offering me.....everything.

And she wasn’t just talking about sex, I understood that--though that was part of it, of course.

Like I said, overwhelming.

And I was just as scared as she was. Now, I might’ve been in more touch with my fears in the past than she was, but that didn’t mean I was any better at getting past them, because I wasn’t. If she could, though, couldn’t I?

Hey, this was the girl of my dreams, remember? But, no, she wasn’t. What I had come to realize was that dreams **weren’t** reality, and the girl I had worshipped from afar **wasn’t** this naked girl sitting beside me on my bed. It was a lot more complicated than that.

Dreams are easy, simple—reality is messy and complicated and scary and has consequences. When she came to me in my dreams, nobody was scared. Nobody was apprehensive. It was neat and clean. The reality wasn’t. This wasn’t a glyph or a portrait or a beautiful face across the room anymore, this was a real, live, complex human being.

But what I'd come to realize is that reality is infinitely better than dreams. Even with the fear, even with the messiness, even with the complications. I had waited four years for something that was never going to come true. However, what **was** going to come true promised to be something I'd never had the **capacity** to dream about. Reality is better, if you do it right.

Now I just had to do it right. **That** was the scary part. I should've asked Tina for advice, she knew what this was all about. Ah, well, I guess I just had to go with my instincts.

So, I started with a kiss. Seemed like a logical place to start, right? And she **melted**. She just melted. The next thing I knew, we were sprawled all over the bed, plastered to one another, still kissing, hands everywhere. She ran her hands up and down my chest, and then down to my dick. I was fondling a boob. And our tongues were dancing like Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. We were sprawled all over the bed, touching and kissing, and then I got a crazy little impulse. I broke the kiss, and started kissing down her face, went up her neck, and nibbled on her earlobe.

She gasped. "Oh, sweetie, do that **again**," she squealed. So, I did. I nibbled on her earlobe for a good five minute as she started panting and gasping, and her nipple got rock-hard under my hand. "Oh, that makes me tingle **all** over," she said.

"Yeah, I can tell," I whispered with a laugh as I ran a thumb over her nipple.

She giggled back. "What made you think of **this**?" she asked as I continued on her earlobe.

"I have no idea," I admitted, and she giggled and sighed again. I kept up on her earlobe for a minute or so, and then started kissing down her neck, over her shoulders, until I got where I was going—her nipple, of course. Boy, if the earlobe made her tingle, **this** made her **crackle**. I brought my lips down to her nipple, and, I swear, she **whinnied** like a horse. She was writhing on the bed, strange little noises coming out of her mouth, when she finally said, "Honey....your hand.....down there....please?" in a whimper. So, I slipped my hand down to her pussy. She was **drenched**. I did what I had done yesterday, ran my finger up and down, then slipped it inside. She bucked, and moaned, and then I came back out and went for her clit.

That's all it took. She **was** pent up, no question about it. She went right over. I climbed up beside her and let her come down. She opened her eyes, smiled up at me, and then devoured my lips with hers. "Oh, what you do to me," she murmured in between kisses. Then she pulled away from the kiss, grinned up at me, and said "My turn!"

She had her hand on my dick, and started rubbing it while she kissed my chest. She even ran her lips across my nipple, which made me jump a little bit. And, to my utter shock, she kept going. She kissed down my stomach, even kissed my pubes—and she slipped her mouth around the head of my dick.

I was stunned. I looked down at her, a question on my face, and she just grinned and went at it. She didn't take it all in, of course—Maggie had trouble with **that** and she was practically an expert—but Amanda got a good part of it in, sliding her mouth up and down it, while her hand worked on the rest of it. I felt myself building up very quickly—and I warned her. “Amanda, look out, it's coming,” I managed to gasp. She just grinned and kept going.

The first squirt landed right on the back of her throat. She pulled off, then, and the next squirt went for her tongue. Then she let the rest of it hammer at her boobs. I gasped, spent, and looked up at her—just in time to see her stick two fingers into the pool on her boobs, and put the fingers in her mouth and suck the cum off! The little minx! She grinned up at me and went, “Yummmmmm!”

“What got into you?” I asked.

“Madness. Insanity. Lust,” she giggled. “Love.” That one a little softer. “A crazy impulse.” She looked down at my now limp dick. “But it seems he's all worn out,” she said a little disappointedly.

“Ah, that won't last. He'll recover,” I assured her. “I just need a few minutes. Besides, that'll give me time to pay you back.”

“Pay me back?”

“Yup.” I pushed her over on the bed, and crawled down so that my face was between her legs.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

AMANDA

Oh, **what** was he **doing**?

Oh Jesus, oh Jesus, oh my word.....

I couldn't believe myself. I couldn't believe how quick I went under his hand. I couldn't believe how turned on I got when he was nibbling my **earlobe**, for goodness sake. And I couldn't believe I had actually given him a blowjob. And swallowed it! And **liked** it!

I asked myself, not for the first time this week, what was **happening** to me!

And then, he...he...he started....licking my pussy.

There. I said it. He was licking my pussy. And I felt like I had died and gone to heaven. If I thought **fingers** were nice—well, a tongue was a gazillion times better. And he did it just like he did with his fingers. Up and down inside my labia, and then he even stuck his tongue in my....my cunny. And then he went up to my clit. Over and over.

When I went, I just **exploded**. I **know** his parents heard my upstairs, I was that **loud**. It was the most intense thing I've ever had happen to me. I just came and came.

He crawled up next to me as I came down—and I just wrapped myself around him. I buried my face into his shoulder and wrapped my arms around him as tight as I could. I could feel his dick up against my stomach, felt my boobs rubbing up against my chest. And, dammit, I started **crying** again!

He cuddled me and stroked my hair, just like yesterday in class. “Are you OK?” he asked.

“Never better,” I managed to get out between sobs.

“You’re a crier,” he commented.

“Yeah, and I never knew that. I never let myself go like this.” I looked up at him. “And you’re so calm.”

“No, I am **not**,” he asserted. “I’m just not a crier. And it’s not a macho thing either—I’m not afraid to cry. I just don’t, generally. It comes out in other ways.”

“What other ways?”

“Stop moving and you’ll figure it out.” I did. I held myself very still, wrapped in his arms. Then I realized it. He was shivering.

“You’re shaking! Are you scared?”

“A little. I shake when I get overemotional, don’t ask me why. I’m feeling a lot of things right now. Fear is one of them, but only one.”

“Why are you scared?”

“Lots of reasons. I’m afraid I’m going to hurt you.”

“No, you won’t,” I said—though I wasn’t sure about that, I **was** a virgin, and he **was** awfully big—but I knew he’d never hurt me intentionally. “It’ll be fine. I trust you.”

And I **did**. I trusted him. I trusted him with my body, I trusted him with my **soul**. You could say that I don’t trust easily, but that’d be an understatement—I don’t trust at **all**. But I **did** trust him.

So I lowered myself to his bed, smiled up at him, and said, “Jared. I want you. And I want you to take me. Please.”

He smiled—and he was still shaking---and then he stopped. “Wait a minute.” He got up, went to his dresser, and came back with a container of lube. “This might help, help me not hurt you.”

“I don’t know, I’m pretty wet,” I giggled.

“Every little bit helps.” He reached over at my purse, took out a condom, rolled it on—I was watching in fascination at **that**—and then spread the lube over himself.

Then, there he was, over me, guiding it in. My God it was BIG. Just the head, getting through, I found myself stretching. But it didn’t hurt. It felt very strange, but good strange. And then the head popped in.

Whoooooooooooo!

I **did** say that my entrance was sensitive, right? I almost started cumming right then. But only almost—because I knew where he was—right at my, er, virginity.

“You OK?” He asked.

“I’m just fine,” I managed to get out. “Just—right here—don’t go too fast, OK?”

“Right,” he said, then started pushing. Slowly. I felt myself stretching again, and I felt the pressure against my hymen. I waited for the pain.

I felt a pull. It hurt a little, but just a pinch. That was it, and then I felt it go, and nothing. No pain, really. And, as my brain processed **that**, I realized he was still going, deeper and deeper, bit by bit. I said I wanted to open up, right? Well, I was opening up, all right. And I guess the emotional follows the physical, right? It just felt so **damn** good I couldn’t believe it.

And then I felt him bump up against me. He was in all the way. I’ve never felt anything like that in my life. I realized I had closed my eyes, waiting for the pain that never came, so I opened them. He was looking down at me, concerned. Our eyes locked again, just like yesterday in Bio. And I couldn’t help it—I started grinning like an idiot. “Oh myyyyyyy!” I managed to get out.

“Pain?” he asked.

“No, none,” I beamed at him. “I’ll be honest, I was expecting it to hurt. I lied to you, I knew it would hurt. But it **didn’t**,” I said in wonder. “I can’t believe I took **all** of you and it didn’t hurt!”

He smiled back at me. “Some things were just meant to be.”

“Damn right,” I grinned at him. “You OK?”

“I’m just marvelous.”

“You close?” I asked.

“No, not yet. Your little attention earlier helped. You ready?”

“Ready for anything. As long as it’s with you.” And I wasn’t lying. I felt him slide himself out, and then back in. Oh my goodness. Again, he did it, still fairly slowly, but it was delicious. I couldn’t help myself. Our eyes were still locked, and I found myself **grinning**. And moaning, and gasping—and even laughing a little. He looked down at me, and broke out in a big smile himself, plainly delighted. And then he hit me **just** right. “Ooooh....ooooooooh....oh fuck JARED!” I screamed, and went right over.

And he kept right on going.

I never completely came down—I was still hovering, riding little tingles and waves the whole time. Right after I went, the dear boy leaned over and kissed me. I pulled him closer, wrapped my arms around his shoulders, wrapped my legs around his hips, and practically devoured his tongue. I wanted as much of him as close to me as I could get it. His chest rubbed up against my boobs as she moved steadily in and out of me. And I was still hovering, still recovering from my first climax, and still wanting more.

“J-jared, sweetie.....faster...’K?” I managed to gasp out. He went faster.

Unbelievable. Just unbelievable. I was still grinning like a crazy person as I was getting my brains fucked out. (See, I can say **that**, too!) I just hung on for dear life. I was whining and gasping and at one point I think I went “wheeeee!” like a little kid on a roller coaster. And, as I built up, as I got closer again, I found myself saying it out loud. “Fuck.....fuck....oh, Jared, fuck me....FUCK ME!” He did, and I exploded like a supernova. It was just fantastic. And Jared moaned and gasped and I felt **him** go, felt his dick twitch deep in my cunny, and I knew he was filling up that condom.

He collapsed on top of me with a groan, and I was desperately trying to catch my breath. He tried to roll off of me, but I was having none of that. He probably thought he was crushing me, which he **was**, but I didn’t care, and I wasn’t willing to let go yet. I kept my arms and legs wrapped around him. So, he just grinned at me, grabbed me around the waist, and rolled us over, so we were lying on our sides, my left leg still wrapped around his hip, my arms still around his neck. His rapidly deflating dick slipped out, but that was all right. I was giggling and gasping and kissing him all over his face and neck and he started giggling back. Then our eyes locked again.

“Nobody told me about the joy,” he said in wonder.

“Nobody told me about that, either,” I agreed. I looked deep in his eyes, smiled, and quoted Ms. T. “I think **that** depends on the who.”

“I think you’re right,” he beamed back at me. “Are you OK?”

“No, I went **way** past ‘OK’ quite some time ago, and headed straight for ‘delirious’.” He laughed at that and kissed me. I pulled back from the kiss, grabbed his face in my hands, looked deep in his eyes, and said it. “Jared, I love you.”

He beamed like a sun. “I love you too, honey,” he replied.

“So, when you had that crush on me all those years, did you dream about this?” I teased him.

He got serious all of a sudden. “No,” he admitted. “I wasn’t capable of dreaming about this. What I dreamed about was **nothing** compared to this. Even my dreams weren’t able to come up with something this.....stupendous.”

“Oh. Wow,” was all I could come up with.

“Listen. You need to know this. You were right, Amanda, with what you said at lunch today. I wasn’t in love with Amanda Frazier. I was in love with an image, a face across the hall, a laugh I heard wafting across the lunchroom. What I’ve found out the past few days is that image was **nothing**. The **real** Amanda Frazier is so much more.... **fantastic**....than my silly image that I can’t even describe it.”

Wow. “That might just be the nicest thing anyone’s ever said to me,” I whispered. “Reality very rarely holds up to an ideal.”

“It was a seventh-grader’s ideal,” he admitted, “that I managed to carry around for four years. I think I was scared of reality, with you or anybody else. Now that I know what the reality is like, I’m less scared every minute.”

He was wonderful, but I was a bit worried. “Don’t put me on a pedestal, Jared, I don’t belong up there.”

“Honey, you got off the pedestal the minute you stopped being an image and started being a real person. Don’t you think I know that? I don’t want you on a pedestal any more. I want you right here,” and he hugged me tighter.

I wasn’t the only one doing some soul-baring around here! All I could think to say was, “You make me so happy, I think I’ll burst.”

“That makes two of us, darling,” he grinned at me.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

JARED

I had **never** felt this good.

I had just had sex—for the first time—with the most wonderful girl in the universe, and it was stupendous, everything I could’ve ever asked for. **And** she told me she loved me.

And I bared some of my innermost thoughts to her, and she understood. And there we were, in my bed, wrapped around one another, talking and giggling and laughing and just enjoying the moment.

I was right when I told her that I never knew about the joy.

“I think I need to get this thing off,” I said, looking down at the filled condom barely clinging to my dick.

“Yeah,” she giggled. “You know what? Enough of those things. I’m going to go to the school clinic tomorrow morning and get the shot.” One of the advantages to a more sexually open society was the increased effectiveness of birth control technology. A girl could get a shot, and it worked instantly—she could have sex a half hour after the shot, and be protected, as long as she remembered to get the shot every month, or go on the pill.

“Are you sure?” I asked her.

“Very sure,” she smiled at me. “Why use those things if we don’t have to? I want to feel you cum inside me next time.”

She’s unbelievable.

“Anyhow, I **do** think you need to get rid of that thing before it falls off and messes your bed,” she giggled. “My problem is I need a shower.”

“I’ve got one down here,” I smiled at her. “Right outside the door, to the right, I have my own bathroom. With shower.”

She bolted up on the bed, still grinning. “So what are we waiting for! Last one in the shower has to wash the other person!”

“Honey, I’ll wash everything you’ve got even if I’m the first one in,” I told her.

“Oh, goody!”

So, we took a shower together. And **that** was great. Of course, we paid special attention to all the naughty bits. Not enough for me to cum again, but, after what had just happened, that would’ve took some doing, so I didn’t care. She might have had a little one while I was washing certain places. I even washed her hair. **All** her hair. Upper **and** lower. She giggled and said, “you’re nuts!” as I took some shampoo and worked it into her pubes.

“You remember I told you I was nude at home yesterday afternoon, right?”

“Yeah,” she said.

“Well, Tina decided to get into the spirit of the thing and got nude with me. When my parents got home, they did the same thing.”

“You’re kidding,” she laughed.

“Nope. And one thing I told Tina when she stripped is that now I knew she was a natural blonde.” Amanda laughed at that. “And you, my dear, I now have no doubt, are a natural redhead.”

“You’re damn right!”

“Ever hear the Bruce Springsteen song ‘Red Headed Woman’?”

“Nope.”

“I’ll have to play it for you sometime.” For now, I sang it. “Brunettes are fine, and blondes are fun, but when it comes to getting a dirty job done, it takes a Red-Headed Woman.....”

She howled. Especially at my favorite verse, the one about getting down on your knees and tasting a red-headed woman.

“You’re crazy,” she told me.

“Just about you.”

“I take it Bruce Springsteen has a thing for redheads?” she asked.

“Patti Scialfa is his wife. She’s in his band, so I know what she looks like. And since I know what she looks like, I can tell you that she’s as red-haired as it gets. At least on **top**. I’ll take Bruce’s word for the rest of it.” She cracked up laughing. “You clean yet?” I asked.

“I don’t think I’ve **ever** been **this** clean. Especially a particular patch of red hair,” she giggled.

“Great.” I turned the shower off, we stepped out, and towed each other off, both of us laughing the whole time. I put on my watch, checked it, and said, “Hey, it’s only ten o’clock. You want to go upstairs and grab a Coke?”

“Actually, yeah, I’m thirsty as hell,” she admitted. “Shouldn’t we get dressed first, though?”

“You’re forgetting something,” I teased. “You have no clothes here.”

“Oh, shit, you’re right. But won’t your parents be upstairs?”

“Probably. Tina, too, I’ll bet.”

She got a look of horror on her face. “Shit, Jared, they’ll **know** what we were doing down here! I know I was **loud**!”

I just laughed. “Don’t you think they knew what we were going to be doing the minute we came down here? And you’d still be going up there, clothed or not. Look, they really **are** cool.”

“OK,” she said. “You have clothes, though.”

“If you want, I can see if I have something you’ll sort of fit into.”

“No, I meant that **you** can get dressed if you want.”

“No way,” I told her. “I wouldn’t do that to you. Plus, I promised you a naked date, and that date’s not over yet.”

“OK,” she smiled at me. “You sure they’re cool?”

“Very.” I stopped and looked at her. “Although I wouldn’t be surprised at a comment from Tina.”

“Uh-oh. Are you sure there’s no place we can sneak out of here without going upstairs?”

“Nope, sorry.”

“It’s OK,” she grinned. “If your parents are cool—and I know Tina’s cool, even if she teases us—why should I be ashamed?”

“That’s the spirit.”

Up we went, hand-in-hand. The stairs from the basement come up into the living room—and there they all were, Mom, Dad, and Tina. I couldn’t hide the shit-eating grin, and Amanda couldn’t hide a similar grin, not to mention a deepening blush. It wouldn’t take a genius to figure out what had happened. Mom and Dad just gave each other a knowing look, while Tina had a grin as wide as mine was. “Hi, folks, we’re going into the kitchen to grab some cokes,” was all I said, as I led a blushing and grinning Amanda into the kitchen.

“They knew,” she said.

“No doubt in my mind,” I grinned at her. “You hungry?”

“Ravenous, actually. I thought that colossal meal at The Mariner would last me. We must have worked off some calories,” she giggled.

“No doubt,” I grinned back at her. “Let me see what I can rustle up.” She sat down on one of the stools at our breakfast nook, while I started hunting through the refrigerator looking for some grub. And, not to my surprise, here came Tina.

“Well, hello,” she said, evil grin on her face.

“Hiya, Tina. Did you happen to leave any **food** in this refrigerator?”

“There’s a bunch of fruit in the bottom drawer.”

“Fruit sounds good,” Amanda piped up.

“Fruit it is.” I found oranges and bananas and different types of berries down there, pulled them out, and started putting a couple bowls together. Tina was still standing there, leaning on the doorway.

“So,” she said finally, “is my little brother still a virgin?”

I was about to make a witty remark, when Amanda surprised me. “No, Tina, your **big** little brother is no longer a virgin,” she said with a big grin. I just looked at her and grinned back. She looked at me and winked!

“Good!” Tina said.

“Yup, and just think, a mere two hours ago, two of the people in this room were virgins. Not anymore.”

“Oh, it was your first time, too?” Tina asked.

“Yep.”

“Were you careful?” Tina asked, concerned. Well, despite all the teasing, she **is** my big sister and she **does** look out for me.

“Of course,” I told her.

“I should’ve known better,” Tina said. Then she got that evil grin again. “Was it good?”

Again Amanda beat me to the answer. “‘Good’ would be the understatement of the century,” Amanda told her, matching evil grin with a shit-eating one. “Your big little brother not only has the proper equipment, but he damn sure knows how to use it.” She was **shameless**! Where was **this** coming from? “At one point,” Amanda continued, “he asked me if I was OK and I told him I skipped right past OK and headed straight for delirious.”

“Wow,” Tina said, thunderstruck.

“Yup. It was all that and a bowl of fruit,” Amanda said, as I set said bowl of fruit in front of her.

“Jesus. I think I’m jealous. I wish **my** first time were that good,” Tina admitted.

“Well, I think you would’ve had to have been into incest,” Amanda giggled, shocking the living shit out of me.

“AMANDA! You’re shameless!” I looked up at Tina, who was trying not to start laughing. “I think I need to shut her up, and in a hurry.” I sat on the stool next to Amanda’s, plucked a strawberry out of her bowl, and dangled it in front of her lips. She started nibbling at it—very sensuously. “Besides which, Tina, what were you, fourteen or something your first time?”

“Thirteen, actually. And you’re right. I was probably a bit too small, and he, who was also thirteen, had no clue.” She grinned. “Luckily, it got better.”

Amanda stopped nibbling for a minute and said, “Well, if it gets any better than **that**, I don’t think I’d survive the experience.”

“Uh-huh,” Tina said, looking at us incredulously. Meanwhile, Amanda bit the last bit of strawberry out of my fingers, and then started licking the juices off my hand, going “Mmmmm!” the whole time.

“Jesus. I can’t take any more of **this**!” Tina proclaimed, but she was laughing. “I’m gonna go back out in the living room and leave you too to your post-coital fruit bash.” And with that, she was off.

Amanda looked over at me and started giggling wildly.

I couldn’t help it—I grinned back at her. “What got into **you**?”

“What did I say earlier? Insanity, lust, love? All those things.” She looked at me. “I just figured I’d better keep up with her!”

“That you did.” I looked at her. “I learn new things about you every second, don’t I?”

“What’s funny is you’re learning about them at the same time I am.” She looked down. “I hope you don’t mind.”

“Of course not. I **like** to see someone go toe-to-toe with Tina, it’s such a rare experience.”

“Yeah. But I also remembered what you said. You know, what **do** I have to be ashamed about? Nothing. It was great.” She took a bite out of an orange. “Although, I must admit, I **never** thought I’d **ever** be sitting stark naked discussing intimate details of my deflowering with my boyfriend’s **sister**.”

“Yeah, I never thought I’d see that, either.” Then it hit me, what she said. “Boyfriend?” I said tentatively.

“Yeah.” She looked up at me, under her lashes. “Is that OK?” she asked, just as tentatively.

“Skipped past OK,” I said with a grin. “Headed straight for delirious.”

“Oh, I **do** love you,” she said with a shiver. “Feed me a banana.”

“Your wish is my command.”

That’s when we heard the voices from the living room. “So, did they do the deed?” I heard my mother ask.

“They did the deed,” Tina confirmed, “and apparently it was world-shakin’, earth-quakin’, a whole lotta rockin’ and rollin’.” My parents started laughing and Tina continued, “And now they’re in there feeding each other **fruit!**”

Amanda and I looked at one another, and collapsed in a fit of giggles.

CHAPTER TWENTY

AMANDA

OK, I was shameless. Completely, utterly shameless. And it felt as freeing as walking around naked did.

Besides which, I **liked** Tina. She was really cool. And she obviously adored Jared, despite all the teasing. I know he would’ve gone at it with her just as I did if I hadn’t been there, but he was thinking of protecting me. So, I took matters into my own hands.

I even enjoyed it. And I meant what I said—I don’t have a damn thing to be ashamed about. I **was** shameless—there was no shame. Just joy, and love, and all kinds of other good things.

And then I called him my boyfriend. I have a boyfriend, I have a boyfriend. That kept running through my mind, I have a boyfriend. And I love him. And I had sex with him. And it was the greatest night of my life.

I had changed a **whole** hell of a lot in three short days.

I also found out that eating fruit out of your boyfriend’s hand is **amazingly** intimate, and sensual, and spine-tingling.

Anyhow, after the fruit, we walked out into the living room. I **was** blushing, I know it, his parents kept smiling, and Tina had that evil grin again.

“She’s got a curfew, I have to get her home. I’ll see you folks in a bit,” Jared said. I didn’t trust myself to talk, so I just waved and squeaked out a “bye!” when they all said goodbye to me. We went down to his car hand-in-hand—still nude, remember—and he opened the door for me.

I just beamed like a lighthouse the whole way home. We got there, he let me out, walked me to the door, and gave me a heart-pounding kiss goodnight.

“I’ll see you tomorrow, lover,” I told him. “All of you.”

“I’ll see all of you, too,” he grinned. Kissed me one more time, and then off he went. Dammit. Oh, well.

I walked in the door. Daddy was waiting up for me.

“Hi, Punkin. Have a good time?”

“The best,” I told him.

“How was it?” he asked. He knew, and I knew, and he wasn’t talking about the food at The Mariner.

“It was fantastic,” I told him honestly.

“Good.”

“How’s Mom?”

He sighed. “She finally calmed down, took a sleeping pill, and went to bed. I think we have to have a talk, though, all three of us. There might be some excrement hitting some fans tomorrow.”

“No doubt,” I sighed. “Daddy, I can’t be what she wants me to be, not anymore. I’ve changed too much. I know it was fast, and I know it was drastic, but it’s happened. I can’t go back to being what I was.”

“I know that,” he told me. “I don’t **want** you to.”

“Mom does, though.”

“Well, we’ll talk about it. She’s got to see the truth. I **love** that you’re dealing with your emotions instead of hiding them—but your mother doesn’t understand that.”

“That’s because she hides her emotions,” I said.

“Not really. She hides them **most** of the time, and then they come out in vicious little bursts,” he sighed again. “I’d rather see you happy, even if the happiness is a bit wild, than to see you repressed half the time and angry the other half.”

“She wasn’t always like this, was she?”

“No, she wasn’t. But, we’ll talk about that later.” He leaned over and kissed my forehead. “Good night, Punkin. Get some sleep.” He looked down at me, and grinned. “So, when **was** the last time you had any clothes on?”

“7:30 this morning,” I grinned back.

“Do you like it?”

“Yeah,” I admitted. “I have to say I do. It **is** liberating. And exciting.”

“Good. You do it whenever you want, then, and don’t worry about your mother.” He kissed my forehead again. “Night, Amanda.”

“Night, Daddy.”

I sat there for a moment, lost in my thoughts, then headed up to my room. I kicked my shoes off, opened my dresser drawer, took out a nightgown, looked at it, and said, “Fuck it.” I put it back in the drawer, and climbed into my bed, wrapping my blankets all around my nude body. Which was still tingling. Wonderfully tingling.

--End of part four--

JARED AND AMANDA NAKED IN SCHOOL
PART FIVE
THURSDAY DAYTIME

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE
JARED

I woke up the next morning, threw on some clothes, and went downstairs, still rather delirious.

“Hey, little brother.” Tina greeted me. Mom and Dad were there, too.

“Hiya, Jared,” Mom said, “want some breakfast?”

“Love some.” I sat down and Mom started spooning out some bacon and eggs.

“So, how are you today?” Dad asked me.

“Just fine.”

“I’ll just bet,” Tina butted in.

“So, how long **are** you going to tease me about this?” I asked her.

“As long as I can get away with it,” she admitted. “I have to admit, though, Jared, Amanda surprised me. I didn’t expect her to be that open.”

“Neither did I, to be honest with you,” I told her. “I think I bring out the best in her. And **you**, my dear sister, bring out the **worst**.”

“That’s my job,” Tina said, making even Mom and Dad chuckle.

I looked into her eye and retorted, “You’re fired!”

“You can’t fire me, little brother, you’re stuck with me.” She stuck out her tongue at me. “Want a ride today?”

“No, I’ve had just about all of you that I can take,” I teased. “No, you know I like walking. It’s not that far.”

“Damn, I’ll just have to find you in school and tease you there. That’ll be more fun anyway, you’ll be naked.”

“You just watch yourself. I’ve already told Amanda what your nickname stands for. You want me to spill **all** the sordid details?”

“You didn’t! You wouldn’t!” Then she composed herself. “Besides which, you don’t **know** all the sordid details.”

“I know enough,” I smirked at her.

“Wait a minute, what nickname, and what does it stand for?” Mom interjected.

“Whoo boy,” I laughed. “They don’t know about that?”

“Not the nickname. Though I’m sure you’ll now tell them. If you’ll excuse me, I prefer **not** to be here when they find out. Toodles.” And off she went.

“All right, Jared, spill the beans.”

“Her nickname, among her friends, is E.T.”

“I take it it doesn’t have anything to do with lovable aliens in Steven Spielberg movies,” Dad deadpanned.

“No. It stands for Easy Tina.”

“Oy.” Dad said.

“Oh, I’m not shocked,” Mom replied. “We knew Tina has been sexually active for quite a while.”

“Extremely sexually active, as far as I can tell,” I grinned.

“She started young, I know that,” Mom said. “Hey, it’s the world today. And I know she’s careful.” She looked at me. “She was in love once, I know, and he broke her heart. I think she’s looking for it again.”

“Joe, I’m guessing,” naming her boyfriend for most of last year.

“Exactly right,” Mom confirmed. “He turned out to be a complete asshole, though.” She looked at me. “I worry more about **you** getting in a relationship than I do about you having sex, you know—because of that. So, if I seem overprotective, it’s because I had to help Tina pick up the pieces last year.”

“You? Overprotective? Since when?” I laughed.

“Since now,” she said. She sat down next to me. “You told me you had a crush on Amanda, yes—but, with you being thrown together, and it happening so fast, and the pressures of The Program, I figured what was happening between the two of you right now was mostly sex.” She took a deep breath. “Then I saw the look in **both** your eyes when you came upstairs last night, and I realized I was wrong. You don’t get that look from just sex.”

I took a deep breath. “After we were done, she told me she loved me.”

“That’s a much easier thing to say at **that** point in time, you know,” Dad interjected.

“Yeah, I know.”

“Did you say it back?” Mom asked.

“Yeah,” I admitted.

“Three days, Jared. It’s been three days, a few interesting experiences in class, one date, and one time in bed. You think about that,” Mom pointed out.

“I **do**. I know what you’re saying.” I took a deep breath. “Look, how old were you when you met Dad?”

“Fifteen,” she laughed. “This isn’t an age thing, that’s not what I mean.”

“Fine, but that wasn’t my question. You met Dad when you were fifteen. How long before you **knew**?”

