

# Continuations & Conclusions

This story continues the stories of Heather, Shelley, Suzie, Laura & Samantha, found in the "[Heather Collection](http://www.nakedinschool.net/heather/collection.htm)" <http://www.nakedinschool.net/heather/collection.htm>".

## Continuations & Conclusions part 1

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### WEEK TWO

### FRIDAY Evening

### SAMANTHA

I had a few minutes to think before I joined this crazy family dinner party. I let the water from their wonderful power shower beat hard on my back, as I replayed this incredible day in my head. The school day had been dominated by my meeting with Gerard Vaughan. Had I really given up the career I'd worked so hard for?

The evening had been even stranger... Doctor Gilbert, Laura, moving out of two homes in one hour, and the final slap in the face from my mother.

Now, having found another home and a family that loved me, I couldn't help thinking that I might never move back with the Townleys again. Was I to lose everything I thought I had?

The weirdest thing of all was that I felt totally at peace about it.

This weird evening had begun right after school when I met Shelley at the clothes boxes. She wondered why Laura and Suzie weren't there. All I knew was that they'd had a row, and that Suzie was upset and had gone off somewhere. I didn't know why Laura wasn't there.

"Why was she so upset?" asked Shelley.

Of course, she didn't know that Suzie and Laura were now lovers. As I was explaining about it, Heather arrived, looking sleepy.

She brightened up, though, when she told me I was wonderful the night before.

"I know," I said, thanking her. It felt good to be able to admit I'd been great instead of almost apologising for it.

I thanked Shelley for getting Laura and Suzie to strip off with me at the concert,

but told them what really made it easier was that I had people who cared about me, succeed or fail.

Shelley asked me what was in the folder. Of course it was Gerard's contract, but I didn't know how I felt about that and didn't want to talk about it.

They didn't have any clothes, so I stripped off as well and went with them for a drink.

It was nice to be back with two of my friends, and I made a toast, "To friends."

Then I invited them to Tanya's choir party on Saturday. I told them the Program boys were going as well, because Tanya had wanted to invite Stephen.

"God, he's hot. Don't you think?" I asked them.

They looked at each other as if they were both thinking the same. Shelley had a slight grin on her face as they both said "We think" together.

Then we decided to go shopping tomorrow for new bikinis. I even said, "Tiniest is tastiest." Did I really say that?!!!

I was really enjoying being with them again, but I had to go. I explained, "I've got to get home. I have to see that shrink tonight at six."

Ignoring the funny looks we got, we walked to the bus station, still naked.

On the way home I couldn't help thinking they'd both changed in the (was it really only) two days they'd been away. Shelley's more confident than ever, even if that sounds impossible, but she seems more grown-up too somehow. Heather just seems as if she's not really back, like she's on autopilot. Then I remembered as I got off the bus. Of course. It was a week today that she'd been raped.

Last Monday, I thought of Heather and Laura as quite invincible, able to cope with anything. Tuesday had shown me how wrong I was about Laura, who had to be rescued by Heather's plan on Wednesday. Could it be that the confident front I've been seeing from Heather is only that, a front?

When I got home...

I have to stop there, I still can't get over feeling at home here so quickly...

Anyhow, when I got home, I went straight to the bathroom and had a long soak in the bath.

Then I wrapped a robe around me and went downstairs. "Danielle, what should I wear for the Doctor's?"

She looked puzzled. "Does it matter? Anything would do, though I probably wouldn't recommend your school uniform, at least not the one you've been

wearing this week."

I giggled. "I want to impress him."

"I think you did that last night."

"Yes, but he's only ever seen me in a hospital gown or naked and I want to show him there's more to me than a naked girl."

"Sam, if he can't see past skin to the wonderful girl inside he's not worth impressing."

"It's a shame not everyone would agree," I murmured, feeling suddenly sad.

Danielle looked at me and, as usual, saw straight into me. "I feel sorry for your mother. She doesn't know what she's missed all these years."

I felt a tear coming. "Thanks, Danielle."

She came towards me and I thought she was going to hug me. But she took my hand and began to lead me back upstairs.

"Come on. Let me help you with your hair and choose something to wear," she said as she clipped her wheelchair onto the stairlift.

She wheeled herself into the bedroom I share with Laura. Then moving faster than I would have believed possible, she pulled me onto her lap.

"Now if you don't lose that sad look, I'll have to tickle you," and she began to tickle me in the ribs. I tried to escape but her arms were strong.

"You gonna smile for me, or do I have to tickle you all the way to the Doctor's?"

I gave her my best smile. She let me go and I sat on the bed as she brushed my hair, over and over. Even though it was much shorter now, she still managed to make it shine.

"Now go wash your face. We don't want to show him those marks from your tears, do we?"

After I'd washed my face, she helped me choose a simple skirt and pretty blouse.

"Laura won't mind if you borrow that jacket." I was fingering the sleeve of a denim jacket and thinking, "rock chick?"

I dropped the sleeve and laughed. "People will think we're really sisters if I start borrowing her clothes. Both of you've been so good to me. I can never thank you enough or repay you. I can't remember being so happy."

"You won't know it, but you've given Laura something I couldn't. I should be thanking you."

She went on, "I had a bad time when Laura was born, and I couldn't have another child. She was weak then, and nobody thought she'd survive, not that you'd believe that now, to look at her."

I smiled.

"But as a little girl, she always dreamed of having a baby sister. When she grew older, she stopped talking about it, but I looked at her watching Heather and Shelley together sometimes and I knew she still dreamed. And now you come along. And in spite of everything this week, I can see a light in her eyes that I haven't seen since she was tiny, pretending her doll was her sister."

I tried to lighten things a bit. "I don't know. First the press think I'm a body and now I'm a poor substitute for a doll."

She grinned and shook her head. "You could never be a poor substitute for anything, Sam. I only said all that to stop you thinking that you owed us. You don't."

"You won't be offended if I disagree, will you? I would have been in hospital instead of singing last night if it wasn't for you."

"Talking of hospitals, we'd better get going."

"Do I look okay?"

"You look fine."

For the first time I actually watched her transfer herself and her chair into the car. It was so smooth and quick, far better than the old way of scooting across from a chair to the car seat and struggling to get the chair folded and into the car.

Thinking about Laura and substitute dolls reminded me of the meeting with Gerard. The difference was his dolls seemed to be puppets dancing from strings. As we turned into the main road, I turned to Danielle.

"Can I book you for an appointment this weekend as well?"

"Of course you can, you silly goose. What about?"

"Oh, nothing much. It's just that I think I may have thrown away my musical career, before I even have one, that's all."

That got her attention. "How did you manage that?"

I thought of Sharlee Chapelle. A few years ago she'd burst on the scene as a teenage classical singer. She was gorgeous with a gorgeous voice and was a real star. Until she tried to turn herself into a pop star that is, and more or less disappeared.

"I met Gerard Vaughan today and he offered to be my manager. But he wants me to be another Sharlee Chapelle. Remember her?"

"Of course I do. We've got a couple of her CDs. What's wrong with that?" I think the word is "incredulous" for the tone in Danielle's voice.

"What's wrong is that's not what I want to be."

"Oh?" Now she sounded simply curious.

"Look, Danielle. I'm really confused about this and I want, no I need, your advice."

"This won't be a five-minute chat, will it?" She tried to make that a joke, but both of us knew she was being serious. But she did make me smile.

"No, it won't. More like ten minutes... or a few hours." I tried a joke too, just as unsuccessful.

We reached the hospital clinic with minutes to spare. She drove into a disabled place right outside the front entrance. "There are some advantages to this chair," she said.

We waited about ten minutes before being shown in to Dr. Gilbert. "You go in alone," said Danielle. "You can call me in when you want me."

"Hello, Samantha," said Dr. Gilbert. "Do sit down."

"Sam," I corrected him, and sat down.

"Okay. Sam. Where's Mrs. Townley?"

"She's in the waiting room. She told me to come in on my own, but you can call her if you want to."

"I think we'll chat first. How's life being a star?"

I laughed. "Not yet. But life's good."

"What's happening with your mother?"

"I'm going to get my stuff later tonight. Then she won't have to see me again."

"I wouldn't be too hasty about that."

"Don't say you feel sorry for her too? Even Danielle, er... Mrs. Townley says she feels sorry for her for not knowing what she's missed."

"Very wise."

"She didn't even come to see me in hospital and never said a good word to me at the concert. Why should I care about her?"

"Tell me, Sam, who do you want to be like?"

"What do you mean?"

"Out of, say, your mother, and Mrs. Townley, who would you want to be like?"

"Mrs. Townley."

"Even though she cares about people who probably don't deserve it, like your mother?"

"Okay," I sighed. "Point taken."

"Just don't allow yourself to get bitter. Bitterness never harms the one you feel bitter about, it only harms the one who feels bitter."

"Yeah, I suppose so." I probably didn't sound convinced.

"Okay, that's the past. But tell me about life with the Townleys."

"It's so different. Danielle and Laura talk. And they talk with me too, not just at me."

He nodded his head, smiling slightly.

"But you know the best thing of all?"

"What's that?"

"You're going to laugh when I tell you. Danielle, that's Mrs. Townley, got really angry with me on Wednesday night. I was late home and I hadn't told her and she was worried."

My voice dropped. "I've never had someone worry about me that much..." I felt myself beginning to cry. Not again, I thought, but that made me cry even more. Dr. Gilbert passed me a tissue and just waited silently.

"I'm sorry, I don't know what made me do that. I seem to be crying a lot lately."

"I wouldn't worry," he said. "I would guess you've been bottling up your feelings for a long time and now you're learning that you do have them. It may take you a while to adjust."

He was silent for a minute, then looked serious.

"Sam, there is something you are going to have to think about if you do become the star I think you are going to be."

"What's that?"

"At the moment all the press want to show off is this pretty girl with a fantastic

voice and a body to match. But they won't stay satisfied with that. Part of the cost of being where you're going is that every sleazy journalist is going to rake up anything they can. Things like Tuesday afternoon will come out. Someone will probably speak to your mother if they haven't already. I don't want to put you off, but it's easier to cope with things like this if you're expecting them.

"I'm going to sign off your notes as not needing any further follow-up, but if you do find things difficult, please don't be afraid to come and see me, if you can fit me in that is, between world tours and making albums and signing thousands of autographs.

"I don't think I'll ever be that great, but thanks anyway. Right now I have so many people caring about me, I hardly know what to think. I just feel stupid that I never let any of them close to me before. Close is a lot more fun than distant, even if it is a little scary sometimes."

He grinned ruefully. "We shrink calls it intimacy, Sam, and it's considerably more rewarding than simply 'fun', you'll find. But don't waste time regretting the past. You can't change it. Just make sure the future is different." He allowed that to sink in before adding, "So, unless there's anything else you want to say, shall we call Mrs. Townley in now?"

I nodded and he tapped his intercom, "Send Mrs. Townley in, please."

"Mrs. Townley. I've been hearing what a fearsome dragon you can be."

I must have looked shocked, because he went straight on to say, "I am very glad you care enough about Sam to worry about her, and so is she."

"I told her, if she worries me like that again, I'll put my nasty adult hat on!"

He laughed. "I've also warned her that if the media continue to be interested in her, somebody will dig up everything they can find, about her, and probably about you and Laura as well."

"We'll cope with that when it happens."

"I'm sure you will. I just wanted her to be forewarned. I've also told her, I'm signing her off from immediate follow-up, but that doesn't mean she can't come and see me if she needs to."

"Thank you, Doctor."

"That's all, apart from, Well done so far, and Good luck."

I followed Danielle out of the office. After we got into the car, I finally spoke. "I hadn't thought about the press trying to investigate you and Laura."

I sat silent nearly all the way home.

"What are you thinking?" She sounded concerned.

"I don't want to be a star if it means hurting you two."

She stopped the car so suddenly that my head nearly hit the windscreen. "Now, stop that at once. I didn't take you in so you could turn your back on life. It's bad enough with one daughter doing that, let alone two!"

What did she mean by that?

"If the press want a story, they'll get one, whether you're a big star or not. So go for it, young lady, before I tell Laura what you've just said and she wrings your neck for you!"

I stared at her. She was genuinely angry.

"Now, we won't say another word about it, okay?"

"Okay."

I must have sounded unsure, because she repeated quietly, "Okay?"

"Okay."

"Good."

There was a strange car outside the house and as we came through the door we heard voices. Then someone started crying. Danielle wheeled herself into the lounge even quicker than I could run. Laura was sitting in a chair crying, with Mr. Moor, one of our teachers, facing her in another chair.

He put up his hand as a sort of stop sign. Danielle understood and whispered to me, "Come on, Sam, let's get a drink." She wheeled round and followed me out to the kitchen.

Mr. Moor left a minute or so later without saying anything.

I was going to go in to see Laura, but Danielle grabbed my arm and shook her head.

Eventually Laura came out to the kitchen. "Mum, I'm going out. There's something I have to do."

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

"I need to go, Mum."

I quickly volunteered, "I'll go with her."

Laura shrugged and walked out the door, so I followed her. I had no idea where we were going and neither of us spoke a word.



We ended up standing in front of an overgrown grave in a churchyard I didn't know existed. She knelt down and began to clear away the weeds, so I did the same. When it was looking a bit more presentable, I said, "I'll wait over there." I walked about twenty yards away and sat on the grass, watching Laura.

I felt like I was spying on something private, but I couldn't risk letting her get away alone.

When she stood up and walked towards me, so did I. She'd been crying again. "I need to go and see Suzie," she told me. "And I need to do it alone."

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

She shrugged.

We caught the bus to Suzie's and I waited on the pavement outside. I spoke quietly to Laura, but loudly enough for her to hear. "Invite her to stay the weekend. I can move in with Heather and Shelley for a while. Their Mum invited me. And you two need some time together."

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

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

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

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

Suzie opened the door as Laura walked towards it. In a moment they were crying in each other's arms. I called a taxi on my mobile, then went over to them.

"I've just called a taxi. Have you invited her yet?"

"Invited me?" asked Suzie.

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

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

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

Suzie had already got a bag ready by the time the taxi arrived. Later I watched them race inside Laura's.

I followed them, feeling ever-so-happy, and went to the kitchen for a drink. Laura and Suzie had disappeared upstairs.

I sat down in the lounge opposite Danielle. "You know it was bad having a daughter turning her back on life?"

"Yes?" Danielle replied.

"I think she's just stopped."

Danielle closed her eyes and clenched both her fists before letting out a deep sigh of relief.

"Danielle, could you ring Mrs. Hoover for me, to ask if it's okay for me to move in there for a while?"

"I wasn't hinting at anything when I told you she'd offered," objected Danielle.

"I know. But your real daughter and Suzie need some time and some space."

"Are you sure about this?"

"Yeah. Yes, I am."

"Okay." I fetched the phone for her. "Janice?... Oh, sorry, I didn't mean to interrupt anything... You're sure?... Well, I just wondered if Sam could come and stay with you for a few days... Well, now actually. She's decided that Laura and Suzie need time alone together and we don't have another bedroom... Oh, I didn't realise. If it's inconvenient... Yes, I can drive her. Thanks."

I went upstairs and knocked on the door.

"Come in." That was Laura.

"Are you two okay now?"

Laura kissed Suzie so tenderly I nearly melted, never mind how Suzie must have felt.

"I guess you are," I said, any last doubts about my decision to move out vanishing. "I just came in to collect a few of my things. I hope I'm not interrupting."

Suzie made me sit between them. She explained that she felt like she was pushing me out.

I quickly thought of a reply. I explained that if I was going into the music business I'd have to get used to be away from my new family.

As I finished with, "But then I realised that Danielle and Laura will still be here for me if I'm halfway across the world. So don't feel bad if I'm halfway across town," I suddenly realised that I meant it. They would be there for me, wherever I was.

I joked about Laura needing someone to look after her, but told them if they ever hurt each other they'd have me to deal with. They both squeezed me between them until I could hardly breathe and then they kissed me.

Laura said, "Shelley has these silly names for all of us and she had you labelled as

Baby Slut. But you're not much of a baby any more."

I thought about that. "I'm not a lot of things I was a few days ago. I can barely recognise myself. I'm still trying to figure it all out, but I wouldn't have made it without all of you. So no more talk about being guilty. I want my two best friends in all the world to be happy."

I grabbed a few things and left before they reduced me to tears.

As we drove to the Hoovers', I remembered, "Oh, I'm supposed to be collecting my things from my mother's soon."

"Don't worry," said Danielle, "We'll drop these things off at Janice's and then get the rest as planned. You can leave them in the lounge for now, till you find space for them somewhere."

"Thanks."

Mrs. Hoover opened the door herself. "Hello, Samantha," she said.

"Make that Sam," said Danielle, before I could. "Samantha reminds her of her mother shouting at her."

Janice flashed a smile. "Okay. Sam it is." She glanced at Danielle, then back at me. "And while we're on the subject of names, I insist on 'Janice' from now on. Okay, Sam?"

"Okay... Janice." Adult number three I'm on a first-name basis with, I thought. This is definitely cool. Then I giggled to myself as I added number four, "Willy" Tyler.

"We're just dropping a few of her things off first, then I've got to take her to her mother's to pick up the rest of her things. Don't worry, I'll store them in our lounge."

"Why don't you bring them here? There's a whole spare room to put them in."

"If you're sure it won't be any trouble?"

"It won't be. Let me help you with those things." She took one of my carrier bags and marched straight up the stairs. I followed her while Danielle waited in the hall.

"This will be your room," Janice announced.

It was a lot bigger than my old room at "home" and twice the size of the room I was sharing with Laura. In one corner was a huge teddy bear, and I mean HUGE. I'd never seen one as big. The wallpaper was pink with lots of yellow teddy bears on it. The windows had bars. The large bed had a heavy bedspread on it, which was a good idea as the rest of the room was covered in dust.

"I'm afraid it was the playroom when the girls were small. We haven't used it

much since. It's very dusty. I'll clean it tomorrow, but I haven't got time tonight, I'm afraid."

"No, you won't. I don't want to be any trouble. If you show me where the Hoover is, I'll clean it myself when I get back."

"Where did I go wrong?" Janice asked Danielle when we'd gone back downstairs.

"What do you mean?" I asked, scared I'd said something to offend her.

"I mean, how come I couldn't raise at least one girl who actually offers to do the cleaning?"

Danielle laughed.

Then Janice cleared her throat. "Sam. There's one thing I should warn you about. I hope it doesn't bother you, but some of the time, we've been doing Program outreach here, so don't be surprised if we're all naked sometimes."

I grinned at her, "After this week, I don't think I could be surprised about anything any more."

"Oh, I'd never have the courage to do that," Danielle confessed.

"Why not?" I shot back. "Your figure's good for your age."

Janice laughed. "Now that's an insult if I ever heard one."

I got embarrassed. "I didn't mean it as..." but Janice put her hand on my arm.

"We know you didn't. Don't worry. Nobody's offended."

"I just meant that if you could do it, so could Danielle. Damn, that came out wrong too."

This time both women laughed and I had to laugh too.

"I think we'd better go get your stuff before you dig yourself any deeper," said Danielle, wiping the tears of laughter from her eyes.

"See you soon, Sam," said Janice, and closed the door.

It didn't take long for us to drive to my Mum's.

I hesitated by the front door.

"Do you want me to come in with you?" asked Danielle.

I nodded. It was silly. I knew Mum wouldn't even BE there, but still I felt scared to go in alone.

The silly fear left me the moment I opened the door. She wasn't there and I raced

up to my room.

The room had almost been stripped bare. For a minute I was amazed. Mum had actually packed for me. On the bed were three big cardboard boxes and three suitcases.

In the first box was my music system, carefully packed. I took it downstairs to the car.

"Just as well I drive an estate," said Danielle when I said how much was still to come.

The next box was full of CDs. They'd been thrown in and some of the cases had smashed. Half the CDs weren't even in their cases. I picked up one and it was scratched. Not wanting to delay Danielle any longer, I picked up the box as it was and carried it out to the car.

Everything else I had been thrown into the suitcases or the remaining box. I opened one of the suitcases. In among the clothes was some of my make-up. Nail varnish had leaked everywhere.

In another case of clothes was a lot of my sheet music and my favourite mug. It wasn't broken, but it had been half full of cold coffee and had been thrown in like that. The music and the clothes were stained with three-day-old coffee.

I bit my bottom lip and willed myself not to cry. I took two cases down and then returned for the last box.

Finally I looked in the third case. It was mostly school and choir uniforms and everything was folded neatly. Everything was clean. But on top was a small book. "Guide to the law and your rights series." was printed on the front in small print, but underneath in bigger print was the short title, "Book 4. Hookers' Guide To The Law."

This time I nearly bit through my lip. I picked up the case and threw it through the open window and screamed, "I HATE YOU." It broke open scattering my clothes across the garden.

When I ran downstairs I nearly collided with Danielle, who had hurried to the front door, as far as she could get in her wheelchair.

She pulled me onto her lap and held me tightly until I felt myself calm down.

"Now, why don't you tell me what's got you so upset?"

"It wasn't enough that she trashed half my stuff," I sobbed. "She had to give me a going-away present too." I searched among the blouses and skirts for the book and handed it to her.

"I'm sorry, darling," she whispered.

"Why does she hate me so much?"

"I don't know. I don't know how anyone couldn't just fall in love with you the moment they met you."

I piled the now-muddy clothes back in the case. Danielle held onto the book.

I closed the door and pushed the key through the letterbox. We drove away slowly. Danielle seemed to be thinking.

"I think you should stay with us tonight. You've had a big upset. I can make up a bed on the sofa if you're worried about disturbing Laura and Suzie."

"No, it's okay. It was just the shock."

"Are you sure you'll be okay?"

"I'm sure. And haven't you got enough to cope with, with two randy teenagers, without me there as well?"

She laughed at that.

"Sam, I know you're thinking of them, but I'm not sure going away is good for you. No offence to Janice or Heather or Shelley, they're lovely people. But I worry about you. You're still very vulnerable."

"I'll be alright, I promise."

"Sam, don't think I'm being presumptive, but in the last few days I've come to love you like another daughter. I couldn't love you more if you were my own daughter. Please remember that."

I felt choked and couldn't answer.

"Now I've made you cry again. Some nurse I am."

"Can I call you Mum?"

"Sam, I'd love you to. But right now you're hurt and angry, rightfully so, and you're upset. Let's leave it as Danielle for now." She lifted my chin with her hand and made me look at her. "And that's not pushing you away. I just don't want you to do something like that just because you're upset with your real mother."

"I understand."

"Now. You've got our number?" I nodded. "I want you call me every evening. I know it's only a few days, but I'm going to miss you."

"It won't be long, but I'll miss you too... And that crazy daughter of yours."

We were both laughing as she parked outside Janice's house.

Danielle told Janice. "I'm sorry. I've lumbered you with a lot of washing. Her mother was good enough to mess up or ruin nearly all the clothes she has."

"That's okay. We'll deal with that in the morning. What's the book?"

"Oh. I forgot I still had that. A going-away present for Sam." She showed it to Janice and I saw Janice's eyes go hard and her face become angry. I suddenly felt very glad that she wasn't angry with me.

"Sam. Put that box down. It looks very heavy. I'll ask Eric to take it up later. Now come here."

I hesitated for some reason, so she came over to me and took both my hands.

"Don't you believe for one moment you are anything other than a wonderful, beautiful, talented girl. You hear me? If your mother is too blind to see it, well that's her loss."

I nodded.

"I'm sorry if I made you nervous, but when I saw that book she'd left for you, I was just so furious."

"That's okay."

"Do you mind if I take this book. I think one of my daughters might actually have a use for it?"

She laughed at my and Danielle's puzzled expressions. "Danielle, I'll tell you tomorrow. Thank you for lending Sam to us."

"You're welcome. I'm sure she's in safe hands."

"I don't need safe hands," I protested, giggling.

"Well you're going to get them," laughed Danielle.

A smile and a look crossed between Janice and Danielle. I think they meant it privately between them, but even I could read those looks, "Will you be okay?" and "Don't worry, we'll look after her". Then Danielle turned and left.

"Now," said Janice. "Have you eaten? Are you hungry?"

"I'm starving. I could eat a horse."

"No horses, but I'm sure we can scrape something together for you. Come into the dining room."

I followed her into a large room with wood panelling. "Sam, this is Eric, and I

think you know these two reprobates."

Eric stood up. "Pleased to meet you, Sam."

"Likewise, sir."

"Oh God, not Sir, please. I get enough of that everywhere else. Eric is fine." Oops, Adult number four, or should that be five?

Janice pulled out a chair next to herself for me. "Actually, before I eat, do you mind if I have a shower? I'm still grubby from doing some weeding earlier." I also knew my face looked tear-smudged, and I wanted to feel human again, but I didn't mention that.

"Of course. Heather will show you where it is and when you're done Shelley can probably find you some clothes to wear."

As Heather got up, Janice asked me, "Oh, Sam. I take it you don't want this book?" Some glint of amusement in her eye made me smile as I shook my head.

"Here you go, Shelley. A present for you, from Sam."

Shelley looked at the cover and then at me, with amazement. "I don't understand. How did you know?"

"Know what?" I asked.

"It's a long story," Janice answered, "Shelley can explain it to you later. Be quick in the shower and I'll get your dinner." I followed Heather upstairs and into the bathroom.

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# Continuations & Conclusions part 2

## WEEK TWO

### FRIDAY Evening

### SHELLEY

*Dear reader,*

*Hello again. When I wrote yesterday afternoon that I'd be back, I had no idea it would be this soon. But so much happened last night that I really wanted to get it all down while the details were fresh. And if I'm writing I might as well share.*

*So why not just get on with it? What's this note to you all about? Well, Sam's come to stay with us for a few days. Our spare room was a mess and I helped her clean and straighten it late last night.*

*She also told me about this book her English Lit. teacher, Mrs O'Brien, had her read (She didn't say which book, but it doesn't matter.) where the writer would sometimes take a time out and talk directly to the reader. It made Sam feel like she was right there in the room with the writer so she felt a lot more into the story. Cool, I thought. That's why I'm writing this to you.*

*When I first started writing my Program journal it felt weird. I'd never kept a diary like a lot of my friends do. But having to write about what happened to me has made me think, a little bit anyway, which is a lot more than I usually do, about what has happened and seems likely to keep happening to me.*

*Now that I don't have to keep a journal any more, or a diary or whatever you want to call it, I actually want to do it a lot more than I did before. I might even think a little more about what it all means. Pretentious or what?*

*I'm making no promises but you just might hear from me like this from time to time again. The main thing, though, is that you catch how much fun and excitement I'm having, so just sit back, have a cuppa ([see cultural notes](#)) and enjoy.*

*I left you late in the afternoon with me wearing a nice blouse and my best tight jeans to meet Mum's new boyfriend, Eric. She's just arrived home from work, so let's get it on, so to speak.*

*Shelley*

Mum and I arrived in the front hall simultaneously, her from her car, me from my room upstairs. We shared a long hug, a kiss on each other's nose and a giggle.

"You're late. I thought you'd be back by the time I'd done the shopping," I said.

"We were working late," Mum answered.

"Oh, yeah," I said with a grin. "I'll believe you."

A sudden guilty look on Mum's face told me I was right about the sort of work they'd been doing! Then we both laughed.

"So where's Eric? I'm dying to meet him," I asked.

"He's gone home first," and paused. "To pack a bag for the weekend," she grinned. "I told him to pack for three nights."

"Mother!"

"Oh dear, I think that's about number seventeen."

"Number seventeen what?"

"The seventeenth time you've called me 'mother', that's what. It usually means you're very surprised or shocked, maybe even disapproving."

"Disapproving? No way. Shocked? I've found out this week how much I love sex, so if you want to be with Eric just for that, that's cool, okay? Surprised? Yeah, not that it's happened, but that it's happened so quickly." I looked her dead in the eyes. "It has happened, hasn't it?"

She returned my stare a moment before nodding, "Yes, Shelley, it has. Whatever 'it' is, it certainly has happened."

As she turned towards the kitchen, she asked, "Where's your sister?"

"Up in her room, I think. I heard her in the shower a while ago. Shall I call her?"

"No, let her get ready in peace." She turned back and studied my outfit.

I turned slowly, sticking my butt out for a second before facing her again. "Okay? Not too slutty, I hope."

"Uh uh. You look fine. No bra, I notice."

"I didn't think I needed one with the blouse tied." I tried to sound unconcerned but I was holding my breath.

She waited a lot longer than necessary. Then she chuckled, "Okay, you can start breathing again. You look great."

She confirmed her approval by changing the subject. "You guys get the shopping?"

"Yeah, I did. Just as we were leaving, Jed turned up. He was carrying a strange-looking bag. It looked heavy. Anyway, I left them to get on with it. He was gone when I got back."

"Jed, huh? Anything going on there I should know about?"

"Who knows? I THINK it's one-way traffic though. He has that 'god, I love her' look in his eyes. But Heather, I can't figure her out."

I had a pretty fair idea, however, and Mum put it into words. "Shelley, it's going to take your sister a long time to get over what happened to her. And you and I have to be there for her every step of the way."

Again we stared at one another, and sealed that deal. Not that it needed sealing of course, but sometimes these things needed to be said.

"On the way home I realised I'd forgotten about dessert tonight. Would..."

I interrupted her, "Got it covered, Mum. I got two tubs of our favourite ice cream. I hope Eric likes chocolate."

"No you don't. You hope Eric hates chocolate so there's more for you." She didn't even bother making that a question. "Well, young lady, I've got some bad news for you. Eric likes chocolate, a lot. Last night he made us a scrumptious chocolate pudding. And when he was done, he scraped his bowl with his fingers." Then she got this faraway look in her eyes. "What's a girl to do? I had to clean off his fingers for him, didn't I?"

I got this picture of Mum taking his fingers in her mouth and sucking them clean. A very hot picture.

"I suppose your bowl needed scraping too, huh?" I giggled.

"Yeah. My fingers are smaller, so the job required all four of them," she giggled back.

Then she shook her head sharply. Fun time's over, her expression said. "I'd better get started on dinner. There's some post on the dining room table. And some stamps in my bag. Would you mind putting second-class on the two bills and a first-class on the letter, and then posting the lot for me?"

"And the rest of the stamps in the drawer?" Mum's "desk" was the dining table, plus the bottom drawer of the chest in there and some accordion files she kept under the stairs.

"Yes, thank you."

As I came back through the front door ten minutes later I could hear Mum singing to herself and the sound of chopping in time with her song.

I stood quietly near the kitchen door listening. The good news was that she sounded so happy. The bad news? Mum couldn't carry a tune in a laundry basket. I waited for the chopping to stop, then stepped into the kitchen.

"Don't ever serenade him, Mum, okay?"

"That bad, huh?"

I changed the subject. "Mum, does he know about...?" My voice faltered as I looked through the ceiling towards Heather's room.

"Yes he does, darling. After the call on Saturday, he woke up during it, I couldn't help myself. I poured my heart out to him. He held me while I cried, and talked, and cried some more. He insisted that he could cover the work, that I should come straight back here. I nearly did, you know, even though Heather was sure she'd be alright for a few days."

Her voice dropped to a whisper. "In the end I was afraid that if I came back it might be even worse for her. I thought she might somehow blame herself for messing up my work. I still don't know if I did right staying there. What do you think, Shelley?"

Shit! How the fuck could I know? But I couldn't say that, not like that. Instead I said what I thought Mum needed to hear. "Mum, Heather's been doing alright since Saturday, at least as far as I can see. You always tell us not to look back. Maybe you need to take your own advice, just this once."

"Yeah, you're right." She sounded a little doubtful. But then she took a huge breath and repeated much more firmly, "You're right." She returned to her chopping.

"Hi, Mum." Heather was standing in the doorway. Mum crossed the room quickly and threw her arms around her. I could see Heather's face over Mum's shoulder but I couldn't tell what emotions were inside her, except that the combination was a good one. If I had wanted a hug when I saw Mum, Heather needed one now and it pleased me just to see them both relax in each other's arms.

Mum broke the hug and took a couple of steps back. "Shelley's outfit looks great. Let me see yours now." Mum was not kidding. She definitely wanted her girls to wow her man tonight.

Heather had chosen pink. I'll start in the middle with her plain, light-pink t-shirt. I'd seen it loads of times before but not like this. She'd cut the bottom off it to expose her tummy. She doesn't have a six-pack, or anything near it, but she loves to swim and her whole body is ace. The bare tummy was a good move.

So was her hair. She'd done it up on top of her head. Not only did this hide Jed's handiwork (Why hadn't I thought to do the same? Damn.), but it also emphasised her wonderful long neck. She really should wear her hair up more often. This way your eye is taken right to her lovely face. She'd used only a little make-up, just enough I thought, including some bright pink lipstick. Below the t-shirt was a pair of darker-pink hip-huggers. As she twirled for us, I was impressed again by the best butt in the Hoover household. There was no panty line, so I assumed she was

wearing a thong, that is if she was wearing anything.

"Lovely. Pink suits you." Then it was back to work. "Heather, dear, would you do the 'taties?" Everyone has odd little talents, right? One of Heather's is that she can peel potatoes twice as fast as either Mum or me, so this was always her job when we were helping.

"I'll put the kettle on," I offered, "Tea all round?" Both of them agreed.

"Better put the other apron on, Heather," Mum suggested.

"Fine, but I don't want to mess up my hair."

"So, what've I missed?" she asked as she opened a fresh bag of King Edward's.

"Nothing much," Mum lied. I was facing the sink and fiddling with the tea so Heather couldn't see my reaction.

Mum continued, "I was just telling your sister about what Eric and I talked about last night. I'd shown him the tape from last Friday when it was time for Samantha's concert, so he put a new tape in to record it while we watched. I know you were in a rush earlier, but what did you guys think of the singing?"

I had to be honest. "It's not my style so I really wasn't listening. I was too busy falling off my chair at what the other girls did. Fantastic or what? I mean, I was ready for Laura and Suzie, but the others!"

"Awesome!" was Heather's comment. I don't think she was talking about the singing.

Mum fetched her tea for a long, loud slurp before going on. "After watching the interview and all those naked young girls at the concert, Eric was, how should I put this, as hard as a broom handle." Now she had our total attention. "So I had to take care of him, didn't I?"

"Mum!" from Heather.

"Mother!" from me. Number eighteen.

"Afterwards I told him about Tuesday night." She glanced at Heather. "Don't worry. I left out most of the details of what we talked about, but concentrated on all of us getting naked and enjoying it so much."

Mum glanced at the clock above the hall door. "Eric'll be here in half an hour. I'll be upstairs. Would you guys set the table please? The best cloth, middle drawer, two glasses for each of us. You know what to do."

After we'd set the table, and Heather had put all the veg in fresh, cold water, we turned the telly to one of the pop video stations. During the third song Mum appeared at the door. She was gorgeous in a kind of gypsy outfit, a dark-red blouse

with puffy sleeves and a deep-scooped neck, a long, full, floral skirt and open-toed sandals. She was obviously bra-less as well.

The doorbell rang. Heather killed the telly and we all went to the door. Mum opened it, threw her arms around the tall man standing there and gave him a kiss and three-quarters. Then she dragged him inside, forgetting to shut the door, she was so excited.

"Girls, this is Eric. Eric, Heather and Shelley." We all froze for a moment. Mum was holding her breath, I'm sure. Eric was standing there like a robot whose batteries were shot. Heather was not much better. She'd stuck her hand out for Eric to shake, but gave up when Eric's hands stayed stuck to his trousers.

Fuck this, I decided. Two paces and I was directly in front of him. I put my hands behind his head and pulled so I could kiss his cheek. "Hello, Eric," I said softly. Then I took a step back and grinned, "Welcome."

I didn't have to snap my fingers but the others came out of their trances at the same time. Mum shut the front door saying, "The polite one's Heather, Eric, and the other's Shelley."

Thanks, Mum, I thought, but I didn't really mind. Eric began to put his hand out to Heather. Then he shook his head and leaned forward to kiss Heather's cheek. Heather smiled and returned the kiss on his cheek.

The phone rang. "Damn, no peace for the wicked," Mum complained as she went to answer it.

First impressions of Eric? That's simple. Mum's pulled. ([see cultural notes](#)) He was tall, well over six feet. He must work out, I thought, with those broad shoulders, thick arms and fairly narrow waist.

His hair was very short and the hairline was well back. His features were ordinary, but I liked his open brown eyes. He looked clearly old enough to be our dad (I was surprised when that thought popped into my head.) and he needed to start smiling. That would not be a problem, I was certain of it.

He hadn't spoken yet and I was desperate to hear his voice. I smiled at him, "Would you like something to drink? Tea? Coffee? Glass of wine?"

"A glass of wine would be... very nice, thank you." Not as deep a voice as I was expecting, but very definitely a man's voice. He had starting almost croaking, but by the time he reached "thank you" his voice was much clearer. He was still nervous as hell, but I thought I could cure that.

"Heather? Wine all round?" Heather muttered, "Ta."

"Eric, opening the bottle is a man's job. Think you could manage?" It was just

ridiculous enough for all of them to laugh. Thank god!

"Follow me please." I remembered just in time to keep things natural and fun, so I did NOT wiggle my butt as I walked into the kitchen.

