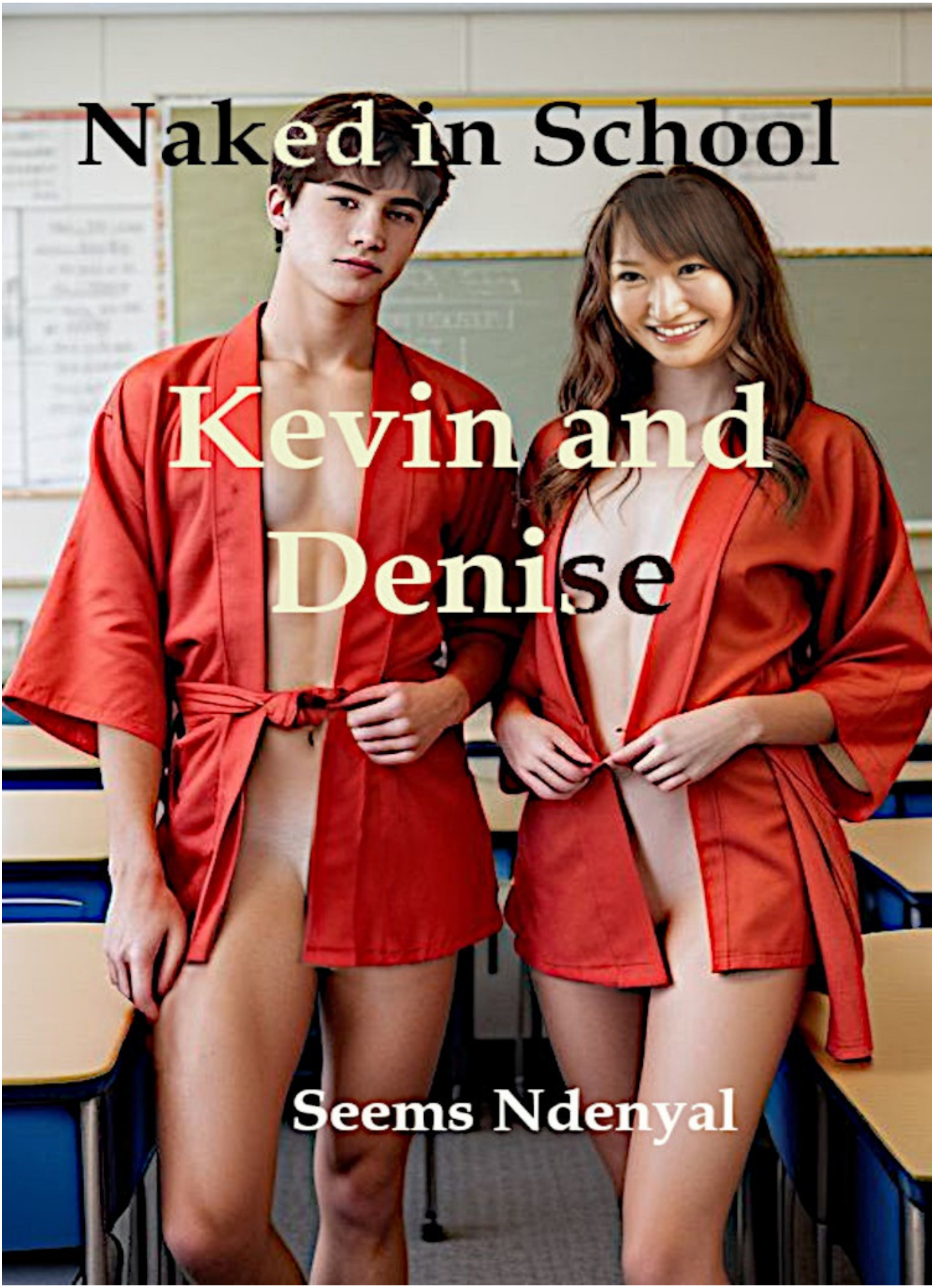
Naked in School
Kevin and Denise
Seems Ndenyal

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A strong-willed, idealistic teen encounters the Naked-in-School Program. Will either ever be the same again? Kevin experiences the social, legal, and even some medical issues that Program participants face.

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If such materials offend you, please do not read any further.

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Naked in School - Kevin and Denise

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Chapter 1: A New School, A New Beginning

Here I am, once again preparing to register in a new school in a new country for a new school year. Did this lots of times in the past; too many times, but this time it's different in a number of ways. First, everyone here speaks English. Second, this is the first time that my parents aren't with me. Third, there are *all these people* around! There must be hundreds of kids! None of my former schools were ever this big. Next, there's.... Oops. Hold that thought...

"Hey, watch it, guys!" I shouted to the jostling crew shoving past behind me.

Man, none of the kids in my other schools were so rude. That was just a bunch of surly, angry-faced kids pushing past behind me, bumping into me, then disappearing into an office behind the counter.

Voices floated back: "Goddamn it though, why us first...."

I accepted yet another form from the secretary and began filling it out.

"Wow," I remarked, "I didn't think it would be so hectic today with people just registering and getting their classes and stuff."

"All of that happened last week; that's when registration and orientation took place—didn't you know that? Regular classes started today."

"Last week I was still in Jakarta. Didn't get here until Friday late morning. Your website said school began today and in all my other schools, the first day was for registration and orientation and stuff like that."

"And you also didn't send in any of the registration materials we mailed to you. That's why you need to fill them out now. The forms you sent in were the old ones. When did you get those from the website?"

"I got your paperwork off the site last spring when I decided to move here and printed them off and the fall school schedule then."

"Oh, that was all changed over the summer. Because you sent in all the old forms, that's why you need to do all these new ones. We mailed the new forms to you in the summer, you should have received them."

"When did you send them—oh, and *where* did you send them? What address?"

"Let's see, ok, here: it's an address—not sure how to say it—anyway, it's in Seoul, South Korea, and the mailing date was August 1."

"On August 1 my family was in Jakarta. I didn't get any forwarded mail, either." I didn't go into any painful details. "Are those all the forms?"

"Yes, but you'll need to see a counselor for your class schedule and also there are ..."

Just then the intercom squawked. "Excuse me, son .... yes, Dr Fletcher?" ... Squawk squeak skrich ... "Oh, let me check ..." She went to a cabinet and pulled a folder; came back. "Transferred out. A week ago." Skrach skritch ... "No, family moved away." Skrabble squawk squeak... "Ok, you can come look."

I wondered how she knew what was coming out of that little box, I sure as hell couldn't tell. Maybe they have a new language here—electronic-ese? A few seconds later, a portly looking man emerged

from the room that those kids had entered a few minutes earlier and ambled over.

“Shirley, we need another junior boy... oh, who’s this?”

Shirley, now I know the secretary’s name, said, “Dr Fletcher, this is Kevin Coris, he’s a transfer entering the junior class.”

“Ah, oh? Good! Mr Coris—Kevin—please come with me.” He took the proffered folder, turned, and ambled back to his office and stood at the door waiting for me.

I stacked up the forms and handed them to Shirley. “All done?”

She nodded and motioned at Fletcher with her head. I picked up my backpack—it had some school supplies and my gym gear—and asked her if it would be safe on the chair outside Fletcher’s office. She nodded. I went around the counter past Fletcher and into the office. It was quiet in there. Six pairs of eyes flashed at me as I entered. Dr Fletcher came in, closed the door and went to his desk.

I looked around at the room’s occupants. Strange body language. The Arts train you to notice little things and body language is not a little thing, it doesn’t sound like little whispers, it’s a bellowing holler over the hush. The three guys were standing, scowling, arms crossed over their chests, and the three girls were flushed, hands twisting together, and looking at the floor. Really strange...

Dr Fletcher picked up a folder and looked at it. Then he reached for the intercom, pressed the button, and spoke.

“Shirley, didn’t you call for Denise Roberts...” Just then, the door opened and a large adult male appeared, leading—no, make that dragging—a sobbing girl into the office by her arm. Fletcher told his secretary to never mind. The guy stood the crying girl in front of the desk and then went to stand at the door. The kids in the room looked at the scene and then all looked away in embarrassment.

OK. What the hell is going on?

“Ah, Denise. Good to have you join us. Now we can begin...”

“You’re not beginning! I’m not supposed to be here!” she shrieked.

What the hell? Is this a trial for new transfer students to see how they react to a psychodrama?

Dr Fletcher slapped his desk. “Quiet, Denise, you are most certainly supposed to be here. You knew that you’d have to do the Program as soon as you came back to school.”

She broke out in more sobbing. The other kids were still studying their shoes but I looked at the crying girl more carefully. Apart from her red, tear-streaked face, she was quite beautiful. She was a brunette, about 5'5" tall, maybe 100–110 pounds, nice curvy chest, trim waist, sleek legs, a wonderful bubble butt—*what the hell am I doing? She’s in real pain and I’m scoping her out? This is not just a screwy scenario, she’s being tortured and the other kids in here are hurting too! I have to do something. I hate to get right out in front of situations where I know nothing, but this is just too sick to let go.*

“Dr Fletcher, please help me. What the heck is all this about? Why are they here, and why am *I* here? I first came into this building maybe thirty minutes ago. Surely I couldn’t have screwed up already?”

“Uh, ah, Mr, uh, Kevin, right? These are the students selected for The Program.”

As if that explained everything, right? The Program? He said the words as if they were capitalized.

“Ok, please clue me in, sir. Think of me like I just came from Mars—in fact, maybe Indonesia is a little

bit like Mars. I have no idea what you're talking about."

All the kids in the room, Denise included, were now staring at me openmouthed.

"Kevin, it's the Naked in School Program, expanded like we covered at orientation last week."

"Ok, you got me there. Last week I was still in Jakarta; just arrived here Friday. You said 'naked' and 'school' together in the same breath. Does that mean that there are people who are in school naked?"

The others were now staring at me bugeyed and the goon at the door was smirking.

"Got it in one, Kevin, and the people who are naked are these students. And you, as well."

Denise began sobbing again. I wanted to just hold her and tell her everything would be ok.

"Ok, this is going a bit too fast for me. Can we back it up and take things in some kind of a reasonable order, like sequentially would be very nice, sir."

Chapter 2: Military Brats Have it Better

Yeah, I mentioned that I've attended lots of schools; lots of kids are in the same boat too. I know that there are plenty of situations where kids get uprooted and moved every year or two. I'm thinking particularly of the military brats, many of whom get to attend six or more schools before they graduate. Well, I'm a diplomatic brat. My mother, Audrey Boniger (she kept her maiden name for professional reasons), was a ranking official in the State Department. Her specialty was the Far East, and that's where she met my dad when she was posted in Jakarta as the chargé d'affaires. I was born in Indonesia and so I have both Indonesian and U.S. citizenship.

Dad was a self-made millionaire—well, he actually was the lead software designer for a dot-com which became enormously successful; he got in at the beginning and was paid partly with stock options. The stocks split gazillion times so by the time he was thirty he was a multimillionaire. His dream was to start a NGO, a charitable foundation which could provide health care and legal services to needy residents of third world countries. He founded the Coris Foundation in Jakarta and soon he met Mom there at a State Department function.

During her career Mom was posted all over the Far East so I went to schools in Indonesia, Hong Kong, Thailand, Japan, and South Korea. Part of one year I went to elementary school in DC where Mom was sent between her postings. Dad was the CEO of his Foundation; he had an efficient executive director so he was able to move with Mom to her various posts; also the contact with officials and businessmen in each country he moved to made his work more effective because he could make useful contacts.

I was always quite good in school, usually getting As and rarely Bs. I was apparently a responsible and reliable kid and my parents rewarded me with their complete trust. They always included me in their discussions and planning for Mom's upcoming postings. I was, of course, particularly interested in the schools at the new posts. While military kids usually have schools on their bases or posts, or sometimes even go to local schools, the kids of embassy or consulate officials don't have the same opportunities; sometimes there's no military base close enough and there aren't enough kids to make a school worthwhile. Then we get sent to local schools if possible or get "home-schooled" by tutors. In Mom's various postings I've experienced all those schooling possibilities and years going to local schools allowed me to pick up a number of languages, including Indonesian, Chinese—that's Cantonese, actually (can't read it all that well, though) and a decent knowledge of Japanese and Korean (I speak and read both). I guess I have a knack for languages.

While I'm describing my background, let me mention something about myself. At a little over sixteen years old, I'm about 6'2" and 190 pounds (I had to think to convert metric to English), brown hair, hazel eyes, and have an athletic physique. During school I never had the opportunity to play organized sports (not enough kids to make teams), so I did a lot of swimming and later, running. I developed a long, lean swimmer's body, great upper body strength and very strong legs. Other sports I was fortunate to start in early were karate and jiu jitsu and I began studying them in fifth grade, eventually earning a junior black belt in karate. I learned a lot in studying those Arts, especially the mental disciplines that taught self-centering, body and mind control, and meditative techniques. Then I heard about taekwondo, took some classes, and found it fascinating. During Mom's last posting in Seoul, South Korea, I had the good fortune to find a really cool taekwondo *sahyun* (master, like a *sensai* in Japan) and my knowledge of the other martial arts allowed me to quickly advance to third-degree *poom* (junior black belt) and when I became eligible at sixteen I tested for and was awarded my first-level *dan*.

Like many other guys, puberty came to me quickly. I shot up several inches, grew some body hair, and

my voice deepened. Between my legs my little-boy two-inch pecker sprouted into a four-inch rod and suddenly, hanging between my legs, these walnut-sized globes appeared. But something else didn't grow properly as I ended my puberty-induced growth spurt. With puberty came the nocturnal erections and wet dreams. But I began waking up in the middle of the night in pain; my cock was aching! By the time I was not quite fourteen the pain from night-time erections had gotten pretty bad. Fortunately we were in Seoul then and had access to great medical care.

I woke up early one morning in severe pain and we went to the hospital. The docs examined me and told my folks and me that I was close to having an emergency condition called "paraphimosis," a complication of something called "phimosis," which is the inability to retract the foreskin. My cock was all swollen, apparently I had an erection just before I awoke and my foreskin had partly retracted over the glans and then got stuck there. It looked like my cock was being strangulated by my foreskin! The swelling that resulted needed to be drained immediately and the docs said that the condition could have resulted in permanent damage. The foreskin problem would need to be cured by minor surgery.

Don't let anyone ever tell you that surgery on your cock is "minor"! The only minor surgery is on someone else! Ouch, did that hurt! The docs did warn us that after several years of my living with the condition, my penis might be ultra-sensitive. Wow, were they ever right! I couldn't bear the sensation of my cock brushing against clothes, or even its natural swinging when I moved around nude, like in the shower. The pain and burning sensations would radiate out from my groin and down my legs, strongly enough that I couldn't stand up. The docs told me that this could be a somewhat unusual aftereffect of my condition; something like it occasionally happened to some phimosis patients and that eventually the sensitivity would abate, but it could take some time. They gave me some lidocaine gel to dull the worst of the sensory pain and told me to wear tight-filling undergarments. That helped lots and I even had to wear tights to sleep. But at least I could sleep a whole night now.

Masturbation? Surely you joke! Try rubbing your hardon with a hot iron; that's how it felt. I was cured of getting any hand jobs pretty damned quickly. I had three dates with a cute Korean chick, one of my taekwondo students (did I mention that black-belts were instructors for the colored belts?), and on our third date, we were frenching, I was feeling her boobs, and my erection was bulging in my lap. She put her hand on it, grabbed it through my pants, and began rubbing. Yow! I jumped up so quick it almost knocked her over. That was that for any further sex exploration. Instant cure, instant celibacy.

Maybe I should think of a career in the priesthood and I'm not even a Catholic. They're celibate, right? Well, some of them, anyway. You know, I still do get those wet dreams. Big fuckin' deal. I have my sex life in my dreams.

It was in the winter of my sophomore year while we were living in South Korea that the 'rents decided it was time for the "Talk." No, not the one you're thinking of. The "Kevin's Future" talk. My folks wanted me to realize that in less than a year and a half, most American kids would begin making college plans and taking the achievement tests. They thought that I should consider whether I wanted to do my last two high school years in the States. That way, I'd be able to do extra-curricular activities and improve my social skills with people my own age in preparation for college. They told me that with my grades and language skills I'd be able to get into an excellent college, and since I was interested in Eastern cultures and languages, I'd be eligible for some excellent academic programs. I agreed that this was the direction I should take.

The next issues were logistic. How could we accomplish this? Mom's career was on an ever-climbing arc, she had the potential to reach a top diplomatic ranking, so she had no interest in moving to the States for my final high school years. Even though Dad's position was more flexible, he needed to be

relatively close to the Foundation's home office in Jakarta to be effective. Mom was an only child and had no remaining living relatives in the States and Dad had an elderly sister (she was 67 that year) who lived somewhere in North Carolina. I last saw her about four years earlier on a brief working vacation my folks took to the States. I recalled that she wasn't very mobile—bad hips or something. But she was a cool lady, like Dad in many ways.

The 'rents rang up Aunt Helene to see if living with her was a possibility. She agreed, but insisted that she didn't want to be legally responsible for me, like being my guardian. So Dad contacted his attorney, Dan Hollander in Jakarta, and put the problem to him. Dan consulted with some guardianship experts and learned that the best way to handle my situation would be to have me become an "emancipated minor." He told Dad that having this done in the States would be difficult and take a lot of time, but he could do it in Indonesia since I was a citizen, being born there, and that status would have to be observed in the States. The folks agreed that I could become a legal adult, but had a final dig at me, warning me that I shouldn't use my new riches to go out and get a Lamborghini for my first set of wheels when I got Stateside. Then they laughed; they knew how frugal I always was.

Dad had already created a trust fund for me; it was so large that if I wanted, I would never have to work for a living. But I wanted nothing to do with that idea; I wanted to contribute to society. While the emancipation paperwork was working through channels, I finished my sophomore year in Seoul with straight As and we gathered up all of my academic records (wow, what a collection of wildy disparate documents—take my new school months to figure them out), downloaded the registration forms from Aunt Helene's school district's website, and sent everything off.

Late that May, Dad had to be back in Jakarta for some important Foundation meetings so he took me with him; Mom would join us later in the summer. Dad used this time to get me familiar with the workings of the Foundation and we stayed with his executive director, a fantastic lady who had virtually become part of our family. I even called her "Aunt Janet." During June and July, Dad and I (but mostly I) spent lots of time just getting me ready to travel to the States in late August. Wow, there was so much to do! Getting my health records together, financial records—then the emancipation came through—so that needed a passport change; setting up bank accounts in the States, credit cards, letters of credit for unforseen circumstances; arranging for medical insurance coverage; shipping my possessions to Aunt Helene, helping her arrange for the remodeling of her spare bedroom for my stay; selecting a trustee to manage my trust fund and an attorney to act as my legal agent—not as a guardian, Dan told me firmly. Wow, was Dan ever efficient. Now I realized why Dad relied on him so much.

Looking at my emancipation decree papers, I had a thought. Now that I was a legal "adult," just how was my status different from a minor's? Since I'd be living in the States, it made sense to check out what the kind of adult privileges and responsibilities existed in the U.S. Hmmmm. I had noticed in my downloaded school curricula a "Civics" class. Ok, let me do some civics preparation. Looking at the syllabus, it spoke about the Constitution and Bill of Rights. So I read those. Lots of human rights stuff, especially in the Bill and some Amendments. I did a lot of searching on the Web for materials pertaining to "adult" versus "minor." This brought me to a number of judicial appeals decisions which I skimmed through. It gave me the sense that adults had a fair bit more "civil rights" than juveniles did, but juveniles had a kind of special status under the law too. It was all pretty complicated. I was happy to be a legal "adult" now; it seemed my rights were stated much more clearly. I read a lot of stuff about the laws involving individual rights and some court decisions; it was all pretty interesting, actually. Gave me some food for thought.

My time wasn't spent doing only the work of getting ready to move. I had downloaded other syllabi

from the junior year classes and checked to see how the courses I had already completed would place me in terms of school credits completed for graduation. Wow, was I pleasantly surprised to see that many of the courses I had completed in Korea placed me at an advanced level in most areas and many of the classes I would be taking would be at a college prep level. So I decided to get some early work done and downloaded the English Lit readings and history materials and spent time preparing. I was already quite advanced in math, chemistry, and physics. In my spare time (what, you say, I still had some?)—no, I'm not a genius, I'm just a hard worker and believe that success comes from hard work—I spent learning about all of the Foundation's various projects. Hey, maybe I don't want people to think I'm a success only because Dad had money? Yeah, that sounds about right.

Anyway, as I said, when I wasn't busy with all of that other stuff, I went out to look at some of the Foundation's projects, traveling with Dad when he went on his inspections. One was a legal aid clinic which helped poor and disadvantaged people to navigate Indonesia's really complicated legal system. I attended a few trials and saw just how badly people could get screwed by others who could use their money and influence to bend the laws their way. This made a very deep impression on me and I vowed that I would never let my own personal rights be violated for any reason. I also went to some of the medical clinics and saw what happened to people when they couldn't get medical care for common problems and how those problems could escalate into serious conditions. I also got familiar with some of the Foundation's operations outside Indonesia.