“Almost immediately,” she admitted, throwing a smile at my Dad. “Probably less than three days,” she laughed. “Hey, sometimes it works out. But Tina **thought** she knew immediately last year with Joe, too. Just remember that.”

“I will and I do. One thing, though, Mom, Tina’s a girl. I think girls get put through the ringer by asshole guys more than the other way around.”

“Yes, but it **does** happen the other way around,” Mom maintained. “And, from what you’ve told me, and what I saw, Amanda has gone through a barrage of changes in the last three days—and I think she’s very emotionally fragile right now.”

“She is, I know,” I admitted with a sigh. “What can I do? I just have to go with the flow and hope it all works out.”

“She seems delightful, don’t get me wrong,” Mom said. “Just be careful.”

“I try.” I wolfed down the last of my eggs. “Time to go to school, meet my girlfriend, and get naked!”

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

AMANDA

I got out of my house in a hurry that Thursday. Wolfed down a bagel and got out of there, pronto. First of all, I wanted to be early. Second of all, I did **not** want to deal with my mother. I was in too good of a mood. She came down stairs as I was headed out, called, “Amanda?” and I just yelled, “Gotta go! Bye!” and headed for school.

That’s all I’d need, a lecture from my mother to dampen my mood. I was on cloud nine, and had **no** intention of coming down any time soon.

As I walked, I realized something. I was a little sore. I had to laugh at that. I was actually sore....down there. Didn’t hurt at **all** last night, but that pounding Jared gave me with that big pecker of his had its aftereffect, obviously. And I walked, and I felt the tender flesh rub up against itself, and it was sore—and I just laughed.

I really **was** delirious.

I wondered if it was swollen. I hadn’t looked. Maybe, when I got to school and got my clothes off, **everybody** would be able to tell what I did last night. That thought made me laugh harder.

Like I said, delirious.

I had planned to go down the path and meet Jared back by the football field, but I didn't have a chance. He was already there, in front of the school, waiting for me. We were over a half-hour early, and **nobody** else was there. He saw me approach, lit up with a smile, and started walking towards me. I shook my head, walked up to him, grabbed his hand, and said, "The woods." Even though nobody was there yet, I didn't want to take a chance. We took off down the path, got to the most wooded area, and grabbed and kissed each other, long and deep.

Jared broke the kiss and looked at me and said, "Well, good morning."

"Good morning to you, too, silly," I said and kissed his nose. "Sleep well?"

"Like the proverbial baby."

"You, too, huh? Good."

"How are you this morning?"

"Sore," I admitted. "It didn't hurt last night, but I noticed it walking to school this morning."

"Oh, shit, I'm sorry," he said.

"What's to be sorry about? Not your fault you're a big boy," I giggled. "You were as gentle as could be, until **I** told you to go faster, remember. Besides which, I'd do it again. And again, and again, and again, and again...."

"You are something else," he interrupted me.

"Yes, I am, and don't you forget it!" He just laughed, and kissed me again. I just couldn't get enough of this. Even the kisses made me tingle from the top of my head to the tip of my toes. We broke the kiss, and I said, "We'd better get out of here. The crowd'll be around soon." We walked out of the woods hand-in-hand and saw that the crowd was beginning to gather in earnest.

We ended up undressing each other again. We told the folks that they could undress us—that's a reasonable request, after all—but they kept insisting that we "put on a better show". So we did it, and we **really** played it up. It was great—but, after what had happened last night, it **really** made me **want** him! Ah, well.

The morning flew by. As did lunch. We sat together, of course, but this time, when he found me at the table, he set next to me. And diddled me under the table the whole time I was eating! It was delicious, but I found it **really** hard to have an orgasm without making noise!

Then we walked into Biology. Ms. T had two chairs set up in the front again. We walked in and she, not surprisingly, nodded us into the chairs. The class filed in and laughed at us

being front-and-center again. Then the principal Mr. Tilling walked in, smiled at us, and walked to a chair in the back of the class.

“OK, everybody, listen up. We’re going to be using Jared and Amanda as guinea pigs again, and Mr. Tilling has asked to observe the class to see how we’re doing and how Jared and Amanda are doing in the program.”

“HI. MR. TILLING!” the whole class yelled, bringing laughter from Ms T and a smile from Mr. Tilling.

“Good,” Ms. T laughed. “Now, what we’re going to be discussing today—and it **is** going to be a **discussion**, Jared and Amanda,” she smiled at us,” is expectations, and reactions. I don’t know exactly how this is going to go, frankly—and that’s because we’re going to be asking Jared and Amanda some questions. How they **answer** those questions will determine what direction we go in.”

“Now, you guys might find these questions embarrassing. Nothing **needs** to be answered. You want to take a pass on a question, you take a pass. No reasonable request laws apply. And no overruling from Mr. Tilling, right?” she asked with a smile.

“I’m just a fly on the wall,” Mr. Tilling said. “No, Sharon, this is your class, and **you** determine the rules and any reasonable exceptions. I’m just here to observe.”

“Right. Now, you guys understand that?”

“Sure,” Jared said. “Things can’t get much more potentially embarrassing than what I’ve already been through this week, so fire away.”

The class laughed, and I added, “Me, too. Go for it.”

“Great. Now, I **think** I know the answer to this first question,” Ms. T continued. “Amanda, you’re still a virgin, correct?”

Well, it was all going to come out now, wasn’t it? “No, I’m not,” I replied.

“You’re not?” Ms T asked.

“YOU’RE NOT?” Maggie bellowed from her seat. “When did **this** happen?”

“My next question exactly,” Ms T laughed, “Amanda, when did you lose your virginity?”

I glanced at my watch. “Oh, about fifteen hours ago,” I admitted. “YOU GO GIRL!” Maggie yelled at that one.

“Well, one of The Program’s goals **is** to foster sexual awareness, after all,” Ms. T pointed out. “Anyhow, since you gave me a different answer than I expected, Amanda, I’ll get back to you. Jared, **you** are still a virgin, correct?”

“No,” he said. I could see he was smiling a little.

“Wow. I’m going to have to redo my whole line of questioning,” Ms T laughed. “So, Jared, when did **you** lose **your** virginity?”

He gave me a little glance and then said, “Oh, about fifteen hours ago.”

I think Maggie figured it out, but Ms T figured it out sooner. “Did the two of you happen to be **together** while this was happening?”

“Yup,” I admitted with a smile, Jared parroting me. Maggie let out an “ALL RIGHT!” much to the bemusement of the whole class, even Mr. Tilling, and then she piped up, “Ms. T, can I ask them a question?”

“I don’t know, Maggie,” Ms T said bemusedly.

“I just want to know if this happened before or after I saw them stark naked in The Mariner!”

I cracked up laughing, and said, “After. Definitely after. Food first, sex later.”

Ms T smiled at that, and then said, “Wait a minute. You two went to The Mariner nude last night?”

“Yes we did,” Jared admitted.

“We had a date,” I told them. “We decided to do the whole outreach thing on the date. And then, after we left The Mariner, we...er...”

“I think ‘did it’ is the phrase you’re looking for,” Ed Bauer butted in, to laughter.

“Yes, well,” Ms T giggled, “anyhow. What I wanted to ask you guys was this. We know that you’ve been thrust into supporting each other through The Program. So, was this just two friends getting some release from one another, or was this something more?”

“Something more,” Jared said immediately, the sweetie. “Definitely,” I agreed.

“I guess what I’m asking,” Ms. T continued, “is if we should all be considering you a couple now?”

Jared and I grinned at each other, then faced the class and said, in perfect unison, “Yes!” The class broke out in raucous cheers. We just sat there and beamed.

“A word, if I may,” Mr. Tilling interjected. “You two might want to hold off on that a few days. The Program is counterproductive to exclusivity.”

“To a point,” Jared said. “After all, intercourse is not a reasonable request, is it?” Mr. Tilling agreed that it was not. “And emotional involvement is most **definitely** not a reasonable request.” Mr. Tilling had to smile at that one, and agreed. “As for the rest of it, we deal with it fine. Hell, we just walked here from the lunchroom and she was getting felt up left and right, and not by me. We know what the score is.”

“I must tell you, it’s an interesting experience having some strange guy diddling your pussy while you’re holding your boyfriend’s hand,” I said impishly, earning a big grin from Jared and more cheering from the class.

“Just a suggestion,” Mr. Tilling said. “If you two think you can handle it, then ignore me. Just be careful. This **does** have pitfalls.”

“We know,” Jared said.

“Good,” Ms. T took over. “Now, I **thought** I was going to be asking two virgins about their expectations, but what it turns out I’m going to be doing is asking two recently deflowered virgins about how the event **matched** their expectations. Which might be better.”

“Amanda. We’ll start with you. First of all, when did Jared ask you to go to bed with him?”

“He didn’t,” I blushed. “Other way around.” **Everybody**, even Mr. Tilling, hooted at that. “Hey, Jared is a gentleman. It was our first date. I just jumped the gun on him. Hey, after I brought it up, he told me he didn’t expect **that**. And I told him I knew, and knew he didn’t expect **anything**, and that was one of the things that was so wonderful about him.” I noticed the cheering about that one was louder from the girls! “So, no, I told him I wanted him to make love to me.”

“How did he react?” Ms. T asked.

“Oh, I don’t want to answer that one,” I said.

“That’s OK,” Jared laughed. “I’ll admit it. There was almost a major pile-up on Central Street right at that moment, because I damn near drove off the road.”

“When did you know you were going to do this?” Ms. T asked me.

I blushed. “I think I started thinking about it the minute he asked me out.”

“I didn’t know **that**!” Jared said.

“It’s the truth. And that was at lunchtime,” I told the class, “when he asked me out.”

“How did that happen, him asking you out?” Ms. T asked, so I told the whole story, including his long-time crush on me. The class loved that one.

“Ok,” Ms. T. continued. “So, when you decided to sleep with Jared, Amanda, what did you hope would happen?”

“Well,” I thought, “first, I hoped it’d **fit**.” Everyone howled at that one, Jared just blushed purple. “I hoped it wouldn’t hurt too much. I hoped I’d have an orgasm. And, I guess, I hoped it would be, I don’t know, intense. Like you said what we did here with our hands on Tuesday. I hoped if we went all the way, it’d be as intense.”

“So, what happened?” Ms. T asked.

I smiled and proudly said it. “It fit just fine, it didn’t hurt at all, I came four times, and if there were a Richter Scale of intensity, this would’ve been **off** it.” The class applauded, to my embarrassment. And if it were possible to blush and beam at the same time, Jared would’ve been doing it.

“I giggled and laughed through most of it,” I admitted. Most of the class, **and** Ms. T, looked at me in astonishment. “Really. Jared, tell them what you said when we were done.”

Jared smiled and told them. “I said that nobody ever told me about the joy. In all the talk about sex I’d ever heard, nobody told me about the joy.”

“That’s because it’s rare,” Ms. T said. “Now, Jared, what were **your** hopes?”

“Well, as Amanda told you, this came as something of a surprise for me, so I didn’t have **all** that much time to think about it. I guess my biggest hope was not to fuck up!” Everyone laughed at that. “And I so desperately didn’t want to hurt her. I was really concerned about that. I knew she was a virgin, I knew the first time often hurt, and it’s been pointed out to me during The Program that I’m a bit on the large side.”

“A BIT?” Maggie burst out.

“You just be quiet,” Jared said to her. “Anyhow, I wasn’t worried about **me**. I was worried about **her**. Guys can cum almost at will, especially sixteen-year-old guys, and she made me cum **before** we got to the final event, so I wasn’t worried about that. I just didn’t want her to be hurt.”

“And that worked out for you,” Ms. T said, already knowing the answer from what I had said. But my sweetie answered it anyway.

“When we were done, and I asked if she was OK, she told me she skipped right past OK and went straight for delirious. Who could ask for more than that? ” He looked at me. He was trying to hide it from the rest of the class, but he let me see it. His eyes were shining. And he told me he wasn’t a crier. Yeah, right. If we would’ve been alone, he would’ve bawled.

It was so sweet!

Ms. T started talking again. “Well, I’ve heard some first-time stories in my time. That’s got to be one of the better ones, maybe the best. Those of you who are virgins, don’t necessarily count on this. As I said Tuesday, willing consensual sex between two people who, at least, **like** each other is always **fun**—but it’s not always like Amanda and Jared described.”

“All the female virgins in the room will just have to rent out Jared, then,” Maggie quipped.

“Over my dead body!” I retorted.

“But you get the male ones, Amanda,” Maggie continued.

“Oh. Well. Hmmm,” I joked. Maggie cracked up. Jared just gave me a glare. He couldn’t hold it though, I saw the grin trying to break through.

“Maggie, are you shooting for a career as a Madame?” Ms. T joked, earning hoots from the rest of the class, and making Maggie blush, a rare event indeed.

“I have a question,” Dave Shiell, one of Jared’s best friends, said. “Umm, what does a guy do to make it not hurt?”

“Damn good question, David,” Ms. T said. “Do you have any advice, Jared?”

“Hmmm.” He thought for a minute. “I think I got lucky in that regard, to be honest. But, let’s see. Lots of foreplay. Go slow. If she tells you to stop or slow down, do it. Lube helps.”

“Going slow ain’t easy,” Ed Bauer piped up. “Sometimes you shoot off before you’re even in, which really isn’t much fun for **either** of you.”

Jared got a silly little grin, and told Ed, “Well—and this wasn’t **my** idea so I can’t take credit for it—but I found out that if she gives you a blowjob **first**, it makes **that** part of it a whole hell of a lot easier.”

I laughed, as did the whole class, and Maggie piped up, “Amanda, you been reading my diary again?”

“Anyhow,” Jared said, “remember, though, I **did** get lucky. I **still** thought I’d hurt her. I’m still kind of stunned that I didn’t.”

“Well, I was ready, ready, ready,” I admitted. “Jared was right with what he said the other day, I **have** been sitting in a puddle for a week. Lots of foreplay? I’d been having foreplay for three **days** before this happened. Girls, if you want to guarantee yourself a good first time—go see Mr. Tilling there about signing up for The Program.” Everybody laughed.

“I’m serious,” I interrupted. “Look, I never considered myself sexual. If my hormones ever acted up, I made them go away. If I thought about boys, it was in that stupid Prince-Charming-on-the-white-horse-in-the-big-castle kind of way. I was **not** in touch with my body, not even a little bit. **Now** look at me. If you’re scared of sex, if you’re scared of your body, **do** this. Do The Program. I’m serious.” I got a little grin. “And hope Mr. Tilling pairs you up with a sympathetic and very cool buddy.”

“Amanda,” Ms. T asked, “I know this takes conjecture on your part, but, if Jared hadn’t been around, and you were in The Program, do you think you still would’ve had sex?”

“Yes,” I said definitely. “No doubt in my mind. In fact, I told Jared that—that there was no way I was getting out of this experience with my virginity intact. Just wasn’t going to happen. I’m too horny. So, yeah, if Jared hadn’t been there, there would’ve been somebody else.” My voice dropped a little. “Wouldn’t have been nearly as special, though.”

“No doubt,” Ms. T agreed.

“I have a question,” Maggie asked. She looked...different. She seemed to be swallowing rapidly. “What if you’ve, er, been around the block a few times....and you’ve never felt.... **that**?” Oh damn. I actually felt bad for her at that moment.

“You keep trying,” Ms. T said. “Change your approach. Don’t have sex so quickly—or, maybe, have it quicker if you’ve been waiting. Look for a different pool of people.”

“Try switch-hitting,” Lisa Sherrick, the lesbian, piped up, to general amusement.

“Yes, that’s a possibility,” Ms. T grinned. “Hey, if sex with someone of the same gender attracts you at **all**, go for it. You won’t know until you try. I’ll admit it to you all—I **do** prefer men, but I **have** had sex with a woman, and it was different but very fun.” Wow! I can’t believe she told us that. Anyhow, she went on, “But, aside from that, what I meant by different pool of people—and since I’m answering Maggie’s question, I’ll talk from a girl’s point of view—is try a different type of **guy**. If you’ve been going through all the hunky muscular football players, and they’re not doing it for you, try the trumpet player in the school band.”

“I’ll go along with that,” piped up Jared’s friend Dave—who was the trumpet player in the school band.

“There you go,” Ms. T laughed. “Anyhow, you get my point. Try something **new**. Whether it’s timing, or somebody you wouldn’t normally think about. Experiment, experiment, experiment. You’re all young. You should **all** be experimenting.”

“Experimenting’s all well and good,” Jared piped up, “but in **my** case, what **would** be the point?”

“Well, you two might be the exception that proves the rule,” Ms. T pointed out. “If what you’re telling us is true—and **I** believe them, guys, you can’t fake something like that, even when just talking about it—anyway. You two might be the rare case that find each other in high school, ride off into the sunset, have four little Jared and Amandas, and end up with the greatest sex life in the history of Western civilization.” Everybody cracked up at that, Jared and I most of all—but, boy, that sounded nice! “Anyhow, that might happen. I wouldn’t bet against it,” Ms. T continued. “However, to answer your question, the reason you’d experiment at age 16 even if you think you’ve found your soulmate is to be **sure**. Now, maybe you two don’t **need** that. That’s fine. Only you and Amanda can answer that. You’re telling us a fantastic story, but only the two of you were in the room. This is something **you** have to figure out. But, anyway, that’s why you’d experiment, to be sure. Also, for variety, but, if you’re in a couple, that **has** to be agreed on by **both** of you or it causes problems.”

“How do you know if you’re sure?” Maggie asked.

“That’s a tough one. Let me tell you a little story. I hope this doesn’t discourage Jared and Amanda, because I don’t mean to, but this is my little story. I had a boyfriend in college, and I thought he was the **one**. Rockets fired, the earth moved, all that good stuff. But it ended, and I was **not** the one that ended it, and I thought I’d **never** have anything like that again.” She smiled at us. “Until, about five years ago, I met my husband. And I found out that what I had with the guy in college was a very pale imitation.”

“Having been through both those situations,” I asked her, “do you know what the difference is?”

“Oh, yeah, I know a lot of it,” she said. “My husband loves me. The guy in college didn’t. I loved **him**, or thought I did, but he didn’t love **me**. That’s the difference. And I **do** love my husband, and there’s no mistake about that. You have to trust your heart. That’s the key. My heart knew the guy in college was a no-good fink, but my hormones didn’t listen. Just as my heart knows my husband is gold. And the hormones are in full agreement this time.”

That’s when the class ended.

I was still thinking about this later in the day. The day was over, we were getting prepared to go, and Mr. Riley, our history teacher, asked Jared to stay fifteen minutes or so to discuss an extra-credit project he was doing.

“Oh, pooh,” I said. “I was hoping for a little canoodling in the woods,” I said.

“I know,” he commiserated. “Hey, maybe you’ll see me later. Maybe I’ll stop by cheerleading. Watch you shake your pom-poms.”

“You’d do that?”

“Sure. It’ll be fun. I’ll see you later, OK?”

“OK,” I said, and threw a kiss at him, and left the room.

I’m still not quite sure what happened next.

Well, I **do** know—but that doesn’t excuse it. It was what Ms. T had said, about being sure and trusting your heart. I **didn’t** trust my heart. I’d never had to, and I’d never developed the ability to. I **knew** what my heart was telling me—but I didn’t trust it. And I heard, in my head, what Ms. T said about experimenting and being sure. I **wasn’t** sure, because I couldn’t trust my heart. And it was so new that I was confused.

Anyhow, I came out, grabbed my clothes—and there at the exit was Eric Andrews. Now, I didn’t have full-blown crushes like Jared had on me—I wasn’t in touch with my emotions enough for that—but I had little glimmers. And, for the past year, Eric Andrews had been a **big** little glimmer. So, there he was, smiling at me.

“Hey, Amanda! Looking fine.”

“Thanks, Eric,” I giggled.

“You’re going to cheerleading, right? Walk you there.” Eric was a football player.

“OK.” He didn’t go the direct way; he led me through the woods. I kind of expected that. I also expected him to make the proverbial reasonable request to cop a feel, which he did. And, he got me going—not that that took much these days—and, the next thing I knew, he was pulling me back into a more secluded corner of the woods.

“Amanda, can I fuck you?”

“OK,” I said. The stupidest OK in the history of mankind, but I said it. This was **not** a rape. Eric’s not like that. I agreed to it, I fucking agreed to it.

What was I thinking! Well, I was horny, no doubt about it. And I was thinking about all those things. Being sure. Wanting to be sure, and **not** being sure. Trusting my heart. Oh, I **heard** it, it was screaming, “YOU IDIOT!” but I didn’t trust it.

So I let him. I let Eric fuck me lying on the ground in the damn woods. Less than a day after I get my first ever boyfriend and I was cheating on him. Jared had said it himself—intercourse wasn’t a reasonable request that couldn’t be denied. This had nothing to do with The Program, and everything to do with my damn insecurities.

So, we did it. And, by the end, I **knew**. Maybe I **did** have to do it after all, because, when we were done, there was **no** doubt in my mind. Hey, Ms. T was right—I **did** like Eric, and it **was** willing, so it did turn out to be fun. Eric knew what he was doing, and it was fun. But it was **not** the same. Not by a long, long shot. This was just sex. That’s when I knew, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that it was time to start trusting my heart.

That's when I saw Eric, kneeling in front of me after having finished, look over to his left and shout, "Hey, Wicklow!"

Oh, Jesus. I glanced over there, and there was Jared. Looking like I had just broken his heart.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

JARED

I guess I was stunned.

There was Eric Andrews, just having fucked my girlfriend. "Hey, Wicklow!" he yelled out.

"Oops," I said, "sorry to interrupt." More sorry than Eric knew.

"No problem, we were done." He looked at Amanda and said, "Want me to walk you to cheerleading, babe?"

"Uh, no," Amanda stammered. "Um, I have to put myself together. You go on, OK?"

"Sure thing, babe," Eric said. "Thanks a lot, it was a blast. See you later, Wicklow," and he was off.

I looked down at Amanda. She was still sitting on the ground, clutching her knees in her hands. She had twigs and leaves all in her hair, and she had cum—not **my** cum—dripping from her pussy. She couldn't look at me.

I took a breath. I couldn't stand it. I knew this was too good to be true. "So, is this it, then?"

"What?" she asked.

"Is this where I get the big brush-off?" I spat out. "So long, thanks for everything?"

She looked at me, eyes wide as saucers, as if I had just suggested she cut off her right arm. "Oh, God, Jared, NO! No, no, no." And then she started crying.

Damn it. Damn it all to hell. **I** was the injured party here, right? **I** was the one that had just walked in on my girlfriend getting boffed by another guy! She couldn't go through one day without cheating on me! But, there she was, sitting in the fucking dirt, crying her eyes out. Great big sobbing heaves.

I'm a sap. I'm also in love with her—still, despite what I just walked in on—and I'm the sap of all time. I went to her, pulled her up off the ground, and held her while she cried and cried.

“Oh, Jared, I’m so sorry, I’m so sorry!” she hiccuped in between sobs, and I stroked her hair and whispered in her ear. After she calmed down, I reminded her that she was going to be late for cheerleading. “I don’t care,” she said, but we started walking towards the field anyhow—she a little shaky, and me? I didn’t know **what** I was feeling.

My first question was, I suppose, the obvious one. “He didn’t force that, did he?”

“No,” she admitted, ashamedly. “Eric isn’t like that.”

“I didn’t think so, but I wanted to make sure.” Then I asked her the only other thing that came to mind. “Why?”

“Oh, Jared, because I’m an idiot,” she said. “A test. It was a test. An experiment.”

“Ah,” I said. “You were testing what happened last night.”

“Right,” she admitted.

“But **why**?” I still didn’t understand.

“Because I don’t trust my heart—well, I never have. I have a hard time with that. I was making sure it wasn’t all an illusion.”

“What did you find out?” I asked, not without some trepidation.

She gave me a sad little smile. “That my heart is right, it’s the rest of me that’s stupid, and the only illusion was my own insecurities, that’s what I found out.” She sighed. “I just wish I hadn’t hurt you by finding this all out. I’m so sorry.”

“What hurts the most probably isn’t what you think it is,” I admitted.

“What hurts the most?” she asked.

“That you didn’t tell me. That you just did it and let me catch you like that. That was the worst. Look at the first thing I said to you. We’ve been going out for less than twenty-four hours and I’ve been waiting for The Big Breakup every second of that time. If you had **said** something.....”

“Oh,” she said. “I guess I get wrapped up in my own insecurities, I forget you have a couple of your own. But if I had **told** you I wanted to test this, wouldn’t that have triggered something?”

“If you trusted me enough to tell me, you would’ve expected to find out that your heart was right. Doing it behind my back—well, it almost looks like you were looking for an excuse **to** dump me. You know, hold on to Jared until I find something better.”

“Oh, Jesus. What a fuck-up I am,” she said. “And now I have to go to cheerleading.”

“It’s OK. I’m going to stay and watch,” I told her.

“You are?” she lit up.

“Yeah. And we can talk later.”

“OK.” She squeezed my hand, and ran off to join the cheering squad.

I dragged myself up the bleachers, and found a spot to be alone. I didn’t know what to think. I **did** know we needed some time. I grabbed my cel phone out of my bookbag and called home.

“Wicklow Residence, the fabulous Tina speaking.”

At least **she** made me laugh. “Yo, Sis.”

“Hiya little brother. Where **are** you?”

“Football field. Watching cheerleading practice.”

“Watching a certain someone shake her bare nekkid pompoms, is that it?” she teased with a leer.

“Something like that.”

“Are you OK, Jared?” she asked. “You don’t sound like yourself.”

“I’ll tell you all about it later.”

“Problems with Amanda?” Damn, she was perceptive.

“Maybe. It’s weird.”

“OK, little brother, anytime you want to talk, I’m all ears, you know that.” She took a deep breath. “Mom told me that you know about my trip down that particular road, so if you need the voice of broken-hearted experience.....”

“Thanks, Tina. I’ll remember that. But this might work out. Listen, what’s on tap for dinner tonight?”

“Mom made a marinara sauce.” Then the ol’ teasing Tina came back. “And since you’re **there** watching the **cheerleaders** I suppose **I** am stuck heating it up, right?”

“I’ll be back in time to help. Listen, there’s plenty?”

“Oh, yeah, Mom made a ton, and we’ve got lots of Spaghetti.” Then she got it. “I take it you’re bringing a certain guest,” she smirked.

“Maybe. I need to ask her about it when she gets done shaking her pompoms, but we need to talk.”

“Fine. Yeah, there’s plenty. Bring her on over.”

“Thanks, ET.” She laughed at me using her nickname. “Talk to you later.”

I put my phone away, and sat there watching for a while. I must say, watching Amanda doing her cheerleading routines wearing nothing but her shoes was a very pleasurable experience. It’s a good thing I was used to walking around nude with a boner, because I sure had one now. I even had a disloyal thought—that it would even be better if **all** the cheerleaders were naked—but I figured I was allowed that, after what had happened.

Damn, I was bitter. It surprised even me.

Besides, it **would** be better, right? The more the merrier, right? Of course, the **sane** voice in my head was saying, “Fuck that, the one that **is** nude—and happens to be **yours**—is the most beautiful one out there anyhow.” But I told the sane voice to shut up. Get ‘em all naked. Line ‘em up.

Shit.

Football practice was breaking up, though the cheerleaders were still running through a couple of final routines. Then I noticed a guy in football pads walking up the stands towards me.

“Wicklow.” It was Eric Andrews.

Well, I wasn’t mad at **him**. Was I? **Should** I be? I realized quickly, the answer to that last question was no.

“Wicklow, I owe you an apology,” he said, looking very uncomfortable. “I didn’t know. Man, I didn’t know. Eddie Bauer was just telling a bunch of us that you and Amanda announced in Bio that you were going out. Shit, if I had **known**....” He made a helpless gesture.

“I know,” I told him.

“Look, Jared, I hate to tell you this, but she was **willing**! She said yes! I **never** would **force** myself....”

“I know that, Eric,” I cut him off.

“I just feel horrible,” he continued. “I don’t fuck around with other guy’s girlfriends, The Program be damned. I really am sorry.”

“It wasn’t your fault,” I heard a small, soft, sad voice say to the other side of me. It was Amanda. She was dressed now, and she stood there on the bleachers. “Eric, it wasn’t your fault,” she repeated. “Don’t beat yourself up over this.”

“I really am sorry,” he repeated, kind of at a loss, waved helplessly, then followed the rest of the team into the locker room.

Amanda climbed the bleachers, up next to me, flashed me a little smile, then sat there, her head on her hands, staring out into space.

Dammit. Eric Andrews was a class act. Fine, but now I had no one to be mad at. Except Amanda. And I was trying **not** to take it out on her.

Sighing, I grabbed my clothes and started putting them on. When I got done, I sat back down next to her, and looked over at her. “How do you feel about spaghetti?”

“Spaghetti?” She asked, confused.

“Yeah. My Mom makes a great marinara sauce. Tina’s heating it up right now, and I’ve got to go make the garlic bread so she doesn’t curse me for the rest of my life.”

“I love spaghetti. And garlic bread.”

“Good. Let’s go.”

“You sure?” she said.

“Yeah, I’m sure.”

“I need to call home.” I handed her my cel phone, and she dialed her house. Obviously, no one was there, because I heard her leave a message. She handed me my phone back.

“Ready?” I said.

“Sure.” We started walking towards my house.

--End of Part Five--

**JARED AND AMANDA NAKED IN SCHOOL
PART SIX
THURSDAY EVENING**

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

AMANDA

It was the tortures of the damned, walking home with him. He was holding my hand but his heart wasn't in it. We walked three blocks without him saying a word.

The first thing he **did** say shocked me. "You did get the shot this morning, right?"

"Yes," I confirmed.

"Good."

"Why is that important?" I asked tentatively.

"Well, you know," he said. "Why, do you **want** to get pregnant?"

"Of course not, but if I **had** forgotten to take the shot **today**, and I got pregnant, it wouldn't be **your** problem."

"I thought you just told me that you weren't dumping me."

"I'm not! What made you bring **that** up?"