Mum came back from the phone. "Samantha's going to be joining us tonight and for the weekend. Come on, Heather. Let's get glasses from the table."

Mum had got lots of white wine. She must have stopped at the offie (see [cultural notes](#)) on the way home from work. Instead of the usual two bottles in the fridge there were half a dozen.

I grabbed one of the new bottles and passed it to Eric.

"This is good stuff. Do you know what we're having for dinner, Shelley?"

"Fresh salmon."

"This'll be perfect with salmon." He smiled a little shyly at me. "Trust me, I know quite a bit about wine. Let's find out if this stuff is actually as good as its label."

Amazing, I thought. As soon as Eric could talk about something he knew about, he'd chilled completely. I suddenly remembered what they did in restaurants. I took one of the glasses from Heather and poured a tiny bit of wine into it. I passed it to Eric and again I could sense Mum holding her breath.

Eric did the sniffing bit and then took the wine all round his mouth like mouthwash, before swallowing and smacking his lips. "Outstanding" from him was enough for Mum to relax again.

I filled all the glasses then as Mum said to Heather, "Take Eric into the dining room, dear. I want a quick word with Shelley."

As soon as Heather and Eric were gone, Mum hugged me ever-so-tightly. "Thank you, darling. You've been brill. I was so scared that tonight was going to be really awkward for everyone. I won't ask what possessed you earlier, but you were just... perfect."

Golly, that made me all warm inside. She released me and headed for the cooker. "So, what do you think of him?"

"Ten out of ten, Mum."

"Really?"

"Yes, really. You never told us what a hunk he is." I grinned, "An old hunk, for sure, but definitely alright."

"He reminds me of your father a bit, you know. Not too much but a little." Now she giggled, "And he's outstanding..." She didn't finish that but I could. "Now get

in there and entertain our guest. I've got to get this lot moving."

I took my wine with me and found them talking about cricket! Well actually, Eric was doing the talking, but Heather seemed to be doing more than just listening politely. She hates almost all sports so this was quite surprising.

When Eric paused, Heather turned to me, "Eric can get tickets for the test match at Old Trafford for all of us. What do you think?"

What I know about cricket wouldn't fill a thimble. I did know that Old Trafford was in Manchester (and Lord's was in London). But what the hell! Spending a day with Mum and Eric had to be good value. Heather seemed to agree.

I replied honestly, "Cool. I'd like that too, Eric."

That got a big smile from him. He looked good when he smiled.

Mum went to the door and I heard Sam's voice and Laura's Mum talking. Mum took Sam upstairs, then they came down again. But to my surprise when she joined us, Mum was alone.

She set a small timer going on the sideboard before sitting next to Eric.

"Where's Sam?" I asked.

"She had to go and get her things from her mother's. She won't be long." She turned to Eric. "I hope you haven't bored them too much with cricket, darling."

Eric looked glum. "Oh dear, I do go on and on sometimes. Sorry, girls."

Heather and I both denied we were bored. It was easy to do because we weren't.

Mum cleared her throat. "What I want to hear about is Shelley's recent adventures. Eric dear, would you like to find out how my younger daughter got her picture on the front page of every national newspaper, while at the same time scaring the crap out of her mother and sister?"

"Sounds like quite a tale," Eric responded. Then the so-and-so sat up straight and actually folded his hands on the table in front of him before looking directly at me. Watch out, mister, I said to myself. Here it comes.

"There's so much to tell, Mum, it's gonna take me ages. Okay?"

Mum smiled sweetly, "We've got all night so take your time. I want to hear everything."

I stared at her. "Everything?"

She stared back. "Yup, everything."

I thought about Eric for just a second. Either I'll kill his shyness forever, or Mum



will have to start dating again. Oh well, here goes.

"It all started on the railway platform in Rugby. Our train had broken down and Heather had got out to stretch her legs. When we were ready to go again, I couldn't see her any more, so I got out to look for her."

Heather interrupted me. "In a sense, Eric, this was all my fault. I'm not claustrophobic, but I hate just sitting around when nothing's happening."

Eric nodded, "So do I."

"When the guard announced the train was ready to leave, Shel, I just got on the nearest carriage. That's why you couldn't see me."

"Fuck, what a prat I was, Sis," I grinned.

"Yeah," she grinned back.

I had a sip of wine and carried on. "When I couldn't find her I went up to the ticket guy and tried to explain what had happened. But he was acting real pervy so I freaked and ran out the station to get away. Big mistake number two. A couple of guys were chasing me but I was too fast for them. Eventually I stopped running and hid in an alley. By now I was real thirsty and there was this can of soda, nearly full. It smelled okay so I drank it."

Mum frowned at that so I looked straight at her. "Yeah, Mum, I know. Big mistake number three. There was something in it, I guess, because I suddenly got really sleepy."

"It might have had a lot of vodka in it, Shelley," Eric commented.

"What makes you say that?" Mum asked.

Eric looked embarrassed. "We always used to use vodka if we wanted to get a girl pissed."

Mum shook her head. "And why would you want to do that?" Oops, Heather and I knew that tone of voice. I wondered if Eric did.

He twirled an imaginary moustache. "To have my evil way with her, my dear."

Heather and I laughed loudly. Mum just shook her head. At that point the timer went off. Mum stood up and addressed us, "Men!" Then she turned to Eric and smiled, "For that you can help me serve. On your feet, you scoundrel!"

As soon as they were gone Heather and I put our heads together.

I began, "What do you think, Sis?"

"Well nice. You?"

"I told Mum he was a ten."

"Ten's a little high, but definitely a nine. Did you notice how he and Mum keep looking at each other?"

"Hard to miss, unless you're blind," I said. Then I giggled, "Wait till I tell him about the club."

"You're not!" Her voice was accusing, but her eyes and mouth were grinning.

"Am too. Every sordid detail. Mum did say everything, didn't she?"

I thought how wonderful it was to see Heather happy, even though I knew she could easily change again.

Eric came in then, carrying two plates with those big silly oven gloves. "Careful, girls, these plates are HOT."

He returned in a moment with the other two plates as Mum brought in covered dishes full of vegetables.

We were all quiet then, serving ourselves and getting stuck in. I liked salmon, we all did, and soon our plates were mostly empty.

Mum put down her knife and fork and said, "Let's see. When you stopped, Shelley, you were asleep in an alley. What happened next?"

"Asleep in an alley naked, Mum," I corrected her. "I'm saying that because of what happened next. When I woke up it was dark and I was freezing. Some noise had disturbed me and I suddenly realised there were men around me. I think there were three of them, but I'm not sure. It was too dark."

I looked over at Heather and grabbed her hand. "This bit might upset you, Sis, but it was not too bad."

"That's okay, Shel. Really it is." She squeezed my hand under the table. I held hers tightly for the next few minutes.

"They made me kneel up, then one of them bent down and kissed me. Double-yuk! Another one pushed his way in. His cock was out and he forced me to start to suck it."

"Bastard," Eric muttered. Mum looked very angry.

"But then there was some kind of disturbance. Somebody shouted and then shone a light towards us. While the men were distracted, I was able to get away."

I leaned towards Heather and hugged her, whispering, "That's all the really nasty shit. I'm sorry I had to say that much though."

Heather turned to me and smiled. "Just get us the fuck out of that alley, okay?"

"Yes, ma'am. I ran and ran till I couldn't run any more. The only thing open was a pub. It sounded like some football on the telly in there so I went to the other door, the lounge bar. That one looked empty so I thought what the hell and went inside.

"There was only this ugly bloke behind the bar. I told him I was tired and hungry and lost and that I hadn't any money but please, could I get something to eat and drink. He said he'd feed me if I fucked him. No way. I used his loo, though, and got some water from the tap. I was so hungry that I went back in there and said I wouldn't fuck him but I would give him a blowjob for some food.

"So that's what I did. He didn't last long," I said proudly and they all laughed. "He gave me a burger and a coke, and then another burger after I... demolished the first one. Actually he didn't seem that bad after that, just another sleaze-ball male. Sorry about that, Eric."

"Don't be."

"When he asked me if I needed somewhere to crash, I didn't want to spend the night on the streets so I said okay even though I was really worried. He made a quick call and a few minutes later a woman turned up. She seemed nice and she offered to put me up for the night."

I had an idea. I stood up before continuing. "I want to get changed now. I'll be right back."

For some strange reason I felt evil, and like a teacher! "While I'm upstairs, class, I want you to get ready to answer this question." I paused for effect. They were all looking at me. "What do you think about prostitution?" I looked at Heather. "Not one word while I'm upstairs. Right?"

She grinned her evil grin back at me. "Right."

At the door I turned back to them. "And no conferring!"

Up in my room I put on the black outfit Tara had given me. Knickers? I decided yes and found a pale-green thong that was just as tiny as Tara's pale-blue one. I picked up the unicorn necklace and held it for a while thinking of Tara and wondering when I'd hear from her. I put the necklace on. I started downstairs but then went back for my journal. I didn't think I'd need it, but I brought it down with me anyway in case.

I walked into the dining room and called out, "Okay, class, pencils down." I stood at the near end of the table opposite Eric. I looked at Heather, "Miss Hoover, what do you think about prostitution?"

"I'll answer your question, Shel, but please, first, will you put Mum out of her

misery? She's been going crazy down here while you were upstairs."

I looked at Mum and felt embarrassed. "Sorry, Mum, I didn't mean to upset you, just tease you a little. How's this? I didn't turn any tricks in Rugby, none, not even close. Okay?"

"Okay, Shelley, I forgive you, although I probably shouldn't. Ever since I saw you on the box in that outfit I was worried about what you might have had to do to pay for it. And then there's that necklace you're wearing. I really didn't know what to think." Then she put on her worst grin. "So watch out, young lady, you will pay for this, maybe not now, but soon."

I grinned at Eric. "Don't ever cross our Mum. It always hurts, you not her. And she's had years practising on us."

He grinned back, "Thanks for the warning, kiddo. But for gawd's sake, tell us what happened next."

"I want to tell this my way, and in the right order so I don't leave anything out. So, Sis, prostitution?"

"I really don't know what I think. I mean, it's been going on forever, and it isn't going to stop, is it? So if it really is wrong, it wouldn't still be around, I guess. But a lot of girls have been badly hurt by it, so it can't be that good a thing. That's really all I can think of."

I faced Mum. "Mrs. Hoover, what do you think?"

"I think it's sad if a girl feels there is no other choice for her. But if she chooses to do it of her own free will and a man wants to pay her for half an hour or so of fun, so bloody what? I don't see how that's any worse than taking her to a fancy restaurant and a show, just so that he can get into her knickers later. One's a cash transaction, the other one's barter."

Wow, I thought. How cool is that? "Thank you, Mrs. Hoover, for your interesting contribution. Mr. Watson?"

"I know what I think personally and it's different to what society thinks. Society has always said that prostitution is wrong so we'll make criminals of the girls, but it's necessary so we won't bother enforcing those laws unless we feel like it. There's a lot of hypocrisy involved, especially when they use sex appeal to sell almost everything."

Mum asked me, "What about you, Shelley? What do you think?"

I was glad I'd brought my journal down. I knew how to answer her now, but not quite yet.

"I'll answer in a moment, but let me get to it. So this mysterious woman took me in

her car to a big house in a different quiet street. She showed me into a nice room with its own loo, and everything seemed fine... until she locked the door. It didn't take rocket science to work out what sort of a place it was, the mirror on the ceiling above the bed and the drawer full of condoms. Shit, everybody, I was really scared. But I was also exhausted so I did fall asleep.

"The next morning I met another girl. She gave me something to wear. When she found out that I'd been terrified she explained that the door had been locked so some drunken john wouldn't get in and bother me. Then she took me down to breakfast and I met the others."

*I spent a little while now explaining to all of them about names and how the girls are really worried about publicity. I used the real names then but I've got to carry on using the pretend ones for you. All of them, but especially Eric, agreed that the girls were just being sensible. I also apologised to Mum for sort of lying to her on the phone. We're straight about that now.*

*So, what did I think about prostitution? I read from my journal most of what Helen told me that morning. I've thought a lot about what she said. I think that the girls I met, and others like them, are brave and admirable, and as honest as anyone I've ever met. Mum seemed surprised, but I think she agreed with me.*

After all that Mum still demanded, "Shelley, now explain about the clothes and necklace, if you please."

"Okay, after I rang you, Tara took me up to her room and let me choose an outfit. Tara's almost exactly the same size as me. Maybe her tits are even a little bigger than mine. But everything in her room was like this outfit. It suddenly struck me that these were her 'working clothes'." That still makes me laugh. Heather chuckled, Eric guffawed but Mum shrieked, almost as loudly as she had on Tuesday night.

Mum demanded a proper show. I raced upstairs to fetch the pink shoulder bag and some chewing gum. I strolled back in, slowly with maximum wiggle, along the length of the room, swinging my bag and chewing hard on my gum. Then I stood right next to Eric, placed my chewing gum on his empty dinner plate and leaned over like he was a punter ([see cultural notes](#)) in his car, "Looking for business, love?"

Eric looked really uncomfortable for a moment as Heather and Mum screamed with laughter. Whether it was at my show or Eric's discomfort or both, I've no idea. Soon Eric was laughing too, though, and so was I.

"Sorry, everyone, but that was hot," Eric admitted. "I hope you don't mind."

I laughed and Mum certainly didn't seem to mind, but Heather was uncomfortable and said so.

"Eric, you're really nice, but do you think it's right for you to fancy someone as

young as Shelley?"

Mum and I looked at each other and I could see a slight panic on Mum's face. But before she could answer, the doorbell rang. She went to get it.

To my surprise, Eric wasn't put out at all. "Heather, just because I'm older doesn't mean I have a filter in my brain that only lets me fancy women my own age. I'm a male so I'm always going to fancy an attractive female. It's the way I'm wired. I don't have to act on those feelings though. The woman I want to be with is your mother, no one else.

"You and Shelley are beautiful young women. That means you're going to be sexually attractive to most of the men around you. You'll have to deal with that. You'll have to choose who you want to be with in that way, who you're happy to have around you even though nothing will happen between you and them, and who you don't want to know about at all. I hope you'll let me into that second category."

Heather nodded, then stood up and sat in his lap. They hugged for a while. None of us said anything. She got up again, picked up her glass and motioned Eric to do the same. They touched their glasses and drank. It was a silent toast, just between the two of them.

Mum came back in with Sam. Sam looked a mess, like she'd been crying. "Sam, this is Eric, and I think you know these two reprobates."

After the introductions Mum asked Heather to show Sam the shower. But before she could go, Mum asked Sam, "I take it you don't want this book?" Sam shook her head. "Here you go, Shelley. A present for you, from Sam." She handed it to me.

I looked at the cover, *Hookers' Guide To The Law*, and said to Sam, "I don't understand. How did you know?"

"Know what?" she asked.

"It's a long story," said Mum. "And Shelley can explain it to you later. Be quick in the shower and I'll get your dinner." Sam followed Heather upstairs.

When Heather came back down, Mum said, "If nobody minds, we'll wait dessert until Sam's had her first course."

Nobody minded.

"How did she get this book, Mum?" I asked. Heather looked up as well. She was just as curious.

"That was why she'd been crying. Her mother left it with her things as a parting gift."

"That's awful," I said.

"I just thought you might like to give it to your friends if you see them again, though they probably know it all anyway."

"I wonder if I will see them again." I looked at Mum for a moment before adding, "I really hope I do."

"You never explained about the necklace," Heather reminded me.

"I don't really know much. Tara gave it me. She says it's not that valuable but it represents someone who was very close to her."

While we waited for Sam to come down, Heather told Mum and Eric about the inquiry and everything she'd said. I noticed that she didn't go into too much detail about what we'd actually shown them. Perhaps that was because Eric was there too.

I'd started to tell them about our evening in London when Heather interrupted.

"Eric, Mum, if you think that outfit of Shel's is hot, wait till you see her new clubbing gear."

"Can I show you, Mum? It's ace."

She laughed. "We won't get any peace until you do."

"Come on, Heather, you've got to show off yours as well."

While we were changing, Sam came out of the shower wrapped in a towel. Heather looked through my clothes and gave her a dress to wear, tame and longer than I usually wear, scarlet and classy, but nice. As Sam went downstairs, Heather explained, "We don't want to embarrass her in front of Mum and Eric."

I chuckled at that. "I think Sam is hotter in that dress than we are in this lot. You watch Eric's eyes when we walk in and see if I'm not right." If I'm being completely honest, Sam looked tastier than I ever did in that dress, even without make-up, damn her!

When we went entered the room, Sam was first and Eric's eyes nearly popped out of his head. I was right, he could not take his eyes off her at first, and I don't mean her face. I wondered if Mum noticed as well.

Mum considered all three of us, her eyes sparkling. "Well, Shelley, I'm surprised to see Heather in something more revealing than you."

"You girls are all miles more... provocative in those outfits you're wearing than you would be naked," said Eric. "Shit, what have I just said?"

Heather laughed. "Ah, but Mum, that's not how she wore it."

I slowly and teasingly undid all the zips. This time I was knicker-less.

"You went clubbing like that?" Mum's eyebrows shot up. Eric's mouth was simply "catching flies."

I grinned at both of them, "I did arrive at the club all zipped up, but I didn't stay that way for long."

"That's right, Mum. We got roped into games, like limbo..." I interrupted Heather at that point by demonstrating the limbo. Poor Eric didn't know where to look when I limbo-ed directly at him, so to speak.

"Your turn." I held out my arm for Heather to limbo under.

Sam had finished her dinner, so we both turned to her and said, "Your turn, now."

She hiked her dress up and tried, but fell.

"Penalty!" I cried, "If you fall you lose your knickers." Then Heather and I reached under each side of her dress and pulled her knickers off.

"Heather! Shelley!" cried Mum. "Leave the poor girl alone. She might be embarrassed."

"It's okay Mrs.... Janice. Not much can embarrass me after this week." She tried again but the dress still got in the way.

I got behind her and shouted, "Roll up, roll up. You've seen her on the telly, you've seen her in the newspapers, now we are proud to present, Samantha, the naked choirgirl." And before anyone had a chance to object I undid the top of her dress and it fell to the floor.

Heather and Mum both gasped. Eric couldn't do anything but stare. Then, after an agonising moment, Sam giggled as she stepped out of the dress, and said, "Put your arm back up."

This time she didn't fall.

When she got up she grabbed the bottom of my dress and pulled it up. I tried to stop her, but she growled, "Arms up or I'll tear it off you."

What could I do? I didn't want my new dress wrecked so I let her pull it off over my head. Then we turned to Heather and dragged her leggings off before she pulled her own top off.

"Mum!" both Heather and I yelled.

I dived for her skirt, pulling it down before she had a chance to resist. "OO! No knickers! Ready for action, eh Mum?"



We pulled her blouse over her head, leaving her naked.

"Your turn now, Eric," said Heather.

"Er..."

Mum went round to him. "Oh, I see the problem. I think we've embarrassed him, girls."

"That's alright," I said. "We'd all be offended if you didn't have a hard-on. Don't worry, just ask Mum for relief."

"Shelley!" said Mum. I think she was trying for that "Mum's warning tone", but couldn't keep a straight face.

"Well, WE have to get relief in front of everyone in class," I argued. "At least you can do it in private, while we go get the ice cream. Come on, girls. Mum, call us when you're ready."

Leaving both Mum and Eric speechless, we went into the kitchen. We did most of the washing up and Heather was nearly going to put the ice cream back into the freezer when Mum called us.

Eric looked a lot more comfortable, and very naked, and Mum had a silly grin like one of my teenage friends.

As she served the ice cream, Heather suggested, "I think if we don't want Eric to have another problem, we should keep the rest of Thursday night for another time."

I laughed. "But Friday morning was good too. I joined the Mile-High Club on the way home. It was crap sex, but a lot of fun."

Something in Eric's laugh made Mum glance sharply at him and say, "What?"

Eric kept his eyes on mine. "Those in-flight loos are murder, aren't they?"

I couldn't resist it, "Fucking tiny!" We all lost it then.

When Mum recovered, she looked at me seriously. "Shelley. Monday morning you were a virgin. Enjoy yourself, but don't go too mad. It sounds like you've done nothing but have sex since Monday."

"Actually I haven't. I've only had sex with, let's see, Lenny, he took my virginity on Monday. He was really sweet. He wouldn't even fuck me until I said I'd get someone else to if he didn't. Then nobody else until Thursday night with Pete and Paul. Then Ricky on the plane. That's only four. Apart from them I gave Jed and Christopher blowjobs, two more boys on Tuesday morning at Morning Groping, I don't count the two sleaze-balls in Rugby, but then there were Pete and Paul in London, oh, and James, Laura's boyfriend..."

"Didn't she mind?" interrupted Mum.

"No. I was being fucked by Pete and Paul and asked her if I could borrow James for my other hole. So not counting the four boys I've fucked, or the two in Rugby I had to do, I've only given blowjobs to five boys."

"That's still a lot in less than one week," Mum argued.

"But sex is fun, and it's not like I'm hurting anyone."

I noticed Heather trying not to laugh. "What?" I asked.

"I was trying to save Eric embarrassment by not having you tell him all about your sex show with Laura in the club and you go and tell him about doing three guys at once. At this rate he'll need relief every time you open your mouth."

We all laughed.

Then I told them all about my morning with Tara. I thought Eric was going to choke, he laughed so hard, when I repeated the story of Megan masturbating but still demanding her tea. I started to describe the double striptease between Tara and me.

Mum had an evil glint in her eye. "Why don't you read this bit from your journal?"

"But Mum," I objected, "It's very explicit what I've written."

"I hope so, dear. I want Tarzan here to really do me later."

"But, Jane, I have a terrible headache," Eric grinned.

"You certainly will if you let me down."

So I sat there in front of them and read every word of that scene to them. At the end I was dripping wet. From their expressions so were Mum and Heather.

As for Eric, he grinned at Mum, "Could you fetch me an office report? I need some serious distraction before I stand up."

I told them, "All the detail is here, but my writing's not good enough to get across my emotions. It really was an awesome experience and I don't think I've been able to get that over."

Sam came up with an idea. "I've read quite a bit of Laura's journal. She can really write. I could ask her if she'd help you with it?"

"Oh, would you, Sam, please? It would mean so much to me."

Mum said, "Don't you think that it might be too much of an imposition?"

"I guess it might. But Sam, can you ask her so that she won't get pissed off?"

"Not a problem, Shelley. But I think I should leave it till the morning." She started to blush. "I don't think she and Suzie will want to be interrupted tonight."

"Like that, is it?" Mum asked.

"Yeah, like that. I think it's the real deal for them." Her voice broke slightly. "Oh shit. I'm sorry, everyone. It's just I'm so happy for them."

Mum put her arm around Sam. "Go ahead, dear. Use your serviette to blow your nose. They're all going straight into the laundry."

"Shelley, could you take Sam upstairs and help her get her room ready for tonight? Eric will bring her heavy bags up later. And Heather, you can keep Eric company while I do the washing up."

"Most of it's done," I said and went upstairs with Samantha.

I stood for a moment in the spare room's doorway. "This could be a great bedroom, Sam. It's bigger than either my room or Heather's. The bed's bigger too. The wallpaper will have to go though. Think what they'd say at school."

We were both chuckling at the yellow teddy bears as Sam added, "And so will the bars on the windows."

"I'm not so sure about those. You can reach through them to open the windows, see?" I'd crossed the room to the nearer window and done just that. "No, I'd keep the bars as a kinky fashion statement. I'd paint them black, though, or maybe dark purple."

"Yeah." She giggled, then asked, "Does that bear have a name?"

"He's Big Ted. Not very imaginative, huh? He really belongs to Heather. He was one of Dad's last Christmas presents to her. After Dad was killed, she gave me half-shares in him for my next birthday. I've always thought that was one of the nicest presents I've ever had. When we were little we'd take it in turns taking Ted to bed. The deal was that we had to return him to this room, his room, in the morning. Really stupid, I guess."

"No, Shelley, it's really sweet." She ran her hand across the top of the chest of drawers and looked at it. "Oh dear, this needs some serious dusting."

"Fear not. Mum makes us keep old t-shirts. They make great dusters. Hang on."

I ran down to the airing cupboard and returned with a couple of t-shirts. Sam was sneezing when I got back.

She grinned, "I goofed. I sat down hard on the bed and raised a huge cloud of dust from the bedspread."

"Come on, that will need to be washed."

Sam stood and we carefully folded the bedspread, top side in. She started dusting while I took the bedspread down to the laundry room. I had to walk through the kitchen to get there.

"Oh goody!" Mum exclaimed. "I'll take that outside tomorrow and beat the dust out of it."

I knew what that was all about. "Who are you going to be beating?"

"My boss. He really is being quite the idiot at the moment. I'll enjoy giving 'him' a good thrashing." She stood there for a moment considering this. Then she added, "But I think I'll save my best shots for those two sleaze-balls in Rugby. Would you care to join me?"

"I'd like that." I lay the bedspread on the table and went and kissed her nose. "Thank you, Mummy."

She smiled at me before changing the topic. "You should find plenty of fresh bedding in the airing cupboard. Leave the under-blanket on the bed under the bottom sheet. It'll be more comfortable for Sam."

"Eric seems to be good for Heather, Mum. Don't you think so?"

She sighed, "Yes, I do. God knows she can use all the good men in her life that she can find. Every good one she'll let get near her will push those other bastards a little further away. At least I think that's so. Oh god, Shelley, I'm really struggling here. I feel like I haven't a clue any more."

Silent tears fell from her eyes as I hugged her as tightly as I could. For a moment her whole body shook, before finally easing into some quiet breathing. But then we could hear Heather crying from the lounge.

Mum grabbed my arm and we went next door. Eric had folded Heather into his big arms on the sofa and was rocking her gently and stroking her hair. Mum and I stood there quietly for some time, until Heather seemed to settle. Mum said something about asking Laura's Mum for help, but I wasn't really listening. All I could take in was this wonderful man trying to comfort my hurting sister. I was so moved that I could hardly breathe.

Then Eric stood up, still with Heather in his arms, and headed for the stairs. I ran ahead to Heather's room, switched on her bedside lamp and turned down her duvet. Eric was just behind me. He cradled Heather's head as he bent to lay her on her bed. Mum pulled the duvet back over her and then sat on the edge of the bed.

I dragged Eric back into the hallway before pulling his head down to whisper in his ear, "Heather needs you now. So does Mum." I brought my mouth around to the front and kissed his nose. "And so do I." I turned to head for the airing cupboard at the end of the hall.

And that was when I noticed for the first time that he was still naked, as of course was I. He'll soon learn how highly I rate nose kisses, I thought, if he doesn't know already. I heard him head for the stairs and it took all my will power not to turn round to check out his butt. Watch yourself, girl, very carefully.

Sam had her music centre set up on the chest of drawers with two good-sized speakers either side of it. There was some classical music playing. I had to admit it was well nice.

"What's that playing?" I asked as we started making the bed.

"Mozart. I'll put something else on if you'd prefer."

"No. I never listen to that kind of music." I stopped and listened carefully. "It's very pretty. What's it called?"

"*Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*. That's German for 'A Little Night Music'. It's one of my favourites, especially the middle bit which'll start in a minute."

We'd just finished the bottom sheet and the pillowcases when Sam made me sit next to her at the foot of the bed. "Listen to this."

It was beautiful. I had heard this bit before, but I never knew it was Mozart. We sat there for about five minutes, holding hands and listening with our hips and legs touching. Wicked and very relaxing.

"So, Shelley, you like Mozart as well." Eric stood in the doorway, carrying two of Sam's suitcases.

"I guess so. I just never knew it, though."

"Where do you want these, Sam?"

"In the corner's fine. Thank you very much."

"No problem. I'll need to make two more trips."

After the last trip Eric asked, "You girls mind if I stay for the rest of this. I love it."

Sam patted the bed next to her and Eric joined us.

When the music finished, Sam asked, "More Mozart?" When I nodded, she said, "We'd better shut the door. The next one should be played a lot louder."

"What is it?" I asked.

"One of his symphonies. Eric, will you stay for *The Jupiter*?"

"I'd love to, thanks. But I shouldn't leave Jan on her own. Another time perhaps?"

"I'd like that." Damn. Sam was flirting with him! What's more, he knew it.

Sam followed him to the door, shut it behind him and then faced me, still holding the doorknob.

"Hot, or what?" she sighed.

"I know. Mum never told us."

She grinned, "He fancied me in that red dress earlier."

"Girl, I fancied you in that red dress earlier."

Her face lit up. I swear she gave me some "walk" as she crossed to the box of CDs.

It took her several minutes to find the CD she wanted. When she finally put it on, she let it play undisturbed for a while so the music had begun to get under my skin when she said quietly, "I've had one crazy, fucked-up day. Can I tell you about it?"

She started with Laura's absence at breakfast, then went on to the Morning Groping, especially Charlie and the buzzing toy. "God, Shelley, I've never felt anything like it before. I came so hard I passed out for a few seconds."

After she told me that Charlie was going to let her keep it next time, I was more than a little curious. She's promised to let me have a go. Great!

Next came the assembly. I wish I hadn't missed that. Even if most of the school didn't know it was my idea originally, I would have known and the applause would have felt very good. Next came the chats with Mr. Thompson and Mrs. O'Brien and seeing Charlie again.

"Shelley, all she had to do was pat the pocket where I knew that thing was and I started getting wet. You'll never guess what happened next."

"What?"

"I asked for relief in O'Brien's class!"

"No shit!" I exclaimed, "This is not the same girl who fainted during Monday's assembly."

Sam was suddenly serious. "No, I'm not, and that's the heart of my problem." She jumped her story to the meeting with Gerard Vaughan and what happened afterwards with Mr. Thompson.

At the end she asked me, "You were curious about what was in that folder after school, weren't you?" I nodded. "It was the contract with Vaughan. Do you see now why I didn't want to talk about it before? Maybe I've killed off my career before it was even started."

She sat there "glum as a plum", not saying anything. Then I had an idea.

"Sam, I know what you need... a nice relaxing massage. But I don't really know how to give one."

She leaned over and kissed me gently on the lips. "Please, would you try?"

I thought for a few seconds, then stood up. "Okay, you find some super-gentle music. I'll find some baby oil."

I found a large bottle of oil in the bathroom. I also fetched one of my bedside lamps. When I returned, something else slow was playing quietly. I plugged in the lamp and put it on the floor. When I switched the main light off, the room glowed softly. My last bit of prep was to shut the window. Perfect.

Sam stood beside the bed. "How do you want me?"

Anyway I can have you, I thought. "On your tummy, I think," was what I said.

Sam lay down with her head sideways on a pillow, her arms at her sides and her legs together. I climbed over her, straddling her legs and facing her head. First I poured some oil between her shoulder blades.

"That's cold!" she complained.

"Sorry. Maybe that was too much oil at once." I'd also brought a hand towel with me and put the bottle on it before attacking her back with long slow strokes.

"That's better," she purred. I thought I could feel her body relax under my hands. I remembered some massages I'd seen and started to knead the shoulder muscles near her neck. Again she made appreciative little noises.

I leaned down and kissed her neck before whispering by her ear, "Do you want more than just a massage, Sam?"

"Only if I can do you afterwards. Deal?"

"Deal."

I decided that I had done enough back. I moved off her and got her to spread her legs so I could kneel between them. This time I poured some oil into my palm and ran my hand down the back of one leg and back up the inner thigh. I repeated this on the other leg. Then I could use one hand on each leg, around her hip, down the leg and much more slowly up her inner thigh, getting close to, but never quite reaching, her pussy. She was loving it, and to tell the truth, so was I.

It was bum time, so I poured some oil on both hands this time. That way I could attack both cheeks at once. I was working my way all over her arse and into her crack.

"Shelley, please spank me."

So I did. One slap on each cheek, then lots of rubbing, then another slap. Twice she asked me "harder", and each time that's what I did. Finally she whispered "enough".

I moved to one side and she rolled over. Even in the faint light I could see her eyes shining. She looked so pretty that I had to kiss her. I lay on top of her and we kissed for a long time. There was a quiet passion about it with our tongues constantly moving, in and out of mouths and along lips.

Then she lifted my head with her hands and grinned, "What about my interesting bits?"

I oiled my hands again and started on her tits, rubbing and squeezing but refusing to touch her nipples. When I sensed her hunger, I leaned in and started sucking her nipples, fairly roughly and switching constantly from one to the other. Suddenly her hips starting thrusting and her breath became loud and ragged.

"Please, Shelley, eat me. I'm so close."

I scooted down between her legs. Even before my face was close I could smell her pussy. There was a damp patch in the sheet below it and I could tell she really was close. Other times I might have teased a girl, but not this time. I spread her lips with my fingers and dived straight for her clit. I slipped my lips around it and started sucking. And as soon as my tongue touched its tip she started cumming.

I moved my mouth down and drank her. There's nothing sweeter to me than an ejaculating pussy and I sucked and licked and swallowed and licked some more. Sam brought her hand down on her clit and started rubbing there while I continued tonguing her. Soon her body spasmed again and again and she came, loudly and more violently than before.

Suddenly her body relaxed and so did her breathing. I climbed up the bed. She was half-asleep. Her eyes refused to focus. I forced an arm under her neck and lay next to her cuddling and rocking her.

Then she was awake again. She sat up on one elbow and grinned, "Fantastic, Shel. I really, really needed that. Your turn?"

"I'm so turned on, Sam. Would you skip the massage this time and just fuck me? Please?"

"Yes, ma'am," she giggled.

She started with my nipples, gently. Little licks and sucks on my left one while rubbing and squeezing my right one. Then she switched over and repeated herself. That was lovely, but then she continued working my tits while she started to rub my pussy with her thigh. This was a new one to me and I liked it. I started fucking my pussy against her leg like a dog. I reached down and grabbed her arse hard so I



could really grind myself against her. Suddenly I started cumming while Sam squeezed and twisted my nipples.

"Fuck, Sam. That was good," I managed to say between gasps.

"That was the fast one. Now for the slow one."

Sam got down between my legs and started licking and nibbling and rubbing and squeezing, but everything was slow and gentle this time. I was floating. I could hear the music playing, but I was aware of nothing else at all except what was between my legs. My eyes were shut but I'm not sure I would have been able to see if I opened them.

Now her mouth stayed near my clit, playing with it like a cat does with a ball of wool. Two fingers entered me, slowly but insistently, all the way in and almost all the way out again, twisting constantly. Back in came the fingers a little quicker this time, then away. Each time the fingers made a circuit they moved a little faster. So did the tongue licks on my clit.

I came. It was a good one. Sam kept fucking and licking me. I came again. It was a better one. Still she kept on. This time when I came, my whole body flopped around the bed and I think I started to scream. I have to say it that way because I can't remember any more.

Sometime later Sam was holding me like I had held her. When she saw I was awake again, she began to giggle, "I think I'm getting better at that. Don't you think?"

"Ask me again tomorrow. Right now I can't think about anything, not even that."

We kissed again. "Shall I stay?" I asked her.

"You'd better not. I'm exhausted, and if you stay, we won't sleep."

I found I could stand up after all, and staggered down the hall to my room. I crawled beneath my duvet and was gone.

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# **Continuations & Conclusions part 3**

## **WEEK TWO**

### **FRIDAY Evening & SATURDAY Morning**

#### **HEATHER**

Mum asked Shelley to take Sam upstairs and help her get her room ready She asked me to keep Eric company while she did the washing up.

"Most of it's done," Shelley called as she and Sam ran up the stairs.

As Mum went out to the kitchen, Eric and I immediately got up and tried to follow her, but Mum told him, "No. Any other time yes, but tonight you're the guest of honour. Stay here and keep Heather company."

I sat down on the sofa as Eric bent down and kissed her on the cheek. Something about the sheer tenderness of it made me want to cry. I felt a tear oozing out from my left eye and I quickly wiped it away, hoping that he hadn't noticed.

I think he had, because when another tear followed it, he walked across the room and wiped it away for me.

"Have we done something to upset you? I promise you I'm not trying to take your mother from you both."

I almost laughed at that. "No, I was just thinking. You both looked so nice and so much in love. I was just wishing I could be like that."

"You mean all the boys just want sex."

Now I did laugh, a probably unattractive snort. "No. Actually Jed, I suppose he's my boyfriend, is great. I'm the problem. I just won't let him be nice to me or get close."

"If he loves you, he'll wait till you're ready."

"I don't mean close like that. I realised something earlier this evening, before you came. I'm okay having sex, so long as it's just fun. But when Jed wanted to be nice to me, I just fucked him to push him away. Crazy, huh? I hurt him and myself. Sex was okay, but I didn't want anything emotional."

He smiled. "I don't mean to be flippant, but a lot of boys would love that idea. A girl who just wants sex. A teenage boy's dream."

He looked at me and I looked at him and I laughed.

"Give yourself time. Heather, no girl should have to go through what those

bastards did to you. It's no wonder you need time to learn how to cope with it."

"I can't. For a few days, I think I can, then I close my eyes and I see them again. I'm pushing Jed away, who really does care about me. I can't sleep properly. I feel like I'm wound up so tight I'm going to snap. Like I'm angry at everyone and I'm going to explode any minute."