At one point, Dad mentioned to me a fact that I had already realized: that people's rights could only be assured through vigilance and that vigilance costs money. Mom and Dad had taught me that while wealth could be used to create great evil, it could also bring great good. Dad had the money, as he put it, "to make a tiny dent in a huge problem. I want my wealth to make a difference for people who have no resources to help themselves." It all seemed to be interesting and I couldn't decide if I wanted, for a career, to go into NGO administration or law or even medicine so I could help needy people.

Then August arrived and Mom flew down to join us. We spent a few days as a family together and then Dad and Mom went off to one of the Foundation's sites near Bandung City and Mom had some business with the consular office there. That's when the unimaginable happened.

Chapter 3: Tragedy Strikes

It was early afternoon when Mom and Dad started their drive back; as they traveled through the market near the town center, they had to stop to allow a religious procession to pass when the car next to them blew up. They were killed instantly and there were many more casualties.

I was working in the Foundation's conference room that afternoon when Aunt Janet came in crying. She knelt down next to my chair, put her arms around me, and whispered, "Oh Kevin... I'm so sorry... I have to be the one to tell you... both your mom and dad were killed by a bomb a few hours ago..."

I was stunned. The world stopped. My vision contracted to a tiny point. I couldn't see or hear; my only sense was the feeling of Aunt Janet's arms and the seat I was sitting in. Then I began to hear her quiet voice giving me reassurances and encouragement that everyone would be there for me and not to worry about myself. Gradually I could feel my Arts training begin to assert itself and I relaxed as my body found its center.

Then Dan came in. "Kevin, I just heard that awful, awful news. I'm so sorry, but I want you to know that you'll be ok, as much as you can be right now. I've sent people out to find out more details and I've notified the State Department because that car bomb might have been directed at your mom."

I asked, "What happened? Do you think they were in any pain?"

Dan told me the few details that he knew, and just then a policeman came in and whispered in his ear. Dan told me that the bomber's target was the procession, not my parents.

My memory of the next week and a half is just a blur; shock, I guess. The funeral took place pretty quickly and the State Department sent quite a number of dignitaries. They all stopped to speak to me about Mom and tell me how much she was admired. The Seoul chargé spoke to me for a while; I knew him and his family very well and he was very comforting. He told me that State would take care of everything in Korea, close up our apartment and ship my folks' effects to storage near my new home. He knew of my emancipation and he thought it was a perfect situation coming out of a total disaster, and before he left, he assured me that he and his family would be there if I ever needed them.

Soon memories began to return. Dan stopped by to tell me that my folks had multi-million dollar life insurance policies with double indemnity clauses, and that State had a sizeable pension and death benefit in Mom's name, Audrey Boniger. I could live very comfortably on just that income without ever needing to touch the trust fund. Plus I was the inheritor of my folks' estate.

I was so grateful that my martial arts studies had given me the internal strength to get through this terrible time. In a way, my emancipation had gotten me mentally ready for the long separation from my family while I would be in the States in school and I had already come to terms with that, but this loss left such a deep scar in my soul that it would take a long time to get over—if ever.

Aunt Janet and Dan were wonderful to me. Janet told me that as Dad's heir, I was the new "owner" of the Foundation and was the actual CEO. Janet, as the executive director, was the chief operating officer. But as Dad had always said, it was Janet who was the brains of the Foundation who would need to step in when he screwed up something. I told Janet that there was no way I would get involved; as far as I was concerned she was the new CEO and I would tell Dan to make it so. Aunt Janet told me that after my education was complete, should I have a change in mind, that she'd be happy to work for me as she did for Dad. I could tell from her intense loyalty why Mom and Dad thought so highly of her.

A few days before I was due to depart, Dan came to give me some advice.

"Kevin, you know that you're a multimillionaire now and you're still a kid. There are lots of people out there who prey on people like you, people who tend to be naive; they try to bilk you out of your money and trap you in legal entanglements. You have to keep very aware of these scum and watch out for them, and the best way is to rely on your legal advisor. Remember, Paul, uh, your dad, mentioned a guy named Robert Charlesworth? He's the lawyer whom your dad selected as your agent in the States? Ok, he's one of the most trustworthy people I know; we were in law school together, he was the best man at my wedding, and most important, he's one of the top experts on corporate and business law in private practice on the east coast. Ring up Bob any time if you have any issues. Remember!"

I could again see why Mom and Dad thought so highly of Dan, and remarked, "You know, maybe after college I'll become an international law attorney."

Dan laughed, "Well, buddy, there ain't a lot of money to be made in that field."

I grinned at him, "Hey, what makes you think I'm looking for something that pays well?"

"So right, son." he sighed, putting his hand on my shoulder.

A few days later I was on my flight to the States, facing an uncertain future and unknown events.

Chapter 4: Uncertain and Unknown

It took two days plus to get to my destination. I had two flight delays that resulted in an overnight stay in Tokyo; fortunately I had packed lightly or my luggage would certainly have gotten lost. I had a change of clothes, some toiletries, and my electronics. No mobile; I had been told that the international SIMM card wouldn't work in the U.S. and my device couldn't accept U.S. carriers' cards. That would be the first stop. Stop two had to be a car. I had checked out the area where I'd be living and although it had a reasonable public transit system, I still needed wheels. I already held a South Korean licence that I used in Indonesia and also had an international driver's permit so I could drive for a while using them in the States but would eventually need to get a regular license. I didn't expect Aunt Helene to meet me since she had difficulty getting around, so I took a cab to her home—my home now, too. I got there about 2 pm after some delays at clearing customs.

She greeted me warmly and lovingly. I was always very fond of her while growing up and she reminded me so much of Dad. We had a long and tearful reminiscence of Mom and Dad's lives and Aunt Helene told me some really funny stories about Dad when they were younger. She was definitely the "older sister," being some 15 years older than Dad. Seems he was their parents' "surprise" baby.

Then she treated me to a super dinner; she obviously remembered that the way to a teenager's heart was through his stomach. I was tired after my long trip and quite jet-lagged so I sacked out early, since I had a busy Saturday in store.

First thing Saturday I caught a bus—really need to find a car—to the bank and they had all my credit stuff and legal documents on my status ready. Then to the mobile phone store place and got a new mobile. I had scoped out on line a used car dealer which seemed to have a nice stock; they had a four-year-old Volvo (no luxury sports car for me) in good condition; nice solid and safe car. All was fine, I negotiated pretty hard—it's that Arts training again, wow—until it came time for signing. All they wanted was a parent's signature. No parents? Then a guardian. I showed them my emancipation decree; no go. I asked if they were aware that I had the legal standing of an adult. They didn't seem to care. So I pulled out my big gun and told them that my lawyer could explain it. I got a rise when I mentioned his name. Hmmmm, they seemed to know it.

Bob Charlesworth spoke to the manager for exactly two minutes, and exactly two minutes after that, the paperwork was done, spitting out of the printer. Computers are cool. Good lawyers are cooler.

I drove off in my new wheels and did some more scouting around the area and ran a few errands, checked out the best way to get to school, and looked for a nice restaurant to treat Aunt Helene to dinner for the great meal on Friday. On Sunday we went out for a drive and Aunt Helene pointed out some of the sights she thought I'd like to visit when I had time. The evening came all too soon.

Then it was Monday and I had no idea how uncertain and unknown the day would actually be.

I had arrived at school about forty minutes early and looked for a "legal" spot—one that didn't need a special sticker. I didn't want any troubles on the first day. Made my way to the office where I was confronted by a blizzard of papers to fill out; you already know that part.

That's when the real weirdness started and I've already begun to tell you about that, but even now that episode has such a surreal quality that sometimes I kind of wonder if it happened as I recalled it.

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I had asked Dr Fletcher to explain, using one-syllable words in a logical order what this circus was all
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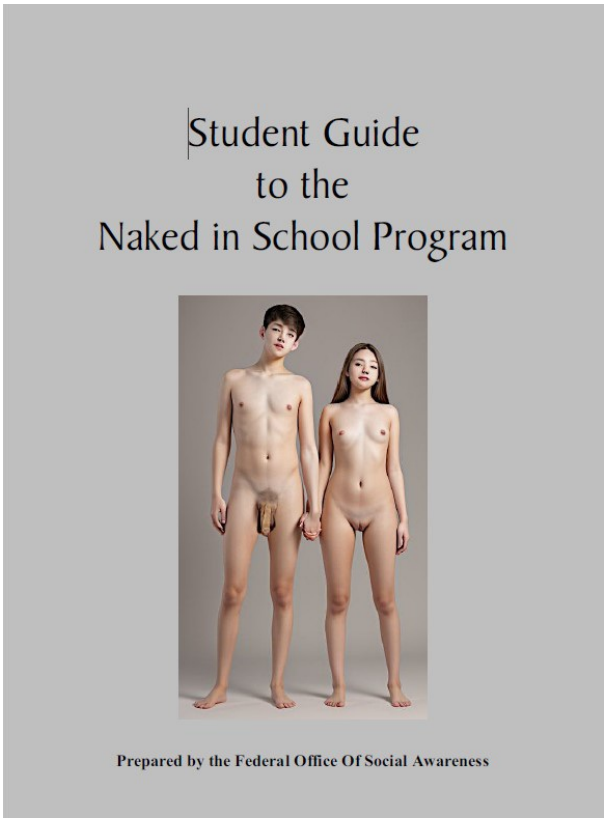
about. Ok, I was too polite to use those exact words, but I think he caught my irony.

“Kevin, as I told you, we covered it in orientation and the materials went out in the summer mailing, surely you saw that?”

“Dr Fletcher, as I explained to your secretary, your mailing went to Seoul but we were in Jakarta then, and I came here directly from Jakarta. I didn’t see any mailings from you. To make it easier, let’s just stipulate that I have no idea whatsoever about this whole Program thing and let’s take it in small steps, ok, sir?”

See, I told you that maybe I’d like to be a lawyer. They get to use such nice juicy words that make someone think you know more than you really do.

“All right, Kevin. First, the Naked in School Program is a federally mandated cultural education program, completion of which is required, in the schools that run it, for a high school diploma. If you don’t successfully complete your Program participation, you don’t graduate. Everyone in school is required to spend one week naked whenever they are at school or at any school-sponsored activity. Second, a vital component of the Program is for the student to become comfortable with his or her body’s sexuality and to do that, there are various activities that students perform to accomplish that goal. I think the best way of describing that part is to refer to the Program booklet.”



Click to load NiS Program Pamphlet

He produced a little booklet and I glanced at its cover, which showed a naked male and female holding hands. I couldn’t believe my eyes. The other kids, all of whom had obviously heard this stuff before, had a glassy-eyed look. The goon was still smirking but now he was bouncing just a little on the balls of his feet. His hands were also now curled a bit as if to grasp and they were slightly bent at his elbows whereas before they hung limply at his side. *Hmmmm. Need to watch this guy. He’s priming himself for action.*

I won’t bore you with the details about what the Program booklet covered. As I found out, a copy can be found on any school site or on the federal NiS office’s site. But in glancing through it, I noticed that there were a few “requirements” that I just couldn’t let pass unremarked, especially about a weirdness called “Reasonable Requests.”

“So, as I understand it, Dr Fletcher, any student can ask to handle a naked student’s sexual organs and manipulate them and the naked student cannot refuse?”

“That’s correct, any touching is by definition ‘Reasonable’ and failing to permit that is grounds for spending another week in the Program.”

“What if the person has a condition that precludes being touched in certain places?”

“Ah, Kevin, that’s exactly what the Program is designed to achieve. Its purpose is to remove any

personal inhibitions, hangups, or phobias about having one's sex organs stimulated."

"And you say, uh, I think I'm quoting you properly, 'the Program is for the student to become comfortable with his or her body's sexuality,' unquote, is that what you said?"

"That's correct."

"Ok, then, if it's his or her body's *own* sexuality, how can they be forced to adopt *someone else's* idea of sexuality, like if one girl is a nympho and loves sex and another is a virgin and wants to avoid having intercourse, then you're saying the Program can force the virgin to accept the nympho's idea of sexuality?"

"Actually, the intent of the Program is to make the virgin become comfortable with the idea of having intercourse and not avoid doing it during her Program week; the Program will make her learn to actually embrace the idea of having intercourse and overcome her virginity hangup."

"So this Program actually allows students to engage in penetration activities like intercourse or fellatio?"

"Yes, it does, it encourages those activities and makes them part of the Relief activity that occurs at the beginning of each class period."

"What about getting kids pregnant and stuff? Nobody cares about that?"

"Kid, I don't think you don't need to worry about getting pregnant," the guy at the door snarled.

"So what you're telling me is this is a government sanctioned—no, hold that—a government *required* form of sexual molestation and rape."

Denise shot me a look of desperation mixed with hope. *I really have to find out about her story.*

"Kevin, that's not true at all! Look at what the booklet says:

"'The Program has been carefully designed to help you become more comfortable with your body and your sexuality, to treat others in natural balance as both individual people and sexual beings, to learn to harness your natural energies, and to behave in a more mature and morally conscious manner. By becoming more comfortable with your body and sexuality, your sexual tensions will be diminished. This is your opportunity for rapid personal growth.'

"You should realize that this philosophy has been shown to vastly improve the psychological conditions of every student who is in the Program."

"Hmmm, that's a pretty absolute statement. *Every* student? Do you have any statistics showing a 100 percent rate?"

"Well, it's not 100 percent, obviously. There are always the few outliers, mainly severely maladjusted people, who refuse to be benefitted by the Program."

One of the kids *finally* joined in. I was starting to think that they were really just props in this psychodrama.

"Well, there's been some suicides and a number of mental hospitalizations, according to this student anti-NiS webpage." one of the boys muttered.

"Andrew! You know that's illegal propaganda!"

"If it's true, then when has the truth ever been illegal? Did this Program also get the Bill of Rights overturned?" I retorted.

Another boy put in, "Yeah, that was in the Supreme Court and they said that the Bill only applied to adults, minors could be subject to laws that violate those rights."

Fletcher slapped his desk again. "Ok, that's all, I'm done. You know the drill, there are the boxes, disrobe and put your clothes in them now."

I spoke up. "Just a second, please. Remember, I'm the man from Mars here. For me to get my full feeling of 'becoming comfortable' with my body, please let me talk alone with these students since they've seen the Program in action and know about its objectives. That way I might be able to participate more fully. Just five minutes alone, please?"

Fletcher looked a little annoyed but he glanced at the goon who gave a barely perceptible nod. *Ah, so he's in charge somehow? Interesting...*

Fletcher stood up. "Five minutes. Right." The two left the room.

Everyone began speaking at once. I put up my hands. "Wait! Quiet! Five minutes goes fast. Denise, you're totally distraught about this, much worse than anyone else."

She responded in a whisper, "Everyone knows basically what happened. Last year the Program started here a few weeks before the end of the term and I was picked in the first group. I had an exemption letter but they told me that no exemptions were permitted. When they tried to forcibly undress me, I guess I went into shock or something because I collapsed and couldn't be fully revived. I woke up in the hospital. More than two years ago, at the end of my last middle school year, my mother's boyfriend had started to molest me and over that summer it became worse and worse. I tried to tell my mother but then he told her that I was only teasing him and he was teasing back. Then one day he tried to rape me while my mother was out. I screamed and screamed and tried fighting him off. The windows were open and a neighbor heard and called 911; he had gotten most of my clothes off and was lying on me, trying to push his thing in me—rape me—when they broke in and caught him."

Her eyes were tearing again; the others in the room were riveted to her words.

"As a result I have extreme vaginismus, I go into spasms and shock when I'm touched there. I have a morbid fear of any sexual contact and I'm in therapy and making progress. But being in the Program would set me back to my near rape or worse. I couldn't come back to school to finish last term but my doctor said I wouldn't have to do the Program, it could cause permanent psychological harm," she finished, sobbing, with her tears rolling down her face.

I could only sigh, "Wow." This was far worse than my own pitiful problem. I had to do something for her. I turned to the others. Time was getting short. "Anyone have a situation anything like Denise's? Are you just uncomfortable with being nude or is there a psychological issue too?"

None admitted to one, but when I asked what the major problem was, it turned out to be some vicious groping and other sexual liberties that were committed on last year's participants by both students and teachers, kinds of stuff which went way beyond what that dumb Program booklet spoke about. The things they told me that some teachers had done were so shocking that they were almost unbelievable.

"So if the gropers were stopped, that would be helpful? And reining in teacher abuses?"

All forcefully agreed. I thought quickly. There seemed to be no easy transition into nudity and full

sexual contact, perhaps I could talk Fletcher into making the first day grope-free and get some kind of protection for the others for the rest of the week. The teachers would be a more difficult problem.

The time was up. Time now to face the unknown.

Chapter 5: Persuasion Comes in Many Forms

Fletcher and his goon reentered the office. The goon had an almost feral smile now. Fletcher walked behind his desk. “Ok now? Clothes off.”

“Wait.”

“What? You said you’d undress after your five minute powwow.”

“No, sir, I said we needed time to discuss this between ourselves. Now that I have a complete picture—well, not complete but perhaps a sightly better one—I know what we need to make this work maybe a little better; at least for six of us. The other two are much more complicated.”

“Are you trying to negotiate? There’s no negotiation, son. If you don’t disrobe, Mr Abover will assist you. Start now.”

“You misunderstood, sir, I’m not negotiating, I’m *telling* you how this will proceed. I found out that last term you weren’t properly supervising the ‘Reasonable Requests’ gropers and allowing other major problems to happen. I’m going to suggest a change that isn’t against your rules but will make life more bearable for the participants.”

“I told you, boy, now Mr Abover will help you out of your clothes. Go ahead, Abover, undress him.”

I sighed and Denise began sobbing again. It happened very quickly. Abover, stepping lightly on the balls of his feet and keeping himself in an alert posture, moved deliberately toward me. *Hmmmm, he knows how to move; I need to misdirect him.* I made a clumsy shuffled half step toward him and he reacted predictably; his arm came up and grabbed my shoulder. That was all I needed legally; he just committed battery. I simply did a judo-like floating hip flip with a twist that put him solidly down on his face; then I dropped onto his back, knee digging into his lower spine, and got him into a bent arm lock, pushing up hard. He yelled in surprise.

Meanwhile, pandemonium erupted around me. Fletcher yelled at me, “Let him up; I’m calling the police.”

I looked up at him and said, “Please do that, I’d enjoy it. First, by grabbing me he committed the felony of battery and by ordering him to do that, you committed the felony of incitement to assault. There are seven witnesses present who saw it all. Shall we discuss matters more calmly now or with the police present? Maybe hearing how you failed to protect the innocent participants last year?”

Beads of sweat appeared on his brow.

See, I told you I should be a lawyer. Then the door opened and the secretary stuck her head in. She gasped at seeing the tableau.

“Uh, is everything ok? I heard what seemed to be a scream?”

“It’s ok, Shirley, Kevin is just demonstrating something to us. You can go.”

Smiles started to break out on the kids’ faces; they were finally beginning to enjoy themselves at the adults’ expense.

Abover was twisting around, struggling futilely. I increased the pressure on his arm and he croaked, “Ooowww. Fletcher, get him off me now.”

Fletcher said, “Kevin, you heard him...”

"With all due respect, sir, I always prefer that my discussions be made from a position of strength, and I'm quite comfortable here. As long as Mr Abover remains calm and doesn't try another battery, he'll be just fine."

"Kevin, I just thought of this. You don't have the legal authority to charge a Program official with battery. Only adults can do that. Let him up now and I'll take this matter up with your parents. I think that being in the Program for the entire term might be a sufficient deterrent for anyone else who decides to do something stupid like you did."

Abover tried to buck back then, so I pressed a knee firmly into his kidney and pushed his arm up again. He groaned loudly and his muscles went slack.

"Don't try that again, Mr Abover.... Ah, sir, therein lies the rub. Clearly you didn't look at my file. You brought it in with you. There are no parents, unfortunately; they died last month in a car-bomb attack." Gasps from the kids and Fletcher winced. "And if you look at that legal-looking document with all the official stamps on it, that's a copy of my declaration of an emancipated minor. You know, I could sue the district for real big bucks over this—violating my Fifth Amendment rights and making threats of assault, committing battery, but I'm basically a nice guy who just wants to go to school, graduate, go to college, and become a great lawyer."

There, I said it. Do I mean it? Fletcher was reading. "Hmmm, this seems in order but I'll need the district's lawyer to check it out..."

I broke in, "Meanwhile, there's the matter on the table—uh, the floor, actually. We still have a discussion to get to, but if you'd prefer that it be under a bit less confrontational circumstance, I suggest you let these really cooperative students return to class as they are right now and we can work out Program procedures that can be more palatable for the participants."

Abover started to squirm and grunted something that sounded like "No," but I pushed his arm up hard again and it came out like a squawk. *Hmmmm, this guy does a really good intercom imitation.*

"Don't you agree too, Mr Abover?" I said sweetly while starting his arm up again.

"Uh. Yes! Fletcher, send them out so I can deal with this punk," he wheezed.

"Wait," I said, "one more thing. My suggestions only apply to the six who were here when I arrived. I have some really major concerns about Miss, uh ... Denise, what's your name? ... Roberts? Right?"

She looked at me hopefully, nodded, and barely whispered, "Yes." I nodded back.

Fletcher said, "This is all irregular but we can sort it all out later. Students, you can go, Denise, please stay. But everyone, this in no way changes your Program responsibilities."