"Well, that's the reason I wanted to know if you had the shot. Because if you had gotten pregnant, and we were still going to be together, then it'd be my problem, too, wouldn't it?"

Oh, **wow**. He'd **do** that? I was thunderstruck. And I really **am** twenty different kinds of idiot, for doubting **this** for a **second**.

Before I had time to process **that**, we were at his house. He led me onto the living room couch. "Want a coke?" he asked.

"Yes, please." He went off to the kitchen, and returned with a couple of cokes—and Tina in tow.

"Hiya, little brother. Hey Amanda." She got a little grin then, and said, "Hey, the supper's an hour and a half away, and that garlic bread only takes ten minutes. So, Jared, you've got time if you want to take her downstairs for a little of the ol' hubba-hubba."

I felt very bad for Tina afterwards, because she had no idea, but you want to talk about saying the wrong thing at the wrong time? It just hit me, like a whack from a baseball bat upside my soul—and I just **lost** it. I started shaking. Violent, heaving, shaking. All over. It was scary as hell. I was barely conscious of my surroundings—I do remember Jared grabbing me and holding me in his arms, and poor Tina babbling "What did I say? Oh, shit, what did I say?" But I was mostly lost in my own little world, and it wasn't a pleasant place to be right then. I just kept shaking. I wasn't even really crying, just these big huge gasps coming from my mouth, and the endless, horrible shaking. Then I felt

something awful down in the pit of my stomach, and managed to blurt out to Jared, “Oh, shit, I think I’m going to be sick.” Jared hustled me to the bathroom, and waited outside the door for me while I violently upchucked the remnants of my lunch.

At least I stopped shaking. I could barely stand up, but at least I stopped shaking. I came out of the bathroom to find Jared looking at me with a concerned look. I gave him a half-hearted smile, and he put his arm around me and led me back into the living room. When I got there, I saw poor Tina wringing her hands, looking traumatized—and I even saw Jared’s parents there, looking at me with concern. They must have come in in the middle of the fireworks. Oh, joy.

Jared led me back to the couch. Tina was hovering. “Oh, God, Amanda, what did I say? I didn’t mean anything, oh shit....”

“Tina,” I cut her off. “It wasn’t your fault. Please. It was **not** your fault.”

“It’s been a long day,” Jared said.

“That’s an understatement.” I took a deep breath, and looked at Tina. “After school today, in the woods leading to the football field, I cheated on your brother.” Tina looked at me in shock. “I had sex with another guy, and Jared walked in right afterwards, with the evidence plain to see.” Tina looked at Jared in shock. “And I feel dirty and ashamed from the top of my head to the tip of my toes,” I admitted, “and what you said just hit me the wrong way. It **wasn’t** you.”

“Why?” Jared’s mother asked.

“It was a test.” I told them, with Jared interjecting at points, all about what had gone on in Bio class.

“So, you were testing your feelings for Jared,” his Mom said.

“Yeah. But there’s more.” I looked down at my hands. “I have lost **all** control of myself. I kept myself under control for sixteen years, and in four days I’ve torn it all down. I can’t control my emotions, I can’t control my body, I can’t control **anything**, and I don’t know what to do.”

“Is it all that bad?” Tina asked.

“Listen. Less than a week ago, I was a person who clamped down on her hormones like a **vice**, and guarded her virginity like a damn prize. So, I get stuck in this Program, and I find it’s impossible to clamp down on the hormones anymore. At first, I welcomed that. I let the feelings happen—and I ended up, quite willingly, giving my virginity to someone I was falling in love with.” I shot Jared a little smile, then dropped it. “Now look at me. Not only can I not go twenty-four hours, I can’t even wait for the guy I’m in love with. I’ll go grab any ol’ guy, and for what? To get off? To “prove” something to myself?”

“It’s The Program,” Jared said. “It’s hard to keep control when you’re constantly exposed like that.”

“ **You** manage to,” I said to him.

“Not on your life,” he laughed.

“Sure you do. What would **you** have done if, say, Maggie Benson grabbed you in the woods and said ‘fuck me’?”

“I would’ve told you,” he said. “I **did** say that the thing that really bothered me was you doing it behind my back, didn’t I? So, yes, I would’ve told you. And if you didn’t raise any serious objections, I would’ve gone for it.”

“You would’ve?” I asked, incredulous.

“Like I said, if you didn’t raise any serious objections. Listen—I **know** I was upset with you today, but that wasn’t all of it, and I have to confess. When I was watching you do your cheerleading moves in the nude today, I was imagining **all** the cheerleaders nude. Lined up. Waiting for their turn. Let me at ‘em.”

“Oh, Jesus,” I had to laugh. “You know, I might be able to arrange that,” I grinned at him.

“You want a turn, or you just want to watch?” he grinned back.

“Now **that’s** more like it, little brother,” Tina laughed. Good, I’m glad she was her old self.

“Damn right. Hey, I **am** Easy Tina’s little brother, aren’t I?” She stuck her tongue out at him, and I couldn’t suppress the giggle. “But, no,” he turned to me. “This isn’t about control, and it isn’t about sex. It’s about trust. It’s about love. Lose control all you want. Just don’t hide it from me. That makes me think the worst.”

Tina looked at him. “He thought that what he saw was leading up to me dumping him,” I told her.

“Ah,” Tina said. “Been there, done that, didn’t even get a tee shirt.”

“I did not have, and do not have, and can’t see having **any** time in the future, **any** intentions of dumping you,” I said to Jared. “I love you. It might be hard to believe at the moment, but I do. I’m just confused. It’s the control thing. I can’t control my feelings. I mean, how do I **know**?”

“Mom,” Jared asked his mother, “you told me you and Dad met pretty young, and knew pretty much right away.”

“Yes,” Jared’s mom confirmed.

“Did you guys ever, you know, be with other people?”

“Yes,” his mom confirmed. “We attended separate colleges for two years.”

“Until I said, fuck this, my soulmate is 500 miles away, and I transferred,” his dad put in.

“Right,” his mom continued with a laugh. “But we had an agreement, that we weren’t going to be hermits while we were apart, and we weren’t going to deny our wants and needs either. Control was never all that important to either of us. So, yes, we were with other people while we were apart. And, remember, this was a different world—you had to be more cautious about these things back then. But we didn’t deny ourselves, no, and that goes for both of us.”

“Hey, I envy you kids today,” his Dad said. “If I had grown up in a world with no AIDS, with no STDs, with easy access to very effective birth control, and with the puritan moralizers beaten down into the hole where they belong—I probably would’ve gone nuts.” He got a big grin. “I **know** I just would’ve **loved** all this naked in school stuff.” He looked at Jared’s Mom then. “And I **still** would’ve ended up with your mother.”

“There was never any doubt?” I asked them.

“Nope. Never,” his Mom confirmed. “Even when we were with other people, there was never a shadow of a doubt.”

“And you never wavered,” I said.

“Not once,” his Mom said. “Look, great sex is better than good sex. But good sex is better than **no** sex. If there’s no great sex, go for the good sex.”

“My philosophy of life, right there in a nutshell,” Tina laughed.

“Uh-huh,” her Mom said. “But the other thing you have to remember is that truly **great** sex is very rare—because, to have that, there has to be love. It just doesn’t work any other way. I’ve had **good** sex with a lot of guys. I’ve only had **great** sex with one. Some people find that with more than one, but it’s never very many. For me, it was always only one. Now, I don’t regret finding that out for sure—but then again, I always knew. I knew from the beginning. Before I ever went to bed with another man, I knew.”

“I knew, too,” his Dad said.

“I know,” Jared said very softly.

“And, I’ll tell you something else, Missy,” Tina pointed at me. “**You** know, too.” She got a big grin. “And the sooner you admit it to yourself, the less you’ll be fucking with my baby brother’s mind.” She stood there, hands on her hips, looking very satisfied with herself. Jared was a very lucky guy to be born into this family.

And, she was right. I **did** know. Now I just had to convince **him** of that, after what I had done.

“Now,” Tina continued, “who is going to help me with the garlic bread and pasta?”

“I do believe that’s my job,” Jared said, starting to get up.

“You stay right there,” his mother said. “Spend time with your girlfriend. Your father and I will go change and then go help your sister. Five minutes, Tina?”

“And not a second more!” she called from the kitchen.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

JARED

We were finally alone. And I have to admit, I was on tenterhooks. I was holding her in my arms. I was wearing a polo shirt, and the three buttons on it were undone, and she was lightly playing with one of my lonely chest hairs. It was very nice, but I didn’t know quite what to say. I was enjoying the moment, but I still felt we needed to talk.

Then, she broke the silence. “You know,” she said with a grin, “I know for an absolute fact that a good number of my fellow cheerleaders would **love** to pull you into the woods for a little somethin’-somethin’.”

I couldn’t help it. I cracked up laughing. “You don’t say.”

“True story. That massive member of yours has attracted some attention. Oh, and our little tale of deflowering we told in Bio seems to have spread its way around.”

“Oh, Jesus,” I said, still laughing. “So, what, you want to open up to experimenting, is that it?”

“Well,” she said, getting serious, “I think we might want to discuss it—at least until the end of The Program—discuss keeping our options open, I mean. Are you planning to attend the football game on Saturday?”

“To watch my favorite nude cheerleader? Wouldn’t miss it.”

“You have to be nude, too.” I nodded—I knew that. “There’s a party afterwards. It often turns into an orgy, though I’ve never partaken in that part of it. However, if we go, we’d still have to be nude, because it’s sort of a school function, though not school-sponsored—but I checked, we’d still have to be nude. With an orgy raging all around us. The temptation will be enormous.” She grabbed my dick through my shorts. “This will no doubt be just as enormous,” she giggled. “I’d love to take you to that party, and I say that **knowing** you’re going to be fending off hordes of horny cheerleaders. So, yeah, I think

we should discuss keeping our options open. But that's up to **both** of us. And no more hiding anything from you, I promise."

"I don't know," I told her. "I'm still worried."

"Don't worry, please," she said. She looked up at me with a beatific smile. "Jared, I know. Your sister is right, I do know. I've known since you undressed me in front of school Tuesday morning. And it's time I stop denying the truth to myself."

"You're still scared," I said to her.

"Of course I am. You are, too," she said. She was right. "I'm scared of being in love. You're scared of the same thing. Maybe for different reasons, but the same thing."

"I need to be able to trust you," I said. "I'm serious—you want to fuck half the football team, fine—as long as we're on the up-and-up about it. Hey, we're young. I've got nothing against experimenting. I just **know** where I want to end up."

"I know, too. As for trusting me, I need to be able to trust **myself**. I am working on it." She took a breath. "Look, I learned something today. I learned where my heart belongs, and I learned that I have to listen to it. I'm going to make good on that, I promise."

"Suits me just fine," I told her. "As for the experimenting, I think we should go with the flow."

"OK. As long as we're honest with each other."

"Yup." And then I kissed her. Got to have the make-up kiss, right? It was a fantastic kiss.

Of course, Tina interrupted it. "Now, **that's** what I like to see!" she proclaimed. "Now finish up and come get some dinner!"

We broke the kiss, laughed, and went to get some dinner.

Afterwards, Amanda and I cuddled a bit, with Tina looking on bemusedly. After a few minutes of that, Amanda unfurled herself from my arms. "Sweetie, I hate to do this," she told me, "but I have to go. My parents are probably frantic."

"You called them," I pointed out.

"And left a message. My Mother needs a lot less opportunity than that to get herself all worked up. I'm sorry."

"That's OK," I told her.

"Call me?" she asked.

“Sure.”

“Hey, I have to go out,” Tina said. “Amanda, you want a ride?”

“Love one.” We said our good-byes—kiss included, of course—and off they went.

I went back inside, and curled up in front of the TV. I was thinking I probably should go do some homework, but I didn’t really have much, and I didn’t really care. I was watching a baseball game when Mom came in.

“You OK, honey?” she asked.

“Yeah, I’m fine,” I smiled at her.

“All worked out?”

“Mostly.”

“Love isn’t easy honey, especially at your age. Trust me, I know,” she told me. I nodded. “It’s worth it, though. In the end, it’s all worth it.”

“I know that, too. She’s scared. I’m not exactly calm, either. This happened so fast.”

“Kind of like getting caught in a waterfall, isn’t it?” she smiled. I nodded agreement. “The waterfall comes to an end, you know.”

“I know. I think it’s going to be OK.”

“That’s good.”

Just then, Tina burst back in. “Got your girlfriend home, safe and sound, and picked up my supplies.” She held up some ice cream. “Want some of this, little brother?”

“Don’t mind if I do,” I laughed, and followed her in the kitchen. We scooped out some ice cream, and sat down on at the breakfast nook.

“Long day, eh, little brother? Actually, long couple of days, I’d say.”

“You got **that** right.”

“Look. I had a little talk with Amanda on the way home. She’s a **good** kid, Jared. She really is. And she really does love you. Try not to hold this against her too much.”

“Oh, I’m not holding it against her, not really,” I said. “It’s just fear and worry and all that messy stuff.”

“Her, too, you know,” Tina said. I nodded. “That kid’s a ball of confusion at the moment. She’s finding it hard to hold onto something, you know? I know your life has changed drastically in the past week, but I think hers has changed even more. She’s looking for a lifeline. But, the **good** part of that is, you’re it.”

“Well, it’s been a big change for me, too.”

“I get the distinct impression that you’ve got more lifelines than she does.” I looked at her. “You’ve got **us**. She told me that she envied you your family, that she wished she had a big sister as cool as me..”

“Well, not everybody gets the world’s greatest big sister,” I teased her.

“Got **that** right,” she smirked. “But anyhow, she was saying all those things, about you having such a great family, and, when I dropped her off, I got the distinct impression that she was **not** enthusiastic about going in her house.”

“She doesn’t get along with her mother,” I told Tina. “I don’t know the particulars, but they don’t get along. She **does** get along with her father, though.”

“They all live together, though, right?” I nodded. “Well, even if she gets along with her father, she’s still in that house, going through all this, with a mother that she doesn’t get along with. Think about it—how hard would this week have been for you without a cool set of parents? Hell, how hard would this week have been without the awesome presence of **me**?”

“I don’t know what I’d do without you, Tina, you are the light of my life,” I recited, deadpan. Then I laughed. “No, you’re right. And I hate telling you when you’re right because it just makes your head swell bigger. But, seriously, you’re right. Mom and Dad have been terrific. And, yes, my big sister has been terrific too, he said grudgingly.” Not really, I was just teasing her.

“Grudgingly, huh? Why I oughta—just kidding. But you see my point, and how she doesn’t have some of the advantages you do.”

“Yes, I do see your point.” Just then, the phone rang.

“Hello?” I said, picking it up.

“Oh God, Jared,” I heard from the other end. “Jared, I can’t believe what I just did! My parents are fighting and it’s all my fault! Oh, Jesus, Daddy is so mad, I don’t know what to do! I didn’t mean it, I really didn’t mean it, it just happened, and....”

“Amanda? I’ll be right over.”

“Oh, God, Jared, I love you. Thank you.”

I hung up, looked at Tina, and said, “Car keys?” She reached over to her purse and flipped them to me.

“What’s up?” she asked.

“It seems all hell has broken loose at the Frazier household.”

“Oh, jeez, little brother, what a roller-coaster ride you’re on today.”

“I can only hope so.” She looked at me. “Roller coaster rides **end**, don’t they?”

“Good point.”

“Tell the parental units where I’ve gone?”

“Done.”

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

AMANDA

Tina dropped me off, and I went to find Daddy. I needed his advice.

Unfortunately, it didn’t quite work out that way. I had just barely gotten in his office, and he had just said, “What’s up, Punkin?” when there was a loud knock on the door.

“Adam? Is our daughter in there with you? I’d like a few **words** with her.”

“Oh, shit,” I said.

“Look, I think it’s time we get all this out in the open. We have to, eventually, Amanda.” I nodded, though without much enthusiasm, and Daddy let Mom in.

“All right, Emily, we’re all going to sit down and discuss this,” Dad said.

“I don’t want to **discuss** anything! I want to know what our daughter thinks she’s **doing!**”

“Living. For a change,” I said.

“All right, stop,” Daddy said. “Look, we need to start at the beginning. Amanda, you’re going to tell us what’s gone on this week. Start at the beginning. I know a lot of it, but I don’t know the whole story. Come on, let’s have it out.”

So, I did. The whole mess. I started with the stuff Daddy **did** know, the events of Monday and Tuesday, all that had happened. The story of the masturbation session in Bio on Tuesday, which Daddy knew about, caused Mom to let loose with wails of dismay and condemnation. Daddy just motioned me along, and we got into Wednesday. They both knew about the naked date, and then I landed the bombshell.

“After we ate, Jared and I went to his house, and he took my virginity. I took his, too, as a matter of fact.”

“OH MY GOD!” My mother wailed.

“I suspected as much,” my father said with a little smile. “Was it all right?”

“A whole lot better than all right,” I told him.

“What has **happened** to you?” my mother asked.

“Hormones and love. Should I go on, now? Mother, if you think you’re shocked **now**, you ain’t heard nothing yet.” So, then I went on with the events of today. All of them. Even the horrible ones. When I got to the part about my little episode with Eric, I thought Mom’s face was going to freeze in horror. And then I got to the breakdown at Jared’s house. Mom was still horror-stricken. At least Dad looked at me with concern.

“Are you OK?” he said.

“I think so,” I told him.

“OK? Is she **OK**?!?!?” My mother howled. “Have you been **listening** to any of this?”

“Every word,” Daddy said. “Look, Emily, your daughter’s having a bit of a rough time right now.”

“Of **course** she is! She’s walking around naked, sleeping with boys! She’s making it rough! What do you want to do, Amanda, ruin your life?”

Daddy just sighed. “You keep talking about control,” he said to me, “that you’re worried about losing it. You know what happens if you continue to worry so hard about your control?” I looked at him blankly. “You turn into **that**,” and he pointed at Mother.

“What?” Mom whispered.

“That is the result of trying to hold onto your control as hard as you can. It slips out. And it’s ugly, messy, and counterproductive. I knew her when she wasn’t like this,” Daddy went on. “You think she’s **happier** now? You think **you’ll** be happy if you don’t let loose once in a while?”

“I see your point,” I said to Daddy as Mom fumed, “but there are limits. I hurt Jared badly today.”

“Right. But if you don’t **test** the limits, you’ll never know what they are. And you’ll go over them, continually. If I were you, your Mother would have exceeded her limits in my eyes a long time ago. And Jared forgives you, remember that.”

“I know,” I said with a smile.

“You don’t know anything!” Mom interjected. “You don’t know the first thing about it! I thought you were popular, Amanda. I thought you had friends. I thought you had a full social life.”

“It wasn’t enough,” I told her.

“Not enough? I would’ve **killed** for that at your age. But I was poor and nerdy and unpopular. Until I filled out, when I was 13 or so. Oh, then I had **lots** of people wanting to be around me. Lots of **boys**. It took me a while to figure out they were only interested in one thing. **That** is what happens when you lose control, young lady. You end up going to bed with a long line of boys that only want **that** from you, and dump you as soon as they get it. You shouldn’t need that. You have other things to do with your time.”

I was trying to come up with an answer to that, when I got a glimpse of Daddy’s face. It was etched in shock. “You told me I was your first,” he managed to get out. “You even made me wait until the wedding night!”

“Right, because I wanted you to prove you wanted me for more than sex.”

“But you **lied** to me! And twenty years later, and I never knew this?”

“When I met you, it had been a couple of years since I figured out the game, so it had been a couple years that I hadn’t slept with anybody. I figured it didn’t matter.”

“Didn’t matter?” Daddy roared. “You have been uninterested in sex since shortly after Amanda was born. You let me think that whole time that I was the only one. Which means I’ve been beating myself up for the last fifteen years because I thought your problems with sex were **my** fault! And I’ve let you beat up **Amanda** about sex, because I figured that, since **I** was the problem, I had no business butting in!”

Oh shit. Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit.

I had to get out of there.

They didn’t even notice I had gone, they were still going at it.

I tried to hold it in. I tried to keep calm, hold it all in. And then I realized—no. That’s the **old** Amanda. The new Amanda doesn’t do that. She lets it out, because she realizes she **needs** to.

And the new Amanda isn’t afraid to be vulnerable around those she cares about. She isn’t worried about control when control isn’t important. And she isn’t afraid to ask for help.

I called Jared.

I think he flew to my house.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

JARED

I made it to Amanda's house in record time, pretty worried about what I'd find there. I knocked, she opened the door, and flung herself into my arms. She was very upset—but not crying or breaking down any.

"Sit out here with me," she said, pointing to the swing on her porch. She sat next to me, and started gently swinging the swing.

"I used to love coming out here when I was younger," she told me. "It was so simple and peaceful and uncomplicated."

"What happened?" I asked. She told me, the whole thing.

"Listen, this wasn't your fault," I told her. "This is between them, this isn't about you."

"I know, deep down—but it was **my** problems that caused all this."

"What problems?" I said, smiling. "You don't have any problems."

"I don't?" she snorted incredulously.

"No, you don't. No, listen to me. What problems do you have?"

"I hurt my boyfriend."

"He's over it."

"I hurt my mother."

"That's **her** problem, not yours."

"I'm out of control."

"I thought we discussed that. No, you're not. You're just trying to find a middle ground. You've been overcontrolling for years. You overreacted. You'll figure it out."

"I'm oversexed?" she said with a hint of a smile.

"This is a **problem**?" I laughed.

"Ah, Jared," she said, wrapping her arms around my waist. "What would I do without you?"

“Be overcontrolled, repressed, and undersexed, most likely.” I got a genuine belly laugh for that one.

“Look,” she started, “do you think it would exceed your parents’ coolness limits if I, er, stayed over with you tonight? I really don’t want to be alone.”

“No, they won’t care.”

“Do **you** mind?” she asked.

“I’d love it,” I said honestly. “But what will **your** parents do?”

“I don’t care, at this point, but I know I don’t want to be here tonight.”

Just then, we heard the front door open. “Punkin? You out here?”

“Over here, Daddy,” Amanda called. Her father came out of the house and walked over to us.

“Hello, you must be Jared,” he said—pleasantly, considering the circumstances. “Pleased to finally meet you.”

“Likewise,” I shook his hand.

“Punkin, will you come in for a minute, please?”

“Not by myself,” she asserted.

“That’s fine.” She led me into the house. We sat. Her father sat down across from us, next to her mother, who was **glaring** at me.

“Mom, this is Jared,” Amanda said. Her mother at least flashed me a smile.

“Amanda,” her father began, “your mother and I have had a long talk. We have some things to work out. But what’s going on between **us** is **not** your fault.”

“I know it’s not, really, but I still feel responsible,” she said.

“Look,” her mother started. “I’m worried. Perhaps you think I’m overcontrolling, but you didn’t grow up like I did.”

“That’s right, Mother, I didn’t,” Amanda told her. “And I’m not you, and I **can’t** be you. This is a different world, and I’m a different person.” I listened to her voice grow in strength as she went on. “You have to understand something—the **only** thing I’ve done that I regret is having sex with Eric this afternoon—and the **only** reason I regret **that** is **this** guy.” She wrapped her arm around mine. “If I weren’t in love, I wouldn’t care **who** I

had sex with. Something I've discovered these past couple of days is that I **like** sex. I like walking around naked. I even like getting felt up in the hallways! What I did today was the wrong thing because it was a breach of trust—but that was the **only** thing wrong with it."

"And, even then," I butted in, "you did it for what were, at least in part, some pretty good reasons."

"Oh, you do forgive me," she said softly, resting her head on my shoulder.

"Told you I did."

"Anyhow," she went on, head still on my shoulder, which amused her father no end, "I can't keep running from life. I need to experience it. All of it."

"I understand what you're saying," her mother said, very controlled—though she **was** obviously trying, "but what you haven't yet figured out is that some experiences are bad."

"You think I don't know that?" she said. "Jesus, just today—I made a big mistake and hurt someone I love. As an added bonus, I had to watch something I said cause my parents to have a huge fight. Oh, and let's not forget, breaking down like a complete basket case on my boyfriend's couch. This has **not** been a good day."

She took a deep breath, and snuggled into me. "You know what, though? I'll take the tradeoff. Because if I cut myself off from the possibilities of all that bad stuff, I'm also cutting myself off from the possibilities of **this**," and she hugged me harder. "I'll take the tradeoff. It's definitely worth it."

"Well said," her father chipped in.

"No arguments here," I said. "I have not exactly been Mister Openness in the past, either," I told them, "and this week has given me some terrifying and unpleasant moments as well."

"Like catching Amanda with that other guy," her mother said.

"Well, yeah, but not for the reason you think." Her mother looked at me blankly. "I didn't mind that she **did** it"—her mother looked at me in horror at that—"I minded that she did it behind my back." I took a deep breath. "I have a self-esteem problem, I know it. I'm convinced people think the worst of me. When I caught her with Eric today, because she was sneaking around, I figured that was **it**, I was gone, it was all over."

"He found out differently," Amanda said. "Even if I did have to beat it into him."

"Yeah," I agreed. "But, no, I was terrified of being dumped. Heck, I was terrified when I asked her out. The whole Program has terrified me. I was especially terrified when she told me...well.....um..."

“That I wanted to go to bed with you?” Amanda giggled. “He was white as a ghost and almost drove off the road!” she said with glee. Her mother was still faintly horrified, but her father was suppressing a chuckle. “But that all worked out just fine, sweetie, now didn’t it?”

“I **don’t** think I want to know the details of **that!**” her mother said. But there was a hint of humor in **her** voice, too.

“OK, Mother, I’ll spare you that,” Amanda giggled. “Anyhow, my point is, I—actually, **we**, both of us—have to work through this. I can’t run away from it, I can’t hide from it, and—more to the point—I don’t **want** to. I want **this**,” and she snuggled me again.

“Agreed, on all counts,” I said.

“I can only promise I’ll try, honey,” her mother said. “Try to support you, and try to not be so overcontrolling.”

“That’s a start,” Amanda said. “And **please** tell me you two aren’t going to get a divorce!”

“We’re not going to get a divorce,” her father said with a smile.

“Good. Because, I don’t care what you say, I **would** blame myself.”

“None of this is your fault. None of it,” her father said.

“Your father and I have some things we have to work out,” her mother said. “But we will. We’ll work them out.”

“And to **that** end,” Amanda said, “I’m going to give you two some time alone tonight, how about that?”

“Excuse me?” her mother asked.

“I’m going home with Jared tonight.”

“Ummm...well.....” her mother stammered.

“I’m not in the mood to be alone,” Amanda told her.

“Jared, your parents won’t have a problem with this?” she asked.

“No, ma’am,” I said. “Me having my girlfriend stay over? This is **mild**, in my house. I’m the **good** child.” Amanda cracked up laughing at that.

“The good child?” her mother asked.

“Oh, you have to meet his older sister, Tina,” Amanda said through her giggles.

“She’s an experience,” I agreed.

“I think I’ll take your word for that,” Amanda’s mother said. “Look, Amanda, you’re going to do what you want. But, OK, I’ll admit it—your father and I could use some time alone.”

“I know.”

“I guess I’m going to have to accept this.”

“I really do love your daughter, if that helps any,” I told her.

“It does. Go. Get out of here.”

“Come on up with me, sweetie, I need to grab some stuff.” She led me up to her room. She grabbed a small bag and started piling stuff into it, toiletries and the like. “I’m surprised I didn’t get into more of a fight over this,” she giggled.

“I think they’re shell-shocked,” I commented.

“Could be. I think I’ve got everything. Let’s go.”

“OK. Now, it’s not that I disapprove or anything, you understand,” I said with a grin, “but I just want to make sure that it was **deliberate** that I didn’t see you pack any nightclothes.”

“Clothes? In bed?” she laughed. “I’m not wearing ‘em in school, why wear them to **bed**?”

“You usually don’t share a bed,” I pointed out.

“All the more reason to stay naked, don’t you think?” she smirked as she breezed by me.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

AMANDA

Oh, it felt good to get out of there!

My parents were all right when we left, but I just didn’t want to be there. I wanted to be with Jared. We pulled out onto the street, and he looked at me and smiled. “You OK?” he asked.

“You know what? I’m fine. This has, however, been the longest, most confusing, most emotional day of my life.”

“Yeah, I’ll buy that. When I got that phone call from you, and Tina asked me what was up, and I told her that all hell had broken loose at your house, she said that the last two days had been quite the roller coaster ride for me.”

“Luckily, roller coaster rides **stop**, eventually.”

He cracked up laughing. “That’s exactly what I said to Tina. Jeez, we’re even starting to think alike.”

“Now **that’s** scary,” I deadpanned.

We got to his house, and went in. I heard his mother call, “Jared, is that you? Is Amanda OK?”

“I’m fine, Mrs. Wicklow,” I called out.

She came out, Tina trailing behind. “Amanda! I didn’t expect to see you back here.”

“Um, she’s going to stay the night, if that’s all right with you,” Jared said.

“Of course,” his Mom said. “You’re welcome any time. However, is everything **really** OK? You’re not, like, staying here because things are so bad at home, are you?”

“No,” I told her. “But it’s been a long emotional day, my parents need some time alone, and—most importantly—I **don’t** want to be alone.” I smiled at her. “It’s going to work out, I think, really. A lot of crap happened today, but I do believe it’ll be all right. It’s just that lying in my bed in my room all by myself, desperately trying to fall asleep, was about as appealing as bashing my head up against the wall.”

“That’s fine—as I said, you’re welcome any time. Your parents know, yes?”

“Yeah, they know. Mom’s not thrilled, but she’s getting more accepting,” I told her.

“Good. Now, you two, before you go downstairs and we don’t see you until tomorrow morning, get your butts in the kitchen and help Tina and I eat some of this ice cream. Before we eat it all and get fat!”

“Ah, **you** might have to worry about that, Mom,” Tina said as we trailed Mrs. Wicklow into the kitchen. “*I* don’t.” Tina was quite thin.

“Ah, yes, **now**, my dear daughter. Wait until you have a couple kids and see if you say that.”