"That's understandable."

"Then the anger's gone and I just feel nothing. Like I'm hollow. And I look at you and Mum and I think I'll never be like that."

I burst into tears and he slid over right next to me. He pulled me onto his lap and just held me, with one of his strong arms around me and his other hand stroking my hair.

I don't know how long we were like that, but at some point I noticed that Mum and Shelley were watching me, with worried expressions on their faces. I felt drained of energy.

Mum said, "Darling, I'm going to ask Mrs. Townley if she can see you. We're out of our depth here. We want to help you, but we don't know how."

"Mum. Can we talk about this in the morning? I'm really tired."

She nodded.

Without a word and apparently without any effort Eric picked me up like I was a small child and carried me up the stairs. Shelley raced up ahead to open my bedroom door and pull down the bedclothes.

Eric gently lowered me onto my bed. Mum had followed us and pulled the covers over me. Shelley and Eric left the room.

Mum said softly. "If you get horrible thoughts in the night, come and wake me up."

"Okay, Mum," I said, knowing that I wouldn't.

She turned the light out, but continued sitting beside me and holding my hand.

The next thing I knew the sun was streaming through my window and across my face. I hadn't thought to close the curtains so it woke me up far too early. I knew I wouldn't get back to sleep, so I crept downstairs to put the kettle on.

To my surprise, Eric was in the lounge, working on his laptop. "Hi. I'm making some tea. Want some?" I asked.

"Please."

"How do you take it?"

"Milk, two sugars."

Once I'd got everything ready I realised I hadn't plugged in the kettle. I'm not at my brightest first thing in the morning. So I went to see Eric. "What you doing?"

"Just some work I didn't finish yesterday, mostly answering emails from customers."

"I won't disturb you then."

"Don't worry, there's no hurry. Most of them won't be in to get them until Monday and I've already done the urgent ones."

There was silence, as if neither of us could think what to say. I was grateful when I heard the kettle boil. I poured out the teas and brought them in.

"Have you worked with Mum for long?"

"Off and on, a few years. But we don't often work together. Not many projects justify two seniors."

"But India did?"

"Yes, it's to do with a major company expansion, so they needed two of us. Originally it was going to be a smaller job, and it was my turn for a trip away, but when they wanted a lot more from us, I asked if your mother could come as well."

He paused for what seemed like ages.

"I'm sorry for taking your mother away when you needed her," he said heavily.

"You weren't to know. And anyway, don't tell Mum, but I'm glad she wasn't here."

"Why?"

"She'd have been so angry and so worried, I'd have ended up worrying about her. And I just wanted to put it out of my mind."

He looked at me for what seemed an age. "But you can't, can you?"

"No. Well sometimes, if I keep busy, I can manage to not think about it for a while. And this is gonna sound stupid... but when I have sex, I almost forget about it."

"I won't pretend I can understand. I can't. But if you need someone to talk to, I'm here and I'm planning on being around for a long time."

I started to cry. Again.

"Now I've made you cry. I'm sorry."

"No, it's... well I don't know, somehow whenever anyone is understanding and nice, I just want to cry, and it makes it harder somehow."

We were uncomfortably quiet again.

I decided to break the silence. "So what made you choose Mum to go with you to India?"

"Well, they needed her speciality and she's the best."

"So it wasn't just to get into her knickers then?"

"No..." then he saw me grinning. "No. But I won't say I was disappointed. Your mother is very special."

"Yes, she is."

"We were both worried about last night. It's one thing knowing your mother is seeing someone, quite another to have him here in the house."

"You needn't worry. Shelley and I haven't seen Mum this happy for, well, a long time anyway."

"Good. I'm glad."

"Now there's a sight." Mum was standing in the doorway smiling at us. "It's not often, Eric, that this one beats me up in the morning." She came over and kissed the top of my head. "Did you sleep okay?"

"Yeah, the sleep of the dead. Thanks." Then I grinned up at her, "I won't ask how you slept, not with HIM sitting there anyway."

She disappeared into the kitchen and soon the wonderful smell of morning bacon filled the house. A laundry basket floated past the doorway attached to a beaming Sam. I couldn't help it. Oh god, I thought, not another morning person. I was beginning to feel seriously outnumbered. A few minutes later Sam went back upstairs and was soon dragging a reluctant Shelley back down behind her. Thank you, Sis, I grinned to myself as I recognised an ally.

Then Sam called Eric and me into the dining room. She and Shel had set the table for a "full English breakfast" for five, too many to eat together in the kitchen. I decided that I liked staying at this hotel, but I didn't dare say that aloud in case Mum heard me.

When Mum does breakfast at the weekend, she leaves nothing out. Bacon, mushrooms and fried tomatoes were already waiting in a heated covered dish. The big teapot was steaming from under a quilted tea cosy, next to a jug of milk and the sugar bowl. Each of us had a small glass of freshly-squeezed orange juice waiting, and of course the plates were hot.

For Eric and Sam's benefit, Mum started with, "Mind the hot plates." Shel and I already knew that. Then she continued, "The sausages will be ready in a minute. Will scrambled eggs be alright for everyone?"

No one dared to contradict THAT tone of voice.

"Good. I'll start bringing them through. Sam, you seem to be a lot more awake than either of my offspring. Would you come out and help with the toast please?"

Within five minutes the eggs and sausages arrived along with the first of the toast. For a while no one spoke. There really are few better meals than this. The tea was strong and remained hot throughout the meal. Everyone wanted more toast so Sam grabbed the toast racks and headed for kitchen. This time Shelley joined her to make a fresh pot of tea and bring in the marmalade, honey and jams.

As he spooned some marmalade onto a fresh slice of toast, Eric gave the verdict for all of us, "Bloody marvellous, Jan. The meal could not have been improved, I mean that."

If Mum were a cat she'd have been purring. Instead she gave him a look to melt stone.

Eric then looked around at all of us. "Whoever's free this afternoon, I'd be ever-so-chuffed ([see cultural notes](#)) if you came out to watch my cricket match. It looks like it'll be hot and sunny all day, perfect for working on your tans and there should be a very good tea. ([see cultural notes](#)) The 'mums' always make way too many sandwiches and cakes, even allowing for a couple of dozen teenage boys.

Shelley's whole face lit up. "A couple of dozen?"

Mum laughed, "Down, girl! They're way too young for you." She turned to Eric. "Isn't that so?"

Now Eric was grinning as well, trying not to laugh at the look of disappointment on Shel's face.

"We can always tease them," Sam offered. There was a twinkle in Sam's eyes I was not at all sure about. "I've got nothing better planned. Besides," she added, "I think Stephen's probably free. Does anyone mind if I ask him?" The twinkles changed to searchlights.

It was Eric's turn to laugh. "Of course you may, Sam. This Stephen is a lucky chap. I can still remember when girls used to give me the kind of look that's on Sam's face."

"Careful, mister," Mum tried to look and sound annoyed, and failed twice.

Shelley said, "Well, I'm free too. I was going to try and get my hair cut for the party tonight, but I think Eric's idea about getting some sun sounds like an even

better idea." Then she dropped her voice, "A couple of dozen, huh?"

A few seconds later Shel interrupted our laughter. "What time's the tea?"

"An intelligent question. Round about half past three. It depends a little on how the match is going."

Mum asked, "Where?"

Eric replied, "An even more intelligent question. St. Stephen's Park, just inside the Cromwell Road gates. Sam, if your young man..." His pause allowed Sam time to blush. "...Needs to take a bus, tell him he'll want, let's see, a 7, a 7A or a 22. They all stop right outside the gates."

I cleared my throat, "I may have a problem, Eric. Dr. Reynolds, he's our headmaster, has asked me to interview all the Program boys and girls this weekend for the inquiry. They'll want to look at the interviews on Monday, so I'd better do at least some of them this afternoon."

I turned to Shelley. "That big heavy bag Jed brought around yesterday, it's a video camera. He's volunteered to be my cameraman."

"Well," Mum countered, "Why don't you and Jed come with us to the park. Then the two of you can take the car, if you want, and go do some interviews. Just get the car back to us for..." she looked at Eric, "...six o'clock?" Eric nodded.

Actually, the idea of lying in the sun for at least part of the afternoon appealed, so I said, "Sounds like a plan to me."

Mum told us that she was about to go shopping with Laura's mum and Sam decided to go with them. We agreed to meet up with Sam around midday to go bikini shopping.

Eric insisted that he'd clear up the breakfast things so Mum didn't have to rush. Then, he said, he had some work to do at home until he went to the match, so that left Shelley and me on our own.

I wandered upstairs and found Shelley with her nose in her journal. "I suppose we'd better start on these interviews," I said, so I rang Jed.

Then I rang Dr. Reynolds. "Hi, Dr. Reynolds, it's Heather. No, nothing's wrong (I could hear the worry in his voice), I just wondered if Mrs. Chaplain wanted to come when I'm taping these interviews."

He gave me the number of her hotel and the porter just caught her as she was leaving the dining room. "Hello?"

"Hello, Mrs. Chaplain. It's Heather. I'm starting to do the interviews this morning and I wondered if you wanted to come along, if you've nothing else to do."

She liked the idea, so we arranged that she'd come to our house in about an hour.

"I'm going to get Jed or you to interview me first," I explained to Shelley, "Then I'll interview you while Jed tapes."

"Okay," she said brightly, but I noticed a strange look on her face.

"What's up?" I asked.

"What do you mean?"

"You had a strange look on your face when I mentioned Jed."

"I didn't," she protested, and started to blush, which is unheard of for Shelley!

"You did, and you have again." Then it dawned on me. "You fancy my boyfriend," I accused.

She looked down, but now she was smiling. I carried on, "You do. It's okay, I don't mind. In fact, that gives me an idea." I told her what I was planning.

Jed arrived and I quickly explained that Mrs. Chaplain would also be arriving soon, so we didn't have long.

I rested my arms on his shoulders and looked straight in his eyes. "I was pretty awful to you last night and I want to make it up to you. Take off your clothes and come up to my room."

He looked doubtful, so I stepped back, took off my own clothes and grinned at him.

Upstairs we kissed for what seemed like ages, then I made him lie on his back on the bed and began to suck him off.

When he was good and hard, I changed positions to a 69, forcing my pussy down over his mouth.

I moved my head away from his cock and grinned at Shelley, who had quietly entered the room.

Before he had a chance to react, she got onto the bed and lowered herself onto his cock.

He stopped licking my pussy and laughed. I got off so he could see who was fucking him.

I made Shelley get off of him and lie down on the bed and held her pussy open for him.

"Come on, Jed. Fuck my little sister. You know she wants it."



I watched him slowly enter Shelley and begin to speed up. Jed's timing when he's "on the job" is ace.

"Hey, save some for me," I cried.

He pulled out and lay down on the bed. "Shelley, you want a good pussy-licking?"

She didn't need asking twice and squatted down over his face. I sat down on his cock, and just watched Shelley struggling to keep control as he licked her.

When she came and flooded his mouth, I got off of him and went back to sucking him off.

I made Shelley move to one side of him, and placed his hand on her pussy. I moved my own rear end towards his face, and placed his other hand on my pussy, then went back, yet again, to licking and sucking his cock.

"You like finger-fucking me and my little sister, Jed?" I asked when I paused to breathe.

This time, I swallowed repeatedly, trying to get all of him in my mouth, and at the same time, fondling his balls.

When I felt him spurt down my throat I sucked and sucked, harder and harder, squeezing his balls at the same time.

I felt his body go limp. "Fuck!" he gasped, "I think I've been hoovered." Shel and I high-fived each other above his head.

We were in the shower together when the bell rang.

I dried myself and ran downstairs, not bothering to dress. It was Mrs. Chaplain.

"Hello. Come in. We've been doing a bit of outreach."

She smiled. "I hope I'm not disturbing anything."

The phone rang at that point and it was Mum, wanting Lindsey Crowe's number, so I gave it to her. "Hmm. Sam's at the Nelson Centre and wants a TV crew there. I wonder what that's about. Let's do these interviews quickly, then go and see."

Jed set up the camera in the conservatory, so there was plenty of light. He started by interviewing me.

"Heather. Tell us what you think of your time in the Program."

I'd had plenty of time to think about it, so it was easy...

"At first it was terrifying, and I think it will probably be scary for anyone at first, especially the shyer ones, but with proper supervision and proper protection, it could be great.

"Obviously I can't separate my own experience in the Program from being attacked on the Friday morning, but there were positive experiences too.

"I feel awkward saying this with her sitting there, but the best thing was Shelley. We've never been close. Sometimes it seemed like we had nothing in common and she was just a brat put here to torment me. Suddenly she's trying to protect me, and we're like a team that nobody can come between. When she went missing, all I could think of was that I'd only just found my sister and I couldn't bear it if I lost her again.

"Then there was Suzie. After the attack I was as low as I've ever been and someone I didn't even like put herself on the line like that. Perhaps being that emotionally vulnerable makes people react differently. I wonder if that's maybe even part of what the Program's about.

"I felt terrible that things got so out of hand in the second week. On the other hand, it showed us that by working together we could change things. And the second half of that Wednesday morning, when we had the support of the whole school, was quite something. And the other girls say it's continued that way. If so, the Program's brought the school together, if a little late for some of us, in a way that none of the other fancy schemes they've tried ever have done.

"It's made me feel a lot closer to quite a few people, my sister, my Mum, friends, including some very special new ones..."

I looked at Jed directly at this point.

"So that's it. I can't think of much else to say."

"Thank you, Heather," said Jed and cut the recording.

"I'm surprised," said Mrs. Chaplain. "After all we heard in the inquiry, I didn't really expect to hear so much positive from you about the Program."

"Thursday was about what went wrong. But that's not the fault of the Program itself. It can work, and I think it could be beautiful. Look at what it's done to Sam."

I turned to Shelley. "Okay, Sis, your turn. Jed, Lights! Camera! Action!"

"I'm here with my sister, Shelley, who has just completed her week in the notorious Naked In School Program. Shelley, what are your thoughts?"

"It's been a totally mad week. So many things went wrong, yet in spite of everything, things turned out amazing. I mean, take Sam, like you said. She started the week so scared she fainted. She's finished the week somewhere way above cloud nine. To say she's a different person to the scared little rabbit she was on Monday doesn't come close.

"And fancy Suzie and Laura falling in love! Laura especially has had such a rotten

time this week that she deserves a few thousand breaks. Suzie does too, of course, and so do the rest of this week's, what's Heather call us, Naked Participants. All of us have earned it."

I interrupted her. "I really wanted to know about your own experience in the Program."

"Let me finish," she replied. "My sister Heather is still hurting, I know that. And I know why, her attack. (I still find it very hard to use the other word.) I don't know what I can do to help, except to be there for her forever and do my damndest to make her laugh. And of course to love her with all my heart, which I do."

I felt my eyes water. I looked at her and she caught my glance and it felt like she was looking into my soul. Then she turned back to the camera and went on.

"And me, what sort of week have I had? Only the most amazing and wonderful adventure, better than I could ever have imagined. I know I wrote a couple of days ago, "God, I love sex," and it's true, I do love sex and I intend to have lots more of it, as often as I can.

"But that's only part of it. I have made FRIENDS this week. Sam and Suzie and Laura to start with, but there are so many more. Top of the list must be Tara, my new friend in Rugby. I'm wearing the unicorn she gave me again, and I don't plan to take it off. The so-and-so better ring me soon, I've got so much to tell her. And her other friends there in Rugby, all of them real and really alive. I have to see them again."

I realised with a start that she'd prepared this as much as I had.

"Then there's the London crowd we met when we were down for the inquiry. Pete comes first, obviously, but Paul is a close second. For a while he made my sister happy, and made me happy because of it. But Laura and James were lots of fun too. I hope it works out for them. And who knows? George the taxi driver, he might be one for the future."

Probably not the best idea to tell Mum about him, I thought. But Shel went on...

"But I've snuck another name onto this special list, a certain headmaster who shall remain nameless, but I think you know who I mean. Who'd have thought that old Dr. R. could be like that? He's actually human when you get to know him. And I made him laugh, in spite of himself and his job. I think he needs to, so I'll have to think of more ways to make him laugh, in spite of himself and his job. I know now he wants to, at least once in a while.

"There's one very special friend I haven't mentioned yet, the one who means as much to me as Heather does. Something magnificent happened Tuesday night, and I don't mean getting naked, although that was fun. It was like Heather and I walked through a door and found our new best friend on the other side. I mean Mum of

course. I know we have to share her with Eric now, but she has never been happier that I can remember. (Hey, Daddy. If you can hear me, I know this makes you happy too.) I'm not sure it would have happened if the Program hadn't made us all less inhibited."

I still had trouble thinking of Shelley as ever having been inhibited. Then she finished with, "We have survived, we Program girls, but I think all of us have done a whole lot more than that. I know I have."

We were all silent for a while. I felt almost rude as if I'd been caught watching my sister stripping.

Then I remembered, "Thank you, Shelley, and CUT!"

Mrs. Chaplain had a big smile on her face. "I must say I'm quite astounded, Shelley. That was an extremely polished performance. I wanted to look around for one of those... oh, what are they called?"

"Teleprompter?" Jed suggested.

"Yes, that's it. Thank you, Jed. I wanted to look around for the Teleprompter."

We could see the pleasure on Shelley's face and hear it in her voice. "Thank you, ma'am. The train journey from Rugby to London is a long one." Now she giggled, "I could only tease my policeman for a little while so I had lots of time to think about what I wanted to say to the inquiry. But I never had the chance then. So thanks, Sis, for the chance now."

Then her voice got quieter. "You know, I just said some things I might have been embarrassed to say publicly before. But maybe that's another one in the plus column for the Program. I love my family and my friends and I don't care who hears me say that."

And now Jed did the most wonderful thing. He put down the camera and hugged Shelley. "And we all love you, you crazy so-and-so."

It's just as well that Jed picked the camera up again immediately. I'm not sure what Shel might have done otherwise.

Mrs. Chaplain was still smiling, but her voice had turned quite serious. "I'm really surprised. After seeing you both on Thursday, I'd half expected to come up here for the second part of the inquiry and end up having to recommend that the Program should be abandoned as being too dangerous. Yet you two, unless I'm totally misunderstanding you both, are both in favour of the Program."

"Yes," we said together.

"I wish I could do it again," said Shelley. "Not now I mean, but in a few months, when everything's running smoothly."

"It wouldn't work," I countered.

"Why?"

"Nothing will run smoothly if you're in it."

Jed and Mrs. Chaplain laughed.

"Come on," said Shelley. "Jed's turn. Tell us about all those girls you've been screwing all week." She took the camera from him and switched it on, pointing it at me.

"Okay, Jed," I said. "My sister says the Program for boys is all about how many girls you can screw. Is it like that?"

"No. Well, not completely. Of course being seduced in my first five minutes in the Program was a nice start."

Shelley giggled at that.

"But the first day or two was actually quite embarrassing. Trying not to get an erection all the time, especially after the first day, when touching was allowed and when everywhere you go, there are girls grabbing at it. By Tuesday lunchtime I'd had relief in almost every lesson and I was knackered. (see [cultural notes](#)) When everyone stopped doing anything in the afternoon after Laura got caned it was almost a relief... of a very different sort.

"Then Wednesday afternoon when you'd gone to London, it seemed like every girl in school thought it was her personal duty to make sure I didn't miss you too much. After school a whole load of them lined up to take it in turns giving me a blowjob. They each stopped before I could come. Then one didn't stop quick enough and I ended up coming in her mouth."

I laughed at that.

"But Thursday was the weirdest. It seemed like the girls had decided it was try-everything-weird day."

"What do you mean?"

"It started off with one of the girls wanting me to spank her. I think she'd got the idea from hearing about Sam. Then she said if I wanted to fuck her I had to let her spank me too."

"And did you?"

"What do you think?"

"What was it like?"

"Spanking her or being spanked?"

"Both."

"Well, I started spanking her gently, but she wanted it harder, so I made her bum really red. And in between the spans, I felt her pussy. It was really really wet. Then when she did me, she kept stroking my cock in between each spank and talking about how much she wanted me to fuck her. The odd thing was the pain made it even more exciting.

"When she'd finished I'd fucked her pussy a few times when she told me to stop and ram it in her arse. When I've had a girl let me do her backdoor before, they've always wanted me to be really slow and gentle, but not her. But I did what she said and she really screamed when I pushed it into her. I thought I'd really hurt her, but she told me to carry on, but faster. I've never felt anything as intense as when she came."

"You said it started like that. How did Thursday continue?"

"Two girls wanted a threesome with me. They were kissing each other while I was fucking one and licking the other as she sat on my face.

"Another girl wanted me to pee all over her. Now THAT was weird, she came while I was doing it. Then she peed on my cock before giving me a blowjob."

Thank God. Jed was too busy looking directly into the camera to notice my reaction to that. I think Shel noticed, but she didn't say anything.

"And one girl insisted on giving me relief in class by fucking me, in front of the whole class, riding me like I was a horse. And after school a girl tied me up and fucked me. In fact after Thursday, Friday was almost normal."

"What happened Friday?"

Before he could answer, the phone rang again. It was Sam. She wouldn't say what had happened about the telly, but told us to meet her at the bikini shop in an hour.

"Sorry about that, Jed," I said. "We'll have to edit that bit out. What happened Friday?"

"Well, I missed most of the Morning Groping as we were watching Graham and Ghastly get escorted out of the school. But every break there was at least one girl who wanted me to fuck her. The one who tied me up the day before wanted me to tie her up over her desk and fuck her, but other than that it was pretty ordinary.

"And in the afternoon I said no to fucking or blowjobs as I wanted the energy for when you came home."

Ouch. I thought of the way I'd been last night and felt even guiltier.

"So you've had lots of sex. So tell us, what do you think of the Program?"

"I think all the boys in the Program had lots of sex. It was like girls who wouldn't normally do it thought it was okay if it was with someone in the Program. But it wasn't only sex. I won't pretend we had as much of an emotional time as the girls did, but I know we all felt responsible for the girls and the others were really guilty about Wednesday's Morning Groping."

"What happened to them all? I know you were with us until we came back from the office."

"As soon as the rest of the boys arrived, a load of girls dragged them round the back for a gangbang. When I came back from the office with you, I couldn't get near any of you for the crush of other boys and finally I went off to find the other Program boys to help. By the time I found them, Morning Groping was over. I'm sorry I couldn't do more. It was a bloody disaster."

I signalled Shelley to cut the camera. "You tried, Jed. You tried. And you made up for it in the office later."

I kissed him and for once I actually felt something more than just sex.

Jed had some errands for his parents so he went off, leaving the camera with me. The rest of us had time for a cup of tea and a chat. "How would you have coped if they'd had the Program when you were at school?" asked Shelley.

"I don't know," Mrs. Chaplain said honestly. "When I was at school it was in the backlash to the liberated sixties and seventies. Everyone was scared of AIDS and anyone who had too much sex was REALLY looked down on. There were campaigns to take benefits away from single mothers and make the fathers pay and it got really nasty. A lot of it came from America where the religious right were getting powerful, so it was probably worse there."

"I certainly wish we'd had the openness at my school that you seem to have now. One girl committed suicide when she thought she was a lesbian. Another girl tried to when she got pregnant."

"That's sick," commented Shelley.

"Yes, it is. It was a sick time. That's why we need the Program, to ensure that everyone is taught that sex isn't wrong, any type of sex, so long as everyone involved is willing. We want to ensure that the repressive factions can never get the upper hand again."

I had to ask. "You talk about if everyone is willing. So why is the Program compulsory? And why do we have to do so much in Reasonable Requests?"

"That was a difficult one," she admitted. "To our shame, our society left your

generation with so many hang-ups, that left to yourselves, you might never get over them. You had no choice about those inhibitions and repressed ideas being put into you in the first place, so we had to undo the damage our generation had done. We hope that after the first few in each school, it will be seen as so positive that most will embrace it enthusiastically, like Shelley here.

"But it is a risk," she admitted. "Not all Programs in the US went well. Some still don't work well. That's why we started with one school as a pilot Program, to try out ideas and see if they work. As you know, we made a lot of mistakes, but we will learn from them, with your help. I hope you will think the end turns out to be worth what you have been put through."

I thought about that one. "I think it probably will be. But this might sound stupid. I feel kind of responsible for those that follow us in the Program. I'd like to be involved in some way. And I think other students should have an official say in how it's run. After all, we know what it's really like. You didn't, not one of you. Not even the teachers here realised until we told them."

"When we've taken evidence from everyone else involved in the inquiry, I'll ask you to come back in to make that point for the record. Okay?"

"Okay."

I explained to Mrs. Chaplain about the cricket match and the possibility of doing some more interviews in the afternoon. She complained that sadly she had a lot of work to do. Much as she'd have liked to see the match she couldn't afford the time. But she would meet me wherever when I did more interviews. We exchanged mobile numbers.

Shelley told her that all the Program students would be at Tanya's party tonight. I don't know how Shel managed it, but she persuaded Mrs. Chaplain to come to the party, at least for a little while. Shel actually said, "All work and no play makes for a dull day." Once Mrs. Chaplain started laughing, I knew she'd lost the argument.

As she was leaving, she whispered to me, "Your sister can be very persuasive," then said more loudly, "Did I hear you say you are going into town? I can give you a lift if you like."

"Thanks, give us a minute to put something on." As I dressed I looked out of my window and I swear there was a spring in her step as she walked to her car.

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# **Continuations & Conclusions part 4**

## **WEEK TWO**

### **FRIDAY Evening & SATURDAY Morning**

#### **SUZIE**

When Laura told me Friday lunchtime that she was leaving, for a while I wanted to die. But writing my final journal entry at home in the afternoon made me realise that life must go on, or more importantly, that I wanted my life to go on.

Several cups of tea and two pees later I was sitting in my room wondering what music I'd like to put on when I heard voices outside. I looked out of the window and saw Sam standing on the pavement outside the house. The evening sun was behind her so I couldn't see her face clearly.

I ran downstairs to open the door, ready to tell her I was okay, I just wanted to be left alone. I felt an irrational anger at Sam for disturbing me when I really needed to be alone, even though I knew she was here because she cared.

I flung the door open and opened my mouth to shout at Sam and saw Laura walking up the path towards me. I hadn't seen her from the window. From her tear-streaked face I could see that she'd been crying too, a lot.

"Suzie, I'm sorry," she began and couldn't continue as her voice choked with sobs. I had to hold her. Whatever she'd said or done, I knew I loved her. "There're... some things... I have to tell you," she whimpered, gasping for breath between her sobs.

"You don't have to say anything," I assured her.

"Yes, I do. I love you and I want to be with you."

It was like the evening sunlight had broken through a black cloud. The weight on my mind and my heart lifted so suddenly I felt I would burst.

We were still crying in each other's arms when Sam interrupted us. "I've just called a taxi. Have you invited her yet?"

"Invited me?" I asked. Invited me to what? I wondered.

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

If I hadn't been hanging onto Laura for all I was worth, I'd have hugged her. Instead I just said, "Sam, that's really nice. Thank you." The words felt so inadequate. I knew how much Sam loved living with the Townleys.

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

I packed some spare clothes and a few other bits and pieces into an overnight bag and we waited for the taxi together.

When we reached her home, Laura nearly dragged me up the stairs.

"Everything alright?" asked her Mum.

"It is now," shouted Laura.

When we reached her bedroom, she made me sit on her bed while she talked.

"I'm so sorry I hurt you today. At the very least I owe you an explanation. And if you never want to see me again after that, I understand."

"Do you think I'd be here if I never wanted to see you again?"

She smiled. "A few years ago, my best friend, Julie, was killed by a bomb." She paused. I could see it still hurt.

"It's okay, you don't have to tell me."

"Yes I do. We were more than friends, we'd been lovers for a while. She was a bit older than me, about the same age I am now, and she made it clear she wanted more than a casual friendship 'with benefits' as she called it." She faltered again. I took her hand.

"I wasn't ready for that and we had a big row and I told her she was stifling me. When she told me she loved me, I said I didn't need her, I could manage without her. So she ran out and seconds later the bomb went off and she was killed instantly. I'll never forget the look on her face when she ran out."

I could see even now her eyes were watering at the memory. I wanted to reassure her, so I squeezed her hand tighter.

"For ages I blamed myself that she died. I was convinced it was my fault. I even tried suicide, but Heather caught me, and threw away the pills. I was so angry I really hit her hard. So hard she had to go to hospital."

Suddenly the reason Laura went through all she had done last weekend for Heather became clear. These two had a history and a closeness I'd never had with anyone. And I'd begun to write off Heather as shallow. How stupid.

"I was obsessed that I'd hurt anyone I got really close to, so I wouldn't let anyone that close ever again. When I couldn't stop thinking about you, I let down my guard sometimes, then felt guilty as hell afterwards. And last night, when you said you loved me, I freaked out. I decided that I'd go away before I really hurt you."

"You can't protect me, Laura, not even from yourself."

"Then Mr. Moor got angry with me about how I'd hurt you and made me tell him all this. He said something that seems so obvious now, that I can't understand why I didn't think of it before. If we hadn't had that row, Julie still wouldn't be alive, but I'd have gone out with her and we'd both have been killed. He said I was blaming myself for something I couldn't have changed."

"Oh, Laura."

"Then he told me the terrorists killed her and hurt me, but now I was letting them hurt you too, punishing you for what they'd done. I can't make it right, he said, to Julie, but I can with you." She shook her head violently like she was shutting a door somewhere deep inside. "Suzie, I'm not leaving. And I am ready for whatever relationship you want. I love you and I'm so sorry I hurt you."

Neither of us dared breathe for fear of losing it again. I pushed her so she lay down on the bed. I lay beside her and just cuddled her. This was so much better than sex. (I'll probably fail the Program for saying that. It's got to be heresy or something, but it's true.)

"Laura, I love you." We lay there together, holding hands like kids, not saying anything, just enjoying being together.

There was a gentle knock on the door. "Come in," called Laura.

It was Sam. "Are you two okay now?"

Laura turned and kissed me so tenderly I wanted to melt on the spot.

"I guess you are," Sam smiled. "I just came to collect a few of my things. I hope I'm not interrupting."

"Sam, come here." I made her sit between us. "I know how much living here means to you, and how much Laura and Danielle mean to you. I feel like I'm pushing you out."

"Suzie, I've had time to think today. I've wanted a family that cared for me for longer than I can remember. And now that I have one, even if it does include a crazy big sister, I'll probably be leaving them. To be a success in the music business means either living in London most of the time or spending most of your life travelling. At first I wasn't sure I could do that now, but then I realised that Danielle and Laura will still be here for me even if I'm halfway across the world. So don't feel bad that I'm halfway across town."

She grinned and went on, "Besides you two have done so much for me. If I can help you be happy, it's wonderful. After all, if it wasn't for Laura, I'd be dead now. And she's so crazy, she needs someone to keep an eye on her when I go away, so you've got the job."

I laughed at that. Laura pretended to look hurt.

"But if you two hurt each other, I warn you, you'll have me to deal with." She was NOT joking.

Laura and I squeezed Sam between us and both of us kissed her.

"You know," said Laura. "Shelley has these silly names for all of us and she had you labelled as Baby Slut. But you're not much of a baby any more."

Sam considered that for a moment. "I'm not a lot of things I was a few days ago. I can barely recognise myself. I'm still trying to come to terms with it all, but I wouldn't have made it without all of you. So no more talk about being guilty. I want my two best friends in all the world to be happy."

She got up and took her things and left without another word.

"I think I love your new little sister," I told Laura, "But I love her older sister even more." And I kissed her, again.

She had a slightly sad look on her face. "What's the matter?" I asked.

"I can't believe you can still love me after what I did to you today. Especially after last night."

I put on a serious face and tried to look deep in thought. "I'll have to think about that one." Then I turned to nibble on her ear. "Well, I love this bit."

I pulled off her shoes and her socks and sucked one of her big toes into my mouth. "And I love this bit too."

I pulled her top over her head and sucked hard on the part of her left breast that wasn't quite covered by her bra, giving her a tiny love bite. "And I love this bit."

"Ow," she said. "It's a good job I'm not working this weekend."

"Oh, aren't you? Then I'd better take my chance while I can."

I undressed her completely, then began to kiss and suck everywhere, covering her with love bites, each time saying, "And I love this bit."

Laura couldn't stop giggling the whole time. "This is so silly," she said.

I sucked more gently on her nipples, playing with them with my tongue.

Then finally I went down on her by-now-dripping pussy. Having got her worked up I remembered last night and pulled her buttocks open to tongue her arse.

Normally the thought of that would have been unpleasant but I just adored the reaction of the girl I loved.

I fingered her pussy as I continued to tongue her arsehole until she came.

"And that's a little bit of how much I love you," I told her.

She had an evil grin on her face. "Now I'd better show you how much I love you." I knew what was coming.

She gently undressed me, caressing me all over until my skin was sensitised by her touch.

Then she started with my wrists, working up each arm, leaving a trail of love bites. At first I thought, thank god there was no school tomorrow. Then I wished there was. It would be worth the stares to show everyone that we belonged to each other now, body and soul.

No part of me was missed. She didn't leave my breasts till last, but sent me a little crazy with her tongue on my nipples before moving further down my body with her love bites. She even managed to get a love bite on each of my labia.

This was crazy, even a little painful, and I loved it.

She finally reached my feet and sucked one of my toes. "That tickles!" I cried, but she held me down and tortured each toe in turn.

At last she dived into my pussy. If I thought she was good last night, this time she was incredible. I tried to bite on a pillow to keep the noise down, but it was no good. Even after I came she continued to lick me, drinking my juices.

Finally, she came back up and kissed me lightly on my mouth. "And that's a little bit of how much I love you."

I was too exhausted to think of a witty answer, so I just murmured "mmm" and snuggled into her side.

She spoke once more before we slept, "And I promise I'll never hurt you again."

It was already light when I woke up with her arms around me. I pushed myself back to snuggle even closer to her, then went back to sleep.

The next time I was woken up by a rain of light kisses on my face. "You going to sleep all day or come down for breakfast? I'm starving."

Laura began to get up, but I pulled her back down to me. "Wanna kiss," I mumbled.

"You just had about a hundred."

"I wanna a proper kiss."

She grinned and threw herself down on top of me, her hand between my legs and her lips pressed over mine. We battled with our tongues until she held my tongue in her mouth for a moment and playfully bit it.

"Ow!"

"I told you I was hungry. Come on, before I eat you instead of breakfast." With that she slipped a finger into me, then got up and put it in her mouth. "Though that might be tempting." But she threw on a baggy t-shirt anyway. "You coming?"

"No, dammit, not even close. But I am getting up." I grabbed an oversized rugby shirt (essential wear for sleepovers) from my case. It fell below my bum so I didn't bother with knickers, even though Laura had donned a pair. I followed her downstairs, still a bit groggy.

"I don't know what you're used to for breakfast, but if there's anything you want, just tell me," Mrs. Townley chirped, far too wide awake first thing in the morning.

"Eggs, bacon, mushrooms, tomatoes, beans, eggy-fried bread, toast and marmalade," said Laura.

"Then you can cook it," replied Mrs. Townley, "and I wasn't talking to you, Greedy. I was talking to our guest."

"Anything thanks, Mrs. Townley, just cereal will do."

"There's a whole selection in the cupboard there, from corn flakes to those choco things that are meant for kids, but Laura loves when she thinks I'm not looking."

Laura glared at her mother, pretending to be angry.

"And, please, call me Danielle. Mrs. Townley makes me feel like I'm on duty."

I laughed at that and helped myself to the choco things. Danielle (Yes, that does feel right.) got the milk out of the fridge and handed it to me.

I was amazed that I was so hungry. I had three bowls of the stuff, washed down with two cups of tea. "Sorry, Mrs... Danielle, I'm not normally that greedy."

"Sounds like my daughter wore you out last night."

I could feel myself turn red.

"Sorry, Suzie. I didn't mean to embarrass you. And judging by the amount my daughter's just tucked away, you wore her out too, which is quite an achievement I can tell you. No boy's ever managed to do that, though a few have tried."

"MUM!" cried Laura. Now she was the one embarrassed.

Danielle poked her tongue out at Laura, who returned the gesture.

"Let's go back upstairs," Laura said, holding the door open for me.

"Before you go, I think you two ought to know what happened to Sam last night."

Laura and I sat back down. Laura looked worried.

"When we picked up her things her mother had wrecked most of her clothes and stuff, and left her a leaving present; a book addressed to 'Hookers'. She was pretty upset."

"I'll kill her," muttered Laura. I felt exactly the same.

"Don't worry, Sam's okay. But in case it comes up sometime, I wanted you to know what happened."

"Poor Sam," I said. "My parents aren't exactly supportive, putting it mildly, sometimes I don't think they know I exist, but I can't ever see them being deliberately cruel."

"Well, she's out of there now," declared Laura.

"I'm sorry, but that made me feel awful," I said.

"Why?"

"I was jealous, when you took Sam in here. She suddenly had people to care for her, and I felt like the odd one out."

"You're welcome here as much as you like," said Laura, "Right, Mum?"

"Of course she is."

"Come on, lover," grinned Laura, getting up, "Let's go upstairs."

"Don't do anything I wouldn't do," called Danielle.