"Um, Dr Fletcher, I did mention that nothing is off the table in our discussion? If not, that's how it will be."

They filed out, glancing at the prone goon, then at me, then grinning. The largest boy gave me a concealed "thumbs-up."

Wow. It's great to have the knowledge that I've got the financial resources to get legal help for the situation I'm in now. I know that money is power. Money gives you power to do what's right. I sure learned that this summer. I eased up on Abover's arm but kept the same pressure on his back, checking the position of his legs and arms and the muscle tension in his shoulders and lower back. I felt him tense his lower back. Gotta watch him, he's getting ready for a leg sweep.

“Mr Abover, I’m going to get up now. Don’t try anything you’ll regret, right?”

He grunted. I quickly rose but instead of planting my feet near his (which is where they were), I swung them up over his body, vaulting myself up onto my feet over his head, out of his arm’s reach, because I knew it would take him a few minutes to regain their full use.

Predictably, he did try a leg sweep and was astounded that he didn’t connect with anything. He looked to see where I was—in front of him now—and he lunged forward to try to push me down. He moved so slowly I could see that one coming, so I grabbed his head up and planted my knee into his nose. Not very hard; a hard knee strike could drive his nose cartilage into his brain. Too messy. And permanent.

It was a nice knockout job. Denise was staring at me in shock; it looked like Fletcher had peed his pants, his face was so white. There were several chairs stacked in the corner next to a pile of boxes that I supposed were for the kids’ clothes; I grabbed two chairs and gave one to Denise, inviting her to sit down.

“How... what... wow...” she stuttered quietly.

“Later,” I whispered to her.

“Kevin, doesn’t Mr Abover need help...?”

I looked at Fletcher. “No, sir; he’s just stunned. I didn’t want to hurt him; he’ll wake up in a minute or two, but except for a headache and two black eyes, he’ll be fine. In case you’re wondering, in addition to being a legal adult, I have black belts in karate and taekwondo. I told him not to try anything but he attempted another battery against me. Just tell him to lay off.”

“I actually can’t order him to do anything, he’s a Program official and not under me.”

“I guessed as much. But this is *still* your school and you have primary responsibility for the safety and well-being of your students, Program or not, right?” He nodded. “Then use that responsibility. He can’t be allowed to use force; there are ways to get cooperation without it and everyone winds up happier. Sir.”

Fletcher changed the subject. “Ok now. Kevin, you seem to be a worthy adversary...”

I held up my hand and shook my head. “Sir, let’s keep to the issues, please; it’s cleaner.”

He shook his head to clear it and then Abover groaned and sat up. “Damn... what’s going on?” he muttered.

I stood up and watched him warily.

Fletcher looked at him and said, “A private discussion. If you can get up, please do, and leave us. You should have the nurse check out your nose.” It was bleeding.

“I’m not going anywhere, and this punk will pay for this...”

It came out like croaks. Yeah, the way his face hit the floor it must have stretched his trachea a bit.

“Mr Abover, I’ll tell you once more. Please leave, or Mr Coris might feel compelled to bring charges...”

Abover raised his hands and limped out of the room. *Well, well, Fletcher has a spine after all. We have progress.*

So I sat again and we got down to the issues.

“Dr Fletcher, forgive me for this, but for a moment please put aside that I’m a high school student of yours and listen with an open mind. Remember that I’m completely new, not only to the Program situation, but to American schools and even American life. So what I’ve seen and heard for the past few minutes I will interpret according to my own upbringing, and that gives my understanding of what I’ve heard a completely different perspective than yours. Like a fresh set of eyes for a problem? Ok?”

“Well, go on, and I’ll decide after I hear more.”

“Ok, then. First, I saw a bunch of uncomfortable and anxious kids in here when I came in. No, not just anxious, really frightened. And Denise was absolutely terrified, without even accounting for how she was dragged in here. No one ever deserves that kind of treatment, ever. Then I heard that this obscenity you call the Program allowed kids to sexually assault...”

“Not true! Now listen...” Fletcher began.

“...no please, don’t interrupt ... the Program allowed kids to sexually assault other kids, and even teachers seemed to enjoy inflicting humiliating and indecent tasks on them. Now, I just skimmed that Program book, as you saw. You gave me all of one minute to glance at it before trying to get me to undress. Sir, you must know that many of the rules in the booklet weren’t being followed.”

“Just one moment, young man. That’s going too far. Not a single rule was broken. Last term I was given semi-weekly reports about just how the Program was being operated.”

I was watching him intently now. “Did you confirm those reports with your own personal observations and you can attest to the absolute accuracy of those reports?”

“Yes, I did, and I can.”

“And you have no idea why those students just now should be so terrified about participating in your Program; nothing you’d seen should make them so frightened?”

“No. They’re just shy and the Program will cure their excessive modesty.”

I noticed as I was asking those questions, Fletcher’s breathing pattern changed, his eye blinks became more deliberate, his pupils were contracting, and his mouth was tightening; his voice quality was thinner. His shoulders had become slightly raised and a hand moved to his mouth with his fingers curled into his palm. All his answers were lies.

“Sir, with all respect, I wish you had been truthful with me. I can tell that your answers were false. You did know that rules were not followed and you were aware that those reports were false. I can see it from your body. People give physical signs about emotional matters that are easy to see. No, please wait again. I can tell that you’re extremely uncomfortable with the position you’re in, having to serve an outside master—Mr Abover—and the feds, I assume, and to run a good school. I can tell you like to play by the rules and with the Program, you don’t set the rules. But you can work within the rules, you know.

“You can, first, insist that all the rules be followed as they are written and stop any free-lancing that seems to have been done in the past and put procedures in place that clarify how the rules are to be followed. I pointed this out before: it’s *your* school; you have the responsibility to be certain that it’s run according to school policy, not federal policy. The scope of their control must be quite limited. You hold the actual power here, not them.”

"Young man, you should be a politician. And a human polygraph machine as well. I know about body language, was I that transparent?" I nodded. "Well... Well. I must admit, you caught me. I was told I had to follow the 'government line' as they said, and ignore any irregularities, because what was being done for the students was for their own good. So I tried to ignore what I saw and heard, and believe me, doing that's not good for one's health. Ok, you've convinced me that I should listen further to your 'completely different perspective' that you mentioned."

"Thank you, sir."

Denise was shifting in her chair nervously during this discussion—squirming would be more accurate. From the corner of my eye I saw her wringing her hands; she was hunched in her seat and sniffling. This was too, too awful!

I tore my attention away from the poor girl huddled next to me and began my campaign, pointing out that the biggest problem the participants seemed to have was the free-for-all unruly groping and how they were forced in the very first day to be subjected to that abuse. I suggested a gradual acclimatization by having the first day a no-touch day and the second day a no-touch below the waist day. Touching on the remaining days could be allowed only after a polite request specifying what is to be touched and for how long and the encounter must take place face to face—no ambush groping. Teachers should be in the halls—wasn't that a contract requirement?—and should monitor the students.

"If someone is threatened (I glanced at Denise then and saw her shudder), there should be a way to alert others of the problem."

He held up his hand. "I heard in some other schools they hand out whistles."

"Good idea. You should too." He was making notes.

"Another thought. What do the kids get for going through the Program—besides a graduation ticket?"

"Uh, the knowledge that they have become more comfortable..." I cut him off.

"BS, excuse my vulgarity. You need to have some kind of light at the end of their tunnel. Remember, this is a frightening time for lots of shy kids over what for most is an intensely private and personal matter. They need a reward, a recognition that they achieved something extremely difficult. The military does this by handing out honors and soldiers proudly wear the ribbons that signal their achievements. You need a reward system like that... hmmmm, not ribbons, say, maybe a T-shirt? Like 'I Survived the Program'? Or some kind of status, like maybe as a protector for the kids enduring their week? Oh, I like that. I was emancipated before my parents were killed, otherwise I would have needed a guardian.

"Yeah, a guardian, a student guardian group, maybe with berets like the Green Berets. They would watch over the kids in the Program, encourage them and protect them too. The peer pressure for positive behavior would be much better than what a teacher could provide, although the teachers are important too. If you want this to work, you want to have as much positive support as possible. Not negatives, like using the Program for punishment. That sends the absolute wrong signal—you're saying, in effect, that all this sexual exposure is totally for its humiliation effect. That's completely destructive and sends the opposite message for what you're trying to do.

"Another problem was the teachers and the kinds of things the students just told me that some of the teachers would do, but I really have nothing to say there; that's something you'll have to look into,

unless I can get more concrete information or possibly convincing proof of abuses."

"Kevin, I'm floored—uh, not like you did to Mr Abover—these suggestions sound really intelligent and well thought out—are you sure you knew nothing of this until this morning? Amazing. You're very convincing. May I take these suggestions to our school board? They have the final authority on changes, and nothing you've suggested violates the basic Program framework. All right now, you've sufficiently screwed up (pardon my own vulgarity) this week and with these changes, if the board accepts them, we'll need a new handout and assembly to explain them. So I'm going out on a limb and will suspend the Program's start until next Monday. But you're not off the hook yet, you know," he said, wagging his finger at me.

"Thanks. I appreciate your listening to me, even though it took a little, um, arm-twisting? Sorry. That was bad. But there's something that's even more important as an issue. That's why I asked Denise to stay. You see, during our five-minute powwow she told me about what happened to her. You know, sexual assault is about one of the worst crimes short of murder or kidnapping that can happen to a person. That's especially true when the perpetrator is well known to the victim, the damage to the victim's psyche can forever alter the person's life and also can result in crippling physical conditions, too. Did you ever read Denise's medical letter?"

He shook his head and Denise darted a look of shock at him.

"No? Really? I'm ashamed of you. You're an educator, a protector of children, and you don't take the first step in protecting Denise to see what her medical experts say."

"Unfortunately, that one's out of my control, so whatever the medical report says, it wouldn't matter. That's why I didn't read it—it actually went straight to the Program office. There just are no medical exemptions, no exemptions for any reason. I suppose a student can withdraw and attend a private, non Program, school, or be home-schooled. Under the federal rules there are no other choices."

Denise began to cry again and grabbed my hand hard.

"Ok, those are just the federal rules, right? Just an agency coming up with a set of rules?"

"Well, yes, but that's a mighty powerful agency, my boy. State governors and legislatures have locked horns with them and gotten nowhere. You saw Mr Abover, he's a representative of that agency. I don't know what he can do to you personally, but he can make your school life pretty miserable. For one thing, he ultimately decides who has successfully completed their Program week. I suppose he can keep you in it till you graduate."

"Mmmmm. If he thinks that, he's more stupid than I thought. Anyway, I guess that's it for now. No Program till next week—oh, yeah—for next week there will only be what? There's been 24 Program graduates? Six seniors graduated leaving sixteen?"

"No, fewer. Denise (she shuddered again) didn't and four moved away. That leaves eleven."

"Well, that's not enough for a beginning guardian corps. How about recruiting others, like from student leaders, to just get started? Respected students. Even those who haven't done it yet could be a guardian at the very beginning. Should be an incentive for when it's their turns, especially for any guys. Lots of grateful girls."

"Another good idea. I should put you on retainer. Going to be a lawyer? Wouldn't want to face you in a courtroom, even with what you know now," he joked.

We left on what appeared to be good terms and a positive note. But I was exhausted; my energy reserves were wiped from the emotional and confrontational roller coaster.

Maybe this lawyer thing wasn't such a hot idea after all.

Chapter 6: Reluctant Hero

We walked out of the room and as we did, Denise latched onto my arm with both hands. I closed the door; the outer office was empty.

"OhmyGodOhmyGodOhmyGod..." Denise breathed. "OhmyGod, what are you? A superhero? Are you real?"

I smiled at her. "Last time I checked... yes, but more important, how are *you* doing now?"

"Better—for now, anyway. How did you do that to him? You hardly moved and suddenly he was on his face. Then you just *flew* over his body, landed, picked him up, and knocked him out, all faster than I just spoke this!"

"I just had good training, that's all, and could anticipate how he would move. Anyone can learn that stuff."

"I don't care, you're incredible the way you just stood up to the principal and got him to agree to do everything you asked. Fletcher's a toughie and never bends the rules for anything."

"As I told him in there, there are lots of techniques for persuasion. I just used one from a position of strength, and they were foolish enough to give me that opening."

Just then the secretary came in from a back room.

"Oh, you're done with him now? Kevin, you need to see the counselor. Denise, you need to get to class. It's second period now; I'll give you a pass."

"Oh, no, I'm going with Kevin. He needs someone to show him the way and then where to go afterwards."

Just then Fletcher appeared. "That's ok, Shirley, she can go with him."

So we went to the counselor, Mrs Raymond. She was a youngish woman, late 20s I suppose, and all business.

"Who do we have here? And Denise, aren't you on the Program? Why aren't you naked?"

She froze. I spoke quickly, "I'm Kevin Coris, a transfer. I was somehow picked too, last minute like, to replace a guy who moved away. Dr Fletcher postponed the start of the Program; I suppose you'll hear all about that shortly. I'm here to get my class schedule and anything else I need to do with you."

"Ok, Kevin; let me check." She turned to her computer. Denise had grabbed my hand and squeezed it.

"Mrs Raymond? Wait. Denise is a junior too, I suppose, right? Please put me in her classes." I got such a grateful look from her then.

"I don't know... Denise has all A-P classes and we can't..."

"Mrs Raymond? Check my file. I'm also all A-P, I believe."

"Hmmmm, so you are. Ok, we can do that; I just need to switch around one or two periods and you'll match, ok?'

"Ok," we both said together.

"Let me ask, why did you want that? You're both on pretty much the same academic program anyway."

"Let's just say that Denise and I need to work on a special problem that affects both of us, and being in the same classes will help immensely."

"Well, ok, I guess a little mystery won't hurt anyone for now. Let's see; I have some notes in your file, Kevin, for some forms you haven't submitted. How come you didn't complete your packet?"

"What forms? Dr Fletcher's secretary said I finished everything..."

"These are the Program permissions, consents, and acknowledgments. A graduation requirement disclosure, too. They were sent out in August to every student."

I sighed. When will everyone get onto the same page? Well, to be fair, this is only my first day, but did no one ever read *any* of the materials I sent in the spring?

"You'll soon find out that I just moved here from the Far East at the end of August and your materials never reached where I was living in August. What are *these* forms now?"

She took some papers out of a folder and passed them over to me. I glanced through them and then started to read.

"Oh, you don't need to read them now. Your parents need to sign them and then return them to me tomorrow."

Oh boy, here we go again, like a broken record. (*Hmmmm... where's that metaphor from, anyway? Strange. Need to look it up... Anyway...*)

"Mrs Raymond, my parents died last month in a terrible incident. I think having to explain this multiple times is getting to be too much, so let me write it up tonight so it can go into my file; then I can tell teachers to read it if they want the details, ok? Meanwhile, let me look at these, please?"

She nodded her assent.

I scanned the papers. They all pertained to an adult parent/guardian giving permission, acknowledgment, and/or approval for the minor student being naked in school, engaging in supervised and unsupervised sexual activities, acknowledging and accepting any risks of such activities, and absolving the school and district of any and all liability on their part as supporting and promoting said activities in the name of a mandated federal education program.

I looked up at her. "Mrs Raymond, none of these apply to me..."

She interrupted, "Of course they do. You just get your guardian to sign..."

"You interrupted me. I was saying, they don't apply because in them I'm referred to as a 'minor child.' I'm not; I've been legally emancipated and I'm now a legal adult. I have adult's rights, including the right of privacy in person and effects, and I'm not about to sign those rights away even if the wording on these forms were changed."

"Actually, you don't have the right to refuse. The Supreme Court upheld the law for the completion of the Program to be constitutional."

"Hmmmm. That's an interpretation of that decision. The actual decision, as I just heard from another source, had to do with fewer constitutional rights for minors versus adults. Am I right?"

"Yes, but it works out to be the same thing."

"With all respect, you're wrong. The Bill of Rights and prior judicial rulings on personal rights trump

any laws and an adult is an adult, whether in high school or anywhere else. Under all of the legal doctrines I've read—although I never came across this Program weirdness—I have a fundamental right to privacy that no law can abrogate."

Wow, I love using this language! It'd be fun if it weren't so stressful.

"So are you saying that you'll refuse to participate? You can be forced, you know. Mr Abover from the Program office..."

"I've already had the distinct pleasure of meeting Mr Abover and demonstrating that his persuasive methods need a bit more work," I observed mildly.

Denise giggled into her hand.

"Well, this is not getting us anywhere. When your time in the Program comes up, you'll see how your arguments will all fail."

"I think you forgot that I mentioned that I was already picked for today, as a replacement for someone else. The time I'll come up is next Monday and you may be surprised at what you learn."

"Whatever. We'll see. Here's your schedule. I don't want you to give me back those forms; you'll need to sign them come Monday anyway."

I picked them up. Good to have them, actually, since I'm going to need to see Bob Charlesworth to come up with a strategy for all this, especially for Denise.

She continued, "Ok, you'll need passes for your missed first and second periods; give them to your teachers tomorrow. And remember, today is a short schedule day so you'll be done around 2:20, but tomorrow starts the regular times, ok? The third period bell is about to ring, so off you go, now. Kevin, I'll be contacting you to make an appointment to go over your graduation credits requirements and need to go over your files before then, ok?"

"Right. You know where you can find me," I grinned.

Ok, I didn't need to be a smartass, but it felt like I had just won another round—not with a KO this time (ouch, another baddie)—but on points.

Right on cue, the bell rang (no dumb boxing metaphor here about being saved). Denise grabbed my hand and we walked out into a maelstrom of bodies. Whew, I could immediately see the Program kids' point about groping—this was a groper's heaven. Need to think about some safe passage rules or something, maybe. I wonder how other schools handle this. Other schools?

Hey! Information center! Clearing house! A place to share ideas and things that work. Like Fletcher mentioned, whistles for alerts. Isn't this something the national agency should do? I guess they wouldn't, since they declared that anti-Program site illegal. Well, we could do it, and I could use my Indonesian contacts to host it offshore so the Program office couldn't shut it down. Maybe form a local school group, a student advisory panel. Must be the NGO part of my brain working now; I can almost hear Aunt Janet murmuring suggestions. *Thanks, Aunt Janet. Wish you were here.*

Third period was A-P Calculus. It's usually a senior class, but I'm taking A-P physics as a senior and need this class now. Walking into the class, I looked around and stopped. At the back of the room stood two familiar people—a boy and girl from Fletcher's office this morning. They were talking but stopped when we came in and hurried over to us.

"Wow!" the boy said. Was this Andrew? "Man, you were just wicked awesome!"

The girl continued, "Yeah, both mentally and physically! You did one takedown of both kinds on those people!"

"I never saw anyone move so fast, and I'm on the wrestling team. I'd love to learn those moves; I'd be unbeatable. You gotta come out for the team, bud."

"Thanks—Andrew, is it? You must be seniors, being in this class, right? You gotta cool your jets, it wasn't a big deal, just my Eastern martial arts training. And I can't be on the wrestling team since I'm a black belt in karate and taekwondo and I think that disqualifies me from regular high school wrestling. Now if you had a karate or similar team, maybe."

Just then the warning bell rang. Denise whispered to me, "One minute to class."

"Hey, guys," I called, "I've got lunch next period, what about you?"

"We both do."

"Cool; let's meet. I've got some stuff I want to discuss. We'll look for the underclassmen too; maybe they're in first lunch too."

"Hey, after your performance this morning, I'd be stupid not to hear what you want to say. You know, you're getting a hero rep from the sophomores and freshies from Fletcher's office," the girl said.

Need to get her name. Groan. Just three hours in my new school and already I'm becoming a celebrity. So much for keeping a low profile. If they find out I'm loaded, it'll be a disaster.

The teacher came in just then and put her books on the desk. The bell rang and she looked up.

"Good morning, class. I'm Mrs Evander and this is A-P Calculus. If this isn't your class, please come up." No one moved. "Ok, now, we actually have three Program students this morning..." she looked around in confusion, then down at a paper. No nude bodies here. "Are Andrew Raden, Sarah Parr, and Denise Roberts here?" The three raised their hands. "How come you're not naked?" she asked, looking from one to another with a perplexed expression.

Andrew spoke. "Dr Fletcher postponed the Program start till next week."

"Oh, I wonder why he did that?" she mused, almost to herself.

Just then the speaker in the room came to life.

"Good morning, students and faculty. This is Dr Fletcher, as you probably figured out." He paused—was he waiting for applause? Duh. "As most of you may have realized, despite the assembly last week where the Program was discussed, we aren't running the Program in school this week and that's why you haven't seen any naked people in the halls."

He stopped again. Does he think this is funny? Come on!

"It's been brought to my attention that there are some aspects of the Program that may need to be tweaked and a proposal is going to the school board tomorrow evening. I've been in contact with a few board members and it's likely that these changes will be approved. If they are, a new Program booklet will be passed out on Thursday and in Friday's assembly, the changes will be addressed and questions taken. These are basically minor changes to bring our procedures more in line with the federal guidelines and not a change in the Program itself. The teachers have no information about any of this,

so please don't bombard them with questions; they know as much as you right now. That's all, classes may resume."

