

MISSY AND DAVID NAKED IN SCHOOL
PART ONE
MONDAY

CHAPTER ONE
MISSY

Fucking assholes. Every single one of them. My parents, the school administration—all of them.

When I ever got called up to that stage on Friday and told that I was going to have to go into The Program, I was pissed. And my parents, of course, went along with this. You know, their daughter had **embarrassed** them, and so had to be humiliated. Oh, they make me want to scream.

My father is on the City Council. My mother volunteers for various charities. They're filthy rich. They're also complete assholes, but money and power is what's important, and they know it. And having their darling daughter fuck up spoils the image, don't you know. Of course, the fact that they run roughshod over anyone that gets in their way, including each other—both of them are constantly having affairs—doesn't seem to register. Me pulling a prank that got out of hand—that's the end of the world.

And that's all it was—a fucking prank. Cassie's a wimp, and she can't take a joke. Fuck them all. And because Cassie's a wimp, and because my parents and Mr. Tilling are assholes, now I had to parade my big fat body all over school naked.

I wanted to kill someone.

When Frankie Gutierrez came over to our table to stick up for Cassie last week, he called me 15 to 20 pounds overweight. I'll give Frankie credit, he was being generous. 40 was more like it. And the administration, by publicly announcing that I was being put in The Program as a **punishment**, practically gave the entire school permission to humiliate me. I could see the beached whale jokes coming right down the pike.

Look, I wasn't kidding with what I told Cassie. I thought her being in The Program was a joke, and I did think that her parading around naked with all those scars was gross.

Me, with all my blubber? Grosser. **Far** grosser. And I didn't have a fucking choice.

Anyhow, I went to Mr. Tilling's office.

"Good morning, Melissa," he said pleasantly. "Are you all ready?"

"It doesn't make a difference whether I am or I'm not, now does it?"

"Melissa, look on the bright side. You may learn something from this." I just snorted.
"We're just waiting for your partner."

“Where’s Laura?” I asked.

“Laura is no longer attending school here,” he said with a frown. “I got a call this morning, actually. She has moved in with her father and will be attending school in the town where her father lives.”

Oh, doesn’t that just **figure**. Good ol’ Laura. Since her parents divorced, they bend over backwards to kiss her ass, to ‘make up’ for them getting divorced. And Laura can manipulate them like a champ. I’m sure a few well-placed crocodile tears made up their minds. Damn them. Damn her. What we did to Cassie was **her** idea in the first place. And, now, she’s left it for **me** to be the only one holding the bag for it. Lovely.

The door opened, and in walked David Shiell. Oh, it just got better and better. That whole Buddy system was supposed to be for **support**, wasn’t it? And I was going to get hammered this week—and the “support” they sent me was the wimp of the school. Dave Shiell can’t support his own fucking head.

I was just about to point this out to the apparently clueless Mr. Tilling, when Dave said something. “Oh, no. No way. You are **not** putting me in with her.”

“Look, David,” Mr. Tilling said, “I know you’re a good person, and you’ve had some troubles of your own. Melissa’s going to need some sympathetic help.”

“Well, then, maybe you should’ve chosen someone who **hasn’t** been in band with Cassie Vyshenko for three years. I don’t have many friends, but Cassie’s one of them. I don’t want to have any part of ‘supporting’ someone who did what she did to Cassie.”

I was stunned. This was the school wimp? Of course, I did wish that, if he decided he didn’t want to be a wimp anymore, he wouldn’t have done it at **my** expense.

“Well, David, you’re going to have to get past that,” Mr. Tilling said. “You guys are teamed up.”

“I’ve read the rules of The Program, inside and out,” David said, stripping off his clothes. “You can force me to do **this**, and you can force me to parade around naked. And you can, by some stupid whim, pick a buddy for me. But there’s **nothing** in the rules that says I have to talk to her, or acknowledge her, or be nice to her. I’m not exactly the most popular guy in school. I could use some support **myself** to get through this stupid thing. I’m not going to get it from **her**. In fact, I wouldn’t even ask. She’d just find some way to humiliate me,” he rambled. By now, he was completely naked. I don’t know what he was worried about—he was average, but not unattractive. At least he wasn’t **fat**. “I may have to do this by myself, but I have no intention of having anything to do with **her**,” he said.

“She’s going to have a rough week without help,” Mr. Tilling said.

“GOOD!” Dave said, and stormed out of the office.

He didn't even wait until I got undressed. Damn. At least I wouldn't have been the only nude person walking out of the office. I just sighed, stripped, and headed out. What choice did I have?

And, yep, it looked like the whole school was there. I'll give Cassie credit. She took the high road. She and her new group of friends didn't say a word. They were just about the only ones that didn't.

You know, you'd think people could come up with some original ones, once in a while. I mean, Christ. Beached whale? Lard-ass? Thunder thighs? Is there anyone under the impression that I've never **heard** any of these, or something? Nothing new.

OK, I take it back. People grabbing at my boobs like they wanted to tear them off—**that** was new. I had hand-prints on 'em by the time I got to class.

It looked like the humiliation had just begun. **Somebody** is gonna pay for this!!

CHAPTER TWO

DAVID

Wasn't getting stuck in The Program bad enough? I didn't want to do it. I was too shy for this. My Mom had insisted on putting me in—claiming it would help me 'get over my shyness' or some other bullshit. Of course, the fact that such had **worked** for my best friend, Jared Wicklow, earlier in the year didn't help my arguments any. But Jared fell in love, **and** he has a massive dick, which made him **very** popular Program week. I do **not** have anything that impressive between the legs. And falling in love? I have trouble talking to Amanda, who's my best friend's girlfriend—or Cassie Vyshenko, who I've been in band with for three years. In other words, I can't even **talk** to girls that I considered friends. Fall in love? Yeah, right.

I always figured I'd work my way up to being able to say "hello" without stuttering sometime in my junior year in college.

So, anyhow, I wasn't thrilled about this whole Program thing right from the get-go. And then I found out who my partner was. Missy Jenkins, the school bitch.

Look, she and her erstwhile sidekick, Laura Elliot—who seemed to have disappeared—have **always** been the school bitches. But what they did to Cassie, who was **supposed** to be their best friend, during her Program week last week—well, that took the cake. Cassie, despite the fact that I don't talk to her easily, **is** a friend. She's never been anything but nice to me. Plus, she's a damn good flute player. I can appreciate musicianship.

And Mr. Tilling wants me to **support** this bitch that badly hurt a friend of mine? I don't **think** so. No way. Of course, that meant that **I** wasn't going to be getting any support.

Well, of course, not “partner” type support. If I thought I wasn’t going to be getting any support whatsoever—well, I underestimated Jared, and his friends.

They were all there when I came out of the office. Jared greeted me with, “Welcome to the club, pal.” His crazy friend Ed Bauer hooted and hollered. Amanda gave me a hug—boy did **that** make me blush. And I **really** blushed when Cassie said, “Looking good, Big Man.”

No, Big Man wasn’t a reference to my anatomy. I play two instruments in the school band. Trumpet, and saxophone. Jared, a big Bruce Springsteen fan, years ago started calling me “Big Man” after Clarence “Big Man” Clemons, Bruce’s sax player. It stuck. Although Cassie calling me that when I was **naked** was a nice little touch on her part, even if it was untrue!

“So, where’s your partner?” Jared asked.

“I couldn’t care less,” I spat out. They all looked at me. “Missy Jenkins.”

“Oh, shit,” Amanda said.

“Oh, shit is right,” I agreed. “I’m going to be coming to **you** guys for support, because I sure won’t be getting any from **her**.”

“We’re here, pal,” Jared said.

Just then, Missy came out of the office. I heard all the hooting and hollering. Cassie, good person that she is, told us all, “Don’t say a word. I know what it’s like. I’m not playing the one-upsmanship game and I’d prefer if none of my friends do it, either.”

We watched for a bit, and Jared said, “It looks like she’s getting enough without us joining in, anyway.”

I looked for a while, and said, “What’s all this fat stuff? She’s **not** that fat.”

“She’s not thin, either, though,” Amanda said, “and it’s an easy thing to zero in on. I’ve gotten it once or twice.”

“You?” I said incredulously. “Fat?”

“Again, I’m not thin. You know, I’m not Maggie.”

“Yeah, you have **boobs**. And an **ass**,” Maggie interjected.

“She’s right about one thing, though,” Ed Bauer put in. “You’re the one, Maggie, who has the bodytype that shows up on magazine covers and fashion runways.”

“That’s right,” Maggie laughed. “Did you ever hear the old David Spade joke? He said that he wished we could get more heterosexual fashion designers, so we’d get some fashion models that don’t look like **boys!**”

“Oooh, that’s nasty,” Ed laughed.

“Nasty with a hint of truth,” Maggie giggled. “I know very few straight guys that would prefer my bodytype to Amanda’s. I do look like a boy.”

“Oh yeah?” Ed asked. “Then why has half the junior class eagerly gone to bed with you?”

“Because I don’t **fuck** like a boy,” Maggie laughed. “When I’m squeezing those cunny muscles like a vice grip around their dicks, they tend to forget that I have no hips and can barely fill an A-cup.”

“That was **more** than I needed to know,” I said with a blush.

“Well, Dave,” Maggie grinned, “you’re welcome to take the merchandise for a test drive. Get your Program week started off on the right track, and all that.”

Oh, **Jesus!** “Um...er....well.....” was all I managed to get out.

“You’re shy. I like that in a guy,” Maggie grinned.

Thank **goodness** the bell for first period rang just then!

“The offer’s open,” Maggie giggled, as she headed off to class. Oh, Lord.

I walked to my first class, History. The only person out of Jared’s crowd in my class was Natalie Weinberg, Ed’s girlfriend, who I didn’t know well.

“Hey, Dave,” she said as we walked. “The Program was very difficult for me at first, so I know what you’re going through, OK? You need any help, don’t hesitate to ask.”

“Thanks,” I said gratefully.

“Maggie got you good, didn’t she?” Natalie laughed.

“Uhm, well, its, you know...” Stutter, stutter, stutter. “Maggie’s a nice person, and all, but, well, I’m still, you know....”

“You’re a virgin, right?” Natalie smiled. I nodded, blushing. “And you want your first time to be special.” I nodded again. “That’s admirable. For reasons beyond my control, my first time sucked. I didn’t get it right until my fourth time, which was Ed. Wanting it to be special is a good instinct on your part.” She grinned. “Although, I need to warn you, you **will** get horny this week. And, look, I know enough guys that have been to bed with Maggie—she **will** show you a good time. It’s a strange week. Keep your options open.”

“That’s good advice,” I said. We got to class then.

Going to my next period, that’s when I started getting grabbed. I guess the presence of Missy right outside the office with me had distracted everyone before first period, but she was nowhere around when I emerged from class. And I got **grabbed**. It was embarrassing. It was also—well—you know—I got horny.

Jesus.

I knew about the concept of relief. I **wasn’t** gonna be asking for it! No way. Of course, a strange little voice in the back of my head was saying, “Now what classes do I have with Maggie Benson?”

Uh-huh. No **way**.

My second period class was English—the first class out of three that I shared with Missy. I beat her to class, and I made the mistake of looking up when she walked in. She did **not** look good at **all**. People were even shouting things at her as she made her way into class, before the teacher walked in. She looked like she was going through hell.

Good, I said to myself. That’s what she put Cassie through. I wasn’t going to get sympathetic about this girl.

My next class was gym. In the girl’s locker room. Oh my Jesus. I couldn’t talk to girls one at a time! And here they were, a whole locker room of them! And, after gym, a whole **shower** full of them! All naked, and **me** naked! Oh, I wanted to crawl down the shower drain.

What happened next would’ve **really** mortified me, but...well, OK. Jared and Amanda have cool friends. One of them, Allie Fitzpatrick, was in that gym shower with me. After a lot of grab-and-giggle from some of the other girls, Allie came over to me and said, “Jeez, Dave, you really look like you could use some help.” She grinned, reached down, and very expertly—and quickly—whacked me off to an orgasm. And, while she was doing it—and while I was blushing a lovely shade of hot pink—she said, “Hey. Don’t be embarrassed. I haven’t been through The Program, but I’ve seen it enough. It happens. And I don’t mind doing this, not for a nice guy like you. Enjoy it,” she grinned.

I managed to, somehow. When she was done, she pointed us into the spray of the shower—to clean up, I had cum all over both of us—and said, “There. Feel better?”

“Yeah. Thanks,” I grinned.

“I’m glad and you’re welcome,” she grinned. “Too bad the bell’s about to ring, or I’d ask you to return the favor, because now **I’m** horny. Ah well, I’ll have to just go find Stef.” Stef was her boyfriend. Or girlfriend. With Stef, it’s confusing.

Anyhow, I **did** feel better after that. I made my way to my next class.

CHAPTER THREE

MISSY

I'll give it to the folks at Westport High. When they want to humiliate someone, they go all-out.

I was grabbed, and I mean **grabbed**, not touched. I was fondled—but I thought fondling was supposed to be **fun**. Hey, someone ought to tell these guys that fingers are like sandpaper. Dry fingers roughly dragged over a clit **hurt**. Of course, I guess that was the idea. Maybe if I had been worked up...well, **this** treatment wasn't working me up. It was just making me sore. Physically sore.

And, I have to admit, the insults about my weight were, at least, getting more inventive.

Well, this was what they wanted. Cassie was getting her pound of flesh. I just had to grin and bear it.

I wasn't just cursed with a lousy body. I wasn't much for sex, either. I'd fooled around a bit, but not much—I mean, what guy wants to go out with a beached whale? I was still a virgin, and I figured that condition was terminal. So, there wasn't any great love lost between me and my naughty bits, neglected and unused as they were. Sometimes they just got in the way. I hated getting horny. That meant I had to do something about it. I didn't enjoy masturbating my fat self. I did it only occasionally out of sheer need.

So, maybe I should be happy that the grabbing and shit wasn't working me up. Of course, I'd rather it be a little less **painful**.

I supposed I deserved it. So I put up with it. At least I wasn't asked to pose in art class.

I ate lunch alone. I used to eat with Laura, and, before last week, Laura and Cassie. Well, Laura was gone, and Cassie wasn't speaking to me. So I ate lunch alone. At least, then, my body was hidden behind a table.

After lunch, I had Bio. **The** Bio class, Ms. T's big experimental class. Hopefully, she had shot her wad with experimenting after the whole Amanda-and-Jared production. David was also in that class. Luckily, she didn't talk to me. I don't know if I would've been able to keep my composure.

After Bio, unfortunately, I have gym, and had to take my shower in the boy's locker room. You want to talk about being exposed? And Cassie's boyfriend, Frankie, was in that shower—along with two of his buddies, Ed and Ty. Like I said, they seemed to be taking the high road, though Frankie **was** glaring at me. He and Cassie had been good friends before they hooked up, and he'd never liked me in the first place. I didn't much like him, either.

Anyhow, I got through the day. Somehow. But it hurt. It hurt a lot.

I could've used some support. I wasn't going to get it here. I wasn't going to be getting it at home, either.

My mother was there when I got home. "So, how was your day."

"Horrible."

"Good," she said. "Maybe you'll know what other people go through from **you**, like Cassie."

"Funny," I said, "I don't think Cassie got her private parts manhandled. I don't mean fondled, I mean manhandled. I don't think she had her tits almost ripped off. I don't think any of those things happened to her."

"You're exaggerating," she said.

"Of course I am," I said with a snort. "Whatever. I'm going to my room."

"You're on your own tonight," she said. "Your father has a business meeting, and I have a meeting myself." Ah. In other words, Dad was going to be fucking a secretary over his desk, and Mom was headed to a hotel room to meet the hunky-gardener-of-the-week. "Whatever," was all I said.

They've been having affairs for years. The only reason they're still together is divorce would look bad. And, somehow, they think that I haven't **known** since I was 12 that they were having affairs. I'm not **that** stupid.

Like I said, they use people. Secretaries, hunky gardeners, underlings, each other, daughters.

At least they were rich enough for me to have a huge room with a big TV in it. That's where I retreated. That's where I **always** retreated.

I'd like to say that I skipped supper, but I didn't. I went downstairs and made myself something very fattening. That's the **other** place I retreated.

CHAPTER FOUR

DAVID

I went right home after school, for the first time in a long while. After our concert this past Saturday, at the arts festival, band was over for the year.

Mom wasn't home when I got there, so I did some homework and relaxed. It's just me and Mom—Dad died when I was six. When I heard her, I went downstairs to see her.

“Hi, honey,” she asked. “How was your day?”

“I got put in The Program.”

“Oh, good!”

“Glad **one** of us thinks so,” I grumbled.

“It’ll be fine,” she smiled. “Did they give you a cute partner?” she laughed.

“Not hardly. Missy Jenkins.” She knew all about Missy and what she had done.

“Oh, David, I’m sorry. I’d hoped you’d have a good experience with this, like Jared did. What are you doing about Missy?”

“Ignoring her. There’s nothing required that says I **have** to support her.”

“But who’s supporting **you**?” she asked.

“Jared and his friends,” I smiled. “They’re being very cool.”

“So,” she grinned, “did you get any action?” I should’ve expected that. Mom is **very** open about sex. Apparently, she and Dad had the sex life of all time—not necessarily something I needed to know, mind you, but I did—and they also apparently started said sex life when they were all of 13. They were each others’ first and only up until Dad died.

“You’re obsessed with my sex life,” I teased.

“That’s because I don’t have one,” she grinned back. Not exactly true, I knew—she’d had a number of dalliances. She gave her **heart** to Dad, forevermore, but not necessarily other body parts. But her sex life was intermittent, that was true.

“Well, I don’t have one either,” I grinned.

“Nothing?” she prodded.

“OK,” I admitted. “Jared’s friend Allie gave me a handjob in the gym shower.”

“Was it fun?”

“Yeah,” I admitted.

“Look, honey, I worry about you. You’re 17. You should’ve started by now. You’re missing out.”

“Well, you know, I have to learn to **talk** to girls without stammering like an idiot before I do anything **else** with them. Then again, Maggie Benson **did** offer to take me to her room and show me her etchings, so to speak.”

“Well? **Go** for it!”

“Naaah,” I demurred. “Don’t get me wrong, I **like** Maggie, and I know it’d be fun, but Maggie’s a one-night-stand kind of person and I want my first time to be more than that.”

“Oh, honey, that’s ridiculous,” she said.

“Oh, really? I’ve grown up my whole life knowing about Mom and Dad’s Grand Love Affair that started when they were all of eleven. Don’t blame **me** if I’m looking for the same thing.”

“Good point,” she laughed. “But your Dad and I got lucky. Well, back then—not in the end.” She got a sad little look on her face. “Anyhow, I don’t think it’s a prerequisite. You know I haven’t been completely celibate since your dad died.” I nodded. “It’s never gonna be the **same**. But it’s still **good**.”

“Yeah,” I said. “But I still think differently about my **first** time.”

“You’re a born romantic,” she laughed. “How did it go outside of that?”

“OK, I guess. I expected more teasing and stuff, seeing as I’m known as the school wimp and all. I think Missy deflected a lot of that. So, I suppose that’s **one** good thing about having her around.”

“She got it pretty good?”

“Yeah,” I said. “Both barrels. Now she knows how Cassie felt.”

“Hmmm,” she said. But I could tell she was vaguely disappointed in me. Sorry. I loved my Mom, but she didn’t have to stand there and see Cassie break down crying in the halls.

We ate, I went up and finished homework, then I went to bed.

--End of part one--

**MISSY AND DAVID NAKED IN SCHOOL
PART TWO
TUESDAY**

CHAPTER FIVE

MISSY

I drove to school Tuesday morning, after a lovely lecture from my Dad about “responsibility” and “keeping a good image for the family” and “representing the family well”. So, Dad, how was the fuck with your secretary last night?

Hypocrite.

So, I drove to school. After, believe me, contemplating keeping on driving and not stopping until I got to New York or something. Of course, I couldn't go to New York. I have no education and no skills and would probably have to resort to selling my body. Of course, who'd want my body in the first place? And I didn't want to sell it, either, considering I've said that the thought of having sex doesn't thrill me.

So I went to school. Of course, nobody wanted to **see** my body **there** either. They didn't have any choice though—considering neither did I.

I watched as Dave got undressed at the entrance. I wasn't going to go up there with him. I have to admit, I was jealous—he **did** have support, even though he had a partner he didn't want anything to do with. Jared and the rest of that crowd, were cheering and rooting him on. He did OK. He's not being a complete wimp about this.

Of course, he's not getting abuse, either. They're reserving all that for **me**. He's just the opening act, I'm the headliner. I went up there after he went in, followed by his friends. Facing the jackals all by myself.

I suppose helping me undress is a “reasonable request”. But is ripping my fucking shirt right off? Or **snapping** my bra, **hard**, into my back before you take it off, is that a reasonable request? Or making all the cow noises when you take my pants off?

I'm pretty sure somebody roughly shoving their fingers in my (dry) crotch isn't, either. Of course, there was no “request” there. He just did it. Hard. And not **in**, either, right on my labia. It was like getting poked in the chest, only far worse.

What could I do? I didn't even know who was **doing** it half the time. There were so **many** of them. So I couldn't report it. And who'd listen to me, anyway? Mr. Tilling? That's a laugh.

It got progressively worse throughout the morning. But it was worst walking from art class to lunch. People must have seen what other people were getting away with, and that emboldened them. Because my tits were grabbed, and I mean **hard**, walking to lunch. Someone damn near twisted my right nipple **off**. I had **bruises**. I'm not exaggerating. My tits were black and blue by the time I got to lunch, and that nipple was swollen and **throbbing**. Somehow I managed to get into the lunch line and get my lunch. Somehow I managed to sit down. Somehow I managed not to collapse, from pain and humiliation, right in the middle of the lunchroom.

OK, dammit, I did a bad thing. What I did to Cassie was a bad thing. It was rotten, it wasn't nice. But was it **this** bad? Did she have bruises? Did everyone treat her like their own personal punching bag? Did I deserve this?

I wanted to ask that question. I wanted to ask it so badly. But there was nobody listening.

CHAPTER SIX

DAVE

You know what? I was adjusting. Getting undressed in front of the class at the entrance wasn't as bad as I'd thought it would. Of course, Missy wasn't around, so the crowd wasn't out for blood. And Jared and his pals were there.

The morning went fine. But I couldn't help but notice that Missy **really** looked bad in second period. Enough. Why did **I** care.

I got grabbed in gym, but not enough to get off—so, in the next class, I surprised myself by requesting relief. A girl named Cyndi Thomson did me. She was cute and enthusiastic. I still couldn't **talk** to her, outside of a muttered "Thank you" when she was done—but I was able to relax enough for her to jerk me off.

Then, after class, I went to lunch. That's when I saw it. Missy looked **bad**.

Her breasts were all bruised. One of her nipples was swollen and didn't look good at all. She looked like it was an effort to walk. She slumped to a corner table like she'd rather curl up in a ball and die.

Dammit.

Jared saw it, too. "Damn. Did you see Missy?" he asked me. "Somebody did a number on her tits."

"I saw," I replied. "Look, I know she was put in the program to be humiliated the way Cassie was. Somehow, physical bruises is not what I think they had in mind."

"I think you're right," Jared said.

"Well, you know. She's my partner. I think I have to go sit with her."