Laura grinned at her as well and squeezed my bare bum through my shirt as I went past her.

Somehow, when we got back upstairs, it just seemed natural to take off our clothes again and lay close to each other on the bed. Although I'd slept later than I usually do, I still felt a bit sleepy, and Laura's occasional touch felt so relaxing. She put the radio on and the classic pop station she'd chosen just seemed to wash over me, making me even more relaxed. This was nice. Just being together. I felt totally at peace. Then a thought crossed my mind.

"Do you mind if I use the phone?" My hand was making little circles on Laura's tummy.

"If that hand of yours moves up or down, yes I will. But no, of course I don't. Who are you calling?"

"A boy named Craig."

"Who's he?" A tiny edge tinged her words.

"Don't worry, sweetheart." I leant up and kissed her lips. Neither of us said anything for a minute.

Eventually I spoke. "I've known Craig for years." I was very careful to keep eye contact with her. This would be history and not a confession and Laura needed to understand that from the outset.

There followed the short version of "The Story of Suzie and Craig", from dating, that is sex, to break-up to friendship to becoming "fuck buddies".

"Now I found myself with a real problem this week," I continued. "The best sex I've ever had was with girls recently, starting last Friday with Heather. That one was in front of the whole class and while I was doing it with her I didn't give a fuck if the BBC was transmitting it live or not. Afterwards it was different and I was as embarrassed as anything..." I giggled here, "...but not that embarrassed, I guess, because I spent the whole lunch break in the dining hall with Heather... naked... Wait! Turn that up. I love this record," I cried.

"So do I," Laura agreed as she did as I asked.

I was grateful for the break. I wanted to collect my thoughts before continuing.

"Then there's Daisy..." I began after Laura turned the radio back down at the end of the record.

"Who the fuck is Daisy?" Laura was trying to sound jealous but her grinning eyes let her down.

"Maybe the sweetest girl in the whole school, present company excluded of course."

"That's okay. I don't do sweet, not since I was about thirteen. Go on."

You're so wrong, I thought.

"I met her twice because of the Program, and both times all I could think of was, please god, give me a chance to fuck her till she can't stand up again. You've got to meet her. I know you'll feel exactly the same way."

I leant down to her nearby nipple. Between licks I added, "And if you do it with her, I want to watch, if Daisy's cool with it, that is."

I sat up again intending to carry on talking but Laura had other ideas. She grabbed my sides tightly and dove at my left tit. She licked and sucked for a while but then she started biting my nipple. I could feel each nip between my legs.



But I complained anyway. "Hey, not fair! I didn't use teeth!"

She stopped and lay back. "I know. The teeth were punishment... for stopping before."

There was a quiet knock at the door. Laura looked at me and I shrugged.

"Come on in, Mummy."

"You only call me Mummy if you think you're in trouble..." Her head came round the door. "Oh, I see."

"That's okay, Danielle. I don't mind if you don't," I called to her. "Come over and sit down if you want."

I'd never before seen her walk across an open space like the one between the door and the foot of the bed. First she gathered herself mentally, seeming to count the steps she required, then putting her body into gear. One, two, three, four small shuffling paces and she had to rest. I could feel Laura totally concentrating on her mother's efforts, desperate to leap up to help her, yet knowing how much these next few independent steps would mean. I was paralysed as well, holding my breath while she stood in the middle of the room, then exhaling slightly as her journey recommenced.

Four more steps, I counted each one, and the journey was over. Danielle sat on the bed, took a breath and gave us both a smile to light the darkest night. Nothing was said, no words were needed, and in that instant I knew that I had seen something deeply personal and extraordinarily admirable. Danielle and Laura had taken me to themselves in a way I knew I could never forget.

"I always like to chat to my daughter's lovers, Suzie, especially the ones that stay the night." The world had restarted, as if nothing unusual had just occurred.

I thought Laura was going to choke for a second and I could see her start to blush.

I couldn't resist it. "We seem to have embarrassed your daughter, Danielle."

"I do believe you're right." We both laughed.

"You're both bitches," Laura growled.

But then she joined our laughter. "That's alright, Mum, you're cool," then to me, "But you, Miss Peters, you're toast!"

Danielle laughed. "Interesting new form of body decoration for you both. Or did you both get hungry in the night?"

With a shock I realised she was looking at the love bites we were both covered in and suddenly I was as embarrassed as Laura was. If Laura's face was pinkish, mine was scarlet.

Danielle turned friendly-serious and looked right at me. "I seem to be saying this a lot lately." She paused. "If you two are happy, then I'm happy. It's as simple as that." Now she grinned at Laura. "And if you can teach this one a little humility, so much the better. I gave up on decorum a few years ago."

Before Laura could react, Danielle stood up to move closer to her daughter, sat again and hugged her, "You are happy, Laura, aren't you?"

Laura could only nod. Over her daughter's shoulder Danielle mouthed a thank you at me. Then I realised she had just taken a couple of ordinary steps and the world hadn't stopped.

She cleared her throat. "There was a reason I came in here... Oh yes, Janice Hoover's coming over soon. She's offered to take me shopping to say thanks for helping her out this week. The thing is she's busy this afternoon, something about a cricket match would you believe, so it's gotta be this morning. You two want to come?" Then she laughed loudly. "Oh dear, maybe I should rephrase that."

I could feel my face go bright red again. I knew I'd been loud last night.

"Don't worry, Suzie. I could tell what you two were doing last night but I couldn't really hear any details."

She looked away. "But I do have a good imagination."

It was the way she said that. I had to know. "And a few good memories?"

"Suzie!" Laura shouted.

"That's okay, Laura. I don't mind. More than a few memories, Suzie. More than a few."

"Mum, I never knew. You've never said... I mean..."

"You never asked, darling. Maybe it's not something a girl asks her mother, eh?"

"I suppose not," Laura agreed, then added, "Is this where you tell me you used to be a stripper as well?"

"No, dear, as far as I know you're the only living Townley stripper. And talking of strippers, who was that gorgeous little Asian girl in the wrestling the night before last?"

"Tai-Lee, why?"

"She reminded me so much of a friend at nurse training school. If I were twenty years younger."

"Mum!"

"What? Do you think desire disappears after you turn thirty?"

"No, but..."

"Laura, You make your money by getting mostly much older men fantasizing about what they'd like to do with you. Is it so hard to believe that older women can fantasize too?"

"No, but..."

"But, I'm your mother? Believe it or not, when I pushed you out, you didn't take my sex drive with you, although knowing what you're like, I do wonder sometimes!"

Laura was totally gobsmacked, but this friendly honesty between them was so different to what I was used to at home.

"My Mum never even told me about the birds and the bees. As for... the other, if she knows it exists I'd be surprised."

Danielle changed the topic back. "So, if you guys want to join Janice and me, you'd better start thinking about clothes. I don't want to keep her waiting."

Laura and I shared a look. Then Laura answered her, "Thanks, Mum, but Suzie and I have so much to talk about."

"And after you're gone," I glanced from one to the other, "We might even find a little time to talk." I grinned and squeezed Laura's hand. "Danielle, this is all very new to me and I... I mean, we... Oh dear..." I started to cry tears of the deepest joy I'd ever felt.

Laura hugged me while Danielle just beamed.

"I'll leave you two to it, then."

I had a sudden thought. "Wait, Danielle. I've got really used to being naked this week. Do you mind if..." She'd begun to stand up, but sat down again when I spoke.

"If you don't bother with clothes around here," Danielle finished for me. "Of course I don't mind. As long as you don't mind me looking sometimes."

She suddenly looked embarrassed herself. I'm sure she didn't mean to say that, but I thought that it was much better for her to say it out loud, than just to think it. Besides it seemed to me to be nothing more than a genuine compliment.

I should have just said thank you or something like that, but instead what emerged from the thoughtless side of my brain was, "What about you?"

She laughed. "What is it with you Program girls? First Sam suggests I go naked

and now you!"

"Well, we are supposed to take part in outreach," I laughed, before I suddenly clicked to what Danielle had said.

"Sam suggested you should go naked?" I asked.

"Yes, Janice mentioned that they often go naked round there and Sam said that if Janice could do it, so could I. What do you think, daughter?"

Laura shook her head. "I left this conversation for the Outer Hebrides ([see cultural notes](#)) some time ago." She returned to stunned silence.

"As far as I can tell, you've got a great figure, Danielle."

She chuckled. "Thank you, but for now I'll leave the display to you younger ones and leave my saggy tits out of it."

"I can't get over Sam suggesting it." Laura had found her voice again.

"Sam's not the timid little thing she started the week as, in case you hadn't noticed, Laura. When she brought Stephen home on Wednesday, she left this door open and I accidentally interrupted them." The back of Danielle's hand half-covered her mouth. "I actually caught her with her face covered with Stephen's cum."

"Holy shit!" I cried.

"Yeah, Sam told me. I think I agree with Suzie, though. I still feel like we've pushed her out."

"Don't worry," Danielle sounded quite certain, "I think she's going to be fine."

"So how come Sam suggested about you going naked?" I asked.

"Janice told her that they go naked rather a lot in that house. The other day Janice had already mentioned it to me. It started Tuesday night, I think. She'd been away on a business trip to India for a few days. Think about what happened to Heather then. Well, Janice was gone for all that. When she got back, the girls had rather a lot to tell her."

"I can imagine," said Laura. I didn't say anything but a fast-forwarding tape ran through my head.

"Well eventually that night the girls played a video of the TV interview from last Friday." Her voice turned mischievous. "You remember that interview, Suzie, don't you?"

"I don't think I'll ever forget it, thank you very much."

"Well, watching it was quite an experience for Janice. She said she started laughing

like a crazy woman after a while and... Wait a sec, I might remember her exact words here, 'I said to myself fuck it, if my daughters can be naked on national television why can't I be naked at home?' So she got the girls to strip and then she joined them. They spent the rest of the evening like that and Janice thought it was fantastic."

"So did she say that was a one-off, or are they going to do it all the time?" I asked her.

"Janice says it should be up to the girls, but she thinks Shelley will insist on it."

Laura commented, "Why does that not surprise me?" We all cracked up.

"I gotta run, in a manner of speaking," Danielle said, but before she did, she beckoned me over so she could kiss me. That was so nice. "Laura, dear, would you fetch the chair for me? I don't want to tire myself out completely."

Laura brought the chair right up to the bed. Danielle took Laura's arm, and amazed me with her strength and agility. She seemed to turn herself about in mid-air and drop into her chair effortlessly. She kissed Laura as well and a few seconds later she was gone.

Laura could see me staring at the open door. "You may not think so, Suzie, but she's having a very good day. She's been having more of them recently, and I think now she feels much more frustrated when she has a bad one than she did a while ago. God dammit! I wish there was something I could do to help her." She wanted to cry now, but no tears would come.

I pulled her down next to me and held her tightly. The tears started slowly and didn't last. Soon she relaxed and her breathing evened out.

"Don't ever leave me, Suzie."

"No chance."

She sat up suddenly, grabbed a tissue and honked like a goose into it. Both of us smiled at the ugly noise. She was back to normal again and the look in her eyes was priceless.

"Mum's putting herself down too much, you know. I probably could make a lot more money than I do if I had her tits."

"Well I think the ones you've already got are perfect."

I took my time with my demonstration. Laura has amazing nipples. When erect they're red and smooth and longer than any of the other girls' I've been with. As I sucked on each one in turn I could hear and feel her breathing deepening into a continuous sigh.

She tried to pull my head up to kiss me but I refused. "No, babe. This time is all for you."

"But I want to kiss you."

"Shush, I'm too busy."

Then I couldn't talk any more. I had taken as much of one breast as I could into my mouth and sucked on it while my infamous tongue worked back and forth as fast as possible across her fabulous nipple. Then I pulled my mouth a little ways back and began to chew on her nipple, sucking as I did so.

"Oh shit, Suzie. I don't know whether I want you stay there or do the same to the other one. My fingers aren't nearly as good." She was twisting her other nipple with her fingers while I was nursing.

I switched tits and so did she. Her hips were starting to grind now. I ran the back of my middle finger up and down her pussy. Every time the knuckle dragged across her clit she gasped.

I wanted to taste her now but I also wanted to tease her some more first. I released her nipple and kissed and licked my way off her breast and down to her navel. My mouth stopped there as I dragged my nails down both her sides as slowly as I could. There was a point on both sides near her waist when her torso convulsed. Ticklish, I thought, so I moved my fingers back up for a second go, as slowly as before.

Again she convulsed, but this time she growled at me, "Eat me, you bitch! Now!"

How could I refuse such a polite request? Easily. I got up on my knees between her legs. I fucked a finger into her, but she was so turned on that one was not enough. I added another. Better. I pulled them out and replaced them with two from my other hand. I offered the first two to Laura's mouth and she hungrily sucked on them. Now all four fingers were fucking her, two in her mouth, two in her pussy. I kept switching the pairs so she could taste herself continuously. Her eyes stared at me wildly as her hips humped back against my fingers.

I swapped my fingers one last time before leaning forward quickly to suck her clit into my mouth. A few seconds later I heard an animal's snarl and she started to cum. She bit on my fingers quite hard but I ignored the pain. I didn't care. The girl I loved was cumming. I pulled all my fingers away and grabbed her hips with both hands. Covering her pussy with my mouth I drank her sweetness. I could live on this nectar forever, I thought.

Slowly she settled down. I kept licking and sucking, trying to clean her pussy out. She reached for my head and this time I let her pull me to her mouth.

"Un-fucking-believable, Suzie. Thank you." And then we kissed.

I have no idea how long that kiss went on. Sometime during it I noticed how horny I was.

"Baby, I need you," I whispered, "And no fucking foreplay, please."

Laura got out of the way so I could get comfortable on the pillow. I rubbed each of my hands on my pussy and transferred my wetness to my nipples. Laura, bless her, wasted no time. She got her mouth between my legs immediately. She pulled my pussy open with both hands (Actually that probably should be "further open". My pussy felt like it was already gaping.) and fastened her mouth to it. Her tongue started pistoning back and forth like those things on the sides of antique steam engines, in and out over and over again. Something, I think it was her nose, kept bumping into my clit. Each time it did, a jolt of electricity shot up my spine.

I was close, Jesus, I was close. My whole world was my pussy and her mouth. Then something pinched my clit and it was the Blackpool illuminations! Starbursts of intense colours exploded before me and I screamed. I know I did. I couldn't stop myself and I didn't fucking care!

My orgasm finished almost as quickly as it had begun. I was shaking but Laura came up the bed and held me. I got my breathing back under control and smiled at her.

"I think I said something earlier about the best sex I've ever had. I've just changed my mind."

And I kissed her again. Our tongues slid lazily back and forth over and under each other. There was no urgency any more, though, rather a contentment that radiated out from my mouth throughout the rest of my body.

Laura got up to go to the loo, then when she came back and got down next to me she smiled, "You, me, the bed, hell the whole damn room stinks of sex."

I took a deep breath through my nose. "Hmmm, beautiful." I swiped a couple of fingers across her pussy and sniffed. I cleaned them in my mouth, then did the same with my pussy.

Then I sniffed the air again. "Yes, the room definitely smells of both of us. Why do you think that is?"

"You silly idiot. But," her tone changed, "What about your fuck buddy?"

"Oh shit, I forgot all about him. Well, to get back to Wednesday, I was very confused. I seemed to be becoming a lesbian." I raised my hand to stop her speaking. "Yeah, yeah, I know. Either you are, or you're not, or you're both. You don't change. What I'm saying is what I was feeling."

"So when I ran into Craig on Wednesday I decided to test my theory. Now you

must realise that before then sex with Craig had always been outstanding. He's pretty big down there, more than average for sure, and boy does he know what to do with it. So I agreed to meet him after school.

"We fucked and I was bored. I had been thinking about the girls I'd been with, before I met with him, so I arrived wet, but whatever we tried, nothing worked for me. I'm pretty sure I hurt his feelings. I certainly hurt his pride. He's probably the only real male friend I have so I want to call him to apologise to him and to explain, and to tell him about us."

"Aren't you afraid of hurting him more?"

"I might, that's true, but if he understands maybe we can still be friends, and that's important."

"Okay, wait here, I'll fetch the phone." A moment later, "Here you are. Do you want to be alone?"

I grabbed her arm and dragged her back down next to me. "Never again."

Both of us jumped an inch off the bed when the phone beside us chirped. Laura answered it.

"Hello?... Oh hi, Sam..." Laura smiled at me. "No, you haven't interrupted anything... On the bed with Suzie... What do you think?" She covered the mouthpiece and whispered, "She asked me if we're naked."

Then she went back to the phone. "What was that?... Yes we are, thank you... Anything you want, baby, anything at all... That's nice to hear, thanks... Shelley thinks it's not hot enough?... Oh, I see, not emotional enough... Yes, yes, I think I see... Well, we'd better do it quickly, we're all supposed to hand them in on Monday... Hang on, let me talk to Suzie."

She turned to me, "Shelley wants some help with her journal. She's not happy how she wrote something..." she grinned now, "...something sexy. I think we'll have do it tomorrow if it's gonna be ready for Monday."

"Sure thing, dear. How long do you think it'll take?" I asked.

"Who knows? Three or four hours, I guess."

"Have her ask Shelley to come over here about eleven in the morning. I'll look after you both, tea, coffee, sandwiches, pussy-licking, whatever you need." I wanted to look after her, and Shelley of course.

"Are you sure?" she asked again.

I leant over and kissed her. "Try and stop me."

Laura spoke to Sam now. "Tell Shelley we have a dedicated caterer to look after



her and me... That's right... Let's say tomorrow at eleven. We can change that tonight at the party if we need to... Okay, see ya."

Laura had a distant look in her eyes. "Wow, Su, nobody's ever told me I could write, I mean really write, before. It feels weird, very good, but weird. Ouch!"

I had just pinched her side. "Back to earth, babe. I love you dearly, but you haven't won the Nobel Prize yet, you know."

She grinned sheepishly, "Yeah, you're right, but it IS rather nice." She took a deep breath. "Let's ring your fuck buddy."

Craig answered on the third ring, "Hello?"

"Hey, babe."

"Suzie!" That sounded happy but then his voice dropped. "I had a feeling I was never gonna hear from you again. What can I do you for?" One of our jokes.

"Are you alone?"

"Yeah, everyone else is out. Do you want to come over? Or under?"

I laughed. You had to admire his one-track mind.

"Listen, Craig. I haven't prepared a speech or anything, but I've got quite a bit I want to say to you? Would you be willing to keep it in your trousers for a few minutes and not interrupt me? Then we can talk about whatever you want. Is that okay?"

"Sure thing." He did not sound happy. "Let me grab my tea from next door. I'll be right back." Ten seconds later. "Okay, shoot."

"Craig, I was a class-one shit to you on Wednesday. I was using you without explaining anything to you about why. I want to apologise to you and ask you to forgive me. That's the most important bit. And here's the reason why."

And I explained everything to him starting with last Friday and Heather right up to Daisy on Wednesday morning. Then I said, "I still have a lot to say, but do you understand everything so far?"

"Sure, I think I do, but can I ask you a question now?"

"Of course."

"If you were just into girls, how come you were so turned on when we started? That's what upset me. It was like you were up for it until we started screwing."

"Just before I got to your place I stopped for a burger and sat there thinking about all these sexy girls. I'm afraid I was wet for them when I arrived and not you."

Sorry."

Craig was quiet for a moment. Then, "Okay I've got more questions but they can wait."

Then I tried to bring him up to date including the other unsuccessful fuck on Thursday.

"Well at least it's not just me then. I guess that's some consolation."

"Craig, you were... you are the best lay I've ever had, and that's no lie. The other guy got me off by going down on me. But when I came I was pretending it was a girl down there, not him."

"Which girl?"

"Does it matter?"

"No, I guess not."

I decided I would skip over the rough patch between Laura and me. That was not going to help Craig at all.

"So, Craig, after all my... adventures this week, I finally figured out I was in love."

"May I ask which girl this time?"

"You most certainly may. It was, I mean, it is Laura Townley."

"Not Laura the stripper?"

"The very same, and mind your manners, she's sitting here next to me."

"Oh wow! Can I speak to her? Please. You can listen in if you want."

"I'll ask her." "He wants to talk you," I whispered. Laura nodded.

"Okay, Craig. I'll hold the phone so both of us can hear."

"Hi, Laura." He raised his voice. Why do people always do that?

"Hi, Craig. You don't have to shout. I'm right here."

"Sorry. I've always thought you were hot but, and this is a lot coming from me, I was always afraid to ask you out. I guess I should apologise to you for that, huh?"

"No, you don't have to, but apology accepted."

"And I suppose there's not a lot of point in asking you out now, is there?" He had the good sense to laugh at himself.

We both laughed with him. "Seeing as how I'm in love with someone else,

probably not." Then Laura giggled again (What a beautiful sound that is!), "But if I ever need a fuck buddy, I know who to call now. You COME highly recommended."

"Oh shit, Laura, I'll try not to disappoint. Here, I do have one request. Could I see you strip sometime?"

"You've seen me, all of me, every day at school this week."

"Yeah, but not a proper striptease, like a show."

"Tricky one, that. Most of my gigs are private, strippergrams, stag parties, that kind of thing. I don't often do clubs. But, wait a minute. Can you hold on?"

"For this, Laura, I'll hold on to more than my phone."

She covered the phone with her hand. "Do you think we could invite him to the party tonight? I wouldn't mind putting on a little show there. And there's gonna be a lot more girls than boys there. What do you think?"

"Sure. We'll have to clear it with Tanya but I don't see why not. Besides, it's what a friend would do, right?"

I spoke while Laura listened. "Craig, what are you doing tonight?"

"Nothing. Why?"

"There's the choir party tonight at Tanya's. Do you want to come?"

"Fuck! I'd love to normally. But there's a major problem with that. The reason I'm not doing anything on a Saturday night is that I broke up with my latest girlfriend last weekend and..."

I interrupted him. "And she's in the choir. Yes?"

"Got it in one. I'm afraid it was pretty ugly last week. And she's got lots of friends in the choir. If I turn up there, I might not get out alive. Oh well. Laura, Suzie, will you make me a promise? If there is a place where I can come and watch you bare your lovely body, will you invite me?"

Laura nodded, so I said, "That's a promise. Are we still friends then?"

"Of course we are, Suzie. We've never let a small matter, oops sorry, Laura, a small matter of a boyfriend or girlfriend get in the way before. Why should we start now?"

"Thank you, Craig. That means a lot to me."

"Wait a minute. I'm not going out this weekend. Would you girls like to borrow the Passion Wagon?"

"What the fuck's that?" Laura asked.

"Don't bother answering," I told Craig, "I'll tell her all about it. Are you sure about letting us borrow it?"

"Of course I am. Shall I bring it over now?"

"No, I'm at Laura's now."

"Where's that?"

Laura gave him the address.

"That's easy. I can drop it off and get a bus into town. Let's see. Would about an hour from now be alright for you guys?"

We both said, "Fine."

"See ya then. Bye."

After we hung up, Laura laughed, "He seems alright. Only interested in sex, but what the hell, he's a teenage boy, right?" Then she looked at me, "What would you say to a threesome sometime?"

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## **Continuations & Conclusions part 5**

### **WEEK TWO**

### **SATURDAY Morning**

### **LAURA**

I wish you could have seen Suzie's face when I asked her if she'd fancy a threesome with Craig and me. A combination of shock that I'd asked that and lust at the prospect.

"Hmm, I see you like the idea. I may have to recruit help at this rate to wear you out. You're insatiable."

She came towards me to kiss me, but I turned away. "Come on, lover. Let's get ready for him."

I dressed in a black simulated leather miniskirt and a jacket unbuttoned to the waist. Underneath I wore a bra and thong set in transparent red. A bright red suspender belt, black stockings and black shiny high heels completed the ensemble.

"Now, what shall we have for you?" I answered my own question with "School

uniform, I think."

She looked downcast. "School uniform? That's boring."

"Not like this it isn't." I brought out an ultra-short grey skirt, and a white blouse just transparent enough to see the darker patches of her nipples. Then I made her tie it just below her boobs. I also gave her a white thong and white socks. She had a wicked grin as she pulled them on.

She was still bent over when the doorbell rang. I ran a finger between her legs, ignoring her gasp, and then walked slowly downstairs to open the door.

The milkman's eyes popped out on stalks. "Oh, hi. I was expecting someone else. Mum's left your money in the kitchen, I'll get it."

I took him the money and he pretended to count it, without taking his eyes from my sheer red bra.

"Is it all there?"

"Yeah," he sighed. "I mean, yeah. That's fine, thank you. Bye till next time."

I closed the door and turned round to see Suzie sitting on the stairs laughing her head off.

"You nearly gave the poor old man a heart attack. You'll have curdled his milk for sure."

I couldn't tear my eyes away from her crotch. "You didn't exactly have your knees together either, sitting there, did you?"

The ringing of the doorbell returned me to... reality and I opened the door again. This time it was Craig, who couldn't keep his eyes off what he could see of my breasts.

"Hi, Laura," he said, addressing my chest.

"Hi. You must be Craig. And I'm up here," I said, putting my hand under his chin and lifting his head to look at me.

"Sorry." He sounded apologetic, but his eyes kept wandering. "Your sexy 'home from home' is here. And here are the keys. Want to take a ride?"

"Why don't you come in first? Fancy a drink or something?" Okay it was sleazy, emphasising the "or something", but who cares? Besides, he started it. "Take a ride", my arse!

I led him into the lounge. "Take a seat," I told him. "And you, babe, come sit next to him," I said to Suzie.

I put on some music and began to dance. It was frenetic and my movements were hampered by the tight skirt.

So I ground my bum into his face and told him, "Undo it."

As the skirt dropped to the floor I bent down to pick it up, almost shoving my pussy into his face. I left it there long enough for him to move his head so that he could lick me, but only for a moment, then I danced quickly away.

A sigh from Suzie caught my attention. One hand was under her skirt rubbing her thong's little white patch. Her other hand... god dammit, she was sucking her thumb and grinning from ear to ear!

I leant over her, my mouth next to her ear. "Naughty, naughty girl," I whispered.

"Always," she breathed back.

But today was supposed to be for Craig, so I dropped to my knees in front of him and unzipped his trousers.

"One good turn deserves another," I told him, as I pulled down his trousers and pants together, deliberately avoiding his cock, which sprang free. I think I had its attention!

I licked him once, a long, slow, sloppy lick from his balls to his tip, before standing again directly in front of him with my feet spread. I rubbed my pussy in time with the music. Although I started outside my thong, soon that was not nearly enough for me so I pushed my fingers inside. Much better, I thought, and Craig's cock appeared to agree. It seemed to get even harder.

As the music changed, I slipped off my jacket and ran to the kitchen to get an aerosol of cream. The next tune was playing as I danced back through the door, shaking the can in time with the music. I watched his eyes flit from my tits, which were jiggling nicely despite the bra, to the can and back to my tits again, as I approached.

I put it down and began to play with my nipples, before sitting on his cock and telling him to take off my bra. I rubbed my pussy up and down his cock as he fondled my boobs.

Before he could get close to coming, I was up again, and squirted some of the cream on my boobs.

"Hungry?" I asked.

He got up and began to feast on my boobs like he hadn't eaten in a week. Suzie's tongue licked the air towards me, her jealous eyes slightly unfocused.

I put one foot up on the coffee table and some cream on my inner thigh, just above

the knee. As he licked that, I put some more a little further up, and so on, until finally he was licking my pussy through the thin material of my thong.

"Lie down, " I told him. I had to push his head away firmly before he'd comply.

"I know how he feels," Suzie laughed to herself, seeing Craig's reluctance.

I draped myself over him so we were in a 69 and took his cock into my mouth. I pushed hard against him and swallowed until his cock was down my throat.

Judging by the gasp, he liked it.

I pulled my thong aside and lowered my pussy to his face. He wasn't so bad at pussy-licking either and I had to pull away to stop myself cumming.

I stood up and he looked all disappointed.

"Stand up." No hesitation from him this time.

I pulled Suzie next to me and we both knelt. I fed his cock into her mouth as I talked to him.

"Suzie's been a very naughty girl and wants to make it up to you. Now if you could do anything with her, what would you like to do?"

"She never let me have her arse," he said, "She says I'm too big."

"Well, after you've spanked her arse, she's going to let you have her arse, aren't you, Suzie?"

She pulled his cock out of her mouth to protest, but I silenced her by putting a finger on her lips. I stared up at Craig, "In fact, you've got four more holes to explore this morning, if you've got time."

I had began to wank him quickly with my fingers and that, plus the thought of what he was going to be allowed do with us, sent cum spurting out all over Suzie's face.

I pushed him out of the way and began to lick off the cum. Suzie and I kissed, sharing the cum between us. Some of it had splashed down her blouse, but I wouldn't let her wipe it off.

"Naughty girls deserve cum all over them," I said. Then I looked at Craig. "Happy so far?"

"Yeah, but I have a question."

"What's that?"

"Why are you both covered in love bites? Or shouldn't I ask?"

"Let me get us some drinks and we'll show you while your not-so-little friend there

is recovering."

While the kettle was boiling, I went up to our bedroom and got a small bottle of baby oil.

Returning to the lounge I put the telly on one of the news stations that always showed a round-up of the weekly news on Saturday mornings. When I put it on, it was near-perfect timing as they had got as far as Thursday morning and Shelley was being interviewed on the steps on their hotel. The cameraman had done his best to point the camera up her skirt, but he was too far away to get to the right angle. Suzie and I chuckled when Craig complained about that.

Then there were boring stories about yet another railway dispute. I was about to turn it off, when they put a still photo of Sam on the screen. Obviously this channel hadn't been able to film inside the concert. They cut quickly to our interview after the concert, and when it got to the kiss Suzie and I had shared, we both looked at each other while Craig said, "Fuck, that's hot."

I turned off the telly despite his protests, which I quickly silenced with "You think that's hot? Watch this."

I began to kiss Suzie very gently, but she was impatient and pulled my face to hers as our tongues danced. When I was able to pull away I noticed him slowly wanking himself.

I poured some baby oil over Suzie's blouse, turning it even more see-through, and began playing with her nipples. Then I removed the blouse and used it to wipe the oil off her boobs so I could suck them.

While I sucked, my hand found its way into her panties. Poor Craig didn't know where to look.

I stopped sucking on her boobs and pulled her to her feet.

"You're not going to leave Craig like that, are you?" she complained, "Or me, come to that?"

"No. I just think it's time I tried out this passion wagon. Come on, both of you."

I ran out to his van. Neighbours? What neighbours? I didn't give a fuck, and I don't think the others even thought about it.

Suzie's right, that van is something else. I made her lie on the mattress on her back and held her legs up while I licked her out noisily.

I got up and grinned, "Craig, I think your naughty schoolgirl needs a lesson. Right now."

I took his hand and made him spank her. "Harder than that, she's been ever-so-



naughty."

I pushed her legs right back so he had a clear shot. He quickly got the idea and began to spank her quite hard, while I sucked on her boobs.

Getting up again, I poured baby oil over my fingers and pushed them into both her holes. This time Craig held up her legs. She gasped in shock from the still-cold oil.

I smeared oil around my own arsehole as well and crawled over Suzie until we were face to face.

I leered at Craig over my shoulder. "Ever wanted four holes to play with?"

Before he could answer I began to kiss her, not gently this time but roughly.

I don't think Craig knew where to begin for a moment, then I felt his cock in my pussy. I could see now why Suzie hadn't wanted him in her arse, he was huge.

For a minute he was satisfied with going from my pussy to Suzie's and back again, but then I felt him gently ease it into my arse.

I closed my eyes and held my breath for a moment. My god, I was full. He slowly began to work it in and out, then a little faster and I began to cum. I tried not to as I wanted this to last longer, but there was nothing I could do.

When I opened my eyes I saw Suzie and Craig both looking at me.

"Are you okay?" he asked.

"Mmm," I answered weakly. "Now her turn."

He positioned himself at Suzie's arsehole. "Are you sure?" he asked her.

"Do it!" she ordered him. Her head sagged to one side and her eyes shut tightly.

Then her mouth opened as she gasped. Her eyes were wide now. When she relaxed for a moment, I began to kiss her again and she was like an animal, her hands all over me, at least the parts she could reach, and her tongue invading my mouth.

Her whole body shook as he drove into her harder and deeper, and her tongue stopped as she pulled her mouth away and tried in vain to breathe normally.

I was still lying on top of her and when she came it was like a mini-earthquake.

Neither of us noticed him pull out and sit back on his haunches. I rolled to the side and we just kissed, this time tenderly as I caressed her shoulder and side.

"That was... I don't know what," she said. "God! Why didn't I let you do that before?"

He grinned at her, though he looked pretty worn out himself and his eyes were

almost as glazed as hers.

When Suzie could get up, which was a few minutes later, we left the van and began to walk back to the house. Suzie could barely walk, so Craig picked her up like she was a child and followed me into the house and upstairs.

"In the bath," I told him and he tenderly lowered her into the bath. I made the shower warm and we both gently washed her down. When she was clean, he picked her up and I wrapped her in a big towel and she walked, on her own this time, into our bedroom.

Craig and I returned to the bath and showered together. "I thought she was crazy when she said she was turning lesbian, but you two have something..."

"I think she likes cock too much to be completely lesbian," I said seriously. "And so do I. But I've never been as turned on as I was this morning feeling you pounding into her like that. I almost came again when she did."

"Don't tell her I said this, but I really like her, and I'm glad she's found someone who can make her happy at last."

I thought momentarily of how I'd hurt her and then of our night and morning together. I didn't reply. Suzie had got him all wrong, that's for sure.

"You're pretty special, Laura Townley," he said.

"You're not so bad yourself. Let's go and see how she is."

We dried each other, taking our time, and went into the bedroom. Suzie was fast asleep.

"At last, between us, we've worn her out," I joked, or was I joking?

"Well, anytime you need help in that department," he offered.

I smiled at him. "You're on."

He grinned back. "I'd better be going."

He went downstairs, got dressed and I let him out the door.

"The nearest bus stops are down there to the end, turn right and about a hundred yards," I called.

"Okay." He waved at me and I watched him till he turned the corner, then I closed the door.

Not bad, I repeated to myself, not bad at all. I had to write a mental memo, though. In the likely event we all became fuck buddies, I'd have to get "Supertongue" to give him some pussy-eating pointers. That would be fun. I was chuckling as I

climbed the stairs.

I stood in the bedroom doorway and watched Suzie sleeping. She had an angelic smile on her face. I went to lie on my bed so I could watch her, but I missed the warmth of her body next to mine. I got up and lay next to her gently, and fell asleep myself.

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## **Continuations & Conclusions part 6**

### **WEEK TWO**

### **SATURDAY Morning**

### **SAMANTHA**

#### **Samantha – Saturday Morning**

The first thing I saw when I woke up was the huge teddy bear. I knew it was only early-morning imagination, but Big Ted seemed to be smiling. Could this be an omen? Compared to Laura's house it seemed strangely quiet.

I already missed waking up and seeing Laura, so I grabbed Ted and pulled him onto the bed with me.

I'd forgotten where I'd left my watch and there was no clock in the room, so I had no idea how early or late it was, but from somewhere I could smell bacon.

At the bottom of my bed, Mrs. Hoover had hung a couple of big fluffy towels. I grabbed one and wrapped it round me, then picked up the other and headed for the bathroom.

Their shower was one of those high-powered things that could send a hard spray that massaged your back and it felt wonderful. I turned it down a bit before doing my front though.

The smell of bacon was getting stronger so I forced myself to get out of the shower and dried myself.

In my bedroom I tried to find something clean to wear, but the only clean thing in the whole lot was one school skirt. The blouses had got mud on them when I'd thrown them through the window in a temper. So last night's dirty outfit it had to be for now.

I got together one wash load and carried it downstairs. "Hi, Mrs. Hoover, is it alright if I do some washing?"

"Of course it is. If you separate out the stuff that's badly stained we'll try to tackle that later. Bung (see [cultural notes](#)) the rest in the machine. I've already put powder in it, ready for you. One thing though. I'm Mrs. Hoover at work and I'm not at work. So here I'm just Janice."

"Okay. Sorry." She'd told me that last night, but I'd forgotten.

I'd just started the first load of washing when she said, "Heather's with Eric in the lounge, but could you go and wake Shelley up please, and tell her breakfast is nearly ready? If you want something to wear, she can probably lend you something."

I imagined the sort of thing Shelley would lend me, but I was wrong. She actually had a pretty good selection of "normal" clothes. She told me to help myself, so I did.

When I went downstairs Janice was sorting through my dirty clothes. "I'm sorry about the muddy school stuff, that was my fault. I sort of lost it when I found that book and threw the whole case out the window and mud got on everything. Sorry, I've made you a lot more work."

"It's okay," she said. "You're allowed to be angry sometimes, you know. I've been going through the stuff that's stained with nail varnish or something. I'm afraid most of your underwear is ruined. I said I'd take Danielle shopping this morning so if you want to come too, we can get you some new stuff."

"Thanks. I'll have to pay you back later, I'm afraid. I haven't got a penny."

"You'll do no such thing. Would you go and help Shelley with the table for me? Thanks."