The class erupted with noise; kids were offering theories about everything except alien takeovers—maybe even that too. Andrew caught my eye and I saw Sarah staring at me too. Andrew raised his eyebrows and shoulders; I subtly shook my head. Got a thumbs up from both.

Denise leaned over and whispered, "Hero."

Mrs Evander had been trying to call the room to order with no effect. Then she picked up the pointer and slapped it down. The crack brought silence to the room.

"Right then. As you heard, I know as much as you. So no relief session, let's go over the syllabus for this term..."

The class continued with no further incidents. I didn't need anything more to happen now; my mind was whirling with ideas. It was hard to concentrate. Then the bell rang.

Chapter 7: Hero, Maybe. Not Superhero

I had been wondering about lunches in American schools, how they would be different from those of the other cultures where I had lived. I should have known better.

Yuk. This is food? If it is, maybe the food they serve to farm animals would be better; the pictures I saw of cattle and hogs on the Web showed them as being healthy and well nourished. So I won't describe the fare; if you haven't eaten yet it might ruin your appetite. I selected a salad, fruit, and milk. At least I could identify those.

Denise selected the same items. Good for her. We looked around and saw someone waving at us. It was Sarah, and she was standing at an empty table on the other side of the room. Then I saw Andrew; he was leading two of the others of our group toward Sarah. Ok, we have six now. Then another familiar face popped out of the cashier's lane. Seven.

We gathered around Sarah, who indicated the table. On the wall was a little sign that said "Reserved."

"This is the Program students' table. We're supposed to sit here so we can be located as the targets for the gropers. I guess we're kind of like Program students this week—Program-in-waiting—so let's sit here." she said.

We sat. The three newcomers finally looked at me, noticed who I was, and with awestruck expressions, began jabbering at once:

"It's you! Goddamn, you were freakin' awesome..."

"Oh God, how did you do all that..."

"Man, you study with the Batman and Robin or something..."

I put up my hand; their voices fell but they kept staring like I was going to disappear right before their eyes for my next trick. This had to stop.

"I'm just a guy, a nerd, actually, who's studied a few martial arts moves and got lucky. I didn't do anything that any of you couldn't learn, but it takes a few years of study. Lots of people do it. I just have the build that makes it look easy, but it's just learned muscle reactions, like playing an instrument. Any of you play?" Two raised their hands. "Ok, how long did it take before your playing sounded ok?" Two years, they both allowed. "Right. That's just about how long it took me to begin to get some proficiency. So no big deal, right? Nothing but eye-muscle automatic response, when you see a note on the page, you don't think where to put your fingers, yes? They go to the right place without any thought. That's how my skill is too. Nothing heroic."

They still looked at me dubiously. I gotta change the subject. Before I could, Sarah broke in.

"But it wasn't only physical; we saw that in the room! After we left, you must have outsmarted them too! You got them to agree with you and even stopped the Program—well, for a week—but that's still amazing! How did you do that, then?"

I sighed. How to tell them how focus and centering can make one feel like an irresistible force when striving for an objective?

"Well, that's part of the Arts too. It makes you so focused on your opponent that you can spot tiny signs of openings you can take to further your arguments. It's kind of like trying to pry a top off a bottle. You can't just pull off the top; it's on too tight. But you can work it off slowly, a tiny bit at a

time, until it comes off by itself. That's a bad metaphor but it's all I can think of now. And they gave me this huge, huge opening where I could argue from a position of real strength—blackmail, almost, really. I think I picked this up from my dad and his lawyer; also my mom was a diplomat. I watched them all in action and saw how they were able to use words and actions to maneuver people into doing what they wanted. Maybe that rubbed off on me as well. Let's not talk about me. I'm a normal teen, just have some different experiences than you guys, and got lucky. We need to talk about next week."

The stony faces immediately returned. "Hey, don't get too upset now. As Denise knows, I got a number of good concessions from Fletcher; you heard his announcement. We need to put things together from our side now."

They looked at me with anticipation. "Before I tell you that part, let's introduce ourselves. You guys may know each other but obviously I don't and none of my special powers includes mind-reading. Or maybe I get that power when I turn 18."

They all cracked up.

Andrew said, "Yeah, we've spoken in Calc today but the youngsters don't know me." The others shot him an annoyed look. "Hey, just kidding. You know it's traditional for seniors to put down all underclassmen, don't you? If I don't mess with you guys, then I'll get kicked out of the senior class."

Everyone chuckled. I learned later that he's considered to be the class clown.

"Ok, I'm Andrew Raden, grudgingly promoted to senior-ship by the school, and on the wrestling team."

Sarah continued, "Let's go in class order, but I'm not as funny as Andrew. I'm Sarah Carr, a senior too, and I'm in the drama club and band."

I looked at Denise. She spoke quietly. "You heard in Fletcher's office about me. Denise Roberts, junior, and I'm in the art club."

Then I spoke. "Told you all about me, I guess. Junior, obviously. Except for part of one year, all my past schools were in the Far East. School activities? Trouble-makers' club, so far."

Lots of laughs. Maybe I'll steal Andrew's clown label.

One of the other girls raised her hand. "Um, I'm Barbara Mendes and a soph. We just moved here end of last winter and I haven't done any activities yet but I do gymnastics."

"Nelson Ryder. Sophomore. Swim team."

The last girl blushed. She was cute. "I'm... ah, I'm Jane Wollens and I'm scared of this Program thing. And today's my first high school day. The other freshman is Jimmy Riviera; I know him a little from middle school."

"Nice to meet all you guys. We'll need to work together to try to protect each other as much as we can."

I went on to describe my discussion with Fletcher; Denise added a bit too, about the revised groping rules. I talked about my ideas for a guardian corps; they began to get excited. Denise mentioned the whistles. I told them about my reward idea and my punishment warning, and then about the website and advisory body thoughts. The table was now buzzing with excited discussions.

Just then, some big chunky guys walked up.

“Hey, this is the Program table.” an unshaved guy in a stained jersey said.

“Right,” I said, “...and?”

“So you guys in the Program? How come you’re not naked! You need to strip now!”

“Didn’t you hear the principal’s announcement? No nudity till next week,” I said mildly.

“Don’t care! We have the right to make a Reasonable Request and I want to feel her tits now,” he said, reaching for Sarah’s chest.

I spun on my seat, grabbed his arm as I stood up and twisted his body away from me, pulling his arm up into a hammerlock. He grunted.

I whispered in his ear, “Don’t touch the lady if you want to keep using this arm, guy. Make like this is a joke or you’ll be wondering what happened to this arm, ok?”

“Ha ha, yeah, this is cool. Nice to see ya, that was a cool move, ok?” he finished quietly.

I released him and stepped back warily, watching his buddies carefully out of my peripheral vision. They were startled and confused. I subtly jerked my thumb at them while speaking to the guy, who was absently rubbing his arm.

“Get them away from here now. You don’t want any more embarrassments, right?”

He grunted and walked away, pulling the others along. They were yammering at him but he just shrugged.

I heard someone at the table breathe, “Oh boy...”

“Here we go again guys, I’m just playin’ the flute, ok?” Nervous laughter. “C’mon, I agree that I’ve got some moves. Some people play in bands. Some play in orchestras. Some solo. I’m not a soloist, but I’ve taken the lessons and practiced, ok. *No big deal*! Now where were we before that commercial break?”

They laughed, and we got back to the discussion. Some in our group knew others who would help, some who knew about web design, some who might want to be advisors. Andrew knew some guys on the football team and would talk to them. At the end of lunch period we had an organizational skeleton set up. We decided to meet with everyone interested after school on Tuesday; Sarah said she could arrange to get a club room. Hmmmm, if the school knew what kind of club was organizing, they might be upset.

“Guys—just keep what we’re doing a bit hush-hush, ok? Don’t want to alert the foe too much.”

Before we separated, the freshman girl came over. “I just wanted to let you know that I have class with Jimmy in the sixth period and can tell him what you said—he’s the last one of us. By the way, whatever you claim you are, to me you’re still a superhero! And not a man from Mars, you’re just too real.”

Groan. I don’t need this rep!

Chapter 8: The Weirdness Journey Goes On

I checked my schedule. Oh! Gym? After lunch? That must have been one of the tweaks Mrs Raymond made. Glad I didn't eat big. Denise also? I turned to her, she was saying goodbye to Sarah.

"Denise? You have gym now?"

"Yeah, didn't last year but had to do it this year. I have a doc's note for light activity, though."

"Ah, that explains you in it after lunch. I'm glad I ate lightly. Where do we go?"

She took my hand with a giggle (her giggles make me tingle inside—am I falling for her?) and said, "Right this way, my studly hero person. If we were doing the Program now we'd have to use the opposite sex's lockers but I guess not this week. I hope for me not ever..." she trailed off.

"Really? That's in the Program too? Totally weird."

"Oh yeah, the restrooms too; didn't you know?"

"No. Wow. How the hell does that ever promote comfort with one's sexuality—unless you're into watersports and scat? Those perverts who designed the rules must be real pieces of work! How is watching a person pissing or taking a dump sexy?" I asked rhetorically.

See—even though my sexual functions are *very* limited, I'm not naive about fetishes.

"Here we are. This is the boys' door, my door is there," she pointed. "You know we have gym only Mondays, Wednesdays, and some Thursdays—the other days we go to Health and Psychology, right?"

"Oh, yeah, forgot. Hey, will you be ok in there?"

"Sure. I'll only be doing light stuff and won't need to shower afterward; that's one of my problems; washing around my, uh, privates, can be very painful so I have my own slow routine. Gee, I can talk to you about that—maybe I am really progressing."

"You're doing just fine. If you want, I can help you and support you. And I'm a good listener."

She got tears in her eyes and reached up on her toes, kissing my cheek. "Thank you. I do."

We separated and I walked in. Just what I expected, a standard locker room. Were the lockers assigned? The hall lockers had been. There was a guy there just finishing getting dressed so I asked him.

"Yeah, over there," he pointed, "assignment sheet on the office window."

I got my number and found the locker. Hmmmm. A knob with letters on two dials. I opened the door and taped to the inside was the combo. In the open. Where anyone could look at it. Invitation for a little petty theft? I made a note to bring my own lock; there was also a standard locking mechanism on the door. The combo sheet had only two letters and the two dials showed A through H. Eight for each letter. Hmmmm, the possible combinations are 8x8 so there are only 64 possibilities. That's no security at all, regardless of the paper inside! Oh, right, they also know the number, so anyone with access to the master list can open a locker. Yeah, I'm bringing my own lock.

The instruction sheet on the window said to come to the gym in exercise wear. I got out of my street clothes, stripped out of my tight briefs and slid into my running gear: a very tight lycra brief with long legs and then runner's shorts over that. On second thought, I stripped off the shorts and put on a jockstrap with a light cup, then put on the shorts again. If we were to play any ball sports I needed the

protection if I intended to remain in school to finish the day.

Then my tanktop and trainers (oh, in America they're called ... uh, sneakers? ...funny name). Off I went through a door at the far end of the room where the other kids were headed. I hadn't paid any attention to the others and I supposed they didn't watch me either. Normal school locker-room etiquette, just like Korea and Japan.

In the gym the teachers had the kids line up, boys on one side and girls on the other. They told us the kinds of gym activities we'd be doing; standard stuff like volleyball, basketball, dodgeball, calisthenics, rope-climbing, basic tumbling, running—stuff like that. In warmer weather we would be outdoors and do softball, soccer (oh, that's "football" everywhere else in the world), and some track activities and the girls would do lawn hockey. We wouldn't do swimming this term; that came next term. The boys and girls normally did separate activities but at times there would be something done together. Nothing unusual, but then they began to explain what was expected of the Program people.

"When you're on the Program, you know that you use the locker room for the opposite sex and then come into the gym wearing just sneakers, nothing else. You will participate with your group and do all of the activities that your group performs. When we go outside, you will go also, and again participate in all activities. Failure to do this will require you to repeat your Program week."

A hand came up. "What about protective gear? I don't want to get hit by a ball in a sensitive place."

"We'll decide when protective gear will be necessary, but it won't be often. We expect you to be alert and protect yourselves from harm."

This was nuts. Are they for real?

Another hand. "Uh, I have a large bosom and need a support bra for protection..."

"No bras are permitted ever."

"Um, I can't run if they're bouncing! They really hurt and I can be injured!"

"Hold them with your hands. If we feel you aren't participating fully, you'll repeat until you can."

Some of the girls were getting tears in their eyes. This is *really* wrong! Something from that Program booklet popped into my head; I read it close to the beginning and felt compelled to get into this.

"Excuse me, ma'am. The Program booklet explicitly provides for protective gear to be worn so there's no risk to the participant's health or safety. And I recall that the language does not provide who determines what is a risk and what protection should be worn. It also listed items as examples, using that precise word, not a restricted list of items. So if a person needs a bra for the needed support in sporting activities, how is that different from a back brace for lifting weights?"

"Oh, we have a Program lawyer here? What's your name, boy?"

"I'm Kevin Coris (oh, my cover's blown. Everyone's staring at me). And please, ma'am, be polite. I think I'm a bit too old to be called a 'boy,' don't you?" Giggles around the room.

"Well, Mr Coris, we've all heard about you by now and how you think you can just take over this school and run it how you want. You'll see just how far you can go. According to the Program guidelines, which you just spouted out so knowingly, teachers can use any student for demonstration purposes and can be drafted into the Program for the day. Mr Coris, you're drafted now for demonstration purposes; strip naked now and demonstrate twenty laps around the gym."

I couldn't believe it. A Program punishment for pointing out a blatant violation of the guidelines by a teacher? Maybe taking over the school isn't such a bad idea.

"Well, miss whoever-you-are. You didn't give us the courtesy of learning your name, so I'll call you Miss Teach. From Dr Fletcher's announcement this morning, the Program—that's all parts of it, by the way—is not beginning until next Monday, so I respectfully decline your suggestion that I disrobe. Humiliation isn't part of the Program's objectives. I will accept your offer of giving me the opportunity to demonstrate the skill of running, however, and for your own personal titillation, I'll even do it shirtless."

She turned bright red as I spoke, but when I got to titillation (nice word, just wanted to jerk her around), she began to sputter in rage. Kids all around were laughing and high-fiving each other as I calmly stripped off my shirt and headed to the running lane marked on the floor. I glanced around the room. *Hmmmm, it looks like maybe an 80 meter loop. That's 1600 meters. Yeah, must be a mile. A breeze. Five minutes. Let's break that.* I took off. No one had moved; the entire room stood frozen, watching me run. I do better outdoors because I can dig into the ground better, but this is more even. I picked up my pace halfway through, and for the last three laps gave it my all. I needed that physical release; I had been emotionally charged all day. I crossed the line and glanced at the big timer clock. Not bad; 4:28. My indoor best.

Mouths were open, the teachers were staring at the clock, the kids were looking at each other. Oh, no, did it again! Why, oh why, don't I keep my big mouth shut? I was pulling on my shirt when Miss Teach came over.

"Mr Coris?" she said quietly. "That was quite a demonstration, indeed. I'm the track coach, Miss Williams, and I want you on the track team."

"Oh, so now I'm good for your team? I'll tell you what. Let's see what we can arrange about this protective gear issue, and then we can discuss teams, ok?" She started to object. I raised a finger. "Give a little, get a little. That's negotiating. Keeping it clean, right?"

I walked away before she could answer. I'll let her stew a bit and let her make the next move. Always approach the issue from a position of power, I reminded myself.

But now I had even more food for thought. Teachers as executives (ran the classroom), legislators (made their rules), judges (decided issues), and even executioners (meted out punishment). The Constitution provided for separation of powers. This is effectively a mini-dictatorship!

I think everyone, teachers included, were still a bit—shaken? subdued? I don't know—about my outburst and "demonstration" because the teachers gave everyone the rest of the period as free time. The two teachers were off in the corner, talking; kids stood in small groups, some chatting, some bouncing balls to each other, some shooting hoops, a couple using the exercise bikes, everyone quietly doing their thing. I went over to the mats, pulled one off the wall, and started to do my stretches. I didn't do my pre-run stretches so my muscles had begun to stiffen. Denise came over and sat on the mat near me.

"Kevin? For someone who says they wanna just lay low and be an 'ordinary guy,' as you put it, you sure as hell have a strange way of doing it."

"Tell me about it," I grunted.

"You're right, you're not a hero—you're every girl's dream—their 'knight in shining armor,' coming

to everyone's defense no matter what the consequences. You have such a highly developed sense of 'rightness' that it's swamping out any of your self-protective instincts. If you even have any."

"Yeah. Not sure I do. Must be in there somewhere, though," I puffed.

"Well, you sure did a number on the girls in this class, anyway. Half of them basically said they want to jump your bones. You have a wicked awesome body, you know."

I groaned, and not from the stretching. "Listen, Denise. You spilled your darkest secrets to me but I have something in my closet too that no one in the world knows about but me. My parents knew but now it's only me. Look, I'm gonna try to get to see my lawyer guy after school; this will involve your situation too, so if I can see him, could you come? Then I can tell both of you at once."

"Oh! There's no way I could afford a lawyer! My psych therapy is costing Mom a fortune!"

"No, no cost. This is on my dime. I need to get my ducks in a row and be certain of the legal basis for all of this crap I've been spouting all day. This has been all off the cuff and I'm really lucky I haven't really screwed something up so far."

"Yeah, I could go. I need to be home at 6, though."

"I'll see what I can get..." A whistle blew. A voice rang out: "Showers, everyone. Hit it!"

"Denise, I need a shower bad. See you in class?"

She smiled, squeezed my hand, blew me a kiss, and trotted off toward her locker room door. I found myself musing, "Yeah. Gorgeous girl. Real nice ass," and snapped myself out of it. With her problem and with mine, we'd be the world's most unlikely couple. I jogged off to the guys' locker room, still feeling a bit stiff. I hope they have hot water. Real hot.

I got to my locker and opened it, stripped off my shirt, trunks, and jock, grabbed a bar of soap and took a towel from the stack outside the showers. You noticed, I think, that the lycra tights weren't mentioned? Well, they are now because I'm still in them. Right; wear 'em to bed, wear 'em to shower too. I still can't deal with the sensation of heat/pain/fire that certain movements of my cock produce. So I wash my body down first and then carefully wash my privates like a baby's tush.

Only a few guys were showering; except for me, no one had done anything strenuous. One of the guys in the room looked at me when I came in.

"Hey, guy. That was an impressive run. I also liked how you put that officious bitch down."

"Thanks for the run comment, but please don't badmouth anyone on my account. She just needs to get civilized a little better so she's aware of other people's needs."

"Well, she's got this rep in the school as a bull dyke and likes to show it off... Say," he said, looking down at me for the first time, "you know you don't need to be that modest in the shower. We've seen it all, you know, and when you're on the Program it all hangs out anyway."

"Yeah, I know that. I'm not modest. I have a medical condition—no, not contagious" —he had edged away— "and not in appearance, that makes me need to strap my cock down tightly, that's all."

"Oh," he said a little uncertainly.

"Yeah, when it flops around it's a problem for me."

"Geez. What's gonna happen when you're on the Program, then?"

"Well, I hope when that time comes, everything'll be resolved," I said, hoping to misdirect him.

"Oh, ok, that's good, well, see ya," he waved, grabbed his towel, and left.

I finished with my body and carefully lowering the tights, gently swabbed my pubic area. I pulled the tights off, soaped them up and rinsed them out, being very careful to keep my groin away from the stream of water. Then I pulled them on again. I would have to orchestrate how I'd get dry and into street clothes next. Then I turned the water to the hottest setting, aaahhhh, not bad, and worked my stiff muscles under the stream. It felt lots better. Water off, I grabbed my towel and went to my locker. I toweled off and then sat down on the bench. Pulled off the tights and carefully dried the sensitive areas. Then I powdered my groin and smeared on the anesthetic, it's been almost two years and I'm still using the stuff, but it works. Then I slipped on my daytime tights and dressed the rest of the way. Just made it, the bell rang as I was getting my shirt on.

I ran outside the locker room and then to the outer door, pulled out my mobile, and rang Bob's office. His secretary answered. I explained my call.

"Mr Charlesworth was actually expecting you to call today and set aside some time this afternoon for you. Can you come in at 3:30?"

Super. "Yeah, that's really perfect, and he's very perceptive. Thank him for me."

She laughed. "Not perceptive—experienced. He has a son a year older than you who just went through the Program at his school at the end of last term, so Mr Charlesworth knew you'd learn about the Program and immediately get involved somehow. Was he right?"

Wow. Dad or Dan must have told him all about me. Wow. "Yes, right on, actually. I'm really impressed."

"Son, he was impressed when your dad sent him your file. He was on the phone that day with your dad and his friend, Mr Hollander, talking about what you might need when you arrived. By the way, I heard about your parents and I'm really so sorry for you."

"Ok, thanks, so 3:30 downtown? The Webster Building on Harper?"

"That's right. See you then. Be nice to finally meet you." She hung up. *Wow. Are all of Dad's contacts so cool?*

The warning bell sounded but fortunately my next class was in the adjacent wing, maybe a hundred feet away. I got to the room and slipped in just before the teacher. Whew. Close. Didn't want a tardy—or whatever they do—on the first day.