“I don’t know if I ever want kids,” Tina said. “I think I do, someday—but, then again, I worry they might turn out like **me**.”

Jared laughed at that, and said, “Yeah, but there’s the flip side, Tina. You might get lucky and get a few like **me**.”

“Oh, please, no!” Tina laughed.

“If either of you decide to have kids, and you get kids that are mostly like **either** of you, you’ll be lucky,” Jared’s mom said.

“Oh, Mom. You’re gonna get me all mushy.” Jared teased. “Oh, Amanda, the ice cream is calling.”

“I should pass, seeing as I’m **already** fat.” I said.

“Where?” Tina snorted. “And don’t try to snow me, I’ve seen you naked.”

“As have I, so shut up and eat your ice cream,” Jared teased, setting a bowl in front of me.

I gave in and took a spoonful. But I said to Tina, “Yeah, Tina, but if we stood side-by-side naked, I think we’d know who the fat one was,” I said.

“Ah, crap. **I** am a rail,” Tina asserted. “I’m 5’9” and I weigh 115 pounds. I’m not anorexic or anything either—as you would know if you realized this was my third bowl of ice cream tonight. It’s just that nothing sticks. And **you** are not fat, Amanda. You’re curvy. Nothing wrong with that. At least Jared doesn’t have to get out the magnifying glass to find your boobs, like my dates do.” I laughed so hard I almost choked on my ice cream.

“You have boobs,” I said after I caught my breath. “They’re just smaller. This is not necessarily a disadvantage. These things get in the way.”

“Oh, I think I’d be able to deal.” Tina said.

“Oh, really? Fine. I’m a C-cup. We’ll get you a pair of C-cup falsies, paste them on you, and you can go try cheerleading with them on. All those jumps and splits. Oh, and we’ll throw you in The Program so you can do it in the **nude**.” Even Tina cracked up at that. “How I’ve managed to **not** give myself multiple black eyes this week is beyond my comprehension.”

“All right, you’ve got a point,” Tina conceded. “But you are **not** fat. And I’ll bet Jared would agree.”

“I told you days ago you were the most beautiful girl in school,” he piped up. “And I meant that from head to toe.”

“Aw,” was all I could say. He really was unbelievably sweet.

“And on that note,” Mrs. Wicklow laughed, “I think it’s time for me to head to bed. Good night, kids.”

They both said good night. “Good night, Mrs. Wicklow,” I piped up. “And thank you. For...you know...”

“You’re welcome, Amanda. Any time.”

“I’m heading up, too, kids. Night.” Tina said. We bade her good night, and headed downstairs.

“Jared, I can’t possibly tell you how much I love your family,” I said.

“I know. I’m pretty attached to them myself. And I think they really like **you**.”

“I’m glad. Sweetie, do you mind if I take a shower?”

“Of course not,” he said. “Want company?”

“Uh, no. Not really,” I said.

“Oh. OK,” he said, but his face fell.

“It’s not you, Jared,” I tried to explain. “It’s....well....I feel dirty.”

“I could help you clean up,” he said with a leer.

“You pervert,” I laughed, but then went back to serious. “No, Jared, I don’t mean that kind of dirty.” I looked at him helplessly. “You know...” I said weakly. “I need to, you know, wash off....” I trailed off.

“Oh. I get it,” he said. “There’s absolutely no need for you to feel that way, you know, but I understand. You do what you need to.”

“Thanks. I’ll be right back.” I went into his bathroom, undressed, grabbed shampoo and soap out of my toiletry case, and turned on the shower. Oh, it felt glorious. **I did** feel dirty, and I know he was saying all the right things, but I needed to do this. Because I wanted to make sure to clean out—you know. Yes, I can say it, dammit! I wanted to clean out my pussy. Yeah, he forgave what happened and all, but I still felt dirty. I didn’t want him seeing anything but his squeaky-clean girlfriend. Yeah, I was being anal, but I didn’t care. I needed to **feel** clean.

When I did, I stepped out of the shower, toweled myself off, and stepped back into his bedroom. I didn’t bother with clothes, of course. I walked in, and Jared was sitting in his bed, watching TV. “Yeah. You’re fat. Surrre you are,” he said when he saw me.

I couldn't help but laugh. I walked over to the bed, and climbed in next to him. He was as naked as I was. He switched off the light and the TV, and drew me into his arms. I kissed him, and then snuggled up against him. I could feel his big monster up against my stomach.

"What do you want, Amanda?" he asked.

"What do **you** want?" I teased.

"No, I asked you. Whatever you want from me, I'll do it. It's been a long day. If you want to just cuddle up and go to sleep, we'll do that."

"Yeah, I want to cuddle up and go to sleep." Then I giggled. "In a couple hours or so."

"Are you sure? I'm serious. It's been a long day for you, and I don't want you to feel obligated or anything."

I sat up and glared at him. "Jared Wicklow, if you don't stick that big thing of yours inside me, and in a hurry, I'm cutting it off!"

"Well, OK, Mistress, but would you mind if I partook of your charms a little bit first?" he giggled.

I got serious. "No, Jared, please, no. I need it, and I need it now. Please. I need **you** where **you** belong."

Bless him, he understood. He did stick his hand down there for a minute or two, to make sure I was wet enough, but he didn't waste time—and the next thing I knew I felt him sliding into me.

I had forgotten I was a bit sore, and I grimaced when the head slipped in. "Are you OK? I forgot you were sore."

"I'm fine," I said, but I wasn't all that convincing. "Just keep going."

"I am **not** going to hurt you."

"You will hurt me a hell of a lot more if you stop," I told him. "Dammit, Jared, I **need** this! I didn't let any goddamn soreness stop me this afternoon, did I?" Shit. I **wasn't** going to bring it up, I wasn't, I wasn't. Not in **Jared's** bed.

He just looked at me and said, "Well, from what I saw, Eric's not nearly as big as I am."

I couldn't help it. I grinned at him like a maniac. "No, he's not," I agreed. "Do you know how much I love you?" I had to say. "Now, my love, **push!**"

He pushed. Yeah, it hurt a little—but, I wasn't kidding, it would've hurt a lot more if he hadn't. A bit of **physical** pain I could deal with. But the rest was going away—and even the physical pain wasn't too bad, as Jared went very slow, opening me up millimeter by millimeter. By the time he hit bottom, I wasn't feeling any pain at all. Of any kind.

And he kept it up. He started fucking me and he was going deliciously slow, and I could feel every little bump and vein on his dick slipping past every bump and crevice of my pussy. Over and over and over again. Oh God it was beautiful.

Once I realized that I was fine, I whispered in his ear, "You can go a little faster." So he did. Nothing too fast or furious, just fast enough. I wrapped myself around him again and listened to his breathing, kissed his forehead, and just let it build. And build it did. It was like every nerve in my body pulsed just a little bit harder with every stroke. And harder, and harder, and then all my nerves just **exploded**, and I came. Really **really** hard. I even screamed. That's all Jared needed, and I felt him pulsing deep within me.

After I caught my breath, I looked at him and said, "No condoms, ever again!"

"You got that right," he laughed.

"I'm an idiot, you know," I said softly.

"Not **that** again!"

"No, I am." I took a breath. "You know, I did my little—experiment—today because I was unsure. What I was, idiot that I am, was wildly impatient. We had been to bed **once**. If I had only waited for the **second** time, I wouldn't have been unsure at all."

"Good!" he said. "As I said, if we decide to experiment, fine. You just remember who makes you scream."

"Won't ever forget it ever again," I promised him.

"Well, it looks like your two hours to sleep time estimate was a bit overstated."

"Who says?" I teased him. "Did I say you were **done**? **Now** you may partake of my charms."

"Oh, goody," he said.

I was right. After he sampled every damn inch of me with his hands and his tongue, we went for another round. That one might have been better. And, no, he didn't hurt me. In any way.

And it was just about two hours after we started that I fell asleep, curled up in his arms.

JARED AND AMANDA NAKED IN SCHOOL
PART SEVEN
FRIDAY MORNING

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE
JARED

You know how waking up is. There's those first couple of minutes when you're hovering between actually being awake, and incoherence. Well, that moment can be surreal, especially when you wake up in an unfamiliar situation. Anyone who's woken up in a hotel room or at a relative's house or in a different bed knows what I'm talking about.

Well, this is particularly surreal when you're a sixteen-year-old boy and you slowly realize that you're waking up with your hand curled around your girlfriend's tit!

I'm sure that, when I was younger, I crawled in with my parents during a thunderstorm or something—and I know I slept with them when I was a newborn—but this was the first time I ever **remember** waking up in a bed, and not being alone in it. And what a strange and fantastic experience it was. I was on my right side, behind her. My left arm was draped over her, hand clutching the aforementioned boob, and her hand was covering mine. My left leg was draped over her legs. Her back was right up against my chest. My nose was almost bumping the back of her head, and I could smell her hair. (Her shampoo has strawberry in it, I can attest to that now!) My right hand—the one underneath me—was under **her** pillow, and **her** right hand was there, too, lightly touching mine. And my dick—which was rock-hard, no big surprise that—was up against her ass. I lifted my head a little, and looked at her, and saw she was still asleep—but she had this adorable little smile on her face.

I didn't blame her—I probably grinned like an idiot all night, too.

Then I had a thought. My dear sister Tina, a few years ago, was into photography, and developed this annoying habit of trying to embarrass me by taking pictures of me in the most compromising positions. When I fell asleep in the backyard with my hand on my crotch, Tina got a picture of it. When I accidentally knocked all the books off of my bookshelf in the room, Tina got a picture of it. My first kiss, when I was 11, with a girl that used to live on our block, Tina got a picture of it.

Damn. Where was she **now**? I'd **love** a picture of **this**!

I wanted to giggle at the thought, but I stifled it. It didn't matter, though, because the lovely in my arms was starting to stir. I could see her go through that whole surrealistic moment thing herself. Then she blinked, looked down at her hand—which was covering my hand, which was covering her breast—and then looked up at me. And the smile she gave me just about stopped time.

"Good morning," she said a little shyly.

“Good morning to you. Sleep well?”

“I don’t think I’ve ever slept better.” She giggled. “The dreams were a little intense, though.”

“Jeez, I wonder why.”

“Oh, I have **no** idea,” she said, as she drove my hand with hers harder into her breast. “Couldn’t **imagine** what might be giving me **dreams**.” Then she wiggled her ass against my erect dick. “Oh, you **are** awake, aren’t you?”

“All over,” I laughed. “And waking up with you in my arms was damn near indescribable. Thank you for the brilliant idea of staying over here tonight.”

“Thank **you**. For supporting me. For...well...everything. You know.” I did. “And, you know what?” She leaned back into me, forcing me backwards, so I ended up on my back. “I’m about to have another brilliant idea!” She sat up, grabbed my dick, and gently pulled on it. “Honey, scooch. Over to the middle of the bed.” I had ended up on the edge. Confused, I moved over. She got on her hands and knees, smiled brilliantly at me, kissed me, then whipped her leg over me. Getting on her haunches, she grabbed my dick and straddled me. Then she raised up, and aimed my dick at her pussy, and slowly started sinking down on it.

“You are the queen of brilliant ideas,” I told her, provoking a giggle, “but after last night, you’ve got to be sore—especially since you were sore to begin with.”

“Fuck that.” She lowered a little, and the head popped in. “I’m not really sore. And this won’t hurt because I’m running like a river.” She wasn’t exaggerating, I could feel the wetness dripping down on my dick and crotch. “Hey, you spend all night grabbing my boob, what do you expect?”

“I’ll just have to spend all night grabbing your boob more often.”

“That sounds wonderful,” she said, soft and sweet. “But first things first.” I expected her to slowly slide down my dick. She had other ideas. She just **dropped**. Wham! And it was all in. Oh. My. God. I had all I could do to not cum right then. As she hit bottom, her eyes widened, and her mouth opened in shock. Then she grinned and went, “Wheeeeeee!”

“You’re incredible,” I told her.

“Uh-huh.” She thought for a minute. “Now, let’s see.” She leaned forward, her hands hitting the mattress around me. Her hair fell forward and framed my face. Her nipples were lightly grazing my chest. I put my hands on her sides, at her waist, to help support her. She started raising and lowering herself slowly, trying to find a rhythm. Once she found it, the whole ‘slowly’ part went **right** out the window.

I couldn't believe it. She started pistoning up and down like a madwoman. WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! She was crying and moaning the whole time, and it was all I could do to keep up the pace with my hands that were supporting her. I had never gone this fast or this hard. But I wasn't in control this time, and who was I to complain? **Complain?** I was in **heaven!** I did feel it necessary to warn her though.

"You keep this up, it won't be long," I got out.

"G-good," she managed to stammer. I saw what she meant, because a couple more strokes and she went. She straightened up, twisting and gyrating on my dick, moaning and wailing as she came. Her pussy clamping down on my dick was all **I** needed.

She flopped forward and I caught her half way down, and settled her up against me. She was still humming. I was still hard, and still in her.

"Oooh," she finally said, "I think I really **like** that!"

"Really?" I grinned.

"Oh, yeaaaah," she drawled. "Well, look, I'll explain it to you. Part of The Program is learning about anatomy and what makes the other person tick, right?"

"Right," I agreed.

"Well, look. When I'm on top, and I'm leaned forward like that, every time I hit bottom, all of me down there makes contact." She shivered. "Do you have any **idea** what that does to my clitty? Ooooh!"

"Ah. I understand. Now I know why you went at it like a wild woman."

"Yes, you do," she grinned. Then she got a shy little look. "Did, you, uh, like it that way?" she asked tentatively.

"Yeah, I did. It was nice not to have to do any of the work." She grinned and swatted me. "And I really liked watching you." That got a genuine smile. "And I don't mind giving up control, not to you." That got the biggest smile of all. "But, I've got to ask, after watching you bounce up and down on me like a possessed person—how are your legs?"

"Cheerleader's legs, sweetie," she grinned. "No problems at all."

"Good point," I agreed.

"Ooh, I just realized something." She ground herself on me a bit. "You're still **hard!**"

"Yeah, well, I hate to disappoint you," I said, "but now **you** can get a lesson about the **male** anatomy. It is early in the morning, and I just woke up, right? And I just came,

which makes it worse.” She looked at me blankly. “Well, that is no longer your garden-variety hard-on. That is a **piss** hard-on.”

“Oh,” she giggled, and scrambled off me. She stood next to the bed and reached over and grabbed my dick. “Well, come on!”

“Huh?” I said brilliantly.

“Come on!” Shrugging, I stood up, and let her lead me—by the dick—into the bathroom.

“Amanda, what are you doing?” I asked when we got there.

“I want to watch,” she giggled. “In fact, I want to hold it.”

Jesus, what a minx! But I had a problem. “Honey, I’ve never been able to pee with other people in the room.”

“So, we’ll try it,” she shrugged. “If it doesn’t work, I’ll leave. Besides which, I’m not ‘other people’. I’m your **girlfriend**,” she grinned. She was right. I didn’t have any problems. Taking a piss with someone **else’s** hand on your dick is a very strange experience, I must say. Amanda loved it though, she giggled the whole time. And her aim was perfect.

“My turn!” she said. “And you’re not going anywhere,” she told me. I didn’t. I sat there and watched her pee, grinning at me the whole time.

“Where do you **get** these ideas?” I asked after she was done.

“Well, you know Maggie is one of two best friends, right? Well, the other one is Michelle Ingemi.” I looked at her blankly. I knew who Michelle was, but obviously wasn’t getting the point. “Oh, I guess you don’t know Michelle very well, then,” she said. “Michelle’s into water sports.”

“Ah,” I laughed.

“Exactly. And she’s always describing how perverted and dirty and **intimate** it is. I’d never been interested, since I was denying my sexuality and all, but when you said you needed to pee, I guess I got a glimmer.” She grinned at me. “Though just holding it while you pee isn’t all that much. I think I’m building up to something.”

“Oh, Jesus,” I laughed.

“Stick with me, kid, and I’ll make you more experienced than your sister,” she teased.

“That’s not **possible**!”

“Try me. Now, man-of-mine, we have another destination.” She pointed to the shower. And batted her eyelashes at me. “I need my **hair** washed.”

I turned on the shower, we got in, and started soaping one another. “Tell me, honey, what **has** gotten **into** you today?”

She stopped laughing and gave me a serious look. “That’s a good question.” She thought a minute. “I guess what’s happened is this. The events of the last week, and Wednesday and yesterday especially, have made certain things clear in my mind.”

“You know what? I’m responsible. I take care of what I have to take care of, my friends like me, I’m a credit to my family—no matter what my mother might think in her raving moments. I’m a credit to my school. I represent the school well when I’m cheerleading. I get good grades. I have a future, and I’m making sure I keep my eye on the future.”

“And I know you well enough to know the same goes for you. Your friends like you. **My** friends like you, too, you know, after this week—Ed Bauer thinks you’re a gutsy class act, and Maggie thinks you’re adorable.” I blushed at that one. “You’re a credit to your family and your school. I know you’re on the debate team, and I know you’re good at it. Your grades are better than mine.” She looked up at me. “I’ve been meaning to ask you, do you know what you want to do?”

“Yeah,” I told her. “Politics. But not as a congressman or president or anything like that. I want to go into international relations. You know, working at an embassy, or in an administration as a foreign policy wonk, and maybe someday as an ambassador. My ultimate dream job is Secretary of State.”

“That’s **way** cool!” she enthused.

“How about you?” I asked her.

“I want to be a research biologist. Maybe a doctor, but not the kind of doctor that sees patients. I’m still reading about what I have to do for schooling to get to where I want to be, and it seems like going to Med School and getting my M.D. is the way to go. But I want to do research. Your ultimate dream is Secretary of State? Mine is having a Nobel Prize on my mantelpiece for curing something or other.”

“That is equally way cool.”

She smiled. “So, anyway, we both have goals, and we’re both doing what we need to do to get there. I don’t want to change a bit of that, and I’m sure you don’t either.” I nodded. “Right. But I guess what I’ve learned this week is I want more. I want to have **fun**. I’m in love. I want to **enjoy** being in love. I want to enjoy sex. I want to try anything and everything as long as it doesn’t really freak me out—assuming, of course, that it doesn’t freak you out either, this **is** a two-way street. But I don’t want to be repressed any more.”

“I’m a **good** person. I guess, what I’m **finally** understanding, is that being a good person and having a wild and fulfilling sex life are not mutually exclusive. I’m also understanding that I can give myself to someone else and not **lose** myself. As long as I’m giving myself to the right person, that is,” she smiled at me. “I woke up in your arms this morning, and I realized something. I’m happy. Really, **really** happy. I felt loved. I felt warm and safe. I felt horny, of course,” she laughed, “but I think the loved and the warm-and-safe made it easier for me to give in to being horny. I want to be a good person, I want to do what I’m supposed to do—but I want to be happy, too.”

“Good. Because you’re not just a good person, you’re a wonderful person. And I’m pretty deliriously happy myself.”

“Good. Now wash my **hair!**” she said, pointing **down**.

CHAPTER THIRTY

AMANDA

What a beautiful morning!

Everything really **was** much clearer in my mind after all I’d been through. I wasn’t going to lose myself. I didn’t **have** to. I could be free, and happy, and have a relationship with someone, and not lose myself.

What a revelation.

After we got out of the shower, we went back in Jared’s bedroom, and he handed me the clothes I had taken off the previous night. I just smirked at him, folded them up, and put them in my bag.

“Uh-oh. We walking naked to school?” he asked me.

“You bet your cute little ass we are!”

We ate breakfast with his family—nude—and headed off to school.

“So,” I said to him as we started off, “did what I had to say make any sense?”

“Perfect sense,” he told me. “Although, I must admit, I’m not quite sure what to think about that whole water sports thing.”

I giggled. “That’s OK. Like I said, it has to not freak either of us out. What’s happened is this: since I’ve been repressing my sexuality, I’ve been repressing my fantasies. They’re all bubbling to the surface, kind of in a rush. I need to sort them out, mind you, and figure out exactly how I feel about each one of them; but they are all rushing about my mind.”

“As long as I’m in them,” he said.

“Every one.”

“And as long as I get a say.”

“Oh, you won’t **need** a **say**. You won’t have to open your mouth. I’ll know,” I giggled.

“Excuse me?”

I looked down at his dick, which was pretty soft at the moment. “I’ll show you. Let’s try it right now. Let me pick a couple of good fantasies. OK, now, tell me the cheerleader you find most attractive.”

“Well, you.”

“**Besides** me, you ninny!” He looked a bit uncomfortable. “Come on, I’m asking—I know I’m number one, so I’m not going to get jealous.”

“OK. Sheila Vittorine”

“Good choice. Now, picture this: you, fucking Sheila Vittorine’s brains out—with **me** watching.”

PERK! Up periscope! From nothing to half-hard in an instant. I pointed at it. “See, you didn’t have to say a word!”

“Uh-oh, I think I’m in biiiiigggg trouble.”

“Uh-huh. Let’s try another one. Pick a guy you like and trust enough to not mind if he messed around with me a little bit. Not fucking me, but something else.”

“OK. I could pick any of my friends, but I’ll be fair and pick one of **your** friends. Ed Bauer.”

“Good. Now picture this—me on my hands and knees, you fucking the daylights out of me from behind—and Ed Bauer’s dick in my mouth.”

WHOOSH! Instantly rock-hard.

“Good. Now let’s try the one you’re unsure of. Picture this one: I’m lying in your shower on the floor. You’re standing above me. And you’re peeing all over me, over my boobs, in my face, in my hair....”

It was **throbbing**!

“Y’see my point?” I said.

“Yeah, fine, I see your point, but now I need relief, dammit! I thought our little session this morning would last me at **least** until lunch!”

I just giggled and walked faster. He looked at me quizzically, but I kept walking. He increased his pace to keep up with me, his dick bouncing as he walked. Finally, we got to the path through the woods. I grabbed him by the dick and pulled him deeper into the woods. Once we got behind an appropriate tree, I started stroking him in earnest.

“Relief? I can do that,” I grinned at him. He grinned back, I started stroking harder, and leaned over and whispered in his ear, “By the way, sweetie, I know for an absolute fact that Sheila Vittorine would go for it!”

That’s one tree splattered!

Then I kneeled down and cleaned him off.

“You are beyond my comprehension,” he said. I just grinned. “Now, with all this talk about fantasies—and they’re **your** fantasies, remember—do you need me to perform the same service, Madame?”

“Uh, no,” I gulped. “I’ll admit it. I overdid it this morning.” I think I blushed. “Hey, I couldn’t help myself. But, no, I’m too sore. And I’m fine for now. At least until lunch!”

“That’s not good, though, honey. You’re sore—and you’re going to be groped all day.”

“Ooh, yeah, you’re right.”

“I got an idea.” He knelt down and put his both of his hands right at the top of my thighs, one on each side right by my pussy. “I should take a magic marker, and, right here, I’ll write, ‘Be gentle, I’ve been overfucked’. Half on each side. With little arrows pointing to your cunny.”

“Oh, that would be **awesome!**” I said. “Oh, Jesus, wouldn’t everybody freak out at **that!**”

“I **do** have a marker in my bag,” he grinned. “And it’s washable, it’s not permanent, you wouldn’t be stuck with it. ”

“Do it!” I hissed. “I’m serious. Do it. Let’s fuck with their heads.”

Jared giggled and reached for his bookbag.

But, before he even found the marker, we heard it. “NO!!!!” It was very loud, unmistakably female, and not very far away. “OH, GOD, PLEASE, NO!!!!” Jared stood up, looked at me, grabbed my hand, and we started creeping as quietly as we could in the direction of the screams, which were still ringing out. Then Jared dropped my hand and motioned me behind him, as he ducked behind a tree.

We were at a clearing. Peter Ellison and Scott Ryan, two of the bigger assholes on the football team, were in the clearing. Peter was standing there, holding a naked, struggling **someone**, while Scott faced them.

“Oh my God,” Jared whispered. “That’s Reenie Ying.”

Irene Ying was a junior, like Jared and I. She was the other Junior girl, besides me, that had been chosen for The Program this week. I didn’t know her well at all, but I knew she was good friends with Jared. She was quiet and shy, and a person you’d think would have major problems with The Program. However, she had been buddied up with Mick Shoebottom, a big, funny, gregarious teddy bear who might have been the best-liked person in the whole Junior class. **Everybody** liked Mick. Like most high schools, there were cliques at Westport, but Mick was a member of every single clique in the school. He got along with everyone. And he, like I said, was gregarious and outgoing, not the type of person to be fazed by The Program. Paring someone like Irene up with someone like Mick was a stroke of genius. And, from what I had heard, it had gone along swimmingly. Mick had taken Irene under his wing, and watched out for her, and she was doing a good job dealing with The Program.

However, now, Mick was nowhere to be seen. And Irene was in **trouble**. She was this tiny little slip of a girl, and Peter and Scott were **behemoths**.

“You’ve been showing your stuff all week, girlie, and we want some of that,” Peter was saying.

“Oh, God, oh, God, please, no, I’m a v-v-vir...” Irene stammered.

“A virgin, huh?” Scott sneered. “You mean you’ve been flapping that pussy around this school all week and you ain’t putting out? We’ll change **that**. Pete, hold her tight.”

I was trying to think, a plan forming in my mind, when suddenly, Jared murmured, “Those sons of bitches.” And before I knew what was happening, Jared **leaped** out from behind the tree, jumped a branch, and **slammed** his fist into Peter’s jaw. Peter went down, dropping Irene as he went. In a blur, Jared wheeled and thrust his fist into Scott’s face, right in his nose. Scott’s head ricocheted off the tree behind him, and he went down, too, blood gushing from his nose.

Jared scooped Irene up in his arms, and hollered, “Amanda? We have to get out of here **now!**” I ran to him, and we started running out of the woods as fast as we could—in Jared’s case, as fast as he could while carrying Irene. “If they catch us, I’m in three pieces and you’re **both** rape victims,” Jared wheezed. I nodded that I understood, and we picked up the pace.

“J-Jared?” Irene asked weakly.

“It’s OK, Reenie, I’ve got you.”

“Oh, God, Jared, oh, God....” and she started sobbing. Jared kept murmuring “Gonna be OK, Reenie, you’re all right now.” **Finally** we made it out of the woods, to the entrance where we usually got undressed and went in. Our usual fan club was already there. They cheered our entrance, noticing we were already naked—and then they saw Irene.

We slowed to a brisk walk, now out of the woods and around other people, and busted our way through the crowd. “Sorry, folks, no fun today, we have an emergency,” Jared said. I opened the door for him, and he carried Irene right to the principal’s office.

We burst into the outer office, and Jared bellowed, “Mr. Tilling!”

“He’s in there,” Mrs. Lennox, his secretary, said. “Is there a problem?”

“A very bad problem, ma’am,” Jared said.

“And I think we need a counselor down here, please,” I added. We burst into Mr. Tilling’s office.

“Jared, Irene? Amanda? What’s wrong?” he said from behind his desk.

Irene looked up at him. “I...I mean they....they tried....t-to....OH GOD!” and the poor kid just started wailing. Jared sat on one of the seats and cradled her in his arms, murmuring comforting words, as she cried it out.

It is hard to put into words how much I loved him right about then, and how proud of him I was.

Anyhow, since Irene wasn’t capable of talking, and Jared was busy, I decided to make myself useful and tell Mr. Tilling what had happened. “Mr. Tilling, Jared just saved Irene from being raped by Peter Ellison and Scott Ryan.”

“What?” he croaked. The poor man, the color drained right from his face.

“Yeah. You know Jared walks in from behind the football field.” Mr. Tilling nodded. “Well, I was with him today, and we ducked off the path into the woods to...you know...” I blushed, but Mr. Tilling just grinned. He knew well enough what sometimes went on in those woods. “Anyhow, we heard a scream, and followed it, and came to one of the clearings a bit deeper into the woods. And found those two with Irene. And it was **gonna** happen. Peter was holding Irene, and Scott was just about to rape her. Jared jumped them.”

Mr. Tilling looked incredulous. “Jared **jumped** them? Two starting **defensive linemen**???”

“Took ‘em by surprise,” Jared spoke up with a shrug. “They didn’t see me coming. Whacked Ellison in the jaw—must have got him just right, because he went down—and punched Ryan in the nose. And Ryan’s head bounced off a tree, and **he** went down. I

think I broke his nose. I **hope** I broke his fucking nose, if I had had a knife I would've cut his fucking dick off. Anyway, I grabbed Reenie and we high-tailed it out of there. And here we are."

"Oh, my goodness," Mr. Tilling whispered. "Irene, are you all right?"

"I—I—Oh God. I don't know."

"I told Mrs. Lennox she should probably call a counselor down," I said.

"Good thinking, Amanda."

Just then we heard the bellow from the outer office. "WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE'S REENIE?" It was Mick Shoebottom. "Mick?" Irene cried.

"Let him in, Amanda," Mr. Tilling told me. I did, and he burst in. "Reenie?" he said. She looked up at him, and he picked her up out of Jared's lap and cuddled her.

They sat down, and we told Mick what had happened.

"Jesus, Jared," he said when we were finished. "You are the man. I owe you. I owe you big time."

"Ah, to hell with that," Jared was embarrassed. "Anyone would've done it. Besides which, Reenie's my buddy." Reenie managed to give him a smile at that. Thank goodness.

Anyhow, the counselor came down, and Irene's parents were called. They all went to the counselor's office to talk, and Mr. Tilling walked them up. "Stay here, you two. Relax. Catch your breath," he said to us, and closed the door behind us.

We were on the couch in Mr. Tilling's office, and I snuggled up to him. "You are my fucking hero, you know that?"

That's when he let loose. I wasn't surprised, I saw it coming. He cried a little, and shook a little in my arms. I let him let it out.

"Oh, Jesus, what did I just **do**?" he finally said "Oh Christ. This is gonna come back to bite me in the ass, I just **know** it."

"What do you mean?"

"I just took out two very large football players! Shit, when they catch me at a point when I **don't** have the advantage of surprise, I'm **dead**."