It looked like Shelley had nearly finished. There were five settings with silverware and hard placemats. The mats were a set, but each had a different famous picture painted on it. I think mine was by Constable. My art teacher, hunky Mr. Claymore, would kill me if I was wrong.

"How can I help?" I asked her.

"Can you face orange juice first thing?"

"Yeah."

"The high cupboard next to the fridge. Five small juice glasses. Fridge. Big new bottle of the freshly-squeezed. I'll do the tea. Okay?"

Poor Shelley. She was still on autopilot and only capable of the fewest number of words needed. She did manage half a smile in my general direction, but even that seemed an effort.

After I'd finished with the juice, Shelley had me fill a milk jug and take it and the sugar bowl through. She brought in a large teapot and covered it with a thick cosy. It was the sort you had to remove to get at the pot, but I knew it would keep the tea steaming.

While Janice was using oven gloves to bring the plates through, she asked me to call Heather and Eric. As we were all sitting down, Janice warned us, "Mind the hot plates."

Muggins ([see cultural notes](#)) had to test this with a damp fingertip. Yikes! Then she offered us a choice between scrambled eggs and... scrambled eggs. Goody, my favourite, especially if they're a little on the soft side. Hers turned out to be perfect.

"Great gecs, Mum," Shelley grinned. What was she talking about? Oh, scrambled "eggs". I got it, as did everyone else, eventually. It was nice to see crazy Shelley finally awake.

Breakfast had everything, bacon, sausages, eggs, fried tomatoes, mushrooms, toast and strong tea. Everything, that is, except black pudding, a strange concoction of sausage meat, pig's blood and god knows what else. Mum had a boyfriend for over two years when I was young. Robert was from Newcastle and I can still hear his soft Geordie voice reading me to sleep. He and I are the only people I've met so far who can even stomach black pudding. I think it's lovely.

None of us wanted breakfast to end. I was "toast monitor" and Shelley remained "tea lady". She also brought out marmalade, jam and my choice, runny honey.

Over fresh toast and tea, Eric invited all of us to come and "work on our tans" at his cricket match in the afternoon. We teased Shelley over her interest in all the young boys who would be there. I wanted to invite Stephen as well and had to put up with some teasing myself, but I didn't care at all. I had a private joke with myself when I decided to "test" Stephen's love someday with black pudding.

Then Heather told us about the Program interviews she had to do over the weekend. I thought that it would help her a little if Stephen were at the match, but I didn't say anything in case he couldn't make it.

Janice and I started to clear the table, but Eric stopped us. "If you're going shopping, go. I'll manage this. I need to work off all that energy you've put into me."

Janice protested but he wouldn't let her in the kitchen.

"Just as well that he works off all that food you've given him," quipped Shelley, "Unless you like fat lovers, that is."

"Shelley Hoover..." began Janice.

Shelley didn't give her a chance to say any more as she ran past me and up the stairs, yelling "Sorry, Mum, gotta go and work out what I'm gonna say for Heather's interview."

I went upstairs to fetch my mobile and ring Stephen. He was free (Great!) and we agreed to meet at the park around two. One of the buses Eric mentioned ran a block from Stephen's house, useful. I warned him we might be a little late as we had a fair bit of shopping to do. I didn't tell him what shopping. I wanted to surprise him with my new bikini.

Stephen laughed at that. "I don't think you'll be late, Sam. Two women, three girls, Nelson Centre, you'll finish early... NOT." A little doubt crept into his voice. "Do you think Mrs. Hoover will mind if I worked on my tan too... all over?"

I remembered last night. "You'd be surprised."

"What do you mean?"

I suppressed a giggle. "Woops, gotta run, dear. Janice is calling me. See ya later. Bye."

Leave 'em curious, I thought. It can't hurt.

Now Janice really did call from downstairs. "Let's not keep Danielle waiting, Sam. You ready?"

"Ready," I shouted back and ran for the stairs.

As we pulled out of the drive, Janice turned to me. "I'm not trying to get rid of you, but do you know how long you plan on staying?"

"I haven't really thought about it. I just wanted to give Laura and Suzie some time alone together."

"That's very kind of you. Well, you're welcome to stay as long as you want. We've got plenty of space."

"I wouldn't want to be a bother."

"Now listen here, young lady. You have to stop thinking you're a bother. You're a lovely young lady. And you're no bother to anyone. I know you're happy with Danielle and Laura and I'm not trying to come between you at all, but you've a home with us as long as you want it, okay?"

I didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

"Five days ago, nobody wanted me. Now I have two homes and more people who care about me than I ever dreamed. I feel like I'm going to wake up and find it really has been a dream after all."

"Is it hurting?"

"Sorry?"

"Your wrist, you were rubbing the scar."

"Oh? No. It's just hard to believe that something so awful could lead to all this. You know, you and Danielle are very similar in some ways."

"How's that?"

"The way you accept people, for one. I mean, I turn up in the middle of an important family dinner and all of you make me feel like part of the family. I didn't feel like an outsider at all. When my Mum had guests, I had to stay in my room."

I stopped then as we'd arrived at Danielle's. She was waiting outside and I got out to get back in the back seat.

"Don't I get a kiss?" she pouted. "One night living in the lap of luxury and poor old Danielle gets forgotten." In case I might have thought she was being serious, she started laughing.

"Never," I said.

"You can get out of there again," she told me. "It's a lot easier for me to go in my car. Easier parking too."

Of course. I'd forgotten. I still couldn't get used to thinking of Danielle as disabled, which is really stupid. I mean. It's not like you can miss the wheelchair, but she doesn't seem disabled.

"Laura and Suzie not coming?" I asked.

Danielle grinned. "I think they're planning on spending the rest of the day in bed."

I giggled.

"What's so funny?"

"I'm trying to imagine my mother's reaction if I spent all day in bed with my lesbian lover."

Janice roared with laughter, but Danielle just looked sad.

"Some people have worse disabilities than having to use a wheelchair. Just remember that," she said.

Danielle and Janice started gossiping pleasantly about a couple of people I'd never heard of. Apparently HE refused to leave his wife, which was fair enough, they decided, as she would NEVER leave her husband.

My wandering thoughts kept returning to Mum. She had had a rough time, I got that, really I did. Or rather I was starting to appreciate that better now. And maybe her treatment of me had made me develop some kind of strength that I never suspected I had. I had survived Ghastly. I'd triumphed at the concert. I chuckled to myself when I recalled dealing with that worm of a photographer. Okay, I'd had a lot of help with him from those dishy security guards, but I'd done my bit too. And then I'd told the great Gerard Vaughan to go to hell. That may have been stupid, but it certainly wasn't weak.

Some idiot had parked a lorry across the disabled parking spaces by the side entrance to the Nelson Centre so Danielle drove round to the main entrance and slid out of the car. She folded down the "normal" driver's seat. "Janice, can you park the car for me please? I'll meet you inside outside the admin office."

"Okay."

I went in with Danielle and she knocked on the door marked Administration. Then, without waiting for a reply, she rolled in purposefully. I followed, very definitely in her wake.

"One of your lorries has blocked all the disabled parking places. If I hadn't had someone else who could park the car for me, I wouldn't have been able to come in. Would you have it moved please and remind your drivers that they are committing an offence? And asking your security to check it doesn't happen again might be an idea."

"Might it?" the woman behind the desk sneered. "I think they have better things to do. If I see the lorry driver I'll mention it to him, but as he was delivering goods for everyone to buy, a little inconvenience isn't so bad, is it?"

"Not being able to get in is more than a little inconvenience," argued Danielle.

"I'm sorry, but I don't have time to discuss this now." She turned away, leaving Danielle fuming.

See Danielle looking helpless for once made me angry. "Danielle," I said, "Can you wait here a minute. I'll be right back."

I ran to the car park entrance and looked for Janice. "I need to go back to the car for a minute. Do you think you could find a newspaper with a photo of me on the front and meet me at the admin office?"

"Sure, but why?"

I ran to the car, hardly daring to believe what I was going to do. I dumped my clothes in the car, locked it again, and made myself walk back slowly to the admin office to calm down.



Danielle and Janice's faces were a picture when they saw me. Janice handed me one of several newspapers she was holding and I put it down in front of the administrator. She looked up and her jaw dropped open when she saw me standing there naked. "What's this all about?"

Before I could answer her she continued, "Get dressed again immediately, young lady. Otherwise, I'll have to ask you to leave the Centre."

I wanted to sound polite, but my anger coloured my reply. "You must have heard of the Program. The press certainly has." I turned to Janice. "Can you ring Heather and ask for that TV reporter's number?"

Danielle wasn't fuming now, her face had changed to a wide grin.

I turned back to the woman. "No problem." I walked out of the office with Janice and Danielle following me closely. They were in MY wake this time.

"Janice, can you ask Lindsey Crowe to bring a news crew to outside the main entrance as soon as she can? Then ring the number on the back of this newspaper. This centre not only seems to be willing to break the law on disabled parking, but the laws on allowing nudity in Program zones as well. I wonder what the centre owners would think."

The administrator followed me, seeming not to care about what I'd just said. She even summoned two security guards to remove me when I decided to sunbathe on the grass outside.

The two guards were too nervous to touch me, especially when Danielle pointed out to them that removing someone for being naked was now a crime.

"Bugger," ([see cultural notes](#)) I said, a lot louder than I intended, after the guards left.

"What's wrong?" Danielle asked.

I explained about Shelley wanting Laura to help her with part of her journal, and finished with, "I've left my phone in the car with my clothes."

"No worry." She pulled her phone from her bag, pressed a few buttons and passed it over.

"Home is a free call nights and weekends on my call plan. Just press Dial."

Laura answered immediately. When I found out she was with Suzie in our room, I couldn't resist it. "Are you two naked?" Danielle had a giggling fit.

I did not have to convince Laura at all. She seemed quite keen. She spoke to Suzie and then came back with, "Tell Shelley we have a dedicated caterer to look after her and me."

"The lovely Suzie?"

"That's right."

"When do you want to do this?"

"Let's say tomorrow at eleven."

We agreed we could change the time at the party, if we had to. When I gave Danielle her phone back she told me, "I've been trying to convince Laura for years that she could write, but who listens to parents, heh?"

What could I say to that, me who'd left home? I didn't even try. Luckily Janice changing the subject quickly avoided any embarrassment.

"I kept a newspaper for you, Sam, to add to your collection. Makes a change not to see a naked Heather or Shelley on the front page."

I looked at the front page (I hadn't really had a look in the administrator's office.), and along with a full-length photo of me, naked of course with a mosaic pattern hiding my pussy and nipples, there was a photo of Gerard (only his face, thank god!). The somewhat teasing headline was "SHOWTIME" FOR NAKED CHOIRGIRL? Underneath, in slightly smaller print, was "Will we see more?".

The paragraph below that read, "Sensational naked choirgirl, Samantha Downing looks set for more exposure. A reliable source told this reporter last night that Miss Downing would be appearing later this summer on *The Larry Baker Show*, which is syndicated in the States and throughout Europe. Gerard Vaughan, infamous impresario and Executive Producer of the programme, surely has his eye on her." It then went on at some length about his reputation for signing the biggest musical acts around. (I reckon the "reliable source" was Gerard. What do you think?)

"But don't let that go to your head, Sam," said Janice. "You didn't make all the papers today, you had competition." She showed Danielle and me another newspaper.

Under the headline, "TORTURE TEACHERS TOSSED", were two small photos of Ghastly Gordon and Mr. Graham, and on the right-hand side of the page, a full-length photo of Laura (uncensored!!), which looked like it had been taken Thursday night after the concert.

Danielle laughed. "This I must show to Laura. She'll love it. Though I'm not sure she'll like the bit where it says that they victimised 'shy stripper, Laura Townley'."

Janice roared at that. We both looked at her. "Sorry, but I'm trying to imagine Laura as shy. It's a contradiction in terms."

Danielle didn't have time to answer that as at that point a van screeched (literally) to a halt and a TV reporter and her cameraman jumped out. She stuck out her hand to me and introduced herself as Lindsey Crowe.

"The Centre administrator seems to think the laws of the land don't apply to the Nelson Centre, Lindsey. First she refused to stop a lorry blocking all the disabled parking spaces. Then she had me removed for being naked, which is also an offence in a Program zone. Luckily for her, her security guards had more sense than she did or she'd be facing an assault charge."

Lindsey smiled at me. She signalled her cameraman to stop filming, and turned to Janice. "Would you mind taking my cameraman to where the lorry is parked please?"

"Certainly." They went off together leaving Danielle and me alone with Lindsey.

"I sent him away because I want to ask you something, off the record."

"Is there such a thing?" asked Danielle.

"With most of us there is, ma'am. Otherwise we couldn't do our jobs." Lindsey spoke very politely, but it was clear that Danielle had touched a nerve.

She turned back to me. "Sam, the story is going around about you being taken to hospital for an attempted suicide earlier this week. You don't have to answer this, but is it true?"

I nodded.

"I'm sorry, but I thought you ought to know that it will almost certainly be in one or more of tomorrow's newspapers. You might want to think about what you want to say, if anything. Someone is also bound to mention about your moving in with a stripper."

I looked at Danielle, "I bet that little snippet came from my mother."

"It's okay," she said and squeezed my hand. "I'm the stripper's mother," she said to Lindsey.

The cameraman came back a few minutes later to say that, as he was filming, the lorry driver had come and moved the lorry.

Lindsey's phone rang. She listened for a minute, read a long text and burst out laughing. "That was the newsroom. They've just received a faxed statement from the Centre owners and sent me the text. I'll read it to you. 'We apologise for the misunderstanding this morning. Security have been instructed to prevent future abuse of parking spaces reserved for the disabled. The Centre Manager was not aware of the new regulations on nudity and acted in good faith, albeit wrongly. The Centre will, of course, extend the same welcome to those who choose to exercise their right to go naked that it does to all its customers.' That was fast."

I laughed and Danielle gave my hand another squeeze.

"Sam. You might want to think about issuing some sort of statement, about the other thing, before the press stories come out, to spike their story."

"Can you help me write it?"

Her cameraman grinned. "Don't worry, Lindsey, I'm not here. Go and have a coffee break while I grab a pint."

Janice and Danielle followed Lindsey and me to the coffee shop. "I think this should be just me and Lindsey," I said. They looked a little worried. "Don't worry, I'll let you read it first."

A little later Lindsey and I were standing outside the Centre again.

"I'm here with Samantha Downing, who everyone is tipping to become a star after her performance on Thursday night. Samantha, congratulations on your performance the other night."

"Thank you."

"But rumours are going around that you tried to kill yourself only two days before. Would you care to comment on that?"

I'd spent several minutes memorising and rehearsing this in my head, so I was able to look straight into the camera throughout.

"Yes. I've always been painfully shy, except when I'm singing, and I actually fainted when I was told I was in the Naked in School Program on Monday. Then on Tuesday, I realised I'd have to sing naked at the concert and I panicked. You should understand that my home life hasn't exactly been happy and I saw the concert as my way to escape. My first thought was that having to sing naked would ruin any career for me and it felt like my life was over. So I... I..."

"It's okay, take your time."

I took a single, deep breath. "I'm okay. Anyhow, I tried to kill myself. In the hospital, because my mother didn't even come to see me, Mrs. Townley offered that I could come and live with her and her daughter Laura, who was also in the Program. Laura's a stripper and a very good one, not to mention a very good friend. With their support and the support of the others in the Program and some others in the choir, I was able to sing okay on Thursday night."

"Okay?" She sounded slightly incredulous.

"Well, maybe more than okay," I grinned. "And if I've changed from someone with no friends to someone confident enough to take on the Centre management here, not to mention do this interview, it's thanks to Laura, her mum, Mrs. Townley, and the other friends who've turned my life around this week."

"So, no more suicide attempts?"

"No." I shook my head to emphasise this. "I know what it would do to those who love me. And with their love, why should I ever want to kill myself?"

"Do you think a stripper is the best example for you?"

"In this case, yes. Laura is one of the bravest and most selfless people I know, apart from her mother. And if anyone finds a problem with her stripping for a living, that's their problem."

"And what have you to say to your mother?"

"Nothing really. But she saw me as a problem. Danielle, that's Mrs. Townley, and Janice Hoover, that's Heather and Shelley's mum, they see me as a pretty girl and someone with potential. If my mother can't see that, it's her loss."

"Thank you, Samantha... And cut."

The cameraman put down his camera. As he did so the small crowd that had gathered clapped me. I felt suddenly embarrassed.

"That was good," said Lindsey. "You did well. We kept it short, so it won't need editing. I'll get it in the next bulletin. I wish I could see some of those newspaper editors when they see it."

Janice took my hand. "Come on, superstar, let's buy you some clothes."

"What? And ruin my image?"

Janice and Danielle looked at me, then realised I was joking.

Janice took me to what looked like a very expensive underwear shop. It was exactly as it looked from the outside. The prices were astronomical. "Janice, I can't buy anything here."

"My treat. No arguments. Buy yourself a few things to make you feel special. Then we can go somewhere cheaper to buy regular stuff."

I chose a pink body that clung in all the right places and a white two-piece set that made me feel wonderful. Janice held up a black mesh bra and panty set. It looked wicked. Then she bought all three sets. I borrowed Janice's phone and rang Heather and arranged to meet her and Shelley at the bikini shop in an hour. Then I quickly rang Tanya to let her know we were bringing Heather and Shelley to the party as well.

The rest of the clothes shopping went quickly. Finally it was time to meet Heather and Shelley.

"We're going to get some coffee and a bite to eat," said Janice. "You girls can join

us when you finish deciding how you're going to torment all the guys at the party tonight."

Shelley gave her a playful punch and I turned to go into the shop.

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## **Continuations & Conclusions part 7**

### **WEEK TWO**

#### **SATURDAY Afternoon**

#### **SHELLEY**

"So what's on the shopping list, girls, or haven't you decided yet?" Mrs. Chaplain's eyes stayed on the road ahead. She was dropping Heather and me at Nelson Square.

"Bikinis," we answered simultaneously. I was in the back and Heather was in the front.

"That sounds like fun." So the headmistress was a shopper too. "Off on holiday somewhere this summer?"

"No specific plans, yet," Heather answered, "But Mum always leaves it to the last minute because of work. And now that she has a new boyfriend, I guess the work thing applies even more. Why do you ask?"

"Well, you don't need swimsuits around here any more. It's a Program Area, remember?"

That's true, I thought. But there's still a good case for bikinis. I decided to answer her indirectly. "You know when I felt the sexiest this week?" No answer. "It was when I was being interviewed by all those reporters when I got to London. I was in that black outfit that covered all my bits, but only just."

"There isn't much to that top," Heather laughed, "And even less to the skirt."

"I know, great outfit, isn't it, Sis? That's my point. Sexy has a lot to do with teasing. I mean, they pay Laura loads o' lolly to start off dressed and then get naked, don't they?"

Mrs. C agreed, "That's right, Shelley. And then there's mystery. The entire lingerie industry is based precisely on teasing and mystery."

"So you mean, you can be naked and not be sexy, or you can be sexy without being

naked." I paused, making sure I'd said that right, then went on, "And you can be sexier with your clothes on than you would be in the same situation without them."

Mrs. C gave a little whistle. "That's quite an insight to have the day after your Program week, Shelley."

I thought about last night with Eric. "We did some outreach last night, Mrs. Chaplain, Heather, me, our Mum, Sam..." I paused, "...And Mum's new boyfriend, Eric. He got a hard on a couple of times, but he was a lot more embarrassed than anyone else."

I could see Heather getting worried about what I might say next, but she relaxed when I continued, "Us girls had to leave Mum and him alone for a while so she could give him some relief."

That made Mrs. C laugh really hard, but she still managed to get out, "You mean 'we girls', don't you, Shelley?" She apologised immediately, "Sorry, that was out of my mouth before I could stop it. I guess you can take the head teacher out of the school, but you can't take the school out of the head teacher."

That killed us all for a full minute. In fact we remained quiet for longer. I thought some more about last night. About Heather and Eric on the sofa. They were both naked, but it was tender and close rather than sexy. The way she held onto him when he carried her upstairs and the way he laid her down on her bed, that was the same as well.

Then Heather broke into my thoughts. "Mrs. Chaplain, Shelley is going to lead Sam and me astray this morning, helping us choose our bikinis. Should we let her?" I knew she was just teasing, but I still frowned at the side of her head.

"Shelley can be very persuasive," Mrs. C replied, "You and Sam will simply have to be strong." We were stopped at a red light so Mrs. C turned and stuck her tongue out at me! Then she turned back to the front too fast for me to get her back.

I sulked out my window, refusing to rise to their bait. They started chatting about summer clothes, while I let my mind wander back to the black outfit. I really wanted to keep it forever. I was sure Tara'd be cool if I asked her, but it would be a lot better, I thought, if I'd already given her some stuff too. Maybe I'd spot something today.

Mrs. C dropped us right outside one of the entrances to the Nelson Centre and pipped her horn once as she drove away.

We found the others waiting for us next to the bikini shop, Mum and Sam on a bench and Mrs. Townley in her wheelchair.

"Hope we haven't kept you waiting too long," Heather called out as we approached.

Mrs. T answered us, "That's okay. We needed to catch our breath after our adventures this morning. Sam can tell you all about them later."

Sam stood up and gave us a twirl. "What do you think?" She was wearing a light-blue halter and darker-blue hot pants. They looked new. "Your Mum bought them for me."

"Tasty. Who chose them?" I asked.

"She did," Sam admitted.

"Thought so."

Sam frowned at me. "What are you trying to say, Shelley? That I've got rotten taste?"

"No, but now that you mention it..." At this point I hid behind Heather.

Sam turned to Mum. "Janice, could I have your permission to spank your YOUNGER daughter?"

"Granted." Mum just managed to get this out between chortles. "Come on, Danielle. Let's get some coffee and a bite to eat. You girls can join us when you finish deciding how you're going to torment all the guys at the party tonight."

Heather and Sam turned towards the bikini shop, but stopped when I grabbed their arms.

"Hang about, you two, I know a MUCH better place than this."

They looked at me, and Sam asked, "Where is it?"

I led the way, refusing to tell them where we were going or what it was like. Soon we were standing outside *Dress to Kill*. There were three mannequins in the window wearing what I suppose you could call party dresses, if the party was rated triple-x. The bikini on the fourth mannequin would easily fit in the back pocket of my jeans without spoiling the line, and those jeans are tight.

The fifth mannequin was a bloke. He was seriously built and came with a six-pack, and his bright-yellow swimming briefs were smaller than some of my thongs.

"I didn't know this shop was here," Sam said, keeping her eyes firmly fixed on "him."

"I don't think it's been here for long. I discovered it by accident one afternoon after school about a month ago. I had a butcher's ([see cultural notes](#)) and they've got some wicked gear. Come on."

"His" butt was even with our eyes as we started through the door. I glanced back at Heather and giggled.



"Yup," she nodded. Sam said nothing as she walked into Heather's back.

The swimsuit section was off to our right. We headed that way, until we heard from behind us, "Samantha! Hi!" We turned and saw a girl I recognised from school. She and I had shared a couple of classes two years ago, but for the moment I couldn't think of her name.

"Hey, Melanie," Sam replied. That's right... Melanie Reardon.

She had a big grin. "Three of our Program girls. (I really liked that "our" and I'm sure Heather did as well.) And three celebrities to boot."

I think we all started to say something, but Melanie raised her hand. "Button it, you guys, until I've said my piece. Heather, I think you're fantastic and so do all of my friends. Shelley, I saw you on the box. You were so cool with those reporters. I think I'd have died if it was me. And that black number you had on, well wicked." Then she hugged Sam. "And you, Miss Downing, I hadn't seen the concert but my Dad taped it and I watched it last night. Un-fucking-believable! I knew you could sing, but not like that. I had to listen to it three times." Then she giggled, "For some reason Daddy watched it all three times with me."

I stopped myself from saying something rude. It was her Dad after all.

She stepped back and addressed all of us, "Now, how may I help you?"

"You work here?" Sam sounded surprised.

"Just Saturdays until we break up, then I'm hoping to do more."

"We want bikinis, Melanie," I told her, "The tinier the better."

She thought for a few seconds. "Tiny matters, huh?" I nodded vigorously. "I may have a few ideas." She took Sam's hand. "Sam, come with me. Shelley, Heather, would you leave us alone please? If Sam likes what I show her, I'd like to surprise you guys. Is that okay?"

Heather answered for us, "Come on, Shel. Let's go look at some dresses."

Even though we were well away from Sam and Melanie, I kept glancing over at them. They were bent over some sort of huge catalogue, but from where I was standing I couldn't figure out the expression on Sam's face.

"What do you think?" Heather was holding a very short dress in front of her body, a very tasty dress.

"I think it would be ace on you. Want to try it on?"

She dropped her arms and sighed. "I really, really wish I had bigger boobs."

I stepped up close and grabbed her shoulders. "Heather Hoover, listen to me and

listen good. I'm gonna list what you do have, starting from the top. Your hair is great, up like that. You have a beautiful face and a neck a *Cosmo* model would kill for. Your tummy is tight, you should definitely show it off more often, and your legs are perfect. Your bum is to die for, way better than mine or Mum's. I'd murder for an arse like yours. Okay, your tits are small, but so fucking what? I'll tell you one thing, though. Your nipples are gorgeous. If you weren't my sister, I don't think I could keep my mouth off them. And as far as boys are concerned, I haven't noticed Jed or that Paul down in London complaining about your tiny titties."

As I spoke, Heather's face changed from sad to doubtful to smiling. "Do you mean all that, or are you just saying..."

I interrupted her. Now I was getting pissed off. "Of course I bloody well mean it, every fucking word."

Her smile became a wide grin. "You know, you're very hot when you're angry. If you weren't my sister, I'd want to do a lot more than just suck on your tits."

Both of us looked around then. We'd starting talking quite loud and we were embarrassed. But no one was close by so that was okay.

Then Heather got a giggle fit.

"What?" I demanded.

"I was just thinking, Shel. You've got Mum's tits and I've got Dad's!" Now that was funny.

I turned round to check on Sam and Melanie, but they were gone. Ah, the changing rooms, I thought. Suddenly my curiosity was overwhelming. We didn't have long to wait.

Melanie appeared from a side door and waved us over. "Sam has something to show you. Follow me."

The changing area was one large room. There were three cubicles along one side with a curtain across the front of each of them. As we couldn't see Sam, she must still have been in one of them.

Melanie made Heather and me wait just inside the main door. She went to the far cubicle and pulled back the curtain, saying "Tada-a!" Sam walked out, faced us and posed.

I had never seen anything like it. Two strings came over her shoulders and became narrow ribbons just above her nipples. The ribbons, about an inch wide, were taut and continued down across her tummy. They met at her pussy and disappeared underneath.

She began to walk slowly towards us. Her tits had complete freedom and jiggled slightly as if she were completely naked. As she got closer, I could see that her nipples were hard. Wisps of her pubes peeked out at the top and sides where the ribbons met.

She stood for a moment in front of us before walking back down the room. The strings on her shoulders remained strings all the way down her back and across her bum before they too disappeared into her crotch. She wiggled as she walked, just enough to make my mouth water and my pussy start to get wet. She paused a few feet away from us, planted her feet a little ways apart and bent over. O MY GOD! You could see her pussy lips quite clearly. She straightened and finished her "stroll".

She faced us again, a huge grin on her face, and asked, "Well?"

I glanced at Heather. Her jaw had dropped and her eyes were wide.

I spoke first, but it was almost a croak. "Sam, please, can I fuck you right now, right here?"

Then Heather found her voice. "Sorry, little sister. The queue forms behind me."

Melanie laughed, "I'll leave you guys to it then," and turned for the door.

That broke the spell, and believe me, there was a spell to be broken.

Melanie became a salesman again. "This suit comes in lots of colours, blue, turquoise, silver, gold, dark purple and crimson. Sam's wearing violet."

"I'll keep this colour," Sam said. "Melanie, take them to that catalogue. I'll change and join you."

The big book had lots of catalogues bound into it. The one Melanie showed us had several pages of these amazing one-piece suits and tiny bikinis.

Heather quickly found a one-piece she loved. It completely covered her tits but that was about all. A single string came down in the middle and only became a ribbon when it reached her pussy. Again some pubic hair was visible at the sides. Two strings came off the top of the tit covering and tied behind her neck. They were also tied back there to a single string that went down her spine and disappeared into her arse crack. When she bent over, that string failed to cover anything. It only came in black, but that suited her.

"You know, Shel," she whispered to me, "This is the very first swimsuit I've ever felt really sexy in. It's amazing."

I had a much harder time choosing. There were at least five suits I really liked. I eventually settled on a bikini, but the briefest one I've ever seen. Two crimson lozenge shapes started as nothing at the top of each tit and widened just enough to

hide the nipple before narrowing back to nothing at the bottom of the tit. They were secured by nearly-transparent elastic bands. Two of them tied behind my neck and two more ran under my tits and tied in back. Although my nipples remained covered, the rest of my tits bounced nicely when I walked. The bottom was equally tiny. The crimson bit barely covered my pussy. The same clear elastic went around my waist and joined with a single piece of elastic that came up my arse. All the elastic bands disappeared if you were standing more than about five feet away. It looked like the three little crimson shapes had no support at all.

While we were in the changing room, Sam spoke to Heather. "Your Mum asked me to ask you to put my suit on your plastic and she'd sort it out later. This is the trouble with leaving home without a job. I'll be practically skint (see [cultural notes](#)) for a while until I can find something. Sorry about that."

Heather hugged her. "Look whatever I've got, you can have too." She pulled a few tenners (see [cultural notes](#)) out of her purse and forced Sam to keep them.

"I'll pay you back when I can. I promise."

Heather smiled, "That's okay. Whenever."

As we walked back to where Mum and Mrs. T were, Sam said, "I'd better trim myself down there before I wear that suit for real."

"Don't you dare," I snapped at her. "The few hairs showing are sexy as hell. Anyway, if that new suit makes me and Heather want to fuck you, think what effect it'll have on Stephen."

"I know," she whispered.

Then she snapped back to reality and grinned, "Now that I'm rich, let me buy us something to drink."

"Great idea," I replied, "But you were in the chair yesterday. This'll be my shout." (see [cultural notes](#))

There was a burger place with tables outside it along the concourse so we could enjoy our cokes without frying getting up our noses. After Mum's breakfast nobody wanted to eat again yet.

As soon as we were settled Sam raised her glass in my direction. "I thought of this while you were getting these, Shelley. To the maximum buying of minimum swimsuits!"

"Too right," added Heather.

"Make that three right," I replied.

Sam had a weird look on her face as she put down her glass. "Heather? Remember

shy little me?"

Heather looked up to one side like she'd forgotten something. "'S funny. I remember this really shy girl on Monday, Let me see, Samantha something, I think."

"Samantha nothing, more like. Well, she's gone now. You won't believe what I did on Friday. I asked for relief in Mrs. O'Brien's class."

"You never did!"

"I did too. And it was bloody marvellous. Just before class I saw this girl who'd done me at Morning Groping, I mean, really done me good, so I walked into class so horny I could barely stand up."

"All the details now," I interrupted. "You didn't tell me anything last night, you cow." I looked down. "Your glass is empty. Hang on. I'll get another round in." I grabbed the glasses and stood up. "And not one word till I get back, hear?"

When I returned, Heather was looking amazed and Sam was grinning. Sam spoke first, "I was just telling your sister about Charlie and her 'little friend'. And now SHE wants to borrow it too."

My big sister was blushing. God, it was good to see that.

Sam took a big sip from her fresh drink, but almost choked on it from a fresh laugh. "Wait a minute, guys. I've got another toast." She raised her glass solemnly, "To shared toys... and separate batteries!"

I couldn't drink for a moment, I was laughing so hard, and so was Heather. We even had people from nearby tables giving us funny looks.

"Right, back in class now," Sam's voice dropped as we all leant in over our cokes. "When I asked for 'assistance', all the boys and about half the girls put up their hands. That was already cool. There was this one boy, Terry Hobbs, who sits next to me and..."

"And who you fancy like mad," Heather interrupted a split-second before I could.

Sam blushed a little at that. "No... I mean yes, a little I guess. Now stop interrupting! He had been really nice to me the day before when I was shitting myself over the contest and that was the real reason I wanted to pay him back. But it turns out his girlfriend was in the class and I didn't know. But that was okay because she was one of the girls who put up her hand. So I had this brill idea, even if I do say so myself. I invited his girlfriend to join us."

"You mean you had a threesome right there in Mrs. O's class!" I could not believe what I was hearing. Heather just sat there, as stunned as me. I had Mrs. O this year for the second year running, and Heather had also had her for a couple of years, but

not this one.

"Yeah, and she cleared her books off her desk so we could use it. And there's something else. She let us go on a lot longer than just five minutes. How awesome is that?"

I leant closer. "Details, Sam, remember?" But I was also thinking I'll have to revise my opinion of Mrs. O.

Heather and I both groaned when she leaned back and said, "You'll have to read my journal for the rest."

"Okay, I suppose." I was disappointed enough to add, "You bitch."

Sam took another drink. "Anyway, the reason I'm telling you this now is that Terry's girlfriend is our swimsuit salesman, Melanie. Though the word swimsuit doesn't seem to fit somehow."

I had an idea. "How about 'the outfit I've chosen to persuade Stephen to fuck my brains out'? Is that closer?"

"Yeah," Sam admitted, "That's about right. But not in St. Stephen's Park, surely?"

"Why not?" I answered, "We're in a Program Area, so it'd be legal."

I couldn't see I was hurting Sam, but Heather did. "Take it easy, Shel. This means too much to her."

"Thanks, Heather. You're right. It means the world to me."

I was genuinely sorry for upsetting her. "Sorry, Sam. That was out of order."

"Apology accepted."

Sam's head was shaking. "It was the weirdest thing before, guys. When you came in the changing room, I felt this strange kind of power. Then when I walked over to you and back, I could feel your eyes all over me and I loved it. I felt sexier than I think I've ever felt before, and yes, you're right Shel, I do want to seduce Stephen with it."

Heather glanced at her watch. "Oh fuck, we'd better shift it. The mums are gonna wonder what's happened to us."

We were back to them in a couple of minutes. Mum was on the bench and Mrs. T was next to her.

Mum grinned at us, "You look very pleased with yourselves. Success?"

Sam and I let Heather answer. "When we were coming over here with Mrs. Chaplain, I teased Shel by asking Mrs. Chaplain if we could trust Shel to give good

advice about bikinis. She answered that Sam and I would just have to be strong." She paused there for a few seconds. "It turns out that Sam and I have been very weak."

Thank you, Sis, I said to myself, and this time I meant it. Today was jumpin' 'n' pumpin', no doubt about it. Breakfast, Jed, the interviews and now a shopping triumph. And I still had two dozen boys at the cricket and the party tonight to come. Bring it on, baby!

Sam spoke up now. "Are you coming to the park with us this afternoon, Danielle?"

"Sorry, darling. I've had a wonderful morning, but I must do some work this afternoon. Besides, I don't want to overdo things. I always have to pay for it if I do."

We all knew what she meant. Every time I see her I'm amazed at how much she does manage to do. Poor Sam, you could hear the disappointment in her voice.

"So you won't be able to see our swimsuits today," I said to Mrs. T. "Mum, would you take some pictures at the park and email them to Mrs. Townley?"

"Yes please, Janice," Sam pleaded.

"Of course I shall, as one of you anyway has said please." Ouch!

Mum disappeared for the car after Mrs. T handed over her keys. The rest of us sauntered along to the side entrance of the Centre and Sam slipped behind Mrs. T to push the chair. She bent slightly so their two heads were close together and chatted. I couldn't hear what they were saying, but it looked a lot closer than just friendly to me. Heather took my hand and squeezed it. I watched her start to cry a little. I couldn't understand why now and didn't know what to say. All I could do was squeeze back. We fell back a bit behind the other two.

Sam straightened up and twisted back to us. "Danielle wants to know about our new suits. Okay if I tell her?" Her smile turned to confusion and concern when she looked at Heather, but she didn't know what to say either. She saw our hands and nodded, as if to say to me, "Look after her, Shelley."

I called out, "Okay, Mrs. Townley, but not a word to Mum. We want to surprise her later." I hoped my voice sounded normal.

It must have done as Mrs. T didn't turn round. Normally she's like Mum and doesn't miss a thing. I heard Heather sniff once very hard. She dragged the back of her other hand across her eyes and nose. She squeezed my hand hard for a couple of seconds before mouthing a silent "thank you" and letting go. I handed her a Kleenex from my shoulder bag, the one from Tara. She half hid behind me and blew her nose, before dropping the evidence in a bin.

Sam and Mrs. T were laughing non-stop now so they noticed none of this. Then Mrs. T called over her shoulder, "Shelley Hoover, you are a wicked, wicked girl! It sounds like the three of you should be arrested this afternoon."

"What for?" I shouted back.

"If the suits are anything like Sam told me, how about Indecent Non-exposure?"

That got to all of us, Heather most of all. I was relieved to hear her laugh with us, but a voice inside my head asked, for how long this time?

Sam continued chatting quietly, till Mrs. T laughed again and called back, "Heather, I'm not sure I believe Sam here."

