

Suzie's Story

Author's Note:

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

This changes in chapter two as Suzie has her own experiences to report.

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

FRIDAY

Apparently we have to write a journal about our time in the Program. Seems a waste of time as nobody's ever gonna read this rubbish, but here goes.

If you'd have told me a few weeks ago that I'd be going to school naked all next week I'd have laughed at you. If you'd told me last week, when the program started at our school, I'd have freaked.

I suppose I'd better introduce myself. I'm Suzie, real name Suzanne, but I like Suzie unless I'm in a snobby mood. If I'm not the class bitch, I certainly have a reputation as one of them. Boys? They're okay, a bit of fun. I'm not exactly virginal you know even if most guys find me a bit, shall I say, intimidating.

Girls? As friends, if you can call them that, sure. Actually I consider most girls just rivals even if they're weak ones. As a sexual partner? NO WAY. That's gross.

My family? Just my parents. Typical professionals. They love me I guess, I mean parents have to love their kids right? And they certainly spend enough money on me. But I'd trade all my fancy clothes for one real cuddle with either of them.

SHITE. Writing one of these journals is like a truth drug. I'd never admit that to a soul. Thank God nobody ever reads them.

Anyway I was saying about girls. I thought going with a girl would be gross and you'd NEVER catch me doing it. Until last Friday.

A girl called Heather was the first girl on the program. She turned from a scared nobody into a bit of a slut. Then we heard she'd been attacked and gang raped on the way to school and she was going to be taken off the program and sent home to recover. And here she was, less than an hour later, in class, naked, of her own free will. What a slut!

I yelled out "What a slut. All that and she still wants more.". Well she was wasn't she?

Then she made a little speech to the class that went right through me.

"I guess you all know what happened this morning." I looked around. Half the class was staring at her but the other half couldn't manage that. "I just want you to know I found a great way to avoid reasonable requests. I walked down here and nobody even came near me."

"I'm telling you what I told the headmaster. (see [cultural notes](#)) I've had the most incredible time of my life the last couple of days. If I stop now, my lasting memory will be" she gulped. This was obviously really hard for her. "my memory will be what happened this morning. I don't want that to be the main thing I remember from this week. I'm a little sore, so please be gentle, but apart from that, I beg you, treat me the same as before, I.. I..."

And she broke down in tears. I'm not exactly new at making other girls cry and it's better than me right? But this was something else. I looked around at the class and NOBODY was moving. Nobody knew what to say or do. You could cut the silence with a knife or hear a pin drop or any of those stupid clichés. Even Mr. Graham, our teacher, couldn't react. And Heather just stood there, looking miserable with tears running down her face.

I wiped my eyes and realised that I was crying too. I stood up and went to her. "I just called you a slut. I'm sorry. I didn't understand." And I kissed her. I was desperate to get close to her. After what I'd said and what she'd said, I was just desperate to make it right, so please ignore what happened. It wasn't really me. I'm not like that and I'm NOT into girls.

I sucked on one of her nipples and she gave a little gasp. Scared I'd hurt her, I said "Tell me if I'm doing this right, I've never done this before." "You're doing this perfect," she replied. She started to unbutton my blouse and I began to feel panic. She saw my panic in my face and stopped. Hell, no boy I've ever been with would have done that.

I grabbed her hands and put them back on my blouse buttons. I was probably shaking as she undressed me completely. Then she sucked my right nipple into her mouth and I closed my eyes. The sensation was overwhelming. Then I remembered this was supposed to be for her.

I pushed her down and kissed her all over, then got down between her legs. I got more nervous when I realised the view the boys behind me had of me, but I don't think she noticed. I didn't use a finger, she looked too sore, but she sure liked what my tongue was doing to her.

One of the boys came up to her and asked to touch her. She made some sort of comment about competing with me. I felt myself go red. He was gently stroking her breasts and soon we were surrounded. None of them were touching me thank god. After she came, I got up and stood next to her just holding her hand as the

others continued to caress her. It might have been dead sexy but all I could feel was a tremendous warmth and love towards her. Nobody ever felt like that towards me in my entire life.

She asked my name and I told her.

Then she thanked me and asked to return the favour. OH MY GOD. I can't believe that I nodded. She laid me down and did the same to me as I'd done to her. When her tongue went inside me I screamed, loudly. She stopped and I shoved her head back down again. When I came down to earth I just whispered "WOW." At least I thought I did, but apparently I shouted it.

We held hands walking into lunch. Then she reminded me I was naked. "Oh my God, I'm naked. I don't believe this." I put my free hand over my pussy, then my boobs.

She said that she thought it was a bit late for that. I laughed.

She started talking to Tony, one of the nice guys. He said about the whole school hearing about our performance in class and I felt myself going red AGAIN. You'll have guessed by now I blush really easily and it's embarrassing. It's bad enough feeling embarrassed without your face telling everyone you are.

She had sex with him, there and then, on the table. And it was gentle, then hard and wild. At the end she shouted "WOW" trying to copy my voice.

I felt myself blush again and grabbed her hand and squeezed. We all laughed.

We spent the afternoon naked. Seeing as everyone knew what I'd done it just didn't seem to make sense putting clothes on. We even walked out of school naked. I was a bit nervous (a BIT?) of that, but if she could do it I wasn't going to spoil it for her. Luckily her sister Shelley came out and when she saw us, she stripped off too. That made me feel better... for about 5 seconds.

Suddenly we were facing cameras and not just little snapshot ones either. Big press cameras and even a tv crew.

They interviewed Heather. When she made a comment about Supertongue Suzie I don't have to tell you I blushed do I? Just take it as read. I've got a feeling that I'm going to be stuck with that nickname. Thanks Heather. But you know I don't mind, not a bit. Would I do it again? You betcha. That morning was the realest moment of my life (Yes I know that's bad English but it was.)

They spoke to Shelley and then me. When they pointed that camera at me all I could think was that my family were going to kill me. Heather reassured me by

squeezing my hand. I told them that I was Suzie. I said that what Heather and Shelley said was true.

I said something highly embarrassing about giving in lovemaking (I'd never thought of it as lovemaking before) and that we really needed the Program.

After walking home with Heather and Shelley we decided to go out clubbing together, to Ws no less, and naked, with Heather's friend Laura, who is a stripper.

That night was awful, but not for any of the reasons you might think. We were greeted like celebrities. I think half the people there had seen us on TV and the rest had heard about it. We were the talk of the town. Everyone was falling over themselves to buy us drinks.

Heather was wild, dancing on stage with everyone, then it got horrible. She started kissing and groping the boys and letting them grope her. It wasn't like at school, there was something manic about it. She let them gangbang her. No, she made them gangbang her. Her face, I can't even describe. I just wanted to run out of there. Poor Shelley was scared to death, so I put my arms around her and held her close. I turned her head away so she didn't have to look and she just sobbed into my chest.

I am so glad Laura was there. She knew how to stop this. She got Shelley to hold her bag and pushed her way in. My God she was brave, I could never do that in a million years.

She start kissing Heather and she got them into a lesbian act on the floor, even 69ing. I could see some guys sticking fingers up poor Laura, someone else started spanking her and it looked like one guy had anal sex with her. Laura didn't stop for a minute. I felt a twang of jealousy. Not of the sex, but I know none of my so-called friends would put up with that to try and save me from anything.

Shelley brought me back to myself. "Come on, let's get the car ready, Laura'll get her out the back. Shelley had the car started, I had the back door open, Laura got Heather and herself into the back of the car and I slammed the door. As I jumped in the front seat, Shelley already had the car moving. We raced away and were safe.

We washed Heather and put her to bed. Then we sat around all of us shocked by what had gone on. I was more worried about Heather than I'd ever been about anyone. I was beginning to wish I'd just stayed a bitch.

Amazingly we actually went to sleep.

SATURDAY

Weird day. Started with a big row with Heather about last night. She was moaning about Laura so I told her that Laura got her arse raped in rescuing her. For a second she looked at me as though I'd punched her, then the moment was gone as Shelley was calling her an ungrateful bitch and Heather stormed out. I know it was true, but I shouldn't have said that, I shouldn't have used that word.

In the afternoon the three of us were going to the school fair, even though Heather had stormed out and left us behind. Shelley wanted to go naked, but as we were going out the door, I noticed Laura's bum. It was really bruised from some guys spanking her during their little lesbian show last night.

She said "No problem" and got out some special makeup for covering anything from scars to minor blemishes. She knew how to put it on properly too. "Let's go see how Heather's doing," she said.

I have to say here that I knew Laura before only by her reputation. Hey she's a stripper, that means she's a slutty brain-dead bimbo right. Until last night if she'd spoken to me in school I'd have pretended not to hear her. And until yesterday I'd have been proud of that.

I saw her handle a situation that scared me shitless, take on a gang of guys after only one thing, distract them with what even I could see was a pretty hot lesbian show even though someone was obviously using her bum for target practice, just to get a friend out of trouble she didn't even know she was in. Then Heather had a go at her for doing it and now she wanted us to check Heather was okay.

I know these two have a history but there's not a person alive that would do half of that for me if I was in trouble. I never thought that I'd wish I had a stripper as a friend, but I do now. I have to admit she's worth ten of me. Yesterday morning was probably the only time I've done anything for anyone my entire life and that was only because I felt guilty as hell.

At the fair, they had Heather dressed (yes dressed!) in a white t-shirt and panties, being repeatedly ducked into water which made them transparent. She was freezing and looked exhausted. Shelley went into the little hut and came out putting on a white t-shirt and panties. She sent Heather to go get herself a hot drink. Soon Shelley was screaming it was cold. Oh hell. Yeah, give me a t-shirt. I'll have a go too.

FUCK that was cold. What did those idiots do, fill it half with melting ice? Oh shit. I'm sitting up here freezing with nipples sticking out a mile through a t-shirt that make me look more naked than if I didn't have it on. I did a lot more explicit things yesterday but this was more embarrassing, just sitting there being

stared at, waiting for the next inevitable splash.

When Heather came back, she took over again, but suddenly she was floundering in the water and choking. Shelley and I jumped in and dragged her out.

"No more for you," I told her, "You've had enough. We'll carry on here. Why don't you go to your other stand?" I can't believe I said that.

She was grateful and even apologised for the way she'd been acting. I just replied "It's Laura you should say that to. We thought they were going to kill her last night when she started to get them off of you." Told you I was a bitch.

We ended up hugging each other till someone asked us to finish our "lesbian lovefest" and get on with the job.

Shelley and I did that for another TWO HOURS. Thank God we had time to thaw out in the showers before the dreaded meeting with the headmaster.

Shelley, Laura and I all agreed that as Heather wrote all about the meeting in detail that you can read [Heather's journal](#) for that.

But the big thing I remember from it was the headmaster saying "We need some positive role models, so Shelley, Suzie and Laura you're in the program starting Monday morning."

Shelley was excited, Laura wasn't pleased but didn't seem bothered. Me? Shit scared that's what. I burst out crying and said "Shit, I can't, I can't. I'd die if I went through half of what Heather's gone through this week. Please sir. If you want someone who can make a good job of it next week, pick someone else."

It didn't work of course. Heather and Shelley promised to support me, so I said "Okay," (like I had a choice) "I'll do it. But I'm scared so I'll need you guys."

The only consolation is that he said we'll get an extra 5% on all our marks if we complete the Program successfully (see [cultural notes](#)).

This evening was pretty good, walking round naked at the party in the school field. I didn't even think about Monday. We even did some mud wrestling which was kinda yukky but fun. I enjoyed ripping Shelley's t-shirt and panties from earlier off as the guys cheered. I even grabbed her boobs but under all the mud I don't think anyone really noticed.

It was afterwards I began to remember about the program. Heather said how happy she was that we'd be doing it with her and I just said "I still don't think I'm brave enough to do this," as I could already feel panic building up.

Heather told me how brave I'd been the previous morning and how grateful she was. I was trying not to cry and I wasn't succeeding. She carried on "Anyhow, if you start getting too scared, I'll just lick your pussy and make you scream."

I was so wound up that not even that made me laugh, so she pulled me towards her and stuck her tongue right into me. She was right, I screamed, but she carried on licking. Now if she could do THAT all week, I'd be fine. I wouldn't even care who was watching.

When I couldn't take any more, Heather and I sat in the shower holding hands, watch Shelley and Laura make out.

I'm still scared shitless, but if these three really support me I might get through this in one piece. And maybe by the end of it, I'll have a real friendship like they've got. Anything else I get out of Program week is a bonus.