"Not gonna happen."

“I wish I were as sure of that as you are. Jesus,” he said again, “what **did** I do?”

“The right thing,” I told him firmly. “The right thing, that’s what you did. You did what **good** people do. In fact, you beat me to it.”

“Oh, you were going to jump them?” he smiled. “You should’ve joined in, I could’ve used the help.”

“No, silly, I’m not strong enough to **hit** them. No, I had a different plan. A plan you saved me from using, thank you very much.”

“Amanda, what were you going to do?”

“Well, um..” Should I tell him? I figured I’d better. Openness, right? “Well, I was, er, going to offer myself to them if they left Irene alone.”

He gasped. “You **weren’t**.”

“Yeah, I was,” I admitted. “Don’t get me wrong, it would’ve been disgusting and horrible and I wouldn’t have enjoyed a second of it. I **hate** those two. But I figured it would be a lot less traumatic for me than it would be for Irene, considering that I’m not a virgin, and considering I probably wouldn’t have even **felt** those two pencil-dicks after having **you** in me.” He cracked up. “Really,” I continued. “Did you **see** those two? Ain’t got nothin’. If they ever dropped their drawers in front of a girl that they weren’t trying to **rape** they would get laughed out of the building.”

Jared laughed louder. “You’re something else, you know that? Anyhow, now I’m **glad** I took them out, because I could **not** have watched that. Two guys that had just tried to rape one of my best friends, sticking it to my **girlfriend**? Could not have watched that. Not without being sent up the river for double murder, anyhow.”

“Hmm. Good point. I’ll admit I didn’t think of that. I was thinking of Irene.”

“Of course you were, and I probably should apologize to you, because, thinking back on it, I put you in danger back there.”

“You were thinking of Irene, too. It’s OK.”

Just then, Mr. Tilling walked back in his office. He had Ms. T with him. “Hello, Jared, Amanda. You two OK?”

“I think I’m in fear for my life,” Jared said.

“Don’t be,” Mr. Tilling told him. “The police are searching for those two as we speak. Don’t worry about it.”

“I can’t help worrying. I walk through those woods every day.”

“We’ll think of something. Now, then, we have to discuss what happened, because it’s going to have consequences that are going to affect you two.”

Jared took that the wrong way. “If you tell me I’m about to be suspended for fighting, I **will** sue.”

“What?” Mr. Tilling said. “Of course not! Jared, absolutely not. You’re a hero. Don’t forget that.”

“I’m no hero.”

“Yes you are, but we’ll argue about that another time.”

That’s when Ms. T spoke up. “No, Jared, Amanda, we’re talking about a different kind of consequences. Do you guys have clothes at school?”

“No,” I said, confused.

“Well, we’ll let you go home and get some, then,” Ms. T said, very sadly. “Because we think it’s time we let The Program run its course.”

“NO!” I blurted out. “You **can’t**!!”

“I agree. No way,” Jared agreed.

“Huh?” Mr. Tilling said.

“You can **not** do this,” I said. I stood up. “You can’t. It’s insane. Do you realize what The Program has **done** for me? I’m sexually aware, which I wasn’t. I’m comfortable in my own skin and with my own sexuality, which I wasn’t. I’m open, which I wasn’t. I feel free, which I didn’t. I’ve learned to let other people into my life in a real way, which I never could do. I went from being a goddamn smiling **doll** to being a real person. The Program made me **deal**, with myself, with other people, with feelings I was suppressing, with things I never thought I could deal with—and I learned I **could**. I am a **far** different person than I was five days ago, and every single solitary change has been overwhelmingly for the **better**. The Program is the best damn thing that’s ever happened to me—well, except for Jared, but without The Program **he** wouldn’t have happened to me either. You can **not** shut it down.”

“Hear, hear; and ditto,” Jared said.

“But, Amanda, after what happened today?” Mr. Tilling said.

Oh, I was working up a **full** head of steam now. “You’re going to blame that on The Program? No way. Put the blame for **that** where it belongs. On Ellison and Ryan. **And** on the administration of this school.” Mr. Tilling got red at that one. “I’m not kidding. Peter

and Scott are assholes, **well-known** assholes. They bully, they intimidate, and they cheat. And everyone in this school, including **you**, Mr. Tilling, knows it. But they are continually let slide, because they're football players. I'm a cheerleader, Mr. Tilling, you think I don't know what goes on? Oh, the vast majority of the football team are great guys, some of my best friends play football. But there's a small subset of assholes who bully and intimidate everyone around them. And you've got a football coach who **only** cares about winning football games, and will come up with any excuse he can think of to get his asshole players off the hook. He covers up for them, and anyone with a brain knows it. And **you buy** it."

By this point, Mr. Tilling was looking at me like I had grown an extra head. "So, you think about that. You think about how assholes like those two are allowed to get away with shit, until they think they can get away with something really horrific, like trying to rape Irene Ying. And if you can come up with **any** way that **any** of this has to do with The Program, then you're a mental contortionist. There are a **thousand** guys in this school who have watched a number of girls parade around naked this week, and **none** of them, except two assholes, have attempted raping anyone. And I'd venture a guess that almost every single one of them wouldn't even **think** of such a thing. So, you keep blaming The Program, but it makes **no** sense to **me**. You know what the problem is. You blame The Program, you're blaming the victim. You're saying that the problem was Irene, that the problem was that **she** was naked. But you know as well as I do how **asinine** that is."

I took a deep breath. "You do what you have to do. But I'm telling you right now what **I** am going to do. It's almost the end of second period. There are six periods left, and lunch. I'm going to march out of this office, and I'm going to head for my third period class, and I am going to do it without a single fucking **stitch** of clothing on! Because I'm still in The Program, goddammit!" And with that, I stormed out.

I stopped in the outer office with a start. I couldn't **believe** I had just **done** that! And, oh shit, I had left Jared in there!

"Impressive. Very impressive," Mrs. Lennox said. She had obviously just heard the whole performance.

I looked at her, and let out a nervous giggle. "Oh, shit, I think I just got my ass expelled."

Just then, Jared slipped out of the office. "Did they say anything?"

"No," he giggled, "they're just looking at each other in stunned disbelief. I slipped out before they realized I was still in there." He came up and hugged me, and then threw my own words back at me: "You are my fucking hero, you know that?"

"Aw, " I giggled.

"I think that was braver than what **I** did earlier."

“And I think that one’s going to come back and bite **me** on the ass. Oh well. Needed to be said.”

“Yes it did,” he agreed.

“Shall we go?” I asked.

“What about them?” he asked, pointing back towards the office.

“Ah, they know where to find us.”

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

JARED

What a morning.

I couldn’t **believe** I had done what I did. It still amazed me. I’m not a fighter. I’m in good shape, but I’m not a physical person, not **that** way. And I took out two football players. Yeah, it was surprise, and an **amazing** amount of adrenaline. But, jeez, I can’t remember the last time I threw a punch. And to connect, dead-on, with **two**? Amazing. And, yes, I **was** proud, and very happy, that I got to them before they got to Reenie. I’d be glad if I’d saved **any** girl from that, but I’d known Reenie since first grade. She’s a pal.

Of course, that stellar performance by my unbelievable girlfriend was pretty amazing, too.

We started out of the office, hand-in-hand. “You know,” I said to her, “after that little bit, I think we can make room for you on the debate team.”

She cracked up laughing. “I think I’ll stick to cheerleading.”

We started down the hall. We had different classes third period, but they were only across the hall from each other, so it was in the same direction. Just as we started down the hall, the bell rang, and kids started pouring from the classrooms.

That’s when it started. First the pointing and staring. You would’ve think everybody would have been **used** to us being in The Program by now. But then, I realized, that wasn’t it. Because then there was the yelling, the clapping, the cheering. The chanting my name! “Yeah, Jared!” and “You get ‘em, Wicklow!” The whole way down the hall!

I was mortified. Really. I **really** didn’t think what I had done was any kind of big deal. I had saved a good friend from a very bad thing. That’s all. Anyone would’ve done it, I thought. I wasn’t any kind of hero.

However, a certain girlfriend of mine obviously disagreed. She was plainly enjoying all this. “You’re the school hero, love,” she whispered in my ear with a big grin. I tried to wave it off. “You are. You’re my hero, too, you know.”

If **that** didn't get to me, what happened next **did**. I saw a tall blonde look in the direction of the commotion, and make a beeline towards me, vigorously pushing her way through the crowd to get to me.

It was Tina. She reached me, grabbed me in a bear hug, kissed my cheek, and then said, "You have absolutely no fucking idea how **proud** I am right now to call you my brother. I am so proud of you I could burst. You are the **best**, Jared Wicklow, the absolute best human being I will ever have the pleasure to know. And don't you ever forget that." And she was off.

Aw, jeez. That did it. Did I say I wasn't a crier? I was wrong—because right there, in the middle of the crowded school hallways, I started bawling. Good thing Amanda was there, because I don't think I would've made it to class—and I don't think I would've been able to stop crying. Amanda knew I was embarrassed about crying—so she grabbed my dick and made lewd suggestions in my ear until I started laughing instead. Thank my lucky stars for Amanda.

"Your sister is something else," she said in wonder after I had calmed down.

"That she is," I agreed. "I'm overwhelmed."

"I know. Just go with it, OK? You'll be fine." She slipped into her class, and I crossed the hall to mine.

A standing ovation. A standing fucking ovation, that's what I got when I stepped into class. Jesus. This was Spanish class, and even our teacher, Mrs. Sanchez, was clapping. "Aw, jeez, guys. That's enough, OK?" I was smiling when I said it, but this really **was** too much.

"We're all very proud of you, Jared," Mrs. Sanchez. "That was a wonderful thing that you did." Some of the class shouted agreement.

"Thank you," I said. "I really do appreciate it. But my damn **sister** just had me bawling out in the middle of the hall and I'd rather not start **that** again!"

"OK," Mrs. Sanchez said. "Take your seat, Jared. Class, give him some space. Just one thing, though, Jared. If I ever find myself in a bad spot, I hope you're around."

No, I didn't start crying again. Don't ask me how I managed that.

My next class wasn't much different, and then it was time for lunch.

Of course, the lunchroom was full of cheering kids congratulating me. I managed to fight my way through it, grab my lunch, and find my oasis. Amanda.

"How's it going, BMOC?" she teased.

“Oh, jeez,” I said. I told her what happened in Spanish. “You know what? The next time I go to do anything even remotely heroic, stop me!”

“I will not,” she said indignantly. “And you wouldn’t want me to.”

“I suppose you’re right.” The next thing we knew, our table was filling up, with her friends and mine. Damn, there went my oasis. But it wasn’t that bad. These were friends, not kids I barely knew, and at least Maggie Benson hadn’t lost her sense of propriety—she teased me all through lunch. Thank goodness. And the reports of Amanda’s performance in Mr. Tilling’s office had spread, so **she** got some of it. “How’s it feel to be the school heroine, honey?” I teased her. She threw a french fry at me.

Suddenly, I noticed what seemed like a parade headed my way. And it was a very **large** parade, consisting of about a dozen of the biggest guys on the football team. The guy who seemed like the leader, Lance something-or-other, was the starting offensive left tackle—and he was 6’5” and 300 pounds if he was an inch. Oh, shit, I thought.

“Jared.” Lance said. I turned. “Listen. We wanted to tell you not to worry about those two fucks.”

“That’s right,” another one—one of the linebackers—spoke up. “We knew those two were assholes, but we never thought they’d try anything **this** low-down.”

“Right,” Lance continued. “The police have them now, I understand, but they’ll probably get out on bail or some fucked-up thing. But don’t you worry. We got your back; we’ve got you covered. I know that you come to school the back way. Well, if you feel threatened, or even if you think you **might** feel threatened, don’t walk down the path. Cut through the football field. There’s always a bunch of us hanging out there and throwing the ball around before first bell. We’ll take care of you, there won’t be any shit.”

The linebacker spoke up again. “And we’ll make sure that word gets to those two that if they lay so much as a **hand** on you, they’ll have to deal with **us**.”

Damn. “Thanks, guys,” I managed to get out around the softball-sized lump in my throat.

They left. “Wow,” Amanda whispered. And Maggie, bless her, piped up with, “Hey Jared, I think the football team just made you their new **mascot**!”

“Yeah,” Ed Bauer piped up, “but we’re going to have to change the school nickname. Jared can’t be the mascot for the Westport Falcons.” He stood up and took a mock boxing pose. “From now on, we’re gonna be the Westport High Fighting Nudists!”

I laughed my head off. **That** felt good. And things got sillier from there. Until, about halfway through lunch, I happened to look up at the cafeteria door—and saw Reenie Ying standing there.

And, to my shock, she was still naked! She was also surrounded by well-wishers and people asking how she was, but she fought them off and made a beeline to our table. She came around and crouched down between Amanda and me.

“Reenie! How are you?” I asked.

“I’m fine. Really.”

“I must say, I didn’t expect to see you like **this**,” as I looked up and down her naked body.

“Yeah, but you know what? I heard about Amanda’s little speech in Mr. Tilling’s office. And I agreed with every word. This had nothing to do with The Program. If it hadn’t been me, it would’ve been somebody else—and if I hadn’t been naked they would’ve found another excuse. Besides, I **like** The Program. I’ve had a ball up until this morning. It’s gotten me out of my shell. Guys are actually **looking** at me! And even **touching**!” She giggled and lowered her voice to a whisper. “I’ve had some guys with their hands down there and I even **came** a couple of times and that’s a **first**!”

“Yup,” Amanda agreed with a knowing grin.

“You’re sure you’re OK, though?” I asked again.

“Mostly. It was terrifying, I won’t lie about that. And it makes me scared to...you know. This week has made me rather horny, you know.”

“Yup,” Amanda grinned again.

Reenie grinned back and continued, “And I was enjoying the attention, and kind of thinking how far I should go, but now I’m more scared. I’ll have to get past that.”

“Rape is **not** sex. You remember that,” Amanda pointed out.

“I know. Now, is it true about the two of you, I hear you’re going out?”

“Yes,” we both said simultaneously.

“OK. Well, then, Amanda, I need to apologize to you in advance.” We both looked at her blankly for a second, but then she plopped into my lap, wrapped her arms around me, and gave me a long, slow, wet kiss. I was thunderstruck.

She broke the kiss and said, “Jared, you are my knight in shining armor. I will **never** forget what you did.” She stood up, beamed at me while blushing furiously, and then disappeared.

Amanda grabbed my hand and smiled at me. I didn’t know what to say. Nobody else at the table did, either. Until Maggie piped up: “OK, then, the Westport High **Kissing Nudists**!”

That cracked us all up. Amanda said, “Can I put in a vote for the Westport High Fucking Nudists?”

“I’ll drink to that,” Maggie said, hoisting her Coke.

“I knew you would,” Amanda teased. The she said, suddenly, “Wait a minute! Jared, you never wrote the thing!”

“Wrote the thing?” Maggie questioned.

I cracked up. “You still want me to?”

“Yeah!” Amanda replied. “Like I said, let’s fuck with their minds. Besides, if they’re going to deep-six The Program, let’s make it go out with a **bang!**”

“OK,” I said, and started fishing through my bookbag for my washable marker.

“What are you guys **talking** about?” Maggie asked.

“You’ll see,” Amanda said.

I got the marker out, and said to Amanda, “You have to stand for this, honey, or I won’t get the sightlines right.” So she stood up, right up against the table, you had to really be watching to see what I was doing.

I started writing, and Amanda giggled. “Ooh, that tickles!”

“Yeah, but hold still,” I told her. I wrote on the right side, then moved over to the left. “Ta-da!” Amanda turned, and showed the whole table.

Right where her right thigh met her torso, it said PLEASE BE GENTLE. Over on the other side, same place, it said I’VE BEEN OVERFUCKED. With arrows pointing. If you were looking at her from the front, it was as plain as day. The guys at the table **howled!**

Lunch was ending, and we were gathering our stuff. “You gonna go to the restroom and wash it off?” I asked Amanda.

“No way!”

--End of part seven--

**JARED AND AMANDA NAKED IN SCHOOL
PART EIGHT
FRIDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING**

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

AMANDA

We walked out of the lunchroom, headed to Bio. Before we even got ten feet, we were stopped, by a kid we didn't know. Apparently, when the news about the events of the morning had spread, a bunch of kids put together a petition campaign to save The Program. The kid we ran into outside the lunchroom recognized us, and said, "I **know** that **you** two want to sign this!" We did, of course. The kid told us that they had close to half the school signed, and in only a couple of hours.

So, then we walked to Bio. With that writing on my thighs. Oh my. I can't describe how naughty and wanton and slutty that made me feel! And it felt great! And it worked, actually—every guy that went for a grope saw my little message, chuckled, and then was **very** gentle. Probably too gentle—all that light stroking was actually getting to me **more** than a more direct approach might have. Instead of going for the ol' finger-thrust, they were running their fingers up and down gently. By the time we got to Bio I was **panting**.

However, we approached Bio with a bit of trepidation. Ms. T had, after all, been in the office with Mr. Tilling for my tirade—and she had also, apparently, agreed with Mr. Tilling about shutting The Program down in the first place. My trepidation wasn't eased by walking into the classroom and seeing Mr. Tilling there. Or by seeing the two chairs in the front of the class--of course, Ms. T waved Jared and I into them.

The class settled down, and Ms T started. "We have a lot to talk about in class. Please say hello to Mr. Tilling again, he's going to be helping us out today."

"Don't worry, we hope this will be productive and we can get some things out in the open," Mr. Tilling started. "Amanda, don't worry about this morning....uh, Amanda, is there something in your lap?"

Uh-oh. I was sitting so you couldn't see much—especially from the back of the room, where Mr. Tilling was—but you could see **something**. "Uh, don't worry about it, Mr. Tilling."

"What **is** that?" he asked.

"Tell her to stand up, you'll find out!" Maggie blurted. Oh, I was going to **kill** that girl!

"Well, Miss Frazier?" Mr. Tilling said. What could I do? I stood up. Everyone in the class that hadn't seen the writing yet cracked up. Ever Mr. Tilling was suppressing a smile. Ms T didn't even suppress it—she just giggled.

"A little message for all my between-class gropers," I said, blushing.

"Is it working?" Ms T asked.

“Actually, yes,” I laughed. “Unfortunately, I have gym next and this is washable marker, so off in the shower it comes.”

“Boy, Amanda, you really **have** changed,” Mr. Tilling said.

“And that’s what we’re going to be talking about today,” Ms. T said. “Changes. How we deal with them. How **other** people deal with our changes. This is important to talk about today.”

“You all know what happened to Irene Ying this morning.”

“Yeah, and we know who saved her ass, too!” Maggie yelled, to the whoops of the rest of the class. Jared just got that embarrassed look and waved them quiet.

“Yes, we **do** know who saved her,” Ms. T said. “And that comes into play here. As I said, we all know what happened. And what you probably also know is that our first instinct after the incident was to cancel The Program. We got impassioned pleas to rethink that decision—and we decided to do just that, especially because those pleas were most impassioned from the girl who was attacked herself, and the two people that saved her.”

“The girl who was attacked herself?” Lisa Sherrick asked.

“We just saw Reenie Ying in the lunchroom,” Jared told her. “She’s **still** naked. She’s still going through with it. And she still **wants** to.”

“Wow. That’s guts,” Lisa said.

“Yes, it is,” Ms. T agreed. “And that’s why we’re willing to listen and think this over.”

“You also need to know that we just signed a petition,” I told Ms T and Mr. Tilling. “The petition is for continuing The Program. We **didn’t** start this up—though I wish we had thought of it. Anyhow, the kid that took our signatures said they got close to half the school to sign in just a few hours.”

“Wow,” Mr. Tilling piped up.

“Yeah, that **is** impressive,” Ms. T agreed. “However, we still want to talk about it. Since we’ve discussed it heavily in this class, and both Jared and Amanda are here, we decided this would be a good place to do it. We’ve already heard from Amanda,” she laughed, “and I think what she said has made the rounds pretty well. If you think you have anything to add, Amanda, speak up. However, we want to hear from Jared, at the end, because we haven’t heard from him. And we want to hear from the rest of you. What do you think of The Program?”

“Makes **me** horny,” Maggie piped up.

“Yeah, now **there’s** a shock,” I teased her.

“Can I continue now?” Ms T asked, smiling. “Anyhow, we want to know what you think of The Program. We want to know how having people in class going through it has affected you. Also, Jared and Amanda both have close friends in this class—what have you thought seeing a good friend go through it?”

Maggie raised her hand. Ms T just grinned at her. “This is a serious comment, Ms. T,” Maggie said.

“OK, shoot.”

“I’ve been friends with Amanda for a long time. She’s probably my **best** friend. I think I know her pretty well. And in all the while I’ve known her, she’s always been a complete tight-ass.” Everyone laughed—except I just glared at her. “Don’t give me that look, girl, you **know** I’m right. Anyhow, she’s so much **not** a tight-ass now I can’t **believe** it. The Amanda Frazier I’ve known for years wouldn’t **think** about walking around with a sign **proclaiming** how overfucked she is! I keep looking over at her to make sure it’s the same person.”

“Is this good or bad?” Ms. T asked.

“It’s **good**,” Maggie asserted. “Being a tight-ass is no way to go through life. I **like** her more loosened up like this. She’s still the same Amanda, only more open.”

“I’m not sure about that,” Reyna Jorgens, one of my usual crowd, piped up.

“What do you mean, Reyna?” Ms. T asked.

“To me, she’s almost like a **completely** different person. She used to be so composed. And now **this**. I’m not quite sure how to take it, actually.”

“What do you think about that, Amanda?”

“Well, I see both their points,” I said. “For one thing, I **don’t** think I’m the same person. However, Maggie’s my very best friend. While I’m friends with Reyna, it’s not really close like Maggie and I are. So I can see where Maggie saw the real me all these years, and other people, who weren’t as close to me as Maggie is, didn’t see.”

“The real you?” Reyna asked.

“Yup, and **this** is it. That other person that existed a week ago isn’t.”

“I don’t know if that’s good, that’s what I mean,” Reyna said. “Amanda, you were always so sweet and warm and friendly.”

“She still is,” Jared piped up.

“I think I’m **more** so. Or at least I’m more honest about it,” I began. “Reyna, I was warm and friendly to everybody. In equal amounts. Because that’s what you do to become Most Popular. And you never knew if I was cursing you underneath my breath every time I **forced** myself to be nice to you. Now, Reyna, in **your** case, that’s not true, I think you’re cool. But, my point is, even if it had been true, you would’ve never known. There are people in this school who think I’m the nicest thing ever—because I was **faking** it. A week ago, I probably would have been nice to the two assholes that attacked Irene. Think about how warped **that** is.”

I took a breath. “And that goes both ways, too. I was superficially warm and nice and friendly to those who I hated, **and** my closest friends, and in equal measures. Maggie’s been my best friend for six years, and not **once** in all that time have I **ever** told her that I loved her. Well, until now.”

It is very, very difficult to say anything that shocks Maggie Benson. I had just done it.

“And it’s true. I **do** love her. And I shouldn’t be afraid to say it, nor should I be afraid to dismiss people who don’t deserve the time of day from me. I can’t count the number of times that I’ve gone to a party and spent the whole party flitting from person to person being witty and charming—when what I **really** wanted to be doing was sitting in the corner with Maggie and Michelle Ingemi, gossiping. That’s not going to happen anymore. And that goes **doubly** true now that I have a boyfriend.”

“So, yeah, I’ve changed. The people that I care about, well, I hope they know **more** now how much I care about them. And the people that I **don’t** care about, I don’t care about. Nobody in this room, actually—everyone in here that I know well at all, I like. But there are others, who probably were all set to vote me Miss Popular for the yearbook, who will now think I’m a bitch. So be it.”

“Honestly, I consider Amanda a friend,” Ed Bauer spoke up, “and I like her better this way. And it’s not that she’s discovered her sexuality or anything like that, because I’m not getting any.” Even I laughed at that. “It’s because I **do** think she’s more genuine. That’s cool.”

“This is a good start,” Ms. T said. “Now, do any of you have comments on how having fellow students in The Program has affected **you**.”

A girl named Allie Fitzpatrick raised her hand. “This is difficult...and I’m going to embarrass someone, I know. But it’s forced me to examine my preferences.”

“What do you mean?” Ms. T said.

Allie blushed furiously. “Look, I’m not a virgin. It’s only been a couple of times, but I liked it. I **know** I like guys. And Jared is damn good looking. So why do I keep staring at **Amanda**?” I let out a little nervous giggle at that. “And it’s not just her, there’s a girl that I’ve seen in The Program this week, I think she’s a senior, and she’s **gorgeous**!”

“What’s wrong with that?” Ms. T asked.

“It’s not that nothing’s wrong with it, but, like I said, I **know** I like guys. Being attracted to girls is new.”

“Nothing wrong with bisexuality,” Ms. T said.

“Absolutely true. For **some** people,” Lisa Sherrick said. “Me, I’ll continue to stare at Amanda.”

“I agree with you completely,” Jared piped up.

“Jeez,” I said in mock-exasperation, “is there anyone in this room **not** staring at me?”

“I’M NOT!” I should’ve known. Why did I even ask? Maggie, of course.

“You think I’m bi?” Allie asked.

“If you know you like guys, and you now think you’re attracted to girls, I think it’s a **possibility**,” Ms. T said. “I think it’s something you should think about. And I mean, think about—not **worry** over.”

“Thanks, Ms. T,” Allie said. “That makes a lot of sense.”

“Great. Anything else?” Ms. T asked.

A few more people offered their opinions, most of them positive. One girl who grew up in a pretty repressive anti-sex house said that some of the things that went on had opened her eyes. “I don’t think I am ready for this right now, but my Dad was going on one of his sex-is-evil rants last night. And I was thinking about what Jared and Amanda were talking about yesterday, about their first time, and all I could think of was that sex sounded **fun** to **me**. It’s changed my outlook drastically.”

It was very interesting.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

JARED

It **was** an interesting class. After Ms. T took everyone’s comments, she asked about The Program. She asked who would definitely be interested in doing it, and about half the class’s hands went up. She asked who’d like to do it but their parents would never give permission—a few hands went up. She asked who wasn’t sure but might, and a few more hands went up. And she asked who would never do it under any circumstances—and Lisa Sherrick’s hand went up.

“No way, no how, not ever. And if my parents ever tried to slip a fast one and sign me up, I’d drop out of school and get my GED.”

“I’m surprised,” Ms. T. “You always seemed pretty open about these things, and you never seemed to have any kind of phobia about your body. You’re not repressed. You might not be nude, but you dress pretty sexy.”

“Oh, it’s not the undressing part that bothers me,” she said. “I’ll come in and parade around naked all day long. It’s the other stuff. Being groped? Going to the boy’s showers?”

“That’s designed as a learning experience, for you and the boys.” Ms. T said.

“I don’t need to learn a damn thing from boys,” Lisa maintained. “I know what I am. I’m a lesbian. I have no intention of not being a lesbian. And the **last** thing I **ever** want is some **guy’s** hand on my boobs, or in my twat—and I **certainly** don’t want to go into a boy’s locker room and look at a bunch of hairy dicks. Now, I don’t have a problem with seeing guys who **themselves** are in the program. Jared and his waving dick up there don’t disgust me or anything. You know, it’s probably the same way straight guys react to a guy in The Program—yeah, whatever, lead me to the naked girls. It doesn’t bother me having guys in The Program wandering around naked. But I certainly don’t want to be nude and the center of attention **myself** around them. I think The Program’s great—if you’re straight. It’s very hetero-centric. Look, I don’t hate guys. Some of my best friends are guys. One good thing about being in this class for this week is I’ve found out that Jared is a very cool person who I’d like to get to know better. But he does absolutely **nothing** for me sexually, and never will. And though I think he’s cool and would like to have him as a friend, I’d never want him groping me.”

“Look, do **not** take this as a rant against The Program. I don’t mean that. I signed the petition to keep it. I think it’s good for a lot of people. I can see with my own eyes it’s been good for Amanda and Jared. Hell, I’ve liked listening to their stories. I liked the whole taking-of-virginity story, because it was sweet and romantic and sexy. I can appreciate that. I even liked Tuesday’s floor show. The only difference is, I wasn’t wishing I was Amanda during the floor show, I was wishing I was **Jared**. And if I ever went into The Program myself, I’d be forced to be Amanda, and I’d want to be Jared instead. Without the hair and the dick, of course.”

I laughed at that. “There ain’t much hair anyway, and you can have it. I’m keeping the dick, though.”

“You just keep it over **there**,” she laughed. “Next to Amanda. Where it belongs. Anyhow, that’s my take on it.”

“That’s very interesting,” Mr. Tilling said from the back of the class. “You bring up an interesting point, Lisa, and it’s one well worth thinking about. I don’t know if we can accommodate this, but I think I’m going to try to find a way. Maybe one week set aside for gay and lesbian students, and maybe another one for bi students.”

“Well, don’t change the rules for **me**,” Lisa said. “It’s not a big deal if I don’t do it.”

“Yes, but I was thinking of what you said in **conjunction** with what Allie said earlier. Allie’s a bit confused about her sexuality, right? Well, she’s now got the opportunity to grope and grab a guy, make them pose, experiment some. She **doesn’t** have that opportunity, really, with a **girl**. Same-sex touching isn’t prohibited, but it pretty much never happens, because you don’t know if the person in The Program being groped would get angry. If we set aside a week where we **knew** the participants were same-sex oriented, it might open things up for people that **need** to experiment with that to do so.”

“Damn, Mr. Tilling,” Lisa said. “I’m impressed. Now **that** is thinking on your feet.”

“Thank you, Lisa,” he said, bemused. “Now I’m gonna put you on the spot. If we ever decided to do that, would you sign up?”

“Yes. Yes I would.”

“Lisa, you’re vice-president of the Gay/Straight Alliance, are you not?” Mr. Tilling asked.

“Yes.”

“Would you do something for me, then? A bit of an informal poll. See if there’d be any support for doing this among some of the gay and bi students.”