"Really?" Jared asked.

"I wanted her to go through what Cassie went through. This isn't what Cassie went through."

"Good luck. If Cass or anyone says anything, I'll tell 'em you were threatened by Tilling."

"Thanks, Jared," I said, and walked over to where Missy was sitting. "Hi," I said.

She looked up, startled. Then she attempted to summon some of her usual bitchiness. It was pathetic, but she got an A for effort. “What do **you** want?” she managed to snarl out with a modicum of venom.

“Just wanted to see how you were doing,” I said.

“Oh, so all of a sudden you want to be my ‘buddy’?” she snapped. The venom was coming easier now. “It’s **me**, remember? Missy? The girl who deserves everything she gets? Go away. Leave me alone.”

“I wanted you to go through what Cassie did,” I said. “I never saw Cassie looking like her tits had been through a mangler.” I don’t know if she realized how obvious it was, but she crumpled when I said that. She slumped like a balloon that had all the air let out.

“Look,” she said. “I’m OK. Really. Some guys just got a little rough.”

“That’s more than a little rough,” I said.

“Look,” she snapped, “I **don’t** need your pity.”

“I didn’t come over here to give you any.”

“Then what **did** you come over here to give me?” she asked.

“Just a little company. Someone to talk to, if you needed it.”

“I don’t want to talk.” She actually let out a little smile. “I suppose I’ll take the company, though.”

“Good,” I said, reaching for my lunch. We ate in silence for a bit. I think we were both looking at the other warily.

“How’s your week going so far?” she asked after a bit.

“All right. Better than I expected. I thought I’d get more abuse for being the class wimp.”

“Well, everyone **knows** you’re the class wimp,” she snorted. “Taking off your clothes didn’t change that.” She looked at me. “Might’ve even **helped** the situation a bit,” she smirked.

“Excuse me?” I said.

“You’re not bad,” she smirked again. “Especially compared to a beached whale like myself. You’re getting the benefits this week. You’re partnered with a pile of blubber that everyone hates to begin with. You’re golden by comparison.”

“You’re not fat.”

“You need eyeglasses. I need to lose 40 pounds.”

“I wear contacts, and they’re fine. You’re not fat. You’re just not skinny. And if you lost 40 pounds, you’d be anorexic.”

“I **wish**. Unfortunately, I like food too much. Anyway. Most guys like skinny.”

“I could disagree with that, but I don’t know what most guys like. I don’t particularly like skinny.”

“You don’t like **girls**,” she smirked.

“Where did you get **that** idea?” I asked.

“Have you ever been on a date?”

“A few. Not many. Doesn’t mean I don’t like girls. What it means is I have a hard time talking to them.”

“You’re talking to me fine,” she pointed out.

She was right. “Yeah. Well, I guess that’s because I was worried about you. Pushed my natural girl-related terror out the window.”

“I guess you need to worry about more girls,” she grinned. Just then, the bell rang. “Dave? Thanks,” she said. “I hate to admit it, but I’m glad I didn’t have to eat alone.” She looked at me. “Stay here for a minute. Let me get a head start to bio. If any of your friends see you walking with me, you’ll get shit.” Suddenly, she was gone.

I sighed and got rid of my trash. When I got to bio, I could see her getting grilled by Ms. T about the bruises. She must have parried the questions, because she eventually went to her seat and Ms. T didn’t do anything. She made it through the class, left, and I went to my next one. The next time I saw her was before last period. We had the same class that period, and, when I turned the corner of the corridor, she was five feet in front of me.

I guess I thought she’d be OK. I guess I thought that a bit of overzealous tit-grabbing was the worst that could happen to her. I guess I didn’t think, even considering what she did to Cassie, that there’d be anyone that would take it farther than that. I was wrong.

I didn’t really see what happened. I saw a flash of an arm, that’s it, and in the crowded between-class hallways, I didn’t see who the arm was attached to. I didn’t see where it went. But I **heard** where it went, as Missy let out the most horrific blood-curdling scream I’ve ever heard in my life.

It didn't stop there. She was **wailing**. I rushed over to her. The halls were full, and **nobody** else even **stopped**! This was getting ridiculous. And Missy was just crying and crying, holding herself up against the wall, barely able to stand up.

"What happened?" I asked.

"Oh God somebody **hit** me! Down **there**!" she wailed, pointing to her crotch. Oh, Jesus, she was **bleeding**. It was running down her thighs. "Oh God it hurts it hurts....."

"We need to get you to the nurse."

"I don't think I can **walk**!"

"Fine." I reached over, put one hand behind her back, the other behind her knees, and scooped her up. OK, she wasn't the lightest girl in the world—and I wasn't the strongest **guy** in the world, either. But the nurse wasn't far. I could get her there.

"Oh Dave you can't carry me I'm too **fat**!" she wailed. "You'll hurt yourself!"

"Shut up," I said, and headed as fast as I could to the nurse. At least someone was kind enough to open the door for me. We went right into the nurse's office.

"What happened?" Nurse Evans said.

"Somebody hit me. In the crotch. **Hard**," she sniffled.

"With **what**?" Nurse Evans said, looking at the blood, as she helped me get Missy on the examining table.

"Well, it felt like a fist, but a fist with fingers extended, if that makes any sense," Missy said. "The force was like a fist but I was.....you know.....something went **in**."

Oh, Jesus.

"Missy, wait here," she said, and rushed into her outer office. I sat there, listening to Missy's crying, stroking her hand. What else could I do?

Nurse Evans came back in shortly. "Missy, we have a gynecologist on call for the school system. She's on her way here, she was close anyway. I want her to look at it."

"OK," she sniffled.

"You wait here," Nurse Evans sighed, "I need to notify Mr. Tilling about this."

She left again, and I sat there with Missy. The cries were down to sobs and sniffles, but every time she tried to move an inch, she groaned.

“Do you know who did this?” I asked.

“No,” she sniffled. “I didn’t see anything. I just felt it.”

Nurse Evans came in with the gynecologist, Doctor Macafee. “Missy? What happened.”

“I got hit. Down there.”

“OK. I need to look at it. It’s going to hurt, there’s nothing I can do about that. But I need to see what’s up.”

“OK,” Missy said weakly.

“Grab my hand,” I told her. She did. As the doctor poked and prodded down there, Missy damn near broke my hand. It wasn’t nothing compared to the pain I saw on **her** face.

“Missy, sit on the side of the table,” the doctor said when she was finished. Missy did. “Your labia are very bruised. There are a few scratches at the entrance to your vagina. The whole area is bruised.” She took a breath then. “Missy, you’re a virgin, right?”

“Yeah,” she said.

The Doctor took another deep breath. “Whatever he used, fingers like you think or whatever—he punctured your hymen. That’s what caused the blood.”

The blood just **drained** from her face. Completely. She looked horrified. “You mean....I just lost my virginity by a **punch**?”

“You lost your hymen by a punch,” Dr. Macafee corrected.

“Same thing. Same fucking thing. Oh, God....” And then she started wailing again.

“I don’t know how he got such a good shot. Weren’t you walking?”

“No, someone had grabbed my boobs so I had stopped,” Missy sniffled.

Just then, Mr. Tilling came in. “What happened?”

“The Program, that’s what happened,” Missy snapped bitterly. Dr. Macafee and the nurse told Mr. Tilling what had been done to Missy.

“Missy, I’m sorry. But what happened to you **isn’t** The Program’s fault,” Mr. Tilling said.

“Maybe in normal circumstances, no,” she agreed. “But when the Principal calls an assembly and tells the whole junior class—‘Hey, here’s the bitch that did all those nasty things. And we’re going to make **her** go nude **next** week!’ Well, that’s almost an invitation.”

“Not for **physical** abuse,” he maintained.

“How long have you been a principal? And you have no idea how vindictive kids can be?” she snorted.

“Not like **this**,” he said, looking helpless. “Look, you have no idea who it was?”

“No.”

“I’ll try to find witnesses,” he said. “Missy, you’re relieved from The Program. Come in tomorrow clothed.”

“Thank you,” she said.

He left then, and the doctor gave Missy a couple of prescriptions.

“You drive, don’t you?” I asked.

“Yeah.”

“I know where you live. It’s not far from me. Why don’t you let me drive your car home? I can walk home from there.”

She gave me a small, grateful smile. “OK.”

CHAPTER SEVEN

MISSY

You know, I didn’t have much use for my sex organs beforehand. I had **less** use for them when they were howling in pain.

I almost asked the doctor if she did vaginaectomies. Who needs the thing?

God, though, it was **so** embarrassing—crying and screaming like I did. In front of everyone. In front of **David**, who had suddenly decided to play rescue the damsel in distress.

And, how mortifying. To lose my virginity by getting **hit**. It was just so depressing I couldn’t stand it.

Anyhow, Dave helped me get dressed—again, embarrassing—and then got me out to my car. We went to the pharmacy—which, luckily, was one of those new ones with a drive-through window, I was in no condition to walk—and got my prescriptions. Then Dave drove me home.

Even insisted on coming in.

He got me to my living room, on the couch—and I started **bawling** again! I just couldn't take it. And I **hated** crying, and I **especially** hated crying in **front** of someone else. And I was crying in front of Dave. Not only that, he had his arm around me and was stroking my hair!

Oh, God.

When I finally stopped the stupid tears, I **had** to ask him. “David, why are you being so nice to me?”

“Because nobody deserves what happened to you,” he said. “And it seems like you don't have a friend in the world. I **am** supposed to be your Partner.”

“You know what?” I said, and finally admitted it. To myself, **and** out loud. “Maybe I **do** deserve this.”

“No. Look,” he said, swallowing, “I'll admit it. If it were just ridicule, the mooing I hear when you walk down the hall, some of the fat jokes—though I don't agree with them--I **might** say that you **did** deserve that. But not **abuse**. Jesus Christ, Missy, as far as I'm concerned, you got **raped**.”

“Maybe I still deserved it.” He tried to interrupt again, but I wouldn't let him. “Look, Cassie was supposed to be my **friend**. Have you noticed that **she** hasn't said a **word** to me? I almost wish she would. I badly hurt someone who was supposed to be a friend.”

“Why did you do it?” David asked quietly.

“That's a good question. Now, look, it **was** Laura's idea. That's a cop-out, and I know it, because I went along with it.” I sighed. “Look, part of it is that I **was** grossed out by her scars.”

“Why?” he asked.

“I don't know. But I was.”

“Do naked bodies gross you out?”

“Frequently,” I admitted.

“What about mine?” he smirked.

“Actually, you're OK,” I grinned. “Not much meat there, but it's arranged pretty well.”

Dave smirked again, then got serious. “What about **yours**?” he asked.

I admitted it, softly, “The biggest gross-out of all. Worse than Cassie. **Far** worse than Cassie. And, dammit, I admit it—that’s the other reason. I’m jealous of her.”

“Why?” he asked me, curiously.

“Even with all the scars, she’s still a hell of a lot more attractive than I am. She’s got a great family. Everybody likes her. She gets boyfriends—and now she’s got Frankie. I’m fat, ugly, my parents suck, and everybody hates me. Boyfriends? Who the hell would want to go out with a cow like me?”

David took a deep breath. “Let’s assume, for the moment, that I’m actually capable of asking girls out without sounding like a stuttering fool, which I’m **not**.” I had to giggle a little at that. “And let’s also assume that it was suggested to me that I ask you out. OK, I need to tell you that what would stop me from asking you out is **not** your appearance. OK? You’re **not** fat and ugly, not on the outside.”

I thought about that. I disagreed with him, but I realized something else he had said. “I’m ugly on the inside,” I said.

“You were last week,” he told me.

“Yeah,” I agreed. “Let’s face it, my life’s pretty ugly.”

I think he was just about to ask me what I meant, when the door opened. In came Mom.

“Hello,” she said. “Well, who’s **this**?” she grinned.

“This is David, my Program partner. I had a little trouble and he helped me out. Dave, my mother.”

“Very nice to meet you,” she beamed at David. Damn, she was so disgusting. Dave, clueless, just returned her greeting.

“Now, what kind of trouble did you have? Too many fat jokes?” she snorted.

“No,” I said. “I was assaulted.”

“Excuse me?”

“Punched,” I reiterated. “Right in the crotch. Guess what? I’m not a virgin anymore, clinically anyway. That’s how hard whoever it was hit me.”

“Oh, Melissa, you’re exaggerating. Some guys are just rough. Hey, some girls **like** it that way.”

“That’s wasn’t rough, that was **rape**,” David spoke up. She looked at him. “You can rape with a finger as well as other body parts. I saw it happened. It was awful.”

“Well, look at this,” Mom smirked, “you seem to have a protector. How sweet.” David just glared at her.

“Anyway,” I said, “it’s all over. Mr. Tilling took me out of The Program.”

“Oh, no he doesn’t!” Mom said. “I’m not having **my** daughter be the one that can’t tough it out!”

“Tough it out?” David asked. “That’s ridiculous! Look, the way he set Missy up last week for going in the program, he set her up to be humiliated—and it’s gone **too** far. Nobody should have to tough it out under those conditions.”

“Isn’t he cute?” Mom said, beaming at David. “Don’t worry. I’ll have a little talk with Bob Tilling.” Then she disappeared.

“That is your **mother**?” Dave asked. I nodded. “I think I understand you a whole lot better than I did ten minutes ago.” I smiled at him, just a little. “Besides the crap she was giving you, it almost seemed like she was coming **on** to me!”

“She was,” I sighed.

“Eeeewww! Now **that** is gross!” he blurted out. I couldn’t help but laugh. “Look, are you going to be OK? I need to get going soon. Mom will worry.”

“Yeah, I’ll be fine,” I said, lying. Then I teased him. “Mama’s boy.”

“Guilty,” he grinned. “Hey, it’s only the two of us. We watch out for one another.”

“Your Dad run off or something?” I asked.

“No, he died when I was six.”

“Oh, I’m sorry,” I said.

“It’s OK. It was a long time ago, and I was young. It’s Mom that was really affected. They had the romance of all time,” he laughed.

“Really?” I asked.

“Really. Met when they were 9, started dating at 11, did the nasty for the first time at 13, stayed together all through high school and college, got married, worked and enjoyed each other for 10 years or so, then had me. And, six years later, Dad was gone. He was only 38. Mom was just devastated.”

“Wow. I can see why. How did he die?”

“Accident. Drunk driver.”

I smiled at him. “Now I know why your mother wants you to check in.”

“Yeah,” he smiled back. “See you tomorrow, OK?”

“OK,” I said. “David? Thanks.” He just smiled, and then went out the door.

CHAPTER EIGHT

DAVID

I was lost in thought as I walked home. I got in, and my Mom smiled at me. Thinking about Missy’s mother, I went over and gave mine a big hug.

“Why, thank you honey,” she giggled, “what was **that** for?”

“Just felt like it,” I said. “A lot happened today.” I told her the whole story.

“Oh, jeez,” Mom said. “What hell she went through.”

“Yeah.”

“I’m glad you were there for her,” she said.

“Somebody had to be.” I took a deep breath. “What’s amazing, now that I think about it, is that it was **me**. How out of character is **that**?”

“I don’t know,” she said, “you’re a sympathetic person. I don’t see you able to just walk by someone that hurt.”

“Maybe. I guess what’s really amazing is that I stayed with her, and then drove her home, and then stayed for a while longer. If I was just being altruistic, I would’ve taken her to the nurse, put her in the nurse’s hands, and left.” I took a breath. “When I said I had to check in with you, she called me a Mama’s boy. She was joking, but I admitted it. Look, **you** tell me it all the time. It’s very strange. I’m used to being the protected, not the protector.”

“How did that feel?”

“Strange. Nice. When I got her home, she lost it again and cried on my shoulder. Nobody’s ever done that.”

“Do you like her?” Mom asked.

“I don’t know. I **understand** her better. I wanted to help her. Like? I don’t know. She’s been the school bitch for so long that I think ‘like’ is a stretch.”

“OK, that’s fair. Promise me one thing, though, OK? If she comes to you for support again, don’t shut her out. From what you told me about her mother, you might be the only support she can look for. Especially if her mother convinces Mr. Tilling to keep her in The Program.”

“Good point. OK, I **can** say I’ll be her program buddy. I can do that.”

“Good.”

Just then, the doorbell rang, I went to answer it. It was Jared and Amanda.

“Hey, guys,” I said.

“Hey, David. I think we need to talk to you,” Jared said. “There’s some rumors flying around.”

“It’s no rumor, I **saw** him!” Another voice came ringing up the walk. It was Frankie. “I **saw** you with her! Coming out of the school, your **arm** was around her! You drove off in **her** car! What were you **thinking**?”

“Frankie, I..” I tried, but I wasn’t getting a word in edgewise.

“Jesus, David, I thought you were Cassie’s **friend**! And you’re getting all cozy with **Missy**? Cassie’s going to be **crushed** if this ever gets back to her. You’d better think about what you’re doing. Just because you’re her program partner doesn’t mean you have to be **nice** to that slug. Cassie’s your **friend**!” And, with that, he was off.

I just stared at him, helpless, as he left. “Dammit, why didn’t he let me **talk**?”

“He’s upset,” Jared said.

“He doesn’t know what **happened**!” I said.

“Tell us,” Amanda said, and they pulled me into the house. Mom greeted them. “Now, what happened?” Amanda asked.

“She was assaulted,” I told them. “Someone hit her on the way to last period. Hit her right in the pussy, so hard that she’s bruised **and** she lost her hymen.”

“Oh, my God,” Amanda hissed, going pale.

“It happened five feet in front of me. She was wailing and crying, she couldn’t hardly stand up, and blood was running down her thighs—and everybody else was just walking by her. I couldn’t **leave** her there like that!”

“No, you couldn’t,” Jared agreed.

“And after the doctor examined her, she needed prescriptions filled and she needed to go home, and she wasn’t in any condition to drive. I had my arm around her on the way to the car because she couldn’t **walk** unassisted. I drove her car to get the medicine and then to her house, then I walked here.” I looked at them. “I understand the motivations of putting her in the program, but this has gone **too** far. Jared, you saw her breasts. Those were being manhandled **before** this other thing even happened.”

“I agree,” Jared said, “It has gone too far.”

“Plus, while I was at her house, her mother came home. That was horrific. I think I understand Missy a little bit better. Her mother is a piece of work.”

“I’ve actually heard that neither of her parents are particularly nice people,” Amanda said. “My Dad almost ran against her father for City Council a couple of years ago, because Dad says that Mr. Jenkins walks over people.”

“Well, I know that **Mrs.** Jenkins walks over **Missy**,” I said. “But, damn. I don’t want Frankie—and most of all Cassie—mad at me.”

“I’ll take care of Frankie,” Jared said. “I’ll be back in a bit. Amanda, take care of him, would you?”

“Of course,” she smiled at him. They kissed, and Jared was off.

“You could’ve gone with him. I’m OK, really,” I told her.

“No, you’re not. Program week is supposed to be better than this!”

“Yeah, but I’ll live.” I said.

“You know what? You’re talking to me better,” she giggled.

“Yeah. I am, aren’t I? I don’t know what happened.”

“Getting to be a girl’s knight in shining armor can help that kind of thing,” she said.

“Yeah.”

“Now, I was wondering. Since program week is supposed to be fun, I was wondering. Dave, would you like to make love to me?”

Oh my GOD. I think I almost passed out! “WHAT?”

“Program week is supposed to be fun,” she giggled. “You haven’t had much. I’m offering you some. I know you’re a virgin, but that’s fine with me.”

“B-b-ut Jared---“

“Knows all about it,” she grinned. “You know we’re not one hundred percent exclusive. Jared approved of me doing this.” My head was spinning, absolutely spinning. “You’re Jared’s best friend. ‘Who better than you for his first time?’ he said to me.”

I gathered my wits and said, “Amanda, it’s a very generous offer, but I think I’m going to have to turn you down.”

“Why?” she asked pleasantly.

“I can’t tell you.”

“Sure you can. David, it’s OK, I’m just curious.”

“Because you’re my best friend’s girlfriend.”

“I told you, Jared doesn’t mind.”

“That’s not it.” I took a deep breath. “This is difficult, and something I planned never to say to you.” I looked away. I **couldn’t** look at her. “You’re my best friend’s girlfriend. That’s the only relationship we’re **ever** going to have. And I’ve come to accept that. Taking you to bed, especially as my first freakin’ time, would make it all that much harder to accept.”

“Oh,” she said, understanding dawning. “I never knew.”

“And you never **would’ve**, if I had had my way.”

“It’s OK, you know,” she smiled at me. “You’re very sweet.” She kissed me on the cheek. I blushed from head to toe. “I’d like to say I’m upset, but I think I’m too flattered to be upset. Dave, if I didn’t love Jared....”

“But you do,” I said with a sad smile. “And that’s OK. Look, I’ve come to terms with it. I’ve been fine. Going to bed with you would just make it all **not** fine again. I mooned over my best friend’s girlfriend for months. I’d rather be where I am now, come to terms with it and being your friend.”

“OK,” she said with a smile. “I understand. You know what? Someday—and I hope it’s soon—some girl’s going to figure out what you’re really all about. And that’s going to be one very lucky girl.” She got up off the couch. “Jared’s waiting for me. I was going to give him a ‘high’ sign if we went through with it, so I’ll just go off with him.”

“Don’t tell Jared, OK?”

“Don’t tell him what? That his best friend is noble and generous and a complete gentleman? Well, he probably already knows that—but I’m going to tell him anyway.” And then she was gone.

Mom, who had been in the kitchen, came out. “What was **that** all about?”

“Amanda wanted me to go to bed with her.”

“Why **didn’t** you?”

“Because she’s my best friend’s girlfriend and I’m just getting over the massive crush I’ve had on her for a while.”

“Aah. You did the right thing, then.”

“Yeah. It **killed** me to do it, but yeah,” I managed with a bit of a laugh.

We ate, and I did some homework, then I got a phone call.

“David, I’m sorry.” It was Frankie.

“Apology accepted,” I said immediately.

“I should’ve given you the chance to explain.”

“Yes, you should’ve, but no harm done.”

“Good. She was really that bad?”

“Yeah, she was,” I confirmed. “It was brutal, Frankie.”

“Jesus. Do I have to feel **sorry** for that bitch now?”

“No,” I laughed. “Just don’t hold it against me if I do, OK? I am supposed to be her partner.”

“True. Fair enough.”

--end of part two—

**MISSY AND DAVID NAKED IN SCHOOL
PART THREE
WEDNESDAY**

**CHAPTER NINE
MISSY**

I had gone to bed pretty early Tuesday night. The painkillers they subscribed for me helped. I didn't stay up very late after David had left. I didn't even eat—now **there's** a miracle. I **did**, however, stay up long enough for my Dad to get home. Unfortunately. That man takes 'unsympathetic' to a whole new level. And, of course, all he cared about was that "it would get around" if I dropped out of The Program. So, he called Mr. Tilling and twisted his arm, nice and hard. I'd still be in The Program on Wednesday. Oh, joy.

So, I woke up early Wednesday. I felt like I had been shattered into a million pieces. Look, let's face it—one of the reasons I'm a bitch is because it's **easier** being a bitch than it is breaking into tears every five minutes. And how many times had I cried Tuesday?