Suzie, part 2

Author's Note:

Welcome to [week 2](#) of the "[Heather Collection](#)". The morning assembly (see [cultural notes](#)) and the events immediately afterwards (told in this chapter) are related from the perspective of each of the girls separately. The assembly itself is only described in detail in [Heather's account](#), but the other events are told by each girl participating, concentrating mainly on what she herself was doing.

For the rest of the week, each girl is (mostly) on her own, so the stories are much more separate.

Program WEEK TWO MONDAY, Assembly

I woke up this morning with one thought on my mind. I was in the program today. The thought terrified me. I hardly touched my breakfast, but of course nobody noticed.

I hung around the school entrance as Heather came in, so in control she didn't seem like the same girl I'd seen last week.

Everyone else was laughing and joking. Shelley looked like she was ready to burst. Laura had a grim expression on her face. Some of my friends walked past me. "Slut," one called. I guess everyone who hadn't seen me with Heather last Friday had heard about it. It would be hard to miss. After the TV interview on Friday afternoon not only had we been in news reports, but we'd been talked about in documentaries, even joked about by the country's top standup comedians on Saturday Night Live from the Palladium. Both the Saturday and the Sunday newspapers had photos of us naked. One Sunday paper asked if the program was a plot to create lesbians. They'd even altered the photo slightly to make it look like

we were standing even closer together than we were.

WHAT had I got myself into by that uncharacteristic reaction to Heather's tears on Friday? I must have been mad. I'd spent most of Saturday afternoon freezing with Shelley, helping Heather out. We'd had that crazy meeting with the headmaster that had landed me in the program, then a wonderful evening of fun together. If I'd lost some so-called friends, I made some others. I guess I don't regret it a bit, well, not a lot anyway. But it is scary.

Not as scary as walking up on stage in front of the school when my name was called at assembly. I never did thank Laura for holding my hand as I stood there.

But if I was scared, it was nothing to how the fifth girl felt. She fainted as her name was called and we didn't see her for a while. That didn't make me feel any better though.

I could feel myself shaking as I stripped back in the changing room. Heather looked puzzled. "I know I was naked with you last Friday and Saturday, but like that girl in assembly, I'm scared of what I'll have to do."

Heather didn't say anything. She knelt down in front of me. Then she said simply, "May I?" I nodded slightly and without any hesitation she stuck her tongue into me. I could see the boys staring at us, but Heather had me too turned on to care within a few minutes. Then she pulled away from me and I felt like I'd been taken to the edge and left hanging.

"If Suzie doesn't mind perhaps one of you boys could take over," she said.

"I don't mind, just someone get a tongue back in me." The boys laughed and the one nearest to me bent down in front of me. "Tell me if I'm doing it right," he said.

He wasn't as good as Heather, but right or wrong, I was soon cumming on his tongue. He licked me clean and I wanted to return the favour.

He lay down on the floor and I joined him. To my surprise, as I took him into my mouth, he began to lick me again. Hands off girls, I'm keeping this one.

I drank every drop of cum he could give me, then collapsed on the floor. He turned round to cuddle me. (I'm DEFINITELY keeping this one!) Heather's little sister Shelley insisted that we all watch her lose her virginity. She's got some guts that kid. She might be nuts but you just have to love her.

Afterwards, when she said "Now there's no virgins here," I was surprised when Stephen coughed and admitted, "Well, actually, I've had blowjobs, but never actually...."

He was interrupted by Shelley and Laura. When you are around Shelley you get used to getting interrupted by Shelley, but this time it was both of them together who said "Your turn, Suzie."

I felt suddenly shy. I'd had oral sex with Heather and with Stephen in front of other people (a lot of other people when I went with Heather!), but actually doing IT in front of people?

Stephen saw me hesitate and said "You don't have to."

I just smiled and bent over to kiss his cock. I lay back, put my legs as far apart as I could get them, held my pussy lips open wide with both hands and said "Come and get it. Slam it in me."

He lay on top of me and I helped him put it into me. He pushed until he was all the way in, much to Shelley's delight who shouted "YEAH" before Heather pulled her away. Because he'd just cum in my mouth he lasted longer than I thought he would, but not long. He collapsed on top of me and we kissed gently. I like this guy.

I suddenly realised that someone with clothes on was watching us and I felt embarrassed. It turned out to be Samantha, the fifth girl on the program and if I'd been scared, that was nothing to how she was feeling judging by the look on her face. She was petrified.

Heather and Laura took charge of Samantha while the rest of us hit the showers. It was still lesson time, so rather than separating, we all went into the boys showers as they were nearest.

Shelley wanted all the boys to feel her up and finger her, so she could get used to it. Christopher started by stroking her boobs, then her pussy, then I could see her gasp as one of his fingers entered her. Then she had all the boys all over her, fingering her until she came. She french kissed each of them.

I surprised myself by saying "My turn. I'm dreading this, so I'd better get it over with." Soon they were having the same effect on me. The bastards, they were playing me, getting me close to cumming then stopping, then starting again. "My arse too," I said. "I have to know what it's like."

Shelley knelt down to watch me as they worked on both my holes. The sensations were incredible. I was going to cum any minute, but I didn't want it that way.

"No, " I nearly screamed. "Someone fuck my arse."

Stephen looked embarrassed. After our little session he hadn't quite recovered, but Jed had. Heather sent him to me. He carefully smeared my juices into my arsehole and over his cock, then slowly entered me. It still hurt, but it was

mixed with a naughty thrill. He slowed down more to let me adjust. He began to speed up again and so did my breathing. With a tremendous climax I collapsed. Literally. The other boys caught me before I hit the floor. "WOW!" I shouted. "WOW!" If I ever get a catchphrase it'll probably be "WOW!" Shelley laughed.

Samantha, who'd come in with Heather and Laura without us noticing, wasn't laughing. She was standing there naked looking more scared than ever. Shit. I hadn't intended to make it worse for her.

Jed took charge and took everyone back to the changing room. (Shelley wasn't pleased as she'd wanted to try anal sex too.) I stayed to shower alone and calm down.

When I finally reached the changing room, Samantha was sitting on a desk holding herself open while the boys peered up into her. One of the boys said something to her and she giggled a little.

Then Heather showed her how to bend over and expose her arsehole for inspection.

Samantha made some comment about wishing all boys were as nice as them as they never hurt anyone. Jed looked like she'd slapped him instead of complimenting him and ran out the door.

Oh well. Here goes. Lesson time. Okay girl. Fun's over, now you're on your own.

Suzie, part 3

Program WEEK TWO **MONDAY, Morning**

As I walked down the corridor to class, I was sure that everyone would be able to tell what I'd been doing. I was a little sore and I was glad that today was "no touching". If I didn't walk bow-legged like a cowboy I felt like I was.

My first class was Art, and I have to admit, it was fun and not as embarrassing as I'd expected. Of course, I was the subject, and when I was called up to the front of the class, I was expecting to have to pose for the class and have them all staring at me for an hour.

Anyhow, Mr. Claymore, who most of the girls have one big crush on, called me up to the front as I said, but then told two of the boys to get a huge roll of white paper

from the art storeroom, sent some others to get the liquid paints and got the rest of the class to clear the desks away from the front of the class to leave a big space.

"Thanks, boys, now unroll the paper here. Okay, rather than simply drawing Miss Peters, you are going to paint her, literally. Paint designs on her body, which she will transfer to the paper by rolling over it. Don't make them too intricate or the paint will dry too quickly."

One of the boys started by painting my boobs purple and I made two "boob impressions" on the paper. Soon there was very little of me that hadn't been coated with paint. One of the boys tried to paint my pussy until Mr. Claymore pointed out that my pussy would not make an impression on the paper as I rolled over it.

Finally one of them poured a whole tub of paint right over my head and told me to lie down on my back and open and close my legs and move my arms up and down, to make a paint "angel". I forgot that I was giving a show until I noticed half the boys standing so they could see my pussy clearly. Then some of the paint got in my eye, so I had to get up to go and rinse my eyes.

"As it's almost the end of class, you might as well take a shower while you are doing that." He gave me some plastic carrier bags for my feet so that I wouldn't stain the corridor and I walked to the showers.

I was soon joined by most of the boys, wanting to watch me clean myself. If there is anything worse than having to bend over and show your arse while boys tell you you've still got paint there, I don't know what it is, unless it's having to direct the shower hose up your pussy and stick fingers up yourself to try to make sure no paint stayed up there while a dozen boys gawked at every explicit move.

Thank God it was no touching day, or half of them would have helped me, in fact a few offered to do so anyway.

"You've still got red paint on your cheeks," one said, then laughed and continued, "oh no, she's just blushing."

Of course with that my cheeks got even redder. I heard the bell for lessons with relief.

I was in Mr. Thompson's class for English and he was nice. Some of my old friends were in that class and looked at me with disgust when I walked in.

"We are continuing our exploration of the theme of sexuality in literature. We saw how sex or love can cross boundaries of nations or social classes or even enemies, as we saw in Romeo and Juliet. Now we will study how it has crossed normal gender barriers, by studying how homosexual men and women have been portrayed in literature," he said.

"Why don't we just ask Suzie?" said my old best friend Helen. "She's

become a dirty lesbian."

"No, I haven't," I shouted.

"Yeah, Supertongue Suzie," said another old friend Sherrey.

I burst into tears, but not for why they thought.

"If you aren't a lesbian, why are you crying?" taunted Helen.

"I'm not crying because you called me a lesbian. I'm crying because... oh I can't explain it."

"Calm down, everyone," said Mr. Thompson. "Give her time. I know this is difficult for you, but this program is supposed to help you come to terms with your sexuality. Try to explain to us why you felt that being a lesbian is something to cry about."

"It isn't," I started.

Then Sherrey interrupted with "I'd cry if I was a dirty lesbian."

"SHUT UP," said Mr. Thompson loudly. "This is obviously difficult for her, and if anyone else interrupts just remember that I have the power to put any of you in the Program for the day and don't think that I won't." He turned back to me. "Please disregard those who are too ignorant to learn anything and continue."

"I'm not a lesbian and I wasn't crying because that idiot called me one. I'm crying because I felt ashamed. I yelled out that I haven't become a dirty lesbian like it was something to be ashamed of. I still love sex with boys, but since Friday I've had sex with girls as well and it was beautiful. Even this morning when I was scared stiff of coming to class naked, Heather went down on me and she calmed me down." (I didn't go into everything else I'd done earlier in the morning!)

"And it's just that saying, no I haven't, felt like I was being ungrateful, and siding with her when she made out it was something to be ashamed of, because I'm not ashamed of going with a girl and I made it dirty when it isn't. Oh, it's no use. I can't make you understand," but some of the girls were looking at me with an expression of almost wonder and I noticed that one of them, a girl called Daisy, was crying.

The rest of the lesson was a bit of an anti-climax after that, and to my surprise I wasn't bothered when my old friends barged past me without even looking at me at the end of the lesson, but after they'd gone, Daisy, the girl that had been crying, came up to me, "Can I kiss you?" She didn't wait for my reply and kissed me on the lips, her tongue exploring my mouth. I felt myself responding.

When I finally extricated myself, I said, "It's no touching today."

"I'm sorry, but I've been feeling, you know, er, attracted, to girls lately, and I was feeling so ashamed about it. And when you said all that, it was like, I don't have to be ashamed or scared any more and I just wanted to thank you."

It should have been me saying thank you. I'd felt like I was so exposed, just for others to stare and laugh at. Could this program really do something like this? Through me sharing my feelings, could it release others too? Is that what this is all about?

If I didn't have my timetable with me, I wouldn't even have known what the next lesson was as I was so deep in thought about the program and what it was doing, not just to me, but to those around me.

It was making some people harder and bitchier than before, but others were beginning to be set free. For the first time I felt like being put on display like this might actually be worth it.

I'd rather a kiss from Daisy, whether it was meant as friendship or something more, than any of the cold false kisses on the cheeks that Helen and Sherrey and I had often exchanged.

I found myself thinking about Daisy and wondering what she'd look like naked and I felt myself get wetter as I imagined teaching her the things we could do.

I had to go to the shower to rinse and dry myself and this time I didn't care if anyone was watching.

Suzie, part 4

Program WEEK TWO

MONDAY, Lunchtime, Afternoon and Evening

We were all gathered together at lunchtime but I didn't really hear the chatter. My mind was still on Daisy. Partly on the sudden release she'd obviously felt, because of ME. And partly on what I was feeling about HER, or more accurately on what I wanted to DO with her.