“I’d love to,” she said happily. “That’s great. And I think there will be. We talked about The Program at our meeting yesterday, and some of the gay and bi kids expressed the same things I did. It’s great, it works, we don’t fit into it. I think you’d definitely get some interest. I’ll find out and get back to you.”

“Great. One other thing. We’ve thought about the thing that I heard you said earlier, Amanda, about relief. And we’re going to change that. Girls will get the same opportunity for relief as guys.”

“That’s great!” she said from next to me. “Can we make that change **now**?” I had to laugh at that.

“Needy, Amanda?” Ms. T asked.

“And how,” she admitted.

“What do you think, Mr. Tilling?” Ms T asked.

“It was her idea, and request, and it’s her last day in The Program. Go for it.”

“First of all, Jared, how are **you**?” Ms. T asked.

“Just fine. I pass to my sweetie.” I said.

“OK, Amanda, you get to be the first female student in The Program to ask for relief.”

“There you go, Jared, it’s all yours,” Maggie laughed.

Amanda leaned into me. “Do you mind if I don’t pick you?” she whispered.

“No. You’ve got something up your sleeve, don’t you?” I whispered back.

“Yup.” Then she spoke to the class. “Jared’s agreed to let me pick someone else. Allie, would you like to come up and help me?”

“Huh?” Allie said.

“Only, only, **only** if you want to. Feel free to say no. But I thought you might like to try.”

Allie blushed furiously—but stood out of her seat and tentatively walked to the front of the class. She slowly knelt down in front of Amanda.

“So, Jared,” Maggie shouted, “how long of watching **this** do you think it’ll take you before you get rock-hard?”

“Zero point seven seconds,” I deadpanned to laughter.

Allie looked up at me, beet-red but smiling, and then turned back to Amanda. She started tentatively, but quickly worked up a head of steam, her hand exploring every nook and cranny of Amanda’s pussy. Then she had one hand up on Amanda’s boob, and the other one furiously working over her pussy. Amanda turned her head slightly towards me, breathing heavy, eyes half-closed, and moaned, “Oh, she’s goood!”

“I am?” Allie squeaked.

“Oh, yeaaaah,” Amanda drawled, as Allie diddled into her pussy. Then Allie shocked everybody—including, I think, herself. With one hand sliding in and out of Amanda’s cunny, Allie leaned over and went right for Amanda’s clit with her tongue. Amanda **squealed** in surprise and lust, and Allie went to town, furiously plunging her fingers in and out of Amanda’s pussy while she nibbled on her clit. A couple minutes of this, and Amanda exploded. What a sight.

And Maggie and I were right. After all this, as Allie shyly pulled away, blushing, and Amanda tried to catch her breath—I noticed that I was like **stone**. I was so hard it hurt.

Maggie, of course, noticed. “I guess that zero point seven seconds was right. Jared, you might have passed, but you look **seriously** in need of relief right now!”

“Jared?” Ms T asked.

Before I had a chance to say a word, Allie—her face soaked with my girlfriend’s juices--looked up at me and said, “May I?”

Amanda looked over at me, grinning, and winked and nodded. “By all means. Thank you,” I told Allie. She scooted over in front of me, and sucked half my dick into her mouth.

Jesus. She got quite a bit of it in. She didn’t pull a Maggie, but she came close. Her tongue was furiously working me over as she sucked, and her hand was doing a fine job on the part that wasn’t in her mouth. There I was, sitting naked next to my girlfriend, and getting blown—very well, thank you—by a girl who was **not** my girlfriend, but who **did** have my girlfriend’s pussy juices all over her face. My oh my. I think the zero point seven seconds applied to how long it took me to cum, too. I did have long enough to warn Allie, and did so—and all she did was suck another inch down and increase the pressure. I went with a ka-BANG!. The first few rattled against the back of her throat, and she was humming. The last couple squirts, though, she ran out of room. Some of it leaked out of her lips and dribbled onto her chin.

She looked up at us. What a sight. She was blushing and grinning, and there was a little pool of my cum collecting on her chin, mingling there with Amanda’s juices. It was fantastic. She positioned herself so that she was kneeling between us, straightened up so she was at eye-level with us, leaned in a bit, and whispered. “Thank you so much. That was....that was....Oh God I am soooooo **wet** right now!” Then she blushed and stood up, turning away—and got a standing ovation. She blushed like a grape at **that**.

After the ovation subsided and Allie got back in her seat, Ms T asked, “So, Allie, did that help you figure out anything?”

“Yeah,” she smiled. “I think it’s pretty clear that I’m bisexual. I mean, I did a girl and a guy one right after the other, and absolutely loved every minute of **both** equally. I also learned that Jared and Amanda are incredibly loving and generous people.” She visibly squirmed in her chair. “And I learned that I should never, ever, **ever** do that again if **I** don’t have the opportunity for relief!”

Ms T laughed with the class at that one, and then looked at Allie. “Allie, you’re a bit messy. You want something to clean yourself off with?”

Allie proudly jut out her cum-and-pussy-juice covered chin, and said. “No, I don’t. No thank you.” Prompting another ovation.

“All right, now that that’s over,” Ms T grinned. “Jared, can you speak?”

“I think so,” I laughed.

“Good. There’s a few minutes left in class. The floor’s all yours. Tell us what The Program has done for you.”

“Ok,” I began. “Let me tell you something that you all don’t know—well, Amanda does, and Mr. Tilling might, but the rest of you don’t. I absolutely did **not** want to do this.”

“I didn’t volunteer, my parents volunteered for me. And told me about this **last** week. They told me they had volunteered me, that they thought I needed it, and that they had asked to have me bumped to the top of the list. I was furious, but they wouldn’t waver. So, this Monday, when I got the call to come down to the office, I **knew** what it was about. And I was **dreading** it.”

“Now, remember, I walked into that office, and what was I confronted with there? Amanda. My long-time crush. Here you go, Jared, here’s the girl you’ve been mooning over forever—now take your clothes off.”

“So, I started The Program with **every** disadvantage. I absolutely didn’t want to do it. I was ashamed and embarrassed. I wasn’t an outcast or anything, but I wasn’t particularly popular. **And** I was confronted with the object of my desire and had to disrobe in front of her!”

“I have told you all that my crush on Amanda was a worship-from-afar thing. I hadn’t had an actual conversation with her, ever. So, I got naked, and the first thing she said was ‘Wow’. And **she** got naked, and I got an embarrassing and mortifying woody, and she said ‘Thanks for the compliment’.”

“So, now, I had two warring things going on in my mind. The first was, after three minutes, I had already had a hint that Amanda was even **cooler** than I had suspected. The second was, as I said, extreme embarrassment.”

“This is how this week **started!** I was **five** minutes into The Program and I’m going through this!” Everyone laughed at that.

“But it got better, and it got better fast. Now, a lot of you are probably thinking, ‘Yeah, **Amanda** made it better,’ but that’s not all of it. That’s a big, huge, honkin’ part of it, but that’s not all of it. Any experience that delivers the girl of your dreams into your arms—**and** shows you that the **reality** of the girl is a **gazillion** times better than the dream—is, by definition, a good experience.”

“But it wasn’t just Amanda that made it better, not by a long shot. Maggie made it better. Eddie Bauer made it better. Lisa made it better. Allie made it better. Ms. T made it better. And that’s just in **one** class. I could go on, and it’s a long list.”

“Even what happened today, which is the dark side of experimenting with things like this, even that eventually made it better—because the support I’ve gotten is nothing short of incredible. And I’ve talked to Reenie Ying and she feels the same way.”

“The Program brings people together. And not **just** in a Jared-and-Amanda-in-love kind of way. I spent the week as the center of attention. There were times when it was

uncomfortable. It has been **really** uncomfortable today, frankly, because I don't think what I did was all that heroic. But, overall, being the center of attention has been cool—because, when you're the center of attention, people seek you out. And when people seek you out, the results can be **fantastic**. Not always, mind you—I'm sure we all wished those two fucks hadn't sought Reenie out this morning. But the vast, vast majority of people here are great, and, when they seek you out, you **discover** that. It's not just Amanda. I didn't know Maggie well at all before this week. I didn't know Ed, or Lisa. I didn't know Allie, and I just shared an experience with her that I will **never** forget."

"The first day of The Program, Amanda came and sat down with me for lunch. Yes, we were assigned to be buddies, but, again that's another legacy of The Program. Today, a whole bunch of people that, last week, I didn't know, came down and ate lunch with us. And we had a blast. And because The Program has exposed me, in more ways than one—I've gained confidence from it. And I was able to **accept** new people coming down and eating lunch with me and chatting. "

"Because I've been in The Program, and people have been looking towards me, and approaching me—I end this week with a significantly larger number of friends than I started it with. Not to mention a girlfriend. Now, I'm sure not everybody that goes into The Program's gonna come out with a girlfriend. But if you keep an open mind, and keep your sense of humor, and let yourself experience it—you **will** come out of it with more friends. A lot more friends. I guarantee it."

"And that's what The Program has done for me."

The whooping and hollering was deafening. This time, I didn't mind at all.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

AMANDA

Is he just the best, or what?

Wow.

Anyhow, Ms T let us out five minutes early, after thanking the whole class for their participation and support, and thanking Jared and I for handling the whole thing with "class, humor, a sense of fun, and a whole lot of panache." Panache—I liked that one. And Mr. T said that they were going to give The Program a rest next week, but that, after hearing from all of us, they were definitely leaning towards starting it back up the following week. Good.

As we were filing out, Allie approached Jared and I. "I don't know how to thank you. That was...incredible."

"Don't thank me, I enjoyed it," I told her. "You **are** good."

"Ditto," Jared said. "We both had a blast."

“Thank you anyway,” Allie said, blushing. “It **was** loving and generous, sharing each other with me like that. I was touched.” She lowered her voice and blushed deeper. “And I have been tasting and smelling **both** of you all over my face for ten minutes now. I’d like to tell you that was a great speech, Jared, but I don’t think I heard it. I am so wet I’m going to leave a trail. So, if you’ll excuse me, I need to go to the bathroom and diddle myself. Bye.”

As she walked away, Jared and I shared a knowing grin. Then we headed out of the class.

“You know, seriously, that was a good thing you did,” he said to me.

“What?”

“Allie. Calling her up there like that, after what she had said. That was a damn sweet thing to do.” I started to say something, and he interrupted. “I know, you got off, it was good for you, too, whatever. But **I** could’ve gotten you off. Half the class could’ve gotten you off. You had no idea Allie was going to be that good, especially considering it was her first time muff-diving.” Muff diving—I had to giggle. “Like that one, huh?” he smiled. “Anyway, you picked her because you knew she needed it, and wanted it, and needed to try it. You probably just increased that kid’s chances of having a healthy and happy sex life by a thousand percent. It was a wonderful gift you gave her.”

“Dammit, Jared, you’re going to make **me** cry!”

“It’s the truth.”

“You’re wonderful, you know that?” I sighed. “Anyhow, I have to admit, I know kind of what Allie means, because I am **really** horny by now.”

“I thought she was soooo goooooood!” he teased.

“She was. She is. But I’ll be honest. I don’t need **that** again—I’m going to gym, I could get fingered in the shower. I need a **fuck**,” I admitted. “Pity you’re not in my gym class.”

“Yup,” he agreed. “But I thought you were sore?”

“All gone away,” I told him. “Though, I must admit, if I were getting fucked by **you** right now it **would** be a nice slow easy one.” He laughed at that. “But, no, I’m fine.”

“Well, you’re going to gym. If there **are** any guys in the shower you’d like to take on, you have my permission.”

“Excuse me?” I asked.

“You have my permission to get boffed in the shower at gym. Go for it. You need to get laid that badly, go for it. I don’t mind.”

Unbelievable. He said this right at the fork in the hallway where we had to separate, so I grabbed him, kissed him—fuck the no-PDA rule—and said, “Do you know how incredible you are?”

“I hope so, everyone’s been telling me all day,” he said ruefully. “I feel like one of the damn Beatles. Anyhow, you’re incredible, too. Now go. Have fun. See you in History.”

“See you. Love you.” He blew a kiss at me and headed down the hall.

I headed for gym. It was fun. Volleyball—in my case, nude volleyball. Do you know how hard it is to run around hitting a volleyball with your 36 C’s bouncing all over the place? It ain’t easy. But it was fun all the same. At one point, a high one was hit in my direction, and, as it started coming down to me, my teammates started chanting “Hit the ball, not the boobs. Hit the ball, not the boobs.” Of course, I was laughing so hard I missed the ball **and** the boobs.

Afterwards, we hit the shower. The gym teacher, knowing this was my last day in The Program, actually let us hit the showers a bit early. So, I had a couple of guys help me wash off the writing—with the odd surreptitious hand-slide towards paydirt thrown in, of course. That just succeeded in making me hornier.

I looked around—and saw my buddy, Ed Bauer. I sidled up to him. “Hey, Ed.”

“Hey Amanda.”

“Listen. Remember in bio, you said you liked me better like this even though you weren’t getting any?”

“Yeah,” he laughed.

“Wanna change that?”

“HUH?”

I grabbed his dick—which was inflating rapidly—and pointed it in the general direction of my pussy. “It’s all yours if you want it. I need it **bad** right about now—and you’re my buddy, so, go for it.”

Ed is a class act. “What about Jared?” he asked.

“I have his permission. He knew I was suffering from serious want, and he knew he’s not in this class, so he told me to go for it.”

“He’s something else, isn’t he?”

“That he is.”

He got a big grin, but glanced at the clock on the wall outside the shower. “It’d have to be kind of a quickie, though.”

“Won’t take **me** long,” I grinned at him.

“Well, then. What are we waiting for?” He maneuvered me a bit so my back was up against the shower wall. He spread my legs apart a bit, bent his knees a bit—wasn’t too bad, we’re almost the same height—guided it with his hand, and in he went.

Another new thing—my first time standing up. It was a bit awkward at first, but Ed got into a rhythm. I put my hands around his shoulders, and he put his on my hips, and held me against the wall while he fucked me. My back was slippery and wet from the soap and water of the shower, so, when Ed got himself going, my feet were actually coming off the ground at every upstroke. I have to admit, I **liked** that. To actually be fucked off the ground was pretty amazing. I thought that I’d have to try this with Jared—I wonder how long he could **hold** me off the ground.

But Ed was doing just fine himself, and I was right—it wasn’t going to take me long. I started wheezing and moaning, and heard some chattering—and realized something else. I’d been diddled and such in front of an audience—but this is the first time I’d ever been **fucked** in front of an audience. I opened my eyes and saw the entire locker room of boys in the shower, watching me get fucked through the shower wall. I have to admit it—realizing I was being watched as my pussy got pounded sent me over the cliff even faster. And they got a good show—I came good and hard. Realizing I was giving a bunch of teenaged boys a good show made it even harder. I loved it, loved that my pal had me pinned up against the wall while he fucked my brains out, and loved that I was being watched. Ed couldn’t take much of me howling and spasming all over him, and off **he** went. He actually had me dangling off the ground for the first few spurts as he drove up into me. The audience loved that one. A couple more seconds of that, and I could’ve gone again.

Ed set me down. My mind was reeling. A raucous, slamming knee-trembler in the shower, with a guy who isn’t my boyfriend, and in front of an audience. I kept thinking, jeez, I am turning into **such** a slut. Can you have a steady boyfriend who you love more than you can say, and still **be** a slut? What an interesting question **that** is.

I gave Ed a big hug, and said, “Thank you.”

“Thank **you**,” he laughed. “That was something else. I’ll admit it. I’ve always thought you were a fox, and when I found out you were going into The Program—and knowing that The Program usually sends people into cataclysms of horniness—I was kinda hoping I might get a shot. But then you hooked up with Jared, and I figured—oh, well. That’s that. And I didn’t mind at all—I was, and still am, extremely happy for you. You’re my friend first and foremost, and Jared makes you happy. And after all that, I **still** get a shot.” I had to giggle at that one. “And what a shot it was. Jared’s a lucky guy.”

“No luckier than I am. I mean, Jesus, Ed. I know you’re horny, and I know I’m not available, so go fuck somebody? How many boyfriends would do **that**?”

“Good point. Hey, are you guys going to the after-game party tomorrow?”

“Yeah,” I told him.

“Gonna finally enter The Orgy Room?”

“It’s under discussion,” I smiled at him. “But I think we are.”

“That oughta be interesting.” He looked down at the detritus of our boinking, which was dripping down my legs and off his dick. “We’d better get back under the shower head and clean up, eh?”

We did, and then got dressed—well, **he** got dressed, I put my socks and shoes on—and we left the locker room. He kissed me on the cheek, and off he went. Heading to my next class, I heard myself called down to the office. Jared, too.

We met down the hall from the office. “Hey, love,” he greeted me.

“Hi,” I said, a bit shyly.

“What’s up?”

“Nuthin.” I admit it—I know he gave me permission, but I was still slightly ashamed. And he picked up on it right away.

“You’re awfully shy and blushing all of a sudden. I do believe somebody got boinked in the locker room. So, who got the honors?” he grinned.

“Ed,” I admitted.

“Bauer?”

“Yeah. You mind—I mean, that it was Ed?”

“Why would I? I told you to take your pick. And Ed’s a good guy. I don’t blame you for picking a friend. In fact, I approve.” He leered at me. “So how was it?”

“Very interesting. Let’s see, we were in the shower. Standing up. Every time he stroked up, my feet left the ground. And we had an audience.”

“And, you **liked** having an audience. I can tell by your silly little grin.”

“Yeah, well...” I faltered. “OK, I did. I loved all of it.” Then I said it. “I’m getting really slutty, aren’t I?”

“Nah.”

“Jeez, Jared, we’ve been together for **three** days and I’ve been with **two** other guys! And, what makes it worse is that **you** haven’t been with **anyone** else!”

“It’s all right. If the opportunity presents itself, I know you’ll give me your blessing. And if we go to that party tomorrow, I’m betting the opportunity will present itself.”

“Right on both counts,” I smiled. “I **do** still want to watch you fuck someone else.”

“And I have an idea on that score. But later. We need to go in here now.” We were at the office. And he was going to keep me on pins and needles with his idea!

When we got inside the office, we found the police there. They needed to talk to us about what had happened this morning. We both talked to them, they took our statements, and told us we’d probably be called to testify at any trial. We understood that, and were completely willing, and told them so.

This took the rest of the class day, so we were dismissed. It was kind of sad, our last day in The Program. Of course, we did have the football game the next day—naked cheerleading for me. And the party afterwards.

As we were heading out of Mr. Tilling’s office, Tina came running in. “Warning, warning, danger little brother!”

“What **are** you talking about?”

“News media. **Scads** of ‘em. Waiting for **you** outside the door. TV cameras and all.”

“TV cameras?” Jared said in a panic. “I have no fucking **clothes** on! And I don’t have any **here!**”

Tina looked down at her sexy tank-top and miniskirt and said, “I’d loan you mine, little brother, but I don’t think they’d fit”

“Thanks, Tina. You’re a laff riot. What the **hell** am I gonna do?” Poor Jared was frantic.

“What’s wrong, Jared?” Mr. Tilling asked, coming out of his office.

“Oh, just the media hordes, waiting outside to talk to me about my ‘heroism’ or some such bullshit. And every piece of clothing I own is at home!”

“So? Go talk to them, Jared. Just like that. Now, I’m not telling you what to do. But, think of it this way. One of the reasons we considered doing away with The Program is we **know** we’re going to get flack about it from the public, because of what happened to

Reenie. You go out there like that, and talk to those people, and be your usual articulate self, it'll be a big boost."

"You know, he's right," I said.

"Yeah. I guess."

"Honey, I'll be with you every step of the way. I'll be next to you for every interview. I'll even help, if you want. And I'm as naked as you are."

"OK."

We both walked out there. The first thing we saw was our usual cheering section. They all cheered and applauded us, and I heard at least one "Thanks for a great week, guys!" And then came the vultures.

"Jared! Amanda!" they started calling.

So we went and talked to them. They asked questions about what had happened with Irene, and Jared answered them—trying to downplay it, of course, but he told them all what happened.

Then they tried to pin the blame for the incident on The Program, and Jared, of course, was having none of that. He was eloquent and persuasive. The reporters asked me for my two cents, and I like to think that I was also eloquent and persuasive. Then we headed off.

I started laughing. "Did you see how they were trying to focus in tightly on our faces? They all panicked about getting any naughty bits in their shots."

"Not all of them. Channel 3 absolutely kept panning down to your boobs. I saw it."

I laughed harder. "Oh, yeah, well, did you hear what that blonde bimbo reporter from Channel 12 said?" He shook his head. "First of all, when you came out to them, her eyes got as wide as saucers. Then she went over to her cameraman, pointed at you, and said, 'Make sure you shoot this kid from the waist up. We wouldn't want a stampede of girls overrunning the poor kid's house.'"

Boy, can he **blush**! I couldn't help it, I was laughing my naked ass off.

We went to his house, and he immediately walked in and wrapped Tina in a big bear hug. Then he stepped back and said, "If you **ever** make me start crying in the middle of the halls at Westport High **again**, I'm going to **kill** you!"

Tina cracked up laughing, and then said, "I'm sorry, little brother, but I had to tell you how I felt."

"I know. You really are the world's best big sister," Jared told her.

“I know, ain’t I?” Tina cracked.

After that, his parents came in. They had, of course, heard, and were overcome with pride. Jared’s Mom couldn’t stop hugging him. We chatted for a while, and then I asked him to take me home.

“We can go out afterwards. I just need to check in.”

“Should I grab some clothes?” he asked me.

“Why do a silly thing like that?” I giggled. I really had become completely comfortable in the nude.

We got to my house, and my mother came running out of the house. She gave me a big hug and a smile—and then she **really** impressed me. She walked around Jared’s car to the driver’s side, and, after Jared had stepped out, gave **him** a big hug. And a kiss on the cheek.

“I heard about what happened. The news is all over town.” Then she turned to me. “Amanda, the next time I question your judgement, slap me.” I was shocked. She went on. “Because any guy who’ll put himself on the line like that to defend a girl in trouble—well, he can be with my daughter all he wants.” I was absolutely, completely stunned. “When I was your age, Amanda, I only saw the bad side of guys. It took until I met your father to find a good one. And, as you reminded me last night, you’re not me—and that’s the truth, because you’re a whole lot better at finding the good ones than I was at your age.” Then she turned and headed for the house.

I couldn’t move. I turned to Jared, and we stared at each other in shock. Mom got halfway to the door, turned back to us, and said, “Well, are you guys coming in, or what? The news will be on soon—I hear you guys are going to make an appearance.” Then she went in.

“Wow,” I said with a smile.

“Wow is right.” Jared took a deep breath. “Shall we?” He took my hand, and we went inside. Dad came home shortly thereafter, full of praise and handshakes and claps on the back for Jared. We sat down and chatted, waiting for the news to come on. And, as we chatted, I kept seeing my Mom and Dad shooting little **looks** at each other.

Unbelievable. I guess I did the right thing by getting myself lost last night.

“So,” Mom asked after a while, “should I be donating all your clothes to Goodwill, or what? You know, since I haven’t seen you wearing any in, like, three days.”

“Nah,” I laughed. “I’m sure I’ll put some on eventually.”

“Yeah, the weather’s nice right now,” Jared said. “I don’t think you’ll be seeing us traipse around like this in January.”

“No way,” I said. “I have enough of a problem with perky nipples.” Then I realized what I said, and looked at Mom. She just laughed.

“I can see where that might be a problem,” she said. “What with the constant stimulation and all.” Wow, she was **really** surprising me.

She went into the kitchen to get some drinks, and I got up and followed her. “Mom, I have to ask—what has gotten **into** you?”

She laughed. “Well, first of all, your father and I had a real long talk last night. A good talk. I’ve been carrying my hang-ups around for too long. You know what he said last night about me being uninterested in sex for a long time?” I nodded. “Well, it was never that. It was guilt. Because I felt that I had been used by boys in high school, I felt guilty every time I enjoyed having sex. And I **did** enjoy it.”

She sighed. “And because of the guilt, I was repressing that, and avoiding the whole thing. And I did incredible damage to your father because of it.” She gave me a sad smile. “And you, too. I projected my guilt onto you. It was wrong, and I’m sorry.”

“It’s OK, Mom,” I told her.

“No, it’s not, but.... The other thing is that I thought I was protecting you. As I said outside, what hadn’t occurred to me is that your judgement is far better than mine.”

“I don’t know if that’s true. You know what happened yesterday with Eric. And it happened again today.” I told her about Ed.

“But that’s not the same thing at all,” she said, surprising me. “Jared gave you permission. Not the same thing at all.” She looked at me. “Don’t tell me **you’re** struggling with guilt.”

“Well, kind of,” I told her. “When Ed and I got done, I felt like a complete wanton harlot. What might have been even more disturbing is a large part of me **liked** feeling that way.”

“What does Jared say about that?”

“He doesn’t mind. Says it’s fine.”

“Would you give him the same opportunity to experiment if he wanted?”

“Of course. I’ve told him that.”

“And do you think this experimenting will cause you to lose him, or him to lose you?”

“No,” I said definitely, with a smile. “Sex is one thing. Love is another. Sex and love together is something else entirely.”

“In other words, the other guys were fun, but Jared...”

“Makes the earth move,” I finished for her.

“There you go. As long as you know that, and never forget it, don’t worry about it. As long as you and Jared agree on things, and can keep your relationship where it should be, don’t worry about it. And Jared loves you completely, I can see it in his eyes when he looks at you.”

“I love him just as much.”

“I can see **that** in **your** eyes, too,” she smiled. “So, as long as you guys agree on the limits and it doesn’t damage what you have **together**, what’s the problem? I’ll tell you the truth. If I had been able to develop a carefree attitude towards it at your age, I wouldn’t be toting around all these hang-ups. I would never have been able to say ‘I feel like a wanton harlot and part of me likes it.’ Because I **did** feel that way, and **none** of me liked it. And **that** is because I was **using** sex to get what I **really** wanted—love. You don’t have to do that.”

“What do you mean?” I asked her.

“Look, when you have sex with Jared, does it intensify your love for one another?”

“Well, yeah.” I admitted.

“When you had sex with Ed, was there any of that?”

“No. I don’t love Ed. Well, I **love** him, but as a friend. I’m not **in** love with him. It’s a completely different thing. I guess it was mostly physical—laced with affection, because we really are good friends, but mostly physical. When Jared and I are together, the emotional equals the physical. Hell, there are times when the emotional **overwhelms** the physical.” I looked down at the floor, and softly admitted, “Jared has made me **cry**. And I’m not talking about in pain, either. I don’t think there’s another person in the world that could do that.”

“There you go. That’s my point. I never learned that. I was looking for that kind of emotional experience with **every** guy I was ever with—because that was my goal. And when it didn’t happen, I felt guilty. Because, since physical pleasure wasn’t what I wanted—when that’s all I **got**, I felt guilty.” She smiled at me. “You know the difference. And I’m glad you do. I also think you know what’s more valuable.”

“Yes, I do,” I laughed. “Look, if Jared gave me an ultimatum—me, or sleeping around—sleeping around would be **gone**. In a heartbeat. No questions asked, no regrets. But, yeah, sometimes the physical needs start calling, and he’s not there. I was completely strung out

at gym, and Jared knew it, and he's not there, and that's why he told me to go for it." I blushed. "And, I admit it—I suppose I do get a little thrill at cultivating the wanton harlot side of my personality."

"Well, that's because you're caught in a bit of a dilemma. You discovered your sexuality and fell in love all at the same time. And I take the blame for that." I looked at her, surprised. "Because in this day and age you should've discovered your sexuality long before this. If I hadn't been foisting my own hang-ups on you, you would've spent the past two years picking up Maggie Benson's leftovers, and you would've been more prepared for Jared."

"WHAT?" I gasped.

"Oh, come on, Amanda. You think I don't know what Maggie's like? Don't try to snow your mother." She grinned at me. "I'm sure I pushed that knowledge into the dark recesses of my mind at times, because I didn't want to deal with it, but I know. And, it's true, if you had spent the last two years being Maggie, finding Jared now wouldn't throw you so much. But if he doesn't mind, and you two think you can maintain your relationship **while** you cultivate—what did you call it?—the wanton harlot side of you, then go for it."

"I see what you mean," I told her. "I just think it'll work better if it's more equal. I do have some ideas on that score."

"What are you talking about?"

"Well, if I'm going to do that, we need to cultivate the gigolo side of **his** personality. Can't just be me, that leads to inequities."

"Good point. Though that shouldn't be a problem. He's certainly packing some heat, isn't he?"

Of all the myriad number of unbelievably shocking things that had happened to me that week, hearing **those** words come out of my **Mother's** mouth absolutely took the cake. All I could do was sputter.

"Oh, come on," she said. "I haven't yet met that boy when he's had a single article of clothing on. You think I wasn't going to **notice**? I mean, it's readily apparent."

I was still sputtering.

"In fact," she continued, "if I couldn't see for my own eyes how much you love him, I could certainly come up with another valid reason why you'd be going out with him."

Still sputtering.

“OK, Amanda, stop looking at me like I have three heads.” She grinned at me. “Come on. Let’s get these drinks and get back out there. We’ve been in here so long, the boys are going to think we got attacked by the dishwasher, or something.”

I followed her out, still incredulous. Un. Fucking. Believable.

We went out, and Mom and Dad started talking about something. I sat next to Jared and snuggled into him.

“What took you so long?” he asked.

“I have just had the best talk I have ever had with my mother in my entire sixteen years on earth.” I said with a happy sigh.

“That’s great,” he said.

“I’ll tell you all about it later.”

“Hey, kids, the news is coming on,” Dad said.

We watched channel three, and Jared was right—they **did** show my boobs. Quite a bit. We switched to channel 12, and the cameraman obviously wasn’t listening, because Little Jared—OK, not so Little Jared--got in the picture quite a bit.

“It’s a good thing they didn’t flash your phone number on the screen after they showed the full frontal view,” I teased him. “Your phone would be ringing off the hook.”