Denise looked at me; I mouthed "Later." She nodded.

After class I told her we had the appointment and she wanted to know some specifics. I told her it was complex and please just wait, just trust me.

Soon the day was over. I suddenly remembered that I needed a parking sticker for my car; we had enough time, so I went to the office, registered it, and got the sticker. *I really need to make a list and check off these things*, I thought.

On the drive downtown I made smalltalk with Denise about the day and she told me how much my being with her had given her confidence.

Chapter 9: Weapons and Arsenals

We arrived at Bob's office at 3:15 and went up. His receptionist greeted us.

"Oh, Linda didn't say you'd have someone with you. She's in room 410, go that way."

We went to the indicated door and on into the room. A middle-aged lady sat there surrounded by four monitors and loads of papers.

"Hi, you're Kevin, right? You didn't mention a friend."

"Ah, forgot, sorry. I was rushing between classes. This is Denise Roberts and she's one of the people I need to discuss with Mr Charlesworth."

"Hello, Denise. I'm Linda Jameson, Mr Charlesworth's executive assistant. Sorry for the mess; we're closing a big case this week and this is the detritus." She saw me staring at the electronics. "Oh, that stuff? Only one is my computer. I have only one head, after all. The others are terminals for the legal databases and the Bloomberg business line. They're not on line and subscriptions cost bundles. You need special monitors to access them. Anyway, nice to finally meet you, Kevin. I think Mr Charlesworth is ready now; let me check."

She did, he was, and she opened his door to let us in.

He stood up as we entered and came around his desk, briefly looking at Denise and shooting a glance toward Linda, who shrugged slightly.

"Kevin Coris, at last we meet," he said, shaking my hand warmly with a firm grip. He put his other hand on my shoulder. "I feel as if I've known you for years; your file was so detailed and your dad told me all about you. I'm so very sorry for your loss; Dan Hollander told me how very proud your father was of you. And who's your charming friend?"

"Mr Charlesworth, thanks for your kind words and your condolences. This is my classmate, Denise Roberts, and her problem in school is one of the major ones I need to discuss."

"Kevin, please call me Bob, or Robert, but I prefer Bob. Save you some breath, too," he grinned. "Guys, please have a seat," he indicated as he returned to his to sit down.

I looked at him closely now. He was looking back at me with a cooly analytical gaze, eyes flicking quickly between mine, then my mouth, the set of my shoulders, my hands, my legs... he was reading my body language! He was watching to see how I would react to his examination of my state of mind, as telegraphed by my body. I centered myself, relaxed, and gazed back at him serenely. This guy is really good, I thought. He's actually dangerous, like a mind-reader. *Wow! He's trying to get inside me to test me*. I can see why he has such a great rep.

Then he suddenly sat up a bit more erectly and said, "Kevin, very good. Very, *very* good. I've had very, very few people do what you did; you knew exactly what I was doing and you responded exactly right. Impressive. In reading your file, I noticed your study of the Arts, particularly taekwondo, and saw you're a first *dan*, after first reaching a third *poon*. After seeing you just now, I'd think that mentally, anyway, you're at least fourth *dan*."

"Sir, you know taekwondo?"

"I have some small skill in the Art. In all humility, I allow myself to hold a seventh *dan*."

Oh my God, he's a Master. No wonder he could do that. I bowed my head and made the appropriate

gesture.

"It's my very great honor to meet you, *Sahyun nim*; forgive my lack of proper courtesy and forms when we first met."

He made the appropriate response and waved his hand with a chuckle. "Not necessary, Kevin, we're not in the *dojang* now."

Meanwhile, Denise had been watching our byplay, her head whipping back and forth at us. I thought she'd get a whiplash.

"Uh, can I ask for a translation? I got some of that, but what just happened?"

"Denise, *Sahyun*... uh, sir, is it still ok to call you Bob? Thanks. Bob is a Master of the Art of taekwondo. You know what I did today with Abover?" She nodded. "Well, a master of Bob's stature could do the same, but against three opponents. Blindfolded. With a hand tied behind him."

"Oh my!" Her hand flew to her mouth.

Bob laughed. "He exaggerates. Well, perhaps a little. In the highest *dans*—that's levels, or belts—some of the masters spar blindfolded. The idea is to try to sense your opponent's location, posture, and movements. A first *dan* is the first level of the black belt ranks going up to nine. The *poons* are junior-level black belt levels for children under 16 years. They have basically the same skill levels as the *dans*, but *poons* don't spar against adults because they're too small. Oh—a *dojang* is just Korean for 'gym.'"

"Denise, Bob was testing me—you know, the fly under the microscope? He was reading my body language, trying to unnerve me, to get under my skin. My response was to blank him out so he'd only read white noise."

Bob grinned at my explanation.

"Oh, that's not nice, Mr Charlesworth!"

"Please, Denise. It's Bob. All we were doing is what dogs do, sniffing each other out, seeing who's gonna be the top dog. If I'm going to be working closely with Kevin, as I'm looking forward with great interest to doing, I need to know where his weaknesses lie. So far I don't see any and that's a rarity, especially at his age."

"Well, if you wanted to see how Kevin operates, you should have been in the principal's office this morning. He was astounding."

"Yes, I'd really like to hear about that."

I let Denise do the play-by-play, breaking in only when her hyperbole became too great to let pass. When she finished, Bob had a broad grin.

"Well, the way she describes it, sounds like your goon friend encountered the Spiderman and then Mr Spock dropped in to conduct the negotiation. This is priceless. And yes, I know about the Program; my son was on it last spring and the stuff in it really riled him and bothered me too. It wasn't at your school. He did the absolute bare (oops, sorry) minimum stuff in it; they threatened him several times—like he should ask for Relief in class more—they need to keep track of that? Anyway, after reading your file, I figured that when you learned about the Program, you'd step in to try to make changes. I never dreamed you'd get thrown into it first thing, though."

"Bob, excuse me, but I nearly forgot. Don't we need to discuss your fees?"

"Oh, sorry—no, that's my fault. I felt that I've known you so long I actually forgot this was our first meeting. Kevin, I'm on retainer—actually, my whole firm is. What that means is that your dad arranged for us to provide you unlimited legal services—well, up to a point—during your high school and college years. We're paid out of some fund he set up in Indonesia, from its interest, apparently, so the principal isn't diminished. Your family is very, very wealthy, you know."

Denise's hand flew to her mouth. I said, "Denise, please, you never heard that, ok?"

"'k," she squeaked.

"So Kevin, all of my fees are paid if you use my services or if you don't. The only billable items are externals, like, as examples, plane fares, expert witness fees, remote depositions, and the like. The retainer does pay for court filing fees, other court costs, stenographers and transcripts, and similar items. Understand? Ok. Now let's get to work. What's the most difficult of your problems?"

"Oh, I think that's a easy one to identify. It's Denise. Could you tell Bob as best you can why you can't be on the Program?"

She began haltingly to tell her story as Bob asked her gentle questions, drawing out her descriptions and probing her tactfully. Wow. As forceful and direct he had been earlier, he was now so gentle, caring, and empathetic in his approach. He also asked her a lot of questions about her therapy, detailed questions, like what happened in her first session, her second, stuff like that. What did that have to do with the Program?

After they were done, Denise was drained and Bob looked very thoughtful. He looked at her, then at me, tapped his pen on his pad a few times, and then sat back and sighed.

"Ok, guys, I went a bit far away from Denise's immediate problem with the Program—I saw you noticed that, Kevin, your body language was shouting 'get back on track!' I recently handled a rape case from the civil angle and some of the things I heard from Denise happened in that other case. I'm in no way a medical expert, but I could quickly tell that your therapist, Denise, isn't doing you a favor. I think it's the wrong treatment and it's really important to do this properly. The right treatment I think is pretty difficult to do for the person because it needs careful recall of specific details of your assault, but I've seen excellent statistics for recovery. I'm making a guess that your family hasn't much resources, right? ...ok, yes, and I know a therapist who provides services for really a pittance for situations like yours. I'll give you her card; tell her I referred you. She specializes in the therapy method I'll write on the back of the card. You can search the term on the Web and if it looks like you can do it, please call her. I really think you can do it, based on how you responded to my questions earlier."

He held out the card and she stood and took it. When she sat down she turned it over and looked; I leaned over and read "Prolonged Exposure." Strange name.

Bob began speaking again. "Now to the immediate issue. The threat to Denise of her impending Program participation for next week. First, we need to work within the Program parameters before we can go outside of them. That's a basic legal principle; you can't overthrow an entire contract or a law if you find fault with just a part of it. You work with the statements and interpret them in any way that isn't self-contradictory or violates any other provisions. If a term is undefined in a contract, then its definition can be taken from any collegiate dictionary. If a list of items is given, the list is either inclusive or exclusive, and that has to be stated or else the list simply shows examples of included items and any other item of a matching class, no matter how remote, is automatically part of the class. I don't want to do a lecture on legal principles but I want to show you how it works when we look for

how to get what we need from the rules themselves.

"Now let's look at the rules. I have a copy of my son's booklet, but yours may be different."

We both pulled out our copies; I gave mine to Bob and shared Denise's.

"You said you were told that there were no medical exemptions, yet here on page 4 I see that they are permitted. Look under 'Exemptions.' It includes the statement, 'matters of health.'"

Denise said, "Yes, my doctor specified that in my letter. But it says at the beginning, 'Local Program officials may make exemptions...' First, I was told the exemption is only given by the Program official, not the school, and second, they told me it says 'may make' and not 'shall' or 'must' make. They said that the official has the sole discretion. They also told me that a medical matter isn't a health matter—I was healthy by definition because I was able to go to school."

"Really. What kind of Neanderthal reasoning is that? Ok, we can probably challenge that dumb reasoning, but let's see what other tools we have. Ok, here, under 'Compulsory Nudity' on page 2. At the bottom it says, 'The Program does NOT expect participants to risk their health or safety.' It goes on to talk about safety equipment, but this statement itself is pretty all-encompassing and could apply to exemptions too. There's another law principle that says that all headings and titles are descriptive and not proscriptive. That means that the title tells what the next part is about, but does not say that is *all* it's about. All provisions in a legal document carry the same weight wherever they are located. Sometimes you may infer that a statement applies only to the section where it appears, but legally that only counts as one's opinion. The working principle is that a statement means what its words say. Nothing more, nothing less.

"That wording on page 2 says that if something in the Program can be a risk to a participant's health or safety, the Program expects that the person will not do it—take steps to avoid injury. Ok, definition time. Risk: this is a well defined legal term, so hoary that no one would think to challenge its meaning. It means exactly what you think it does. To endanger. Health: this is a very broad term, so we can look it up.

"Here we are: 'Health: the state of being free from illness or injury. A person's mental or physical condition.' So substituting terms then, that page 2 line says that the Program does not expect that a participant will endanger their mental condition. How do we prevent the endangerment? For a physical danger, like a chemical spill, we wear gloves and aprons. For a mental endangerment, since we can't see it or feel it, we need a medical opinion. Expert opinions are another basic law principle. If something is too complex for a layperson to understand, the law accepts using the experience and knowledge of someone who understands. A medical expert can interpret and advise on medical matters. Denise, your doctor's letter specifically states the consequences of your exposure to a Program endangerment?"

"Yes, it says that the effect of my being naked or my privates being touched will cause me to have a mental breakdown—didn't use that term; it had words like 'phobia' and 'psychosis' but my doc said it's what they meant."

"Well, it's clear then. We've got a good case, from two places in the booklet, for a permanent exemption. One, it seems, is up to our Neanderthal Program official. The other is open-ended as far as who can make the ruling, so we could make the case that the school's principal can—or best of all—you yourself can, Denise. It doesn't say you can't. If you're selected for the Program, then you're part of the Program, it's you, and you can't expect to put yourself in danger, by definition. A bit

disingenuous, but we're working with the absolute meaning of words. I don't think they'll buy it though, they're too entrenched in their interpretations, but this analysis is good enough to get an injunction, if necessary, and hold things up for as long as we want to do."

I had been watching Denise's face during Bob's explanation and seeing her expressions go from hopefulness, chagrin, despair, uncertainty, wariness, and finally joy was amusing but heartbreaking. But with his final words she broke out into a huge smile.

"Oh my God, Bob, you're wonderful! You can do that? I don't know how to thank you!"

"No, don't thank me, thank Kevin. He was the catalyst. I'm just the mechanic who puts the parts together. But I really hope you'll consider that therapy; it's had good results in so many cases that I strongly suggest you try."

"I've been thanking Kevin all day long! I can't believe I only met him seven hours ago—it feels like seven years!" She leaned over and kissed my cheek.

"Now, Kevin, let's go to the second reason you're here, and let's hope it isn't as complex."

"Maybe. It's my emancipation."

"Ah. Yes, an interesting and unusual status. I'll bet you've got school officials in a real dither over that. This'll be fun, really. I love to see officious stuffed shirts squirm when they can't put everything into simple pigeonholes. What aspect of your legal adult status seems to bother them?"

"Again, it's the Program. Remember, they just found me in the office and grabbed me into it before I had the slightest idea about it. Here's the papers they wanted my parent/guardian to sign; when I said I had none and the forms didn't apply, all hell broke loose; the woman didn't know what to do and began making random threats."

"Yes, you're right; clearly these are meaningless in your case—oh Denise—did your mom sign these?" He showed her the forms.

"No, the doc said she shouldn't."

"Oh good. Even better. No parental informed consent. Good. Kevin, back to you. What did she say?"

"First, that participation was a graduation requirement. Second, even as an adult I could be forced to be in the Program—forced was the key. Like that goon attempted. Third, even though I'm an adult, as a high school student I still don't have an adult's constitutional rights."

"Oh good. This is a twist I didn't think of with my son. He actually was 18 when he got picked. His birthday was the week before. I'm such a dummy—I could have had a blast with this. Oh, well, I get to have another go at it now. After we get finished with them, probably they'll be so wary of picking seniors that the Program will effectively end in the junior year. Let's see, now. An adult status, according to the Supreme Court, gives you all of the protections of the law and the Constitution. No law can deny you those protections. Minors have fewer protections; for example, I think in 1985 the Court declared a high school locker search constitutional and not a breach of the Fourth Amendment because the subjects were minors and while in school, they were the wards of the public, the school in that case. Here, the decision was the same, but this time applied to the Fifth Amendment and the Fourteenth, the parts interpreted as guaranteeing personal privacy. According to the Court, Congress could enact laws that deprived minors of their freedom to be secure in their person or property presumably because they weren't legally permitted to make decisions on their own; decisions must be

made for them by an adult; here again by the school acting *in loco parentis*.

"Now an adult in high school poses a problem of conflicts. Graduation is normally based on merit and achievement. Merit means grades; the most common measuring stick. Passing grades and minimum average grades determine merit levels. Achievement is typically the number of courses and their importance or weight—credits. You need a certain number of credits to qualify. Achievement can also include intangibles, like perhaps a certain number of hours of community service. Not part of the merit system, but a requirement still. The Program is part of the achievement system. It's something to be done, like passing a swimming test for graduation; this assures that all graduates know how to swim. But if you have a water phobia, or a condition that prevents you from swimming, you get a bye, because demonstrating that ability isn't related to the course of study.

"Now the Program has components that purport to also be in the public interest: to show that a graduate has achieved a reasonable level of comfort with his body's sexuality. It does this by exposing his nudity and sexuality to the group and allows them to explore, tease, and humiliate him, and gratify themselves at his expense. Completing this process is supposed to show the achievement of meeting a societal goal—a sexually well adjusted person. But society is not homogeneous. There's no reason, except for a disability of some kind, that keeps anyone from learning to swim. But personal privacy is at an entirely different level; it's culturally based. There are a number of cultures where nudity is taboo, like traditional Muslims, for example. Forcing a Muslim girl to expose herself in public, or worse, to have sexual contact, is a shaming and could result in her being killed for shaming her family.

"Now your case. You can't be forced to be nude in public; your civil rights as an adult preclude being forced to remove your clothes. But are you still subject to the achievement criterion? If you participate voluntarily, there's no issue at all, right? Do you have any objections to participate?"

"Well, I guess I would if I could. I don't have any particular modesty issues, except the idea of public masturbation and groping makes my skin crawl. The people who thought that up are really perverted. The issue—which I alluded to earlier in talking to Denise—is that I also have a disability, nowhere nearly as significant as hers. I've got a hypersensitive penis"—Denise's jaw dropped—"and it's excruciatingly painful to have it touched, let alone jerked on, or even having it swinging around freely."

Denise murmured, "Oh my...."

"I don't think Dad put that in my file...no?...ok, so what happened was this ..."

I went on to relate my condition, the surgery, and the sequella, and finished describing how I used the anesthetic and the tights I wore.

"So in a way I'm something like Denise; I have a weird disability where being nude under Program conditions would cause me physical harm, and my medical condition completely precludes my demonstrating 'becoming comfortable with my body and my sexuality.' You know, I'm totally embarrassed to say this, but the only orgasms I've ever had were while I was sleeping."

Denise's hand was at her mouth again.

I glanced at her, winked, and continued, "As far as my current physical condition is concerned, it's medically impossible for me to become comfortable sexually the way the Program mandates I should become. You know, it's kind of like requiring me to pick up a 200 kilogram barbell and lift it over my head. True, I have the muscles to raise something over my head, but I don't have the physical resources to handle that amount of weight."

Bob looked at me thoughtfully. “Very interesting metaphor, Kevin. And it’s the actual key to what we need to do. Very good thinking. This gets us into the area of ability/disability and not social performance or even achievement, like a swimming test would be. What you are alluding to is sort of like requiring a paraplegic to rise from his wheelchair and walk a hundred feet unassisted, right? A physical impossibility for that person. So let’s explore this, using legs as the substitute for a penis. Non-working legs filling in for an effectively non-working penis, sorry for that, by the way. Is there a substitute way a paraplegic could demonstrate his becoming comfortable with his body’s ability to walk if he can’t demonstrate walking? Demonstrating any use of his legs? Even standing on them? This is a disability issue that is well covered by both state and federal laws: the Americans with Disabilities Act from 1990 is still in effect and has a long history of being upheld by the Court.

“The ADA basically says that no person with a disability may be denied public or private access to employment, education, housing, and public services and defines a disability as a physical or mental condition that can substantially impair a major life activity of the individual. Seems to me that one can successfully argue that sexual performance is one such ‘major life activity’ since the Program guidelines go out of the way to make that very point. Education is specifically mentioned in the law, and obviously graduation is a culmination of the education process.

“I also seem to recall that the ADA specifically requires that public schools are to provide to children with disabilities an education appropriate to their needs and abilities in the least restrictive environment. So denying a person graduation because their disability precludes them from demonstrating a certain competence, one that is not at all related to their courses of study but an ancillary, added-on requirement, is a denial of the right for an education. So your legal adult status isn’t the controlling issue, it’s actually your impairment. You can’t demonstrate the required competence because of a protected physical disability.

“This is way simpler than I thought it would be—I’m actually a bit sorry, I’d love to engage the adult-minor issue but we can also deal with that as a distractor and rile up the bureaucrats some with it.”

“Excuse me, sir, a thought?” I interrupted. “Isn’t Denise’s situation almost identical? Her medical condition is just as much as a disability as mine, right?”

“Oh my, Kevin, you’re exactly right,” he exclaimed, looking at me intently. “Son, you should be sitting at this desk. I was so intent on playing cute with the stupid Program rules and using them to get what we need that I neglected to consider the basic question. Using interpretative techniques is how we handle corporate law, that’s our firm’s specialty, so my thinking tends to run in those channels. Here we’re dealing with laws, not contracts, so using one federal law to challenge another is way the best choice. Using the ADA too gives us a legal arsenal, not just a weapon, my friend. I like the way you think... if you decide to go into law, you’d be very successful. You have an analytic mind and seem to be detail-oriented; these are good skills for an attorney.” He grinned broadly. “And a host of other occupations too, by the way.

“Back to the issue—ah, issues now. Yes, this is the proper avenue of attack, but on several fronts. Using the ADA is primary; our ability to demonstrate that a ‘life disability’ exists is the key and fortunately the published Program objectives actually help us greatly there. Then the Program exemption rules and the other rules in that booklet come into play; who interprets their provisions and how specific terms are to be defined. Denise, you shouldn’t worry that you’ll be forced to do anything next week. Before the week’s over I’ll have paperwork delivered to your school that will stop them cold if they try anything. Besides, you’ve got your protector here too, it seems. He’s done a good job so far.”

She nodded and made a grateful gesture.

"Kevin, your instincts seem to be good. Just don't get too far out on a limb and get carried away. If something happens that disturbs your sense of rightness, try to delay taking any action until you can get it sorted out. You can call me at any time. If I'm not available, an associate can help you. Everyone in my firm is top-notch so you can be assured of good answers. Ok? Good. Now what I'll do is to prepare a warning letter to the school district's attorney putting the district on notice that indications have appeared that certain district policies are in violation of the ADA. That these issues pertain to the district's duty to provide an unimpaired public education to Miss Denise Roberts and Mr Kevin Coris, and if the district fails to provide unimpaired access to such education, the following will happen as a consequence: 1) Injunctive relief shall be immediately sought from a court of competent jurisdiction; 2) A federal proceeding shall be initiated to compel the district to observe the relevant provisions of the ADA; 3) A civil proceeding shall be initiated to assure that the named individuals are not hindered in their rights to obtain an education unencumbered by requirements not directly related to that education; 4) A class action proceeding shall be initiated, the class being all students similarly situated, to ensure that members of that class are afforded their rights under the ADA."