Hey, I don't **like** being vulnerable. Vulnerable people get stepped on. Believe me, I've watched my parents do it to people my whole life. If you show your weakness, it's going to get hammered. There are a lot of people like my parents in the world.

Then again, it looked like I was going to get stepped on this week no matter what.

The funny thing is, when I woke up and went downstairs to make myself some coffee, I found myself thinking about Dave.

He took care of me. Wasn't **that** new! And I got the impression that it was new for him, too. He even managed to not make me feel like I was imposing.

Anyhow, I had to go back to school nude again—thanks, Mom and Dad. And I needed help. Was I prepared to **admit** that to someone else, that was the question. Maybe if I were casual about it. I just couldn't see walking up to that door at school and stripping all alone again. I think I'd collapse. I tried to envision doing it while summoning up my usual defiant bitchiness—and I couldn't do it.

I found the phone book. There was only one Shiell in there, it was under a woman's name—I remembered that Dave lived with just his Mom—and it was fairly close to me, and Dave had said he lived close by. I figured that one had to be it.

I stared at the phone for a long time. When I finally decided to do it, it was still early enough—but not so early that he wouldn't be up.

"Hello?" a woman said at the other end.

"Hello. I hope I have the right number. I'm looking for David Shiell."

"Yes, you do have the right number," the woman said. "Would you like to talk to him?"

"Yes, please," I said.

"David, phone," I heard her say. Then, she whispered, "It's a **girl**!" I stifled a giggle. Poor Dave!

“Hello?”

“Hi, it’s Missy.”

“Hi!” He sounded happy to hear from me, surprise surprise. “How are you feeling?”

“A little better. Still sore, but it’s better. Listen, I was wondering. Would you like a ride to school today?”

“Sure, that’d be great. You know where I live?”

“I know the street.” He described which house was his. “Great. I’ll be over in a few minutes.”

I got dressed and headed over. I knocked on the door and met his Mom. She led me into the kitchen and Dave was there, still in his pajamas, eating pancakes.

“Oh, dear. I’m earlier than I thought I was,” I said, looking at my watch.

“That’s fine,” he smiled. “Sit.”

“Missy, have you eaten?” his Mom asked.

Just then, my stomach let out a loud **growl**. “Oh, that was **so** ladylike,” I said, embarrassed. David just laughed.

“I’ll take that as meaning you haven’t eating,” his mom giggled. “Here, let me get you some pancakes. I made plenty.”

“Thank you,” I said gratefully. “Actually, I haven’t eaten since yesterday lunch.”

“No wonder your stomach is yelling at you,” Dave laughed. Then he got serious. “You got put back into The Program, didn’t you.”

“Yeah.”

“I don’t know **how** Mr. Tilling could do that!” Dave said indignantly. “He saw you yesterday!”

“It’s not his fault,” I said. “My father called him, and we all know how much clout Daddy has. He probably twisted poor Mr. Tilling’s arm so hard he sprained his shoulder.”

“Why would your parents do such a thing?” his Mom asked.

“Because no daughter of theirs is going to be a quitter. No daughter of theirs is going to disgrace the family name. I did what I did last week, and now I have to tough it out and

take my punishment. Blah blah blah.” I took a bite of pancake. “Y’see, all my parents care about is how **useful** you can be to them. They’re users. That’s their whole M.O.”

And that’s when it hit me. That’s when it hit me what the hell I was doing. I dropped my fork and stared at Dave in horror.

“What?” he said.

“And I’m just like them,” I said. “Dammit, I’m just like them! Damn, damn, damn.” I almost started crying, but managed to hold it back.

“**What** are you talking about?” Dave asked.

“I called you because I couldn’t bear walking in that door at school alone,” I managed to get out. “I was looking for a crutch. Dammit, Dave, I’m using **you**, sure as my parents use everyone around them.”

“I don’t mind,” he said pleasantly. “It goes both ways. Look, I have to go shave and stuff. I’ll be back in a minute.”

I just looked at him, completely confused. His mother wiped her hands, and sat down at the table across from me. “Missy,” she said, “let me tell you a few things. You know David’s father died when he was young.” I nodded. “And he told me that yesterday you called him a Mama’s boy.”

“I was just teasing,” I said.

“I know—and so does Dave—but there’s some truth to it. Missy, David’s been overprotected. I hid him in my skirts, so to speak. After my husband died, I went a little off-the-wall, OK? David dealt very well with it, but I was scared to let him out of my sight.”

“I realized what I was doing right when he started high school. So I decided it was time to loosen the apron strings. Because I was stunting him, and I knew it. However, that kind of thing is hard to break. For **him**, I mean.”

“He retreats. He doesn’t take risks. He plays it safe, always looking for somewhere to hide. Usually back in my skirts, and I’ll admit that it’s a hard habit for **me** to break as well. I’m thrilled I have such a close relationship with my son, but he needs **more** than just his mother.”

“That having been said, maybe you can realize what a **huge** leap it was for him to help you out yesterday. He’s **never** done that—never **had** to. And, let me tell you something—finding out he **could** do that, well it made him feel good. He’s **thrilled** you called **him** this morning to help you out. And don’t give me that program partner crap, because that’s not it. I’d wager that you’ve asked for help in your life very rarely.” I confirmed that with

a nod. “And Dave’s been **asked** for help very rarely. That’s not anyone using anyone else. That’s two people figuring out what the other has to offer, OK?”

I thought about that one for a minute. “It still seems like using to me,” I said. “Well, maybe mutual using.”

“That’s because that is what you’re used to,” she said. “It’s hard to recognize it as anything else in that case.”

“But you don’t understand,” I said. “You’re catching me in one of my very few vulnerable moments. If I got a full head of steam up, I could flatten Dave like a steamroller.”

“Then, don’t,” she said simply. I stared at her. “Don’t. It’s as simple as that. Missy, nobody is preprogrammed. We can all learn. It’s your choice. Look, I didn’t plan to lose the love of my life at 38 years old, either, OK? That wasn’t part of the program. But life **isn’t** preprogrammed, as I said. I had to adjust because of something I wouldn’t wish on my worst enemy—but adjust I did. I think you might even have **better** reasons to adjust. Don’t run Dave over. Just make a choice that you’re not going to do that. **Let** yourself lean on him. I can promise you, he won’t let you down.”

Wow. That gave me a lot to think about. Just then, David came back downstairs.

“Hey. Ready to go?” he asked.

“Yeah.” I turned to his mother. “Thanks,” I said.

“You’re welcome,” she smiled. Then we headed out.

“Your mother’s cool,” I said as I started the car.

“That she is,” David agreed. He took a breath. “Look, there is a difference between using someone, and asking for help.”

“OK,” I said. And then took a deep breath. “I’m asking for help.”

“You got it,” he smiled.

“Undressing was a nightmare yesterday,” I admitted. “They wanted to ‘help’. That’s a reasonable request, right? Sure it is. They ripped my shirt, snapped my bra—hard—made cow noises when they took my pants off.”

“Hmm,” Dave said. “I think I can take care of that.”

“How?”

“Trust me. Just go with the flow and **don’t** act surprised at anything I say, OK?”

“OK,” I said, but I was wondering what he had in mind.

Anyway, we quickly got to school. Dave and I approached the entrance. All his friends were there—including Cassie—which made me very uncomfortable. Especially when he went over and whispered something to a group of them. But nobody said anything to me.

David stripped, to the sound of his friends chanting “DAVID! DAVID! DAVID!” He gave it a little flourish for their benefit. It was funny. This really **was** getting easier for him.

Then it was my turn. The animals gathered. “Let’s strip her now!” one of them said.

“Sorry,” Dave held up his hand. “You can’t.”

“That’s a reasonable request, she **can’t** stop us!” one of them yelled.

“She’s not. **I** am. It’s a reasonable request, but one I already made. I requested it earlier, so **I** will be undressing her today. And I don’t need any help.”

Oh my GOD! He’d **do** that? I remembered what he said—don’t act surprised—so I forced a smile. He came over to me, whispered, “relax,” and started unbuttoning my shirt.

“Have you ever undressed a girl before?” I whispered.

“No, can’t you tell?” he softly chuckled. “My hands are shaking.”

“You’re very brave.”

“Necessity is the mother of invention. Or bravery. Or something,” he smiled. I just giggled. He had my shirt off and was reaching behind me to get to my bra clasps. It was a bit of a struggle. “Who **invented** these things, anyway?” he laughed. I chuckled, as he finally got it off.

He was being very gentle, and I noticed that the natives were getting **very** restless, because I wasn’t being properly humiliated. There was murmuring from the crowd. Luckily, his friends caught on, and started the “DAVID DAVID!” chant again, as he undid my pants. He helped me out of them. Then the panties. He was **very** careful, knowing that I was still sore down there.

I had a flash—I wished I wasn’t sore down there. WOW. **That** came out of the blue! Jesus. Was **I** actually getting turned on by this?!?!? Well, yeah. Just a little.

Anyhow, I was undressed, and Dave stood up and beamed at me. I felt I had to tell him what I suspected, however. “Thank you. That might be one of the nicest things anyone’s ever done for me. However, I think you just painted a target on your back.”

“So what?” he said. I beamed, and we went into the school building.

CHAPTER TEN

DAVID

Did I know she was using me? Well, yeah. I didn’t think there was anything more to it. I didn’t have any illusions. She needed help, and I was willing. I really **didn’t** mind. Yes, I was waiting for the inevitable return to type, but I figured that would happen **after** she got out of The Program, at which point we would’ve gone our separate ways anyhow.

And, I’m not going to lie for a minute. I **did** enjoy undressing her. To hell with all her ‘fat’ talk, I **liked** her, physically. She wasn’t fat, she was **soft**. She had hardly no stomach, just a little bulge. She **did** have hips, and an ass. I **liked** that. I also liked what she had on top. She’s crazy if she thinks she’s fat.

Of course, I could see where she might have gotten that crap, after having met her mother, who was built rather like Cher. As far as I’m concerned, Cher’s the most disgusting woman in history. If her mother was holding **herself** up as an ideal for Missy, I can see where Missy’d think she was fat. I was beginning to get the impression that her parents should write a book—how to hideously warp your daughter in ten easy lessons.

Anyhow, we got inside, and, immediately, Mr. Tilling was making an announcement:

“Attention, all students. Attention all students. We have a student in The Program, junior Melissa Jenkins, who needs special consideration. Melissa was injured yesterday. So, there will be **no** touching of Melissa today. Melissa was injured, and any touching in sensitive areas will cause her pain. Anyone caught touching Melissa **will** be disciplined. Thank you.”

“Good for Mr. Tilling,” I said. “Maybe that will help.”

“Somehow, I’m not holding my breath,” Missy said.

Unfortunately, she was right. It wasn’t three minutes after that announcement that I heard her cry out. Roger Kelsey, one of the assholes on the football team, was twisting her nipple, with his other hand heading towards her pussy.

“Hey, didn’t you hear what Mr. Tilling just said?” I barked at him.

“Fuck Tilling,” he said, as he twisted Missy’s tit and grabbed at her pussy. It obviously **hurt**.

That’s when I did something really stupid. I slapped both of his hands away and stood between him and Missy. “That’s enough,” I said.

“What are **you** going to do about it?” he snickered.

“Stop you.” I was **insane**! This Neanderthal could **kill** me!

Which he proved, right off. One good swing. I managed to get my hand up a little and glance the blow a little, but it still got me. Right in the face. BOOM! Down I went, blood rushing from my nose. And that gave the asshole a free pass to Missy. Luckily, some of my buddies had seen what was going on and rushed over, and Ty and Mike grabbed the guy by the arms.

“HEY!” Roger yelled. “Let **go** of me!”

“Not hardly,” Ty said. He wasn’t going to be able to get away from **Ty**. Ty was a moose. Ty and Mike ‘escorted’ him to Mr. Tilling’s office. “You’d better get to the nurse,” he said to me.

“Good plan. Thanks for the assist, guys.”

“Don’t mention it,” Mike grinned, as they led the screaming and kicking Roger off down the hall.

“Very heroic, Shiell,” Maggie Benson said to me. “Very **stupid**, but very heroic. You can come over to my place later today, and I’ll kiss it better,” she grinned.

I just grinned at her. Then I looked over and saw Missy. She was as white as a ghost. She didn’t look like she could speak. I managed to stand up, gripping my head. “Ow,” I said. “I hope my nose isn’t broken.”

“Oh my God...” Missy gasped. “You.....you.....oh GOD!”

“I’m all right, you know,” I grinned at her. “Just a ding.”

“You’re covered in **blood**!”

“Just a nosebleed,” I said. “Good thing I’m naked—that shirt I wore this morning is one of my favorites.”

Ok, so I was being much calmer about this than I would’ve guessed. Because **she** was freaking out. This was the first time I’d ever gotten in anything even **resembling** a fight in my **life**. I should’ve been completely nuts about it.

“You need to get to the nurse,” Missy finally said.

“Good plan,” I grinned.

“Do you need help?” she asked hesitantly.

“Yeah, thanks.” I said. She, again hesitantly, took my hand, and we walked to the nurse.

“I can’t believe you did that,” she croaked, in a tone that was half awe and half horror.

“Neither can I, to be honest with you,” I laughed. “Ow. Remind me not to laugh.”

“Jesus,” she said. “What a pair we are. Your face and my crotch. Something tells me we’re not going to be having oral sex any time soon.” I **burst** out laughing, damn the pain, and she turned **bright** red. “Oh my God did I just **say** that?” I was still chuckling—and she was still blushing—when we entered the nurse’s office.

“You two again?” Nurse Evans said. Then she saw my face. “Jesus, Dave, what **happened?**”

“Someone decided to ignore Mr. Tilling’s ‘No touching Missy’ announcement,” Missy said. “Dave took exception.”

“Come here, let me see,” Nurse Evans said, leading me to the table. “The doctor’s here today, so wait a minute. Plus I have to go call Mr. Tilling. Again.”

“He already knows,” I said. Lowering my voice to sound like some bad TV cop, I said, “The backup I called for has already subdued the perpetrator and escorted him to Mr. Tilling’s office.” At least I got a giggle out of Missy.

“I’ll call him anyway,” Nurse Evans grinned. “Be right back.”

She left, and Missy hopped up on the table next to me. “How’s your boob?” I asked her.

“Hurts like hell. How’s your face?”

“Hurts like hell.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Wasn’t **your** fault,” I said.

“Yeah, it was,” she said. “Let’s not forget **why** I’m in The Program.”

“Oh, fuck that,” I said. “It’s gone way beyond that.”

“Yeah, I’m sure me being a bitch all these years doesn’t help,” she said.

“How many people have you physically assaulted?”

“Well, none,” she said.

“Exactly. Some of these idiots seem to have forgotten the ‘sticks and stones’ stuff.”

She thought about that for a while, and then said, softly, “You know, nobody’s ever done what you did for me today. “

“I know.”

“I’m feeling bad about it.”

“I know you are,” I said. “You’re feeling bad because you don’t think you deserve it,” I said. She looked at me in surprise. “Well, you do, at least from me. You’ve been nothing but nice to me all week. And you’ve been treated very badly.”

“You’re my hero, you know that?” she said.

I snorted. “I’m nobody’s hero. Heroes don’t get their faces bashed in.”

“It was the intent, not the result,” she said.

“Look, Missy, don’t build me up to be something I’m not, OK?”

“I’m not,” she smiled. “I just think it’s admirable. Look, you’ve gone out of your way to help someone that you don’t particularly like very much.” I looked at her. “What, you think I didn’t know that?” she grinned. “Remember how this week started, what you said in Mr. Tilling’s office. I think you’ve found yourself responding to what you think is an injustice. Believe me, I’m grateful—but I don’t think it means you’ve changed your opinion on **me** any.”

“Well, yeah I have.” She looked at me. “Changed my opinion of you.”

“You have?”

“I don’t hate you anymore,” I smiled. “But, I’ll be honest—right now I don’t know **what** to make of you.”

“That’s fair, because I don’t know what to make of myself right now either.”

Just then, the Doctor came in. Luckily, my nose wasn’t broken. Just bloodied. I was bruised. I was going to have a hell of a black eye very shortly. I got painkillers.

By the time he got done—he checked Missy’s nipple, too, that was also just bruised—it was time for second period. Missy and I both had English. We walked in together and people just **stared** at us. Honestly, I don’t think too many people were thrilled with me. It was insane. It was like mob rule had taken over the school. Everyone just wanted to see Missy hurt, and that was all that mattered.

I don’t know, was **I** crazy? Maybe I should’ve just let the jackals at her, and kept myself out of it. But I couldn’t. I had seen the look in her eyes yesterday when she was hit. It was complete devastation, and not all from physical pain, either.

The other thing that bothered me is how **resigned** he was to a lot of what was going on. Not yesterday, only because the pain and shame was too much. But other times before that, and again today. When Roger grabbed her, she just **stood** there. This was not, to be blunt about it, the heinous bitch I had known her to be for the past few years. Missy was generally not at all this passive.

Anyhow, with all that going on in my head, I got through the next two classes and made it to lunch. I got my food, and found Missy.

“You probably don’t want to eat with me. The impression that I get is that you’ve joined me on the shit list,” she said.

“Oh, well. In for a penny, in for a pound,” I grinned.

“YO!” I heard from behind me. It was Jared, with Amanda in tow, coming to join us. “Mind if we join you?”

“What, you want to join the school pariahs?” I laughed.

“Yep. Might cut back on this pristine image I seem to have developed,” Amanda grinned. Missy was just looking **stunned**, as Amanda sat next to her. Jared was sitting next to me.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

MISSY

I was stunned. I felt bad enough that **Dave** was sitting there, but he was right—he probably already had the target painted. But Jared and Amanda? I know why they were there—to support **Dave**—and me being there was just going to poison things.

“Excuse me, I think I’ll find another table,” I said.

“Why?” Dave demanded.

“Because your friends are here to support **you**.”

“Yes, but you’re welcome here, too,” Amanda said. “He is supporting **you**, after all.”

“But you guys are friends with all **them**, including **Cassie**!” I said. “What is she going to say if she sees you over here with me?”

“She knows,” Jared said. “We cleared this with her. She’s not upset.”

“In fact,” Amanda said, “I think she’s coming to tell you herself.”

I looked up, and here came Cassie. She said hello to the other three, and then turned to me. “Missy? I owe you an apology.”

WHAT?!?!? “Excuse me?”

“Look,” she said, looking upset, “I just wanted you to have to go through some of the insults you put me through. If I had known it was going to be like **this**, I never would’ve told Mr. Tilling that I thought you did the pictures. This is too much. It’s not right for anyone to go through this. I’m sorry.” And then she started to walk away.

I was stunned. Shamed, embarrassed, guilty. And, believe it or not, angry.

Really angry.

“God DAMN you, Cassandra Vyshenko!” I yelled. She stopped walking and turned towards me, surprise on her face. I stood up, and walked over to where she was. “Don’t you **da**re apologize to me! You did **not** do this to me! For one, **you** haven’t bothered me all week! For two, **I** got **myself** into this, OK? Don’t feel bad. If anyone should be apologizing, it’s **me**! Got it?”

“Got it,” she said with a funny little smile on her face.

“GOOD!” I yelled—and stormed out of the cafeteria. And stopped. At a complete loss, I ran to the nearest bathroom. Which, thankfully, was empty. I sat in a stall and cried for a bit.

When I came out of the stall, Amanda was standing there. “You OK?”

“I’ve been better,” I admitted. “She tries to apologize to me, and I yell at her.”

“I think she took it in the spirit in which it was intended,” Amanda smiled. “She didn’t look upset. I mean, you **did** sort of apologize to her.”

We walked out of the bathroom. Jared and Dave were there. “I don’t know,” I said. “I just got so **mad** at her. I mean, apologizing to **me**? It’s ridiculous! Why the hell would she do that?” I threw up my hands.

“Because she still cares about you,” Dave said.

“Why on **earth**?” I replied.

“You guys were friends for a long time,” Jared said.

“Long enough to have seen the good things about you,” Dave said. “Also long enough to know what your home life is like—which probably leads her to cut you some slack.”

“I’ll buy the home life thing,” I said, “but I don’t know if there’s too many good things about me.”

“If there’s no good things about you, why was Cassie your friend for so long in the first place?” David asked reasonably. That’s one I couldn’t answer. I thought about it for a while.

The afternoon went OK. Mr. Tilling’s edict must have finally set in, because I didn’t get touched. Word got around that Roger was suspended for the rest of the school year, meaning he’d either have to go to summer school or repeat Junior year. **And** he was off the football team. I got out of my final class and walked outside, Dave along side me, as we shared final class.

“How’s your nose?” I asked him.

“OK. So, do I have a black eye?”

“An impressive one,” I laughed. “You want a ride home?” I asked.

“Sure. See, now I’m using you to save me from the horrors of the bus,” he grinned. I just giggled. We got outside, to, surprisingly, no crowd. “Looks like you’re yesterday’s news,” he said.

“Thank goodness!” We found our clothes and got dressed, then headed to my car.

“Hey, you know what? It’s been a long day. I need ice cream!”

“Oh, that’s a **good** idea,” he agreed.

“Fuzzy’s?” I asked.

“Fuzzy’s,” he agreed. Fuzzy’s was the best ice cream stand in town.

We got there, ordered our cones—Dave insisted on paying for mine!—and sat on a bench to eat them.

“How are **you** feeling?” he asked.

“Better,” I said. “Still a little sore, but I should be able to continue my usual wild sex weekends by Friday.”

Dave looked at me, then laughed. “You forget, I was there when the doctor asked you if you were a virgin.”

“Caught me,” I grinned. “Are you?” I asked.

“A virgin? The shy nerd? No, shy nerds are **never** virgins,” he smirked. “Yes. Though two people this week have offered to relieve me of that burden.”

“Really?” I laughed. “Who, and why haven’t you?”

“Well, Amanda. I turned her down because she’s my best friend’s girlfriend, and I’ve had a crush on her for while, and it’s **just** getting to the point where I can stop thinking of her like that. Sleeping with her would **not** help.”

“No, it wouldn’t,” she grinned. “You’re too damn noble, you know that? Who was the other one?”

“Maggie.”

“Now, why’d you turn **her** down?”

“Well, I don’t know. You know what Maggie’s like, and Maggie’s my friend, but I want my first time to be, I don’t know, more special than that. Plus I’m not physically attracted to Maggie.”

“Ah,” I said.

“Now, are you a virgin by choice?” he asked.

I laughed. “I’m a virgin by lack of dates. Although, I will admit, it hasn’t interested me much in the past. I don’t get turned on much.”

“Wish **I** had that problem,” he muttered. I just giggled. “You don’t get turned on?”

“Well, I never used to,” I admitted.

“You do **now**?”

“Uhm, well, I did this morning. A little. When you undressed me.” I couldn’t look at him. “And I did again, well, when you stepped in between me and Roger.”

“ExCUSE me?” He almost dropped his cone! “I can see the undressing one, but....”

“It was strange,” I admitted. “You took his hands off of me and stepped in between us, and I got this little...twinge. No, I’ll be honest—it was a **big** twinge.”

“It’s the caveman instinct,” he said. I just blinked at him. “You know. Evolution. Girls have a genetic instinct to mate with the caveman who can slay the woolly mammoth. Or the football player.” I giggled. “Of course, your twinge must’ve vanished in a hurry when the football player slayed **me**,” he laughed.