"Believe her, Mrs. Townley. Whatever Sam's just told you, the suits are a lot worse."

While we were waiting for Mum by the kerb, Mrs. T held Heather's hand and mine. "You can toss that Mrs. Townley rubbish in the bin along with that tissue, you hear me?" Fuck, she had noticed Heather crying after all. But before we could react she continued, "The name's Danielle. I can't have my new daughter here, and even Laura's lover, call me that and leave out the "horrible Hoover hussies", now can I?"

I thought my heart would burst when Heather answered, "That would be the Slutsisters now, Danielle. Do try and keep up."

On the way back to Danielle's house, Mum commented on the black clouds forming above us and sure enough, as we arrived at Danielle's the heavens opened. You never saw anyone move from one car to another so quickly.

At home, half an hour later, in the dining room, Mum made a lot more sandwiches than we needed. "Why so many?" I asked. It wasn't like Mum to be wasteful.

"You'll see," she replied with a smile.

I got my answer when Eric came in halfway through lunch soaked through. "It's rained so hard half the pitch has flooded. No cricket today."

"That's not fair!" I cried. He looked puzzled.

My sister explained, "Shelley was looking forward to showing off her new swimsuit to all your boys."

"Gives a whole new meaning to rain stopped play," he laughed and we all laughed with him even if the joke was on me.

"Don't worry, Shel," he promised. "I'll take you next time."

"That reminds me," said Sam. "We promised you'd send Danielle a photo of us in



our new suits." So it was upstairs to change.

We came back into the lounge together and I don't know whose eyes were wider, Mum's or Eric's.

"I take it you're not planning on leaving the party alone," Eric said with a grin.

"Mum?" I asked, "Is it okay if we bring someone home?"

"I suppose you mean to sleep with?"

"Well," I giggled, "I wasn't thinking of doing much sleeping." That earned me a thrown cushion from Heather.

"So long as I don't come home and find you doing it just anywhere, no problem. After all, I have my boyfriend here, don't I?"

"What about Sam? Only she wants to use the suit to get off with Stephen." I asked, making her embarrassed.

"Poor guy doesn't stand a chance," chipped in Eric.

Mum laughed. "If Danielle says okay, the same goes for her."

"Okay, Janice, and thank you." Then she giggled, "I think Danielle will agree. You see, she walked in on Stephen and me last week, when we were... right in the middle of things, and she was really happy for me. We had a long talk about it afterwards, but please, I want you to tell her. I don't want to ever have any secrets from her, about sex or anything else."

"But there is one proviso, and this applies to all of you." Mum was in her "commandment" tone of voice. "If anyone, boy or girl, is staying the night, they MUST tell one of their parents where they are. Okay?"

Heather and Sam said "Okay" at once.

I hesitated for a moment, then Mum caught my eye, so I said "Yeah, okay."

After snapping some photos, Mum sent them to Danielle, then phoned her to make sure she got them.

She roared with laughter just before putting the phone down. "Okay, I'll tell her. Bye!"

"Sam. Danielle says fine, no problem. And Shelley, she says you're wicked. And those suits are definitely indecent non-exposure."

"I'm ringing Jed," said Heather. "I've still got a load of interviews to do before Monday. Now's as good a time as any."

It wasn't long before Jed was on the doorstep. "I could only get hold of Lenny and

Stephen. Mrs. C's meeting us at Lenny's in a few minutes."

"Can I come?" asked Sam. No prizes for guessing why! Heather and Sam raced upstairs to get changed, then they left.

Only an hour later we heard them come in. If they had left cheerfully enough, they certainly didn't return that way. Heather ran straight up to her room. Sam brought Jed and Mrs. C into the lounge.

Jed kept glancing towards the stairs as he explained. "We were just leaving Stephen's when Heather suddenly burst out crying. She really freaked out. None of us could touch her or anything. Sam and Mrs. C came back in the car with us to see we got back okay. Look I'd better go up to her." Then he went upstairs.

Poor Jed. He looked pretty freaked out himself. And Sam looked awful too. She flopped down in a chair, and sat motionless.

We sat there for a long time before Mum broke our silence. "Christina, we haven't a clue what to do for her." She might have said more but Mrs. C shushed her.

"Janice, no, all of you, please listen to me." She took one of Mum's hands in both of her own, but spoke to all of us.

"Three months or so after I was appointed a head teacher for the first time, one of my girls was raped. It wasn't a gang, just one sick bastard, but the only thing I knew was that I knew nothing. This girl, her name was Emily, had a loving supportive family like Heather does, good, close friends like Heather does, a boyfriend who felt like he was drowning like Jed is feeling now, and teachers who wanted to help her any way they possibly could, just like Heather has.

"We all came to understand that Emily had to do most of it herself. She needed, and eventually got, a lot of professional help, but not until she felt able to seek it herself. Emily has recovered, although it's taken years. She and I have stayed in contact and she's married now, working and raising a two-year-old."

She stopped there. I guess she was remembering Emily and it was obvious that she still cared a lot for the girl.

"Because of Emily I set out to study whatever I could find. I made time because I knew that helping the Emilys was more important than academic league tables or budget fights with my LEA. (see [cultural notes](#)) I learned that Emily was full of anger and fear and feelings of worthlessness, and that one or another of these could surface with no warning and often no apparent immediate reason. And that the one worst thing that could happen to her was if she thought she was alone."

My mind went back for a moment to when I'd finally sneaked a read of the first few days of Heather's journal. And how alone she felt. Thank god we'd got past that before her attack.

"Janice, all of you, I know it's a cliché but all that any of us can do is to be here for Heather, whatever that means, today, tomorrow, next month. Don't offer sympathy, however desperate you may feel the need. Heather will let you know what she's worked out that she needs from day to day. If she wants to talk, talk to her and listen to what she tries to tell you. If she wants a cuddle, cuddle her like a mother or a lover or a friend. If she runs away, give her space. If she hurts you with cruel words or breaks your heart with tears, ride out the storm. Half the time she won't know what she wants or needs, so never presume you know what's best.

"Heather is a strong, beautiful, intelligent, loving young woman. Just love her back."

"Thank you, Mrs. Chaplain." It was Heather. None of us had noticed her and Jed standing there. We watched while she hugged each of us in turn, starting with Mrs. C. Eric got the last and longest hug.

"Jed has to take Mrs. Chaplain back to her car," explained Heather. "It's still outside Stephen's."

"It's okay," Mrs. C said. "I can call a taxi."

But Heather insisted, "No you won't. Anyway, Jed needs to go through the tape to mark edit points or something. And he can do that better on his own."

"Don't forget the choir party tonight!" I reminded Mrs. C.

"I won't."

When Jed and Mrs. C had gone, we settled down to watch a film on the telly. Heather sat next to Eric, and was soon snuggled into him, with his arms round her. So I sat on his other side.

I suddenly felt guilty that Sam was left out, but Mum had seen that too. She motioned Sam to sit with her, and soon Sam was fast asleep.

The film was boring, so I got up and walked towards the kitchen to get a drink instead.

But at that moment, Heather woke up and pushed Eric away, shouting "No!"

He held her arm. "Heather, it's Eric, what's wr...?" His words were cut off as she punched him, full force in the face.

If we were stunned, that was nothing to Heather's reaction. Her face froze with absolute horror. She looked at Eric, then at Mum, then fled out the door into the pouring rain that had started again.

I wanted to run after Heather, but I couldn't move.

"What happened?" asked Mum.

Eric shook his head. "I don't know. One minute we'd been chatting and she was falling asleep in my arms. The next she was shouting at me. I don't know."

"Are you alright?" Mum stood up, but she seemed unable to move either.

"Yes. I've had worse," he replied.

"I'd better try to find her," said Mum.

"Please, Janice. Let me," he pleaded. "I think it's important that I find her." Eric was holding her arms to keep her still.

Mum just nodded.

When Eric had gone, she stared at me. "Shelley, I don't know what to do about her."

Sam had already dialled Danielle and handed her phone to Mum.

"Danielle? Something awful's happened." She went on to explain.

Then she stood there listening. "Yes, that's fine. Thank you, Danielle." She handed Sam her phone. "She's working tonight and tomorrow, and has a meeting with Sam and that entertainment bloke in the evening. But she'll come round to see Heather Monday evening.

"Do you think I'm doing the right thing?" asked Mum, unsure of herself for once.

"Yes." "Of course," said Sam and I together. I hadn't a clue either, but Mum needed that.

"I mean, she said if it was more urgent I could take her to casualty and get her seen to straightaway."

"I don't know, Mum. But I think it would be better with Danielle. Less... official."

We waited, all of us just staring at one another. But finally Eric did find her. They came walking back, his jacket around Heather, his shirt plastered to his body. Heather had obviously been crying.

"Heather, I..." began Mum, but Eric stopped her.

"It's okay. It never happened."

It was weird seeing Mum obediently drop the subject.

Heather was shivering with the cold. "Girls," said Eric. "Can you take her to the shower to warm her up?"

It was awful. Heather started crying again and just couldn't stop. It felt like it lasted forever, but finally, as suddenly as it had started, it was over. Sam and I

dried her, and we all got dressed again and went downstairs.

As we walked into the lounge, Mum said, "Heather, I've asked Danielle to see you, Monday evening. Is that okay?"

Heather nodded.

"Only I think you need help we can't give you."

"And I'm going to take some self-defence classes," quipped Eric. The grin on his face assured us he was joking.

Heather hugged him, hard. But the relaxed atmosphere of the afternoon was gone.

When we were getting ready for the party, even though it had turned into a warm evening, none of us felt like wearing the swimsuits.

While we were getting ready Sam took me aside in the bathroom and said, "I had some songs I was going to sing tonight, but with Heather the way she is right now, I don't think I should."

"Why's that?" asked Heather, walking into the bathroom.

Sam hesitated. "It's just they're about the Program and all my friends and..."

"Sam, I don't know what's happening to me. I seem to suddenly burst into tears for no reason, or get angry for no reason. But please don't change what you were going to do."

"It's just..." Sam began.

"Look, if I'm going crazy, people walking round me like they're walking on eggshells isn't going to stop me. Just be normal, okay? And you, Shel, just be as normal as you can be!"

She hugged us both. And we actually laughed together. God! That felt good.

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# Continuations & Conclusions part 8

## WEEK TWO

### SATURDAY Afternoon

#### SUZIE

I was floating dreamlessly on my back when something, someone actually, rolled up against me. I opened my eyes as Laura draped an arm across my chest and bent a leg over my thigh. She was snoring softly near my ear.

I knew it was the middle of the day and I was luxuriating in the naughtiness of the time and situation when I remembered what we'd been doing, Laura and Craig and me. God almighty, Laura was right to force me to give my arse to Craig. I hadn't been a virgin back there, two other boys had been there before, but they were rather smaller than "Craiggles".

He really hated it when I called him that, so of course I did so on a regular basis, but just when we were alone. I'll have to test a silly name or two on Laura, "Lurakins" perhaps, or "Laurabora". I should be able to piss her off too. I giggled slightly and Laura stirred.

"What's so funny?" Her eyes were two small out-of-focus slits, but she was smiling.

I saved the silly names for another time. She'd have to be well awake before I could properly annoy her. Instead I told her the rest of the truth, "I was just thinking about Craig's big cock in my arse."

"You enjoyed it then?"

I recalled my screams of pleasure. "Too right, I did."

"Good." She sat up on one elbow and started teasing my nipple with her fingertips. "He's more than alright. I can see why you like him." I grinned stupidly. "You... harlot! I didn't mean his cock." Then she grinned back, "Well, maybe I did at that."

I dragged her over on top of me, everything interesting touching and our noses nearly so. I fixed my eyes on hers. "I want you to fuck my arse like that, and I want to do the same to you." That wasn't too hard to get out, girl, now was it?

"Well-l-l-l, I'm not really equipped for the job, am I? And neither are you."

I remembered all those toys in class a few days ago. "We can always buy some 'marital aids'." We both laughed at the phrase I'd just pulled out of my memory of some old book I'd read once.

Then I added seriously, "I'm not sure where to go though." The only shop I knew about was close to the bus station and was a really icky place. I'd been there before and did not want to go back, alone or with Laura.

Laura leapt to her feet. "Come on, I know just the place."

"Not the one by the bus station, I hope."

"Yuk, not there. We'd need decontamination after if we went there. No, the place I'm thinking about is way cool."

I started for my case in the corner for some clothes. "I'm starving, sweetie. Those chocolate thingies don't last long."

"How about fried-egg sandwiches?"

"Wicked!"

"In that case, we'd better not get dressed." She grabbed my hand and pulled me down to the kitchen. She fried and I toasted. The eggs were perfect, the whites solid and the yolks runny.

"Ketchup?" she asked.

*"Mais oui, ma chérie."*

Laura choked back a guffaw.

"Come on," I complained, "My accent's not that bad."

"No, it's fine. It's just..." she hesitated. "You'll see."

We sat there in the kitchen, elbows on the table, cramming the cholesterol down our throats. A red and yellow ribbon dripped from her mouth down between her tits. I pointed at it, saying "let me", and leant across to lick her once from her tummy to her neck.

"You were right," I said afterwards, "Fried-egg sandwiches and clothes don't go together."

I had a wonderful idea as we were dressing. "I want to buy you some underwear, really sexy. The idea of something I got you keeping your pussy and tits warm..." I actually shivered at the thought.

"Did you bring some plastic with you?"

"Yes." I'd feel undressed without my credit cards close.

"Right. We're going to William Street."

Oh my! Don't get me wrong now. I'm not poor, not at all. Both my parents have

good jobs and a lot of "disposable". They may ignore me as far as their time is concerned, but they've always been generous the other way. When I turned sixteen, Dad gave me two credit cards. One was for emergencies and not to be used otherwise. He puts a substantial allowance on the other one every month, no questions ever asked. Currently I knew I had a decent credit balance on it.

But William Street? It is two short-ish blocks off the old high street. (see [cultural notes](#)) One side has a branch of a big London department store and most of the best restaurants in town. The other side, however, is for proper shopping, boutiques of all sorts, mostly for us girls but a couple for blokes as well, two banks for if you run out of money and need a loan, and not one but two jewellers. I had always considered William Street out of my price range, but what the hell. I was in love.

Laura was a girl on a mission. She marched us to the bus stop at the end of her road. It was one of those days. Our bus arrived ten seconds after we did. I kept asking her where we were going, but she would only grin and shake her head.

The bus dropped us in the high street. As we turned into William Street, we slipped an arm around each other's waist. Laura stopped us in front of the first window, dresses and hats.

"We're heading for the end of the street, but there's no hurry."

There was one dress in that first window that was perfect for Laura. A dramatic, almost fluorescent blue, and trimmed with a narrow band of lace, it was sleeveless with a straight-cut, very short skirt. Although it had a high neck, the material was thin and clingy and would accentuate every one of her fabulous curves.

Her eyes glazed over as she looked at it.

"You want it, don't you?" I asked her.

She nodded silently.

"Come on then."

She stood her ground and would not let me near the door. "Not today, Su. We've other things to spend our money on."

As we moved away, she turned back again to the dress. I realised that I'd have her exact measurements shortly. I vowed to return soon on my own for the dress.

We had some other moments along the street, but none to match the blue dress. Basically we wanted something from almost every window, including both jewellers, but managed to stay on the pavement until near the end of the second block.

"Here we are," Laura smiled. The window held two old-fashioned open baskets full of long-stemmed roses of various colours, resting on velvet. The sign above the



solid wooden door said *Boutons de rose*.

I was confused. "Pink buttons?"

"No, silly, rosebuds."

Oh dear. Less than two years on but already I'd started forgetting my French.

"You must meet Jeanette. I hope she's here today."

She held the door for me and I entered a different world. My senses were caressed, not assailed. The lighting was soft and indirect. It was not dark, but where the light was coming from was a mystery. A piano playing something romantic and classical could just be heard. I caught myself sniffing. There was a suggestion of a very expensive perfume in the air, *un parfum très cher*, I remembered and smiled. A beautiful young salesgirl was serving two women off to my left.

"Laura!" A woman's voice sang (Shouted is definitely the wrong word.) from the rear of the shop. "*Bonjour, ma chérie! Ça va?*"

"*Bien. Et toi, Jeanette?*"

The woman was now next to us. "*Ça va, merci.*" They kissed, on the lips.

Laura stepped back and returned her arm to my waist. "Jeanette, this is Suzie. Suzie, Jeanette."

Jeanette took my hand tenderly (!), then leant forward and kissed my cheek. Not one of those continental non-kisses that bounce from one cheek to the other, but a firm and friendly kiss that lingered, just for a second. I kissed her cheek in return, thinking, damn, I wish we were kissing on the lips too.

Jeanette stood quietly, examining Laura critically. "As ravishing as ever, I see. But the hair, I am not so sure."

Laura laughed, "That is a long story. A glass of wine's worth, at least."

"*Mon Dieu!* Where are my manners? *Rouge, n'est-ce pas?*"

"*Toujours, merci.*" I filed that away. Laura always has red.

Jeanette turned to me. "Suzie, white or red?"

Laura encouraged me, "It'll be lovely."

I decided to try my French, "*Toujours le blanc pour moi, s'il te plaît, Jeanette. Merci.*"

She took us to the back of shop. Beneath the counter was a small fridge for the white wine. She had white with me and raised her glass, "*Santé!*" We repeated the toast.

Jeanette spoke very softly. "The white, it is Australian. Very good, but please tell no one. A decent French white, *c'est trop cher*. The times, how do you say, they are hard."

Laura giggled, "Jeanette, the only thing hard around you is..." She placed her left hand on her right upper arm and shook her fist high in the air.

Jeanette's laugh was robust, "Not the only thing, but yes, that too."

Laura saw I was confused. "It's just the French gesture for... Well, think about Craig and what's hard about him."

Now I laughed genuinely. "I thought the French were always supposed to be ready for it."

Jeanette disagreed, "The French men, how do you say it, Laura, *ils se vantent beaucoup*."

Laura translated, "They brag a lot. So do Englishmen." She raised her glass. "To size... where it matters." We could all drink to that.

Then Jeanette repeated her earlier question, "But now, Laura, your hair?"

Laura thought briefly, "There was *une situation*, Jeanette. A very nice woman was forced to cut my hair. She is not a *coiffeuse*, as you can see."

Jeanette shook her head, "As you say. *Alors*. How may I assist you today?"

Laura put down her glass and took my free hand in both of her own. "Suzie and I are lovers and..."

Jeanette interrupted her, "Of course I know this the moment you entered my shop. But thank you for sharing it." She smiled at me. "And look, you embarrass her. Suzie, I have known Laura for a long time. I can see in your eyes and hers happiness. And that makes me happy."

Now I really did want to kiss her. Laura's voice caught for an instant as she continued, "And we would like to buy some nice little things for each other."

"Nice things or sexy things?" Jeanette asked her.

"Both!" I insisted, a little too loudly.

Jeanette replied with pride, "All of my things are nice, Suzie, and most of them are sexy."

She put down her glass and came round the counter. She stood in front of me, her chin in her hand, and undressed me with her eyes. (I've seen that written a lot before, but this was the first time I'd experienced it. Despite her warmth, I found it unnerving.) She gestured at my head, "The hair, Suzie?"

"The same situation as Laura. I wasn't as lucky as her though. My hairdresser was a boy, and he was a..." I stopped.

"*Un boucher*, Suzie, a butcher."

I smiled at that, "But a sweet butcher, Jeanette. We have a friend. Her hair ended up like mine, but she's had a really good cut. I think I'll go where she did as soon as I can."

"*Bon*. Laura, would you stand behind Suzie and hold her hair up, so I can see her, please?" Laura did so. After a moment Jeanette nodded, "Short hair will suit you. May I suggest very short. Your neck and shoulders are lovely. Let everyone see them. *Merci*, Laura."

She picked up a tape measure and strode away. She held the door to a changing room for us, "Please."

It was larger than any changing room I'd ever been in before. One whole wall was a floor-to-ceiling mirror. There was also a large mirror on wheels with two side panels you could adjust to see yourself front, back and sides. Across from the mirrored wall were four simple chairs and a rail and hangers. The light was much brighter than in the shop, almost harsh.

I must have reacted to the light because Jeanette explained, "In here the light must not lie. Please remove your clothes, Suzie... everything."

My silly brain looked for a clothes box! Instead of course I hung my blouse and skirt on hangers and dropped my bra and knickers on one of the chairs. I faced Jeanette, my arms at my sides. I remembered the love bites a second before Jeanette spoke.

"Gifts from Laura, *chérie*?" I nodded. (Of course I was blushing furiously, but I'm getting tired of mentioning this all the time. Take it as read that if I'm embarrassed at all, I'm blushing.) She glanced at Laura, "*Tu as été très consciencieuse*, Laura. I can't think of the word..."

Laura understood, "Do you mean 'thorough'?"

"Yes, you were very thorough."

"Well, so was Suzie," Laura said, stripping quickly herself. We stood there hand in hand, grinning like idiots. I didn't care, nor, I was sure, did Laura.

The bites were never mentioned again. Jeanette took all my measurements very professionally, bust, cup size, waist, hips, leg length from the front, and neck, shoulders, back and arm length from the rear, and noted them on a card she took from a pocket.

"*Pardonnez-moi*, Suzie, I must test these," she said quietly from behind me. She

reached around and gently lifted my boobs, like she was weighing fruit. She was finished before I could be startled.

As she came around to the front, she sighed, "Oh to be a teenager again. I'm still young, but already my breasts are not as... happy as yours and Laura's. *Eh bien*. Let us speak of colours."

Laura said, "Listen to Jeanette here. She is so good about colours."

"*Merci beaucoup*. Suzie, with your eyes and skin tone, I think pink, or any green, or even white. And of course black. Every woman with fair skin looks sexy in black. But red or blue or violet, *non, non, non*. A pale orange, perhaps.

"What about Laura?" I asked.

"Laura, she is almost the opposite. Blues and reds are her best colours, but green I think also. But for sure, Laura, not pink, not with your eyes. And not orange also."

"I trust her completely, Suzie. If you look through my stuff at home you won't find any pink, underwear, tops, scarves, anything.

I'd never thought about it before, but I had a few red or blue things and I couldn't remember the last time I'd decided to wear any of them. Wow! I was impressed.

"Now, Suzie," Jeanette's voice brought me back to the shop, "Do you know what items you wish for Laura?"

"Yes," I already knew the answer, "Some G-strings and thongs with bras to match. Jeanette, this may upset you, but could the bras be just a tiny bit too small?"

Laura was giggling, but Jeanette's laugh was as loud as before. "You have sex on the brain and not fashion, *n'est-ce pas?*"

I'd been rumbled. (see [cultural notes](#)) "Laura, would you do a slow pirouette for Jeanette?"

"Like a ballerina, you mean?"

"Yes, please."

She touched her fingertips above her head and turned slowly. When she'd finished I addressed Jeanette, "If you were in love with Laura, wouldn't you want to see as much of that body as often as you could?"

I could barely hear her "*certainement*".

"Will you permit me to select a few things for Laura and bring them here?" I nodded. As she left she added, "If you are cold, there are robes."

There were two short pink robes on a hook in the corner. I could not believe how

wonderful mine felt.

Laura noticed. "They're silk. Like?"

"I like."

"I have one just like this at home in dark blue. See what she means about pink on me?"

Jeanette was right. I looked at Laura's face, down to the robe, then back again. Her eyes somehow lost a little of their fire. Who'd have guessed?

Jeanette returned with a wicker basket over her arm. She handed a black bra to Laura, but spoke to me.

"Suzie, it is possible to have a good fit and be very revealing. *Et voilà!*"

Laura had her back to me as she put her robe back on over the bra. She turned and stood before us with her eyes downcast like the innocent young girl she wasn't. Then she dropped the robe from her shoulders to the floor. She wasn't wearing knickers, but for now that didn't matter. The bra was lacy and you could see her skin through it. The fit was exact and gave the underside of her breasts a deliciously rounded shape. I think officially it's called a half bra, but only about a third of each breast was covered. Her nipples were bare and as we watched they hardened. It was all I could do to stay where I was. My hungry mouth was watering.

Jeanette said something but I couldn't make it out. A moment later I could speak. "It's beautiful, Jeanette. What do you think, darling?"

Laura looked up and grinned. "Only for you, Suzie, I'll only wear this for you."

My voice was normal again. "Sold, Jeanette. Did you bring any others like this one?"

"A blue one."

"We'll have them both. Laura, I don't want to see the blue one on until... sometime."

"Okay."

"Are there any knickers there to match the bras?" I asked Jeanette. And I waved Laura away. "Go sit over there, you sexy beast. And don't peek!"

She picked up her robe, wrapped it quickly around her body and flounced over to one of the chairs. She could play the petulant child, but this time she wasn't pretending.

Jeanette and I turned our backs and worked our way through the basket. I picked

out a thong (what Laura usually wore) and a G-string to match each bra. She showed me the knickers that usually came with the bras. They were a lot fuller, front and back, than any I'd seen on Laura. When she draped them over her hand, though, I could see the open lace was much more revealing than I expected. I had them as well. I had to giggle when she showed me a pair of crotchless panties. They were black lace with a red trim around where they weren't, if you get my drift. "There are times..." Jeanette whispered. There certainly are, I thought, and added them to the purchase pile.

"I'll be back in a moment," Jeanette announced so Laura could hear as well.

"Don't you like surprises?" I teased Laura.

"Hate them!" and stuck her tongue out.

I knelt down in front of her and opened her robe. "So easy to get at," I whispered and started to suck on her left nipple. I heard the door open behind me and tried to pull away, but Laura held my head tightly against her. (I was blushing again. Yes, I know I said I wouldn't mention it again, but these seem like special circumstances.)

Laura made Jeanette wait for only a few seconds but I'd gladly have spent the rest of the afternoon on my knees in front of her, especially when I remembered her pussy was accessible as well.

When I was allowed to lift my mouth away, I smiled at Jeanette, "Market research. I was checking the fit."

"The fit of the garment," she replied with a perfectly straight face, "Or the fit of your lips?" Now that is cool.

I sat back on my heels and Laura remained seated. "And now, Jeanette, we need some things for Suzie."

"I had a small idea." Her hand patted the basket, "I think you might like these."

Laura complained, "Shit, Jeanette. You were supposed to have to make another trip."

"I've told you before, *chérie*, here you must say *merde*."

"*Oui Madame, excusez-moi*." She sounded genuinely apologetic.

Jeanette smiled and shrugged as only the French do, "*Cela ne fait rien*." She dropped the basket on one of the chairs and pulled out something red.

I was surprised. "But it's red!"

"*Attends, s'il te plaît*. Try it on."

It was a body of very thin material with straps, like ballet students wear at rehearsals. I pulled it up my legs and over my body. It felt almost cool against my skin. I glanced at Jeanette.

"Cotton, Suzie. Does it feel alright?"

"Yes, very comfortable." The remarkable thing, though, was its colour. On me the red had changed to a rosy shade, somewhere between red and pink. You could also almost see through the material. My nipples were obvious, and getting more so (!), and so were my pubes. For almost the first time ever, I thought I was a 'sexy beast' too!

Laura dragged the other mirror over, "You've got to see your arse, my darling! It's fabulous!"

"I dislike that word, *chérie*," Jeanette complained, "*Le derrière* is much more... feminine."

I agree with her. *Derrière* is MUCH nicer. But why have the French made it masculine? I've never understood their genders, and I rather think they don't either.

"I'm sorry," Laura apologised, "My language is terrible these days. But so is most people's, I think." She had the other mirror positioned. "So, what do you think of your 'derrière' now?"

I bent over slightly and made it sway. I was hot! Not a doubt, and Laura thought so too.

"Please, Laura, may I have it?"

"Yes, but only if I can..." I saw her glance at Jeanette, "...Make love to you in it."

"But, how?" I asked them.

Laura reached under my pussy and undid the snap that I hadn't noticed was there. She left her hand there for a moment, but didn't move it around. She didn't have to. I could feel me getting wet. I was sure Jeanette would notice.

She had. "Perhaps, I should wait out there?"

"No," Laura replied. She lifted her palm to her nose and sniffed. You cow, I thought, intending some serious payback later.

Then she asked, "Did you bring any knickers for Suzie, or bras?"

"No, but before I go, Suzie, you should try this on as well." She handed me another body. This one looked black.

But it turned to a smoky grey when I put it on. If the rosy one was sexy, this one

was nothing short of obscene. Everything was completely visible, like someone had sprayed my naked body with a thin film. My nipples were not just showing, they were close to their natural colour. I looked at the reflection of my crotch and thought I could count my pubes. And below them my slit stood out, opening slightly as I was so turned on.

Even Laura was impressed. I saw her eyes in the mirror as they stared at my pussy. She stood quite still. Her robe had fallen open so I bent over again, but this time ground my bum into her crotch. Her hands grabbed my hips as she pushed back against me.

I looked up at Jeanette and giggled, "I think we'll take this one too."

She grinned in reply, "I thought you might approve of it." Then she addressed Laura. "About brassieres, I think something a little more... demure for Suzie, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"Absolutely," Laura agreed instantly. I didn't want demure, I screamed at myself, I wanted raunchy. I wanted to be Laura's whore, her cunt! But I said nothing. Laura was buying and I hoped I hadn't displayed my disappointment.

There was time for some payback while Jeanette was gone. I pushed Laura's back against a wall and held her there with my forearm across the top of her chest. I fucked two fingers into her as her face went from astonished to lustful in an instant. I fingered her hard five or six times, and then withdrew. I stood back and carefully cleaned my fingers in my mouth.

"That was for earlier, bitch." I hoped I sounded annoyed.

"I guessed I deserved that, huh?"

"Yup."

"Don't I deserve more?" I had her whimpering a little now. Good.

"Not till later."

She opened her robe and slowly drew a finger back and forth across each nipple. "Sure?"

I gulped, but remained resolute. "I'm sure."

I may not have been, though, had Jeanette not returned then.

She handed me a pale green bra. "Try this, Suzie."

I removed the body and put on the bra. I liked it. Okay, my nipples were covered, but everything else about it was good. I could feel its support, just, but when I looked in the mirror, it was like it wasn't there. My breasts retained their natural shape, but the bra had subtly pushed them towards one another. The effect was to



seriously improve my cleavage. I imagined it under something low-cut and really liked what I saw. And because my own shape was still there, I still looked very sexy.

"I like it," I said simply.

Jeanette answered with, "I have the same one in black." She was a good salesman.

"We'll have both of them," Laura said, "Thanks."

I removed the bra and grabbed my robe. I looked at Laura. "Well, I like surprises. I'll be over there." And sat down.

Laura and Jeanette did not take long. Laura agreed with most of the selection, as I'd done earlier.

(When we got home I found out Laura had got several more pairs of knickers and another bra as well for me. She obviously felt I was short in the sexy-undies department.)

Laura also returned her new bra to Jeanette. We put on our original gear, underwear included, and joined Jeanette at the counter with the fridge underneath it. I was beginning to worry about how much this was going to cost when Laura rolled out some more French.

*"Et maintenant, Jeanette, la salle de jeux."*

The games room? I thought, what is she on about? Oh my god! She means the playroom, somewhere with TOYS! Surely not here? I saw Jeanette's smile and knew I was wrong.

I started giggling. "That's why you wouldn't tell me before, you sneaky so-and-so."

"If I had, would you have believed me?"

"Probably not."

Jeanette joined in, "Most people are surprised when they find out. But, lingerie and toys, they go together, yes?" She hesitated for a moment. "We are starting a toy sale next week, but you may have it today. I've seen many new items on the Internet, and I want to sell most of my old toys quickly, so if you buy three items or more, I will take a third from the total price."

I was curious. "Why the hurry?"

She explained, "I sell an extraordinary number at Christmas, but I want all the new things here for September. All my regular customers will see what I have before their husbands, or boyfriends, or girlfriends shop for Christmas."

That made sense. Laura led me past the counter and through a door that had "Playroom" written on it in small neat script. I hadn't noticed it before. When she shut the door behind us I saw how dark this room was. Some indirect light came from the edge of the ceiling, but much more came from two large display cases that ran the length of the far wall and along one side wall.

Gamlee's in the Nelson Centre is the town's largest toy store, but here in front of us was "Gamlee's For Grown-Ups!" In the main case were dildos and vibrators of all shapes and sizes, small ones that you could keep in your bag but no one would notice up to a couple that were even larger than the one I'd complained about in class. And that was just for starters.

My mind was whirring aimlessly when Laura said, "That other case is for the S & M and bondage crowd. Interested?"

"Nope, but this case..." I ran my hand along the top glass, almost afraid to reach for what was below.

"So what do you think of Jeanette?"

"Amazing. She didn't bat an eyelid when we were fooling around before."

"I expect she's seen a lot worse."

"Is she bi?" I asked.

"I've asked her that. She likes men mostly, but occasionally fancies a girl. She said that a girl is like a delicious and decadent holiday sweet, but a man is a proper meal for every day."

"Hmm. I know what she means." I was amused as Laura looked at me with a puzzled expression. "Craig was a delicious sweet, but for a proper meal..." My hand was straying towards her pussy again, but she stopped me with her hand.

"And what about Daisy?" she asked. For a second I thought she was jealous, until I saw the grin on her face.

"Definitely a sweet," I replied.

"That's okay then, but just remember one thing."

"What's that?" Now it was my turn to be puzzled.

"Sweets are for sharing." Her hand had been holding mine and now she brought it to her pussy.

I kissed her tenderly, but then reluctantly pulled away. "We'd better decide what we're buying before we get too distracted."

"Good idea. See anything you fancy?"

"Only almost everything here," I laughed. At one end I noticed the vibrating egg I enjoyed in class. I showed it to her. "Ever try one of these?"

"No, what's it like?"

"Truly wicked. It starts out very gently, but after a while it starts to get to you and you just want to die, it's so nice." I picked up a second one. "One for Laura and one for Suzie. Okay?"

"Okay. Now it's my turn." She picked up something. "This is way cool. Ever tried one?"

She handed me the strange vibrator. The main bit was what you'd expect, but it had a second smaller bit which seemed to be too small to be of much use. She saw my puzzlement and explained, "The big bit goes inside and does a good job there. The small bit is for your clit. See these two little pointy things. They vibrate too, right on your clit. They look a little like rabbit ears, right?" I nodded. "Well, that's why it's called 'The Rabbit'."

"Sounds like fun," I said.

"You'd better believe it. With one of these, babe, and the way you scream, I bet you'll raise the dead when I use it on you." She laid a new rabbit next to the eggs. "Your go."

"This looks like fun too." I'd picked up a floppy two-headed dildo. It wasn't that thick but it was about two feet long. It was obvious how two girls could use it.

"Oh it is, lots of fun. We use them in our shows all the time. The only thing wrong with that," she laughed, "Is that the show usually doesn't last long enough for me to get off."

"Won't be a problem for us, I feel. You get last pick."

Laura said, "We still don't have a normal cock so we can fuck each other in the arse, remember?"

"Right, I don't care how long it is," I told her, "But it can't be any thicker than Craig. Agreed?"

"Agreed." She picked up one of the demonstrators. "What do you reckon?"

The shape looked perfect and the length impressed me, even if the colour, bright blue, was a little silly. I still had to test its girth though.

"Let me have a suck." I gave it a quick blow. "That's about right. My mouth KNOWS how fat Craig's cock is, trust me."

"Ah-h," Laura grinned, "The voice of years of experience."

"No, probably only a couple of days all in, although it seems like years now."

We found a matching new one and added it to the pile.

Then Laura picked up a couple of bottles. "Mustn't forget the lube. This stuff is fine."

"Will that be enough for us?"

"Yeah, a little of this goes a long way." So she picked up a third bottle. "How are we gonna pay for this stuff? Add it all up and divide by two?"

"Yeah, great." Then I had a thought. "What's gonna happen in ten years when we get a divorce? Who'll get custody of the rabbit?"

Suddenly Laura turned serious. "Only ten years?"

"Okay, twenty years then."

"Only twenty years?" She hugged me loosely and looked deeply into my eyes. "How about forever?"

"Oh, Laura," was all I could answer. We kissed, and while we kissed Laura started to rub her pussy against my thigh. I pulled her leg into my crotch and did the same. It wasn't really sex, but even with clothes it was so intimate that it nearly took my breath away.

Jeanette was waiting for us behind her counter. She'd poured us each another half a glass of wine. She raised her glass to us, "*A bonheur!*" she toasted. "To happiness!" we echoed. As I lowered my glass I noticed a man and woman slipping into the Playroom and shutting the door firmly.

I was dying for the loo so Jeanette showed me where it was.

Laura and Jeanette had everything organised while I was away. All I needed to do was pay my share. (Don't ask. My credit balance was shot, and would not return for another two months, and that's assuming I don't use the card in the meantime.)

When we got outside, Laura pointed to a café across the road. "Coffee? More wine?"

I shook my head. I wanted to get back as fast as we could so we could try on, and try out, our purchases.

PS When I was unpacking everything at Laura's I discovered an extra present. It was a short, pale-green silk robe to go with her blue one. Mine was fancier, though, with Chinese lettering on the front and a large red and white dragon on the back. Laura and Jeanette had snuck it into my bag while I was in the loo.