Suddenly the chatter stopped as a girl rushed up to us and said "Something's wrong with Samantha." Heather, Laura and Jed left to go and see her. We were still eating, but now almost silently, each in our own thoughts, when Heather came back for some plates of food and left again.

"Am I stupid or something?" asked Shelley suddenly.

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

"What do you mean?" I asked her.

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

"Some people don't want to be the centre of attention. You love it. It scares the hell out of some of us. The only time Samantha is ever noticed is when she sings and then she's safe, up on stage. And it's not just people wanting to know you. It's HOW they want to know you."

Stephen interrupted. "You remember us with your sister last week?"

Shelley nodded.

He continued, "It was like she was just a body, for us to look at and play with. We didn't want to know her, we wanted to use her. You're happy with being used like that, Samantha's not."

"Until today," I said, "I doubt if Samantha even realised she HAD a body," I paused, "Well not one that would ever interest anyone. Now suddenly it's all they see and you wonder why it's scary to her?"

"Not everyone's as free and easy about this as you are, Shelley," said Christopher, "You're lucky. You love the attention, even if it's only guys wanting to feel you up. Not everyone's like that."

"I think," started Gerald, who hadn't appeared to have been listening to our conversation. "I think that unless someone does something, she's gonna crack up or something."

"You make me almost feel guilty for enjoying it," said Shelley.

"That's not it, Shelley." said Christopher. "It's great that you love it, but..."

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

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

"No," I said. "Look, this morning I met a girl who'd been scared stiff that she might be a lesbian and that it was something to be ashamed of. Something that came up because I was there, naked, in the program, has helped her to realise that if she is, it's nothing to be ashamed of. She's begun to come to terms with it and who she is, or might be. That's good. But she's gonna need a LOT of support."

"Like Heather had last week?"

"No," I said. "The first few days, nobody supported Heather. It was only when you and the boys started to help her that she started coping. I don't think Sam can survive that long on her own."

"So what do we do?" she asked.

If only solutions were as easy as seeing the problems.

The rest of lunchtime was taken up by a request that Shelley and I touch each other. No problem, I thought, and surprised her with a kiss.

I got her nicely hot by stroking her bum and pussy and had just started kissing her boobs when we were interrupted by the lesson bell.

I had Gym next. Mr. Germaine was not exactly pleased at having a program participant in his gym class. "I hope you won't cause a distraction," was all he said to me.

Could I help it if in every stretching and warm-up exercise, half the boys were busy looking between my legs? It wasn't my fault that one of the boys mistimed his vault over the horse and crashed straight into it because he was looking at me. Okay, perhaps I had turned to face him with my legs wide open at just that moment, but what was I supposed to do? Hide in the corner?

When my turn to vault came, it hurt. No, I didn't crash into the horse, it was my boobs.

To be fair to Mr. Germaine, he was there at once. "Are you okay?"

"Yes, I guess these just aren't designed for running and jumping around," I replied.

"Okay. Stick to less vigorous activity for today." He then addressed everyone. "Next time, any girl in the program with larger breasts, bring a sports bra. Whether it covers you or not is irrelevant. This is a safety issue. And I'm the one responsible. If anyone argues, or tells you that you can't, tell them that that's my rule and I've told you that you cannot do Gym without it."

Using the boys showers when they were actually full of boys was quite a novelty. The rule might have been no touching, but somehow there seemed to be a lot of skin to skin contact going on.

I noticed quite a few hard-ons and I felt a bit sorry for their owners. If I wanted it, I could get relief, they couldn't.

It was quite funny. At least half of them were trying NOT to look at me, or trying not to let me see them looking at me.

"Look," I said finally. "You were all staring between my legs the whole lesson."

What's the point of pretending not to look now. I'm here, I'm naked. If you want to stare, I'm not bothered, okay?"

Some of them turned round to face me, others were trying to hide their erections.

"I guess some of you are pleased to see me. I'll take that as a compliment, thank you. I have seen a hard-on before you know. What are you lot gonna be like tomorrow when you can actually ask to touch us?"

"What's it like having everyone grope you?"

"I don't know yet. Ask me tomorrow."

"What's it like being naked with everyone staring at you?"

"Kinda scary, but kinda exciting at the same time. I thought it was really gonna bother me, but it hasn't so far. Of course, I'm not sure how I'll cope tomorrow. The thought of being surrounded by you lot all trying to finger me at once is, well, terrifying," I admitted.

"Can we really ask you to do the things they talked about?"

"Like what?"

"Hold yourself open, or wank yourself off, and for us to finger you, things like that."

"Well, today you can't touch me, but you can ask for almost anything, but it doesn't mean we'll always say yes."

"Would you do that now? Wank yourself off I mean? I've seen girls on films, but I've never seen one do that in real life."

"Okay," I sighed. Assume the position. Legs spread, fingers at the ready. I watched them, watching me. It was funny watching them shift positions uncomfortably. Some were holding themselves, or stroking themselves.

"Look, if you want to wank, I'm not gonna be insulted or scared off or anything," I said. "But I'd prefer it if you didn't cum all over me, okay?"

It was kinda surreal, diddling away myself, while watching at least half a dozen of them wanking, their eyes fixed firmly on my fingers going in and out of my pussy.

Some came quickly, but not most of them.

It was almost as if when I came, it gave a signal for them to cum too.

A couple of drops landed on me, but most had stepped back so they missed me. I got back in the shower to rinse off, then quickly dried myself.

Later in the afternoon, Shelley came to tell me that we were gathering that evening

at Laura's house to try to help Samantha by having a petting party.

I felt myself go a little damp thinking about stroking Sam and Shelley's cute little butts all evening.

After my unexpected thoughts about Daisy, was I really becoming a lesbian?

When we arrived at Laura's that night, Shelley got us all to undress, then explained how a 'petting party' worked to Samantha. The poor girl was obviously unhappy about the whole idea. "It's alright for all of you," she said. "You're all friends, and you're all happy with, with..."

"Sex?" I finished for her. "You can say it."

"Well, sex and stuff. I'm not like you," She replied miserably. This was not going well.

Of course Shelley made us laugh when she said that Heather was the Superslut and they were the Slut Sisters, to which Heather added, "Not to mention Supertongue Suzie." I felt myself going red.

I give up, I've had guys staring at my bits all day, and one comment like that and I'm back to blushing.

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

But it wasn't helping. Sam was standing there snivelling and Heather jumped up and kissed her.

"You might be able to kiss me into forgetting I'm frightened," I said, unable not to laugh, "but it doesn't work with everyone."

We all laughed at that, including Samantha.

The way this 'petting party' worked was that each of us took turns, starting with Samantha. She spun a bottle and it pointed at me. Then she picked up a card from one of two piles. Her first card told her to grope my boobs.

Whether it was my thoughts earlier in the day, I don't know, but her touch made me gasp.

She took her hands away, "Sorry," she said, looking confused.

I explained that it was just that my nipples were really sensitive after being naked all day and put her hands back where they were.

She was so gentle that I felt like I was dreaming.

My dreaming was interrupted by Shelley, wanting her turn.

We each could choose either a 'tame' card or an 'exciting' one. She picked a tame card the first time, but being Shelley, she was soon tickling Stephen's arse with her finger.

Stephen fondled my boobs next. His touch was firmer than Samantha's had been and I was glad when he stopped or someone would have had to mop the floor.

Much as I liked it, this isn't what we were there for. "Why don't we forget the bottle, except for Sam?" I said. "We're here so she gets used to this, so when it's our turn, we do whatever we have to do with Sam, and when it's her turn, she spins the bottle to see who she has to do it with."

I didn't really expect Sam to agree, but she did.

It was my turn to fondle her boobs. They were cute, a lot smaller than mine and I was so tempted to bend down and take a nipple in my mouth. She was tense to start with, but actually began to relax quite quickly. I couldn't help thinking was this really going to help her with the all-out groping tomorrow morning? Come to that, was it going to help me with the all-out groping tomorrow morning?

Christopher also had a "Fondle Boobs" card. At the end he did what I'd wanted to do and gently kissed her nipples.

"I think you liked that," I said to her.

"Why?"

"You're all wet," I laughed. Damn. I'd embarrassed her. Well done, Suzie.

I told Christopher to do the same to me, then said, "Now, see Sam? I'm all wet too." I took Sam's hand and wiped it over my pussy. "Now feel yourself." ... "Are you wet?"

"Yes," she admitted.

"See, all that proves is that you're normal, just like us," I said felling really pleased with myself.

Heather didn't waste time. She lapped away at Sam's nipples and licked her boobs like she'd been waiting to do that all day. (Perhaps she had!)

Sam was very obviously beginning to enjoy herself, but I thought Jed was pushing it a bit when he got her to hold her bum really open while he gently caressed her arsehole.

I was wrong, because it was her turn next and she promptly took a blue card. They were more explicit, or more exciting as Shelley had put it.

It said "Play with cock." The bottle pointed to Shelley, so Sam spun again. This time it was Stephen.

Her face was almost as red as mine goes as she touched his cock for the first time.

He helped her hold him right and she began giving him a hand job. He warned her that he would cum if she didn't stop, but if anything she sped up.

Seeing his cum shoot over her face was incredible.

After looking surprised she actually bent down and kissed the tip of his cock before apologising!

She didn't look sorry. Like the cat that had got the cream, or the cum in her case.

He wanted to return the favour and she looked scared again, her eyes wide.

He assured her that he'd stop if she wanted and she agreed, her excitement betrayed by the flush in her cheeks and the slight grin on her face.

He stroked her pussy, slipped his finger inside a little then licked his finger. She looked so happy when he told her she tasted nice.

He began to finger her deeply and sweet little Shelley went to hold her hand.

Suddenly we saw blood and Stephen was mortified. "Oh god, I'm sorry, I didn't know. Are you okay?" He asked all in a rush.

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

He began again and soon had her writhing on the floor. "Go on," we cried.

Her orgasm was so intense I think WE felt it!

"Is it always like that?"

"NO," Heather and I said together. Everyone laughed.

Heather took Stephen and Samantha to the shower and by the time she came back Shelley had demanded that I finish what I'd started earlier in the day and started kissing me. After everything that had happened that evening, it didn't take much to get me responding as our tongues battled with each other.

Shelley put my hand on her pussy, so I pushed her away to lick her cute tits. I put a finger in her pussy and began exploring it until she tensed up. I grinned and began working on that spot until she grew breathless and pink in the face. Then I stopped.

Her face was a picture of frustration until I pushed her back onto the sofa, and pulled her pussy forward to meet my eager tongue. Without waiting a second I flicked her clit with my tongue making her wriggle, then forced my tongue deep into her. By this time she was dripping wet and tasted sweet and delicious. I

stopped again, but this time before she could look disappointed, I put a finger in her pussy to make it wet, then slowly worked it into her arse.

Her eyes opened wide, I don't think she'd expected that. I began licking her pussy for all I was worth. Soon she started making little high-pitched moaning noises, then squealed "Oh Wow!" and went limp.

While Shelley lay there relaxed and happy, it suddenly dawned on me that if I liked the girl, I really loved "fucking" her with my mouth and fingers. Yes, "fucking" was exactly what I had been doing. First Heather, then Shelley, then a little with Sam and now this wonderful time with Shelley again. Does that mean I'm a lesbian? I glanced over at the boys and their hard-ons. I wanted them too, a lot! I'm going to have to really think about this, think about what I'm really like, think about what I really want.

Heather brought us back to reality by saying, "This is great, but it's not going to help Sam with what she's going to face tomorrow morning."

So when Sam and Stephen returned from their shower and sat on the sofa, I pulled Stephen to one side (I saw how gentle Stephen had been with Sam and even though I had just been with Shelley I wanted some of Stephen for myself - and soon,) while Jed and Christopher made Sam stand up and started groping her more roughly, Christopher even sticking a finger up her arse.

She winced in pain. Heather gave us a tip – before getting to school lubricate your arsehole with some pussy juice – it hurts less.

Stephen whispered to me "Later," then went to join Jed and Christopher with Samantha. Then all three boys were groping her and she was okay. She wasn't freaking out.

Soon she was on her back as they continued to be fairly rough with her and, amazingly, she started laughing.

I was now less worried about how she'd cope tomorrow than I was about how I was going to cope.

But I didn't have time to think about that as Stephen offered to take me home. I don't have to tell you that I agreed, do I?

Tomorrow could wait.

Suzie, part 5

Program WEEK TWO TUESDAY

If I'd woken up scared yesterday, today I woke up excited. I'm Suzie and I'm in the Program.

I woke up thinking about everything that had happened yesterday. The Program had opened so many possibilities to me.