“Uh, well, not exactly,” I murmured. He just looked at me. I changed the subject. “Done with your cone?”

“Yup,” he said.

“Good. Let’s go. Your mother’s going to freak when she sees that shiner, you know.”

“Nah. At first, but then she’ll calm down when I explain what happened,” he said.

We drove from Fuzzy’s to his house. My brain was in turmoil the whole time. I wasn’t lying, it was a big twinge. It was hard for me to explain. And it didn’t go away when he got flattened. It got **worse**. It **still** hadn’t gone away.

Anyway, we got to his house. His Mom met us at the door. “Oh, good, I’m glad you’re home I have to go out—DAVID! What **happened** to you?”

“I got in between a football player and Missy. The football player objected,” he grinned.

“Oh, Jesus,” she said. “Are you all right?”

“I’m fine. It looks worse than it is.” He explained to her what had happened.

“David,” she said, “that was very brave and noble.”

“Good, maybe he’ll listen to **you**,” I laughed. “I’ve been trying to tell him that.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Dave grinned.

“Anyhow, I have to go out for about an hour. You!” she said, pointing to me. “Take care of him!”

“Yes, ma’am,” I grinned. She left.

We sat on the couch for a minute. I looked at him out of the corner of my eye. Yup, I was still twinging. About David Shiell, of all people. Not that it did me any good, I was too sore to even do **myself**.

Dave had his eyes closed. He’d had a rough day. And a voice inside my head said, so what are you going to do about it? When was the last time you did something nice for someone? Look at this guy next to you. Look what he did for you. Do something for **him**.

I never would’ve been able to do it without the twinging. If I couldn’t use the twinging to help **me**, maybe I could use it to give me the nerve to help **him**.

I reached for the button on his pants, and undid it.

“Uh, Missy, **what** are you doing?” he said, his eyes opening.

“You’ve been a good boy. You deserve a reward,” I giggled. I pulled his pants down a bit, and his underwear, and freed his dick. “I can’t do a thing to myself because I’m too sore, so **someone** ought to enjoy my twinges,” I giggled. “Besides. I want to do something for

you.” His dick had been soft, but a few touches from me and it was getting un-soft in a hurry.

“You don’t have to do **this**,” he maintained.

“I know. I want to.” I started moving my hand up and down his now hard shaft. “Is this OK?”

“Uhm, yeah,” he managed to get out. I stopped for a minute, and pushed his shirt up higher, to get it out of the way. Then, I kept going. I found myself **enjoying** it. I’d only done this a couple of times—and, both of those times were when I was asked to help with relief for guys in the program. That wasn’t like **this**, though. I was enjoying it to a degree that surprised me. Especially when Dave started moaning. I thought to myself, **I** am doing this to him! It was very satisfying.

I was also having **big** twinges. Damn my sore pussy! Ah, well. I was **still** enjoying myself. And Dave was **really** enjoying it! Oh, he was moaning and gasping and twitching and it was **great**! Finally, he moaned, “Oh GOD Missy!” and came all over my hand.

Dave let out a shudder, and opened his eyes, looking at me in complete astonishment. I just looked at my cum-covered hand and giggled. “Are there any kleenex around?” I asked.

“Over there,” he pointed. I found them, and cleaned my hand off. Then I cleaned up the cum that had dripped on his stomach. I tossed the kleenex into the trash, walked back over to him, pulled his shirt down, and pulled up and fastened his pants. Then I giggled, and kissed him on the cheek.

He looked at me as if I were an alien being that had just beamed down into his living room. “Why on **earth** did you **do** that?” he gasped.

“I wanted to,” I said. Then I looked at him. “You’re upset.”

“No, I am **not** upset. I’m **amazed**. That’s the **last** thing I ever expected you to do.”

“Did you enjoy it?” I asked sheepishly.

“A whole lot,” he grinned.

“Good,” I said, grinning back at him. “Look, I have to go home so my mother doesn’t freak. Are you all right?”

“Perfectly,” he said.

“Want me to pick you up for school tomorrow?” I asked.

“Yes. That’d be great.”

“Good,” I said, and kissed him on the cheek again. “Bye.” And I left.

CHAPTER TWELVE

DAVE

I sat there on the couch, staring into space, after she had left. I **still** couldn’t believe it.

And now I **really** didn’t know what to make of this girl. Look, what she did to me was sweet and generous. Those are **not** two words I would’ve used to describe Missy Jenkins before this. And add that to how passive she had been—another thing, as I’ve said, she never was—and I didn’t know **what** to think

It was all so very complicated.

Mom came in while I was musing. “Hi, honey. Missy leave?”

“Yeah, she had to go home so her mother didn’t freak,” I replied.

Mom looked at me. “David, are you all right?”

“Now **there’s** a question,” I chuckled. “You know, I thought I knew Missy. I thought I knew what she was about. Now I’m not so sure.”

“She’s been through a lot this week. That can cause people to re-think things. What did she do?”

I blushed, but told her. “She said that I needed a reward, so she gave me a handjob.”

“What?” Mom laughed.

“Yeah. She just did it. Did it **well**, I might add—and I don’t think she’s all that experienced in it.”

“What was her attitude?” Mom asked. I looked at her. “I mean, was she grateful? Lusty? Doing it almost like it was a duty? Or what?”

I thought for a minute, and then I realized. “Affectionate. That’s the best word.”

“Uh-oh, I was afraid of that,” Mom said. I looked at her. “You don’t like this girl much, do you?”

“I didn’t,” I admitted. “Now I don’t know. I’ve never thought of her as a nice person. She’s being nice to **me**. And, I mean, before the handjob. I have to tell you, when I got hit by the football goon? The look on her face—I can’t even describe it. And it’s not just because I was sticking up for her when I got hit. It went deeper than that. I mean, she looked like she had just seen her best friend get shot, or something.”

“Well, I need to warn you,” Mom said. “I talked to her a bit this morning, and I realized something. That girl is absolutely **starved** for love.”

“I’ve noticed that, myself.” I looked at Mom. “And you think she’s picked **me**.”

“I think it’s possible.”

“Oh, man,” I said. “I don’t know if I can handle **that**. I mean, up until **very** recently, I thought that girl was the biggest bitch in school.”

“It’s easy to be bitchy when you’re alone, David.”

“She was horribly bitchy to her best **friend**, though!”

“Well, I have to tell you something, David. You’re a guy. You don’t hang around with girls much, and two of the girls you **do** sometimes hang around with, Lily and Maggie, are very unusual. For that matter, Amanda’s fairly unusual, too. The friendships between teenaged girls aren’t always smooth, and rarely is it just **one** of girls’ fault. You know my best friend, Kendra?” I nodded. “We’ve been best friends since we were eight—except for sophomore year in high school. We didn’t **speak** that whole year.”

“Why?” I said, astonished. Kendra and Mom were so close, I thought of Kendra as my second mother.

“The usual reasons. Jealousy, pettiness. She was jealous that I was sleeping with your father. However, her way of **dealing** with that jealousy was going into full goody-two-shoes mode and trying to make me feel **guilty** about having sex with your father. I, of course, tried, in turn, to make her feel undesirable because she didn’t have anyone to have sex with. This, dear son, is **very** typical 16-year-old girl stuff. You don’t see it, because Maggie and Amanda have a very unusual, strong, and non-jealous friendship; and because Lily approaches friendship like a guy does. What Cassie and Missy are going through is more typical.”

“From what you’ve told me, Cassie—with Missy **and** Laura—was the ‘good girl’ of that group, right?”

“Yes,” I said. “Cassie’s a sweetie.”

“To **you**. If you think she never lorded her ‘sweetness’ over the other two, you’re dreaming. Cassie’s not a virgin, is she?”

“No, and not even **before** Frankie.”

“And Missy **is**, you’ve told me.”

“Yes.”

“Another thing to get petty about, believe me. Cassie’s nicer, more popular, and more popular with **boys**. Missy resented it—and, I’m sure there were times when Cassie didn’t help.”

“Hmm.”

“I guess what I’m saying is, don’t think Missy’s going to dump on **you** just because she’s had problems with Cassie. If you enter into a friendship with her—or something more—it’s **not** like the friendship between two girls of your age. And, you know what? I’m making a prediction. Cassie and Missy are going to work it out.”

“Actually, there were little signs of that today.”

“See?” she said. “We know that the bad things Missy did to Cassie were very bad, and very **public**. What we **don’t** know is if they were in response to a bunch of little slights that Cassie had given Missy that piled up in Missy’s mind. I get the feeling that Missy is a **whole** lot more sensitive than anyone realizes.”

“Hmmm.” As usual, Mom had given me a lot to think about.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

MISSY

I drove home rather pleased with myself. It was nice. I don’t get pleased with myself too often.

Why did I do it? Well, I admit it—I wanted my hands on him, just for my own selfish hormone-addled reasons. Though I couldn’t do anything about it myself at the moment, I had a nice little image stored away to aid my fantasies. Hell, the look on his face when he came just by itself almost made me wet!

But, I just felt compelled to **do** something for him, and this was the best thing I could come up with. He’d been **so** nice. And, I kept thinking of what his mother said—why **was** it inevitable that I’d eventually steamroller him? It **didn’t** have to be that way. She was right. I **can** be nice to people. So, I guess, I just wanted to be nice to him.

Me. Nice to somebody. And it felt **good**. Unbelievable.

Anyhow, being nice was over, as I was home.

“Hello,” I called as I walked in.

“Hello, Melissa,” Mom said. “Did they put you back into the program?”

“Well, of course. Do you think Mr. Tilling could stand Daddy’s arm-twisting?”

“No more ‘assaults’ , I hope.”

The fucking bitch. That was sarcastic. “Well, I almost got assaulted. Mr. Tilling didn’t have any choice but to put me back in The Program, thanks to you and Dad, but he **did** make an announcement that nobody was supposed to touch me today. **He** saw how much pain I was in yesterday after the **assault** that I’m supposedly telling tall tales about. Anyhow, some goon decided to ignore his words and tried to rip my right nipple off. David intervened. Got clocked right in the nose for his trouble.”

“Come again?” Mom asked.

“A guy grabbed me, roughly. David stepped in between us to protect me. The guy smacked David in the face. He was going to come after me again, but two of David’s friends grabbed him and held him off. Took him to Mr. Tilling’s office. He got suspended for the rest of the school year from what I understand.”

Just then, Dad walked in. “Hey, what’s going on?”

“Oh, Melissa’s just telling me about her knight in shining armor,” Mom said with a little smirk.

And people wonder why I’m a bitch. Example, example, example.

“What are you talking about?” Dad asked. I told him the whole story.

“Well. All’s well that ends well,” Dad said.

“Yeah. Easy for **you** to say,” I snorted.

“Melissa, I have had just **enough** of you attitude!” Dad yelled.

“Attitude? ATTITUDE? Jesus!” I yelled. “You want me to take my clothes off, so you can see my swollen nipple? Shit, I should’ve taken ‘em off yesterday, you could’ve seen my bruised **pussy**! You might even get to see it now—it’s better, but not completely. Attitude? Tell me something, how hard did you twist Mr. Tilling’s arm to get him to put me back in The Program? Just so **you** wouldn’t look bad! Attitude, my ass.” I started out of the room.

“Melissa, get **back** here!” Dad hollered.

“Why? Why should I? So you can lecture me some more?”

“You seem to forget who are the parents around here and who is the child,” he said tightly.

“OK. Whatever. I’m tired of this. Just do me a favor, OK? The next time you want to see me beat up, just do it yourself, OK? It’d be much easier that way.”

“Melissa, I do **not** want to see you beat up!” Dad said.

“Then why did you coerce Mr. Tilling into putting me back into the damn Program? WHY?”

“Because a Jenkins upholds his or her commitments.”

I snorted. “What, like their **marriage**?”

“I uphold my commitment to your mother,” he said tightly.

“Come on, Dad. Do you think I don’t **know** about the affairs that you two constantly have? I’m not that stupid. I’ve known for years.” They both looked at me in shock. “Great way to uphold your marriage. Of course, it **appears** that the marriage is in good shape, and appearances are all that counts, right? So you want me to stick it out through The Program so I can **appear** to be tough and strong and committed, and thus a credit to the Jenkins family. Well, guess what? I’m not. I’m weak and needy and hurting and confused and sad and scared. But you don’t care about that. As long as it looks good. Just like you don’t care who you fuck behind your spouse’s back, as long as it looks good.” At that, I turned and headed upstairs.

They, thankfully, didn’t bother me the rest of the night.

--End of part three--

MISSY AND DAVID NAKED AT SCHOOL PART FOUR THURSDAY

CHAPTER FOURTEEN DAVID

I woke up Thursday morning feeling, well, strange.

I spent a big chunk of the day with a girl that, three days ago, I didn’t like. And I protected her. **And** she gave me a handjob. And—and this was the **really** strange part—I was looking forward to seeing her again. And not because of the handjob, either. Because of how she **looked** at me while she was giving me the handjob.

But, yeah, I had my mother’s warning ringing in my head, too.

I got up, showered, got dressed, went downstairs. Mom was already there.

“Bacon and eggs?” she asked.

“Sounds great,” I grinned. I was just finishing it up when there was a knock at the door.

“Hi, Missy, he’s almost ready,” I heard Mom say. She led Missy into the kitchen.

“I keep interrupting your breakfast,” she giggled.

“I’m done,” I grinned.

“Are you hungry?” Mom asked her.

“No thank you, I ate at home today,” she said.

“Are you OK?” I asked her. She didn’t look particularly good.

“Yeah,” she said. “Just another blowout with my parents last night, and they were cold as ice to me today. Their big secret is out in the open. I told them last night that I knew about their affairs.”

“Oh,” I said.

“Anyhow, they’re all pissed off now. But can’t say much to me, because they’ve been caught. Anyway. You ready to go?”

“Yup.” We got in her car and drove to school in companionable silence.

We got out of the car and started walking to the undressing area. We were early.

“How’s your face?” she asked.

“A lot better. How about you?”

“Fine, actually. Pain is gone, completely,” she smiled.

“Even down there?”

She laughed, “Yes, David, even down there.”

“Good.” That’s when the idea went through me. And, yeah, I knew I was going to get in deeper if I did it. I didn’t think I much cared anymore.

We got to the entrance. There was a wall there. She was standing up against the wall, and I abruptly reached up her skirt—thank **goodness** she wore a skirt, made things much easier—and pulled her panties down to about her knees. Then, before she could say a word, I grabbed her by the waist, and lifted her so she was sitting on the wall. Then I took the panties all the way off.

“DAVID!” she gasped. “What are you **doing**?”

“This,” I smiled, and trailed my hand up her thigh. She looked at me in utter shock—but her legs opened. I trailed my hand slowly up her thigh. Then, reaching paydirt, I traced my finger up and down her pussy. She gasped, still looking in shock—but her legs spread wider.

“It doesn’t hurt?” I asked quietly.

“Oh, God no, it’s....I mean...oh GOD!” Then I went up and hit her clit. ‘Oh DAVID!’

She was sitting on the wall, and I was standing in front of her—suddenly, her hands went on my shoulders, and she held on to me as I diddled her pussy. I could feel her upper body vibrate through her arms as she moaned and gasped.

Then, it hit her. I could feel her fingernails digging into my shoulders as she let out a high-pitched wail. I withdrew my hand—and she wrapped me in a bear hug.

“Thank you,” she gasped.

“You’re welcome,” I said. “It was my pleasure.”

She hugged me again, and then said, “Oh-oh.”

“What?”

“I think we had an audience.”

I turned around, and there stood Frankie and Cassie. To my relief, they were grinning.

“Nice show,” Cassie said. “Unexpected, but nice.”

“He was just paying me back,” Missy said. She explained what had happened yesterday.

“But **you** were paying him back for helping you. Now **he** played with **you**. You guys could extend this payback thing right through senior year,” Cassie giggled. We all laughed, but I noticed the happy little look Missy gave at that thought.

I was right. I had just gotten myself in deeper. How did I feel about that? I don’t know.

“I must admit,” Frankie said, “this is almost the most surprising thing I’ve stumbled into this week.”

Cassie broke out laughing. “Almost?” Missy asked.

“Yeah,” Frankie grinned. “When you hung around with Cass, did you ever meet my sister Rosa?”

“Sure,” Missy said.

“Well, Mom and the younger ones were out yesterday afternoon. I was **supposed** to be, but baseball practice got cancelled. So Rosa **thought** she’d be home alone. Well, she invited Amber Woodard over—Amber is Lily’s sister, she’s in Rosa’s class.” Missy nodded. “Well, I came home unexpectedly early, and found Amber and Rosa on the couch in a 69.”

“WHAT!” Missy burst out. “You’re **kidding**. Rosa’s, what, **twelve**?”

“Yeah, and Amber’s not even 12 yet,” Frankie giggled. “They’re precocious.”

“I’m a little surprised though,” Missy said, “because I’ve heard Rosa—and Cassie’s sister, Tanya—giggle about boys a thousand times.”

“Oh, Rosa likes boys,” Frankie said. “Amber does, too. But the way Amber put it to me was, ‘Neither of us have a boyfriend, boys our age are all clueless right now, so why not have some fun?’”

“The biggest problem was that they invited Tanya to join in,” Cassie said, “and Tan wasn’t interested. ‘Sex with girls? Yuck!’ was what she told me. But Tan and Rosa have been best friends for so long, I hope this doesn’t affect them.”

“Frankie,” Missy asked, “what did they do when **you** walked in?”

“Oh, I stood there for a good five minutes watching the show,” he laughed. “Then I just walked past them, heading for the kitchen, and said, ‘Afternoon, girls.’ They freaked! Rosa was afraid I was going to tell Mama. I wouldn’t. I just wanted to talk to **them** to see what was up. They’re just experimenting, that’s all.”

The conversation quieted down for a minute, then Missy said, “Cassie? I’m sorry. For last week. I’m so sorry I can’t tell you.”

Good for her.

“Apology accepted,” Cassie smiled. She hopped up on the wall next to Missy. “Do you mind if I ask why?”

“A lot of reasons. Jealousy. Hatred of the program. Petty bullshit.”

“Did you really think my scars were gross?” Cassie asked.

“Yeah, I did,” Missy admitted. “Now, it just doesn’t seem important.” She looked at Cassie, who was wearing one of her new belly shirts, scars showing and all. “Look, Cass, it really wasn’t you. Yes, I thought it was gross. And it also pissed me off that, even with all those scars, you naked was **still** a lot **less** gross than me naked.”

Cassie looked shocked. “I know that you’re self-conscious about your body....”

“Self-conscious?” Missy snorted. “Try self-loathing. I **hate** my body. Well, I used to. I’m not sure if I do anymore. But, yeah, last week, I hated my body with a **passion**. That’s where a lot of the jealousy comes in. You had issues, but you obviously didn’t **hate** your body.”

“There was one other thing,” Missy said. “I was hurt.” Cassie looked at her. “We’re supposed to be best friends. Not only did I not know about the scars, I didn’t even know you’d been in a serious accident. You’d never told me. That hurt.”

“You know what?” Cassie said. “You’re right. That was wrong of me. I should’ve trusted you with it long ago.” She looked at Missy. “The pictures and stuff. That was Laura’s idea, wasn’t it?”

“No way,” Missy said, “I am **not** playing pass the buck. We were both in on it.” I very much admired her for answering that question that way.

“It was Laura’s idea, wasn’t it?” Cassie persisted.

“Yes,” Missy admitted.

“I thought so.” She turned to me. “She allows herself to be manipulated. It comes from being manipulated by her parents. She’s a bitch to most people—but people that she wants to be close to—parents, close friends—she allows them to manipulate her. Laura took advantage of it quite a bit, but if I told you I never took advantage of it, I’d be lying.”

“You would’ve been proud of me last night,” Missy said. “Dad was being his usual pompous hypocritical self—and I finally threw his affairs back in his face.”

“You’re **kidding!**” Cassie gasped. “Good for you.”

“I’m sick of being manipulated,” Missy said.

“Good,” Cassie replied. “I’ll try very hard not to do it to you.”

“And I’ll try very hard not to dump my shit on you. Because I do **that** far too often. Including last week. I just wish I could take it all back.”

“You just did,” Cassie smiled. “We’ll see you later.” She got up, took Frankie’s hand, and walked into the school.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

MISSY

I think I just wanted to burst.

First, I had David giving me a fantastic orgasm. Then, I had a wonderful talk with Cassie.

I admit it, David took me by surprise. He **really** took me by surprise. I didn't expect it. Even after what I did yesterday for him, I didn't expect it. And it was **wonderful**. I didn't know how wonderful it could be.

It was time to start adjusting my attitude towards sex, I think. Good thing I didn't ask for that vaginectomy! It felt **so** good, and when I hugged him afterwards—well, wow!

And then Cassie came along. And I had the guts to apologize. And she had the class to accept it. And we had a nice talk.

You know what? That morning, sitting on that wall, for the first time in a very long time—my life didn't look like a complete fucking disaster. My best friend was speaking to me again. I had a good sexual experience. And then there was Dave.

And how did I feel about Dave? That is one hell of a question. Whatever the feelings were—they were getting stronger, seemingly, by the **minute**. But I didn't want to get my hopes up, didn't want to get out of control. This guy **hated** me four days ago. I didn't count on him feeling **anything** more than friendship—and **that** might have been a stretch.

But, whatever happened, I was **not** going to let it get me down.

David sat on the wall next to me. "You OK?"

"Yeah. I'm **real** OK," I grinned at him. "You have very talented hands."

"It's all that trumpet and saxophone playing," he grinned.

"Well, wouldn't that be even a bigger benefit for your **mouth**?"

"Hmmm. Good question. You'll have to tell me someday," he grinned. OoooOOOOooooo!!!! Was that a joke or a **promise**? I hoped the latter! "Anyhow," he continued, "I'm glad you and Cassie have patched things up."

"Well, we've **started**," I said. "I think it's going to take more than one conversation. I did too much damage to **both** of us. But it was a damn good start."

"You know what?" he said. "You are **not** the same person I knew before this week."

"I hope not," I said. "The thing is, I've been naked all week. But it hasn't just been physical."

"Yeah, I know," he said.

“I used to avoid looking at my body because it repulsed me. I’ve been forced to look at it all week. And one thing I discovered is that the **inside** was more repulsive than the **outside**.” I sighed. “I’ve been focusing all my self-loathing on my body—and my body was never the real problem.”

“Didn’t **I** try to tell you that?” he grinned.

“Yeah. Go ahead and gloat,” I grinned back.

“Missy. There’s a **good** person in there. You just have to find her.”

I thought about that one. I thought hard for a minute. I think I needed help looking for her. But I didn’t say that to him. There was going to be no pushing this, I knew that.

“Anyhow, here comes the crowd, and it’s ten minutes to first bell. Ready to strip?” he asked.

“Yeah, but would you, you know, do me again like yesterday?” I asked hesitantly.

“Only if you do me too,” he grinned.

“Gladly!” I stood up, and reached for the hem of his shirt. I stripped it off him, then moved to the pants. Getting them off him, I moved to his boxer shorts. I didn’t have to take them off to realize he was as hard as a rock. When I did get them off, I realized he was **really** hard!

“You need relief,” I giggled.