Bob was writing as he was making that list. Denise was listening with an expression of wonder. I was similarly impressed. Wow, this is heavy stuff!

Bob said, almost to himself, "We'll need to tweak the wording somewhat, but this looks good." He looked up. "This has been fun but we need to wrap it up now. Is there anything more that's quick? Don't hit me with another biggie today," he grinned.

"Well, some of us students will be meeting tomorrow to discuss ways we can organize for a kind of self-protection for the kids on the Program. I'll take notes and email them to you so you can see what we come up with," I said.

"Sounds good. Kevin, Denise, so pleased to meet both of you. Kevin, it's been an honor and a real pleasure to finally be able to chat with you, and Denise, again, please consider that therapy," he said, coming around the desk and shaking my hand.

He reached for Denise's hand but she reached up and hugged him, saying, "Thank you so much, sir. You've made me happier than I've been for the past two years. Thank you."

We left Bob's office and went down to the first floor. Denise was quiet and thoughtful and I didn't want to break into her solitude. When we reached the ground floor, she turned to me, grabbed my arms, and turned me to face her. Then she pinched me!

"Woah! What was that for?"

"You're unreal. I needed to see if you are real. I can't believe that anyone could be like you. You're not a superhero, you're a grownup masquerading as a kid! You even had Mr Charlesworth treating you as an equal! Like he was your good buddy! Who are you, really?"

"Denise, I'm only a kid, really. How I am is a result of how I was raised, I guess. I never thought of myself as a kid—you see, I lived in a guarded world all my life, surrounded by adults, generally at an embassy, and rarely had much extended contact with anyone my age. All my 'playmates'"—I made quotes with my fingers—"were adults, so I kind of tailored my playing to what they were doing. I guess I was a good mimic and they enjoyed having me around. So I picked up all kinds of adult mannerisms and also while keeping company with my folks, I listened to conversations they had with diplomats, executives, and even some world leaders; maybe it rubbed off on me. Then I told you about the Eastern

Arts training. You grow up fast with those mental training regimens. And it develops this incredible self-confidence in you—I do this kind of mental 'reset'—it's called 'centering'—and I feel serene and powerful; I become hyper-aware of everything and it gives me a real advantage over anyone around me, it seems. That's what Bob and I did with each other at first. You saw how we reacted—it was a Mexican standoff," I chuckled. "So we had the same training and that made a bond between us, that's all."

I turned to the outer door and pulled her along. "We've got to get you home now; you said by 6?"

"Yeah." While we walked she continued, "Another thing. All day long I've been on this emotional train wreck and with events racing along I couldn't stop to think at all. About us. Kevin, why me? Why are you doing all this for me? You saw me for maybe two minutes and immediately came running to my rescue. God, I can't believe that was only a few hours ago. You knew—know—nothing at all about me, just an incident in my life a few years ago, and what you've done has really saved my life totally—and if I haven't thanked you in the last few minutes, let me say it again." She kissed my hand.

"Denise, I don't really know. I've thought about it too. When the ape dragged you into that office I somehow felt drawn to you in a way I can't describe. Not sexual, not your appearance—although I think you're gorgeous—" she giggled "thanks"—"something about your personality or essence or aura just attracted me; you know about the Eastern ideas about *qi*, life energy?"

"Um, heard the word, I think... not sure what it is."

"Ok, well, I guess the Western analog is 'empathy' but that's a very incomplete idea of what feeling someone else's *qi* is like. I felt yours somehow and it was in anguish. So that made me pay closer attention to you and then I felt the need, no, compelled, to help...."

"Um, but..."

"No, don't interrupt—this is important. When I was growing up I had few friends my age. There just weren't any kids around and there's no real mixing between locals and embassy kids; it's just too dangerous. You're actually the very first person my age with whom I've had any serious interaction, except for one brief but disastrous relationship in Korea, so maybe that's another factor. But I know about your problems and now you know mine, so you can be absolutely certain that I have no sexual designs on you whatever. But if you'd like, I'd really love to remain as your friend."

We had reached my car and I helped her get in.

"Kevin, that's so sweet; of course I'll be your friend!" She giggled (I could get hooked on that sound). "I'm still in total awe of you, though, and don't see how my little insignificant self could be an attraction for you..."

"Denise, you're neither little nor insignificant. I feel you have a very great internal strength, it was your emotional power that projected your *qi*—blasted it, really, out of you when you were dragged into Fletcher's office. I think I could have felt it even outside of his room! It washed over me in a way I still can't understand. I can still feel your aura, it's an interesting sensation, and again, I can't fully describe what's happening."

"Um. This is so weird. I also feel drawn to you in some way, but I thought it was more like hero-worship. I told you that you're awesome, but the part of the word I really mean is 'awe'—I'm in awe of you. And not just for what you've done for me, which is awesome too. You've got this total self-possession, total coolness, total unflappability, and you can be totally polite one second and the next

you're demolishing someone either verbally or physically. When I'm with you I feel like I'm inside a whirlwind and never know where it'll take me next."

"I assure you that's not who I am. This whole day—no, it's this whole weird Program thing—had me completely off balance and I kept getting hit with unfamiliar stimuli and just had a knee-jerk reaction. My *sahyun*—uh, master—would be completely disappointed in me, I showed an almost total lack of self-control. But wow, I had fun doing it, though!"

She laughed. "Fun watching, too. Ok, we're getting close to the school and not far from my house. I only live about ten blocks away now. Next left turn."

"Denise, before I forget, *please* do forget about Bob's remark about my money, ok? If that becomes common knowledge, my life will be a complete disaster—I'll have all kinds of undesirables chasing me. I'm really a very modest, frugal person. Would you please?"

"Certainly. I saw how embarrassed you were when he let that slip."

We got to her house and I waited for her to reach her door. She waved to me, blew me a kiss, and went inside. Then I drove home, famished and totally exhausted from the day's stress.

Outside Aunt Helene's house stood a police cruiser.

Chapter 10: An Ineffective Response

Oh, no! Is she ok? Wait, no ambulance and I can see her at the door looking out. Phew! What's going on, then?

I pulled into the drive and two men in suits got out of the cruiser and came over to me.

One said, "Kevin Coris?"

"Yes? You want to talk to me?"

"We have some questions."

"Can we go inside? Private and more comfortable."

I led the way in and gave Aunt Helene a kiss. "It's ok. The gentlemen want to talk to me."

"I know. They wouldn't say what about."

I invited the men to sit and looked at them with an "ok, go ahead" gesture.

"Mr Coris, I'm Detective Conners from the city police. We've had a complaint from the school that you assaulted a school official."

Aunt Helene gasped. I said to her, "It's ok, just listen." Then to them, "All right, is this something I need my lawyer for, or my rights read, or something? Or are you doing fact-checking and won't use my statements for anything other than that?"

"Oh, pretty cool, kid. Ok, we'll state right here that no recording of your answers will be made and no notes taken other than the names of anyone you mention. Is that ok?"

"Yes, fine. One sec." I opened my bag and pulled out a notebook, then jotted that sentence on a sheet and passed it to Conners.

"Please read and sign this, sir."

"Kid, you're a bit young to have had legal training, you know?"

He signed with a glance at his partner, who did something in his pocket. Always negotiate from a position of strength.

"Now, detective, my name is Mr Coris, or Kevin, but not 'kid,' please. Can we be civil and polite?"

His jaw muscles tightened and his partner smirked.

"Yes, Mr Coris. A Mr Abover, the Program official at the high school, has made a complaint that you assaulted him."

"It's a false report and there were eight witnesses, the school principal, Dr Fletcher, included, sir. The actual event involved Mr Abover committing battery on my person so I simply restrained him to prevent his committing any more unnecessary violence."

"Really? I've seen Abover. You could have never restrained him. He trains at the local boxing club and I've seen him fight."

"Regardless. He first assaulted me by telling me that he was going to grab me, and then he battered me by grabbing my shoulder. I had to put him on the floor to keep him from any further injury."

“Ha ha ha—wow! No. You couldn’t have done that—could you?”

“Yes, just check with the principal. I told Dr Fletcher that I thought Mr Abover’s actions were just done impulsively without much premeditation and I would forgive the oversight and not press charges myself.”

“God, kid—uh, Mr Coris—you’re a piece of work, aren’t you? Tell me. Eastern martial arts, right?” I nodded. “Ah. Yes. I see it in your demeanor and how you’ve handled my questioning. You’re a cool one. As a matter of fact, we’ve already spoken to Dr Fletcher and he’s already corroborated everything you said, except that he didn’t say that you overpowered Abover, he just denied any kind of assault on your part. We assumed he meant that there was no bodily contact, not that he was using the word ‘assault’ in its legal sense. Got a bunch of street lawyers here, George, need to be more precise in our questions now.”

His partner nodded.

“Ok, Mr Coris, I think that’s all we need. We’ll file this as an unfounded charge. There were no witnesses to confirm that an assault occurred. Thanks for your time. We don’t see many people your age—make that none—who carried themselves the way you just did. Hey, just stay out of trouble, ok. With the skills you must have to take Abover down, you could be really dangerous.”

“Sir, the Arts are for personal defense. I always keep away from trouble. I assure you that I will never seek it. Thanks for your understanding.”

As they left, they glanced at each other, shaking their heads. Aunt Helene was still staring at their backs as they left. I went to her and took her hands.

“It’s ok,” I told her. “You heard what I told them. But you need to hear about the circumstances so you can know what really happened.”

I sat her down on her chair and gave her an edited account of my morning. She was astounded to hear about the nudity stuff.

“I’m pretty open-minded about all that, there’s plenty of nudity on the TV and in other places too, but in schools now? That’s pretty awful! Parents have no rights anymore when it comes to their kids. Government knows best. I guess the perverts have taken the government over.”

“My thoughts exactly,” I agreed.

After dinner I began making lists. I had made notes during classes as the day went on about things I still needed to do (like a driver’s license), kids’ names (plenty of names to keep straight), entering contact info and email addresses on my computer, storing numbers on my mobile, organizing my Program notes for the Tuesday meeting, writing down a summary of my meeting with Bob, and then, as an afterthought, summaries of my three staff interactions at school for future analysis so I wouldn’t forget details that may become crucial. Then I thought of the lock for my gym locker.

“Aunt Helene? I need to run to the store. Need anything while I’m out?”

She gave me a little list and some cash. “Hey. While I’m living here, I’m pulling my share. Don’t worry about the money.”

I picked up a nice lock with case-hardened shrouded hasp. Not that I needed that level of security, but it just made me feel better. When I finally piled into bed I was out like a light. Must still have had a bit of jet-lag.

Chapter 11: New Day, New Troubles

Tuesday came, bright and warm. It's gonna be a hot day. I'm not looking forward to the heat, the tights get uncomfortable when I sweat. *Need to look into tights with some natural fiber content, I guess. I'll bring extra powder to use.* After driving to school and parking, I walked into the building to my locker and then needed to find my home room. I had just stowed my junk and closed the locker when Abover sloped past, giving me a surprised look and a real scowl when he saw me. His face was an absolute mess, puffy blackened eyes, swollen nose, split lower lip (didn't plan for that injury) and a big scrape on his chin (nor that one. Oh. Lip and chin. Happened during the first takedown. Right). He turned and headed in the direction of the office. I shrugged.

When I got to my home room, Denise was there. I put my Monday "late slip" on the teacher's desk next to Denise's. Denise saw me, came over, and took my hand.

"I thought of you all evening," she said. "They were nice thoughts. Did you really mean it about my, uh, aura thing? How can I feel it? How does that work?"

I promised to show her how to start to do the meditation exercises that beginning students learn. Then I began to tell her about the police visit—she was shocked—when the final bell rang, so we sat. The teacher came in and looked at the slips and then looked around the room to see who was attached to those names. A second later the announcements came on; it was all routine stuff.

When they ended, the final words were: "Kevin Coris, to the main office, please. Kevin Coris."

Man—will I ever get to have a *normal* day? I got up, grabbed my bag (didn't know how long this episode would be), shrugged at the teacher (she'd have to wait another day to meet me), and left with a wave to Denise. She mouthed at me, "Be careful..." I waved again and shut the door.

When I got to the office Shirley (nameplate on her desk said Shirley Maples)—Mrs Maples—told me to go to C Wing, Room 117, Mr Abover's office. *Ah. He wants revenge, and he wants it in his private office. Hmmmm. Note to self. Self: Get a small digital voice recorder posthaste. My fallback position will be open door. No open door, no Kevin in room.*

"Ah, the famous Mr Coris favors me with a visit," he sneered when I knocked. "I was surprised to see you this morning. I was planning for a jail visit."

Oh. If this is his natural voice (remember, yesterday I only heard him snarl, scream, squawk, and croak), then sneering fits him perfectly.

I ignored that. "Sir, you called to see me."

"Yeah. Shut the door."

"With all respect, sir, the door will remain open."

"SHUT THE DOOR, I SAID!"

"I heard the first time, sir. If you must have it shut, then we will meet on its other side," indicating the hall.

"YOU BASTARD! I'll show you exactly who's in charge here. For your behavior yesterday, for your rude comments to two teachers, and for your insubordination just now, I'm invoking the Program rule for disciplinary action. One week for each violation. Four violations. Coris, you're on the Program for four weeks, not to be counted toward your required participation week. Strip."

"Sir, I know with certainty who my parents are and can assure you they were married when I was conceived and born. Also you might be interested to know that at least two people in the hall just heard your shout, cursing me, and everything you said just after that. That's extremely unprofessional behavior and you should be ashamed. I shall file a formal complaint against you and respectfully request your apology," I said, mainly for the benefit of the listeners in the hall who had stopped to watch, out of Abover's view.

"You're a goddamned bastard, boy, I'll be damned to apologize. I told you to strip!"

"Sir, as I told you yesterday, in case the minor inconvenience that occurred to your head made you forget, I respectfully decline your suggestion that I strip."

"THAT WAS NO SUGGESTION, PRICK! IT WAS AN ORDER!" he roared. Good. Nice crowd gathering outside.

"Sir, my hearing is quite adequate. I'm only about three meters away—uh, about ten feet, this is the U.S.," I observed mildly.

"Ok, then, scum, I'll do it for you," he shouted, taking a step toward me. I backed off two steps and assumed a relaxed defensive posture.

"Sir, stop. I think your head bump made you forget yesterday's unfortunate accident. I'd prefer not to need to pay you a hospital visit during your recovery if you have another accident, ok?"

He roared a curse at me and took a partial step toward me; he was about six steps away now. I had unobtrusively hooked my foot around the leg of a chair standing next to the doorway and noted that about a dozen people had gathered about twelve feet (getting good at conversions now) away from the door; I was in their full view but they couldn't see the chair nor Abover at all. His second step turned into a rush; with my foot I flipped the chair away from the wall into his path and hopped backwards into the hall and off to the side.

Abover came flying out of the room, scrabbling across the corridor, and crashing into the opposite wall. He had barely broken his fall with his right arm, but I could now see the arm was twisted at an odd angle. He sat up yelling and holding his elbow. Just then Dr Fletcher came hurrying up. He must have seen Abover doing his acrobatics demo in the hall, good. People were edging closer.

"What's going on, Mr Coris?"

"Not sure, sir. Let me see." I called to the crowd, "Someone have a mobile? Please ring 911, I think he needs an ambulance, he might have a broken arm by the way he fell."

I motioned to Fletcher and then to the door. He walked to the doorway to look in.

"Ah, Dr Fletcher, look—that must have been what happened—he tripped over that chair and fell."

"Mr Coris. Look. The chair is in there and Mr Abover is out there. I saw him just about fly out of the room. Just how could he have tripped?"

"Well, I'm not sure how that happened. Maybe he was running. He had called me a number of insulting names..." heads in the crowd were nodding in agreement "...so I told him that I'd wait in the hall until he regained his composure..." lots more nodding "...and then stepped out. I heard him shout something, uh, 'wait,' maybe? not sure, and then he came flying out, as you said."

Many more nods and lots of "That's what happened" "Yeah, I saw that too" "The kid wasn't even in

the room when Abover tripped; he was out here...” That got lots of yeses too.

I looked at Abover. His face was white and screwed up in agony. Nobody was paying any attention to him and he clearly was in no shape to join our conversation; then I heard the faint sound of a siren. I turned to Fletcher.

“Dr Fletcher, unfortunately I need to file a formal complaint against Mr Abover. For unprofessional conduct. He cursed me and called me insulting names.” I raised my voice. “Maybe someone in the hall heard, I’m not sure.”

“I heard,” came a voice. Oh, good! An adult! She stepped forward. “I’m Mrs Handly. I just dropped my daughter off at the office and passed by here and heard that man shouting obscenities at this boy. I could see the boy the whole time; he was just standing there, quietly and respectfully and answering with a soft voice—he never ever raised it and that man was bellowing at him and threatening him. Then the boy stepped out of the room and that man came flying out. The boy had to be maybe eight feet away—it’s not possible that he could have caused the accident.”

There were all kinds of sounds of agreement from the crowd.

The medics were arriving and as the crowd began to disperse, Dr Fletcher shouted, “Are there any other witnesses who have a conflicting observation?” No one answered. “I’d really appreciate it if some of you could come to the office to do an accident report. Only take five minutes.”

I saw at least a dozen people head toward the office. Real, real good. I felt a twinge of guilt—just a little twinge, but hey, the man got what he asked for. I did warn him, after all. It’s not my fault that he didn’t listen.

I never did get back to home room. The bell went off as they were rolling the stretcher down the hall to the entrance. Fletcher motioned to me to follow him.

In his office now, he sat down and stared at me.

“Dr Fletcher, sir, we need to stop meeting like this,” I said mildly.

He heaved a great sigh. “Kevin, what should I do with you? I had to throw the police off the trail yesterday and now I can’t help but think that somehow, with your magic or whatever, you put Abover down again.”

It was a bit tough keeping a poker face; I wanted to grin at what he said. “No, sir, this was all his doing this time.” This was technically true, actually. I just had helped him along a teensy little bit. “I could do an accident report too, sir, if you want, but I do want to do a complaint this time. He insulted my parents. I won’t stand for that.”

“No, no accident report. I’m getting at least a dozen reports from disinterested witnesses who were completely uninvolved with the ‘accident’...” —finger quotes— “so yours isn’t needed. As far as a complaint form, we don’t use any. Just write what you want to say and bring it in or email it. Now, how can I keep you out of trouble? Two teachers reported to Mr Abover that you were rude and uncooperative with them when they were interacting with you yesterday.”

“Sir, who gave you that report? Did you speak to the teachers yourself or did they send you a report?”

“No, actually I have a written report from Mr Abover.”

“May I see it?”

"Mmmm, it's a bit irregular, but since you're totally new to our education system, I suppose your seeing it will help you get more comfortable with how we do things here..."

There's that "comfortable" idea again. Is that educator's psychobabble? "Thank you." I glanced at the two pages. The reports were correct about what we discussed but were way off base with my responses and actions. "One moment, sir."

Wow. I had no idea that my decision to record yesterday's incidents would bear fruit so quickly! I reached into my bag and pulled my laptop out.

"Is there a printer I can send something to? I made a written record of my teacher interactions yesterday for my personal use, but I can share them with you so you can see how much different they are. Then I suggest giving anonymized copies to the teachers to see which is closer to their recollection."

"My boy, I just don't understand how someone your age is so, well, prepared and put together. Is this what they teach in schools overseas?"

"A little. Mostly, besides great academics, a strong respect for authority—which is earned by the authority figure, by the way—and yes, always being prepared is an important objective. I'm ready; is there a printer?"

He gave me the wireless printer address; I entered it and sent the file. A minute later Mrs Maples appeared with the docs.

"I can email a copy too..." He waved me off.

"No, this is fine. Nothing identifies you as the author. You're right, the teachers' parts just about match but your responses are very different. We'll see what the teachers have to say. Ok. Now about your adult status. I've been talking with the board's lawyer and he says that adult or not, you are still subject to the federal law that requires Program participation for graduation. We can't force you to participate but we can withhold your diploma."

"Ok, I hear you. I've also put my own attorney onto this problem, so let's let the legal eagles have their go at it and we can watch and root for our sides. What is in my favor, however, is that I can essentially pick and choose the time that I participate. If I refuse, I can't be forced. But if I pick the last week of my senior year and do it then—satisfying all the rules, that means I've successfully completed the requirement, right? None of the rules were broken and I exercised all of my rights as an adult. It's just a thought. You don't have to respond. But you should think of the possible consequences of adulthood—how many kids will turn 18 in their senior year? Think hard on that. And don't think that I won't be putting the word out. You already know what I think about this stupidity. Sir." He began to speak but I raised my hand.

"Another thing. Both Miss Williams and Mr Abover tried this—a Program punishment for a perceived offense that had nothing to do with the Program. That's plain wrong and as I told you yesterday, it totally defeats any tiny validity that the Program objectives might have. Using one's nudity to punish them shows their comfort with their sexuality just how? Doing that is solely a tool for humiliation and equates nudity, sexuality, and humiliation. That's the precise message you're sending, and you wonder why the kids are being so resistant to cooperation? Think on that too, sir. Is there anything more?"