I couldn't help thinking about Daisy and felt myself getting wet imagining (planning?) what I was going to do with her.

Then there was last night and how exciting it had been having cute little Shelley whimpering under my touch, and having Sam's incredibly gentle hands on my boobs.

Sam looked so innocent that I felt an evil temptation to teach her every dirty thing I was learning. Of course she hadn't looked so innocent with Stephen's cum all over her face.

Stephen. That thought made me shiver with pleasure. He'd wanted to walk home naked with me, but I wasn't brave enough for that yet so we just walked, but not straight home.

It was a hot night and we walked down to the river, a known place for couples to make out. Fine by me, and obviously losing his virginity earlier in the day had left him wanting more.

We kissed and I felt him grab my bum so I ground myself on his cock. Then he picked me up and I relaxed in his arms waiting to see what he would do next.

With a tremendous splash I felt the shock of cold water. For a second I thought he'd thrown me in the river, then I realised that he was STILL holding me. He'd simply jumped in with me, clothes and all.

We stood up. "You're too hot," he explained with a grin. "I wanted to shag you senseless, but I want it to last." He bent down to kiss me and I pushed hard, sending him flying into the water while I ran out onto the bank.

Some of the other couples around were laughing. He came out after me and I saw how his trousers clung to him making his cock seem enormous and his shirt emphasised the strong muscles of his chest.

With a shock I realised that my own white top was equally see-through, not

that anyone seemed to mind.

Stephen began to unzip my jeans but I protested. "It's one thing kissing and playing and stuff, but we can't do IT with everyone here."

He stopped and called out to those around, "Does anyone have any objections if I take this little tease and fuck her brains out?"

I was somewhere between shocked at his words and giggling at the thought.

"See," he said triumphantly. "No objections," and began to pull my jeans down. Or at least he tried to, they were stuck to me like glue, so he picked me up and gently laid me down on the grass, and tugged at my jeans again. Finally he managed to get them off and I lay on the grass naked from the waist down (I hadn't worn underwear to the petting party, it seemed a bit pointless).

He pulled my legs apart and knelt between them and slowly (so slowly!) unbuttoned my top, then got impatient and pulled me up to a sitting position to pull it over my head.

"Not fair," I said.

"What's not fair?"

"I'm naked and you've still got clothes on." Before he had a chance to answer I stood up and began to unbutton his shirt, teasing him by going even slower than he had and kissing his chest after each button.

"We'll be late for school at this rate!" he complained.

"Guys!" I shouted to our audience. "Always in a hurry. A naked girl undressing him and he's still not satisfied." They laughed.

He took off his shirt and I undid his trousers. They came off easier than mine, leaving him standing in his boxers.

"Hmm, what have we in here?" I said, holding them open, then putting my hand inside and squeezing him gently. He groaned and I yanked his boxers down hard.

"Any of you girls wanna feel of this?" I called out. "He's in the Program so he can't say no." (Yes I knew when I said it that that didn't apply out here, but it was fun to tease him after what he'd just done to me.)

One of the boys pushed the girl he was with, "Go on, I can see you want to."

She got up and came over and grabbed his cock. Her boyfriend had followed her and as she played with Stephen's cock he took the opportunity to put his own hands up her skirt and pull down her knickers. He moved her legs apart

and began to lick her pussy. I unzipped his trousers and pulled them down enough so I could fish out his cock and took it into my mouth.

The girl did the same to Stephen and I let go of the boy's cock and pushed him away from his girlfriend for a moment, so I could take over licking her.

Not to be put off, her boyfriend went behind me and began to finger me like crazy.

Finally Stephen stopped us by pushing the girl away. "I'm going to cum and the only place I want to do that is right here," he said, putting his hand on my pussy.

I lay down and spread my legs in invitation. He entered me, by now, sopping wet pussy and began to fuck me, hard. Soon he was filling me with his cum and he got up and collapsed on the grass, leaving me still spreadeagled with his cum dripping obscenely out of my pussy.

The girl hadn't finished though and said, "I've never been with a girl before, so the least you can do is finish me off. She positioned herself over my face so I could lick her pussy, then she bent forward and held me wide open as she began licking the combination of my juices and Stephen's cum from my pussy.

I motioned her boyfriend to come over and opened her pussy for him to enter her. He was so turned on it didn't take a minute for him to begin pumping his seed, firstly into her pussy, then over my face as he pulled out.

I clamped my mouth on her pussy and used my tongue to extract every last drop of their combined cummings.

When we finally disengaged we actually got a round of applause.

The girl looked embarrassed at what she'd just done, and I could feel myself blushing too.

"Hi, I'm Suzie," I said.

"I'm Kimari," she replied.

"Nice to meet you." I grinned at her and continued, "Or should that be, nice to EAT you?"

She laughed.

We all four went skinny dipping to clean off. I got dressed but the wet clothes felt uncomfortable and cold, so I took them off again and walked home naked. Stephen left me at my door with a mouth-sizzling kiss that promised more fun to come. (Should that be more to cum?)

So that explains my good mood this morning. After all if I hadn't been in the Program I would never have really met Stephen, would I?

I thought I'd be first to school, but as I walked in the gate I could hear "TITS TITS TITS TITS TITS TITS" from a crowd of boys. Samantha was all alone and obviously scared. So much for the supervising teacher we'd been promised.

I pushed my way through to find the poor kid, shaking as she tried to undress. I pulled her hands away from the buttons she was fumbling with and said "Oh no you don't".

I feel Sam relax a little with relief.

I put my mouth to her ear and told her to follow my lead. I nibbled at her ear to hide that I was talking to her, then began to kiss her.

I slipped off her blouse and pushed our way to her clothes box to put it in there. When she'd taken off my jumper and blouse we kissed again. I began to run my fingers up and down her back. She did the same to me. Like last night her gentle touch sent a tantalising feeling through me.

I pushed her away and slipped off her skirt and bra, then turned her to me so she could undress me.

I began to kiss her boobs as I'd wanted to last night. She was looking at me with such gratitude that I felt bad. I wasn't doing this just for her, but for me too. I began to finger myself while I kissed and licked her cute boobs.

I took my hand from my pussy and put it in her mouth, much to her surprise, then I slipped my hand into her knickers and quickly found her entrance.

She opened her legs slightly to give me access and I slipped a finger up into her warmth.

I told the boys to give us space if they wanted to see more and they rushed backwards.

I stopped fingering Sam briefly and slipped off my knickers. I held them to the nose of the nearest boy. He made a show of inhaling deeply so I wiped them over his face then threw them to the crowd.

Sam pulled her own knickers down and held them to her own nose, breathing in deeply. She offered them to a boy and put them down his trousers. I'm sure that she had a quickly fondle of his cock while she did it.

"Lift a leg up," I ordered and when she did I pulled her leg higher until she fell backwards into the arms of the boys behind her.

I finally tasted that pussy I'd wanted to last night. Like Shelley she was so sweet

and SO wet. I think she was as excited as I was. I alternated between toying with her clit and sticking my tongue deep into her until I felt her erupt beneath my tongue.

Before she had a chance to recover I stuck two fingers deep into her pussy, then wiped her juices over her arsehole and pushed my fingers in her arse.

When I took them out, she knelt down in front of me. She gently kissed my pussy then held me wide open and startled me by slipping her tongue deep into me. My God girl, any deeper and you'll be tickling my tonsils.

Suddenly she stopped licking me and the orgasm I had nearly reached faded away. SHIT Samantha. She apologised. A guy had startled her with his finger in her. She tried to get me going again with her fingers, but the moment had passed.

"You owe me one," I told her.

In the shower Shelley asked Sam how she was coping and she said "Fine, thanks to Suzie," which was nice.

My first lesson was Geography with Mr. Graham, a class I shared with Heather. She'd asked for relief, but ignored my offer and chose one of the boys instead. She was obvious as badly off as I was as she came incredibly quickly.

Then I asked for relief and chose another boy. He went down on me while Heather leaned over and played with my boobs, flicking my nipples with her tongue and kissing them.

I was determined to last longer than Heather had done, so the boy got me to lie flat on the desk and hold my legs with my hands.

Then he stuck his tongue into my arsehole, all the time fingering my pussy. When I came he carried on licking, then moved up to my pussy to drink everything he could. Then he put all four fingers of one hand into me and scooped out the last of my juices and sucked them from his fingers leaving me gaping open and exhausted on the table.

For some reason I didn't get much work done in Geography.

By lunchtime there were all sorts of rumours flying around about Laura and Ghastly Gordon. We found out the truth when she was pushed into the dining hall, handcuffs clipped around her wrists and her wonderful hair cut short.

That was bad enough, but then they caned her. They caned her so hard I thought they'd kill her. I could almost feel every stroke.

Then the bastards walked out and left her crying on the table, unable to get up. I ran to her, and Christopher followed me. We quickly led her out of there.

In the shower I directed cold water at her poor bum, crossmarked with red marks, already beginning to go an angry purple.

None of us said a word as she clung to us crying. It was awful. I wanted to say something, anything, but there was nothing to say.

As well as feeling so bad for Laura, I began to worry for myself. If they could break Laura like this, what chance did the rest of us stand?

When she'd begun to calm down, I told her that she must have something to eat, so we led her back to the almost silent dining hall.

She couldn't sit and couldn't feed herself, so she stood while I fed her.

The lesson bell went but I couldn't leave her.

"You'll get into trouble," she argued.

"I don't care," I replied.

She insisted that she would go to her lesson and I should go to mine.

"Just remember we love you," I told her and we kissed, not gently, but with a tremendous hunger.

When she said that we had to go, but we'd continue it later, I said, "I'll hold you to that."

The school was in the same state of shock that I was, almost as if someone had died.

I didn't get a single request, reasonable or otherwise all afternoon.

A while after I got home, I had a phone call from Shelley. Sam had slit her wrist and was in hospital. She was okay, but we were meeting there.

While Laura was sent away to fetch the school nurse from the canteen, Heather explained a risky plan to help Laura. Shelley and Sam immediately agreed to it, so I had to agree as well, but it scared the life out of me. If it went wrong, we'd probably all be treated as Laura had been.

I knew that I would not wake up tomorrow morning as happy and carefree as I had this morning.

Suzie, part 6

Program WEEK TWO WEDNESDAY

The first part of Wednesday morning was bloody awful, there is no other word to describe it.

It started as soon as I arrived. I had barely (a bad joke I know) got undressed when Heather collected me and Shelley and Sam, and Jed, and led us to the offices. Outside the headmaster's office Heather seemed unsure and started arguing with the rest of us saying that she should confront Mr. Graham alone.

Secretly I'd have been glad to get out of it, but like the others, I didn't want to let Laura down. I couldn't get out of my mind Friday night in the nightclub and what Laura had gone through for Heather. She was so brave and then to see her broken like they did to her yesterday just made me so angry.

I pointed out that while we argued, Laura was out there alone, handcuffed and at the mercy of every boy who wanted to grope her.

After all our anticipation, Mr. Graham wasn't even in school yet so we went back out to join Laura.

Jed was going to take off our handcuffs, but none of us wanted that. It would seem a mockery to go out there able to protect ourselves while she couldn't.

It actually started okay, with some guy wanting to lick me out. We don't have to agree to that, but who cares? I certainly didn't. But I didn't have time to enjoy it as I was suddenly lifted off my feet and passed around over the heads of the boys around me. They all seemed to delight in pinching whatever part of me they could reach. "Put me down," I ordered, but I might as well have been talking to myself for all the notice they took.

This was getting scary. I tried to look around for the member of staff who was supposed to be protecting us, but, like yesterday, nobody was there. What a surprise that was! I felt like cursing Heather for ever getting me into this Program. Your damned plan had better work or God knows what will happen by Friday. The school that had always felt safe was becoming the school from hell. And the real problem was, I was getting scorched.

My legs were spread apart and someone had a couple of vibrators they wanted to use on me. They tried to shove one up my arse, but I was too dry and tense, so they put it in my pussy instead. I was lowered to a seat and my legs raised and held wide open. When they were satisfied that the vibrator was nice and wet they took it out of my pussy and forced it into my arse. "Fuck, that hurt," I yelled, but nobody

took a blind bit of notice and the other vibrator was pushed into my pussy.

Despite myself I was building up to an orgasm, but they were watching. They took the vibrator from my pussy and put it in my mouth, not realising that it was the one in my over-sensitive arse that was sending me crazy, whether it hurt or not. The taste of my own juices sent me straight over the edge, to their obvious disappointment. One of them tried to get me to put the other vibrator in my mouth, but I refused. Then someone bit my right boob. When I opened my mouth in shock, the vibrator that had been in my arse was suddenly in my mouth. Yuck. I felt sick.