“I think you’re right,” he smiled. “You got me all worked up.”

“How did **I** do that?” I said, standing up.

“The look in your eyes when you came.” Wow!

He started taking my shirt off. “I thought you were shy.” I said.

“I thought you were a bitch,” he replied, laughing.

He was taking off my bra. “I think you bring out the best in me,” I admitted.

“Yeah. You might do the same for me,” he replied. He was taking off my skirt. My panties had been off for some time.

“You didn’t wear panties?” someone from the crowd yelled.

“Yes, but he took those off earlier, so he could get his hand between my legs,” I giggled. David just blushed!

We started walking into school. “Jared and Amanda did that for each other during their Program week,” David told me. “You know, undressing each other. Jared told me it was great. He was right.”

“Yeah, he was,” I agreed. “You made my morning, you know,” I told him. He beamed at me.

“Well, Cassie helped,” he said.

“True, but it was mostly you.” We came to the point in the hall where we had to go to our separate classes. “See you next period.”

“See you,” and he leaned over and gave my cheek a little kiss. Even with the no-PDA rules!

I walked to my first class, and I could **not** stop smiling!

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

DAVID

I had a lot on my mind as I walked to my first class. The first thing was a very intense need for relief! I requested such, and got it, first period.

Now that my hormones had stopped screaming in my ear, I could think about other things. And I realized Missy was right. We **did** bring out the best in one another. I had **no** problems talking to her, my shyness just evaporated around her. And she’d gotten so much nicer in the few days we’d been hanging around together.

I think my mind was still groping towards the inevitable conclusion—somehow, **something** had happened during this week—and the result was that I **liked** this girl.

How the hell did **that** happen?

Anyhow, I got to second period, and there she was. “Did you get relief?” she teased.

“Well, yeah,” I admitted.

“Good.” We sat in our seats. The class went on, and, at one point, I felt her looking at me. I turned—and, yes, she indeed was looking at me. With a shit-eating grin on her face.

She **wasn’t** mooning. I’d seen mooning. There are times when Jared looks at Amanda, or vice-versa, and it looks like someone worshipping at the Madonna of Lourdes, or something. You know, that’s them two—that’s how they are. But, since I was still

working out how I felt about Missy, if **she** had looked at **me** like that, I'm pretty sure I would've been spooked.

But she didn't. She looked at me as if she was sizing me up, and liked what she saw. **That** I could deal with. I even enjoyed it. I gave her a big grin back.

After that class was out, we got called down to Mr. Tilling's office. We looked at each other.

"I wonder what **this** is about," I asked.

"Maybe about what happened yesterday, or the day before," Missy said. We headed to the office. Not only Mr. Tilling, but Ms. T was there.

"Sit, you two," Mr. Tilling said. "First, Missy, I want to know how you're holding up."

"OK," she said. "Today has been good, actually. I had a nice long talk with Cassie outside before school."

"Now **that** is good news!" Mr. Tilling enthused.

"I apologized to her," Missy added.

"That's even better news," Ms. T added.

"I agree," Mr. Tilling said. "Now, the first thing I want to say to you is that your experience has made us rethink things. You needed to be punished for what you did last week, but putting you through The Program as punishment was a mistake. We're going to look at other ways of dealing with problem students."

"Well, it wasn't a total mistake," Missy said. I looked at her in surprise. "The abuse and assault and stuff, yeah. But a lot of the rest of it—well, it's helped. It's helped me take a long look at myself."

"That's good, but it should've been less painful," Ms. T said. "How **are** you, by the way, down there? Is it better?"

"Oh, yeah, it's **way** better," Missy giggled with a little glance at me. I had to stifle a laugh myself. I don't know if Mr. Tilling spotted anything—but Ms. T, I think, **did**. "No, I'm fine. Doesn't hurt at all."

"Good," Ms. T said with a little chuckle. "And how's your face, David?"

"Fine. It looks worse than it is. Then again, that's normal for me," I quipped.

"Your face looks fine," Missy replied. "Better than fine. Well, not **now**, but, you know, normally," she giggled.

“You don’t like my badge of honor?” I laughed at her, pointing to my black eye.

“Well, since you got it defending **my** honor, yes, I like it a lot,” she giggled. “But you’ll **look** better when it’s gone.”

I noticed Mr. Tilling and Ms. T giving each other a little grin during this exchange!

“Now, Missy, the bad news is, we still have no idea who assaulted you on Tuesday.”

Missy nodded, resigned. “And I’ll bet you never find out. You know what? If I knew who did it, I don’t know if I would’ve turned him in. Well, I might **now**, but not before.”

“What do you mean?” Mr. Tilling said.

“Before you said what you said about The Program and punishment, I would’ve assumed that, if you caught him, you’d use The Program to punish him.” Missy took a big breath. “And, quite frankly, I wouldn’t wish that on my worst enemy. It **has** done me some good. Maybe if you had done it **privately**, without letting the whole school know I was in it as punishment.”

“I did that because your **offense** against Cassie was public. I can see where it was a mistake, though. I **did** want to see you out of it after Tuesday,” Mr. Tilling said.

“Yeah, and that’s another problem,” Missy said. “Parents have **far** too much control in dealing with The Program. You saw what happened Tuesday, and your decision should’ve been allowed to stick.”

“Well, that’s complicated,” Mr. Tilling said.

“My father threatened your job, didn’t he?” Missy asked.

Mr. Tilling looked startled. Then he said, “Yes, Missy, he did. But that’s not why I relented. He could’ve **tried** for my job. I work for the superintendent of schools, not the city council. He would’ve had a hell of a fight on his hands if he tried for my job when I was acting in what I felt were the best interests of a student under my care.” He took a breath. “Unfortunately, what I **couldn’t** ignore is he threatened to sue the school system. And the case history about schools usurping ‘parental control’ lead me to believe that your father would have won, and easily. That’s one drawback of openness in school, like the Naked in School Program. Because of this, the courts have swung full-force on the side of parental rights. That’s a battle we’d lose.”

“I see your dilemma, and I understand why you had to give in,” Missy said. Then she started to cry.

“What?” I asked her, as Mr. Tilling and Ms. T looked on with concern.

“There are just times when I wish I had **someone** on my side,” she sniffled. “And, no offense, Mr. Tilling, but I mean someone who could **win** one for me.”

“What are you talking about?” Mr. Tilling. “You mean win one **against** your parents?”

“That’s exactly what I mean.”

“But they’re your **parents!**” Mr. Tilling said. “I don’t necessarily agree with your father’s methods, but he’s a well-regarded member of the community.”

“You don’t understand,” she sniffled.

Mr. Tilling and Ms. T looked at each other. Then Ms. T went to Mr. Tilling’s desk and rummaged around, finally finding a business card. “Missy, I think you need to talk to someone, and not either of us.” She handed Missy the business card. “You know Mike Kirkland, right?” Missy nodded. “His mother, Ellie, is one of the best child psychologists in the country, and she works mostly with adolescents. I want you to call her, and make an appointment to talk. Tell her the school sent you, we’ll pick up the tab.”

“As soon as you can,” Mr. Tilling said. “And during school hours is fine, you can come here and get a note. In fact, would you like me to call and set up an appointment?”

Missy looked at him, then at Ms. T, then at me. “From what I’ve seen of your mother, at least—well, you know, I don’t think it could hurt.”

Missy took a deep breath. “Do it,” she said. Mr. Tilling smiled, and made the call. Missy got an appointment for tomorrow morning.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

MISSY

I was a little shook up after that meeting. But, you know what? I **did** need someone to talk to. And I knew Mike Kirkland’s mom had a good reputation—in fact, I knew that Cassie had talked to her about something that was bothering her, and that she had helped. I didn’t know **what** at the time, but I’m guessing it was the scars. But Cassie said that Ellie Kirkland was great and easy to talk to.

David was right. It couldn’t hurt. I was **so** confused at this point that not **much** could hurt.

After our meeting, I had to go to art. Dave gave my hand a little squeeze before he headed off in the opposite direction. **That** was nice and reassuring.

I got into art. We’d not done any drawing this week so far, we’d been discussing the life drawings we had done last week. Now, I wanted to take all the horrible drawings I had done of Cassie and burn them. I wanted a do-over. Ah, well. Anyhow, we were discussing something about angles and bodytypes and stuff, when Natalie Weinberg, the best artist in the class—probably in the **school**--said, “You know what? I’d like to draw Missy.”

WHAT?!?!?

“I think that’s up to Missy,” Mrs. Taylor, the teacher, said. “This hasn’t been an easy week for her. Why would you like to draw her, Nat?”

“Because she’s got a completely different bodytype than Frankie or Cassie,” Natalie said. “There’s a lot more interesting curves and shadows. I think I could do a bang-up job drawing her, and I’d like a crack at it. ”

Why? Just draw a blob with a head on it. I didn’t say that, though. I turned to Natalie, and said, “You want to draw **me**?”

“Yeah, I want to draw you,” Natalie smiled.

“I do, too,” Cassie piped up. “I haven’t gotten to draw a naked girl yet, since the only naked girl that’s posed is **me**,” she giggled.

Did I dare? There were probably people in this class who were looking at the opportunity to draw me as an opportunity to further humiliate me. I knew that. But Cass, after this morning, I don’t think was one of them. And I **knew** Natalie wasn’t. She was too good, and it was too important to her. If she said she wanted to draw me, then she **did**.

I sighed, and got up and walked to the front of the class.

“Let me think of a pose,” she said. I ended up on the couch. Lying, profile, which didn’t thrill me—but Natalie said it was perfect. I was on my back, my head propped up by a pillow up against the arm of the couch. My left side was to the class. My hands were folded over my stomach. My right—back—leg was bent at the knee, but my left leg was straight on the couch. I was looking straight ahead—in other words, up. It looked like I was lying deep in thought.

Which I **was**. I kept thinking that I hoped I didn’t regret this.

Then she had an idea of another one. And oh my GOD where did she get **this** one? She had me lean against a wall that she had on the platform. My left forearm was up against the wall, bent at the elbow. She had me put my right hand on my right hip. Then she had me jut the hip **out**. And **then** she had me tilt my head slightly towards my bent left arm, look out at the class, and smile.

Jesus! This was a come-hither pose! Well, it **would’ve** been if I were **capable** of such a thing! What **was** she thinking?

“You need to look alluring,” Mrs. Taylor said.

“You want alluring, you need another model,” I laughed.

“Oh stop it,” Cassie yelled out. “Here’s a trick—just think of David,” she giggled. “That’s your bedroom door, and Dave’s walking in.”

I looked at her in absolute shock.

“Don’t give me that,” she laughed. “I saw the look in your eyes this morning. Now pose! And think of David!”

My God, was I **that** transparent? Well, apparently I was, at least to Cassie. I guess best friends know you best. So, I took her advice. I thought of Dave. I don’t know if it made me **look** any more ‘alluring’, but it certainly **felt** nice!

Anyhow, we got done, and I got off the platform, and was able to look at the class’s drawings. Yes, some people took out their resentments of me on the paper. There were a couple of drawings of blobs with a head. Fuck it. It was better than getting whacked in the pussy.

Frankie’s, actually, were nice. Cassie’s were **more** than nice! Cassie’s not a great artist, but she’s **good**. I looked at the second one, and said, “Did I really look that happy?”

“Yes, you did,” she grinned.

Then I came to Natalie, and I couldn’t breathe. The first one was stupendous enough. But the **second** one? Somehow, she **did** make me look alluring—but it still looked like **me**.

“How do you **do** that?” I gasped in wonder.

“I don’t just draw what I see, I draw what I feel,” she smiled at me. “When Cass told you to think of David—well, I don’t know how to explain this without sounding like some kind of new-age hippie, but your whole **aura** changed. And that’s what I drew.”

“I am stunned,” I said. Then I noticed she was still drawing. She was making a copy of that second drawing.

“What’s that for?” I asked.

“You’ll see,” she grinned. “Actually, the copy’s for me. It’s the original I need for something.”

I just looked at her and shrugged my shoulders. Just then, the bell rang. Time for lunch.

I headed down, found a table, and Dave quickly joined me. Then Jared and Amanda joined us. **Then** Frankie and Cassie! Cassie sat down right next to me.

“Do you mind?” she asked.

“Of course not!”

Then the whole **gang** of theirs crowded around the table! Mike, Lily, Ed, Natalie, Maggie, all of them. I was absolutely stunned.

“Hey,” Cassie said to me, “tell Dave what just happened in art.”

“Oh,” I blushed. “Cassie and Natalie talked me into posing.”

“That’s great!” Dave said. “Did it go OK?”

“Yeah, it went really well,” afraid to say anything more. Well, I didn’t have to.

“You should’ve seen it,” Natalie told Dave. “Mrs. Taylor put her in this come-hither pose, and told her to look alluring. She said she couldn’t. So Cassie told her to think of **you**.” Dave blushed at that! “You know what? It worked,” Natalie grinned. Then I saw it in her hands. She wasn’t. She **was**! “When she was thinking of you, **that** is what she looked like,” Natalie continued, and handed over the drawing she had just made. “Since that look was for you, I figured you should have it. I made a copy for myself.”

David stared at the drawing for a good long couple of minutes. Then he looked at me. Then he looked at the drawing again. He was swallowing furiously, like he had a lump in his throat. Then he looked at me again! I couldn’t identify the look in his eyes. Then he looked at Natalie. “Nat,” he croaked, “would you mind signing this for me?”

“My pleasure,” Natalie smiled, and produced a pen, and signed the drawing. Dave smiled at her, and stared at the picture again. Then, suddenly, clutching the drawing, he got up. “Be right back,” he said to me, and flew out of the cafeteria.

“What got into **him**?” Jared asked.

“I don’t know,” I said, but I was afraid of the answer. Luckily, he was back in less than five minutes, carrying a cardboard tube.

“It was going to get ruined,” he smiled at me, “so I went down to ask Mrs. Taylor if she had anything to put it in until I got home. She rolled it up carefully for me and put it in this. I want this on my wall.”

He DID?

“If you’re going to hang it, you want to mount it on board and cover it with acrylic, so it doesn’t smudge,” Natalie told him. “I’ve got both, if you need it. And hang it in a place that doesn’t get a whole lot of direct sunlight.”

“I’ll take you up on that,” Dave smiled. He handed the tube back to Natalie, who promised to get it to him soon.

“You’re really going to hang it up?” I said softly.

“Yes,” he smiled. “You were really thinking about me?”

“Yeah,” I blushed. He just grinned at me.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

DAVID

All right, things had been kind of building in my mind for at least the past couple of days. But the picture—well, that’s when I **knew**.

I had seen that look. It was the look she gave me right after she came under my hand this morning. But, you know, that was post-orgasmic and all that good stuff. This **wasn’t**. This was just from **thinking** of me. And to see it on paper like that? Drawn by someone as talented as Natalie Weinberg? It was like a punch to the gut.

That’s when I knew. Something was happening between us. I wasn’t quite sure **what**, but it was something.

You bet your **ass** it was going on my wall. Nobody had **ever** looked at me like that. Even if it was by proxy.

The bell rang, and we headed for Bio. I reached out for her hand as we walked. She happily accepted it. I could hear Jared and Amanda giggling behind us. I didn’t mind.

The rest of the day passed nicely, and we went outside to get dressed. Missy offered me a ride home again.

“Do you drive?” she asked.

“Yeah, but we only have one car, so I have to fight Mom for it,” I laughed.

“Good. So now I get to play chauffeur.”

“You keep **volunteering!**” I teased her.

“I know,” she laughed. “You’re good company.”

“So are you,” I said. She shot me a grateful smile. We got to my house.

“Do you want to come in?” I asked her.

“I’d love to, but I really shouldn’t. I’ll walk you, though,” she said.

“Isn’t the boy supposed to walk the girl to her door?” I laughed.

“Who cares?” she giggled, and took my hand as we went up my walk. “I’d love to come in, but unfortunately I have tons of homework I’m behind on. And I want to get a good night’s sleep before I see Ellie Kirkland in the morning.”

“Yes. Good luck with that, by the way.” She just smiled. Then I did it. “Would you like to go out with me tomorrow night?”

“YES!” she shouted. Then she giggled. “Oops. Was that **too** eager?”

“No,” I laughed. We were at my door. I looked at her. “Missy, is it all right if I kiss you?”

“I really wish you would,” she whispered. So I did. A nice long one. I’d kissed the odd girl or two, but not like **this**. I felt it from head to toe.

After we broke the kiss, I saw it, for real. That look. And then she stared laughing.

“What’s so funny?” I asked.

“You asked for permission to **kiss** me, but you didn’t ask permission this **morning!**”

“You’re right,” I laughed. “Then again, you didn’t ask for permission yesterday, either.”

“True,” she giggled, then she leaned up and said, “Do I need to ask permission to kiss you again?”

“No,” I smiled, and so she did. It was as good as the first.

Reluctantly breaking it, she said, “Oh, I wish I didn’t have to go, but I do.”

“I know.”

“See you later,” she said, heading down the walk. “Oh, and don’t forget, I won’t be there in the morning so you have to take the bus and strip by yourself.”

“I suppose I’ll live,” I grinned. She grinned back, waved, got in her car, and was gone. I went into the house.

“Nice show,” Mom said, grinning, the minute I walked in.

“Were you spying on me?” I said in mock-horror.

“Absolutely. I heard the car door and was coming to the front door to welcome you. Good thing I looked out the window first, to make sure it was you. And saw some serious kissing,” she laughed.

“Damn nosy mothers,” I laughed.

“So, what’s going on?”

“Something. Not quite sure what yet.” I told her about all the events of the day.

“Wow, that picture hit you hard, didn’t it?” she said.

“Wait until you see it.”

I helped her make supper, we ate, and we were just lounging around, chatting, when there was a knock on the door. I went to open it. “Hey, Nat!”

“Hey, Dave. I didn’t want to lug this into school, so I brought it over.” She had the picture with her, properly mounted and laminated.

“Wow, that was fast!”

“I knew you wanted it,” Natalie grinned.

“Hey, Mom, this is Natalie. Nat, this is my Mom.”

“Nice to meet you,” Mom said. “Is this the artist?”

“This is she,” I said. I held up the picture for my Mom to see.

“Wow. WOW!” she said. “That’s two wows for a reason. One is because you are incredibly talented, Natalie.”

“Thank you,” she blushed.

“The other wow was for that **look**! David, you weren’t kidding, were you?”

“Nope.”

“Well, I’ve got to go,” Natalie said. “Ed’s waiting for me at his house. And he gets very impatient,” she giggled. “I just wanted to drop this off.”

“Thanks a lot, Nat. See you in school tomorrow.”

“See you,” she grinned, and she was off.

“Ed Bauer?” Mom asked.

“Yeah, Nat is Ed’s girlfriend.”

“This is something else,” Mom said, still staring at the picture. “You, my son, are in big, big trouble,” she grinned.

“You know what? Somehow, I don’t seem to mind.” She laughed, and I took the picture upstairs and hung it.

--end of part four--

MISSY AND DAVID NAKED IN SCHOOL
PART FIVE
FRIDAY

CHAPTER NINETEEN
MISSY

I was eating breakfast the next morning when my parents came down.

“Aren’t you going to be late for school?” Mom said.

“I’m going in late today. Mr. Tilling knows all about it. I have an appointment at 8:30.”

“What kind of appointment?” Mom asked.

“I’m going to see a psychologist,” I told them.

“I don’t **think** so,” Dad blurted out. “No Jenkins is going to see a psychologist.”

“Then I’ll just have to change my last name to Lipschitz, won’t I?”

“Don’t get smart with me, young lady,” Dad barked.

“Well, what do you want me to say? If I’m a Jenkins, then a Jenkins is going to see a psychologist. I need to do this,” I asserted.

“I know this week has been a little hard on you, but we can work it out in the family,” Dad said.

“No, we can’t.”

“Who are you going to see?” Mom asked.

“Ellie Kirkland.”

Mom and Dad shot each other a look at that one. It was a rather alarmed look. “Listen, Missy, if you really feel the need to see a shrink,” Mom said, “why don’t you let us find you one?”

“Because this isn’t about you, it’s about me,” I replied. “Besides which, what’s wrong with Ellie Kirkland? She’s very well regarded. I know that she’s written books and everything.”

“Yes, but those books are controversial,” Dad claimed.

“We just think we could find you someone better, honey,” Mom pitched in.

“Her ideas aren’t widely accepted,” Dad added. “I just think you’d be better off with someone more in tune with what our family is like. Ellie Kirkland’s theories can screw up kids who aren’t prepared for them.”

You know what? I had sit here, and seen them go from screaming to cajoling in an instant. Me seeing a psychologist was horrible—until they found out **who** I was seeing, and then me seeing a psychologist wasn’t quite so horrible—as long as it wasn’t Ellie Kirkland. Cassie was right. I was being manipulated. And I was tired of it.

“You know Ellie Kirkland has a son, Mike, he’s in my class,” I said. Mom and Dad nodded. “I don’t know Mike well, but I know him enough. Let me tell you about Mike Kirkland. He’s a good student. He’s the starting catcher on the baseball team, and he’s good at it. He’s got a large circle of friends, and they all adore him. Even outside his circle of friends, he’s one of the best-liked kids in school. He’s kind and decent. He’s got a girlfriend, Lily Woodard, the pitcher--and those two have a relationship that’s the envy of the whole school.”

“You want to talk about Ellie Kirkland’s theories. I see the **result** of them every day. If **that** is ‘screwed up’—well, I should be praying to God every night to be that ‘screwed up’.”

My parents looked at me in shock.

“I’m going now, to my appointment. With Ellie Kirkland.” And I got up, and that’s just what I did.

Ellie was waiting for me when I got to her office, which was in her house. “Thank you for seeing me, Ms. Kirkland,” I said.

“Please, call me Ellie. You go by Missy, right?” I nodded. “Good. Bob Tilling called me and gave me some background on you. I know about the incident last week, and I know The Program has been rough on you. But Bob thinks there’s something more. That’s why he wanted me to see you. Now, why did **you** agree to see me?”

I took a deep breath and said, “A lot of reasons. I’m confused and scared. I don’t know who I am. I know who I **was**. Over the past week I realized I’ve come to hate that person. I don’t want to be who I was anymore. But I don’t know who I am now.”

“Who were you?” she asked.

“The school bitch.”

“Why?”

“Now **that** is a very complicated question,” I sighed. “I don’t know. Jealousy. Attention-getting. Armor.”

“Armor?” she asked.

“It was easier to be bitchy than depressed.”

“Ah,” she said. “But now you’re depressed, aren’t you?” I nodded. “And I don’t think the jealousy and the desire for attention have diminished, have they?” I nodded no. “Why?”

“Aren’t you supposed to tell **me** that?” I laughed.

“It’s easier if you figure it out on your own,” she smiled.

I thought, and then I admitted it. And it was a **huge** admission for me to make. “Why? Because I feel....unlovable.”

“Why do you feel that way?”

“Because nobody loves me. Nobody ever has.”

“Well, Mr. Tilling told me about all that’s gone on, **and** he told me about your conversation with Cassie. She forgave what you did, Missy. I think she probably loves you.”

I smiled at that. “OK, you might be right. Of course, I almost **destroyed** that friendship, but you’re right. We’re still a little strained right now, but it’s fixable.”

“Good. There’s one. What about your parents?”