It's Sunday afternoon. Laura and Shelley have finished their rewrite, and allowed me on Laura's computer to write this up. Saturday was a very special day for Laura and me. Part of me wants to wave these pages in front of the whole world, but another part wants to hide them away in my heart. I suspect that Heather will persuade me to publish this in the end. I hope she'll be right.

Every once in a while, the Nobel Laureate looks over my shoulder and suggests a phrase or two. I tell her to fuck off.

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## Continuations & Conclusions part 9

### WEEK TWO

### SATURDAY Night

### LAURA

#### *Author's Note:*

*Next to the titles of the songs Samantha sings here are links, which may allow you to play the tunes immediately, if your system is so configured. Alternatively, you may [Click here and you'll be taken to a folder \(http://www.nakedinschool.net/music/\)](#) containing all the tunes for you to download yourself. They are midi files so their recording quality is not wonderful. Sorry about that, but the idea is simply to give you an idea of the tunes. Two of the midi files include introductions; the main melody to which the words are set does not start at the beginning of the midi file. Where this applies, to make it easier to follow the tune and the words together, next to the link to the midi files I have written when in the midi file the main melody begins.*

I arrived at Tanya's early, to see if she needed any help getting ready, but she and Teresa already had everything well organised, apart from some of the food for the buffet which was in the fridge until it was needed. The rain earlier in the day hadn't cooled the temperature much. It was going to be a warm evening.

Suzie arrived shortly afterwards. She took off a jacket to reveal a short white nylon dress, which clung to her curves wonderfully. She smiled at me watching her. "I see you like my new dress," she said.

"I prefer what's underneath," I grinned.

As there was nothing to help with, I suggested a swim. "I forgot my cozzie," ([see cultural notes](#)) she said.

"What's wrong with skinny-dipping?" I asked, already taking off my own clothes.

She grinned and carefully slipped off her dress (she was naked underneath) and hung it over the washing line.

After a few minutes swimming, we decided to try the hot tub. We each sat on one of the jets of water and soon I had my fingers in her pussy as we kissed.

While we were playing, Heather and Jed came in, with the other Program boys in tow. Jed was carrying a tripod with a camcorder on it.

"Sorry," he said. "We were looking for somewhere private to do more of these interviews."

"Don't worry," said Suzie. "We need to cool off anyway." She led me out of the gym and back to the pool. A lot more people had arrived, so we had a quick plunge in the pool, then got dried and dressed.

The party seemed to be a bit flat. Perhaps the week that had just gone had been a bit too much for everyone. Even the change of atmosphere in the school by the end of the week and Sam's triumph at the concert hadn't changed that. Almost nobody was dancing. It was more like a funeral than a celebration. None of us had gone naked, not even Tanya and Teresa, although some of the girls might as well have done!

Suddenly the music stopped and Sam took the microphone. She put a minidisc into the machine and turned the outdoor dance floor into a stage. "I've got a few songs I just had to share with you. The first one is to the tune of the *Londonderry Aire*. Well, I'm not from London, but my derrière's not bad."

As she said this, she turned round briefly, lifting her dress to reveal her knickerless bum. That got a whistle from one of the boys and a laugh from most of us. But she turned around again to face us and continued, "This song, I have to say, is for Mrs. Chaplain and the inquiry. I wrote it in class on Wednesday. It's called Reasonable Request, but I like to think of it as my scorpion song as it has a sting in the tail."

I saw Jed across the dance floor. He was panning his camcorder from Sam to the crowd and back again, obviously determined not to miss a thing.

Whatever type of music I'd expected, this wasn't it. I later found out from Sam that it was the tune to *English Country Garden*. But it seemed to fit her song and its mood perfectly.

*Reasonable Request*

*Sung to the tune of English Country Garden, or the Londonderry Aire*

*I*

*How many girls can you get to show it all,*

*If you put them in the Program?*

*Doesn't really matter if they're short or tall,*

*If you put them in the Program.*

*I'm sure they will do their best,*

*It's a reasonable request,*

*Just tell them what you want to see.*

*There are boobs, there are bums,  
You can have a lot of fun,  
If you put them in the Program.*

2

*How many boys can you get to show their shlong,  
If you put them in the Program?  
Doesn't really matter if they're short or long,  
If you put them in the Program.  
I'm sure they will do their best,  
It's a reasonable request,  
Just tell them what you want to see.  
There are dicks, there are bums,  
You can have a lot of fun,  
If you put them in the Program.*

3

*How far up can you really see inside  
Of a girl that is in the Program?  
Even if she's shy she will spread those lips so wide,  
Now she's in the Program.  
I'm sure she will do her best,  
It's a reasonable request,  
Just tell her what you want to see.  
There is pussy, there are bums,  
You can have a lot of fun,  
If you put her in the Program.*

4

*How long does it take for a girl to cum,  
If you put her in the Program?  
Watching her wanking is quite a lot of fun,  
Now she's in the Program.  
I'm sure she will do her best,  
It's a reasonable request,  
Just tell her what she has to do.*

This time Sam began to get the rest of us to sing the last few lines and slowly the mood began to change.

*There is pussy, there are bums,  
You can have a lot of fun,  
If you put her in the Program.*

5

*How many nipples can you squeeze today,  
If you put girls in the Program?  
You all think that they're just there to play,  
If you put them in the Program.  
Sure, the girls will do their best,  
It's a reasonable request,  
Just tell them what you want to feel.  
There are boobs, there are bums,  
You can have a lot of fun,  
If you put them in the Program.*

6

*How many fingers can you get inside  
Of a girl that is in the Program?  
You'll get more if she spreads her legs real wide,  
Now she's in the Program.  
I'm sure she will do her best,  
It's a reasonable request,  
Just tell her what you want to do.  
There is pussy, there are bums,  
You can have a lot of fun,  
If you put her in the Program.*

7

*Bend over girlie, I want to have a feel,  
Now you're in the Program.  
Fingers in your arse, this is really real,  
Now you're in the Program.  
I'm sure you will do your best,  
It's a reasonable request,  
Just tell you what we want to do.  
There is pussy, there are bums,  
You can have a lot of fun,  
If you put her in the Program.*

8

*How many pussies can you get to taste,  
When the girls are in the Program?  
They are there for you, don't let them go to waste,  
Now they're in the Program.  
I'm sure they will do their best,  
It's a reasonable request,  
Just tell them what you want to do.  
There is pussy, there are bums,*



*You can have a lot of fun,  
If you put them in the Program.*

The music finished there, but Sam sang two more verses, unaccompanied and a lot more slowly. We somehow knew not join in any more.

9

*How many guys can she take on at one time,  
Now she's in the Program?  
You can have that bit, this bit is mine,  
Now she's in the Program.  
Just don't look into her face,  
I think this is really ace,  
She's just a body there for you.  
She might cry, she might scream,  
You just go and have your dream,  
You've got her in the Program.*

It was as if a bucket of icy water had been thrown over everyone. I couldn't keep my eyes off Sam's face. It was hard and cold and deadly serious, like I'd never seen her before.

10

*How long do you think that she can take this pain,  
Though she's in the Program?  
I hope that you know she'll never be the same,  
After be-ing in the Program.  
She just has to do her best,  
With an UNreasonable request,  
Just tell her what she has to do.  
She might cry, she might scream,  
You can keep your fucking dream,  
You've got her in the Program.*

People shuffled around uncomfortably. If the party had been flat before, Sam had just killed it or so I thought. But without any warning the music started up again. Even I recognised the tune, Lili Marlene. It had been played everywhere at the recent war centenaries and several current stars had recorded it.

*Thanks To You Who Helped Me*

*Sung to the tune of Lili Marlene Note: the melody starts at 00:28 in the midi-file.*

1

*I came to school on Monday, totally alone.  
I never needed anyone, always on my own.  
Little did I know that things would change.*

*Standing there, I heard my name.  
I was in the Program  
And nothing would be the same.*

This was a different Sam altogether, light and jokey. Instantly the mood began to lighten with her.

2  
*First they made me strip, then they took my clothes away,  
I had to go to lessons, naked as the day.  
I didn't think that I could cope,  
But Jed and Laura gave me hope.  
I was in the Program  
And nothing would be the same.*

3  
*Just a few hours on, things went from bad to worse.  
The name of Ghastly Gordon will surely be a curse.  
It didn't matter that I cried.  
Spread your legs, stick your fingers inside.  
I was in the Program  
And nothing would be the same.*

At the name of Ghastly Gordon, someone started laughing and it spread around the whole place. Shelley joined in the last two lines and Sam clapped Shelley as she sang.

4  
*Curled up in the corner, paralysed by fear,  
Laura and Heather said, "Don't worry, we are here."  
They went to the showers, took me along,  
With them beside me I would be strong.  
I was in the Program  
And nothing would be the same.*

Now everyone was joining in the last two lines. This was infectious and I could feel the tension slipping away.

5  
*Then on Monday evening I learned to have some fun.  
It was Shelley's plan, but Stephen made me cum.  
He'd been a virgin at the start of day,  
But with his fingers, he sure could play.  
I was in the Program  
And nothing would be the same.*

6

*First thing Tuesday morning, surrounded by some boys  
Wanting me to strip so that I could be their toy.  
Then Suzie came and was there for me.  
She helped me cope, as you can see.  
I was in the Program  
And nothing would be the same.*

7

*Tuesday was a nightmare, there's nothing else to say.  
Laura cuffed, cropped and caned, what an awful day.  
But even though I found that knife,  
Laura came and saved my life.  
I was in the Program  
And nothing would be the same.*

Even the memories of that terrible day seemed tinged with humour now. Sam was playing us all and the little minx knew exactly what she was doing. I've seen performers work a crowd, changing their mood just as they wanted, and Sam was doing exactly that.

8

*Wednesday started badly with fingers everywhere,  
But though you won't believe it, I really didn't care.  
I had a new family, a new home,  
And with my friends I'll never be alone.  
I was in the Program  
And nothing would be the same.*

9

*I can barely sing when I think of Wednesday eve,  
Making love for hours with my boyfriend Steve.  
He didn't even try to make me fuck,  
Laura could hardly believe my luck.  
I was in the Program  
And nothing would be the same.*

10

*Thursday was incredible, there's nothing I can say.  
Tanya and Teresa, I can ne'er repay.  
The whole front row, just standing there,  
Supporting me, completely bare.  
I was in the Program  
And nothing would be the same.*

11

*Friday was traumatic, I didn't know what to do,  
But Danielle and Janice, they just saw me through.  
If I were a choirgirl or a whore,  
They'd still love me even more.  
I'd been in the Program  
And nothing would be the same.*

Suddenly, she put her hands out to calm us all down as she sang the last verse much slower and more quietly, almost speaking the words. Again the music had stopped.

12

*Thanks to you who helped me, I have seen it through.  
All of you have taught me, there's nothing I can't do.  
I just didn't know you were there for me,  
It took the Program to make me see.  
Yes, I've been in the Program  
And nothing will be the same.*

I suddenly clicked that she'd just sung the craziest love song I've ever heard. Because if you heard her, that's what it was. If Sam had tears in her eyes at the end of the song, so had the rest of us. But she wasn't finished. The music speeded up again and she soon had us laughing, not to mention shouting the chorus with her.

*Don't Blame Me*

*Sung to the tune of Clementine Note: the melody starts at 00:07 in the midi file.*

1

*If you're easily offended,  
You should pro-'bly go away.  
I don't want to be suspended.  
This is all I have to say.*

*Refrain:*

*Don't blame me, just blame the Program.  
It has made me really rude.  
Used to be quite sweet and innocent,  
But it taught me to be crude.*

2

*There's a school in Northern England.  
Where it is I dare not say,  
Where the boys grope all the girls and  
Have a hard-on all the day.*

*Refrain*

3

*School for sluts is what they call it,  
But it really isn't true.  
For the boys are just as wicked,  
They are randy through and through.*

*Refrain*

4

*Our Headmaster, Doctor Reynolds,  
What a job he has to do!  
Check we're naked, Monday morning,  
And next week, it could be you.*

She almost shouted the "it could be you" as she pointed at various of us in turn.

*Refrain*

5

*If you're scared, and you are naked,  
Mr. Thompson's right for you.  
Checks you out and calms you down, well  
That's just what he has to do.*

*Refrain*

6

*Started with a girl called Heather,  
Had a cum bath in the class.  
If you ask her really nicely,  
She will take it in the ass.*

There was a sudden stillness when she sang the verse about Heather. Everyone turned to look at her. But Heather was laughing her head off and already joining in the next chorus. It was as if a green light had been given. I realised what Sam had done. She had taken us back to the worst times of the last week and now she was saying, no declaring: Hell week is over. It's okay to laugh again.

*Refrain*

7

*Heather has a little sister.  
Shelley's clearly not a dunce.  
When it comes to all things sexy,  
She'll try ev'rything at once.*

*Refrain*

8

*Then there's Laura, she's a stripper,  
Takes her clothes off all the time.  
When there's arse, then she's a licker,  
It should really be a crime.*

Right, I thought, even as I laughed. Yours is coming, young lady. Just you wait.

*Refrain*

9

*And there's Suzie, she's a lezzy.  
Yes, she swings the other way.  
And you'll find she's always hot for  
Laura's pussy all the day.*

I turned to Suzie next to me, and saw she was wiping tears of laughter from her eyes and already enthusiastically joining in the chorus.

*Refrain*

10

*Then there's Tanya and Teresa,  
They just have to share a verse.  
Took so long to get together,  
I must say it's quite perverse.*

*Refrain*

11

*Can't forget, dear Willy Tyler,  
With his baton stiff and long,  
Watching all the naked choirgirls,  
Concentrating on the song.*

*Refrain*

12

*There's a gang of older fellas,  
With a leader who's called Jed.  
When he's not designing hairdos,  
He'll take Heather off to bed.*

Luckily Jed had put the camera on a tripod or he'd have been struggling to keep it steady for laughing.

*Refrain*

13

*Shelley will not let me leave out  
Just what Lenny had to do.  
He popped Shelley Monday morning,  
Now he might be after you.*

*Refrain*

14

*Christopher is very well-known  
For his rapid line of wit.  
You must watch out for his fingers,  
They'll be out to squeeze your tit.*

*Refrain*

15

*You might not know little Gerald,  
For a boy, he's really shy.  
But if it's sexy and it's female,  
Little Gerry wants to try.*

*Refrain*

16

*I must remember darling Stephen,  
Likes me helpless, tied with rope.  
Suck his cock dry and he's happy,  
Though he loves a little grope.*

*Refrain*

17

*If you're looking for the author,  
Sam confesses, "It was me."  
Through the Program, still a virgin,  
But not as pure as I could be.*

*Refrain*

*Don't blame me, just blame the Program.  
It has made me really rude.  
Used to be quite sweet and innocent,  
But it taught me to be crude.*

When Sam put the mike down at the end, someone shouted, "More!" It quickly became a chant. "I don't have any more," she complained.

One of the choirgirls called out, "Okay, Sam, then do one of your solos."

"For a party?" she replied incredulously.

"Yeah," said another. "We're always singing ourselves. We never get to hear you properly."

Tanya ran indoors and came out with a CD. Sam smiled as she heard the gentle introduction of *Ave Maria*.

I'm not into classical music, but Sam's clear, haunting voice seemed to weave a spell over us. I'm sure the composer never had in mind what happened next. Those of us who were in couples began to kiss and slowly move to the sound of Sam's voice. Quite a few of those who weren't in couples just began to hug or kiss whoever happened to be close to them.

"Suzie," I whispered, "I have to go into town."

"I'll come with you."

We slipped away quietly and I drove to Ws. I'd worked there often enough that when I asked the bouncer if I could see the manager, Mr. Fitzgibbon, he let us through straightaway.

"Hi, George. Have you got anything planned for student night on Wednesday?" As next week at school was a short week, finishing on Wednesday, he'd advertised a special student night at Ws.

"No, just the usual. Why?"

"I just saw an act that'll fill the place."

"How much?" Just like George, I thought.

"I don't know. You'll have to discuss that with her, but I don't think she'll be a lot. She's never done a whole show before."

"Hmm, don't like the sound of that. Who is it?"

"Sam Downing."

"The choirgirl? Oh, yeah, that'll REALLY go down well."

"She doesn't just sing like that," I protested. "You really think I'd suggest her if she did?"

He grunted, which I took as a grudging acknowledgement that I wouldn't.

"I just heard her sing at a party and she was incredible. I'll spend time with her to polish her act up a bit. You won't regret it. You know she was offered a contract with Gerard Vaughan on Friday?"

He suddenly looked interested. "Okay, bring her to me. I'm here till ten thirty



tomorrow night. If she's as good as you say, I'll give her a spot at least."

"You won't regret it."

Suzie and I left. On the way back to the party, I had a sudden impulse.

"Where are we going?" she asked.

"Shopping," I grinned.

I bought a dozen trays of eggs and we returned to the party. Tanya and Teresa passed them round.

I found Sam and dragged her back to the front of the stage. "Now you all know Sam," I announced. "Well, she made a comment this week that she wanted to stay a virgin because in the Program Every Girl GETs Done, or as I put it EGGED."

There was some laughter at that. Sam looked at me suspiciously. Oh boy, was I going to enjoy this!

"Well, as she didn't get egged properly, we thought we'd do the job for her."

I smashed two eggs together and rubbed them in her hair. Then everybody surrounded us and soon Sam was a slimy mess.

"Congratulations, Sam," I said, "You got EGGED."

Sam was laughing as much as everyone else when Shelley helped her away to get showered. But as I went to wash my hands, I overheard Sam speaking to Shelley. "Laura's just saying I should have got fucked this week, isn't she? She thinks I'm a prig or something." (see [cultural notes](#))

Oops. I hadn't remembered Sam's insecurity. She's been so confident lately.

But before I could go in and say something, a laughing Shelley answered her, "Oh Sam, don't be a prat. Look, you think of Laura like a sister, yes?"

"Yeah."

"Heather and I tease each other and play practical jokes on each other all the time. It doesn't mean we don't love each other or are really trying to put each other down. Laura's treating you like a sister and you're complaining about it?"

By that time I'd walked into the room with them. "Come here, little sister."

Not caring if I got all sticky, I pulled her into my arms. "I love you, you silly twit. And whether you stay a virgin your whole life or fuck every guy in town, that's up to you. Anyhow, you started it. Arselicker indeed."

Both of us were giggling now. I took off my clothes and took her into the shower. After rinsing her clothes off, I began to undress her.

"Sam, you know you were incredible tonight, don't you?"

"You think so?"

"You don't need me to tell you. You didn't just work us, you played with us. You had us serious one minute, crying the next, laughing the next."

"Are you cross with me?"

"Stop being so defensive. You can do anything if you can control an audience like that."

She looked away for a moment and sighed. "I wish everyone thought so."

"Why? Who do you mean?"

"Gerard Vaughan. You know I had a meeting with him yesterday?"

"No, I didn't know." This was important. "Hey, how come you didn't tell me till now?"

"When I came home, Danielle and I had to rush to the doctors. Then when we got home, you were all upset, then all the trouble at my Mum's. There just didn't seem to be time."

"Sam. MAKE time. I love Suzie, but don't ever think Mum or I don't have time for you, because it's not true." I squeezed her arm and turned off the shower. I grabbed a towel and started to dry her.

"I can manage."

"Shut up, little sis, and let big sis take care of you."

"Yes, boss." She put on an "I'm sad" and "I've been told off" face, but the effect was spoiled by her giggle.

"So how did your meeting with the great man go?"

"He offered me a contract."

"As expected. And when do we see your name in lights?"

"I said no." I began looking into her ear. "What are you doing?" she asked.

"I'm just checking if your brain's still in there. You said No? To the great GV? Why?"

"He sees me as some angelic choirgirl. Sugar-coated classics, that kind of thing."

"What's wrong with that?"

She raised her voice, not at me but at the situation. "ME!" she said, poking her

finger in her chest for emphasis. "I'm wrong with that. Oh, Laura, I don't know. Am I mad? A week ago I'd have given my right arm for a chance like that. But it isn't ME any more. I had more fun tonight than I've had in any concert. I could be me for a change, not just a voice. But he sees me as this sweet innocent schoolgirl with the voice of an angel and says I'll never make it as a pop star. In fact he thinks I'm mad to want to."

"So you're not seeing him again?"

"He wants me to think about it, but he also wants to take me and Danielle out to dinner tomorrow night. I think he hopes to persuade her to work on me to change my mind."

I grinned at that. "He doesn't know Mum, does he?"

She giggled, "No. He doesn't. But if I can't see myself being the good little girl for him and he can't see me any other way, there's not really a lot of point to him coming."

She stopped for a moment. "Laura, your Mum is fantastic, but she's too sensible. Can I get you to come too, to be on my side?"

"Mum'll be on your side."

"She'll want what's best for me. And suppose Gerard persuades her that what he wants IS best for me?"

"Mum can be forceful, as you've probably noticed." She smiled. "But she'll never try to force you to do something that you don't think is right for you. I promise you. But, hell, a free slap-up meal paid for by the great GV? Sure I'll come. Try and keep me away."

"Thanks, Lau... Sis."

"While you're feeling grateful, I've something else to tell you. And you just might want to kill me."

"Yes?" she said suspiciously. "Are you hiding more eggs somewhere?"

"No, but I did something without asking you first, and I probably shouldn't have. No, make that definitely shouldn't have."

"What?"

"After hearing you sing, I went to see the manager at Ws. I persuaded him to let you sing at the club on Wednesday night for the big student night. You'll get paid and everything. But... there's a but. You have to go and see him tomorrow night sometime before ten thirty to show him what you can do."

"You thought I was that good tonight that you went out and got me a booking?"

"Yeah. I didn't just think it. You were that good."

"Can I think about it?"

What's to think about? I thought. What I said, though, was, "Sure. But come on, this is your party, well mainly anyway. I think it's time we turned it up a notch, don't you?"

"I haven't anything else to wear, thanks to my big sister."

"Hey, is that the naked choirgirl speaking or not?" I said as I pulled on my own (slightly sticky) clothes.

She threw a punch at me, which missed, and followed me out anyway.

I gave the guy operating the decks a CD and waited for my music. Sam's not the only entertainer in our family.

I pulled one of the choirboys to me and gave him a kiss. Not a peck on the cheek, a real kiss. At the same time I ran my hands over his body, pulling him against me, then pushing him away slightly so I could run my hand over his dick. And all that without breaking the kiss once. (Believe me, that's NOT easy.)

Moving away from him, I began to unbutton the blouse I was wearing, then went to another of the boys, and let him undo another button. As he did that, I slipped my hand down the front of his trousers.

As soon as one button was done, I went to another boy and repeated the same action, this time kissing him at the same time.

The final button I undid myself, then, holding the sleeves in both hands, I used the blouse to "catch" one of the choirgirls.

"Oh, no," she cried. "What are you going to do to me?"

I pulled her to me and gave her as hot a kiss as I'd given the first boy. I broke the kiss, turned her around to face where Jed was standing at the front of the crowd, camera rolling of course, and ran my hand slowly over the little tied top she was wearing and down over her hot pants. As I ran my fingers quite hard between her legs, I turned her head towards me with my other hand and kissed her again.

I suddenly caught Suzie's eye and saw she was grinning. Tanya and Teresa couldn't keep their eyes off what I was doing to their fellow choirgirl either. They were standing next to an older woman who I didn't recognise.

"You seem a little hot," I said to the girl I was stroking and began to untie her top. She put up her hands to stop me, then as I started nibbling her earlobe, she sighed and her hands fell away. I finished undoing her top, slipped it off her arms, and threw it to the back of the crowd.

I turned her around so she was facing me and bent down to suck on her boobs, one at a time. She closed her eyes and became like putty in my hands. I laid her on ground and began to lick at her pussy through her hot pants.

I knew she couldn't last long and when she had cum, I helped her to her feet and handed her to a boy. He started kissing her and she was so turned on, they quickly had their hands all over each other.

I grabbed one of the boys and laid him down where the girl had been. I squatted over his face, grinding my pussy into his mouth, separated only by the thin material of my knickers. I undid his trousers and pulled them off him before beginning to stroke his cock through his pants.

I got off his face, removed my skirt and then sat over his cock, rubbing my pussy against it, this time separated by both our underwear. I kept going until I felt him cum in his pants. This was starting to get to me.

Then I walked, no, danced over to Suzie, and turned my back to her. She got the message and undid my bra. As I knew she would, she took the chance to play with my boobs at the same time.

Leaving her holding my bra, I danced away from her. I picked up a bottle of chocolate sauce, which I'd brought along especially for a show, and put a little on each nipple. I went round those closest to me, getting them to lick it off, then putting more sauce on for the next one. A few of the girls were hesitant, so I squirted sauce over my lips and surprised them with a sticky kiss instead. For a few of the boys I made a line of chocolate from my knee almost to my pussy and made them lick it off there instead. Two of them kept licking past the end of the sauce and onto the bit of cloth covering my pussy. It was extremely hard to push them away, believe me.

When I went to Suzie again, I turned my back and bent down. She took her sweet time dragging my knickers past my hips and along my legs. Her fingernails scraped me gently all the way down and drove me more than a little crazy.

Holding the sauce over my boobs again, I beckoned her closer.

She shook her head, "You'll mess up my new dress."

I pushed her into a chair and gave her one of my best lap dances, rubbing myself over her, then dissolved into her arms as we kissed.

After a while I noticed that Shelley had taken my place on stage and was doing her best to work the crowd. Of course Shelley had a style all her own. She'd undressed three of the boys closest to her before she'd taken off a single item of her own clothing. She made them undress her, slowly, as she danced between them. Finally, when she was naked as well, she poured baby oil into their hands and got them to oil her all over. (I found out later that Shelley had found the baby oil in Tanya's

bathroom.)

Of course, she rubbed her oily body all over them, but then she seemed to pause, as if she'd run out of ideas, so I jumped in quickly and turned her away from me. I pushed her top half over so she was bent at the waist and while reaching around her hip and finger-fucking her, I pretended I was fucking her doggy style. I looked straight into Jed's camera as I did it, and knowing Shelley, I expect she did too.

I signalled the naked boys to lie down, then pushed her on top of them and she had hands all over her. I gave her a minute to enjoy that. Then I picked her up, walked over to the pool and threw her in.

Then I went back for Suzie and threw her in too. "It'll give the dress a nice wash," I shouted to her.

"It's ruined now, thanks to you." Her laughter changed to sighs when Shelley swam up behind her. One of Shelley's hands was working on her tits through her sodden dress from behind. I couldn't see the other hand, but it didn't need Deep Thought to work out what it was doing.

I helped Suzie out of the pool as Shelley the Shark swam away underwater looking for more prey. The white dress was now see-through and stained forever with chocolate.

"If it's ruined, you won't need it any more and I prefer you naked anyway." I ripped the dress in two before jumping in the pool and pulling her back in with me.

By the time we'd finished kissing, I noticed quite a few had joined us in the pool, mostly girls, thrown in by the boys, but a lot of the boys as well. Even Jed had finally put down the video camera long enough to throw Heather in the pool and jump in with her.

Whether it was the party or the alcohol, she actually looked relaxed as they kissed. I hoped it wasn't just the booze. Then I spotted Tanya and Teresa in one corner of the pool, both naked and oblivious to everyone around them.

"I thought you didn't have parties like this," I taunted loudly. They both grinned and went back to kissing.

Suzie and I left the pool and shivered our way back to the buffet area. "Hi," I said to the woman standing there, who I'd seen earlier with Tanya and Teresa. "I'm Laura and this is Suzie."

"I know," she smiled. "I'm Christina Chaplain, from the Program Committee. That was quite a performance."

"Probably better without love-bite marks," I admitted. "And Shelley wasn't bad either... for an amateur."

She laughed. "Yes, I was impressed. And her journal was quite an eye-opener as well. I think she's removed 'inhibited' from her vocabulary."

We all chuckled at that as Suzie added, "I'm not sure she ever learnt that word in the first place."

"But I'm sure I'm being unfair here. Shelley gave me her journal up to yesterday's dinnertime this afternoon and I could not put it down. I'll bet, though, that all your journals will be equally fascinating." Then she changed the subject. "I've heard so much about Samantha being so shy, but she was pretty sensational tonight, even if her first song was squarely aimed at us."

"Yes," I replied, "She's changed enormously since the beginning of the week. But I'm still supposed to be looking after her. Have you seen her?"

"Last time I saw her she was heading into the gym."

"I'd better check she's okay." I left Mrs. Chaplain and Suzie chatting.

Soon I found Sam, being helped out of the hot tub by three boys. "You okay, Sam?"

She murmured something. She was obviously pissed as a newt. ([see cultural notes](#))

"We warned her the heat would make her pass out in her state, but she wanted to try it," explained one of the boys. They carried her outside and put her down on the grass. I went to fetch Stephen.

By the time I found him, Sam was yelling out belligerently, "I wanna fuck. Someone fuck me."

"It's okay, Laura," Stephen grinned. "You go and enjoy yourself. I'll take care of her."

Feeling slightly guilty, I left them together and went back to find Suzie. I took her to the hot tub and we lay together, stroking each other, with her head on my chest. Life was good, I was thinking, seeming to surprise me every time I moved. But now I wouldn't trade any of it for anything.

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# Continuations & Conclusions part 10

## WEEK TWO

## SUNDAY

## SAMANTHA

### MORNING

"Come on, sleepyhead," I heard as my shoulder was being shaken hard. For a moment I was back in my old house and couldn't understand who was waking me up. My head was hurting.

"Sam," she shouted.

"Mum?"

"Thanks," laughed the voice. "I know I look a state after last night, but I don't look that old."

I opened my eyes and immediately shut them again. Bright sunlight was flooding the room. I opened them again... more carefully.

"Oh, it's you, Laura. Hi!" I tried to sound more cheerful than I felt. I think I failed.

"Who did you expect it to be? Stephen?" she teased.

Hmmm, that would be nice.

"Come on, we've a lot to do. I couldn't let you sleep any longer."

"Do? What?" This time I know I groaned.

"Practice, of course. You may sing great, but girl, you can't stand there like you're reading off a music sheet. You need to move it, and that's my department."

"Just as well, 'cause from what I hear from Tanya, singing sure ain't."

"Are you gonna get in that shower, or do I have to drag you in there." She dragged the cover off the bed, pretty viciously, I thought.

I got up quickly and ran to the bathroom just as a boy came out of it. He looked me up and down. I pushed him out of the way, "Mind out, I'm dying for a pee." I ran into the bathroom and slammed the door.

"Can I watch?" he yelled through the door, laughing.

I didn't bother to reply.



After going to the loo, I turned the shower on really hot and felt the hard jets pummelling my back. That was lovely.

I couldn't remember much of last night. I remember singing, and Laura playing that trick on me, and then she and Shelley did stripteases, but the rest of the night was a blank.

"Are you gonna be all day?" called Laura, banging on the door.

"Coming."

I dried myself quickly and went back to our room, half expecting to find the boy staring at me again.

Laura sat on my bed as I brushed my hair. She'd made it again, the bed I mean. "Who's the boy?" I asked.

"Oh, just someone from the party. He helped me get you home and stayed the night. Don't you remember?"

"No. I don't remember much at all."

"I can tell. You haven't even noticed where you are."

"What do you mean?"

"You were staying at Heather and Shelley's this weekend, remember?"

"Oh, god! They'll be worried sick," I cried, but Laura only laughed.

"Don't worry. I told Heather I was going to need you here today, so Suzie's stopped overnight with them instead. I don't think Heather was that keen on her Mum seeing you in that state anyway."

"Oh, god. Didn't Suzie mind? Was I that bad?"

"Worse. Don't worry, apart from throwing up on poor Stephen, you didn't do anything too bad."

"Define 'too bad'."

"You don't want to know," then, seeing my worried look, "And yes, you did beg Stephen to fuck you on the stage. You should have seen Mrs. Chaplain's face at that! And, no, he didn't. He wants you to remember it when you get done."

"Oh, god."

"Of course, once Stephen had gone, most of the others had fun with you."

"Then, I'm not..." I didn't dare finish.

"You're too easy to tease. Stephen helped us get you home. But he didn't stay the night."

"Oh," I said, disappointed.

"But I had fun with my boy. I'm surprised we didn't wake you. But I don't think an earthquake would have woken you last night."

"Where is he?"

"He's gone. He works in a garden centre on Sunday afternoons." She slipped on a pair of plain black shoes. "Okay, ready?"

"Yup. I'm starving though."

"Later. You've got to earn it first. Come on. Downstairs."

I suddenly realised that all my clothes were at Heather and Shelley's, so I went downstairs naked.

Laura looked at me and laughed. "Don't worry, Shelley's coming round soon for me to help her with part of her journal, remember?" I didn't remember anything. "You arranged it, you idiot. Anyhow, she said she'd bring some clothes. Want some breakfast? I've had mine."

"Coffee. Strong. My head feels like a rock band's rehearsing in it."

"You'll never make a rock star if you can't get drunk now and then," laughed Laura, much too loudly.

"Not so loud, please."

A couple of minutes later she plonked a big mug of coffee in front of me. I gulped a little and nearly burnt my tongue.

A Klaxon ([see cultural notes](#)) sounded like it was trying to wake the dead. Laura went to answer the doorbell.

"Hi, Sam," called Suzie, then more softly, "Hi, babe," to Laura and hugged her and kissed her.

"Put her down," quipped Shelley, "You don't know where she's been."

Laura and Suzie ignored her. "I've missed you," they both said together, then laughed and kissed again.

"Lovers!" complained Shelley to nobody in particular, then to me, "And how's the star of last night's party this morning?"

"Dying," I replied, holding onto my coffee mug like a life raft.

Laura and Suzie had finally extricated themselves from each other, so Laura turned to Shelley, "We'll get started, while Sam tries to recover."

"Take your time," I insisted.

Laura took Shelley into the lounge, yelling "Help yourself to coffee!" to Suzie.

I pointed at the coffee and Suzie made herself a cup before sitting down opposite me. "You're trashed," she observed.

I grunted some sort of reply.

"You look terrible." How dare she grin at me!

"I feel terrible."

"Come on. Let's get you in the shower."

"I've had a shower," I complained.

"You look like you need another one."

I was too ill to resist as she led me back upstairs and into the shower. She turned it on, COLD!

"Yow! You bitch!" I yelled, but she only laughed.

I would never admit it to Suzie, but after what felt like an hour of ice-cold water (probably only about a minute or two) followed by her drying me carefully and tenderly, I did feel a little better.

She fetched some clothes that Shelley had brought round with her. "Come on, let's get some fresh air."

Suzie and I walked down the road and she led me into a small park with swings and a slide. It still must have been early as we had the place to ourselves. We sat on a bench and without warning she pulled my face to hers and kissed me.

When she let me go and I could breathe again, I asked, "What was that for?"

"That's for being so great about me and Laura. Thanks."

"It's nothing."

"No. It's not. You may or may not make a great star, but you make a great sister. Laura's lucky to have someone like you."

I got off the bench and collapsed on the soft grass for a while, and Suzie lay next to me, her fingers gently stroking me.

After a short time, she got up and pulled me to my feet. "Come on. Let's get back."

I promised to take care of Laura and Shelley today."

We made more coffee and then disturbed the other two girls. Suzie slowly stripped Laura and I stripped Shelley, but not so slowly as Shelley wasn't wearing much, a simple vest-dress with nothing underneath. We forgot about the coffee.

Suzie bent Laura over the back of the sofa. "You two hold her hands. I've something special for her," she said.

She ran her hands up Laura's legs, then paused. Suddenly she spanked her hard. "Ye-ow! What was that for?"

"We share everything, remember? When I said I didn't mind you bringing that boy home last night, I at least expected you to keep him here long enough for me to have some fun with him. Or are you telling me he didn't screw you half the night?"

"Sorry, Babe. Let me make it up to you. She began to lick Suzie's legs closer and closer to her pussy. But Suzie danced away before she could get there.

"Nope. Out of bounds until I say so."

We all laughed. Laura looked unsure of herself.

Suzie whispered to me, "Can I borrow Stephen? If he'll come round?"

I called Stephen. He picked up the phone after the first ring and tried to sound casual. I explained what I wanted him to do. "Okay, if you're sure. I'll be round in half an hour."

It didn't take him that long. Laura and I were busy with dance steps, when Suzie walked in with Shelley and Stephen. All three were naked.

Suzie lay across one of the chairs and without a word Stephen entered her. Shelley stood over her on the chair, somewhat precariously, and beckoned me over. I began to lick her out as Stephen watched. He increased his pace, not taking his eyes off my tongue playing with Shelley, and all the time, groping my bum and fucking Suzie.

It didn't take him long to cum. When he withdrew, I led him round to Suzie's head and she took him into her mouth to clean him off.

When she'd finished, she turned to Laura. "Now you can have my pussy. Lie down on the floor."

Laura didn't hesitate. Suzie squatted over her, her pussy to Laura's mouth. She bent forward so we could see better as Stephen's cum ran over Laura's face and into her mouth.

Suzie let out a yell as she came. They went to kiss each other, but I stopped them. "No! My turn." I licked the remaining cum from Laura's face, then let them kiss

each other.