"Want something to take the taste away?" someone asked.

"Yeah, please."

He presented me with his cock. My legs had been put down so I stood up and tried to walk away. But someone grabbed one of my boobs and held me tight. He turned me around and began playing with my nipples, rolling them between his fingers.

"Do that again," said a voice from below me, "her pussy gets really wet every time you fiddle with her nips."

It was true, my nipples are so sensitive sometimes it seems like they are directly wired into my pussy.

Everyone pushed to grab my nipples, pulling them, twisting them, flicking them until they became really sore. My pussy betrayed me by just getting wetter and it encouraged them to do more.

Now they were twisting my whole boobs. My legs were pushed apart and a boy lay down underneath me, catching the drips from my pussy. "Hey, it's raining Suzie," he yelled in delight.

And suddenly it was over. The bell had gone and I stood there alone, sore as hell, and angry. Angry in particular at the headmaster for allowing this to happen. He'd promised support, then he buggered off to London and left Ghastly Gordon and that stupid Mr. Graham to do their worst.

It was not much better in the showers where we argued with Laura, who wanted us to stop wearing the handcuffs.

When Heather said pointedly that having hands free wasn't always enough to defend ourselves anyway, we stood there in horrible silence. All of us were thinking about Heather being raped last Friday and none of us wanted to say it.

Finally I said, "Look. Nobody's going to gang rape us in school, so stop worrying." That calmed everyone down, but after this morning, I began to wonder if it was true. If they could treat us like that and get away with it, was there any limit,

anything they wouldn't do to us? I kept those thoughts to myself.

We went to the first lesson and I had Art. Sat on the table with my hands behind me I'm sure I didn't make a great subject. I felt sore from all the pinching and I knew I looked it too.

Mr. Claymore pointed out, "Now it's obvious that Suzie has been bruised and scratched. This gives a different tone to the normal skin tones and I want you to be sure to capture it perfectly."

He even made a couple of them photograph me. Those'll make a lovely pictures, I thought.

Still feeling sore from earlier, the lesson passed agonisingly slowly. But it was between lessons I was dreading, so it couldn't go slow enough for me.

At the end of the lesson they all rushed out but Mr. Claymore stopped me. "Can you help me clear up please, Suzie?"

"Sure."

He was painfully slow at putting things back in the arts store as I brought them to him. Finally the bell rang. I had missed the whole break.

"You'd better hurry to your next lesson now," he said with a grin.

I suddenly realised what he'd been doing. It was probably really obvious, but I must have been extra thick this morning. He had stopped me from having any more problems by keeping me in the classroom for the whole break. "Thank you, Mr. Claymore," I said, then took him totally by surprise and kissed him on the cheek.

During the next lesson I began to feel really stiff from the abuse earlier and I fidgeted the whole time, trying to get comfortable. Finally the teacher suggested that I go and take a shower to see if that would help.

It did, and it was wonderful taking a shower with NOBODY else there. Nobody watching, nobody groping me. Okay, it was really difficult turning the damned thing on in the first place with my hands behind me, but just standing under it was SO soothing.

As the next break started some GIRLS came into the boys shower. "Come with us," said one of them. With them was Daisy, the girl from Monday morning.

"Daisy's got a request," said another.

Curious, I followed them. Some boys tried to follow us, but they were firmly pushed away by the girls. We went into an empty classroom.

"Okay," said the first one, who seemed to be the leader of this little group. "Daisy's been wondering about what it would be like to go with a girl and seeing as you're

in the Program, we decided you could show her."

I looked at Daisy. She seemed nervous. "Are you sure this is what you want?" I asked.

She nodded shyly.

I got her to sit down next to me and to turn her face towards me. I lightly kissed her on the lips. She closed her eyes and sighed, so I kissed her again, a little harder this time, slipping my tongue between her lips. She tensed slightly.

"We can stop if you want," I offered.

She replied by kissing me back, holding my head and pushing her tongue into my mouth. I wanted to let my hands roam up and down her back, to hold her close, but of course, I couldn't.

She broke the kiss and I felt lost for a second. "Can I touch your boobs?" she asked.

"You know you can."

"No, not like that. It's not a reasonable request or whatever they call it. I don't want you to say yes because you have to."

"Then yes, because I'd love you to."

"They look sore," she said.

"They are."

"I'll be gentle."

I smiled at her. "I know."

She was so gentle it was tantalising. I closed my eyes and just enjoyed her touch. When she stopped, I opened my eyes. She looked nervous again.

"Daisy," I asked. "You don't have to do this because all your classmates want you to."

"I'm not. Mr. Thompson put the word out this morning for everyone to find ways to protect the Program girls because you can't protect yourselves. And when we were discussing what to do," she gave a little giggle, "I thought of this."

"I don't know what to say. Except Thank You. For someone who was only doing this to help me, you have wonderful hands."

"It wasn't only that," she said, "I've been thinking about it, and you," she looked away as she said that, "Ever since Monday and now I have the chance to do it."

"If I had my hands free I'd show you what it's like to really make love with another girl."

She giggled again, a lot louder this time, "From what I hear, you don't need your hands for that, Supertongue Suzie."

Everyone around us laughed at that.

"Would you like me to do that to you?" I asked.

She thought for a moment, gulped, then a big grin spread over her face. "Yes, please," she whispered.

With perfect timing, the bell went for the next lesson.

"When there's more time later whenever I get these handcuffs off," I said, "I promise you the time of your life."

Her eyes shone with pleasure and anticipation.

It sounds stupid to say it, but compared to knowing that everyone was suddenly looking out for us, our meeting with Mr. Graham was almost an anticlimax.

Shocked by Jed cutting great chunks out of our hair, he finally gave in when Heather threatened that we'd all go out, handcuffed and with our ruined hair to give a press conference. He tried to stop the phone call but Jed stopped him instead and wouldn't let him get to Heather. As the other girls have written about that meeting in detail in their journals, it seems superfluous for me to do so as well.

What was definitely NOT an anti-climax was seeing Laura's face when Jed had taken off her handcuffs and given her the carrier bag containing the hair he'd cut from us.

She hugged us and cried and kissed Jed and laughed and cried some more. She was quietly weeping on my shoulder when the bell went for lunch.

Eating lunch together was so wonderful. Sam and Laura sat together chatting away, while Shelley told us all about how Mr. Thompson had told everyone that they had to look after us.

Heather and Shelley were called to the office and the atmosphere changed to one of apprehension. Had our victory been too easy?

For once, our worries were unfounded. Shelley came back to breathlessly explain that they had to go to London to give evidence to the inquiry into what had happened to Heather last week.

Then she pulled me aside. She had this wild plan to help Samantha. She'd started to get others to help, but now she was going to be away and wanted me to organise it. Great. Don't get me wrong, Samantha is lovely. She's the kind of girl you just want

to put your arms around and protect from the real world. But this idea of Shelley's, well, let's just say that the words Shelley and practical or realistic just don't belong in the same sentence.

But looking down at Shelley's excitable face, I knew I had to try.

I stopped Laura on the way to the first lesson after lunch and got her to agree to join the choir with me. She nearly choked herself with laughter at the idea and wanted to know more, but I didn't have the time to explain.

Between lessons I managed to find Stephen. Perfect. Ever since his little performance with his fingers on Monday evening, Samantha had idolised him.

"I can't explain why, but I need you to get Samantha away straight after school. Tell her the choir rehearsal has been postponed, make mad passionate love to her, anything. Just keep her away from that rehearsal."

"Okay," he said eagerly. "Being asked to seduce a pretty girl isn't exactly the worst task I've ever been given."

The afternoon went really slowly. At the end of the last lesson, I was approached by Craig, one of the few guys I'd actually gone with more than two or three times. "I've got an unreasonable request, Let's fuck."

I laughed. "Sorry, I'm on my way somewhere."

"Well anytime you want to come over, you know where to call." He put the emphasis firmly on the word "come".

He needn't have done. Ever since we split up, if I'd had some asshole in the sack who couldn't do it for me, I called Craig and he, well basically he fucked me senseless. And it went both ways. When he split up with someone, we usually met up and I made him feel good. Outside of sex, we weren't really close, or even really friends, not that we hated each other or anything, we just had only two things in common, my pussy and his dick. The Americans have a phrase for what we are. Over there we'd be called "fuck buddies".

But I suddenly realised that for the first time I wasn't sorry that I was too busy to see him.

I went to the hall where the rehearsal was to take place and managed to get there first, in time to speak to Mr. Tyler, the music teacher and choirmaster.

"You know Samantha really freaked out about having to sing at the concert tomorrow, naked," I started.

"Yes, when I heard what had happened I wished I'd never mentioned it."

"She'd have had to find out sometime. At least this way there may still be time to

help her."

"Help her, how?"

"Firstly, Laura and I want to join the choir." His face when I said that was a picture. I had to laugh slightly. "I promise we won't sing! We want to be at this rehearsal so we can learn what's happening and make it look like we're singing. If you can put us in the front row, it'll help her a bit, I'm sure."

The penny dropped. "You'll be naked too, of course," he asked.

"We have to be, just like Sam has to be."

"I'm not keen on the idea of having others in the choir, but if it helps her get through her solo, Okay." I have to admit he didn't look very keen either.

"And I want the chance to speak to the choir after practice, in private, please."

He nodded. "Just don't do anything to ruin the performance. I want to help Samantha, but remember that the others in the choir have been working hard for this too."

"We won't. It's really important to Sam that this goes well. We'd never do anything to make that go wrong."

"Okay." That came out of his mouth with the sigh of the century!

I've never tried miming before and it's a lot more difficult than it looks. Laura and I took copies of all the words home afterwards to try to learn them, not easy with only one day to go till the big contest.

I spoke to the choir that Shelley'd had an idea to help Sam and, as I'd half-expected, nobody was interested. No that's unfair. They just didn't see how they could help Sam, though one girl said honestly, "Look, we've tried making friends with her and she just doesn't want to know. Now she wants our help?"

Laura answered that. "Sam pushes people away because she's scared to take friends home. Her Mum is something else like you wouldn't believe. Do you know, after Sam tried to kill herself, her Mum couldn't even be bothered to come to the hospital?" There was a general intake of breath at that revelation. "Now she's staying with us for a while, but this concert is so important to her because she thinks it's her only escape from her present life."

"And her bloody mother has got all her neighbours and family going there tomorrow. She is really going to need all the help and support you can give her."

Hearing her stand up for Samantha like that gave me a funny feeling. She was so caring, so totally unlike the Laura I thought I knew. But the the truth is I wished it was me she was standing up for. Weird.

Laura and I left at that point. We'd said all we could. Now it was up to them. "Thanks for your help," I said to her. "Goodnight." And a sudden impulse made me kiss her goodnight.

It was only a quick peck, but she said, "What was that for?"

"For being so great and so caring in there."

She laughed. "Well you were just as caring, so I guess you deserve a kiss too."

It was only slightly longer than the kiss I gave her, but our eyes connected and a sudden chill went through me.

I quickly hung a notice on the door to the hall. "Choir practice cancelled due to unforeseen circumstances." Now I would have to go home to learn "my lines".

I stopped off to have something to eat on my way home. As I sat eating, I thought about my day. I hadn't wanted Craig. That had never happened before. Yet the thought of having Daisy earlier had made me furious when the lesson bell interrupted us. And now that kiss with Laura. And that was just today. What about with Samantha yesterday and Shelley on Monday? Not to mention Heather on Friday, Saturday AND Monday. Just remembering them was making me wet.

I called Craig. "Mind if I come over?"

He came to pick me up in his dad's old minivan. "You sounded desperate," he said.

Craig is loaded. He normally drove a flashy sports car that probably cost him more to insure than my parents made in a year. Okay, slight exaggeration, especial as my parents aren't exactly poor, but you get the picture.

But this time he had his dad's old van. The one he'd converted. Open the back doors and inside was a mattress covered with real silk sheets. I grinned and stepped up into the van. As I did so he stuck his hand up my skirt. I stood still to let him.

"Hmm, we are wet, aren't we? I don't know whether to fuck you or go get a mop."

I lay on the bed and spread my legs for him. "If you know what's good for you, you'll cut the chat and let that famous dick of yours do the work."

"Okay," he said agreeably. "And I've got a feeling you aren't exactly looking for foreplay either tonight."

"Craig," I said threateningly.