"Nothing that a bottle of Scotch won't cure. Look, I think that we can agree to disagree about some matters. Others are out of my hands, like the federal office and people like Mr Abover. But I *do* have the interests of my students in mind and will be willing to work with you to solve those problems that

are under local control. You're a unique person, son, and you're earning my respect—grudgingly, anyway. Please don't do anything to change my mind. I can see that if we do reach a major schism, then things can get messy and I'd rather avoid that. Do we agree?"

I rose and shook his hand. "That's pretty much my feeling too, sir. I was grateful for your support in the police incident—even coming around during our first encounter to agree to have a reasonable discussion and I wish I didn't have to pull a spectacular stunt to show you I meant business. That's not how I work; I was kind of forced into it, as you may have guessed."

"Well, that's all. I'm glad we had this little talk. It clears up some things that were bothering me. But you owe me. You've given me so much work to do this week that I'm working overtime! Listen, it's about 15 minutes into second period. You really need to start attending classes, son!" he finished with a grin. "Shirley will give you passes. Thanks for your ideas, too. Enjoy the day; I hope I won't need to call you in much more or I'll need to start working two shifts!"

I got the passes from Mrs Maples. Ok, in two days I missed first-period class twice and second-period class, one and a half times. I'm on a roll. Found my room and walked in. All heads swivelled toward me; I just went to the desk and handed in my passes. The teacher glanced at them.

"Nice to finally have you join us, Mr Coris. Please take a seat. Can you enlighten us on the nature of the incident in the corridor in C Wing?"

I looked at the board. It said "Mr Wilbur, Biology" in big letters. "Mr Wilbur, all I can say is that Mr Abover tripped and I think his arm's broken. They took him to the hospital."

Titters in the classroom.

"Oh, and can you offer any theories about how he might have tripped?"

Laughter.

"Well, can't really say because I didn't see it. I was in the hall when it happened."

Kids were looking at each other and grinning now.

"Oh, really."

"Really. There were over twenty witnesses, I think. A whole crowd was there. That's all I can say, I guess." Need to be a little evasive without actually lying. So far everything I had said was literally true—not gonna push it any further. "May I sit down?"

"Certainly. Ok, class, let's continue. Someone please show Mr Coris where we are? Thanks."

The class continued and at the appointed hour the bell rang. Instantly I was surrounded. Damn. Now I know how celebrities feel when they're besieged by paparazzi.

Chapter 12: A Federal Case

"C'mon, guy—what really happened?" "You saw it, how'd he trip" "You know how he did it—tell us!" rang out all around me.

I put my arms in the air. "Listen up!" I shouted. "What I said when I came in. I can only say what I saw myself. There's a whole bunch of accident reports in the office, if you ask nice maybe they'll let you read them. Is there a school paper? Maybe they can do a story, ok?"

I squeezed out of the room and found Denise waiting in the hall.

"My god! Let you out of my sight for a minute and all hell breaks loose! What happened to you? Why were you gone so long? I was getting really worried and then heard a siren..."

"Shhhh. It's ok, tell you later, your ears only, ok?"

She nodded and we walked to Calculus. She told me what I missed in first period and would give me her notes and the assignment. I joked with her that I must be setting a school record for the most class excuse passes in the first week and was treated to that delightful giggle again. I could get hooked on it.

"So you can teach me about that meditation stuff, Kevin? Will that help me feel the energy you mentioned? That's so exciting!"

"Yeah, I can try. I'm no master at this but I can show you how I learned it. Say, you know, maybe it can help you with your problem too—you know, that assault thing. I heard that calming the mind sometimes can go a long way in helping physical issues, but I do know that it helps me get calm and focused."

The class was starting so we sat. After class we went to lunch and met up with our little group again. Most were pretty excited to tell us of their recruiting progress. We had a few kids who could do a website and others who could write well and could do blog articles on current Program topics. It looked like there was a fairly good interest in the guardian corps idea and some of the kids on the football team (gotta wrap my mind around the American concept of football) were interested; one of them was on the Program last spring.

Of course they were dying to know about the Abover incident. They were all totally convinced that I had set up the whole thing somehow and wanted to know how I had done it. Perceptive kids; they had seen me in action and figured I had some tricks they hadn't seen yet. How right they were. I didn't want to lie or even prevaricate so I changed the subject quickly.

"Oh, you know that the cops came to see me last night? About what happened in Fletcher's office yesterday? Well, Abover tried to get me arrested for assault."

Expressions of shock and chagrin appeared around the table. I went on to explain the distinction between assault and battery and gave them examples; then I went on to tell them that should anyone ask, that they could truthfully say that I didn't assault anyone in the room—and they should leave out any comment about my takedown of Abover as that was an irrelevant detail.

I noticed that Jane was very quiet; she had her hands on her face like she was trying to keep from crying.

"Jane, are you ok? Anything wrong?" I asked.

She looked up and I could see tears in her eyes.

"A little scared is all. I was thinking how I felt in the office and about having to get naked and all of the awful, terrible stories about what they do to you and..." she trailed off, sobbing now.

Barbara leaned over and put her arm around her shoulder. "That's why we're here, honey, we're going to try to stop all that crap from happening anymore. I'm really worried too, but if all those kids came through it last year, I guess we could too, don't you think?"

"Uh huh," she said uncertainly.

Suddenly a question popped into my head. "Hey guys, this is crazy. All this open-season sex that's almost forced on you... Aren't you girls afraid of getting pregnant? or a STD? How do you make the guys put on rubbers?"

Sarah grinned. "Maybe you really did grow up on Mars, Kevin. I thought everyone in the whole world knew about the magic shot that keeps away the babies and the bugs."

"What do you mean? I lived a protected life, hardly ever saw girls socially and the only birth control I know is the pill and rubber. What's the shot?"

"It was approved, what? five years ago, maybe. It made the Program possible, actually," she said. "When it came out, people began thinking about how good open sexuality would be for everyone. The liberals thought it would cut down on crimes like rape and molestation and if kids could be indoctrinated into losing their sexual or bodily modesty, they'd grow up as well-adjusted adults. That's what they taught us in our Civics class. It's kind of what happened when the birth-control pill came out. There was a sexual revolution then but it got cut short by disease problems like AIDS and herpes. The Shot prevents pregnancy and all STDs and it's effective within 24 hours of getting it and it lasts about 90 days. The only problem is that maybe 10% of women are allergic and can't take it."

I couldn't help but think that this was both a good and a bad development. Good for society—cure disease, but bad for society's morals—making sexuality public. I was brought up to believe that sex was a private matter between loving adults. Well, the world marches on.

Lunch period continued with smalltalk about classes, teachers, activities—you know, the stuff that interests high school kids—I think it was the first time since I arrived that I experienced some normality.

Fifth period came, it was the Health/Psych class that alternated days with gym, but Miss Williams popped in just before class started and asked me about the track team again. I told her I was considering it.

At the start of the sixth period, the paging system came to life. "Will Mr Kevin Coris please report to the office. Kevin Coris. Thank you."

Oh *MAN*! Can't they just leave me alone? What now? I looked at Denise who wore a very unhappy expression, shrugged at her, and excused myself to the teacher.

At the office, Mrs Maples told me that Dr Fletcher wanted me in his office, ok. Besides Fletcher, there were two men and a woman.

Fletcher said, "Ok, let's use my conference room."

It was next door; a small room with a table and eight chairs. When we were seated, one of the men began speaking.

"I'm Mr Merotta and this is Mrs Joury; we're from the district Program office, and this is Mr James from the U.S. Attorney's office."

Oh, boy, what now?

"We're here to investigate charges of assault on a Program official and we're here to place Mr Coris under custody for the investigation."

"Sir?" I broke in. "Is this an arrest?"

"No, it's protective custody..."

"Protective how? I mean, who's out to harm me? If you're investigating, you're asking questions and looking at records, right?"

"Well, we have the right to hold minors in custody for their protection during an investigation, correct, Mr James?"

He nodded.

"Ah. You do know that I'm emancipated; that means that I'm not a minor, correct?" They looked uncertain. "If you place me under custody, that constitutes an arrest as an adult. Do you have an arrest warrant that shows probable cause that I committed a criminal act?"

Mrs Joury observed to no one in particular, "Whoa. A junior lawyer."

Mr James said mildly, "He's actually correct. If he's actually emancipated as he claims, the Program office has no authority to hold him. You would need a warrant, precisely as he said."

"The school has a copy of my emancipation decree on file. I believe Dr Fletcher had the school district's lawyer confirm it?" He nodded. "So unless you don't believe Dr Fletcher, let's stipulate that the decree is in order and that I'm legally not a minor, agreed?"

Mrs Joury said, only half in jest, "Son, exactly when did you graduate from law school?"

The others chuckled and that broke the ice; everyone around the table relaxed perceptibly—at least I could see it. Ok, now I'm establishing some control here. Let's push it now.

"So let's begin the investigation right now, ok? There's a claim that I assaulted someone, right?"

"Correct," Mr Merotta said, "Mr Boris Abover of the Program office filed that charge with us yesterday. When we arrived this morning, we found Mr Abover had been taken to the hospital. We interviewed him there and he told us that you threw a chair at him in his office, breaking his arm."

Dr Fletcher cleared his throat. "Excuse me, Mr Merotta. I was there. I saw what happened. Mr Coris was in the corridor when Mr Abover ran out of his office and ran into the opposite wall, breaking his arm. There were over twenty witnesses too, and I have over a dozen accident reports that read almost identically. There's no way Mr Coris could have been responsible for Mr Abover's accident. He must have injured his head in addition to his arm when he fell," he concluded with a slight grin.

"And Monday's alleged assault?" Mrs Joury inquired.

"Yes. Mr Abover was in my office then and I was present with eight students, Mr Coris included. I can state categorically that no assault took place at that time either. The local police department investigated and cleared Mr Coris of any infraction. They probably did a report when they closed the complaint."

The three visitors looked at each other, then Mr Merotta said to Fletcher, “Dr Fletcher, would you be so kind as to fetch the accident reports and Mr Coris’ emancipation decree and give us five minutes alone? Thank you.”

This was done. I waited with Fletcher in his office while they deliberated or whatever.

“Kevin, Kevin. At this rate I’m gonna have to start sleeping in my office so I can get some work done.”

“Sorry, sir. I can’t believe all of these bureaucratic layers.”

“Tell me about it.”

Then the three came trooping into the office.

“We’re sorry for disturbing your day. All this paperwork...” Merotta handed the files to Fletcher “...is in complete order. Apparently Mr Abover has been exaggerating the situation somewhat, why we have no idea, but we plan to investigate that issue further, but it shouldn’t involve you or Mr Coris at this point.”

“Mr Merotta, there’s another fact you should be aware of,” Fletcher broke in. “I received a report of Program infractions committed by Mr Coris against two teachers. When I investigated, I found that Mr Abover had falsified the information in his report to me. I don’t know why he would have done such an unprofessional thing. Let me give you a copy of those documents,” he said, picking up a folder from his desk and walking to the copier.

He made copies and gave them to Merotta with an envelope. “There’s no need for you to stay to read that; it’s all self-documented, but if you do have any questions, please call me,” he said, ushering them out of the main office door. He returned to his room, indicating that I should follow.

“Kevin, I spoke to the teachers. They corroborated your version of your interactions with them. It seemed that your, uh, how shall I say it, gently confrontational style? whatever—unnerved them but they agreed on reflection that they were projecting their own feelings on their impression of your behavior. I’ve seen you in action, son. What you can do can be dangerous, you know. You can get under someone’s skin and then they begin to do or say things they don’t intend. Please, please, cool it in school. You’ll turn my staff into raving maniacs if you keep it up. If you have an issue with a teacher that gets into rule interpretation, please don’t hit them with your artillery; they aren’t used to handling the kind of challenges you can pose. Just ask them to talk to me about the issue and give me some warning, ok? Can you do that?”

“Yes sir. I’ll make an effort to do that.”

“Thank you. I guess you can go now, but please be careful, ok?”

I nodded and left. The period was almost over, so I went to my locker, switched some books, and started for my seventh period room. The bell rang.

Denise came down the hall and seeing me, began to run. “Oh good!” she gasped, “you’re ok!”

“The way this week’s been, for the next ten minutes anyway, I am,” I said wryly. “I’m gonna have lots to tell you later, if you’re interested.”

“Oh! I am! Sorry that I can’t reciprocate; no interesting news on my side.”

“That’s ok; I don’t know if I could handle much more. I’m getting close to overload.”

"My poor studly hero. If it makes you feel any better, I've got the assignments and stuff."

"Yeah, thanks. Hear anything more about our meeting later?"

"No, just names of some people coming. You wouldn't know them, I think."

"You're right. Ok, let me switch into learning mode for class," I joked.

Chapter 13: Plans are Made

After our seventh period class, we went to Sarah's wing to wait near her locker. Our group was to meet there and then go to the club room that Sarah had arranged. Kids began wandering into the wing and hanging out, waiting. Then Sarah came rushing in.

"Guys, we've got a room in A wing, 130, for the meeting. Can someone wait here to let latecomers know where to go?" A guy volunteered, and we left, following Sarah.

Room 130 was a regular classroom. We pulled the desks into a circle and got comfortable—as comfortable as you can in a school desk, anyway. Everyone began looking around to see who was going to start off. So I did.

"Hey, guys. Thanks for showing up. I'm Kevin Coris, I'm new here; some of you might have heard my name."

Much laughter.

"Yeah, buddy, anyone who's not deaf has heard it!" someone joked.

"Yeah, well, it seems like I've gotten some advance publicity." Snickers. "So here I am, and I'm pleased to meet all of you. The Programers-in-waiting, like Sarah's called us, decided to try to do something about the way the Program will run this year. Let's start by introducing the people who got picked first."

The kids in the Program group said their names and grades.

"Ok, are there any last year Program survivors here?"

Eight were here of the total of eleven from the spring Program group.

"Thanks. You guys will be a great help as our consultants. Sarah, who did you find to join the working group? I think everyone knows in general what we're gonna try to do, right?"

Nods around the circle. Sarah named a few people and I asked them what kinds of contributions they could make and for suggestions for external publicity for the information clearing-house website and for the guardian corps.

"Oh, Sarah, I'll need some help with taking notes so we don't forget important items. Could you be our scribe for the meeting? Good. Thanks."

We went around the circle with people listing their skills.

One girl offered, "I can do blogging, but you know that the national Program office has already shut down a few sites like you're suggesting?"

I asked, "What about that anti-NiS site?"

"Oh that's on 'Facepage' and they've tried to block it but the page operator keeps shifting it around. To do what you want, we can't keep a site up long enough."

"What about if we get an overseas server? Then the feds can't get to it, right?" I asked.

"Yeah, possibly, but we don't have any overseas contacts, and if the hosting country buckles to the U.S., they can shut it down too."

"I can help there—I know people overseas who can help. They're twelve hours ahead of us but I'll

email them and I'll know something tomorrow. Let's assume we can get the blog up. Is there someone who can run it and keep it from attacks?" I asked.

A few kids offered to do that.

"Now, how do we advertise that it's up?"

Some discussion revealed that we could spread the word through the social networking websites and by texting. Someone said that posting videos on video-sharing sites would work too, they could probably stay up for a week or so until the feds got them pulled but that would be long enough. People volunteered to do that too. There was a lot of concern that the feds could trace the sources of all those postings, and I told them that we could set up posts using proxy servers so that original sources would be hidden. Others volunteered to take readers' submissions and write the blog news posts, and we could set up a "first-person" section to post people's stories.

Next we turned to the Program beginning next week. I suggested that the last year's survivors explain the problems that they encountered so that we could formulate a request for getting those problems fixed.

Marsha was the first student to speak. "I was a junior and got picked in the first round. My biggest problem was the groping" —nods all around— "I got poked and prodded all week and my body was sore and bruised from all the abuse. Kids would jam their fingers into my snatch and even my butt without asking. I don't know where they had their fingers before, I was so lucky not to get an infection. I even got pushed down once and was almost raped, but someone pulled him off. No one would say who it was, though."

Bill described his Program experience, being fondled and forced to masturbate

Bill spoke. "Yeah, guys got hit on too. I was a freshman. I was in the second week. My cock and balls ached from being grabbed, and being forced to masturbate and take relief was the pits."

"You were forced?" I exclaimed. "It says teachers may not force it."

"Not if a teacher wants you to 'demonstrate,'" he said. "For relief I was forced to masturbate as a demonstration even though I had recently cum and couldn't get it up again so soon. He had a few people try and all I got were friction burns."

There were further examples given, most of which were blatant violations of the Program guidelines.

"Didn't anyone complain that these were violations?"

"Yeah, a lot at first." Another girl called out. "We were referred to Mr Abover and he usually gave an additional day penalty as punishment for the complaint, so complaints stopped after the first two days. When we asked the teachers, they said that Mr Abover gave them lists of permitted things teachers could do, like the teacher selecting the person to give the student relief. If someone asked for relief, the teacher could pick someone and if the Program person objected to the choice he or she couldn't back out."

"That's another violation. That was on Abover's list too?" I was incredulous.

"Apparently. Those are some of the reasons most kids are terrified of the Program."

"Are the other experiences you guys had along the same lines? Yes? Ok, I think we've heard enough. It looks like our Programers-in-waiting guys are gonna be sick after hearing that. Now, let me tell you what Fletcher and I discussed at our Monday meeting—the one that all the rumors have been circulating about. First, I'm not a savior or a hero, which some have made me out to be. It's just that I've learned how to be very persuasive."

Lots of chuckles from those in the know.

"So you heard Fletcher's announcement Monday, there'll be some changes and the changes will be in these areas, depending on school board approval: first day, no touching; second day, no touching below waist; after that, limited and face-to-face touching and no ambushes allowed. Teachers must monitor the class hall passings. Program students get whistles for alerts. A group of student guardians to stick with Program kids while not in classes to protect them from harm. I think that the Program student and his guardian should have the right to determine what is Reasonable; this is specifically permitted in the Program book. I suggested that guardians should be selected from Program graduate volunteers; would you all agree to that?"

Everyone nodded.

"Good. The guardians would wear something that shows their Program role that everyone can see. And they'd have whistles too, to call for help if they need it. How does this sound so far?"

I got a number of cheers and applause.

"Now, when I spoke to Fletcher, I obviously didn't know about Abover's private 'to-do' list so I'm certainly going to mention that to Fletcher; I don't think he knows about that either; I think that list was something between Abover and some perverted teachers, so please give me a list of the teachers you think were using a list like that, ok? No one will ever know you told me and since I'm new here, I can act really dumb about the matter. I'm pretty good at acting dumb, you know." Much laughter.

"Finally, I did speak to Fletcher about using the Program for punishment. Several times. The jury's still out on that issue, but I've had personal experience that Program punishments are being imposed for non-Program infractions or even alleged infractions. Anyone else see that happen or have that experience?" A number of hands rose. "Ok, that's a large enough number to show that this is a problem too and we'll need to push for relief—oh, bad word, sorry." Chuckles.

"I can't think of anything else. Can you? Let's all exchange contact info and what you've volunteered to do. Let's see, each of us take a sheet of paper and put your name, contact info, and volunteer info on it and give that to Sarah. Then we'll transcribe it and send out a blast to everyone so you can add the numbers to your contact list. That should be easiest. What I'll do next fits into three areas: getting the website hosting arranged, letting Fletcher know the details about the items we discussed Monday, and

the Abover-teacher problem. Sarah, would you mind emailing me your notes? Thanks. If anyone thinks of something this evening and needs to contact me, I'll write my number on the board. Thank you all for coming; I think we made good progress."

There was a round of clapping hands and a lot of smiling faces. As the crowd dispersed, Sarah, Andrew, and Denise gathered around me.

"Wow, Kevin, you're blowin' my mind," Andrew said. "How d'you do it? I couldn't do a tenth of what you just did, like you've been runnin' meetings all your life."

"Just a knack, I guess. I've seen an awful lot of meetings, embassies, remember? You want to talk about boring meetings? Work for the State Department."

"Yeah, Kevin, that was so cool—you covered everything; it sounds so hopeful and I'm starting to feel that the Program next week might even be fun! Thanks for the boost. I'll get your email out as soon as I get home," Sarah said.

They both left and Denise turned to me. "You never cease to amaze me, studly person. Is there anything you can't do?" she grinned.

"Well, I can't give birth to a baby, but I'm working on that problem and may get it licked eventually," I joked.

She doubled over, laughing. "God, you're too much, Kevin. Can I ask a favor? Could I get a ride home? I think I missed the late bus."

"Oh sure, say, you're actually on my way home, so if you want, I could pick you up in the mornings too, if that isn't being too forward."

"Oh Kevin. You're not forward, you're sweet. That would be really very nice; thanks so much."

We began walking to my car.

"Oh, Kevin, I'm so burning with curiosity about this morning! The rumor mill has you doing all kinds of fantastic things to knock Abover down, like levitating him across the hall or being in two places at once. You made that 'Man from Mars' comment and some people are taking you seriously," she giggled.

We reached the car and got in.