“My parents don’t love me,” I asserted. “I’m a front. I’m a front for their marriage, which is littered with affairs, on both sides. I’m a front for their happy leaders-of-the-town lifestyle. I’m expected to be the dutiful daughter, and be a credit to the Jenkins name, and not embarrass them, and that’s it. Love doesn’t even factor into the equation.”

Ellie sighed. “OK. I suspected that might be the problem. Look, what I’m about to say is probably very unprofessional of me, but I know your parents. Everyone in town does. If they treat you like they treat other people, I’m not surprised you have a problem with them.” I looked at her in shock. You mean, somebody in this town **got** it? She smiled. “I don’t know if you know this or not, but your father hates my guts.”

I cracked up laughing. “Oh, you should’ve seen him this morning. It was bad enough that a Jenkins actually stooped to seeing a **shrink**. But when he found out it was **you**? The veins in his temple started to throb. Oh, they were **not** happy. Dad told me your theories are controversial, and you screw kids up.”

“What did you say to that?”

“I told them that if your son was any evidence, I’d like to be that screwed up.”

She smiled at me. “That might be one of the nicest compliments I’ve ever gotten. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome,” I beamed. “But it’s true. I could scour Westport High in vain to find **anyone** that **doesn’t** like Mike. Even **I** like him. And I don’t like anybody.”

“I think, deep down, you like more people than you realize. It’s just that your **treatment** of them hasn’t always borne that out. You **like** Cassie.”

“Yeah, I do.”

“And, Mr. Tilling told me to ask you about David.”

I looked up with a start. “David?”

“Mr. Tilling thinks that it’s important that you talk to me about David. Now, **I** don’t know why. So you have to tell me.”

“David’s my program partner. He’s the one who took me to the nurse when I was assaulted. He also got in between me and another guy on Wednesday and got a black eye for his trouble. This is a guy who **hated** me and, on Monday, told Mr. Tilling he didn’t want to have anything to do with supporting me. But, as soon as I got in real trouble, there he was. He hasn’t left.” I took a deep breath. “And I have never felt about another guy the way I feel about him. I don’t know what it is, but it’s almost overwhelming.”

“Is it just gratitude?”

“No,” I said. “Sure, that’s there, but that’s not all it is.” I grinned. “I repaid him for his services, anyhow. I gave him a handjob on his couch Wednesday.”

She cracked up laughing at that. “Has anything else happened?” I told her about him repaying the handjob yesterday morning, the picture, him asking me out, and the kiss yesterday afternoon.

“You posed in art class? That took a **lot** of guts.”

“Hey, they wanted to draw a fat girl. So I let them.”

She glared at me. “You obviously liked Natalie’s drawing of you.” I nodded. “Did Natalie draw a ‘fat girl’?”

“No,” I admitted. “She didn’t draw a **skinny** girl, but she didn’t draw a fat girl.”

“Yet, she drew **you**.”

“Artistic license,” I laughed.

“I know Natalie Weinberg’s drawings, so don’t try to pull that on me,” she scolded. “Natalie draws what **is**.”

I thought about that for a minute, and said, “It took my breath away. I looked like a goddess. OK, a slightly rounded goddess. Not fat, but slightly rounded. But a goddess nonetheless.” I took a breath. “That picture is hanging on Dave’s wall—if it’s not now, it will be soon, Nat’s mounting it for him. But he’s putting that picture on his wall. That scares the living shit out of me.”

“You like Dave,” she said simply. It wasn’t a question. I just nodded. “Why does that scare you?”

“Because I don’t know how he feels. He hated me four days ago. How can that change so quickly?”

“Because **you** have? Missy, if he hated you, he wouldn’t be hanging a sultry nude drawing of you on his wall. Especially one done while you were thinking of him. He wouldn’t have asked you out. He wouldn’t have kissed you. Helping you out when you were in trouble? Yeah, he wouldn’t have had to like you to do that, he would’ve just had to be a nice guy. But the rest? You only do that stuff to and for and about people you **like**.”

“I guess I’m afraid he won’t like me when he finds out what I’m really like.”

“We started this conversation with you telling me you didn’t know who you were. So why do you assume the bitchy Melissa is what you’re really like? It’s not. It’s, like you said, armor, a defense mechanism. Do you really want to be that person anymore?”

“No,” I said.

“Then **don’t**. Melissa, you need to cultivate relationships. You need to figure out who cares about you, and that’s where you direct your energies. Cassie cares about you. David does, too. Start there. Figure out **why** they care about you. There’s a reason. And you know what it is—they see through all the crap. David’s seen the real Missy all week, because having the bad experience you’ve had in The Program wore your defense mechanisms down. Cassie’s been your friend for years, so she’s seen the real Missy, too. Look for validation in people who reaffirm the **good** things about Missy. And those that

don't, avoid them. Or, if you can't avoid them, ignore them." She was talking about my parents, and we both knew it.

"You know why your father hates me?" she said. I nodded no. "Because one of my big theories is that adolescents have rights, even when those rights conflict with the desires and wishes of their parents. Now, this is very contrary to the pro-parental-rights movement that's flared up in this country the past few years. But I've seen too many damaged kids in this office, and by far most were damaged by parents. If you were being abused, I could get you out of that house. But you're not."

"No, I'm not, and sometimes I feel like a big fat crybaby," I admitted. "I could have it worse."

"Yes, you could, but you're not a crybaby. Everybody deserves to be loved, Missy. You're not unlovable. It might just be that your parents are incapable of love, did you ever think of that?"

When I left Ellie's office, I had a lot to think about. And she told me I could come see her anytime. I think I might take her up on that.

I got back to school, undressed—alone, for a change--and went to Mr. Tilling's office. It was about 10 minutes before the end of second period, so he told me to just wait for the bell and go to third period. With 10 minutes to kill, I did something very impulsive.

I went to the school nurse and got the birth control shot.

I'd never even **thought** of doing that before! And I wasn't quite sure why I was doing it **now**! Was I going to try to get David into bed?

Well, maybe.

Anyhow, I got the shot, and then put it out of my mind. At least I didn't have to worry if I **did** decide to get David into bed. Of course, now I didn't have an excuse to chicken out, either. I just couldn't stop thinking about his hand between my leg yesterday.

Anyway, since I missed the beginning of school, and second period, I didn't see David before lunch.

"Hey," he said as I plopped into the seat across from him. "How'd your appointment go?"

"Good. Very good. She gave me a lot to think about that I kind of have to sift through, but it was good."

"That's good. Uhm, are we still on for tonight?" He looked so **worried**! What, did he think I was going to see Ellie, revert to bitchy Missy, and cancel the date? I must admit, though, it was flattering how worried he looked!

“Of **course** we’re still on for tonight!” I said. He gave me a relieved smile. “Look, can I ask you a question? How do you feel about me?”

He looked at me intently, and sighed. Then he said, “Well, you know I didn’t think much of you before this week. But, I don’t know. Maybe I’m wondering if that wasn’t really you. Or something. This is hard to explain. But the Missy I’ve seen **this** week—well, I like you. A lot. I don’t know much beyond that, but I like you. I wouldn’t have asked you out if I didn’t.”

“Thank you,” I grinned at him. “I like you too, you know. And I’m sorry for baiting you, but I really needed to hear you say that right now.”

“Good, then I’m glad I said it,” he grinned back. Just then, the gang joined us.

“How’d it go with Ellie Kirkland?” Cassie asked.

“Good. Very good,” I told her.

“I’m glad. Listen, if you weren’t doing anything tonight, maybe we could get together?” Oh, no, why **tonight**? I really wanted to repair my relationship with her, and I wanted to get together, but not **tonight**! “And, I was thinking, maybe Frankie could join us. And Dave, if he wanted to. We could all go do something.”

I almost laughed, but managed not to. “Actually, Dave and I have a date tonight,” I grinned.

“Why, did you want to double?” Dave asked.

Cassie burst out laughing. “Frankie, we’re too slow on the ball, it seems. No, this is your first date, right?” I nodded. “Nope, we’ll find something else to do. You two go out, have a good time, we’ll double some other time.”

Frankie was grinning from ear to ear. “Some matchmakers **we** are, huh? The intended targets beat us to the punch!”

That’s when it dawned on me—and Dave, too, as we looked at each other and started laughing. “You guys were trying to set us up?” I laughed.

“Yeah,” Cassie said. “We didn’t know what was going on yesterday, and with all that talk of payback and other crap, we didn’t know if you two were actually going to get together on your own or not. So, we decided to give you two a push. Not knowing that it wasn’t needed,” she grinned.

“No, it wasn’t,” I giggled. “But thank you. It was a very sweet thought.”

“You’re welcome,” she smiled.

Dammit. Ellie Kirkland was right. She was **so** right.

I had to do something. I couldn't say it, not now. I'd never be able to get it out. So, I wrote it. After Cassie left the lunch table, I grabbed a piece of paper, and wrote her a little note. On the way to biology, I slipped it in her locker, knowing she stopped there after the next period. It said:

Cass,

Thank you for being my friend, even after all the shit I've pulled. It means more to me than you'll ever know, especially right now. I love you. Missy

After Bio, I walked past her locker. Not close enough for her to see me, but I could see her. I saw her reading it. She was crying. And I got out of there before I started.

CHAPTER TWENTY

DAVID

She seemed different, somehow, when I saw her at lunch. More at peace, yet more apprehensive at the same time, if that's possible. But when I told her that I liked her, a lot of the apprehension went away.

It seemed that it was becoming increasingly important to her how I felt about her. Look, I **did** like her, but I liked **this** Missy. I didn't like the one I had known before this week. Which one was the real one?

Although, going to see Ellie Kirkland was a good sign. I saw her for a while during middle school—even though it was years after Dad died, it crept up on me. I saw Ellie for a few months. It helped, a **lot**. She knows her stuff. The fact that she went to see Ellie impressed me.

As did what I found out after school. When she came in to last period, she looked—well, it's hard to describe. Not upset. But emotional. I couldn't talk to her then, but we walked out of school together, and got dressed together. Then I walked with her to the parking lot.

"Would you mind holding me?" she said, tentatively, out of a clear blue sky. I opened my arms, she leapt into them, and started bawling her eyes out. I let her, and, after she had calmed down, I said, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong. I'm just emotional." She took a deep breath. "Ellie talked to me today about finding out who cares about me, and trying to see myself the way **they** see me. And, after that, I get to lunch and see Cass with her grand scheme to get us together." She smiled at that. "I was so touched by that, you have no idea. Even after all the shit I pulled, she still cares about me. I couldn't say anything, but I put a note in her locker."

"What did it say?" I asked her.

“Basically, it said thank you for being my friend even with all my shit. And it said that I loved her. She opened it after fifth period. I saw her, but she didn’t see me. She was crying. I held **mine** in until just then,” she smiled.

Just then Cassie came barreling down the parking lot, Frankie in tow. Cassie took one look at Missy, and started bawling. As did Missy. They ended up bawling in the midst of a hug. Frankie shot me a wry look as if to say “Blubbering females!” But these were the two most beautiful blubbering females I’d ever seen.

“I love you, too, you know,” I heard Cassie say. “The **real** you. And we both know who the real you is.” Missy just grinned and blubbered some more.

After they had left—Frankie had a game, and Cassie went to watch him play—Missy leaned on her car, rather spent.

“You look beat,” I said.

“Long emotional day,” she replied.

“Do you still want to go out tonight?”

“Absolutely!” she beamed at me. “In fact, get in this car. I have to get you home, and go get ready. By the way, am **I** picking **you** up?”

“No,” I laughed. “My turn. I wrangled the car from Mom.”

“OK,” she grinned, and we got in. We didn’t talk much on the way home, but she was in a good mood. We pulled up to my house, and I leaned over and kissed her on the cheek. “We’ll save anything else for tonight,” I said. She giggled. “Six OK?”

“Six is fine. See you then.”

I got out, and walked up to the door.

“What, no shows today?” Mom laughed when I got in.

“You need a job. Well, one that gives you more hours.” Mom worked “mother’s hours” in a boutique downtown. We weren’t hard up for money, Mom had won a huge lawsuit when Dad had died.

“You stay out of my working life.”

“As long as you stay out of my love life,” I teased. “Missy had a very eventful day,” I said, changing the subject. I described some of it to her.

“She’s love-starved. I told you that,” Mom replied when I was done.

“You know what? So am I.” She looked at me in surprise. “Maybe not as much as she is, because I’ve got **you**, and a couple good friends I know I can count on. But, Mom, the way she **looks** at me! I’ve realized that I need that.”

“How do you feel about **her** right now?”

“I like her, a lot, as long as what I’m seeing **this** week is who she really **is**. And I’m becoming more and more convinced that it is. I can’t believe how open she’s become, today especially. Writing that note to Cass took a **lot**, I know that much. Going to see Ellie took a lot as well.”

“Yes, I agree. Just be careful.”

“Yeah, I know.”

“So, you got through The Program, anyway,” she grinned.

“Yes, I did,” I grinned. “And it wasn’t so bad. Well, I could’ve done without the black eye, but it wasn’t so bad outside of that. Imagine that.”

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

MISSY

I got home. Things had gone very well today. I thought they’d go well tonight, with David. Somehow, I didn’t think they were going to go very well in the interim.

I went up to my room, hoping not to see anyone. Unfortunately, Mom caught me.

“So, you made it through The Program,” she said snottily.

“More or less,” I said.

“Well, did you learn anything?”

“Actually, I did,” I admitted. “I learned a lot. I learned that I need to cultivate relationships with people that care about me, that I need to bask in their caring and not abuse them. Cassie **really** does care about me. What I did to her was inexcusable. I need to stop doing that.”

“Good,” she said in a self-satisfied way.

“I also learned how to figure out exactly who **does** care about me. But the bad thing I learned is that the list of people who care about me is far too small. And that that list does not, I’m sorry to say, include you. Or Dad.”

“What?” she said.

“You don’t,” I said, in an even tone of voice, albeit a bit sadly. I wasn’t going to raise my voice. “To you, I’m a thing. That’s the way you are. Our old house wasn’t ‘good enough’ for the Jenkins family, so we moved here a few years ago. The Mercedes gets a ding? Buy a new one. There’s a new top of the line home entertainment system available? Gotta have it, even though the old one is perfectly fine. Jeez, you and Dad even do it to each other. Sex with your spouse isn’t quite up to par? Find somebody else to fuck. As long as everything **looks** good to everyone else, then all is well.”

She was looking at me in shock. But I wasn’t done.

“The problem is, you do it to me, too. But, horror of horrors, you can’t trade me in for a new model. You’re stuck with me. You expected the Mercedes of daughters, and you’re stuck with a Chevy. And you can’t stand it. You and Dad are users. You use other people, you use possessions. And you try to use me, but since I don’t meet your expectations, you find me mostly useless. And that’s just how you treat me.”

“Now, if you’ll excuse me, I have a date tonight. With David, who—surprise surprise—is on the list of people who care about me. And I need to find something to wear.” I walked into my walk-in closet, and rummaged around for an outfit. When I came back out, she was gone.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

DAVID

I picked her up at six. She was waiting for me, and came out the door before I even had a chance to knock.

“Hi. I figured you wouldn’t want to deal with any parents,” she giggled. “I said some pretty horrible things to my mother today, so I’d rather avoid her. Things that needed to be said, mind you.”

“Well, let’s go, then, before I find myself in the middle of a crossfire,” I giggled.

We got in the car and drove off. “What did you say to her?”

“Oh, just some unpleasant truths,” she said. “They don’t love me, you know. Never have.”

“Well, I know they’re difficult...”

“Oh, they’re more than difficult. Believe me. Anyhow, can we talk about something more pleasant?” she grinned.

“Sure. Where are we going to eat?”

“Ah, food. That’s a pleasant thought, always,” she giggled. “You sure you want me to go out to eat with you? I eat a lot.”

“Good. I like a girl with a healthy appetite.” She giggled at that. “I was thinking Luciano’s.”

“Oh, I **love** Luciano’s,” she gushed. “You’d better watch out, though. You take me there, I might eat you right out of your wallet.”

“Well, it’s Friday. They have the all-you-can-eat Linguine with Clam Sauce special on Fridays.”

“Linguine with Clam Sauce? My **favorite!**” she enthused.

“Well, what are we waiting for, then?” We went to Luciano’s.

We got a table, and ordered. “Oh, I love this place,” she gushed. “I love Italian food, anyhow. I’ve been known to come here by myself, when I’m upset or nervous. Which is when I tend to eat a lot.”

“Then you won’t be eating a lot tonight,” I said.

“Like hell I won’t.”

“You’re upset?”

“No, I’m **nervous!**” she blurted. I had to chuckle at that.

“Well, so am I,” I said. “But it’s OK, you know.”

“David,” she said, looking right at me, “I’m going to lay all my cards on the table. I like you. A **lot**. That makes me nervous. I’ve never ever felt about any other guy the way I feel about you, OK?”

“Well, same goes for me,” I said. She **beamed** at me! “I also like you a lot. What a surprise **that** was.”

“Yeah,” she said, “and part of you is still dreading the return of horrible Nasty Missy, right?”

“I think I was. After today, I don’t think I am anymore.”

“What?” she said, incredulous.

“Nasty people don’t write notes like the one you wrote to Cass. Nasty people don’t go to Ellie Kirkland for help. Nasty people don’t ask me how I feel about them, and then look at me like the answer means everything in the world.” She was looking at me wide-eyed. “And nasty people certainly don’t—well, Missy, do you realize you’re the first girl I’ve

ever been able to really **talk** to? **Nice** girls intimidate me. Nasty ones? They make me want to go hide in the corner. **You** don't intimidate me at all. Somehow."

"Oh, God," she whimpered. "I don't know what to say."

"Don't say anything," I smiled. Just then, the waiter brought the food. "In fact, don't say anything, eat instead!"

"I'll buy that," she giggled. We ate in companionable silence. And I noticed that she really didn't eat all that much.

Afterwards, we paid the bill, and headed to the car.

"Would you like to do something else?" I asked her.

"Yes. I would like you to take me home." Uh-oh, I thought. But then she grinned at me. "There's nobody there."

I grinned back, but then thought—oy, what does she want to do? Was I ready for **that**? She must have seen it, because she said, "Look, Dave. We don't have to do anything we're not ready for. I just want to be alone with you."

"OK. I'd like to be alone with you, too," I smiled.

We pulled up into her driveway. She took my hand and led me into the door.

"Melissa! Is that you?" we heard shouted.

"Oh, damn," she hissed. "They were supposed to be **out**!"

"You want to sneak back out the door?" I grinned.

"Nah, it won't work." Just then her parents walked into the room. "I thought you both had plans," she said to them.

"We cancelled them. We've been waiting for you. We need to talk," her father said in a very stern tone of voice.

"I'm on a **date**," she said. "We came back here to watch TV and stuff."

"Date's over," her father hissed. "Goodbye," he said to me.

"Oh, you should let him stay. Then he can find out about what a loser I am, can't he?" she said

"Melissa..." her father hissed.

“Give me a couple minutes,” she said, then grabbed my hand and led me out the door.
“I’m sorry,” she said.

“It’s OK, but I’m worried about you.”

“Don’t. I can handle them. Are you busy tomorrow?”

“No.”

“Good. They **are** going out tomorrow, it’s one of my Mother’s charity things that they **can’t** skip. Instead of going out, you can come here and I’ll make dinner for us. I’m a very good cook.”

“OK. But I’m calling you in the morning, to make sure everything’s all right. And if you need to get out of there tonight, **you** call **me**.”

“I will. And thanks. But I’ll be fine.” She leaned up and kissed me. It turned into an absolutely earth-shattering kiss. She was **clinging** to me by the time we broke the kiss.
“Damn. And now I have to make you go away?” she said.

“And now I have to **go** away?” I chuckled. “But I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“OK,” she said, and I walked to the car. I drove home, worried. I hoped she’d be all right. I just didn’t trust her parents.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

MISSY

I hate them. I really do. They broke up a perfectly wonderful date so they could yell at me—I knew what was coming. If they expected me to be compliant, ending my date early was **not** the way to go about it.

I walked into the living room, and there they were, waiting. “Thanks, folks. That was a very nice date you two just ruined.”

“We couldn’t care less about your date being ruined,” Dad said.

“Par for the course,” I replied.

“What?”

“Well, that seems to be your whole attitude towards me, isn’t it? You couldn’t care less.”

“Melissa, I am **tired** of this!” Dad screamed. “What you said to your mother this afternoon is inexcusable! We are your parents, we deserve respect!”

“Then start EARNING it!” I screamed back. “What the hell am I supposed to respect? A bully? You bullied Mr. Tilling with your threats earlier this week. Am I supposed to respect **that**? Or maybe that you’re both adulterers, oh **that’s** a nice thing to respect! Or maybe the fact that you manipulate people—something you’ve been doing to **me** for seventeen years. All these things are worthy of **respect**? Start treating me like a human being, maybe you’ll get some respect.”

“Missy, that’s a tired act,” Mom said. “We give you everything you need. Your own car? Clothes? Stereo equipment, TV? Everything you ask for, you get.”

“Nice. How about **love**? When do I get **that**? Huh?” I looked at them. “You can’t even say it!”

“Say what?” Mom asked.

“That you **love** me!”

“When you get like this, you’re not a very lovable person,” Dad said.

That’s when I absolutely lost it. I took one of Mom’s prized vases off of the coffee table and chucked it against the wall. It splintered into a million pieces. Mom and Dad looked at me in total shock. “I’m not loveable because YOU MADE ME THIS WAY!” I howled, absolutely hysterical. “Nothing I do is ever GOOD ENOUGH! What I **am** is never good enough! I can’t please you, ever! So I stopped trying!” I was almost convulsing by now, screaming in between huge gasping sobs. “You don’t care what I think! You don’t care what I want! All you care is how it LOOKS! I can’t DO this anymore! I need support. I need help. I need **love**! And I can’t **get** that HERE!”

“Why can’t you tell me you love me? WHY for ONCE can’t you JUST FUCKING SAY YOU LOVE ME?” After that, it was all just wailing. I was sitting on the couch, having a breakdown.

And they just fucking looked at me.

I calmed down, and looked at them. They were staring at me like I was a surprise visitor from the planet Klingon. I took a deep breath, and stood up. “It’s obvious that you can’t. It’s also obvious that I can’t be what you want me to be. So, it might be the best thing for you to contact an attorney about terminating your parenthood of me, emancipating me. And I’ll find someplace else to live.”

“I don’t want to do **that**,” Dad gasped. “Missy, I don’t want to kick you out.”

“Then start treating me like someone you’d like to have around. Or I might just leave on my own.” With that, I turned on my heel, and went upstairs.

And cried myself to sleep.

They **still** couldn't say they loved me. Because they don't.

--End of part five--

MISSY AND DAVID NAKED AT SCHOOL
PART SIX
SATURDAY

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR
DAVID

I had a hell of a time sleeping Friday night. In fact, I ended up waking up at 6:30 Saturday morning.

Which is a hell of a time to wake up on a Saturday!

I got out of bed, took a shower, went downstairs. I was the only one there. I knew this— Mom had to be at the store by 6:00 AM for inventory. Happens a couple times a year. So, I went downstairs and found my “Mom Note”. Every time I’m going to be getting up, or getting home, and Mom knows she’s not going to be there, I get a note. I left you this if you want to make breakfast, have a good day, come down to the store if you get lonely, yadda yadda yadda, love Mom. They’re actually very sweet.