We fucked. And I looked at the roof of the van.

So we changed positions to doggie, my favourite position. And I was bored. There is no other way to say it, I just wanted him to hurry up and cum.

When he finally did, and pulled out, he said, "What's up with you, today?"

"What do you mean?"

"I'd have got more response from a blow-up doll and that's not like you. And you were gagging for it before. What's wrong?"

"I don't know, I'm sorry. Just an off day, I guess." What was wrong with me?

We'd been quite a while and when I got home, Teresa, one of the senior choirgirls was impatiently waiting for me.

"Come on," she said, "we're going to Tanya's. If Mr. Tyler says we have to be stuck with you two tomorrow night, we going to rehearse you until you don't make us look a bunch of idiots."

"We don't want to do this any more than you want us to," I snapped back. "It's just that some of us occasionally think about more than hairstyles and how we can put down other people to make ourselves feel good."

I shouldn't have said that. I don't mean because it was nasty, but because we needed her help and I knew it.

"Teresa, before you say it, I've always been exactly the same. So you can call me a hypocrite if you like."

She didn't answer.

We arrived and I caught a strange look from both Tanya and Laura. The look between Tanya and Teresa needed no such interpretation. Exasperation. To my surprise, Laura was naked.

"Her idea," she said, pointing to Tanya. So I stripped off as well.

By the end of our rehearsal, I could understand their exasperation. If I had a job, I'd tell myself not to change it.

In the car, Teresa seemed upset, then, when I was nearly home, I saw a large crowd milling around outside my house.

"Turn round and drive away quickly," I said sharply.

"Why?"

"Just do it," I snapped. She drove around the corner. "Sorry, that looked like a crowd of reporters waiting for me and I want to talk in private."

"Okay, what about?"

"You seem upset. What's wrong?"

"Nothing, I'm okay," she denied.

Guessing completely incorrectly, I said. "I promise, we'll do everything we can not to screw up tomorrow night. I know you've all worked hard for this, and so has Sam. So don't be so upset about it."

"I'm not, well I am, but that's not it," she replied.

"If not that, then what?" I asked.

"Did you see the way Tanya was looking at Laura?"

"No, I was so busy trying not to look a total prat that I wouldn't have noticed if someone put a ten-foot sign in front of me."

"She fancies her."

"Tanya? Anything she fancied would have to be wearing diamonds at least." I regretted my comment when I saw how miserable she looked.

"Does it matter?" I continued, "It's not as if she's got a steady boyfriend to upset and she's hardly likely to do anything in the choir."

"It matters."

"But why?"

I didn't catch her reply, it was mumbled so low and quickly. "Sorry I didn't catch..."

"Because I love her," she shouted. "There! I said it! I only joined the choir in the first place to be close to her. Now you can laugh at me."

"Why should I do that?"

"Because you're, you're..."

"People can change," I said quietly.

"Yeah," she said. "When we saw what you girls did to get Laura's handcuffs taken off, I think half the school admired you all. Even Sam did it too. And we could still see the soreness and bruises tonight."

"Don't worry, Laura says she's got some special make-up to cover them tomorrow night."

"And your poor hair!"

Embarrassed, I pushed it aside.

"Don't hide it." She touched my hair. "If I'd been as brave as you were today, I'd be

wanting to show it off, like a badge of courage."

"But what about Sam?" I cried, "She HAS to look good tomorrow night."

"God, yes." Teresa's mouth curled into a crazy shape as she considered what to do. Then her eyes lit up and she snapped her fingers. "Don't worry, I got it covered. I'll take her to my hairdressers after school. That man can work wonders. Tell Sam not to worry."

"Then don't you worry either." I actually shook my finger in her face.

"What about?"

"Your girlfriend Tanya." I pulled my hand back immediately and covered my mouth. I'd embarrassed her.

"I've lost her," she said miserably. "Because I was too much of a coward to say anything."

I shook my head. "I don't think so. Just listen to the two of you sometimes."

"What do you mean?"

"The number of times you both say the same thing at the same moment, how often you finish each other's sentences, things like that. If one of you ever has the nerve to tell the other one how you feel, I think you might find that the other one feels the same way."

"You think?"

"Or you could try this." I leaned over and kissed her. She opened her mouth in shock and I slipped my tongue inside. She took my face in her hands as we continued to kiss and I slipped a hand under her skirt and into her panties. She was soaking.

"You do like Tanya, don't you?" I pulled my fingers out and sniffed them. "If just talking about her gets you like this."

So, while she was still sitting in the driver's seat, I reached across and started pulling her panties down. I thought I'd gone too far when I saw the look on her face, but then she lifted her bum up to let me pull them down.

"Move down the seat a bit, and open your legs."

"I'm not sure..." she began to say, but then stopped and did as I'd instructed.

I wanted to take it slow, but on a fairly main road someone would soon see what was going on, so, slipping a finger inside her and my other hand on her clit, I quickly fingered her to an orgasm, feeling a little guilty that her first experience with another girl was such a mechanical "quickie".

I smeared her juices around my mouth then theatrically sucked on each of my fingers, before kissing her again.

As we kissed I felt her hand push its way shyly into my panties and I opened my legs to make it easier for her. I could feel that I was as wet as she had been. As two of her fingers, I think, started moving in and out I knew she was as needy at that point as I was.

Whether it was the fear of being caught or just the whole weird day I'd had, I was wrong about quickies. Her fingers might have been hesitant, but they brought me off in no time.

"I ought to go and see what those blasted reporters want. But tomorrow afternoon, after school, the four of us, okay?"

"Okay," she said, though still sounding a little uncertain, then, "No we can't. I have to take Sam to my hairdressers."

"Of course." I couldn't keep the disappointment out of my voice. "Well what about lunchtime? It'll be a bit public though."

Then she made a show of licking her fingers and said, "I can't wait... for more."

She dropped me off at the corner and we were both chuckling as I got out of her car. She drove off, waving those two fingers at me through the driver's window.

Seconds later I was spotted and I knew I'd been right as reporters ran rowards me. The lights from the cameras blinded me. So many were shouting at me, I couldn't understand a word.

Thankfully I saw a face I recognised. Lindsey Crowe, the reporter. "Lindsey, what's happening?"

"You mean you haven't heard about Shelley?" she replied.

Suzie, part 7

Program WEEK TWO THURSDAY

The reporters had questioned me for what felt like hours and then I had a row with Dad about it, like it was my fault the press had been outside our front door all evening. Hell, I hadn't made Shelley go missing. Frustrated I just shook my head and went up to my room.

I actually wasn't particularly worried. This was Shelley. She'd probably met some boy and the press were just blowing everything up out of proportion.

No, that's a lie. I was worried sick and felt helpless although I knew there was nothing I could do about it. I was way too wound up to sleep, so I got my journal out to write up Wednesday.

What a day! Although my thoughts kept wandering back to Shelley as I wrote, I couldn't help thinking more about other girls. Uppermost was my evening with Teresa, but then there was Daisy, dear sweet Daisy, in the morning as well. And kissing Laura, I remembered the chill that gave me. Eventually I managed to put aside my worries for Shelley until the morning. I could feel myself starting to relax, at last, and put away the journal.

I left my panties off when I went to bed. I needed both hands down there as my thoughts turned, slowly at first but then more urgently, from Daisy to Teresa to Laura to Daisy to ...

I still woke up early with only one thought on my mind. Little Shelley, missing. The TV news mentioned her, so she was still missing. This was more serious, a lot worse than I thought last night. I walk past a newsagent every morning on my way to the bus stop but today the newspapers outside confirmed that it hadn't been just a nightmare. I had to go inside at look through them.

Shelley's face stared out at me from almost every one.

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GIRL?

WHERE IS NAKED GIRL?

One had a photo of Heather almost as large with the headline SISTER CAN'T BARE IT.

Another simply said MISSING.

Even the so-called serious press got in on it saying "END OF THE LINE FOR THE PROGRAM?"

I read so many of the newspapers that I was late for school. There couldn't have been a greater contrast between yesterday morning and this morning.

Firstly everyone was asking if I've heard anything about Shelley.

Then I noticed that there was a single line of older boys surrounding the area where we had to change. That was ominous. But, standing to one side, away from everyone, but silently watching was Mrs. Wright.

"Sorry, I'm late, Mrs. Wright."

She didn't answer, but smiled at me.

I walked through the line of boys to get undressed as the bell went. I looked at Laura and Sam and they were both looking as worried as I felt. The whole scene seemed like something out of a weird dream. A couple of the line of boys remained as I finished undressing.

"Any problems today," said one, "Just yell, loudly. Someone will come."

"Thanks," I said, wanting to pinch myself. This couldn't be the same place I'd been twenty-four hours ago. I felt like I'd come to the wrong school by mistake. No, I'd come back to the one I'd known until the last couple of days.

I caught Laura quickly. We both spoke at the same time. "Any news of Shelley?"

"She'll be alright. She's resourceful," said Laura, but she sounded like she was trying to persuade herself, as well as me.

"I had a talk with Teresa last night," I said, desperate to change the subject.

"Funny you should say that, I had..." she paused, then "...a talk with Tanya too. Okay, she jumped me and kissed me. So, I made out with her. You'll probably hear all about it, she's determined to tell everyone."

I felt a twinge of jealousy. My face must have shown it because Laura suddenly looked me directly in the eyes. I could feel myself going red under her gaze, sure that she could see inside me. Her look changed to one of open appraisal as she looked me up and down. She smiled slightly, touched my hair, then pulled me towards her and lightly kissed me on the forehead. She took my hand and rubbed it on her pussy making my fingers wet. Then she took it to my mouth and placed my fingers in my mouth. "Until later," she said.

That brought me back to my senses. "About later. Teresa told me last night that she really wants Tanya but has been too scared to say anything. I said we could meet after lunch, the four of us, in a classroom somewhere. Can you get Tanya to come? Say it's to do with the choir if you like."

"Set-up time eh? Fine, no problem."

My first lesson was History with Mr. Moor. "And how are you today, Suzie?"

"Fine, thank you, sir."

This was unusual too. Mr. Moor wasn't horrid or anything, but not exactly the most sociable of teachers. He'd been teaching here for years. I remember that one of the girls said that her mother said that he used to be really friendly and his classes were really fun to be in. Then he went away for a couple of weeks and came back changed. He was still okay as a teacher but it was as if the part of his brain that made him a person had been switched off. There had been lots of speculation what had happened but nobody had ever found out.

I'm not really into History, so the progression of civil rights in the late 20th Century didn't really thrill me.

In the break, I had to do a few poses and a few boys felt me up, but something in the school had changed. The craziness that had taken it over from the time the Program had started had gone as if it had never been there.

I actually found myself wandering the corridors waiting for someone to approach me. How weird is that? I think I understand what Laura meant when she described what it was like when she gave up stripping for a while. She missed being the centre of attention, but most of all she missed the adrenaline buzz.

My second lesson should have been with Peterson for Design, but he had been called away. A young teaching assistant had to supervise study period. "Firstly I have an important announcement to make. The staff have just been informed that Shelley Hoover has been found safe and well" A few people started to ask questions but he stopped them, "I don't know any more. We haven't been told any more than that she is safe and well."

My eyes started watering as relief overwhelmed me. I never realised how much Shelley had come to mean to me in such a short time. But Laura had been right. Whatever had happened, Shelley had coped with it. Then the teaching assistant spoke to everyone again. "What do you want to study?"

A boy yelled out, "Can we study Suzie?"

The assistant reddened, "I don't think..."

"You can if you like," I interrupted, then, more loudly to the rest of the class, "What do you want me to do?"

"Some of us wanted to do the same with you as the lower class is doing for Shelley, making a bodysuit with vibrators for the fashion show, and we brought some for you to try. What do you say, Suzie?"

I thought I was long past blushing, but I felt myself go red. But I had to smile too.

"Okay, bring them here." I looked in the bag he had brought and saw a variety of dildos and vibrators. I took out a huge penis-shaped dildo. Penis-shaped, but not penis-sized, unless you count horses. He smirked, so I grabbed his head and shoved it between my open legs.

"Take a good look," I said. "You really think THAT is gonna fit in there?" I held myself open.

"Maybe." The little bastard was still smirking.

"Tell you what, if you're so keen on things of that size, turn round, bend over and drop your trousers and I'll show you where you can put it."

The girls started laughing and the boys joined them. Now HE was blushing. He went back to his seat.

I took out a couple of other things. One was like an egg with a wire dangling down to a plastic switch.