“Same goes for you,” he said, pointing at the screen, which was showing me from the waist up, boobs again in full view. “And speaking of perky nips, you’ve got them there.”

“Oh, jeez,” I mock-moaned.

“Those were good interviews,” Dad said afterwards. “You guys did well.”

“Yeah, and I’ve now shown my boobs on TV.” I said. “Oy.” Even Mom and Dad laughed at that. “You know what? I’m starving.”

“Yeah, so am I,” Jared admitted. “So, you wanna go show your boobs down at the Burger Hut?”

“You’re on,” I laughed.

We went to the Burger Hut, and had a blast. Just after we got in, the crowd showed up, and we grabbed a table together. It was amazing how unselfconscious I was becoming about being in public nude.

Afterwards, we got in the car. “You want to go to your place?” I asked him.

“Sure,” he said—but, to my ears, was incredibly unenthusiastic about it.

“That didn’t sound like a ringing endorsement.”

He smiled at me. “Honey, I’ll do anything for you.”

“But you don’t want to,” I said.

“Well, the truth is—I’m exhausted. It has been a very long day. It’s not that I don’t **want** to. It’s that I’m afraid I’m going to fall asleep in the middle.”

I laughed. “Oh, as long as that’s all. I was just taken aback a bit by your lack of enthusiasm.”

“It’s **not** lack of enthusiasm. With **you**? Perish the thought. It’s lack of **energy**.”

“OK,” I laughed. “Then I will let you off the hook.”

“Well, I can **try**, if you need me to.”

“No, actually, I’m fine. I had a few today, I do believe.” He chuckled at that. “No, sweetie, I’m just fine. You may take me home. You **will** be making up for lost time, though.”

“Oh, goody.”

We pulled up in front of my house. “So, what time do you get up on a Saturday?”

“Eight. At the latest. And I’m going to sleep **right** when I get home, and I can only sleep so long no matter how tired I am, so I’ll be up by eight.”

“Good,” I grinned at him impishly. Then I kissed him. “Stay. I can make it to the door myself. Love you.”

“Love you, too.”

“See you tomorrow.”

--End of part 8--

JARED AND AMANDA NAKED IN SCHOOL
PART NINE
SATURDAY

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

JARED

I did go to sleep pretty quickly that night. I really **was** exhausted. When I woke up the next morning, at about seven-thirty, all the ol' doubt crept back in.

My fucking insecurities. Damn them. Well, I guess you can't just make them go away overnight.

I don't know. I really **didn't** mind that she was with Ed yesterday—at least at the time. Now, I didn't know what to think. It's the ol' "well, if I let her do this, what if she finds something better" bullshit. I dunno, maybe it's because we didn't make love last night and Ed was the last person she was with. But, hell, that was **my** decision. And the reason I gave her **was** the real reason—I was bushed.

So, I'm sitting in bed, mulling this over, when there's a knock at my door.

"Honey, you up?" Mom asked me.

"Sure."

"OK. Wait there." Huh? So, I waited, and a couple minutes later, in walks Amanda.

"Hi, sweetie!"

I laughed. "What are you doing here?"

"It's eight o'clock. Time for your wakeup call." She leaned down and kissed me.

"Nice wakeup call," I laughed.

"Glad you liked it. You know what? Sleeping alone last night **sucked**."

"Tell me about it," I said.

"So, you know, next best thing." She sat on the edge of my bed. I sat up next to her.

"Boxer shorts, huh?" she asked.

"Well, **you're** fully dressed. I haven't seen you like that in a while."

She giggled. "That's because I want to do this in private, for once." Her voice got all low and breathy. "Jared, would you please undress me?"

Damn, she gets good ideas. I undressed her. I took my sweet time doing it, too. My hands were all over her as I peeled off her clothes. When I was done, she reached for my boxers and pulled them off.

“Have you had your shower yet?” she asked.

“No.”

“Let’s go.”

She led me into the bathroom. “First things first,” I said, and headed towards the toilet.

“No. Not yet.” She opened the shower curtain and stepped in. She didn’t turn the water on, but lay down at the bottom of the tub. “You need to go, I want you to go right here.”

Gulp. When she talked about it yesterday, I didn’t think she was **serious**. So, that’s what I said. “Are you serious?”

“You betcha. This is fantasy day. I want it, give it to me.”

So, I did. I stepped into the shower, and started peeing on her. Right at her boobs. “All over me.” So I went up and down. I got it all over her boobs, in her face, in her hair—and then she opened her mouth! All over her legs, her pussy, by the time I was done—this was a first-thing-in-the-morning piss, remember—she was **covered** in it. And she was gasping and writhing. God, she was turned on. To my surprise, I was, too.

“Turn the water on,” she gasped in a throaty whisper. I did. “Help me up.” I helped her get to her feet. The shower water was mixing with the pee as it ran off her. She maneuvered us so she was standing with her back at the far end of the shower. She grabbed my dick. “Bend your knees a little, crouch down some.” Absolutely mesmerized, I did everything she asked me to. I bent my knees. She grabbed my dick, and I saw that now—with my knees bent a little—it lined up. “Push,” she said. I pushed. I slid up inside her—that piss bath turned her on incredibly, she was sopping wet—and was all the way in in a flash.

I couldn’t help but think that this would be a bit easier if we were closer to the same height—I had a few inches on her—because I was crouched down in a less-than-perfectly-comfortable position. But my sweetie had other ideas. She wrapped her arms around my neck. “Put your hands on my hips,” she told me. I did, and then she said, “Now, unbend your knees. Stand up.”

Oh my fucking head. I stood up, and she came **right** off the ground. When I got to my full height, her feet were dangling four inches off the ground. Her eyes were closed, and she was already gasping—and her pussy was like a **vice** on my dick. I couldn’t believe it. I was holding her off the ground by only her arms around my neck and my dick in her pussy, and by her being up against the wall. Then she wrapped her legs around my hips and hooked her feet together behind my ass. She was **completely** off the ground. Then she kissed me—the wildest, most animalistic kiss you’ve ever seen.

“Oooooonnnnnngggggg,” she purred after she broke this kiss. “This feels.... indescribable.” Then she grinned at me. “Am I too heavy for you?”

I grinned back and responded by pulling **away** from the wall. She dangled in midair, held off the ground by my dick. What a feeling. “OH JESUS!” she yelled as she realized that she wasn’t up against the wall anymore. I had no leverage, of course, but I managed a couple of little thrusts into her. “Too heavy? No I don’t think so,” I said. She giggled in between moans. “However, I don’t think I can keep **that** up forever,” and moved her back up against the wall. When I got her pinned again, I started thrusting as hard as I could. Not very hard, in that position, but enough, apparently—because she went **wild**. Her eyes opened wide, and little animalistic moans were coming out of her mouth. Every time I pulled out, she slipped a little, so not only was I driving into her, I was driving her back **up**. She went nuts. I did, too—despite the awkwardness of the position, this was fantastic. I felt like I was fucking her into orbit.

I knew I was close, and knew she was, too, so I went for the clincher—I leaned over and nibbled on her earlobe. She screamed, and then exploded—and I went right with her. She slipped off my softening dick, and lowered herself to the ground.

She started to say something, but I shook my head and put my finger to my lips. She looked at me quizzically, but smiled. I grabbed a washcloth and started cleaning her off. She got the message and started doing the same to me.

When we were done, I silently shut the water off, stepped out, held out a hand for Amanda to come out, and handed her a towel. Grabbing another one, I started drying her off. She took hers and returned the favor. As I had hoped, her washing and drying my nether regions had gotten me hard again.

She turned to me and smiled, again about to say something, but I put my finger to my lips again. Stepping over to her, I crouched, aimed, and thrust up into her again, lifting her right off the floor.

That took her **right** by surprise. “AYYYYEEEEEEEE!” she yelled, and quickly grabbed around my neck as she came off the floor, impaled on my dick, in the middle of the bathroom. “OH FUCK JARED!” she screamed as she held on for dear life. I grabbed her ass, and she wrapped her legs around behind me again. Then, with her holding on for dear life, I started walking from the bathroom to my bedroom.

It was fantastic. Every step I took, she bounced—driving my dick deeper into her. She was damn near incoherent. She moaned and gasped with every step. I got to the bedroom and, expecting my legs to give out sooner or later, went over to the bed. But I didn’t get on it. I wanted to keep this up as long as I could. So, I stood there, in the middle of the room, not even against a wall, and bounced her up and down on me. I used my hands on her ass to lift her off and then bring her back down. She went almost as soon as we got into the bedroom, and then started climbing again. “Oh.....my....fuck.....Jared!” she howled. “Fuck! Fuck!” and she went again. After that, as I kept bouncing her, she was just babbling.

Unfortunately, all good things must come to an end, so I lowered her to the bed—still in her—before my legs collapsed. The good part was that she was pretty much in continuous orgasm mode by the time my legs gave out, so I just kept driving into her. Since I had just cum, I figured I could go for a while, until, in the midst of her moaning and babbling, she returned the favor. She nibbled **my** earlobe.

Sha-ZAM!

Now I know why she liked it so much!

Afterwards, I slipped out of her and crawled up next to her, hoping I'd get feeling back in my legs sometime soon. And she was **spent**. Her breath came out in raspy wheezes, and she was covered in sweat—right after having taken a shower, for goodness' sake. Finally, she calmed down, looked over at me, and said, "Am I alive?"

"I think so," I giggled.

"My oh my oh my. That was.....oy."

"When we were in the shower, I figured out I could probably hold you like that, away from any walls, for a little while—but I needed firmer footing than I could get in a shower. I was afraid I'd slip and we'd go down in a heap. So I figured that we'd try it outside the shower."

"You could've warned me."

"And miss the look on your face when I lifted you off the ground with my dick? Perish the thought."

"Oh Jesus," she laughed. "You almost gave me a heart attack. I'm standing there, and the next thing I know a telephone pole is slamming into my pussy and throwing me into the air. I couldn't believe it."

"And you loved every minute of it," I laughed.

"Yeah," she admitted. "That was something else. Except I really **should** take another shower. I'm all sweaty. But I suppose it'll go away."

"At least we got the pee off," I laughed.

She got a strange look on her face. "That was really weird," she said. "I actually tried that as kind of a lark. It didn't disgust me or anything, so I figured, what the hell. What I wasn't prepared for was just how much it turned me on. I mean, it was something." She sighed. "And, I have to admit, I really surprised myself by **drinking** it. I didn't plan that. It was an impulse."

“How was it?”

“Not as bad as you’d guess,” she said with a little smile. “Not something you’d want to drink to quench your thirst or anything—it’s really bitter and salty—but not as bad as you’d think.”

“I have to admit, I didn’t think I’d be turned on by it at **all**,” I told her. “I was wrong.”

“It’s that whole intimacy thing,” she said.

“Yeah. I guess letting your boyfriend use you as his toilet is pretty intimate.”

She laughed, and then got serious. “This isn’t a test or a challenge or anything, it’s just curiosity. Would **you** ever do it?”

Well, that was a question, wasn’t it? “I have to think about that one.”

“Fair enough.”

“I’m so glad you came over this morning,” I told her.

“I know you are,” she giggled.

“No, not just that. I was having a freak-out moment when I woke up this morning.”

“About?”

“Us.”

Her face fell. “Uh-oh. What I did in the locker room yesterday? You did give me permission.”

“Yes, I did. Absolutely, I did. I’m not blaming anyone for my stupid insecurities except myself. I didn’t mind it when you did it. I didn’t mind it **after** you did it. It caught up with me this morning.”

“Jared, listen to me. I love you. Not anybody else, **you**. Remember what your Mom said—good sex is better than no sex? But great sex is better than good sex? What I had with Ed yesterday was good sex. What we just did just now wasn’t just great sex, it was **stupendous** sex.” She took a breath. “I told you I talked to my Mom yesterday. This was one of the things we talked about. She says—and I agree with her—that the problem is that my sexuality woke up, and I fell in love, all at the same time. She said that if I had spent the last two years picking up Maggie’s leftovers, I’d be more ready for you.”

“Your **Mother** said that?”

“Like I said, it was a fantastic talk. She doesn’t hate sex, it’s guilt—and she thinks she passed that guilt on to me and prevented me from discovering my sexuality earlier. And now I’m getting flooded with it. And falling in love at the same time.”

“I guess that’s where my insecurities come from. Why are discovering your sexuality and falling in love not the **same** thing? I guess I know the answer to that, though. Like I said, they’re my damn insecurities. You fucked Ed yesterday because I wasn’t there. But the insecure part of me keeps yelling ‘You’re inadequate! You’re inadequate!’”

“Oh, Jared, NO! Fuck **that**. Listen, I also told my mother that if this **ever** came in conflict, I would become monogamous so fast it’d make your head spin. Full stop, no regrets. So, maybe we should stop talking about this and just do it. It’s fine, really.”

“No, it’s not,” I told her, “because there’s something else there. It’s not just because I can’t always be around. I know you were needy yesterday, but there’s another reason you fucked Ed.”

“There’s two other reasons. One was that you gave me **permission**. It made it **better**—the sex with Ed, I mean. It was **better** because I had your permission. I can’t explain that, but it’s there.”

“Damn. Now I feel like an ass even bringing this up,” I said with dismay.

“No. Don’t. We have to discuss these things. My relationship with **you** is **the** important thing here. Anyhow, I said there were two reasons. The second one is this.” She pointed to her breast. “I have discovered that, deep inside here, is a slut.” I tried to say something, but she cut me off. “No. I’m serious. There’s a complete wanton harlot slut part of my personality that, since I was suppressing my sexuality, I never knew about. That’s why Mom said it would be easier if I had slept with half of Westport High **before** I met you. Look, it’s not all about other people.” She smiled at me. “Getting peed on is pretty slutty, even if your boyfriend does it, and even if your boyfriend is the only person you’d ever **think** about doing it with—which is the truth, by the way.” She sighed again. “But, yeah, there’s a slut in here. Maggie Benson’s kindred spirit is buried in here somewhere. Look, Jared, this is what it comes down to. I think about when I’m forty and sitting on a porch swing watching my four kids run around. I absolutely **know**, deep in my gut, no matter what happens, that I’m going to be sitting next to **you**. No doubt in my mind. That’s the **important** part. But the **other** part—less important, but it’s still there—is that I don’t want to be sitting on that porch swing saying ‘what if?’ and wondering what I missed.”

I couldn’t help but smile. “Four kids?”

She grinned back. “That sound all right with you?”

“Perfect,” I admitted. “You know what? When you put it that way, you’re right. Just keep reminding my stupid insecurities about the porch swing and the four kids, and I’ll be fine. Because, you’re right. This is the time in our lives to get wild. It’s kind of what you said about planning for the future—but having fun today, too. I don’t mind having fun now—

but I don't want to screw up my future. And that means I don't want to screw up **us**—because you're in my future, too."

"That's so sweet. However, we have one other problem that's not helping all this, and I don't know if you see it yet. There's an inequity."

"An inequity?"

"Yeah. Don't **you** have any wild oats? It's all been one-sided so far. You talk like you'd go for some fooling around, but you haven't."

"No opportunity," I said honestly. "Yeah, thinking about it, I do have some wild oats. That whole fantasy thing of yours. Hey, I **would** be fucking someone else, even if you were there, right?"

"Yeah. That's what I mean. I think there's a doubt in your mind, even if it's a tiny one, that I can fuck someone else and still be in love with you. I think that doubt would be dispelled if **you** fucked someone else." She took a deep breath. "I want to go to the party tonight. **And** go in the Orgy Room."

"OK." I said. She beamed at me.

"That reminds me, yesterday you said you had an idea about that whole me-watching thing."

"Yeah. Allie."

"Allie?"

"If she'd agree to let me fuck her—well, wouldn't it even be better if you got to watch me fuck her while she was eating **you** out?"

"Oh my God, my nipples just crinkled."

"That's what I thought," I laughed.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

AMANDA

Well, at least that discussion ended well. But I kept thinking that it would've been just easier to dismiss it. Say, that's it, it's over, you're all I want. Look, it really wouldn't have been **that** difficult. I **do** love him. The sex with him is **miles** better than with anyone else—I'm talking about fucking, or fingering, or whatever. Getting a good wet **kiss** from him is more thrilling than getting fucked by Ed—and that's no slight on Ed, he knows what he's doing. It's just that whole emotional intimacy thing. And I wasn't lying when I said that him giving permission made it more thrilling. And, no, I can't explain it. I hadn't told

him yet about my ultimate fantasy—**me** getting nailed with **him** watching. Actually, holding my hand. That gets me wet just **thinking** about it.

Anyhow, we seemed to have settled it for now, and we went upstairs. Tina was teasing us about actually wearing clothes. Mrs. Wicklow was making breakfast, and, since I hadn't had any, I accepted her offer to join them. Then we kind of hung around for awhile, chatting about this and that, until it was time to head to the football field.

We walked, clothed, planning on taking our clothes off at the back entrance. But then I got a brainstorm. I told it to Jared, and he immediately grinned, and agreed.

So, when we got to the back entrance, we walked in, still wearing clothes. Jared bought his ticket—cheerleaders don't have to pay to get in, after all—and we entered. The game was still a half hour away, so the stands weren't completely full—but they were filling fast, and there were quite a few people there.

We walked in, and started walking onto the field. Mr. Tilling spotted us, and yelled out, “Hey, The Program's still going on, you know! You two are in violation!”

“Give us a minute!” I yelled. He looked at me quizzically. I just smiled at him, and Jared and I waltzed out to the fifty-yard line, smack in the middle of the field.

And proceeded to undress one another. Right there, in front of all those people.

It was **great**. We figured this was going to be our last opportunity to do that, so we figured we'd do it **right**. It took a few minutes for most of the crowd to figure out what was happening—but we took it nice and slow, and they caught on. And started whooping and cheering. Instead me doing him first, or him doing me, we took turns. And made sure we took our damn sweet time doing it. And we hung all **over** each other. It was great. And Jared, in a brainstorm of his own, provided the finishing touch. The last thing to come off was my panties—and, instead of just letting them drop in a heap with the rest of our clothes, Jared took them off me, walked over to the stands, and **chucked** 'em! My boyfriend threw my panties into the crowd at a football game. How cool is **that**?

And, since those were the ones I was wearing on the way to Jared's—and I was horny as hell on the way to Jared's—they were **not** clean. That made it even better.

Slut. I'm telling you. Complete slut.

Anyhow, he went to the stands, and I went to do my cheerleading thing. It was fine, we won, and my boobs didn't hurt **too** much after bouncing them around for four quarters. Afterwards, we grabbed Allie and told her about the party. She got a little glimmer in her eye, and agreed to come.

We left the game, went to Jared's and ate. Didn't bother putting any clothes on, what was the point?

Then we headed to the party.

Allie met us in front of the house, and we all went in together. We stayed in the main party room for a while, eating and mingling, then we decided it was time. I went to ask Allie.

“Allie, we’re going in the orgy room. Want to come?”

“I don’t know,” she said shyly. “I do but I don’t”

“Jared and I want you to come. Look, we have a fantasy. And you’re in it.”

“I **am**?” she squeaked.

“Yeah. Well, the original fantasy was that I wanted to watch Jared fuck someone else. After what happened yesterday, we changed it. I want to watch Jared fuck **you**, while you eat my pussy.”

“Oh, God, I just got wet,” she moaned.

“Then let’s go,” I said.

“Wait a minute. Let me think about this one for a minute. Look, the thought excites me, obviously—but Jared’s kind of big. That’s a little frightening. I’m no virgin, but I’ve never had anyone as big as Jared.”

“He’s big, Allie, but he’s gentle. Don’t forget, he was my **first**. And it didn’t hurt.”

“Yeah,” she said.

“And he is **really** good at getting you all worked up.”

She giggled. “OK. The thought of him in me and you on top of me **really** makes me wet, I have to admit.”

“Let’s go.” We walked into the orgy room. Allie, as required, took off her clothes once we got in. I was all set on that score. As was Jared, who was waiting for us.

The orgy room was one big huge room surrounded by smaller ones. Some action took place in the big room, but not much. Most of it was in the smaller rooms. You could have an open room or a closed room—there were doors. The whole setup was made for this kind of thing. The people who owned the house—Jimmy Smith’s parents, Jimmy was our ace running back—were into orgies. And they didn’t mind letting the kids have the house once a week. It wasn’t what you might think of as a wild party—drugs and booze were expressly forbidden. Nope, in the main party room, there was just food and cokes, good music, and good friends. And, in the back room, there was sex—and lots of it.

“Hey, look who actually came to the orgy!” I heard a voice yell out. It was, of course, Maggie. “Amanda Frazier, you’re a slut!”

“Damn right she is!” It was Jared.

Maggie came up to us. “So, Jared, if you’re girlfriend’s planning on playing the slut for the evening, does that mean I’m gonna get a crack at that big boy of yours?”

“Play your cards right and we’ll see,” Jared said. “Right now, we have a previous engagement.” And we lead an embarrassed-looking Allie to an empty room, and closed the door.

As in all the rooms, there was a bed, and a few couches and chairs. There was also condoms, sex toys, lube, all that stuff. We led Allie over to the bed.

“I want to do this, guys, but I’m nervous. About your size, Jared.”

“I’ll be careful. I’ll also make sure you’re ready,” he said.

“OK,” she said nervously.

“First off, do we need those?” Jared asked her, pointing to the condoms.

“No,” she smiled. “I’m protected.”

Jared smiled, and then pushed her down onto the bed. He lied down next to her, looked up at me with a little grin, and went right for the boob.

I grinned back. I sat down on the bed on the other side of her, and watched him go to town—and watched her fully enjoy it. Which she did. And I knew it, I’d been on the receiving end of his tittie ministrations, so I knew he was good at it.

That’s when I lost my mind. I was sitting there, watching them, and I lost my mind.

I had **never** been interested in a girl, sexually or romantically. I’d never fooled around with other girls, at all. And, yeah, I knew Allie would be eating me out at some point in the festivities, but that was different. **I** wasn’t going to actually be **doing** anything **myself**—it was just another tongue on me, right? But I sat there, watching them, and watching her writhe underneath my boyfriend’s talented tongue. And I looked at her lips, andI don’t know. I went with it.

I leaned over, and I kissed her.

WOW. She opened her eyes in surprise, but then closed them again, and returned the kiss. And it was....unbelievable. I couldn’t believe how different it was than kissing Jared. Not better, not worse, just different. Her lips were soft, and warm, and open, and she was moaning in my mouth.

I could tell, somehow, that Jared had stopped nibbling on her boob, and had looked up. I couldn't really see him, so I could only imagine the shock. But I didn't stop and look, or say anything to him, because I didn't **want** to stop kissing Allie. I just didn't. Then I felt her tense up again, and heard the little sucking sounds, so I knew he was back at her boob. And, then, I felt his hand—running gently, lovingly, up and down my thigh and butt.

I can't tell you how much I loved him at that moment.

I felt him moving, and I could tell he had left her boob and was kissing down her stomach. And he positioned himself between her legs and zeroed in on her with his tongue. I could tell when he hit paydirt, because she gasped and almost swallowed my tongue.

I moved a little so that I was lying next to her, stretched out. We kept kissing, and I moved my hand, and settled it on her boob. I'd touched myself, but this was different. Her nipples were rock-hard, and I felt them get harder under my hand. And then **her** hand was on **my** boob. And **that** was really different, too. It was gentle and fluttering and quite wonderful. I couldn't believe it. And her other hand was stroking my **hair**. This was a full-blown make-out. I was actually making out with another girl—and we were feeling one another up—and, all the while, my boyfriend was eating her out.

Then, she broke the kiss. "Jared, **now**," she hissed. "I'm running like a river. I'm never going to get any readier than this." Then she looked up at me, her eyes shining. "You, I want on top of me."

I grinned back, and moved to straddle her. I put my knees around her head, and she put her hands on my hips, and gently pulled me down to her. I looked up—at Jared. I grinned at him. He smiled back, big and wide. I could tell he was OK—really OK—with what I had just done. He was also turned on beyond belief, big surprise. He was rubbing his dick up and down her pussy. I leaned forward a little, resting on my hands, so my head was just about above Allie's bellybutton. Which gave me an **unbelievable** view. I watched as my boyfriend's dick disappeared, inch by inch, into Allie's pussy. It was fantastic. Allie must have thought so, too, because she was **screaming**. Into my pussy. And not in pain, either. She took him all without a problem. When he started thrusting in and out of her, she grabbed my hips and **slammed** my pussy into her face.

As a complete feeling of peace and building ecstasy started to build over me, I shifted a bit. I lowered my head so that it was resting gently on her stomach, near the bottom, right above her pussy. I **swear** I could feel, under my cheek, Jared's dick moving in and out of her body. There we were—her tongue on my pussy, my head on her stomach, my boyfriend's dick in her—and then I felt Jared's hand gently stroking my forehead. It was unbelievable-- **that's** when I came. Jared stroking my forehead, that's what sent me over.

I was completely floating on air—and completely stunned. Meanwhile, **Allie** went, I could feel her stomach muscles clenching under my face. Jared was still going strong,

Allie was still nibbling away at my pussy—as I hovered on the brink of another one—and I was just **stunned**.. My head was swimming at this point.

My head wasn't the only thing swimming, because Allie's wonderful tongue on my pussy was sending me to heaven again. Jared's **dick** in **her** pussy was sending her the same place. We went damn near simultaneously.

It wasn't long before we started to build again. I was just floating. Unfortunately, Jared had reached his limit. I didn't blame him. He'd been going for some time. He screamed and poured himself into her. I swear I felt that, too.

As Jared slipped out of her, she kept up on my pussy, but it was weak. I had been close to another one, but so had she, and now she wasn't getting any attention.

Did I? Yes, I did. I lowered my face into her pussy, and started working at it with my tongue. She jumped in surprise, and then started moaning and going to town again.

I couldn't believe it—I was actually having a raucous 69 with another girl—**and**, don't forget, I happened to be sucking my boyfriend's cum out of her pussy—and I was on cloud nine. Then Jared clinched it. He had lay down next to us. Then I felt his hands. One slipped between our writhing bodies, and I felt his knuckles brush my stomach as he clenched Allie's boob. And his other hand—he started running gently, softly, lovingly up and down my side.

That was it. That was the absolute ultimate. Here I was, doing things that I'd never even **imagined** doing, and every time my brain started screaming “what are you doing?!?!?” Jared had touched me. Stroking my forehead, my ass, now rubbing up against my side. Just little gentle touches. He hadn't touched me in lust **yet** during this. No, they were little touches that said, “I love you. It's OK.”

I almost cried. I think a little part of me inside did cry. The rest of me came. It was glorious. Then I watched Allie go over herself—little bits of Jared's cum squirted out with every pussy clench, now **that** was interesting—and we all collapsed in a heap.

I couldn't speak. I had no idea what to say. I don't think **any** of us could speak for a while. Then, Allie did.

“I'm flabbergasted.”

Jared grinned and said, “Me, I'm thunderstruck.”

I grinned at both of them and said, “OK, so can I be incoherent?”

That broke the ice. We all started laughing and cuddling—and talking. We talked about it. It was good.

At one point, Allie said, “When you ever kissed me, I thought I was going to die! I **never** expected that!” Then, a little more shyly, “That was the first time I ever kissed a girl.”

“Me, too,” I laughed. Then I looked at Jared. “What did you think about that?”

“Well, I was **stunned**,” he said. “Then I was turned on.”

“Of course you were, you’re a guy,” Allie laughed.

“Thanks. But, in the end, I have to admit—I thought it was beautiful,” Jared said. I beamed at him. I just **glowed**. How in **hell** did I get this lucky?

Then Allie spoke up, kind of hesitantly. “It’s weird—after all that just happened, I just realized. There’s one thing I didn’t do. It’s kind of strange and silly, and you might think it’s too much.” We looked at her. Then, she practically whispered. “I haven’t kissed Jared.”

Of **course** he did. And, no, I didn’t mind, and made sure they knew that. And, you know what? Watching my boyfriend kiss another girl—not any other girl, but one we had just shared a most incredible experience with—well, that was pretty beautiful, too.

I learned something that night, and it was the kiss that did it. Kissing is in a lot of ways more intimate than sex. And the fact that I could watch my boyfriend kiss Allie and feel nothing but love and affection and beauty taught me something. I have an immense capacity for sharing that I didn’t realize that I had. So, in fact, does Jared, and I think **he** had figured that out that night as well. I mean, there we were, the three of us--Allie was happy. Jared was happy. **I** was happy. Isn’t that all that counts?

I didn’t know if I’d ever do anything like this again. I didn’t know if I wanted to—though, if it were with Allie and Allie only, I might. I didn’t know if it **mattered**. What mattered was that I **could** and I **did** do it. And that **we** did it, and that we all enjoyed it, and that it didn’t affect how Jared and I felt about each other. Except, if anything, make the feelings stronger.

My reverie was broken by an announcement over the room’s loudspeaker. “Gangbang in room six.”

“ **Gangbang**?!?!?” Allie sputtered in amusement. I laughed, and explained. Some girls came to these orgies wanting to get gangbanged. So, they commandeered a room—usually one of the ones with a table instead of a bed, made for easier access—and made an announcement.

“You know too much. I thought you’d never been here before,” Allie grinned in mock-accusation.

“I haven’t,” I said. “But let’s not forget who my best friend is.” Allie giggled at that—she knew it was Maggie. “And **she**, as you might have guessed, is a regular attendant. And I often get the postgame play-by-play.”

“Wonder who’s getting gangbanged,” Allie asked.

“Let’s go see,” I said.

“You know what? You two go,” she told us. “What we just shared was an incredible experience, in all ways, but I think right now I’m just feeling pure animalistic lust.” We laughed at that. “So, I think I’m going to explore.”

“You do that,” Jared told her. We shared another hug together, and then headed out of the room. Allie headed off, and Jared and I headed towards room six, to find a girl spread-eagled on the table—one guy in her, one guy in her mouth, and a third being jacked off by her hand.