I didn't feel like cooking. I **can**. I'm actually a good cook. But I didn't feel like it, and 7 am was way too early to call Missy. So, I decided to burn off some nervous energy and take a little walk.

I ended up heading towards a diner near my house that makes fabulous omelets. I had decided I was hungry. I'd head there, eat, read the paper, and try to get my mind off of how worried I was about Missy.

As I walked towards the diner, I saw Jared and Amanda headed towards me from the other direction.

“What are **you** two doing up so early?” I laughed.

“I could ask you the same thing,” Jared laughed back.

“Just had a restless night.”

“We just woke up early,” Jared said. “Well, **she** did. I could've slept for another three hours. **She** insisted on waking me up.”

“Oh, you loved it and you know it,” Amanda grinned.

“I **don't** think I want to know the details,” I laughed.

We went in to the diner and sat together. I was glad they showed up—maybe I should talk things out.

We ordered our food, and then Jared said, “OK, pal, **something** is on your mind. Out with it.”

“I’m worried about Missy,” I admitted. I told them all about the events of yesterday.

“Man,” Jared said, “I guess I understand her better than I did.”

“Yeah,” I agreed.

“You’re in deep, aren’t you?” he smiled.

“Pretty much,” I smiled back. “Look, I was worried that the old Missy was going to come back. After the past two days, I’m not. I’m worried about **her**. Mom’s talked to her, and thinks she’s love starved. I’m beginning to agree.”

“Yeah, I can see that,” Amanda said. “And she really likes **you**. That’s a bit dangerous.”

“You sound like Mom,” I smiled.

“Do you love her?” Jared asked.

“I don’t know. I **like** her. I like her very much.”

“Do you think you **could** love her?” Jared persisted.

“I don’t know. What’s love? I’ve never been in love in my life!” I said.

“Well, do you miss her when she’s gone?” Amanda asked. “Do you wish she were here right now?”

“Yes, and yes. Not that I don’t love you guys, but, you know,” I grinned.

“Of course,” Jared grinned back. “Is her happiness and well-being at least as important to you as yours is?”

“He doesn’t have to answer **that** one, honey,” Amanda said, “the evidence is under his eye. Fading, but it’s still there.”

We all laughed, and Jared said, “Fine. Would you do it again if you knew how it was going to turn out? Would you step in to help her even if you knew you were going to get clobbered?”

“Yes,” I said.

“OK, think about some events coming up,” Amanda said. “The class picnic. A bunch of us going to the beach, or Six Flags. Stuff like that. Can you see yourself going without her there?”

“Actually, now that you mention it, no. I didn’t even know if I wanted to **go** to the class picnic. Now, I definitely do. With her.”

“Say something really great happened to you,” Jared asked, “a big scholarship, or your first choice college accepts you, or something. Would she be the first person you’d want to tell?”

“Depending on the type of news, maybe. Absolutely no worse than the second person.”

“That’s fine, I forgot how close your Mother and you are,” Jared grinned. “You know that look that Natalie drew—does she ever look at you like that for real?” I nodded. “How does that make you feel?”

“Like I’m the center of the universe.”

“Do you think you ever look at **her** like that?” Jared asked.

“Yeah, I think I might,” I smiled.

“OK, and this isn’t as important as some of the rest of them, but it **is** important,” Amanda said. “Are you physically attracted to her?”

“Hell, yes!” I said. They both laughed.

“I think it’s pretty established that she’s probably a better person for having met you,” Amanda said. “Does the reverse hold true?”

“Amanda,” I smirked, “can you **ever** remember us having a conversation before this week when I wasn’t a tongue-tied stuttering fool?” She laughed, and shook her head. “That’s **all** her. She’s **so** easy to talk to, and I’m so comfortable around her, that it’s made talking to other people easier.

“Well, pal,” Jared said, “I don’t know if you’re **in** love, but you’re on the expressway headed there.”

“I see your point,” I said, “but it’s all so confusing.”

“Let me make it simpler, then,” Amanda said. “You know what Jared does? If it’s a good day, he shows up and makes it a **great** day. If it’s a so-so day, he makes it a very good day. And if it’s the worst day I’ve had in a month—he makes it bearable.”

I thought about that, and grinned. “Yeah. Thanks, guys. You’ve been a big help.”

“Don’t mention it,” Jared said. “You know what, honey? We should become relationship counselors.”

“Just eat your omelet,” Amanda grinned at him.

We ate, and chatted for a while, then we all went home. I decided it was late enough to call Missy.

“H’lo?” I heard murmured at the other end of the line. Whoops, maybe I was wrong about it being late enough.

“I’m sorry, Missy, did I wake you?”

“Dave!” she said with remarkable enthusiasm. “Well, no, I’m kinda awake.”

“Do you want me to call back later?”

“No, I’m awake enough to talk. Mostly.”

“I was worried about you.”

“Well, it didn’t go particularly well. Anyhow, I know I’m making you dinner later, but can I see you sooner than that?”

“Sure, I’d like that,” I said.

“About two hours?”

“Great.”

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

MISSY

Well, at least I had **that** to look forward to.

I got up, showered, put some clothes on, and went downstairs. This, I **wasn’t** looking forward to.

I went and fixed some tea and toast, and headed towards the dining room. Dad was there.

“Good morning, Melissa.”

“Morning. Where’s Mom?”

“She needed to do some set up for that dance of hers that we’re going to this evening.” Good. They **were** still going. “I have something to say to you,” he said. “You are still my

responsibility. Despite what else you might think, I do not shirk my responsibilities. You **will** stay in this house, and complete high school. After that, I expect you to go to college—which, since I consider education a responsibility for children, will be paid for. Then I expect you to go make something of yourself. **This** is non-negotiable. Is that clear?”

“Yes.”

“I will not have any daughter of mine being a runaway.”

I sighed to myself. “Fine,” was all I said.

“How much of that outburst was from Ellie Kirkland?” he asked in a tone of disgust.

“None of it,” I said. “That’s been building up for some time.”

“Your mother basically doesn’t want to talk to you. You hurt her very badly last night.”

“She’s incapable of being hurt,” I said. Dad just looked at me. “She’s not hurt. She’s offended. She’s probably mad. She’s most likely **scandalized**. I’d like to hope she’s even feeling a bit guilty, but I know that’s too much to hope for. Hurt, she is not.”

“One of these days you’ll have children, and you’ll see it’s not as easy as you think,” he pontificated.

Ah, yes, the same old platitudes. “Well, Dad, I certainly plan to be very careful. I certainly don’t plan on having any kids by mistake that I really don’t want and will resent for the rest of their lives,” I said. That was a stab in the dark, but one I had always suspected—and the look in Dad’s eyes told me I was right on.

All he said was, “That’s probably a good plan.” Then he got up and started heading out of the dining room.

“You’re never going to say it, are you?” I said with a sigh.

His back to me, he stopped and said, “Maybe someday, but you’ll have to earn it.”

“I didn’t think love was something that had to be earned, especially a parent to a child.”

He turned to me then. “Melissa, **everything** in life needs to be earned. You might want to start realizing that.” Then he left.

And I realized—what a sad, pathetic way to live your life.

I got out of there, and headed to David’s. I was, at least, **liked** there. I knocked on his door. He was happy to see me. And if you don’t think I needed **that** right about now! I stepped into his house, and he grabbed me and kissed me. Nothing earth-shaking, but warm and sweet and very nice.

“What happened last night?” he asked me, leading me over to the couch.

“Well, I had a little—well, it was kind of a nervous breakdown. I lost it. Even shattered one of my mother’s prized expensive vases all over the wall. It started yesterday afternoon.” I told him the whole thing. By the end, he was holding me.

“Are you OK?” he asked.

“Well, I’m dealing. I’m glad you’re here, though—that makes it better.”

“I’m glad,” he said. “You know what? I always felt, you know, that I was missing something, because I didn’t have a Dad. But at least I have Mom. Who tells me she loves me thirty-eight times a day,” he grinned.

“You’re Mom’s a sweetheart,” I told him. “Where is she?”

“At the store where she works. They’re doing inventory today, she’s been there since six. She works at Veychold’s Boutique.”

“I love Veychold’s,” I said. “They have so much cool stuff in there. Most of it wouldn’t look good on **me**, but I love looking at it.”

“Oh, feh. Tons of stuff in there would look great on you. Look, what do you want to do today?”

“You know what? It’s a great day for a walk. Why don’t we go downtown? We can stroll through the park, maybe get something to eat, check out the stores.”

“That’s a great idea. Let’s do it,” he agreed. We went into my car and drove downtown. We parked and headed towards the town park first. We just started walking, holding hands.

“I love this place,” I told him.

“Yeah, I always have, too.” We walked for a bit down one of the paths, and then he said, “Listen. I was wondering. Would you like to go out?”

“I think we **are** out, silly,” I giggled, not getting it.

He stopped, and turned to me. “No, I meant, go out with me. You know, be my girlfriend.”

I **felt** my jaw drop. I couldn’t help it. This was the **last** thing I expected **now**. “Really?” I managed to squeak out.

“Yeah, really,” he grinned at me.

“YES!” I shouted, and **launched** myself at him, and started kissing him on the cheek. “Yes!” I said again. Then I kind of realized where we were—in the middle of the park. I also realized I was definitely overdoing it.

“I’m sorry,” I said stepping away from him, “was that too enthusiastic?” I couldn’t stop grinning though.

“I didn’t mind,” he grinned back.

“You just took me by surprise, is all,” I told him. “I thought that maybe if we started dating, you **might** ask me that in, oh, a month or two.”

“You’re obviously not upset I jumped the gun on you,” he said, still smiling at me.

“Obviously not.” I was just **beaming**. We started walking again.

“I had trouble sleeping last night. I got up real early. I decided to walk down to the diner near my house to get some breakfast. When I got there, I ran into Jared and Amanda. We had a nice talk.”

“They got up early, too, I take it.”

“Well, Amanda did. She woke up Jared. They often spend the night together, at Jared’s, especially on weekends.”

“Oh. But she woke Jared up? That’s not nice.”

He cracked up laughing. “I don’t think he was complaining. If I know Amanda—and I **do**—she woke him up with a blowjob.”

“Ah,” I giggled.

“Anyhow, I met them at the diner and we had a nice talk. It cleared a lot of things up in my mind. So, I figured, why wait around? I wanted to do this. It feels right.”

I think I sighed a little bit. “Yeah, it feels right to me, too.”

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

DAVID

I couldn’t **believe** how happy she was!

I take that back. I could believe it. And, you know what? I was just as happy. It’s funny—I had been so worried about her that it didn’t hit me until about 15 minutes after I had asked her. I have a **girlfriend! ME!**

It must have shown on my face, because she looked at me and said, “What’s up?”

“It just kind of hit me,” I grinned at her. “I actually had the nerve to ask a girl to go out with me.”

She let out a little musical little tinkle of a laugh, and wrapped her arm around mine. “Now you know how why **I** reacted the way I did that I actually **got** asked out!”

“Oh, I thought it was because it was **me** that asked you out,” I teased.

“It was, silly,” she laughed. “But I think my disbelief was increased that it was **anyone**. Though if it was anyone else, I wouldn’t have said yes.”

We ended up getting some lunch, then walked down the main shopping area along Westport Ave. “Hey, let’s go say hi to Mom,” I said, as we approached Veychold’s.

“OK,” she grinned.

We walked in and Mom was obviously counting something for inventory. So, me being the brat I am, I walked up behind her and intoned, “seven, sixteen, eighty-three, two…”

She turned around, mad, but then realized who it was. “You brat! Hi, honey. Hello, Melissa. What are you two doing?”

“Walking the town,” I said. “It was a good day for it. Later, she’s cooking me dinner.”

“Vat is dis? You messing your Mama’s counting up?” I looked behind me, and there was Mom’s boss, the owner of the boutique, Miriam Veychold. Miriam was a little old Jewish woman with a thick Yiddish accent—which was amusing, considering she’d lived in Westport for years. She was like the grandmother I didn’t have. I loved her to pieces.

“Hi, Miriam. Yes, I’m messing her up. Isn’t that my job?”

“You shtinker,” she grinned. “Vat brings you here on such a nice day?”

“We’re out walking, stopped in to say hi. Missy, this is Miriam, she owns the shop. Miriam, this is my girlfriend, Missy.”

“Ah! Zo you finally find nice girl, eh?” Miriam said. “Nice to meet you,” she said to Missy.

And, yes, Mom caught it. “Girlfriend?” she said with a grin.

“As of about an hour ago,” I grinned back.

“Congratulations!” We chatted for a bit, and I noticed Missy wandering around. She was looking at an outfit.

“I like that,” I said.

“I like it, too, but I could never wear it.”

“Sure you could,” I argued. It was more revealing than the stuff she normally wore, but I thought it’d look great on her. It was a short sleeve purple shirt, drawn in at the waist, and a bit short at the hem, with a hip-hugger flared grey skirt.

“There’s no way.”

“Does your girlfriend like this, David?” It was Miriam.

“Yeah, but she thinks it won’t look good on her.”

“Nonsense. Go try it on.”

“But...” Missy tried.

“Go try it on!” You don’t argue with Miriam, I found that out years ago. Missy shrugged, found one her size, and went into the dressing room. After a few minutes, she came out, very tentatively. I don’t know why. She looked **great**. I told her so.

“My stomach’s showing!”

“Only a little, and in that outfit, it’s supposed to.”

“You really think this looks good on me?” she asked.

“Vat, are you nuts?” Miriam spoke up. “You look gorgeous.” Mom agreed.

She stood there, still looking tentative, when I took matters into my own hands. I took the tee-shirt and baggy shorts she had been wearing out of her hands, and told Miriam. “Bag these.” Then I grabbed a scissors, went over to Missy, and cut the tags off of the outfit. I handed them to Miriam and said, “OK, ring these up.” Then I reached for my wallet.

“What are you doing?” Missy asked.

“Buying that for you. It’s the only way I’m going to convince you how awesome you look in it. Besides which,” I grinned, “I get the employee discount.” Miriam rang it up for me, and I paid, before Missy even knew what hit her. “Come on,” I said, “let’s go walking.”

She looked down at herself, shrugged, and said, “OK.” We walked out of the store hand-in-hand after saying goodbye to Miriam and Mom.

“I can’t believe you bought this. I can’t believe you talked me into **wearing** it!”

“You look great in it. Trust me, OK?”

“It’s so tight. And I’m not used to so much of my belly and legs showing.”

“I know,” I said. “But you wanted it, didn’t you?”

“Yeah,” she admitted. “I just worry that I look like a fat girl trying to be skinny.”

“You don’t,” I said. “Trust me.”

As we wandered through town, we ran into a number of friends. Every single one of them told her how much they liked her new outfit. Score one for me! The only problem I was having was that I found that outfit on her, well, sexy. **Very** sexy. And the happier she got wearing it, the sexier she got.

I was wearing shorts. They weren’t particularly loose. And after the umpteenth compliment she got on the new outfit, she hugged me. “Thank you so much. You’re such a sweetie for doing this for me.” There was no doubt in my mind she felt it when she hugged me.

She giggled, and looked down at the bulge in my shorts. “Is that for me?”

“It’s a sexy outfit,” I said.

“You’ve seen me naked all week, though!”

“Er, well,” I stuttered, “did you notice that this kind of happened a lot while you were around?”

“Well, I thought that was just from being in The Program.”

“Not completely,” I admitted. “When **you** were around, pretty much not at all.” She just beamed at me.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

MISSY

We were walking through town, and I felt like I was walking on air. I couldn’t **believe** he had asked me out. And then he bought me this outfit! And said it looked good on me! And, the startling thing is, he wasn’t the only one. Look, my belly has a bulge. And it was **showing**! David said, “Missy, it’s a **little** bulge. And it’s **cute**.” I decided to stop obsessing and take his word for it. Hell, I had been naked for a week, hadn’t I?

And, OK, I admit it—the fact that the top was low-cut and **very** tight on my boobs **did** make me feel sexy.

And it made him **hard**. Unbelievable. **I** made him hard. Suddenly, a thought went through my head. I suddenly remembered that I had gotten the shot yesterday morning. And, no matter how hard I tried, that thought would **not** go away.

We walked around for a while, then we got in my car. We stopped at the grocery store so I could buy the stuff to make supper. I decided on shrimp scampi, something I make well. David hung around in the kitchen, making me laugh, as I cooked. “Next time, I’ll cook for you. And, yes, I can,” he grinned.

We ate, chatting happily. He pronounced the whole meal delicious. Then, we ended up on the couch watching old comedies on TV, laughing and snuggling. Then he kissed me. And kept kissing me. And **kept** kissing me. And then, I felt his hand on my boob.

That settled it. “David, uhm, why don’t we go upstairs?” I said softly. “To my room. We’ll be more comfortable up there.”

“Are you sure?” he asked.

“Yes. Completely. Totally.” I stood up, and took his hand, and we walked upstairs. I led him into my room. I flicked on my stereo, and put a radio station on softly. I sat down on the bed, and he sat next to me. “Kiss me,” I said.

His lips touched mine tentatively, then increased in force as I returned the kiss. I opened my mouth, just a little bit, and extended my tongue, just a little bit. I could feel his surprise—but only for a moment, as his tongue quickly snaked around mine.

I felt his hand move over my boob, as he gently fondled it through my shirt and bra. Then it slipped under the shirt, and fondled me through the bra. “Take it off,” I whispered into his mouth. He reached for my shirt and pulled it over my head. Then, kissing me again, he reached behind and undid my bra. It dropped off, and his hand was on my boob again. Oh JESUS. I think my tongue practically drilled a hole in his teeth when he did that!

He started kissing my neck as he fondled my tit. I could feel a burn, almost a connection, building slowly, connecting my neck with my tit with...down there. His lips dipped lower and lower down my neck. I didn’t know if he was headed where I thought he was, so I made sure. “Yes. Kiss me there. Please.” His lips snaked down my neck, down my chest, and latched on to my tit. His hand was still on my other one. I squeaked at the contact. His tongue ran over my nipple, which got erect instantly. Oh GOD did it feel good!

As I moaned and squirmed on the bed, I felt his hand leave my other tit and start moving down my stomach. He traced his hand down my stomach—which tickled, but in a good way—over my skirt, and then went under it. “Wait!” I said.

He stopped his hand moving and backed away from my tit, trying to hide his disappointment. “Undress me, all the way,” I smiled. He grinned back. I lay back on the bed and raised my hips, allowing him to slip my skirt and then my panties off. I sat back

up, and reached for his shirt. He helped me get all his clothes off. Soon, we were completely naked. After the previous week, it felt right to be that way with him.

I pulled him up to me and kissed him again, pushing my tongue into his mouth. His hand went right between my legs. I did the same thing. I stroked his dick while his hand slipped up and down my pussy. He slipped a finger into my pussy and I jumped.

“Does it hurt?” he asked.

“No,” I smiled. “Not at all.” He gently slid his finger in and out of my pussy. It didn’t hurt at all. It felt **wonderful**.

Then he slipped it out, and brought it up to my clit. My legs spasmed, and I jumped again. And, without really meaning to do with it, I **really** yanked on his dick. Hard.

He came all over my thigh!

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

DAVID

Oh, man, was **that** embarrassing! That was **way** too quick!

“Oops,” Missy giggled. “I think I got carried away.”

“I think that was me,” I said. “Do you have any tissues?” She giggled, and retrieved them. I cleaned up her thigh. She pointed me to the wastebasket. Then I came back on the bed.

“Damn,” she said in a whisper, looking at my soft dick.. “I wanted that inside me.”

“WHAT?” I said.

“I wanted you to make love to me.”

“You did? You DO?” After hearing **that**, my dick wasn’t quite so soft anymore.

“Yes,” she said, then giggled. “Look, I think he’s waking up.”

“If you really want to, I can. I just need a minute or two.”

“Or less,” she giggled. “David, I want you. Look, I got the shot yesterday. Just in case. That’s how much I’ve been thinking of this.”

I was almost completely hard. I leaned over and kissed her again, and dropped my hand back down between her legs.

“Oh, God, my clit. Rub my clit, please, oh God.” I did, making circular motions on it with my finger while she bucked under it. I gently pushed her shoulders so that she lay down

on the bed, and I lay next to her, still using my hand as I kissed her. Her cheeks and shoulders flushed, and she whinnied as my finger rubbed her clit. Suddenly, her legs shot straight out, rigid, her hips came off the bed, and she howled. I withdrew my hand and let her come down. Her breathing returned to something approaching normal, and she looked up at me with fire in her eyes. She grabbed me by the shoulders and started pulling me towards her. “Fuck me!” she howled.

I crawled in between her legs, and lined my dick up with her pussy. I pushed. And I missed. Missy just giggled and said, “Whoops!” I grinned back at her and lined up again. This time I felt the head slowly slipping into her opening. Then, it slipped all the way in with a pop.

“Ahhhhh!” she yelled.

“Are you OK?” I asked.

“God YES just, oh David just DO IT!” She reached around and grabbed my ass to egg me on. I entered her, but slowly. “Oh FUCK!” she howled as I hit bottom.

“Does it hurt?” I asked.

“Yeah,” she admitted. “I should’ve made you go slower, but that’s my fault. Just rest a minute, OK? I didn’t think it would hurt since I didn’t have a hymen. But you’re so **big!**” she giggled.

“I don’t think I’m all that big,” I smiled. “You’re incredibly tight. It’s a good thing I came all over your leg or I’d be going right now.”

Missy giggled, and said, “It’s OK now. You can start fucking me.”

I grinned down at her and started moving in and out, slowly. “OK?” I asked.

“Yeah,” she said, but there was a hint of a grimace in it.

“It still hurts.”

“Not that bad,” she said. I kept moving, slowly, deliberately. “It’s getting better,” she grinned. As I kept stroking into her, the slight pain in her eyes was gradually replaced with the fire I had seen earlier. “Oh, that’s good,” she moaned. “Oh, it’s starting to feel **very** good!”

I just grinned at her and kept moving. Like I said, cumming all over her leg had helped take some of my edge off, but this was **my** first time, too—and she was **so** wet and tight, that I was starting to feel it myself.

“Faster,” she groaned. “Harder!” I picked up my pace. I felt it start to build. It was **incredible**.

“Oh, God, David, fuck me!” she howled. She was bouncing her hips upwards to meet each of my thrusts. Her screams became wordless howls. Then she stiffened below me and I felt her soft wetness pulse hard on my dick. That was all **I** needed, and I spent myself into her.

I collapsed on top of her. I tried to get off, afraid I was crushing her, but she wouldn't let me, wrapping her arms around me and pulling me into her.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

MISSY

Oh my GOD! I was just...I don't know. I couldn't believe I had been so **scared** of this!

Then again, I stopped being scared of it right when David came into my life, didn't I?

He was trying to lift himself off me, but I wouldn't let him. He wasn't **that** heavy. I just wanted him to stay close.

“Did I hurt you?” he whispered into my ear.

“Only a little. And believe me, it was **worth** it,” I giggled. “That was something.”

“It certainly was,” he said.

That's when I realized something, a wee bit incredulously. “David? Honey, you're still hard.”