We all needed another drink after that, then Laura went back to helping Shelley with her writing, while I took Stephen upstairs. We just lay together, hardly saying a word.

It couldn't last forever of course. All too soon, Laura was calling me for more practice and Shelley had me trying on clothes. Stephen buggered off. (see [cultural notes](#))

## AFTERNOON

Time flew by and Shelley went home as well and Suzie took over the computer to write her journal. Every now and then Laura went to glance at what Suzie was writing. I admired how many different ways Suzie thought of to tell Laura to fuck off. "Swivelling" sounds difficult, but fun.

Laura spent ages on my hair and make-up. "It's only a dinner," I protested in vain. But I had to admit, she'd made me look better than I've ever looked. Looking in the mirror, if I felt a touch of sadness for my beautiful long hair, now gone, one glance at Laura's handiwork was enough to wash it away.

We went to the kitchen for a cool drink before Danielle got home.

"Are you sure you'll be okay this evening on your own? I've no idea how long Sam's audition will take," Laura asked Suzie for about the third time.

"Stop worrying. I'm used to cooking my own supper. And I still have to write about our little shopping trip to Jeanette's, don't I? Besides," she chuckled, "If I get lonely, I've got lots of toys to play with now."

Toys? I'll HAVE to check those out, I decided, remembering Charlie and her little "friend".

When I'd finished my drink, Laura did a quick repair on my lipstick. Shelley had dropped off the red dress I had worn at the dinner Friday night and with the job Laura had done on my hair and make-up, even if I say so myself, I looked sensational.

But I could hardly wait for Danielle to arrive home. She'd been helping at a crisis centre Saturday night and most of the day.

When I opened the door to her, she looked me up and down and smiled. "I'm scared to hug or kiss you properly in case I spoil your make-up or anything," she said, giving me a light kiss on my cheek.

"You must be exhausted," I said.

"No. It was a quiet night, for once, so I slept for more than half of it in the duty room. And managed to grab another couple of hours this afternoon. Don't worry,

I'll be fresh for your meeting with the great man."

"Have you got time for a chat first?"

"Of course. We never did get our chat, did we? So tell me, why don't you want the career you worked for?"

"Actually, it's not mainly about that..." I hesitated.

"Come on, out with it."

"I did something I shouldn't have done on Friday..."

She exhaled, exasperated. "This is worse than pulling teeth. Come on. I don't bite, well not often anyway."

"A couple of girls asked me for autographs on Friday. I know I should have asked you first, but I signed them Samantha Townley." I waited for the explosion.

She looked at me patiently.

"Was that wise? You might not feel the same way in a few months' time."

I'd thought so long about this, I had my answer ready.

"You're my family now. You're the first family that's loved me and nothing that may happen in the future can change that. And to me, Samantha Downing will always be the scared, friendless, miserable girl I used to be. And I've changed so much this week..."

"Yes. You have. I've heard all about last night."

"Oh? How?"

"I rang late last night to see if everything was alright, as I always do if I'm away for the night. And I hear you were quite a hit, though Laura was worried she had upset you."

"She was great. I was just being paranoid. Sometimes it's a hard habit to break."

"Yes, it can be. And there may be days when you find yourself in the mindset you've had for years. Don't worry about it. You're doing fine."

She smiled at me encouragingly and continued, "I wouldn't encourage you to change your name too quickly, in case you regret it. But if you want to use Townley as your stage name, we will be pleased and proud."

I hadn't realised I'd been holding my breath until I let it out with a sigh. I'd been so scared about what she'd say about the name thing that I hadn't even had time to worry about the great GV or my audition at the club.

Laura came running downstairs, "Come on, Mum. You need to get ready. Mr. Vaughan'll be here in about half an hour."

## **EVENING**

When Laura and Danielle came back downstairs about twenty minutes later, they both looked wonderful. Both wore very similar simple black dresses with contrasting shoulder wraps. They looked more like sisters than mother and daughter.

"You both look great, but that's a bit tasteful for you, isn't it, Laura?" I teased.

"This is your night. We're just the supporting cast," she replied and I felt immediately guilty. I went to kiss her, but she said "Don't you dare! I spent too long on your make-up for you to ruin it now!"

Gerard was a few minutes early. I opened the door. "I hope you don't mind, but is it okay if Laura comes with us? She's like my sister now and it didn't seem fair to leave her here." He smiled. "And anyway, you wanted to meet one of the babes from Thursday night that can't sing."

He had to laugh at that. "You'd better introduce me then."

"Sorry, yes, come in." I led him into the lounge. "This is Danielle, and my new sister, Laura. Ladies, meet Gerard Vaughan."

"I am honoured to meet you both." He bowed slightly before addressing Danielle. "I understand you wanted to go in your car."

"Yes, obvious reasons," she waved at her legs. "It makes it easier than getting in and out of a cab."

"I understand."

He directed us to the classiest hotel in town. We don't have a five-star hotel in our town, but this is the closest we have. Expensive. I was glad we were wearing decent dresses!

Outside were a photographer and a reporter. Gerard simply put up his hand towards the camera and shook his head. "Not tonight."

Amazingly the photographer put his camera down. "I may have something for you tomorrow," Gerard added.

"How did you do that?" I asked, recalling the sleazeball backstage at the concert. "We've all had photographers and reporters popping up all over the place. Laura had to decoy them on Thursday evening."

He laughed at that. "Yes, I saw it on the telly. Nicely done by the way." He nodded

at Laura. "And I understand you were partly responsible for the somewhat spectacular show on Thursday night."

"Only partly," said Laura.

But I still wanted to know, "How did you get the photographer and reporter to back off like that?"

"They know I can give them more valuable stories than just that I'm taking you to dinner. And they know I can just as easily withhold those stories or only give them to someone else."

Not for the first time, I thought about how powerful this man really was.

He must have read my mind. "But don't think I can do anything. If there had been a big story tonight, nothing I could say or do would stop it. I have influence in a lot of places, but I'm not omnipotent." The way he said that, he clearly wished he was.

Still, he seemed pretty damned powerful to me as we were shown to what was very obviously the best table in the hotel restaurant and handed menus without any prices on them.

"Are you trying to impress Samantha with all this?" asked Danielle.

He smiled. "No. I don't think I need to impress her. If I had needed to, your Mr. Tyler probably did that for me when he introduced me to the choir and then pointed out that I am the executive producer on the Larry Baker Show.

"But I am trying to show her what she's worth, in case she didn't already know. Don't get me wrong, eating in fancy restaurants isn't what life's all about, but it's a nice bonus. But here's a secret. Not all expensive restaurants are all they're cracked up to be. So let's see if this one is. Everyone ready to order?"

We were.

We ordered, then I had to open my mouth. "Mr. Vaughan..."

"Gerard, please."

"I don't understand why we're here. You've told me you see me as the classical choirgirl. I've told you that's not what I want. But you don't want me to be what I want to be. So why are we sitting here? There doesn't seem to be much to talk about."

"Well, I'm up here for my meeting with Dr. Reynolds tomorrow, and can you think of a better way for me to spend the evening than in the company of three delightful young ladies?"

Laura looked at him suspiciously. Danielle just shrugged.



"Okay. On Friday you were still recovering from the night before, understandably. I hope to persuade you that I do know what I'm talking about and that you can trust me to do the best for you."

"Until this week, this would have been a dream come true for me. I don't know how I can explain it more than I already have. It's not that I don't like the classical stuff I sing with the choir. I love it. But it isn't all I am. I want to be able to be me, the me I am now, and to sing all sorts of things. Okay, I was silly talking about rock chick, because that isn't all I want to be either. But I want the freedom to try different things, whether it's rock, classical or whatever. If I fail, it's my failure."

"My job is to see you don't fail."

"By keeping me to one narrow thing. Like a treadmill."

"Hardly. Self-expression is all very well, Sam, but very few have the ability to do that and do it well enough to make money at it."

"How do you know Sam hasn't?" interrupted Laura, "When you haven't even heard her sing, apart from in the choir."

"I hate to say this, but you are a little biased and probably easily impressed."

"I doubt that. I'm a stripper. I've worked the club circuit up here for the last year and seen more singers and comedians than you might think, including some pretty big names. And a lot of crap ones too. I admit, if Sam had told me what she told you, I'd have told her she was crazy... until I saw her sing last night. Okay, it was a small party, less than a hundred of us, but she worked that crowd better than most of the so-called professional entertainers I've seen."

"I went straight out and got her a booking for the student night at our local nightclub on Wednesday. She has an audition later tonight."

He grimaced at that. "Okay. I admit you have some experience of the entertainment field. But I want more for her than working in clubs all her life. She's better than that."

"Sure she is. But you've decided what she can't do without even hearing her."

"And you're helping Sam take a big risk. If she's not ready for a show of her own like that, with the media spotlight on everything she does, this show could ruin any chance she has of the career I propose for her."

"She won't fail," said Laura, confidently.

"You can't know that," he replied, just as confidently.

"I'm sorry to interrupt this two-way conversation," said Danielle. "But shouldn't Sam be the one to decide this?"

At that point our food arrived. "Let's leave the serious talk until after the food," Gerard suggested. "It looks too good to spoil with arguments."

It tasted too good too.

During the meal, Gerard was totally different, keeping us amused with stories from his long career in entertainment.

As we settled down to the after-dinner coffee in the lounge, I said, "I hope you don't think you've wasted your time and money tonight. But I want to do the show on Wednesday. Last night I felt something I've never felt before, like everyone was putty in my hands. And it was exciting."

"You should have seen her," said Laura, "She was incredible. She had us laughing one minute, crying the next, standing there open-mouthed part of the time, singing along with her at other times."

"Suppose I come with you to this audition?" he said thoughtfully. "I'll give you my honest opinion. I'll even go over the contract he wants you to sign. Don't worry, this one's on the house. All I ask is that after I've heard you, you listen to what I think before you decide what to do."

"That sounds fair," said Danielle.

I still wasn't sure, but how could I argue with that?

"That reminds me of something." Gerard pulled his notebook, the same one I'd seen on Friday, out of his pocket and scribbled something in it. "Don't worry, Sam. This is nothing to do with you." He put the notebook away again.

I was curious. "Do you write everything down?"

"No, just what's important."

"But how do you know what's important?"

"I don't, so I write down a lot of shit, sorry ladies, but mostly it is useful. Elaine, she's my secretary, gets the notes and between us we make sure nothing's forgotten."

I thought of something else. "When you said you'd get all of us photos from that newspaper, I think you said you were getting thirty-two copies. You muttered something about two more for the school and three for you. How come?"

"Well, your headmaster should have his own, that's just me creeping, (see [cultural notes](#)) and you've got a school magazine or newspaper, right?"

Laura answered, "A magazine, actually, the *Sword*."

Gerard grinned at us, "Now, that might be important." The notebook appeared

again. He wrote "The Sword" in it.

"Either of you girls know who the editor is?" We shook our heads so he added "editor?" to his note. "No problem."

Then he had a big sip of coffee and continued, "The three copies for me? One goes into your file, another into the LBS file and the last one I'll get framed for the office." That was cool, I thought.

"Aren't thirty-two copies of a photo expensive?" Danielle asked.

"Yes they are. But they won't cost me a penny. We'll go straight to the photographer and he'll be delighted to give them to me. All I'll have to do is let him in for some exclusive rehearsal time. I know the photographer and I know I'll keep getting good stuff from him."

Now he fixed me with one of his stares. I was not used to those, yet. "Sam, do you have one of those organiser things?"

"No. I've never needed one."

"Well you do now, so get one tomorrow. I'm serious. And never go ANYWHERE without it."

He leant back in his chair so he was speaking to all of us. "I've got this rock band, doesn't matter who it is. Their songwriter spends a third of his life drunk and a third of his life high. The other third he's maybe the most talented songwriter around at the moment. And not just for HIS band. He writes for loads of other artists, most of whom I don't represent, dammit. So far he's won six Grammys for his songs.

"The thing is, however wasted he might be, he always has his notebook with him. He claims that some of his best material comes to him when he can't even stand up, when he needs somebody else to write it down for him. I'm not joking."

He faced me directly again. "Sam, I'm not suggesting you use drugs or booze, but just that you'll never know when you'll have to remember something." His biggest, friendliest smile appeared. "So go out and buy a organiser or diary or something right now, and start using it."

Danielle had to go back home then. The three of us stayed in the lounge, having the occasional drink, but spending most of the time chatting, about our week in the Program, my mother, Laura's experiences in clubs, all sorts of things. The time went faster than I would have believed possible.

"I'll meet you at the club in a while. You two go on without me," said Gerard.

The front doors were unlocked when we arrived at Ws even though the place was closed on Sundays. Gerard hadn't arrived so Laura and I went in alone. All the

tables and chairs in the main room had been pushed to one side and someone was using one of those big, loud floor polishers, back and forth in wide arcs.

"Hi, Gorgeous!" Laura shouted at a large man who was sitting alone at the long bar, which stretched most of the length of one of the walls. He had a half-drunk pint of something near one elbow and some kind of ledger in front of him on the bar.

He turned and stood as we got closer. He was wearing faded blue jeans and a black t-shirt. Nicely built for an old guy and the same height as Laura, from the neck up he was one of the ugliest men I'd ever seen. Heavy eyebrows pushed two small eyes together and down to a nose that looked like it had been broken at least twice in the past. When he opened his mouth to speak, stained crooked teeth leered at us. He hadn't shaved today. He should have.

"Hi, beautiful." His face softened considerably when he and Laura hugged. He was still ugly, but now it was a friendly ugly.

"I see you've forgotten your bra tonight. Nice." He made a half-hearted grab for her tits, but gave up when Laura slapped his hands away. She was smiling and I wondered for a moment if they had any "history".

Turning to me, his smile widened, "Ah, the naked choirgirl." Will I ever live that name down? After the upcoming TV show, I guess I won't.

He stuck out his hand, "George Fitzgibbon."

We shook hands, thank god. No way was I ready to hug this guy. "Hello, Mr. Fitzgibbon. Sam Downing." Then I remembered. "But my stage name is Samantha Townley." He looked at Laura for a moment. She looked as surprised as he was.

"I'll explain later," I said to her. "Don't worry. Your Mum's cool with it."

Mr. Fitzgibbon shouted at the cleaner, "Put a lid on it for a while, Charlie. I need it quiet in here."

He could stop shouting now and I found out he had a nice voice. "Laura tells me you want to be a pop star."

"Yes sir, I do." Suddenly I was very nervous. ("Make the nerves work FOR you, Samantha." "I'll try, Mr. Tyler.")

"It's just I don't know if I can do it." I hoped honesty would be "the best policy".

"Well, everybody's gotta start someplace. I already know you've got a great voice." He stood back and looked me up and down carefully. "And you look fine, even better in clothes."

My throat felt like sandpaper. "Could I maybe have some water, Mr. Fitzgibbon?"

He walked around the bar. "Sure thing. And the name's George. None of that 'Mr.' shit, ya hear?"

A few seconds later a tall glass of water appeared in front of me. "Ice, Sam?"

Not a good idea. "No, thank you... George."

"Did you bring any music with you?"

"Yeah," I said, "But it's not a great selection. Most of the songs I'd like to try and sing, I've only got the real versions with the singing on them."

He stood there for a moment, then strode round the bar and across the room. "Over here, Sam. Come here. You too, Laura."

I grabbed Laura for a second and whispered, "Gorgeous?"

She whispered back, "Yeah, everyone calls him that. I think you can see why. Come on, Sis."

Right then I wanted to kiss her, for the way she called me "Sis" without even thinking about it.

Laura and I followed him over to the DJ's desk. It was on a raised platform so the DJ could see and be seen by the whole room. Behind the desk was a small, locked door. As George fiddled with his keys he spoke over his shoulder.

"We've got lots of dance tracks in here, and quite a few famous songs without vocals. Give me some titles and let's see what we can find."

The three of us spent the next quarter of an hour throwing titles at one another. Eventually we found six or seven possibles. He showed Laura how to operate the equipment. ("So simple, even a girl can do it." She glared at him, but very quickly got the hang of it.) Then we listened to the music and I chose two songs I wanted to try. I was pretty sure I knew most of the words, but George told me not to worry, to simply hum if I forgot a few of the lyrics.

I went to the ladies' to change into the black top and skirt that Shelley had "borrowed" from her friend in Rugby. If nothing else I got Gorgeous's attention when I came back out.

The first song was pure rock. At first I made the mistake of simply singing along like I was in the shower, then I remembered my training. "Can I start that again?"

The second time I concentrated. I'd been wrong about one thing. Singing rock wasn't only self-expression. It needed as much discipline as the classical pieces I usually sang. I thought that was better, but maybe still not great.

The second song was much lighter, more pop style. This time I didn't make the same mistake. I concentrated on getting every phrase right, and the timing perfect.

I'd find out later that my idea of "perfect" wasn't nearly good enough.

When I finished, I heard some hands clapping. At least the cleaner was impressed.

"Not bad," said Gorgeous.

But the thing that made my heart leap was the "Try these two. They'll fit your voice better than that last one."

Gerard! He had been there, standing at the back where none of us had seen him.

"Who the hell?" started Gorgeous.

"Sorry to interrupt so rudely, I'm Gerard Vaughan. Pleased to meet you, sir."

"Oh. Likewise, I'm sure."

Gerard opened a huge case full of music scores and CDs. He handed me two pieces of music, then walked over to the DJ's desk and put a CD in.

"Can I suggest you change back to the red dress for these?" he said, to my surprise.

One quick change later and he was starting the first track. What wasn't much to my surprise, the first song he'd chosen was a fairly slow-paced ballad. It was powerful but needed a light touch in places. And he was right. It fitted my voice perfectly. At that moment I could have killed him for being right.

His second choice was a surprise, a current top five hit. It was also a ballad, but definitely a rock ballad. More powerful than the first, I wasn't sure my voice was strong enough to carry it. It felt weak as I sang it.

He stopped it after a minute or so. "Samantha. Sam. You said you wanted to express yourself. But you are singing this with the same tight control as you used for the earlier pieces. Maybe that was correct for those pieces, but for this, you need to loosen up, let yourself go. Don't forget the discipline, but don't let it control you. Take a minute. Relax. Then try again."

This time I could feel the difference. It was hard work, harder even than some of the classical pieces. It finished with a crescendo that was almost a shout, but that had to be cut off perfectly. It was better the second time, but even I could tell that I'd blown the ending.

I looked over at Gerard. "Again?" I asked. He simply nodded.

The third time was not much better and I began to feel frustrated. "I don't know how to get that ending yet. I'll have to practice it on my own."

Gerard came over to me. His eyes were sympathetic, but his voice was all business. "The rest of the song was a lot better that time, but you're right, the last four bars were nowhere and they make the whole song. You'd better leave it out on

Wednesday, okay?"

"Okay." I was trying to sound confident, but I was dying inside. I needed some quick support.

Gorgeous was grinning widely, not a pretty sight, believe me. "You still okay for Wednesday?"

I nearly cried with relief. "Yes!" I could learn to hug him very easily.

"Thank god for that. I rang a printer last night about getting some posters done, so I've got to call the photographer, who's waiting at home. So the posters can be done tomorrow. And already, I've had some telly producer ringing me up asking about the show."

"Don't forget, it's Samantha Townley," I said.

Gerard was retrieving his CDs from the desk as Laura came over and hugged me. "You rock, girl, I mean it." Then her voice dropped. "I think it's wonderful that you want to use 'Townley'. Thank you... Sis."

This time I really did kiss her. We were very alone for a moment.

Gerard came back over and held out his hand to Gorgeous. "I'm sorry, sir. I don't know your name."

"George Fitzgibbon." They shook hands.

"What did this producer want?" I made a mental note. Gerard's hearing is very good. He'd picked up Gorgeous's quiet remark from across the room. That's something to keep in mind.

"He wants to televise the show. Says as Sam's a big news story, it should go down well."

Gerard suddenly exploded, "How the fuck did he find out so quickly? I only found out about it this evening at dinner."

"It's probably my fault," Gorgeous admitted. "I rang a local hack, that Crowe girl, this morning. She seems to be very interested in anything to do with these naked schoolgirls. I thought a little publicity for Wednesday night couldn't hurt. I suppose she must have told a few people."

"What a fucking surprise!" Then his voice came back to normal. "Have you dealt with television before?"

"Nope. First time for me."

"May I suggest you let me handle the television side of things?" He turned to me, "This part won't be on the house." Then he turned back to Gorgeous. "I think

you'll both make a lot more out of it if I negotiate with them AND, just as importantly, retain control over what they show. If it's a typical student night, you don't want cameras able to show just anything."

"True. Fine with me."

I was amazed. One minute Gerard is after blood. The next he's not just making the best of a bad situation, but has turned it round to his advantage, and mine, and Gorgeous's.

"Now, I'm not interfering between you and Sam, but I did promise her to look over your contract with her. Obviously, it won't cover the TV rights, that'll be in the contract with them."

Gorgeous reluctantly handed him the contract. Gerard took out a red pen and struck a line through one paragraph. "You've seen her now. I'd say she's worth more than that, even apart from the telly, you agree?" He wrote in a figure nearly five times the original one. "Don't worry," he added, "I'll get you a good screw from the telly people." An evil little grin played along his lips.

Gorgeous looked at it, sighed, then signed both copies before passing them to me.

I was about to sign them when I thought of a problem. "Gerard, I want to use 'Samantha Townley' as my stage name. How should I sign this?" waving the contract at him.

"Legally you're still 'Samantha Downing' so sign that way, for now."

"What should I do about her name on the advertising?" asked Gorgeous.

Gerard considered this. "When do you need an answer on that?"

Gorgeous looked at his watch, "Really, in about an hour. Alright?"

"Fine. Phone number?"

Gorgeous went behind the bar and returned with several business cards. "Use the club number, not the mobile."

Gerard took all the cards. "Do you mind? I might need a couple of these for the TV people." Gorgeous shrugged.

Now Gerard turned to me. "You and I have to talk about this stage name... tonight. Now, please sign that contract and let us get out of here." He paused. "Sorry, Mr. Fitzgibbon, I didn't mean that as rudely as it probably sounded."

"Forget it," from Gorgeous.

"Okay," from me. I hope I sounded as concerned as I felt. Then I signed.



"Keep one for yourself," said Gorgeous.

I handed him the other one.

Gerard picked up his case. "Thank you, Mr. Fitzgibbon. I'll take these young ladies off now. We have a lot to discuss."

Outside, he sighed, "I need a bloody drink. Can you suggest a place?"

Laura took us to a nearby pub and Gerard bought a round of drinks.

He took a long drink from his pint and stared at me intently. I was still feeling a little fragile after that last song of mine, so his stare was even more unnerving than before.

Gerard spoke first. "Now, Sam, are you certain you want to use this stage name? Before you answer, let me say a couple of things." He had another drink, much smaller this time, then put down his glass. "If you do this, it must be a permanent thing. You'll lose an arm and I'll lose a leg, financially, if you change your mind later. Even now, it will cost us something. The country already knows about Samantha Downing. We'll have to introduce Samantha Townley to them. And that won't be free of charge."

He glanced at Laura before looking back at me. "And if you were worried before about the press bothering Laura and her Mum, this will make that a lot worse. The jackals will put them under a microscope. At least one newspaper will run with something like, 'Naked Choirgirl Is Stripper's "Sister"!' Are you ready for that? Do you think they are?"

Before I could answer, Laura did. "Don't worry about us, Sam. I'd be... honoured to have Sam Townley in our family. And I'm dead certain Mum feels the same way."

"Are you really sure, Laura?" She nodded vigorously. I turned to Gerard. "If they're ready, Gerard, then I'm ready. This name change is part of who I am now, a big part. I'm not taking revenge on my real Mum, but..." I couldn't stop a big sigh here, "...She'll probably think so and the newspapers will do me for it. I'll just have to deal with it, and so will you." Now I was matching his stare with one of my own.

None of us spoke for a full minute.

Finally Gerard broke the silence, surprisingly gently. "Okay, Sam, but no turning back." I nodded my agreement. He continued, "How do most of the kids at your school know you? Sam or Samantha?"

"Probably Samantha," I admitted.

"Then that's what we'll use on Wednesday. I want that club packed out."

Laura assured him, "No worry. These student nights at Ws are always heaving. ([see cultural notes](#))

Gerard rang Gorgeous, "Your star on Wednesday is Samantha Townley."

They chatted for a bit, but I was NOT listening. I sat there, sipping my drink... stunned. I had won an important argument with Gerard Vaughan! What's more I could hear something very encouraging in his voice as he spoke on the phone. He sounded like he was committed to the decision once he'd made it, even if it wasn't the decision he may have wanted.

"Okay, Sam," Gerard had put away his phone, "Will it be Sam or Samantha after Wednesday? I know you like Sam."

"So do I," Laura interrupted.

He ignored her, "I think there are real arguments both ways. Will you let me make this decision for the first LBS show?"

I took a deep breath, feeling that he really was listening to me. "Yes."

"I assume she's convinced you that she can do this then, the singing I mean?" asked Laura.

"Don't get your hopes up yet. Sam, you might have shown that you can sing a wide range of material, but you haven't learnt HOW to sing it yet and you've got a show in three days.

"I hope I've also shown you that your voice is much better suited to ballads, but you need to learn to adapt how you sing according to the type of ballad. You don't need me to tell you that your first attempt at that last number was not very good."

"That's an understatement."

"I know. I was being uncharacteristically polite and tactful. It was awful."

"But the third time wasn't bad, if I can figure out the ending, that is."

"That's what rehearsals are for, Sam," Laura argued. "The rest of the song was sensational."

"I wouldn't go that far," said Gerard. "It wasn't bad, which from me is saying something. Sensational? Maybe one day. If you've shown me I shouldn't confine you to classical, I hope I've shown you something too. That you need my help on how you sing different styles. Let yourself go, like you have to on that last piece, on some other songs and you'll ruin them. Perhaps I do know a little more than you credited me with?"

"Okay," I said.

"If you are doing a whole show, which, by the way, I still think is madness..."

"Then why are you organising the telly side of things?"

"Because, like it or not, you're famous now. If the telly isn't there, some idiot will be with a camcorder or phone that takes video and before you know it you'll be on the telly anyway. This way, we get to control what's shown. If it's a disaster, we can minimise the damage."

"Am I that bad?"

"No. But you've a hell of a lot of work to do in three days."

"I'll help her with clothes and make-up. I thought her hair was okay, didn't you?"

"I'd prefer it long personally, but since we last spoke, I've found out what happened, so that cut's a pretty good rescue. If you're helping her with clothes, remember she's a singer, not a stripper. That doesn't mean she can't wear anything revealing, but it must go with what she's singing. As you saw, I made her change for the ballads. Plan to do that. More than once."

"Okay." Laura and I spoke at once.

"Now, before you can think about outfits, we have to decide what you're going to sing. Let's go back to my hotel and we can play through a few things. You'd better let your Mum know, Laura. This will take a while."

He was totally professional, and he could work at a pace that astounded me. It took us four hours, but we'd finally agreed on a set. He'd even advised me on how to sing each song. In between, Laura had made him laugh by telling him about my own songs the previous night. He told me to bring the music for those as well, just in case. In case of what, he didn't say.

He sent us home in a taxi and told me he'd see me Tuesday night and he expected every song virtually perfect. Laura had offered Janice that I could stay with her so as not to wake them, but Janice insisted that she get the taxi to drop me off there.

Janice hugged me as I stepped through the door. "How'd it go?"

I tried to tell her everything and it probably came out a jumble. "Hungry?" I was starving after the long night, so she fried me a burger and chips, then packed me off to bed, saying "School day tomorrow, or today now."

I washed and got into bed. Then she came and kissed me goodnight.

Another fantastic day, I thought, as I lay there playing back every detail in my head. Suddenly something Gerard said startled me so much I sat up. He called the show with the choir "the first LBS show". Was he already planning for me to appear on the show again... very soon?

That idea was so exciting I needed another pee before I could settle again.

I fell asleep dreaming of a huge television stage and a huge crowd and thunderous applause.

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## **Continuations & Conclusions part 11**

### **WEEK THREE**

#### **MONDAY**

#### **LUCY**

##### **MORNING ASSEMBLY**

I'm Lucy Morris, a reporter on the school magazine, and I've been asked to write a report on today's assembly, the event that really concluded the introduction of the Program in our school.

This was a short week for the school, as there were two staff days off in lieu. (In lieu of what I'm not sure.) But it meant that there was no Program this week.

In spite of that there was no question what was dominating everyone's mind as Assembly started.

When Dr. Reynolds walked on the stage, I think even he was surprised by the cheer he got. "Thank you. It's good to be home. Most of this assembly is being taken by Heather Hoover, who I think you all know by now. She's going to have a few words about something called the Program." There was a scattering of giggles. Humour from Dr. Reynolds?

When Heather walked onto the stage, it did seem strange seeing her in uniform. "Before I hand over to Heather, there is one announcement to make. This is a short week, as you know, so Wednesday night this week at Ws is Student Night. They've organised a special act, which I'm sure you'll all enjoy. So do go along and support our own Samantha Downing in her first live show. And if you're not keen on classical music, don't worry. I am told this will be rather different." He handed the mike to Heather.

"Anyone who's thinking of NOT going on Wednesday, just ask any of us who went to the choir party what Sam's like when she lets her hair down. When the manager of Ws heard her, he couldn't wait to put her in the club." (see [cultural notes](#)) Groans from all round the room. "Just be glad she's a better singer than I am a comedienne."

"Okay, I am going to start by asking the boys, how many of you would like to be in the Program?" Nearly half their hands went up. Heather laughed. "Obviously word has got round to the boys that you can get a lot of sex in your Program week." The girls all laughed.

"Now we come to my bet. It is no secret that the last week has had its ups and downs." That was met with some laughter. "Okay, for all of you with dirty minds, I'll rephrase that. The last week has had its... difficulties. So before I ask you, the girls want to say something for themselves. I suppose I'll never get forgiven if I don't start with my sister, Shelley."

She stepped back and her younger sister took her place. "When I first saw Heather in the Program, I thought it was the worst idea in the world. All I wanted to do was save her from it. By this time last week I thought it was the best idea in the world. My memory of this week? In spite of all the problems, Fun. If you enter the Program determined to enjoy yourself and make the most of the opportunities it brings you, you'll have more fun than you've ever had in your life. It's so much fun that we've got a little announcement after Heather's lost her bet today." They laughed at that.

"Hi, I'm Suzie. You know we have to write a journal when we're in the Program. In the first page of my journal is a comment that I'd trade all my fancy clothes for one real cuddle. I don't have to do that any more. To my old so-called friends who look down on me now, I say this. You don't know what you're missing. I've had real hugs and real kisses that actually meant something all this week. And not just from the other girls and boys doing their week. I feel real for the first time in my life. And if that means some embarrassment sometimes or some discomfort, or even making a complete idiot of myself like I did on Friday, I want to tell you. I wouldn't trade a second."

"I'm Laura. You probably all know me better now than before. Before I was simply the older girl who was a stripper, or dirty stripper as some of you called me. So how could the Program affect me? The Program is designed to challenge you at your very core. In stripping away your clothes it strips away everything you hide behind. By making you virtually public property for a week, it demolishes every wall, every façade. It forces you to face who you are, and at times that is scary. But I learnt that the walls I used didn't protect me, they imprisoned me. They didn't keep people from touching me physically, they kept people from touching me here," she touched her heart, "And I want to tell you, I don't need those walls any more."

Her voice was breaking and Suzie stepped closer to take her hand. Laura continued, "I don't want those walls any more. I also discovered that others got free of their hang-ups and their fears because we were in the Program. And believe me that is a tremendous thing to see. Before this week I had only a few friends here.

"Talking of friends, there is something I have to ask all of you. Between lessons on Wednesday morning, when I was about ready to crack up, a girl I didn't even see properly got a lot of the boys to grope her instead of me. I could hear that some of them were pretty rough on her. If any of you know who that girl is, please bring her to me. I really want to thank her in person.

"But I was saying, before this week I had few friends here. Now I not only have more friends than I can count, I found someone I love and who loves me back.

"Suzie was nervous of coming this morning because last time you saw her she was running out crying after I'd hurt her badly. I'd like to thank Mr. Moor for giving me the courage to let go of the past and dare to love. That's another wall I don't need any more." She turned to Suzie and they kissed... And what a kiss! It went on for ages. The hall was in uproar.

When they sat down and the murmurs from the audience had subsided, Samantha stood up. Now you could hear a pin drop.

"This time last week, I hated my life. I had no friends, which was my own fault. I can't remember a day when I woke up happy. Every day this last week I have woken up happy, looking forward to whatever life had to offer me. Sometimes what happened wasn't too great and most of you know that due to a silly fear about what MIGHT happen, I tried to kill myself on Tuesday.

"At the start of the week, Mr. Thompson told me that I might end this week by finding out that I have more friends than I ever believed possible. So I want to say thank you to some very special friends. To the girls and boys in this incredible week with me, thank you for your loving support through this entire rollercoaster week. To all of you in the choir, you will never know how much what you did meant to me and still means to me. If I ever do make anything of a singing career, I owe it to you guys. And to all of you last week and this morning who came up to me with a word of encouragement or to ask how I am, thank you. Mr. Thompson you were right. You were so right that I want you to pick the numbers next time I buy a lottery ticket."

More laughter, then she continued, "So girls, who is the Program for? Shelley has said that if you want fun and to explore the opportunities it can bring, it is for you. Suzie has said that if you want reality, not to mention real hugs and kisses, it's for you. And I have to say I've never been hugged as much in my life as I have this last week. Laura has said that if you're tired of your protective walls imprisoning you, this Program is for you. And I say if you don't want to be invisible any more... If you want to discover the friends that were always there, waiting for you, it's for you."

Heather stood up. "I had plenty to say when I came up here, but I can't follow that, so I won't even try. Sam, someone said to me last Monday that if the Program was going to work, it had to work for the Samanthas of this world. I guess it worked."

Then she hugged Samantha for at least a minute.

Samantha took the microphone back. "If you want to risk everything for happiness, the Program's for you. Thank you all for the most amazing and incredible week of my life." Her voice was breaking with emotion. "I love you guys." Then she sat down with tears running down her face and Shelley and Suzie's arms around her.

"Okay. Crunch time," said Heather. "You know after that, I don't care if I do lose this bet." She paused for a moment. "Right girls, how many of you want to be in the Program?"

For a second nobody moved. We were all looking around to see if anyone else was moving. Somewhere near the back a hand went up. Then one near the front. Almost without realising it I put mine up. I just knew I wanted to be part of this thing. A girl in my class who I'd never spoken to looked at me horror-struck, then to my amazement, she pushed her way to me, and held my other hand which was down and put her own other hand up.

When I stopped looking at her and looked around again, there were more and more hands going up. Heather was looking at the increasing number of hands incredulously, shaking her head in disbelief. Out of the thousand or so girls there, there must have been nearly a hundred, like me, with their hands up. Heather went to the microphone and tried to speak, but no words came out, so she pushed Shelley forward.

"You're a bunch of spoilsports," said Shelley. "I wanted her to lose!" Laughter.

She continued, "There's no Program this week because it's a short week, only three days. The ten of us from last week are going to be available for anyone that wants to, to ask questions or speak to us. So you can find us easily, we're going to go naked for these three days. But it isn't a Program week, so there are no Reasonable Requests. We don't have to pose; we don't have to let you touch us. Of course if you ask one of us and we say yes, that's fine, but that's it."

"And to those of you who volunteered. Any of you who want to, can join us in going naked this week. But please, nobody ask them to pose, nobody ask to touch them. Don't spoil the week they still have to come by getting impatient now."

She turned away from the microphone, then changed her mind. "Oh, and if there's a doctor in the house, I think we need you to resuscitate Heather. I think she's died of shock."

Heather proved that she hadn't by gently punching Shelley before taking the mike again. "Firstly, thank you all for that unexpected support. If you're already beginning to regret sticking your hand up, don't. You've just volunteered for an incredible experience and I promise you that the staff and the ten of us will be available for you at any time now, or during your week."

"Secondly, if you do want to join us going naked this week, you can simply put your clothes in your locker at any time. If you prefer, come to the front now and you can strip off with us."

"But before anyone does that let me remind you again. Wednesday evening, ten o'clock, in Ws." She took Sam's hand and raised it high. "Our very own Sam, in concert." She was interrupted by cheers. When they died away, she continued, "And I can promise you, it'll be wild."

"And finally a reminder. Naked or not, you are all participants in the Program. It's just that some of us are going to be without clothes."

The girl who I been in class with for so long without even knowing her name moved forward and as she still held my hand, she pulled me with her.

"I'm not sure I can do this," I objected.

"No problem, you undress me, then I'll do you." So I undressed her, completely. "Ready?" she asked me.

I hesitated, then I nodded. "Okay," I said.

And half a minute later I was Naked In School.

Lucy Morris, reporter, the *Sword*, school magazine



[Click here to read more](http://www.nakedinschool.net/heather/readmore.html)  
(<http://www.nakedinschool.net/heather/readmore.html>)

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

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

Chrissy Giles

Email [chrissy@chrissygiles.com](mailto:chrissy@chrissygiles.com)