All right, I admit it. I saw that, and my pussy went “SQUISH!”

And then I saw who it was. “Hey, Jared, look—it’s Sheila Vittorine!” Yeah, his eyes lit up, and he laughed. But he just stood there. “Sweetie, go get in line,” I told him.

“You sure?” he asked.

“We may never have a night like this again,” I told him. “Why not go for it? I don’t mind.” He smiled, squeezed my hand, and went to get in the ‘fuck’ line. I plopped down on the couch, right next to an obviously spent Eddie Bauer.

“Hey, big boy, wanna fuck?” I teased him.

He looked up, and saw me. “Amanda! Oh my God, Amanda Frazier came to an orgy. I’m gonna faint.” I giggled. “And, sorry, honey,” he continued, “I am all fucked out.”

“I could tell that just by looking. I was just teasing.”

“Yeah. I’ve been here for a while. Where’s Jared?” I pointed. His eyes boggled. “You’re letting Jared gangbang Sheila?”

“Why not? It **is** an orgy, is it not?” I said reasonably.

“Damn, I wish you had a sister,” Eddie said, to my giggle. “When I was going out with Ellen Fredericks last year, I was forbidden to come to these—and she wouldn’t **think** of it.”

“Ellen Fredericks is a prude.” I said.

“Yeah, and, just last week, you had her beat all to hell in the prude department, don’t forget that,” he joked.

“I suppose I deserved that one. No more, though. Maybe we need to get Ellen in The Program,” I laughed.

“Might work at that,” he said. “Look, Jared’s getting his turn at bat.”

He was. He was wiping that big pecker of his on Sheila’s pussy, then he started pushing in. Sheila, who was practically in continuous orgasm mode by now, noticed. Big time.

‘OooonnnggggYIIIIIIYEEEEEE!!!! SHIT! WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT?!?!?’ she howled. Then she looked up. “Jared? Oh SHIT YES!” She just kept it up as he inched his big one into her. Then I saw her looking around, and her eyes met mine, a question on her face. I just smiled—and winked. She gave me a big huge smile back, and then turned back to the matter at hand. “YES, JARED! FUCK ME!”

Sheila was on overload because of the gangbang anyhow, and she was obviously a screamer. I have to admit, it was amusing. Listening to her go on about how BIG it was and how GOOD it felt and oh god Jared FUCK ME and on and on. I had to stifle a giggle. Jesus, I hope **I** didn’t sound like that!

Jared did a nice fine job on her, then finished up. He got out, and someone else took his place. Sheila actually sounded slightly disappointed! Eddie had left, so Jared slouched next to me for a while. I watched the proceedings.

OK, I admit it, again. I watched the proceedings with increasing interest. Sheila looked like she was just cumming and cumming and cumming. And Jared caught it. After a bit, I noticed **him** watching **me**. I looked at him, and blushed.

“See something you like?”

“Sheila? No. Allie’s a special case—outside of her, I’m not into girls.”

“That’s **not** what I meant.”

“Well, OK, I admit it. It **is** intriguing.”

“Intriguing. OK.” The ratfink wiped a finger up my pussy. “Intriguing, yeah. It’s like Lake Erie down there, but you’re ‘intrigued’,” he teased.

“Well, you know…” I waved at the scene in front of us helplessly.

“Come on.” He grabbed my hand and pulled me up. We walked out of the room. He then led me around until we found an empty room.

Room 4 was a gangbang room, no question about it. It had a table, not a bed. Hell, it even had stirrups and hand restraints. Jared closed the door behind us.

“You want this, and you know it,” he said to me.

“No, Jared, I’m fine.”

“I saw you watching Sheila.”

I took a deep breath. “I **do** want it. OK. Sheila looked like she couldn’t stop cumming. I admit it, it’s enticing. But I don’t think I should.”

“Fuck ‘should’. Look what we’ve already done. **Tonight**, let’s put ‘should’ right out of the vocabulary. Tomorrow, we can start thinking about ‘should’. This is your wild oats, Amanda. Sow them. Trust me, if you get banged, I **do** want to watch, at least for a bit.” I practically gasped at that. “But, after a while, I’m gonna go sow some oats of my own and leave you to it.” I was a little surprised. “Guys can’t gang-bang, so I can’t do **that**, but I’ve got a few other ideas. I want to get it all out of the way.”

I thought, and made a decision. And climbed onto the table.

“Do you want the stirrups and hand restraints?” he asked.

“The stirrups..” He lifted my legs up and attached the stirrups. OK, that’s when I got really into the idea. My legs were being spread apart and held up in the air, I was wet, and I was ready for anything.

The slut had taken over. For a while.

“Gangbang in room four” Jared announced over the PA, and then opened the doors.

As the guys started peeking in—some incredulous that it was **me** lying on the table—Jared sat down next to me. I turned to him and said, “can you help my ultimate fantasy come true?”

“If I can,” he said.

“Hold my hand.” Bless him, he did.

The first dick was in my pussy before I knew it. Then there was one in my mouth. Then in my right hand. My left hand was being held by Jared. The guy in my pussy must have just gotten here, because **he** didn’t last long. But then, right away, there was another one. When the second guy entered me, **that’s** when I first went over. Right in the middle, the guy in my mouth came right down my gullet. Then there was another one in my mouth. He grabbed my head and started fucking my face. The one in my pussy changed again.

By then, I was just cumming and cumming and cumming. It was like I had plugged myself into an electrical socket. They just kept coming in waves. And the guys kept coming. And cumming. Another load rushed down my throat. Another in my pussy. And then more. My entire world had shrunk down to whatever cock was in whatever hole at the time.

Well, not completely. There was my lifeline—my left hand, being snugly held in Jared's right one. I felt that throughout the whole thing. Hell, I couldn't feel my **feet**. I couldn't feel anything other than cocks, plunging in and out of me, and the constant electrical explosions going off in my pussy. But I **could** feel Jared's hand. And having him hold my hand while all this was going on was as incredible as I thought it would be. I managed to look at him at one point. He smiled at me.

I also noticed he was **rock** hard. After Allie and Sheila, he had been pretty well drained. Not anymore. It was throbbing and almost purple. He was turned on seeing me get gangbanged!

He should go get it taken care of. He didn't have to sit here. Why should I have all the fun? I was going to tell him that—except I didn't think I was coherent enough to form actual words at that point, and besides which my mouth was full. Luckily, someone else took him in hand—or pussy, actually. I heard some conversation, opened my eyes, and saw Lori Banazak standing there. Lori was a friend of Tina's, a senior like Tina. Next thing I knew Lori was straddling Jared. I opened my eyes and she was bouncing up and down on his lap, his big pecker sliding in and out of her. Good for him—an older woman. And he was still holding my hand! I squeezed his hand. He squeezed back.

I don't remember much after that. Cum, cum, cum. Over and over and over and over..... cocks and orgasms. An endless procession of cocks and orgasms. That's pretty much what I was reduced to. And that's pretty much all I remember.

Except I **think** I got my first assfuck at some point.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

JARED

Now, this had **never** entered **any** of my dreams, ever. Watching the girl I loved take on an endless succession of guys. That I hadn't counted on.

It turned me on.

That shocked me. I wanted her to do this for **her**. But I was turned on. And the way she clung to my hand for dear life as she came, over and over again, only made the turn-on worse.

And after all that had gone on **already**. Hey, I had fucked my first person that wasn't Amanda—my first two, actually. And, yeah, she proved her point—because it didn't diminish my love for her one iota. It was just different. I enjoyed fucking Sheila—

especially enjoyed her reactions—but I didn't love her, not even close. And, while I admit, I had an enormous amount of affection for Allie, even **that** wasn't the same as what I felt for Amanda. So, yeah, having that contention of hers proved right was a big help.

And, you know what? It was fun. What we and Allie had done was an enormous amount of fun. And, I wasn't lying—watching Amanda and Allie kiss, and make out, and then make love—really **was** beautiful.

Now, what I was watching right now, I don't think I'd call that **beautiful**—but it **was** a turn-on.

Suddenly, there was a girl in front of me. A very beautiful girl, stripper-like bustline, long blond hair. I knew her—Lori Banazak, one of Tina's cronies.

“Hey, Jared—I can see that you're getting turned on watching your girlfriend get banged, but why let **her** have all the fun?”

“Hi, Lori. Well, right now she is having all the fun. Why, is there something you propose to do about it?” I grinned. Jesus, I was actually coming on to one of **Tina's** friends! A **senior**! I wouldn't have had the guts to do **that** last week.

“Yeah, I think I can do something about it.” She grabbed my dick. “I have been looking forward to sampling this since your sister described it to me.” Next thing I know, she was in my lap—and sliding down my dick. Slowly. “Oh, Jesus, Jared, this fucker is HUGE! It's splitting me apart! Oh FUCK!”

Then she got it all in, and started bouncing up and down on me. “Jesus, Jared, if I had known what you were packing, I'd have done this long ago.” She kept it up. I had gone twice in a pretty short amount of time, so I was in no hurry. I had my free hand on her boobs.

“You know, you **can** do that with **two** hands,” she giggled.

“Sorry, other one's taken.”

She looked down and saw, behind her, my hand intertwined with Amanda's. “Oh, that's **sweet**,” she giggled. She leaned forward as she humped herself on me, and whispered in my ear, “You really do love her, don't you?”

“I really do love her,” I confirmed.

“It takes one hell of a real man, Jared, to let her do this and not be resentful or jealous, you know.” I just grinned at her.

As I said, I wasn't anywhere near pent up or anything, so Lori was able to go three times before I did—and her legs almost gave out before my dick did. She crawled off, and kissed me. “Thanks, Jared. That was one hell of a fuck.”

“You're welcome, and ditto,” I smiled. And she was off.

I sat there for a while, watching the proceedings. Amanda was still clutching my hand, but I think by now it was a reflex. She was so far gone into Orgasm Land that I'm not sure she knew I was there.

Then I heard that unmistakable voice. “Now this is a sight I **never** thought I'd see. **Nobody** is going to **believe** this.”

“Shit, Maggie, there's enough **witnesses**,” I laughed.

Maggie chuckled, and came over to me. She sat down next to me. “Aw, look, you're holding her hand.”

Just then, the guy approaching Amanda said, “Hey, Amanda. You ever been buttfucked?”

“No, but I wanna,” she managed to giggle. “But I should save that for Jared.”

“**Jared?** Your first assfuck?” another guy said. “You're **nuts!** He's split you in two!”

“He's right, honey,” I said to Amanda. She just giggled at me. She really was **gone**. I nodded, and she looked up at the guy between her legs and nodded. Then she went back to Orgasm Land.

I guess that's the way to do it. The first time getting it back there is supposed to hurt, right? Well, I don't think Amanda was **capable** of pain at that minute. I could've cut her hand off and she wouldn't even notice. The guy lubed up, sure, but slipped right into her virgin ass without a problem. And she went **wild**. The other guy was probably right, I might never be able to do that with her. That was kind of a regret.

In fact, the guy pointed out another fact. “Shit, Jared, I'm sorry, but I don't think you'd **ever** find a girl that could take **that** up her ass!” I grinned in agreement. He was probably right. Ah well.

Suddenly, Maggie looked at me like I was a chocolate bar. “**I** could.”

“Huh?”

“I can take you up the ass,” she said.

SPROING! Jeez, and I thought I was all done for a while.

“Come on,” Maggie said, grabbing my hand.

“But--,” I said, pointing at Amanda.

“She’ll be fine. We’ll come back and check on her later. Come on.” She dragged me to another room.

“Amanda is my best friend,” she told me. “I am a loyal and trustworthy person. The **minute** I saw that you and Amanda were going to hook up—and I saw that **before** either of the two of **you** did, by the way—I told myself, hands off. I’d never do that to her.”

Then she got a sly little grin. “However, since you two have decided to play share-and-share-alike, I can admit how fucking **bad** I want that big boy of yours.”

“When I knew this was going to happen, you were pretty much the one at the top of my list, too,” I admitted.

“Good.” We were sitting on the bed, not doing much of anything yet, just kind of leaning into one another. “Now, how many times have you cum today?” she asked.

“Three here. Two others today, but that was early this morning. Amanda jumped me in the shower. Then we went in the bedroom for round two,” I grinned.

“Well, good. You should be nice and satiated. Which means you’ll last a good long time. Jared, I’m dropping the bluster. I’ve been assfucked before—but never by anything that big. I want to **try** to see if I can take it. I really don’t know if I can. But I **know** I can take it in the pussy, and I want it there, too.” In the middle of that, she had reached for the lube. Now she started rubbing it up and down my dick. “All that activity, and you’re nice and hard,” she grinned.

“Hey,” I laughed, “I agreed with that guy in there. I figured anal sex might be pretty much out of my bounds. When you said you were willing to give it a shot, somebody woke up in a **big** hurry.”

“Amanda will take it eventually. There’s tricks you can use. I’ll tell her about them.” Having gotten me nice and lubed up, she got on her hands and knees on the bed. “OK, Jared, give it a shot. Nice and slow, OK?”

“Of course”. I grabbed some of the lube, and decided to spread some on her asshole, figuring that might help. I gently thrust a lube-covered finger into her. “Ooooh, **smart** boy you are! Why didn’t **I** think of that?” she said. I worked my finger in and out while she purred. Then I withdrew it, and touched up the lube job on my dick.

Maggie’s hands came back to her ass cheeks, and she spread them apart. I placed the head of my dick at her hole, and started slowly pushing.

Oh my Jesus, it was **tight**. It seemed to take forever just to force the head past that clutching little passage, even with all the lube. Finally, I did, with a **pop**. Maggie went, “AAAYYYYYIIIIEEEEEE!” I looked at her in concern. “OH GOD!” she yelled.

“Are you OK?” I asked.

“God YES,” she moaned. “Just go real slow, ‘K?’” I did. I started inching it in **very** slowly, bit by bit. Hey, if I went any faster I was afraid it was going to rip the skin right off my dick! Maggie moaned the whole way. Her hips were rocking back and forth, but **very** little, as if part of her wanted to just thrust back and impale herself on me, but the rest of her was holding back. I grabbed her hips to steady her as I slowly inched my way in.

And Maggie—the cool, collected sexpot, Anything-Goes Maggie, takes on all comers with a smile—well, Maggie was..... **elsewhere**. Her eyes were pinched shut. Her cheeks were blazing. Her mouth was in an O and she was breathing in percussive little gasps, punctuated by “Ohgodohgodohgod” at various intervals. Sweat had broken out all over her body. She was shuddering. I was worried, but she got out at one point, “moremoreGoddon’tstopPLEASEdon’tstopmoremore.” So I gave her more. Every last millimeter. It seemed like it took all night, but I got it all in.

“Maggie.”

“OHGODOHGOD.”

Maggie. It's all the way. You took it all."

“OHGOD.”

“Earth to Maggie. Earth to Maggie,” I chuckled.

She let out a breath, then visibly put herself back together. “Oh, God, I have **never** felt anything like this in my **life**. It hurts and feels fantastic all at once. It feels like you’re splitting me open with a damn meat cleaver in my ass and I love every minute of it.” She gasped. “I mean, I just went---- **out** there, somewhere.”

"I actually made Maggie Benson's mind leave her body. Score one for me."

She giggled, then moaned. “Oh God. Jared, please, fuck me, OK? Slow, though, OK?”

I did. She was up on her hands and knees and I started moving in and out of her slowly. And she just **lost** it. Moaning, gasping, whinnying, strange little noises that I couldn't identify coming out of her mouth. Even at this slow pace, this was almost too much for her. Then, after a bit of this, she said, "Oh God Jared...need...need to cum....can't...oh God Jared help me...cum....Oh God...." I got the message. I reached around her thigh with my hand and sought out her pussy. She was **drenched**. I went right for the clit and

started rubbing. She went almost immediately with an earth-rattling howl. And her ass muscles clenching almost ripped my dick in half!

She pitched forward on the bed, still gasping and heaving, and said, “No more....I can’t....” I got the message and slowly pulled out of her ass. My head popping out made her shudder again. She completely collapsed on the bed, and I wrapped my arms around her, as she shuddered and gasped and tried to come down. Then her eyes fluttered open. She looked at me. They were **pleading**. “Jared, fuck my pussy, please, God, please fuck my pussy, Oh God...” Well, like I’d refuse **that**. But I knew where my dick had just been, so I went over to the sink in the room and washed it off a bit. Then I went back to the bed. I rubbed the head of my dick up and down her pussy. She moaned, then her eyes flew open, and with a completely wild look she said, “Jared! Now! Ram it! RAM IT!”

I did. Shit, I think she moved a foot back on the bed—and she **screamed**. I was actually taken aback—even with all her “ram it” commands, I thought I had gotten carried away. When I started moving in and out of her, it was at a more deliberate pace. But she was having none of that. “HARDER! HARDER!” she screamed, grabbing my ass to egg me on. I ended up relentlessly **slamming** into her—and getting a constant barrage of screams and grunts and shouts of “MORE! HARDER!” for my trouble.

Jesus. I had taken Amanda’s virginity, and was very careful with her. There was that one time that we got a bit carried away, but **she** was on top and controlling it. Allie was nervous about my size so I was careful with her. Sheila had already been well-fucked by the time I got to her so I was careful with her. And Lori had been on the top and controlled it.

So, this was my first time for some wild, pelvis-slamming animalistic **rutting**. Probably one of the few—since not many girls could handle this with a guy of my size. And it was **great**. Maggie went absolutely nuts. Some of the noises she was making sounded like they were not of this world. Her eyes rolled back in her head. And I just completely lost control—I fucked her with complete utter abandon.

I thought I was pretty satiated. Not with **this** going on. I actually went before my muscles gave out. I lost count of Maggie’s.

After I sort of regained my senses, I looked at her. I had landed next to her on the bed so I looked at her. She was staring blankly into space, her hands clutching at one another.

“Maggie?”

She looked over to me and her eyes focused. And then she smiled. “Shit,” she said, “I **swear** it came out the top of my head!”

“Are you OK?” I asked.

“I’m fine,” she smiled. “I’m gonna be sore as all get-out tomorrow, but it was worth every fucking minute.” She smiled. “I talked to Amanda at the game, you know. When she said

you guys were coming here, I told her I wanted you. She said she knew. Then I told her what I was going to do—that I was going to egg you on until you fucked me full-force. She loved the idea—she knows you couldn't do that to her without splitting her in two. So, this was her little gift—to both of us.”

“She’s something else,” I agreed.

Suddenly Maggie got very serious. “Jared. Take care of her, OK? Please. Look, I know why you guys are doing this tonight—why you both felt you needed to get it out of your system. I even agree with it, considering how repressed she’s been and how shy you were. But, Jared, after this? Take care of her.” She sighed. “If this goes on too long, I’m afraid that it might sour things between you two. You’re a patient, loving, and generous guy, Jared—but you’re not a saint. Nobody is.” Another sigh, this one deeper. “And then she’d end up with my lifestyle. Which she shouldn’t have to settle for.” I looked at her in surprise. “Oh, don’t get me wrong, my lifestyle is fine for what it is. And I **do** like it, and I **do** enjoy sex, and I don’t like staying home on Saturday nights. But I’d trade it in a heartbeat, and become the most monogamous person you ever saw, if I had the chance to have something like Amanda has with you. Look, I know I haven’t met anything even remotely approaching Mr. Right—and that’s fine, and that’s why I can enjoy being the way I am, for now. But Amanda **has** met Mr. Right. It’s you, you both know it, and so do I. Don’t let her blow it, Jared. Please.” And then she **sniffled!**

I looked at her in astonishment, and she went on. “I almost cried in class yesterday, you know—when she said that she’d never told me she loved me. I never have, either. And I **do** love that girlfriend of yours, Jared. She was right, you know—I’ve seen through her from the start. I’ve always known what beats at the heart of Amanda Frazier, but she had to discover it herself. When she hooked up with you, **and** stopped repressing herself, do you know how **damn** happy I was for her? Oh, man. I love that girl like a sister. I just want her to be happy. **You** make her happy, above all else, and I hope she knows that, and soon.”

She sniffled again, then grinned at me, and then made an attempt to rustle up the Maggie Benson ‘tude. “Look at me—a good fuck and I get all weepy.”

“You’re a good person, Maggie Benson,” I told her, “and a good friend. You need to tell Amanda what you just told me. Especially the part about loving her like a sister.”

“Maybe. Someday,” she smiled wistfully. Then got her usual grin. “I think we’d better go make sure she hasn’t had her brains fucked out, eh?”

We left the room, and went to find Amanda. We entered the gangbang room. There were a couple of guys in there. We looked at Amanda, and she was **gone**. I mean, I thought Maggie’s mind had left her body during that assfuck—well, this was worse. She didn’t know where she was.

“She’s done, Jared.”

“I agree.”

We let the guy that was in her finish up, but kicked the rest that were waiting out of the room and locked it.

Amanda was a mess. She was covered with cum from her hair to halfway down her thighs. She was babbling incoherently. She was shaking. Her eyes were completely unfocused. There were red welts around her ankles from the stirrups. I went over to her. She looked, and realized it was me. “JARED!” she screamed. “oh God FUCK ME! I can’t stop I can’t stop I don’t **wanna** stop FUCK ME! Oh god...” and then it was just noises.

“You can’t,” Maggie said. “She’s pretty swollen down there, she couldn’t take you right now.”

“I know,” I told Maggie, though Amanda was still begging. “Go wet me a washcloth, would you?” Maggie did, and handed it to me. “Take her legs out of the stirrups.” Maggie did. They hit the table with a thunk.

I took the washcloth and cleaned up her pussy and the surrounding areas as best I could—including the bench below. Her pussy and ass were just leaking cum. Every time the washcloth hit her, she jumped and screamed and begged.

I climbed up between her legs. “Jared, what are you doing?” Maggie asked.

“I need to bring her down somehow,” I said.

“Jared, do you **know** how many guys have cum in there tonight?”

“I washed off the worst of it. I need to help her.” And I slowly, gently, made love to her with my mouth. It worked. Her frantic cries and motions became more settled, and the orgasm she had when I finished was gentle and cleansing. By the time I was done, she had actually fallen asleep.

Maggie grinned at me. “Well, you can’t say you’ve never eaten cum, Jared.”

I made a face. “Not an experience I’d care to repeat.”

“**I** like it,” she grinned.

“**You** would,” I retorted. “Anyway, it seemed to have worked. She’s resting now. If I have to endure a little too much creampie for my taste, so be it.”

“You **do** take care of her,” Maggie said.

“I try,” I smiled.

Maggie and I watched over Amanda and chatted for a while after that, just about whatever. Getting to know each other. Hey, I **was** her best friend's boyfriend, right? It would be nice if **we** were friends. Well, now, we were. Good ones.

After a while, Amanda stirred. "Jared?" she asked.

"Well, she's returned to the land of the living," I told Maggie. "How are you?"

"Let's see. Filthy, sticky, and sore. Oh, and exhausted."

"How was it?" I asked her.

"That's a strange question. I loved it at first. I know I did. But my memory is spotty after the first while. God, though, I came **so** many times. I think I fried my brain."

"Can you stand?"

"I think so."

"We should get you home."

"Like **that**?" Maggie interjected. "I know her mother's loosened up this week, but **still**."

"No, she's staying at my place tonight." Amanda stood up, shakily, and leaned on me. "I'll take care of her," I told Maggie.

"I know you will," she grinned.

We got out of there, and I got Amanda into my car. She half-slept on the way home. Luckily, nobody was up when we arrived, and I got her downstairs into the shower. I went in with her and washed off the remains of the night—she was in no condition to do so—and got her into bed.

She was asleep before we hit the bed—and I followed suit quickly.

--end of part 9—

JARED AND AMANDA NAKED IN SCHOOL PART TEN SUNDAY

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT AMANDA

I woke up Sunday morning, feeling very strange.

Then I remembered the events of the previous night.

I looked over at Jared. He was still sound asleep. But I'd been a coffee drinker since I was 14 and needed some, so I went up to the kitchen to see if I could find some.

Tina was there. "Hi," she said.

"Hi. Can I steal some coffee?"

"Sure. Maker's over there. Tin of coffee's next to it."

"Does your brother drink it?"

"Yeah. Two creams, two sugars. Is he up yet?"

"No, but I'll bring him down some."

I went to the maker and started spooning in the coffee. Tina said, "So did you guys hit the orgy last night?"

"Yeah."

"How was it?"

"Interesting," I admitted.

"Interesting?" Tina grinned. "I don't get any more details than that?"

"No, sorry, not now," I grinned back. Then I sobered. "A lot happened that Jared and I have to discuss."

"Uh-oh, that sounds ominous."

"I don't think so, no. But I think Jared and I have to talk about how we live our lives, how we manage our relationship. I'll tell him he can tell you everything if he wants," I grinned.

"Fair enough," she smiled back.

I poured the coffee, added the cream and sugar, and went back downstairs with our cups. Jared was still asleep. I sat next to him on the bed, sipping my coffee, looking at him. He really was beautiful, especially sleeping.

After a bit, he stirred. "I smell coffee," he muttered.

"That must be because I brought you a cup," I giggled.

“Hi,” he smiled. He sat up, and kissed me. “You **and** coffee in the morning? How does one guy get so lucky?”

I smiled and offered him his cup. “I though we could talk.”

“OK,” he said a bit warily.

“Jared, I’m done. I don’t know if you are, but I am.”

“Done with what?” he asked even more warily.

“Done with what happened last night. I told you I had discovered a wanton harlot living within me, right? Well, I let her come out last night. I let her take over. And she got what she wanted. And then she left, for good.” I took a breath. “I don’t regret it. I’m glad I did it, once in my life. I don’t ever want to do it again.” I smiled at him. “I love you. You and only you. I’ve blanked out on some of what happened, but I remember the end. I remember you licking me, to try to bring me down, even after I had had all those guys in there. I don’t know how you did it. You must have been completely grossed out. And, you know what? Through that whole gangbang—**that** is the orgasm I remember, with complete clarity. The one you gave me, with your tongue.”

“Like I said, I’m glad I did it. I gave up every ounce of my vaunted control—I couldn’t possibly be in **less** control of myself than I was then—and found out I can survive the experience, and enjoy it, and come back from it. I think I needed to learn that. I think I needed to be able to say that I had a threesome, and made love with a woman, and got gangbanged. But I can say those things now. And I’m done.”

“Well, let’s see,” he said. “I had a threesome, and had an older woman.” I giggled at that one. “I also watched my girlfriend get gangbanged—while she held my hand, even. And then I got to drive my dick through the top of Maggie Benson’s head.”

I cracked up laughing. “She also took me up the ass,” he continued. “Since Maggie’s one of the few people that would be able to do that—and **she** barely managed—I’m glad I did that. But, yeah, I’m done, too. Look, I don’t mind the odd fuck with a friend. Ed. Allie.”

“Or in your case, Maggie,” I added.

“Yeah. But, yeah, I’m done, too.”

“Good.” I got a little sheepish. “And you still love me.”

“More than ever,” he said.

We spent the rest of that Sunday together—and, for the first time since the beginning of The Program, neither of us had any sort of sex with anyone, including each other. I was

completely sore—and he was, too. We went in the shower, and when I tried to wash his dick, he kept wincing!

We went to the mall, went out to eat, went back to his house and watched football. We made out a bit, but that was it. And you know what? It was fine. It was **great**. I'm glad I discovered my sexuality. I'm more glad I discovered Jared. Just spending the day with him, hanging out, was better than **anything**.

Some friends were at the mall. We hung out for a while with Maggie. Boy, was **she** walking funny! They told me what they did last night. I must admit to a pang of envy. No, not that they were together—I'm **glad** of that, if we were going to be experimenting, I'm **glad** they picked each other. That's the one extracurricular activity I **wanted** Jared to have. Those two deserved one time with each other. No, I was envious she was able to take him like she did. That sounded like fun. Ah, well, I'm getting used to his size, aren't I? Maybe I'll try it. Though Maggie was walking **really** funny!

Then Maggie told me what they had talked about last night. And was very happy to see we had come to the same conclusion. Damn, I love that girl like a sister. And, yes, I finally told her that. And, yes, she finally told **me** that. We almost started bawling in the middle of the damn mall.

Then, as I said, we watched some football at Jared's house. Jared said that watching it wasn't as fun as watching high school football.

"But these are pros," his Dad said. "I mean, I like high school football, too, but this is a different level."

"Ah, screw that," Jared said. "Who cares about the game? I'm looking for the gorgeous red-headed naked cheerleader. I don't see any."

I had to laugh. His mother threw a pillow at him!

So, that's the story of Jared and me going through The Program. Yes, we're still together. We're still crazy in love. We've restricted our extracurricular activities to the odd friendship fuck with a very small list of people—and that's rare. We **do** have a great capacity for sharing, but we use it sparingly—because we prefer sharing with each other.

And, yes, we still enjoy nudity. We go to school nude quite a bit. We've made a few more nude appearances at The Mariner. And I'll go over his house and we'll spend all day long with no clothes on. Even when we're **out** of bed! And, yes, I still spend the night at his house, a couple times a week. We try not to really abuse that privilege, but we've discovered that if we go too long without waking up in each other's arms, we get antsy.

And, I don't think my parents mind too much. (I **know** his don't—they keep telling me I'm like their daughter. I love his parents!) Because it's given them more time alone to repair their relationship. I thought they were talking it through. I guess they were doing other things besides talking—because one of my Christmas "presents" was that I found

out that, in July, I'm going to have a whole new role in my life. I'm going to be a big sister! Yup, Mom's pregnant. What a complete shock **that** was. But Mom and Dad are over the moon about it. And I'm happy, too. It's pretty weird that my first sibling is going to be born right in the general vicinity of my 17th birthday—but it's cool, too.

The Program **did** continue, thank goodness. And many of our friends got picked. Actually, we didn't have too many close friends get picked over the winter, but in the spring it seemed like one after the other—starting at the end of March with Mike Kirkland, a pal of mine whose best friend is Ed Bauer. And what a week **Mike** had!

But, that's **his** story to tell.

--THE END—