"I've always wanted to try one of these." I pushed it inside me and turned it on. It seemed to start gently but the effect built up and up until I had to turn it off and pull it back out.

"Fuck, I want one of those," I said. The boys laughed but only a few of the girls. I wondered if those were the only girls who'd already "had the pleasure of its company".

Next I tried a small anal vibrator. It was okay, but nothing special, but when I added another vibrator in my pussy at the same time, it was even better than the egg thing. I held the vibrating egg to one of my nipples as well and it felt like every nerve in my body was being stimulated.

"Hey girls," I called. "Anyone else wanna try these?" There was some giggling but no volunteers.

"Please yourselves, you don't know what you're missing."

Just before the next lesson, Ghastly Gordon saw me. "Why aren't you heading for my lesson?"

"We're excused until Dr. Reynolds comes back."

"You think you're all so clever don't you? Well Mr. Graham never actually agreed to that, he just gave you the handcuff key, so if you're not in my lesson in one minute, you'll have missed a lesson and have to repeat your program week."

I actually wasn't as worried as I might have been. After all, Sam had survived it and even admitted to enjoying some of it.

My optimism changed when I walked into the lesson and saw the look on her face. She covered her expression quickly, but for a fraction of a second, I saw pure hatred. I wasn't going to enjoy one minute of this lesson, she would see to that.

"Lay on the table, legs apart," she ordered.

"Okay class, let's go," said the tallest boy in the class.

"What's going on?" GG demanded.

"If there's no class to demonstrate to, you can't use us as an excuse," he replied. The rest of the class walked behind him as he stood between Gordon and the rest of them.

"I'll put you all in the Program," she almost screamed.

"Try it," he replied coldly, before following the others out the door. At the door, he paused, turned, smiled at me and said, "Good luck, Sue."

I got onto the table as she'd instructed. No, it wasn't masochism, I was taking the piss (see [cultural notes](#)), and she knew it. She stormed out of the classroom, slamming the door.

I sat with Tanya and Teresa for lunch, leaving Laura and Samantha to keep the boys company. "I think Laura needs cheering up," I said.

"She seemed cheerful enough last night," said Tanya with a wide grin on her face. Teresa looked at her questioningly.

Tanya rapidly changed the subject, not out of embarrassment. I think she was just teasing us. "Have you learned your lines for tonight's show?"

"Show? I thought you called it a concert or contest or something," I asked.

"With you three there tonight it's definitely a show," she replied. "In fact, probably show and tell. You realised it's being televised?"

Great, I thought. Just what I need. I hadn't lived down my last naked television appearance, at least as far as my parents were concerned, and now I was going to have another one. At least this one probably wouldn't end up in all the papers and all the news programmes. Mm, who are you kidding, girl?

When we saw that Laura had finished eating, I reminded her that we had a meeting with Tanya and Teresa. A cloud crossed her face momentarily. "I'd forgotten," she said unnecessarily.

We found an empty classroom.

Tanya started by saying, "Laura. We decided to you needed cheering up and after last night I think I know just how to do it."

She moved over to Laura and began to kiss her, but I interrupted her. "Actually Tanya, although Laura does need cheering up, that was just to get you here. I think Teresa has something to say to you."

Teresa looked as if she wished she could sink into the floor. I don't know what she'd expected, but it wasn't that. She sat there with her mouth open, obviously trying to find the words, or the courage, to speak. Her eyes filled with tears and she got up and turned away, "I'm sorry, I can't." She almost ran to the door, but Tanya was there before her and grabbed her by the arm.

"Teresa, wait." She put her arms around her and held her close. She bent her head down and kissed Teresa tenderly for a long time. Teresa could hardly stand, but

Tanya held her firmly.

"Does that make it easier?" Tanya asked.

"Mmm," nodded Teresa.

Tanya simply picked Teresa up and laid her on a table. She started unbuttoning her blouse, then stopped, realising that there were eager faces at the door. "We have an audience," she said. "Teresa, I'm sorry. I know you hate being a spectacle. I wanted you so much that I didn't think, but I can wait till we have somewhere private."

"I can't," said Teresa. "I waited far too long for this. I've loved you for so long."

Tanya just stroked her hair, "Why didn't you say anything?"

"I thought I'd lose you."

Tanya re-commenced unbuttoning Teresa's blouse and pulled her bra up so she could take a nipple into her mouth.

I felt like a peeping Tom, so I headed towards the door. Laura followed me.

"No you don't, you two," called Tanya. "I want your help."

"Now you Suzie, take over here, and Laura, take her other boob."

As we did as we were told, Tanya lifted Teresa's skirt up and said, "Bum up, please."

Teresa lifted her bum and Tanya pulled down her knickers. Teresa parted her legs a little and for a moment Tanya just looked at her pussy.

Then, smiling, she ran her hand over it before licking her inner thigh from just above her knee to a few inches short of her pussy. Then she did the same to the other thigh. She did this several times until Teresa protested, "Stop teasing, Tanya, please."

Tanya bent down to open Teresa's pussy as wide as she could, then buried her face in it. Still trying to concentrate on Teresa's boobs, we couldn't see what Tanya was doing, but we could feel Teresa's reaction.

Between kissing and licking and sucking on Teresa's boobs, Laura and I were glancing at Teresa's face and the fun Tanya was having between her legs. A few times I caught Laura looking at me. What was she thinking? I couldn't read her face.

When Teresa came, Laura and I stood up and watched Tanya and Teresa kissing, totally oblivious to their surroundings and their audience. I don't think they even realised that we were still there.

I caught Laura's eye again and her expression softened as she looked at me. Then she just stood up and walked to the door. She opened it and pushed her way through the eager boys waiting outside.

I didn't even stop to wonder why they hadn't simply come in, for I had caught sight of Laura's face for an unguarded moment. She had a haunted look. I tried to follow her, but by the time I'd pushed my own way through the boys, she'd disappeared.

In my first afternoon lesson all I could think about was how happy Tanya and Teresa had been. It didn't take being Laura to see that what they had was more than just sex.

Another of my ex's was in class and at the end of the lesson I dragged him (literally) into the boys showers. "I need a fuck," I said bluntly. "Any volunteers?"

He started to kiss me and I tried to return the kiss but felt totally empty. I grabbed his dick and told him. "I need this in me now." He got the message. I bent over one of the benches in the changing area and he slid straight into me.

"Sue, what's wrong?" he asked a few minutes later.

"What do you mean?"

"Don't take this the wrong way, but if you were on your back instead of bent over I'd say you were closing your eyes and thinking of England. You've always been so enthusiastic before. Something must be wrong."

"Just a bad day, I guess," I replied, feeling guilty. "Here, let me make it up to you." Pulling away from him, I turned round and sat on the bench. I pulled him towards me and took his cock into my mouth. I gave him my best Suzie blow-job.

"I'm gonna cum," he warned.

"You can cum on my face."

"Really?" he asked, surprised. I never let anyone do that, but I figured I was using him and he deserved a break.

Not surprisingly, I didn't have to wait long.

He didn't let me take a shower, he made me lay down and he got between my legs. As he began to tongue me I realised that I'd forgotten how good he was at this. I always used to love watching him go down on me.

But this time, I didn't watch. His tongue was doing the work, but it wasn't his face I saw as I came.

By the time I'd cleaned up, I was late for my next lesson, but nobody seemed to take any notice.

After school I tried to find Laura, but she'd gone home straight away. I felt sure she was avoiding me. Why did that hurt so much?

By the time Stephen and I met Laura at her mum's, she seemed fine, if a little quieter than usual. But we were a happy enough bunch on the drive to the concert hall. And that's as long as it lasted.

When we'd parked the car, Teresa came running out of the hall to meet us. "Fucking Graham won't let Samantha sing. He didn't even let her on the coach."

Suzie, part 8

Program WEEK TWO THURSDAY Night - FRIDAY Afternoon

I just had the most wonderful evening of my life and I cannot remember ever being so happy.

As Sam wasn't going to be allowed to sing, Laura and I were going to leave, but Teresa begged us to stay and not give up hope. Shortly afterwards Tanya appeared with Sam, sharing a grin that stretched from Tanya's right ear to Samantha's left one.

To my amazement Tanya and Teresa stripped off naked to join us beside Sam during the first thing they had to sing. Nobody seemed to notice that we weren't actually singing. I guess they were distracted for some reason.

But if I was amazed, that was nothing to Mr. Tyler and Sam's amazement in the second part, when the whole front row of the choir was naked.

Somehow she recovered herself because the judges praised her like mad and she ended up with a contract with some music guy whose name meant nothing to me, although the whole choir thought it was great.

I thought at that moment that despite everything, just seeing the look of sheer delight on Sam's face made this week worthwhile. If she got any happier she'd burst.

If I felt a bit jealous, well that was just me. I was still glad things had finally gone so right for her.

Then she invited me to join her, Stephen and Laura with Laura's Mum for a celebration meal. I replied, "I don't have to get home, my parents are out of town

for a long weekend." I realised that I probably sounded as bitter as I felt about them going away without me yet again, but that wasn't Sam's fault, so I forced a smile and said, truthfully, "I'd love to."

A bit after that she came running to find me again, and she got Tanya and Teresa and Laura and me to pose with her for some creepy press photographer. I couldn't help looking at her and thinking how different she was now. It was impossible to believe that this was the same Sam who'd been panicking after Assembly on Monday and scared stiff on Tuesday morning.

I was hanging around and ended up chatting with Laura's Mum. She wouldn't let me call her Mrs. Townley and made me call her Danielle. She's one of those people that only has to look at you and she seems to understand everything about you. I felt so exposed but found myself wanting to tell her how I felt about Laura.

But before I could say too much Laura reappeared beside me and said that Mr. Tyler had asked us to distract the press so he could help Sam escape.

Given how Sam had handled that other photographer, did she really NEED our help?

We walked out into the mob. Was it really only six days ago that I'd faced a press mob for the first time? It seemed a lifetime ago.

Of course this time I had Laura beside me. Perhaps that's why I felt so relaxed. She is so confident with cameras and reporters and everything. She pulled some poor reporter's face into her crotch and embarrassed the hell out of him.

Then she put her arm round me and I forgot the cameras. Okay, world, you can stop right now. I'll be happy with Laura's arm around me forever.

The reporter she'd embarrassed asked us did we like going to Slut School. I tried to say it wasn't Slut School but Laura got in first with a quip about how did HE like it?

Everyone was laughing at him and I felt so sorry for him that I went and kissed him.

Laura said that wasn't a kiss and she turned my face to her and kissed me. "Now THAT's a kiss," she said and kissed me again.

I slipped my tongue into her mouth and felt myself go limp against her.

Our kiss seemed to go on forever but it wasn't long enough for me. She reminded me that we were there to answer questions. I felt myself go red with embarrassment, all over.

I was glad that Laura answered all the questions, after that kiss I couldn't think straight. She led me back inside and when someone shouted "Bitches" (I don't

know why) she looked at me with a grin on her face.

I couldn't get my head around this. I knew I loved this girl, but how did she feel? One minute we are sharing the most passionate kiss I could remember, the next she's so matter-of-fact that it's as if I wasn't there.

Even Laura's Mum, Danielle, sensed the atmosphere and warned us not to spoil Sam's special night.

My thoughts of being with Laura all evening came to an abrupt end when Sam said there had been a phone call for her. She went to the phone and came back to say she was going out to do a show.

Then we watched the news report about the concert, including the "interview" (if you can call it that) with Laura and me afterwards. They showed our whole kiss and I wanted to hide under the floor somewhere. The look on my face made it obvious to everyone that I was in love with Laura. Danielle looked at me. Sam realised how we'd distracted the press for her, then Laura said, "All in a day's work."

Ouch. I felt like I'd been punched in the stomach, but tried to keep my hurt off my face.

Danielle went to the show with Laura. I was kicking myself for not offering to go myself when Sam turned to me and said, "I've got a Reasonable Request."

Still hurting from Laura's flippant comment about our wonderful kiss, that was the last thing I wanted, but she and Stephen undressed me, not giving me any choice in the matter.

She got me on the table and told me, "Assume the position, please."

That made me laugh in spite of how I was feeling, "Getting bossy now she's a big star," I said to Stephen.

She began to tease me by licking up and down my legs. In spite of how I felt, this was nice and I felt some of the tension drain away.

"Sam, I know I said you owed me, but you don't... FUCK! Where did you learn THAT?" I'm not even sure what she'd done, but with a couple of her fingers inside me, she done SOMETHING with her tongue on my clit that had sent sparks through my whole body.