“So I am,” he chuckled.

“Good. Roll over on your back, and take me with you,” I said. He looked at me, then realized what I wanted. He put his arms around me, and rolled. I went with him, ending up on top, him still buried in me. “I want to try this.”

“You're not sore?”

“I don't care,” I said. “I'm still reeling. If there's pain, I won't feel it until later. I don't want you outside me yet.” I was almost in a trance. I straddled him, resting my arms on the bed by his sides, leaning over. I started moving up and down on him. Oh, God, he was going in **deeper** this way! And, every time I hit bottom, he thrust up, and wiggled, which was doing unbelievable things to my clit.

I hadn't completely come down from the first one yet, so this was **not** going to take long! And that was a good thing, because I was slamming into him. I couldn't help it, but I didn't know how long my thighs could take it!

His hands latched on to my hips, supporting me as I bounced up and down on him. My head was **spinning**. My body was on complete autopilot, and the only thing I could feel was the building explosion deep in my gut. I think that things were coming out of my mouth, but I had no idea what they were. Then I felt it go off inside me, even more powerful than the first. I **slammed** down on him and quivered, my insides going off like fireworks. I threw my head back and howled. Then, still shaking, but with absolutely no feeling left in my legs, I fell forward on top of him. He was kissing my forehead. He was still buried in me.

Then, he rolled again so we were both on our sides. He lifted my top leg and draped it over his. He hugged me close, and started moving in and out of me again. Oh GOD. I think this was even **better**. We were so close. His chest was rubbing up against my tits. His lips found mine. We were connected all over. It was nice that we were close in height, it made it very cozy!

He couldn't thrust at me as hard from this angle, but that was fine. We were so wrapped together that my clitty was getting constant stimulation, and I was still hovering after my second one. I broke the kiss as he kept pushing into me and whispered in his ear, "I can't believe this. I feel like I'm flying."

"I know what you mean," he grunted. Then he looked into my eyes and grinned at me. "I like this position."

"Me, too," I grinned back. Then I was spiraling again, and couldn't talk anymore. I felt my belly clench, and I wrapped myself around him, holding on for dear life as I came again.

He stopped moving for a minute. "How many was that?" he asked with a chuckle.

"Three. No, four. I forgot the one with your hand," I chuckled. "Are you close?"

"Kind of but not completely," he said. "This'll be my third, and that's harder for guys."

"I thought you were a virgin, how do you know these things?" I giggled.

"I jerk off a lot," he admitted. I cracked up laughing. Oh, God, when I laughed I **really** felt him in me! "I'm OK, though, if you want to stop, if you're sore."

"Not on your life," I said. "Who would've ever imagined this, though, huh? You're the shy geek. I'm the girl who's afraid of sex. And how long have we been going at it?" He looked at me and grinned. "I'm fine, though. Don't want to leave you hanging. You want me on my back again so you can really go at it?"

"No, I like this," he said, and started moving in and out of me again. We clung to each other. Not being particularly close to another one myself, I tried to help **him**. I moved my hips towards his in time with his thrusts. I experimentally tried to squeeze my pussy muscles together as he hit bottom.

“Wow! Whassat?” He moaned. I giggled, and as he thrust back into me, I did it again. **And** wiggled my hips. He moaned. Every time he hit bottom, I thrust back up at him, clenched my muscles, and wiggle my hips. He was practically **whining**! It was great!

However, though I was doing this for **him**, it started working on **me**. Very, **very** quickly. “Oh my God, I’m going **again**!” I howled. As I did, he kept thrusting through it. I opened my eyes and saw the pools of sweat gathering on his forehead. His eyes were clenched tight. “Close?” I asked.

“Yeah,” he grunted out.

“Tell me right before,” I said. I had this wild crazy impulse all of a sudden. A few more strokes and he said, “Oh, **right** there.”

I abruptly pulled my leg down and pulled my pussy away from him, and scooted down. Before he even knew what was happening, I had gobbled his dick with my mouth, sliding up and down it furiously, trying to get him to the finish line.

“Oh, fuck, MISSY?” he howled when he realized what I was doing, and then he came. Oh, god, great big jets of it right down my throat! I almost gagged, but didn’t. I just kept swallowing it. I got most of it, but a little leaked out. And there was a pool of it on my tongue, so I got a good taste. Surprise, surprise—I found I liked it. A **lot**.

I cleaned him off, then crawled up next to him. He was completely spent. So, for that matter, was I. He looked over, saw me, and pulled me into his arms. We lay there, snuggling, trying to remember how to breathe, enjoying the afterglow. My crotch was soaked. I still had cum on my tongue. We were covered in sweat. And it was the greatest thing I’ve **ever** felt.

Just then, I heard the radio. It had been playing the whole time in the background but I never noticed it. Just then, I did. They were playing a song by the Wallflowers:

“You won’t believe just how good it can get
We’ll make a lover out of you yet.”

CHAPTER THIRTY

DAVID

I couldn’t feel anything. I could feel **everything**. I was numb. I was shivering. My body ceased to exist. My body became the center of the universe.

I couldn’t think.

How **long** had we been at it? I didn’t know. I didn’t know I was **capable** of that. Then again, how would I? Missy was snuggled up against me, humming to the song on the radio. I kissed her forehead, and said, “I couldn’t put that into words if I tried.”

She giggled and said, "I know what you mean. We've been up here for over two hours, you know. Close to three."

"Unbelievable."

"How long before you can do it again?" she giggled.

"Days. Weeks. Months." She laughed. I smiled at her evilly. "Give me thirty minutes."

"I just might take you up on that," she laughed.

"After all that, aren't you sore?"

"Not really, no. I probably will be in the morning, though," she said. "Not that I **care**."

"Where **did** you learn to do that squeezing thing?" I asked.

"Just an idea," she smiled. "Seemed to work pretty well."

"And what made you finish me off that way?"

"Oh, same thing," she laughed. "I just had an impulse. I wanted you in my mouth. And right then, right after you came out of me. I just got kinky all of a sudden." I laughed at that. "You know what? I liked it. I liked it a **lot**." She grinned at me. "Maybe I should take a page from Amanda."

"Huh?" I asked.

"Wake you up tomorrow morning with a blowjob."

I smiled, then I realized what she had said. "Was that an invitation to stay the night?"

"More like a demand that you stay the night," she laughed. "Call your Mom so she doesn't worry."

"What will **your** parents say?"

"Dilligaf?"

"Huh?" I said, completely confused.

"Dilligaf. My little pet word. It stands for, 'does it look like I give a fuck?'" I cracked up laughing at that one. "So, yeah, my parents probably won't approve. Dilligaf."

"Do they own any guns?" I asked.

“No,” she said with a burst of laughter. “Look, David, my parents’ approval has ceased to have any meaning for me. I agreed today, in a talk with my father, to stay in this house and complete my schooling, and then go to college and make something of myself. I have no problem with that. Outside of that, I’m just going to live my life.” She took a deep breath. “I’m going to start seeing Ellie Kirkland regularly, I think.”

“That’s a good idea,” I told her. “Look, you know, if you need help, my Mom likes you.”

“I know,” she grinned.

“And she’s thrilled we’re going out.”

“I know that, too. Call her, will you?”

I did. It’s a good thing I have a cool mother. She picked up the phone and I said, “Hi, it’s David. Look, I’m not coming home tonight, OK?”

“Where are you?” she asked.

“Uh, Missy’s,” I admitted.

“Yeah, he’s in Missy’s **bed!**” Missy yelled so she could hear.

Mom cracked up laughing. “OK, then,” she said. “Will her parents mind?”

“She says she doesn’t care. It’s complicated.”

“Yeah, I know,” Mom said. “Just, be careful, OK?” She took a breath. “Was it OK?”

“Yeah, it was good,” I said. Missy, guessing exactly what I was talking about, yelled “It was **great!**”

Mom cracked up laughing again. “Put her on the phone.” I handed it over. I didn’t hear what Mom said, but Missy giggled and said, “Because you’re son is a complete animal in bed!”

Oh, **Jesus**. Then, Missy was saying, “Five. Or was it six? I completely lost count. Three hours, mind you.” Lovely. My girlfriend and my mother are becoming **pals**. Then she was giggling, and saying, “No, we started that way. Then I was on top. Then we were side-to-side.” Another pause while Mom talked, then more giggling. “Oh, I won’t be able to **walk** in the morning. Especially since I’m not done with tonight yet.” Then she giggled, and said, “OK,” and handed the phone back to me.

I took it and said, “OK, now I’m officially embarrassed.”

Mom laughed and said, “Of course you are. She’s a very happy young lady right now, David. That’s a good thing. Don’t be embarrassed. And I’ll see you in the morning.”

“OK. Bye.” I hung up, and looked over and tried to glare at my grinning girlfriend. I couldn’t quite swing it.

Especially when she dropped her grin, just a touch, and said, “I don’t have a mother I can discuss anything like this with.”

“I know. I **am** embarrassed, but I didn’t **mind**. Just don’t make me be around when you talk to **Cassie** tomorrow, OK?”

“Deal,” she giggled. “How’s your little friend?” she giggled, reaching down to grab him.

“He’s fine. He’ll be really fine if you keep that up. You really want to go **again**?”

“Yeah,” she giggled. She worked my dick with her hand until I was at full staff again. Then she let go, flipped over, and positioned herself on the bed on her hands and knees.

“We haven’t done it from behind yet,” she said with a giggle. So, we did it from behind.

After that, finally **completely** spent, I spooned myself behind her, kissed her goodnight, and went to sleep. I was exhausted. I slept like a rock—I think we both did.

--End of Part Six--

MISSY AND DAVID NAKED IN SCHOOL PART SEVEN SUNDAY

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE MISSY

I woke up Sunday morning with him wrapped all around me. It was beautiful.

And, yes, as I had hoped, I **did** wake up before he did. Now, how to get myself out of his arms and down where I wanted to be without him waking up? Well, very carefully, I suppose! I very gently took his top arm and very gently moved it from around my waist, putting it on his side. His top leg was around mine, too. That was a little trickier. I kind of gently nudged it with my leg. Luckily, it moved—in fact, he slipped so that he was more on his back—and he still hadn’t woken up.

Perfect!

I crawled down between his legs, and gently nudged at his fairly flaccid dick with my tongue. It quickly became far less flaccid. And he was still asleep!

I had only done this for a minute, at the end, yesterday—and I wanted to do it for real. So, as soon as it got semi-hard, I slurped it into my mouth. Believe me, I had absolutely **no** fucking idea what I was doing. It's a good thing I'd seen this done a number of times during Program relief sessions, or I would've been even **more** clueless. But, whatever I was doing, it was working—because I felt it growing inside my mouth. Oh, what a great feeling **that** was! I bobbed up and down on it and felt it get bigger with every stroke.

“Hmmmm?” I heard from the top of the bed. I just looked up at him, his dick in my mouth. “Oh JESUS!” he cried, suddenly becoming fully awake. His head came off the pillow and he stared down at me. I just winked at him and went back to sucking his dick. He groaned as his head flopped back onto the pillow.

He was at full staff now, warm and wet in my mouth. It was almost **too** big, as it kept hitting the back of my throat every time I plunged down on it. I didn't really mind, though. His hands reached up to me and ran through my hair.

Oh, God, I was making myself **so** wet doing this! As that thought hit me, I felt the first squirt hit the back of my throat. I eased off a bit, so that the rest came on my tongue. I wanted to taste it. I guess I like the taste of cum. Amazing.

After I had sucked him dry, and cleaned him off, he groaned. I looked up at him and said, “Good morning.”

“Yes it is, isn't it,” he grinned back at me. “That was incredible.”

“I know, aren't I?” I giggled. I crawled up beside him.

“Give me a minute to breathe and I'll repay the favor.”

“Repay?”

“Just wait.” He leaned over to kiss me, but, before he did, I warned him—by sticking my tongue out at him. It still had cum on it. He looked at me in shock, I pulled my tongue back in my mouth and went, “Mmmmmmmmmmm!” He just grinned at me.

“Now can I kiss you,” he asked?

“Please,” I said, so he did. “Oh, what a night!” I said after he broke the kiss.

“Are you sore?” he asked.

“Well, actually, yes,” I giggled. “That why I was kind of hesitant when you said you were going to repay me.”

“Oh, not like **that**,” he grinned. Then he started climbing down the bed, and deposited his face between my legs. I felt the first lick right up my labia and I shuddered.

“OH!” I cried, as he started licking me up and down. Then he pushed his tongue into my cunny. His whole **face** was in my pussy. His nose nudge up against my clit as he stuck his tongue into me. Then he brought his tongue all the way up my pussy and flicked my clit. “AYEEEE!” I let out. He kept doing it, up and down with his tongue, flicking my clit on every upstroke. I was in orbit.

Then he zeroed right in on my clit, snaking his tongue around it. I screamed, I know I did, and grabbed his hair with my hands as I humped my pussy into his face. I climaxed that way, pushing my clit into his tongue.

I fell back, completely spent, and he withdrew from between my legs. Then he climbed up next to me, grinning.

“Oh, God, where’d you learn to do **that**?”

“Amanda,” he grinned.

“Excuse me?” I asked, wide-eyed.

“No, I’ve never **done** it before,” he laughed, “not with Amanda or anyone else. It’s just that Amanda, though I love her, likes to tease. Especially back before this week, when I’d get all tongue-tied around her. She used to take great delight in telling me all the things Jared would do to her. Just to watch me stutter and blush.” I giggled. “But one thing I remembered is that she always used to like **that** particular bit a lot.”

“Now I know why,” I giggled. “Thank you Amanda.”

Just then, there was a knock at the door. “Missy, are you all right?” It was Dad. Oops.

“I’m fine,” I said.

“I thought I heard you scream.”

“You **did**,” I said.

“What’s the matter?”

“Nothing is the matter,” I said. I grinned mischievously at David. “Jeez, Dad, you’ve been with enough women, I would think you’d know what an orgasm sounds like!”

There was a moment of silence. “Melissa,” he finally said, “is there someone in there with you?”

“Yes,” I said. “Now go away, because I don’t think he’s quite done yet!”

There was a moment’s silence, then I heard the footsteps going down the hall.

Poor David. “Oh Jesus. I’m dead. You’re dead. **We’re** dead,” he moaned.

“No, we are not,” I giggled. “He can’t say a fucking **word** about **this**, not with all the affairs he’s had. Look, I was kidding about you not being done yet. Let’s get dressed and go rustle up some breakfast.”

“OK, if you say so,” he said. “Missy?” I looked at him. He took a deep breath. “I love you.”

“You **do**?” I squeaked.

“Yeah,” he smiled.

“Oh, God,” I said, my heart racing. Somebody loves me. How the fuck did **that** happen? However it happened, I wasn’t giving it back. Well, I **was** giving it back. “I love you, too,” I whispered.

“Good,” he grinned. “I’d hate to be the only one.”

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

DAVID

Yes, of course I knew she needed to hear it. But I needed to say it, too. And I found out I liked hearing it quite a lot myself.

We got dressed then. I put on my clothes from yesterday, of course, since that’s all I had with me. But **she** put on her clothes from yesterday, too. The new ones.

“Decided you like that outfit, huh?” I teased.

“Well, yeah, OK, I admit it.”

“We need to get you back to Veychold’s.” She just looked at me. “For more.”

“Nah,” she said. “OK, well, maybe a couple more,” she giggled. “But **I** am buying them. I’m the one with the rich parents that I don’t mind squeezing dry. Anyhow, let’s go find some food.”

I followed her downstairs and she led me into the kitchen. “What do you want?” she asked.

“I don’t know. What have you got?”

“We have everything,” she giggled. “The refrigerator stays stocked around here.”

“Eggs, I take it. Bacon?” She nodded. “How about mushrooms and cheese?” She nodded again. “Good, that sounds like omelet fixings.”

“Oooh, that sounds good, but it needs onion, too.” She started gathering up the stuff. She found a fry pan, I took it, and opened the bacon. While I started frying it, she grabbed a cutting board, and the onion.

I heard—well, **felt** is probably closer—the kitchen door open. I knew that one or both of her parents were standing there. Our backs were to them. I shot her a look, and she shot me one back. I was going to follow her lead on this.

“Hey, honey,” she said, “the knives are in that drawer right by your hip. Can you grab me a good one for onion chopping?” I did so, and handed it to her. As I turned, I saw them out of the corner of my eye. Both parents, standing there watching us.

I had the bacon in the pan. “It’s a good thing you didn’t try that when you were in The Program. Bacon grease splattered over a nude body. Ouch.”

“Good point,” I laughed.

Just then, her mother decided to speak up. “Hello, Melissa,” she said.

Missy turned to them briefly, smiling. “Hi,” she said cheerfully. She pointed to me. “That’s David. He’s my boyfriend now, so get used to him,” she giggled.

“That outfit is new, isn’t it?” her mother asked. She nodded. “Where did you get it?”

“Veychold’s,” she said. “Dave’s Mom works there. He bought it for me.”

“First time I ever had someone to use Mom’s employee discount on,” I said. She laughed at that.

“It’s kind of revealing, isn’t it?” her Dad said.

“That’s the **point**,” Missy giggled. “That’s also why I’m letting **him** fry the bacon.”

“Letting me? I thought I volunteered.”

“You did, but it’s the same thing.” She sniffled. “Damn, I should’ve let you chop the onion instead.”

“Now, now,” I said, waving my spatula at her, “no crying on the new clothes.”

“Too late. I’m done, anyhow.” She scooped the onion from the cutting board into a bowl. She added the mushrooms and cheese. “How’s that bacon coming?” she asked, walking over to me.

“It’s coming. You can’t rush bacon.”

“Yeah, yeah.” Just then she grimaced.

“Are you OK?” I asked.

“Well, you know, I’m sore. **Really** sore. I’m going to be walking funny all day,” she giggled. Jesus, her **parents** were still in the room! “If I move wrong, I feel it.” She looked at me. “And don’t you **dare** apologize, I asked for it, didn’t I?” This was **really** awkward. Her parents still weren’t saying anything. She was, more or less, ignoring their presence—unless they said something.

“Melissa, why are you sore?” her mother finally asked.

“Because it was my first time and we went at it for three hours,” she giggled.

“Hey, do you have an omelet pan?” I asked abruptly, changing the subject.

“Yeah, down there,” she said, pointing at a lower cabinet. She started to crouch down.

“No, honey, I’ll get it. Wouldn’t want you further straining any delicate muscles or anything.” She giggled at that. “**You** can beat the eggs,” I said.

“I’ll beat anything you want me to beat,” she said coquettishly. I just grinned and went down to get the pan. On the way up, I kissed her.

“Love you,” I said. Yep, I said it deliberately with her parents there.

“Love you, too,” she beamed at me, knowing exactly what I did.

I walked back over to the stove. “Bacon’s done.” I drained it, and crumbled it up into the bowl. Missy beat the eggs into a separate bowl.

“Melissa,” her father finally said, “is it going to be a regular occurrence for your boyfriend to stay the night?”

“I don’t know,” she said. “The atmosphere’s probably better at his house.”

“You have a nicer kitchen, though,” I laughed. “And my mother always insists on **helping** whenever I cook!”

“Well, I’m helping, aren’t I?” she asked.

“You’re helping, not **interfering**,” I laughed.

“We just don’t think it’s proper that a seventeen year old girl has her boyfriend spend the night,” her Mom said.

“Well, it’s better than adultery,” Missy said sharply.

“Melissa, your mother’s and my sex life is none of your business,” her Father said.

“Good, then mine should be none of yours, correct?” she said.

“We’re not flaunting ours!” her dad said.

“Neither am I,” she countered. “This is **my** house, too, isn’t it? That’s what you said yesterday, Dad. You want me to stay here. Well, I will. But I’m living **my** life.” She turned to me. “Ready for the eggs?”

“Yup,” I said. She brought the bowl over. Her parents **finally** left the room.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

MELISSA

Well, **that** was interesting, wasn’t it?

I wasn’t flaunting it. I just wasn’t keeping it a secret, not in my own house. I never felt good in that house. I felt like the bad exhibit in the art gallery. Having Dave with me, even just cooking breakfast, made it a lot better.

We finished the omelets and made some toast, then took the stuff out to the dining room. Mom and Dad were there. David and I just looked at each other and sat down.

After a couple minutes, Dad, predictably, looked at David and said, “You know, I could ruin your life.”

“You could **try**,” David said with a hint of amusement. “I’m not a physical person. In fact, your daughter’s dating the class wimp.” I just giggled at that. “And I took a shot to the face on your daughter’s behalf earlier this week. If you think you can do worse than **that** to me, you don’t know me.”

“Besides which,” I said, “my lovely parents are forgetting that I know all about their ‘activities’.”

“Melissa...” Dad said ominously.

“And, yes, I can prove at least a few of them.”

“Is that a threat?” Dad said. Mom was just looking embarrassed.

“Just a counter-threat,” I said. Then I glared at him. “You do a **thing** to harm David, and it all comes out. I promise you. You leave him alone, and me for that matter? I keep my mouth shut. I really don’t care how many people you fuck—except that it just proves what a hypocrite you are—but I expect the same courtesy. And I expect David to be left alone. No threats, no insinuations, nothing.”

Dad just gave a quick nod. We finished our omelets, and then got the hell out of there.

“You know what?” David said. “I think I need to talk to Mom about us spending more time at **my** house.”

“I think you’re right,” I giggled. “Well, I wanted to get that over with. I knew it was coming.” We were out in front of my house, headed to my car. “Dave?” He looked at me. “Let’s take our clothes off.”

“Huh?”

“It’s technically the last day we’re in The Program. Let’s take our clothes off. I know we’re not in school, but I want to go nude. We could go to the mall,” I giggled.

“OK,” he grinned, and we started stripping, right there in front of my house. We tossed our clothes in the back seat.

“I’m actually less sore not wearing underwear,” I giggled.

We went to the mall. Yeah, I was walking kind of gingerly, but I didn’t care. It’s the best pain I’ve ever been in—and it wasn’t **that** bad.

Cassie and Frankie were there. “Oh my GOD!” Cassie shrieked when she saw us nude.

“Hi, guys,” I grinned.

“I can’t **believe** you’re here like this!” Cass said.

“A crazy impulse. But we’re enjoying it.”

She watched me walk. “Missy, you’re still walking like you’re in pain. Does it **still** hurt?”

“Not still. Again,” I said.

“You got hit **again**?” Cassie asked in horror. Frankie and David were chatting about something, not really listening to us.

“Well, no, I didn’t get hit,” I grinned at her.

“You didn’t!”

“We did,” I beamed. “And for something like three hours. That’s why I’m sore.”

“That’s a good reason to be sore,” Cassie giggled.

So, that's the story of David's and my week in The Program. I suppose it could've been better. I would've liked to have gone through it **not** as punishment, and been treated like any other Program kid. But it all worked out in the end. I made some good, long-overdue decisions about myself. I got my best friend back. And I found someone to love me—and I love him right back. All in all, a lot of good things in one week, wouldn't you say?

It was an interesting week, for both of us. But it turned out great.

Of course, the **real** interesting week was yet to come. I think I saw half the boys in the junior class get all excited when we walked into school that Monday and heard, "Maggie Benson, please report to the principal's office." Maggie Benson in The Program? This was gonna be a **hoot**!

--fin--