She began fingering me in earnest, but and every time I was close to cumming, she eased off, playing me like a fucking violin. She grinned at me and said, "Now, you weren't in the mood, so I'd better take my time until you are, hadn't I?"

I threatened her, "Sam, If you don't..." then she made me cum and I couldn't speak for a moment or two.

She started kissing Stephen, but I ordered her to strip and get onto the table.

She insisted we did a sixty-nine. I lay over her, but I couldn't help thinking, "I wish I had my dildo."

I must have said it out loud as she answered me saying that we had the real thing. "Okay, this girl needs fucking bad. Get in here and make yourself useful," she told him.

She fed his dick into me and this time it felt good having something thrusting into me again, just as I'd got used to the idea that I was a lesbian. Fuck. This is confusing.

Sam insisted on cleaning us both up and ended up with our cum all over her face. She even put her fingers back into me to pull out every last bit of cum she could find and wiped it over her face before licking her fingers clean. "You look disgusting," I said.

"She looks wonderful to me," said Stephen and the look on his face was something else, almost worship.

She started kissing him and I couldn't turn away, watching them share their love was hypnotic.

He told her that he'd better go or he'd ruin his plans for her losing her virginity.

Sam said that she needed to talk with me privately anyway.

When he went, she turned on me, "I think I understand what's wrong."

Did I look as stupid as I felt at that moment, I wondered.

"You get about as much support from your parents as I did from my mum, right?"

Bang. Okay girl, first shot and you got a bull's-eye, but she went on...

"And you see Heather and Shelley not only with a supportive Mum, but each other. And then there's Laura with a great Mum. And now suddenly I end up moving in here, and you feel left out."

"How?" I asked. HOW did she know that was exactly how I felt? I wanted to hate her for what she now had and I didn't, but I couldn't hate her.

"Because that's how I would feel if you'd moved in here and I'd been left at my house alone," she answered me. "And you're jealous of me with Laura too, aren't you?"

I had to look away, this was worse than Danielle seeing through me.

"Laura is like my sister. It's wonderful and she's great, but it's nothing more than

that."

I suddenly felt terrible about being jealous of this girl. "I'm sorry," I cried, but she hadn't finished.

"Does Laura know how you feel?"

"I don't know."

"Don't you think you should tell her? Tanya and Teresa both suffered for months because they couldn't bring themselves to tell each other how they felt."

"And what if she doesn't feel the same way?"

"Then at least you'll know. Suzie. I know it's not much, and Laura may be my sort-of adopted sister, but whatever happens, we'll be friends, okay?"

I just thought, Sam, you're something else. Whatever life gives you, take it. You deserve every bit.

"You're wrong," I told her.

"Why?" she demanded to know.

"You're wrong about it not being much." Feeling back in control of myself again, I hugged her.

We fell asleep on the sofa, Sam in my arms, probably both smelling of our lovemaking.

We were still there when Laura and Danielle returned home. I could have died when they found us still curled up together, naked, it being really obvious what we'd been doing.

"It's okay, don't worry about us," said Danielle. "I'm just glad you had a good evening." Good? Was that how I'd describe it? I changed the subject quickly.

"I think Sam's exhausted," I said.

Danielle replied, "After today, I'm not surprised. Let's just let her sleep." She covered Sam with a blanket and Laura and I went upstairs to bed. I hadn't intended staying the night, but it seemed natural somehow.

"Been having fun with my new little sister, have you?" asked Laura. I felt myself blush.

"It's okay," she said and kissed me.

This time I was going to be in control. I pushed my tongue into her mouth and kissed her back really hard. I felt her respond.

I almost ripped her clothes off and impatiently went straight for her pussy. She tried to move so we could 69, but this were for her and only for her.

I wished I'd had a six-inch tongue so I could push it further into her, but I licked every part of her pussy that I could reach for all I was worth. When my tongue got tired I used my fingers, then back to my tongue again.

She tasted so delicious when she came, I just had to keep going and going until she came again. Then she stopped me and we kissed, much more gently this time.

Then she roughly pushed me back and began licking my pussy. She even licked my arse and my first thought was "so that's what she likes", before deciding that however dirty it seemed, I definitely liked it too.

She was even better than Sam, controlling my body and keeping me so close to an orgasm that I could barely breathe, though I tried to speak to beg her to make me cum.

Finally, when she did make me cum, it was like nothing I'd ever known and I screamed. I must have screamed really loudly as Sam came running upstairs and Danielle appeared at our door a minute later to see what was wrong.

Covered in sweat, my legs spread, with two of Laura's fingers still inside me, it didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out what the noise had been. God, I felt so embarrassed.

Danielle left us and Sam collapsed into her bed. Still with my legs half apart obscenely, and feeling my juices still oozing out of my pussy, I felt incredibly tired. As I fell asleep, I told her, "I love you."

When I woke up, I heard Sam downstairs, but Laura was nowhere to be seen. After a quick breakfast, I wrote my journal, I'd been too tired and too excited to write it last night.

Sam and I walked to school together. I was worried. Where was Laura? Why had she suddenly done a disappearing act? Did she regret last night? "I wonder if she'll be here already," I said aloud.

Laura wasn't by the clothes boxes at school. Now I was really worried. "I hope she's alright."

Sam replied cheerfully, "I'm sure she is. There's probably a very simple reason why she's not here." Then she asked, "Was everything okay last night?"

Even my worry couldn't keep me from grinning like a Cheshire cat, but I spoke quietly. "Yeah, only the... most... phenomenal... sex... I've ever had! I'm not worried, but..." I couldn't continue with the lie. I was worried, worried sick. I felt sure it was because of me. What had I done wrong?

Benches had been arranged along the corridor and Sam said, "Why don't you take the first bench, Suzie. So you can see when Laura gets here?"

"Good idea." I looked into Sam's eyes, full of concern for me. When was the last time someone was actually worried about me or how I was feeling? I just had to hug her. I gave her a quick kiss. "Thanks for being my friend."

She smiled back at me, ridiculously happy, then took the far bench. The Program boys were nowhere to be seen, but the older boys watching us gave me a feeling of safety I thought I'd never feel here again.

Various boys wanted to touch me. It must have been like feeling a blow-up doll, my mind was not on what was happening. I went over our lovemaking the previous night. Had I done something wrong? Something to upset her?

Even my memories of our lovemaking must have made me wet because the next thing I remember hearing was a boy in front of me saying how wet I was as he licked my juices from his fingers.

The First Bell went. Had I been day-dreaming all that time? Suddenly Laura came running from the other side of the school and almost tore off her clothes in her hurry.

"Where have you been?" I asked as we ran for the showers, but she had no time to answer because Miss Taylor stopped us and told us to go into Assembly. She handed me a comb and I realised my hair was a mess. We all used it and ran into the hall as Mr. Thompson was walking onto the stage.

Mr. Graham and Ms. Gordon had been suspended, he announced. I looked at Laura to see her reaction, but there was no surprise, as if she had known all about it.

Mr. Thompson actually apologised to us, the Program girls, for everything that had happened this week. I tried to read Laura's face, but it revealed nothing.

Then he went on to talk about the choir and some of us going naked at the concert. He even made Laura and me stand up. To my amazement Tanya and Tersea and a couple of others stripped off and announced that they wanted to go naked. Tanya and Tersea looked so happy together I felt a sharp pain of jealousy.

Then there were cheers for Sam. I caught her grinning at Mr. Tyler and her eyes were bright with happiness. Laura gave her a hug, then I gave her a hug.

As we left the assembly hall, we were stopped by old Mrs. Johnson, Dr. Reynolds' secretary. She told Sam how beautifully she had sung and told us we were very brave to do what we had done.

Then she asked Sam to come to Mr. Thompson's office once she'd had a shower. Sam and I were having a quick shower when I realised that Laura hadn't joined us

there. Was she avoiding me?

I bumped into Stephen between lessons and he told me what had happened in the car park. So that's why Laura wasn't with us, and why she didn't seem surprised about Mr. Graham and Ms. Gordon. She'd been watching the row in the car park. She hadn't been avoiding me at all.

I was so relieved that when a girl asked me for a Reasonable Request I hugged her and kissed her, much to her embarrassment and the amusement of her friends.

At lunch I couldn't wait for Laura to come in. I wanted the world to know how we felt. The moment I saw her I ran up and hugged her, trying to give her a thousand kisses.

"Stop it," she said, "We have to talk."

She pulled me into a classroom and closed the curtains. I was already dreaming of a repeat of last night when her voice shattered those dreams.

"Suzie, this isn't going to work. I'm leaving. I go to university soon, and now I've completed the Program, I don't need any more marks to get in. I'm going away this weekend to work in Spain until I go to university."

I'm sure I must have looked stupid. Maybe I didn't hear right. How can she be going away?

"I really like you, but I'm not ready for the kind of relationship you want."

She didn't want me. Even after last night she didn't want me!

"I never wanted to hurt you and I'm really, really sorry if I've let you believe I could give you more than I can. I think it's best if we don't see each other again and I'll leave tonight."

In less than a minute I felt like my world had fallen apart. I just screamed at the top of my voice "NO!" No, this can't be. I'm in a nightmare, this isn't happening.

"NO!" Life can't be this cruel. I finally find someone to love and she doesn't want me. Am I really so unloveable? Laura and her Mum care for everyone. What was wrong with me?

Even now she tried to touch me, but I pushed her away and turned away from her. When I looked back I was alone in the room.

I ran out, not caring who saw the tears streaming down my face and ran straight out of the school.

I wanted to hate her, but I couldn't. I knew I could never face school again. It seemed like half the school had stared as I ran out in tears.

I'll ring her and tell her she doesn't have to go away. I didn't want to stay in this town any more. I had nothing and nobody here. I looked at my life bitterly and realised that I had nobody anywhere else either.

I was jerked back to reality by a car hooting at me as it went by, passing me with inches to spare.

Another car hooted at me from the other side and I heard a screech of brakes. Then I was grabbed and pulled over to the kerb.

"Laura?" I remember saying, then nothing.

Mrs. Wright had taken me home and was disappointed to find nobody there. I felt so sleepy and said so.

"Nurse gave you a sedative to calm you down. You were talking hysterically when Mr. Moor found you out on the main road."

"I'm fine now," I said. My voice felt like it had ice in it.

"Thank you for your help. I'll be fine now," I said dismissively. Mrs. Wright hesitated. "My mother will be home soon," I lied.

"If you're sure you'll be alright?"

"I'll be fine," I said, but thought, Just get out and leave me alone.

I opened the front door for her and she got the hint.

"If there's anything any of us can do..."

"There isn't. It's okay, it was just a silly row, nothing really."

I shut the door behind her.

Silly row. I was just silly enough to let myself fall head over heels in love with someone who didn't love me, that's all. And then made a public fool of myself in front of everyone.

Nothing important. Nothing important at all.

So that's my time in the Program. As I'm not going back to school, I don't know why I've bothered to write this final chapter, but somehow writing it down puts everything in perspective.

In fact writing this down and reading over everything that's happened this week has actually helped clear my mind a bit. I'm not unloveable. I know that now. If Laura has a problem, it's her problem, not mine.

Even if Laura never wants to see me again, I'm better off now than when I started. I'm really going to miss her, but I wouldn't want to go back to the shallow bitch I used to be. The only reason I couldn't feel hurt then was because I couldn't feel.

Even if I feel alone right now, I'm still less alone than I was a week ago, with friends who really couldn't give a shit about me.

Sam said she'd be my friend regardless and I know she meant every word.

I know if I went round to Heather and Shelley's they'd be all over me trying to cheer me up. That's not what I want right now, but it's nice to know they're there if I need them.

I was asked to finish with what I thought about the Program.

Not an easy question. Right now I'm more unhappy than I can ever remember being in my life, but that's not the Program's fault.

Do I regret what I did for Heather last Friday? No. (Was it really only one week ago?)

In favour? Yes. Was this week totally fucked up? Definitely Yes. If the fuck-ups got sorted, would I recommend it? Yes, I would. Hell, I'd do it again myself if they'd let me.

It's going to feel weird not having to write my life down. But perhaps, the way I'm feeling right now, it's just as well. I need some private time, just for a while.

But now I have to go, as there's someone at the door. Probably just as well, as I'm beginning to ramble on.

Suzie Peters, no longer Naked In School.

xxx

please spare a few dollars to help support our animal refuge



www.rescueddoggies.com

loving care for abandoned dogs who nobody cared for

[Click here to read more](#)

<http://www.nakedinschool.net/heather/readmore.html>

© Copyright 2005 Chrissy Giles

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