"Actually what I described is really very close to what happened. I only left out one tiny detail but you need to forget I told you this, ok?"

She grinned, "Sure."

"Ok. Everything I said about his yelling at me happened. I was standing next to his doorway because he wanted me to close it and I was refusing; no way was I gonna be alone in the same room with him with the door closed. Then he told me that he was sentencing me to the Program for four weeks and to strip. I declined and he flew into a rage and charged at me. The detail I didn't say, and people didn't see, was when I ran out of the room, a chair next to where I was standing fell over into his path and he tripped on it."

"Oh. And you have no idea at all about how that chair could have fallen over, right?" she asked sweetly.

“Um, let’s just say you’re getting to know me too well, ok?”

“You’re so, so smooth, you know? I just hope I never get on your bad side; I’d hate to have you mad at me, Kevin,” she said, only half jokingly.

“I don’t have a mad bone in my body, you know. I take them all out every night to jolly them up to keep them happy,” I chuckled.

“You’re awful, you know,” she said, giggling. “But I’ll keep you around anyway.”

We arrived at her house and I watched her go in. Then I drove away, making a brief stop at a big box electronics place to pick up a digital voice recorder and I added a very small video recorder to my selection, just in case. I wondered when my life would return to some semblance of normality.

After I got home, I shot an email to Dan Hollander, telling him about the website and hosting server problem. Then I had dinner and when I got back to my room, Sarah’s email had come in, so I organized her notes into action lists, article topics, and suggested Program rules clarifications. I made some printouts and then worked on my assignments. Finally, I sent an email to Bob, giving him my promised summary of the Program website planning meeting. It had been another draining day, so I sacked out as soon as I finished my work.

Chapter 14: Premonitions and Plans

When I woke up on Wednesday morning, I felt a bit off-kilter; usually I feel rested and alert. Now I felt somewhat disturbed. I had dreamed during the night; usually I don't remember my dreams but now I began to recall, not the actual dream, but impressions of what the dream was about. In it, it seemed that shadowy figures were moving around a web, like a spider web, and one of the figures resembled Abover. It was a hulking shape, had a swollen face, and one arm was hanging limply. The whole image had a sense of threat and danger. It seemed my subconscious was trying to send me a message. I sat on my bed for a few minutes to collect my thoughts and then went to my computer to send an email. I saw a message from Dan, but that would have to wait.

I sent an email to Bob, briefly telling him of my concerns about Abover. He hadn't behaved like an educator with kids; he behaved like a thug. It was how he spoke to me in his office, how he had dragged Denise around on Monday morning, how he smirked at the kids' discomfort, and what I had heard yesterday about how he'd treated the Program kids. Something didn't seem right—perhaps that was what my subconscious was telling me. So I asked Bob to try to investigate Boris Abover, get a background check done, and see if anything turned up.

Then I made an extract of the files I had created that were based on Sarah's notes: a list of Program rules violations by teachers and a separate list of the names of the teachers who were said to have been involved. I printed that off. Then I showered, dressed, had breakfast, and left to pick up Denise.

When she got into the car, I turned to her and grinned. "Good morning; you look like you're ready for another exciting day," I joked.

"Yeah. You think maybe today will be a normal one for a change?"

"Sorry. Not a chance. Today, instead of me getting called to the office, I'm gonna go to the office first and ask for a meeting with Fletcher."

"Oh my, what now? Something from our work session yesterday?"

"Yeah. Actually I thought of something this morning that Fletcher needs to know about."

"Wel-l-l-l... ok, I guess. Be careful—try not to take over the school now, you hear?" she kidded, uh, *was* she kidding with me?

As soon as we entered the school building, I saw Fletcher talking to a teacher just off the lobby. He saw me and motioned me over.

"Kevin, Denise, just wanted to let you know that the board approved basically everything we spoke about on Monday."

"Thanks, sir, good to hear." I saw Denise smile broadly. "Sir, another thing has come up that's closely related and may help you in doing the rules clarifications you mentioned that would be handed out on Thursday." He got a guarded expression. "No, this isn't about making any policy changes at all; but it may be a matter that will help the Program to be better accepted by the students. Can I see you in your office, please?"

"Hmmm," he said, "this is the first time I've heard of a student calling the principal for a meeting. Usually we do it the other way around." Denise giggled and squeezed my hand. "Ok, why not? Just another part of this week's disaster. Denise, you're in Kevin's home room?"

"I am, sir."

"Good. Please tell your teacher where Kevin is, ok? Thanks. Ok, son, let's go talk."

After we were seated in Fletcher's office, he looked at me hard. "Now you're not going to be asking for more concessions, right?"

"No. But you need to know this. You know that my learning about the existence of this whole Program thing was kind of a shock to me. I had no inkling that anything like this existed. So yesterday I was asking other students what their feelings were about it and I learned, as you probably know, that they are apprehensive, no, scared, of being selected. They told me it wasn't because of the mandatory nudity; it was because of how they were treated."

"Wait, Kevin..."

"No, please, let me continue. In my talking with them, I could see that if the Program is run according to the rules in that booklet, the kids will accept it better. What you need to know is that during last term, the rules weren't followed. Did you know that, sir?"

"What do you mean? Of course they were followed. Mr Abover saw to that. He met with the teachers and gave them detailed instructions about the rules and what they were to do. He had the teachers send any student who had a question about the rules to him so he could explain the rules, and he also decided any disputes and challenges. He gave me a report twice each week about the Program."

"Then you'll be surprised to learn that he must have had his own set of rules." I pulled my printout out of my backpack. "This is a list of things kids saw last term. Some of these incidents were reported to me by Program participants and some by bystanders. They all have a common theme. You notice that when anyone objected, they were summarily punished. You'll also notice that certain teachers appear to have been working from a different set of rules, like that one report about mandatory relief..."

"Relief *isn't* mandatory," he interjected.

"In at least that instance, it was. What about that one about a teacher selecting the person to give the participant relief?"

"That's not in the rules either," he said.

"Where do you think the teachers got the idea that they could substitute one set of rules," I pointed to the sheet I gave him, "for another?" I held up a Program booklet. "The kids told me that Abover gave the teachers a list of rules to follow. The teachers I listed on that sheet were the specific ones who I was told about who violated the official Program rules. I think you should see if you can find anything written, maybe a list of alternate rules. Maybe Mr Abover has a list in his office. Is he back to work yet?"

"Not till tomorrow."

"Then I suggest you try to find something that shows he had another set of rules. Or if one of those teachers will come clean and 'fess up. If my theory is true, then Mr Abover was running his own version of the Program right under your nose. And that brings up this other issue, a directly related one. In doing his management of the Program here, Abover was acting as the executive—he was in charge of the Program; as the legislator—he was making the rules; as the judiciary—he was deciding appeals and making interpretations of the rules; and as the executioner—he was imposing the punishments from which he permitted no appeals. Dr Fletcher, I haven't had the opportunity yet to take a civics or government class, but did get the syllabus for that class off your website and did some of the readings. What this is, is a violation of the principle of separation of powers, and it's allowed Mr Abover to

essentially become a dictator."

"Kevin, that's a serious accusation."

"Yes, it is, but what I heard, if it's really true and I have no reason to think that it's not, it's the only logical conclusion that I could draw. It would also explain why the kids here are so anti-Program, don't you think?"

"Well, since you mention it, some of my colleagues at other schools didn't have anything like the problems we had in the first month."

"There you go, something here started out differently."

"I hate to admit it yet again, but perhaps you're right..."

"I hope that what I've suggested is the cause of the kids' anger at the Program. But this leads me to want to make a suggestion that I hope you'll seriously consider; it has nothing to do with the way the Program itself operates, but it would alleviate the sense of despair over the possibility of instant retribution for anything that a participant may or may not do in the Program. When a vulnerable person is forced into a compulsory situation, then any request made of them is automatically coercive, and fear of unknown and possibly random consequences can be crippling. What I'm saying is this. If you violate the 'A' rule, the code says your punishment is 'B.' It shouldn't be a random choice from 'C' or 'E' or even 'Z' at the sole whim of the punisher, if that's a word. But that's exactly what happened here last term.

"So I'd like to respectfully request that as a part of the guardian corps, which I understand the district has approved, that another of their roles be as a kind of advisory judiciary, together with school staff, to consider appeals and make recommendations, which don't have to be binding but will bring a measure of fairness to the sanctioning process. I think the guardian corps is appropriate since it'll consist of Program graduates, students already familiar with the levels of stress they themselves endured and who will have some degree of empathy for others in the same situation, but will want those newcomers to experience the same benefits and feelings of achievement they got out of the Program. I can't believe I'm actually saying this stuff! You know how much I abhor this whole business, but I feel that if you crack some eggs, you don't throw them away; you make an omelette.

"In the civics materials I've read there's a strong precedent for a student group like that; it's the student judiciaries that lots of schools have and their function seems to be conflict resolution and interpretation of student bylaws. Things like that. It would be a natural extension of the idea to include the Program as part of that function. If it's strictly advisory, it wouldn't need federal Program approval or probably even local board approval, I should think."

"Kevin, you're hitting me with so many new ideas it's hard keeping up with you. I agree that we need to do something urgently and emphatically to get the students to willingly accept the Program and not be so resistant. So I will look into your allegation of Mr Abover's alternate rules list and consider your idea for a judiciary—but I will need to explore that idea with our attorney. You're right about the school board; we had already been having some discussions about my establishing a student court; the board agreed that any decision to set this up would be mine alone, but then the Program came up and I suppose I just dropped the idea. Let me reconsider; there are a number of technical, legal, and administrative issues involved because of the Program and our resident Program official. I most likely will want to talk to you further on this, you seem to be an unending reservoir of ideas. But you actually need to be in school now—after all, you're a student, not an administrator, and I think you've managed

to blur the line in your case between the two so successfully that I never know how I should deal with you. So *get to class now*! Be a student for a change! Get a pass from Mrs Maples; you're already missed first period twice and you're already late again today." He smiled as he waved at me to get out.

I got my pass and added it to my stack of first-period excuses.

Chapter 15: Law and Medicine in Two Scenes

I was fifteen minutes late getting to first period Civics class and when I got into the classroom and handed my passes to the teacher, she looked me over, shuffled them a few times and then picked up one like one would do with a card from a deck.

"Tuesday. Excuse pass." Picked another. "Wednesday. Late pass." The last one. "Monday. Excuse pass. Well, well, Mr Coris, so nice to finally meet you. I think that this is a school record, three consecutive days." Laughter from the class. "Mr Coris, you don't have any special news about any school incidents this morning, I hope." More laughter.

Wow. Seems that lots of staff members at this school fancy themselves as comedians. I wondered if I should respond. Maybe a little humility would be best now.

"Miss Wilson, I'm really sorry; I wish I could start this week over again and not miss so much of your classes. It wasn't my choice, believe me, and I'm glad to finally be here at last."

She gave me a hard look and then smiled. "No apology needed, Mr Coris. Thank you for that very graceful comment, though. You'll need to get caught up and turn in some work I assigned."

"Oh, sorry, yes, I did that; here it is," I handed her the papers.

She accepted them with a strange expression, glanced at the sheets, and looked at me.

"Thank you... um... well, these look good... ok, please find a seat and we'll continue the class."

Hmmmm. Obviously she was surprised that I came to class prepared. In all my other schools, I would have never *dared* to come to class unprepared. Is this how the American education system teaches its kids?

The rest of the morning passed uneventfully, thankfully. I was able to concentrate on learning and actually began to enjoy the classes and the contributions of the students in these much larger classes.

At lunch our core gang assembled again and I thought of Dan's email. After a quick bite of real food—I was brown-bagging now and just buying milk and fruit—I checked my email on my mobile.

"Hey guys, listen. I just heard from my overseas contact; he's giving the problem to an IT person about whom I recall has a great rep. My dad said if you give him a computer problem, he'll take care of it, no sweat, and do it well. I should hear from him soon."

I also had a response from Bob. He said that he'd get right onto the background check and that his firm's letter to the school district about the ADA warning had been delivered that morning. He said that Denise's medical letter established her claim and that I should be prepared to produce a similar document that covered my own disability from a physician. I recalled that I only had a doctor's report, not a statement of disability. I wrote him back and told him so; that I would need to get a doctor's appointment really quick to get a disability diagnosis.

I mentioned my morning meeting with Fletcher and outlined what we discussed and then the group picked up yesterday's discussion of our planning for next week when my mobile buzzed. Who's ringing me, I wondered. Not many people outside of school have my number. Hope it's not Aunt Helene...

It was actually Bob. "Kevin, can you do a 4 pm appointment?"

"Uh, sure. Your office?"

"No, actually. Friend of mine is a urologist—he's actually in the med school here and also has a practice. He can see you at 4 and do an exam; have you had that problem looked at recently?"

"Last May. About four months ago."

"Oh, that's good; could you bring any records you have and go to his office, it's at..."

He gave me the address. I thanked him gratefully and disconnected.

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The call came just as my sixth period history class began. "Attention please. Will Denise Roberts and Kevin Coris please report to the main office. Miss Roberts and Mr Coris. Thank you."

Denise and I looked at each other. Now what? The teacher gave us an "oh, well" gesture and indicated the door.

"Kevin, what do you think this is for?"

"Dunno—wait, Bob told me that the warning letter was delivered today. Maybe that's it."

That was precisely it. We were ushered into the conference room; Dr Fletcher was there with two other people who he introduced as Mr Overland, the district's lawyer, and Mr Lewison, the school board president.

Dr Fletcher began. "Students, Miss Roberts and Mr Coris, the district just received a letter, naming you two, that says the district is in violation of the Americans with Disabilities Act. It charges us with withholding your education. Can you enlighten us a bit more?"

Denise looked at me, I shook my head at her and responded, "I know that this isn't a legal proceeding but still I don't want to say much without our lawyer present. What I will say is that this is related to our Program selection. Both of us have a 'major life disability' as defined in the Act, which precludes our Program participation. Denise has already been informed that her exemption request was denied and therefore I assume that my own exemption will be denied as well. The nature of our disability absolutely prevents our participation and Denise was told that her only alternate education choice would require that she withdraw and enroll at a private school or be home-schooled.

"According to the ADA, we are entitled to a free public education. Your policy would force us to withdraw. Thus the district would be denying us our legal right to receive a public education and the remedies as listed in that letter would be pursued."

Mr Overland was staring at me. When I finished, he shook his head and looked at Fletcher.

"I didn't believe what you told me about Mr Coris. You have my humble apologies." He looked at me. "Mr Coris, after that statement I'd doubt you really need a legal advocate. That was a legal summary that most fourth-year law school students might have difficulty composing, and you did it on the fly. Ok, I see. Dr Fletcher, what's this about no exemptions?"

"That's correct. The district Program office told our Program official that they would not accept any exemption requests as there were no legal reasons, except for cases of diplomatic immunity for non-citizens, to warrant an exemption."

"So we have a situation where one federal law conflicts with another and we're caught in the middle. I don't like this at all."
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Mr Lewison broke in. “Yes, if we get into litigation over this matter, I can see it could become very expensive and result in really adverse public relations. We need to look into that Program exemption rule; I thought that while they were made difficult to obtain, they were possible.”

Dr Fletcher looked at both men. “Are we finished with our students, gentlemen? Can they return to their classes?” They both nodded. “Ok, Denise and Kevin, thanks for your time. I’m afraid that you know all too well about getting your late passes.”

As we left the room, Fletcher was telling them about how many times we—well, I—had needed a pass during the last three days.

As we walked down the hall, Denise looked worried and thoughtful. “Kevin, I’m worried. Is this still going to work?”

“Actually I’m even more optimistic after that session,” I replied.

“Good. If you say so, I guess...”

After school I dropped Denise off at her home and went home to pick up my records. I found the envelopes with my records (*note to self. Self: get a file cabinet*) and located the folder from my hospitalization and surgery. I flipped it open to be sure it contained the right paperwork and OH! It’s all in Korean! I read through it; ok, I can translate most of it and I assume the unfamiliar words are medical terms I’ll try to transliterate for the doc; maybe he’ll recognize them. Then I left for my appointment.

The doctor was actually waiting for me when I arrived at his office. It seems I was lucky and had gotten a cancellation. He greeted me and we went to an exam room and he began to question me. We went over my records; I read him the file and tried to get through the unfamiliar words. He said that it was enough for him for the initial history, but the labs and other tests could wait for interpretation. He said there was a Korean medical resident in the med school’s cardiology department who could help, so he had the nurse make a copy of my records.

Then he began the exam. When I dropped trou and lowered my briefs, he looked and shook his head.

“Kevin, does it always look that inflamed? It looks a little swollen.”

“Well, maybe it’s the tight confinement plus the heat. Could that be why?”

“Perhaps. Possible. But a little concerning. How long has it looked like this?”

“Well, maybe a week—I left Jakarta a week ago.”

“Hmmmm, well, that might be it, then. Let’s start the exam. Let me know which touches produce which sensations and try to describe what you feel, ok? Standing up first.”

He gently began to manipulate my cock, pressing first lightly and then with more pressure on various parts. The most sensitive was the head; light pressure or rubbing made my legs weak and I had to sit down or I’d fall over. Heavy pressure was outright painful. He went through a number of steps and confirmed the hypersensitivity.

“Ok, Kevin. I’ve not seen this before to your degree so long after your surgery; I’ve not heard about this happening before since it’s unusual to last this long. I need to do a reflex test and a nerve conduction test; these are non-invasive and usually they aren’t painful at all, but in your case...” he trailed off.

He brought me to a different room and had me lay on a table and wheeled over some electronic gear. Anyway, I won't bore you with the details (didn't understand them anyway) but after the testing he told me his theory.

"So it looks like you've got some deep nerve involvement somehow. Your nerve conduction velocities are impaired but you've got exaggerated reflex activity. Somehow your penile nerves are getting continual irritation from some source and to get more info about that I'm going to have to get those lab results translated. But I think if we find some way of calming those nerves, we can get good results. I suspect with your being in this condition for—what, two years? ...there'll be no instant cure, but we'll see. Your Korean doctors were correct; this condition really does eventually resolve, but it can take a period of time.

"You can dress now. I might need you to come to the hospital for additional tests with equipment I don't have here, but again those tests aren't terribly painful. There would be some pain but having those test results will be worth a little pain, ok? Don't worry about it too much, ok?"

"Dr Worthington, I do need a disability letter for my school. Would you be able to do one before the other tests?"

"Oh, with these exam results I'd have no problem writing it up now. You certainly couldn't be expected to be able to participate in those Program things the schools are doing now. I'm beginning to see unusual pelvic injuries on boys and girls now as a result of some of the things they're forced to do and I wonder at the wisdom of that whole idea. I could have your letter with my receptionist by this time tomorrow. Will that be acceptable?"

"Perfect. Thank you so much. And you think that this can be treated rather than taking the 'just wait' approach my other doctors took?"

"Yes, I do. Good luck, son. I'll have my nurse set up those tests and she'll call you with the possible times. Nice meeting you. Bob Charlesworth thinks very highly of you; give him my regards when you see him."

"I will, sir. Thanks again."

This was a very interesting experience, especially his comment about pelvic injuries. *Hmmmm. Maybe add a medical section to our site and invite physician comments? Sure. Why not?*

When I got home again, I had an email from Iwan Pranata, the IT guru Dan had mentioned. In it, he offered to help set up a site using a server in the Phillippines—he pointed out that there was a major help desk industry there and lots of good support people. He told me that Dan had been in touch with Bob Charlesworth and had learned what we were doing, so he knew about the kinds of privacy and security we wanted for the site. He said he could mask the server's location by using proxy servers and VPN technology so finding it would be almost impossible; further, the U.S. would not be able to shut it down even if they knew its location. He mentioned that Dan had already given him a budget for the work and I should give him a message to "do it" and he'd have an account set up on our own dedicated server within a day.

I shot him a message: "Thanks! Go!"

Then to bed. Another exhausting day. I really need to find the time to get back to my taekwondo training again. I miss it a lot. I need to ask Bob where he goes. With those thoughts I fell asleep.

Chapter 16: Thursday Changes the Game

It's Thursday now. I can't believe what's happened this week, it's like a bad dream. Maybe I'll wake up in Seoul and go have breakfast with Mom and Dad... no, stop it. I've just got to keep focused and everything will work out. Maybe...

At least I'm really enjoying school. That is, when I'm actually in class. I'm looking forward to when this craziness is all over. Ugh, a thought. If they're gonna be running that damned Program in school from now on, it's gonna be in my face all day long! Relief in classes. Nude kids and groping in halls. Nude girls in the boys' locker room (actually that doesn't sound so bad). Girls in the boys' toilets (that does). How will this produce a calm educational atmosphere, when we'll have horny teens, naked and clothed, running around all day long, trying to work off their rampant hormones? And even with my condition, I'm NOT immune from getting erections, you know? Even if I'm not nude myself and even being all strapped up, erections are still very painful. Maybe I won't like school after all.

My morning routine continued with my stop to pick up Denise. She asked if we could stop at a convenience store on the way to school; she wanted to get some "personal feminine products" as she put it; she had run out and had forgotten to get them sooner. We pulled in to the parking lot and I decided to go in with her to get a snack for later. We walked in, smack dab into a guy who spun around, pointing a gun at us.

The world stopped. There was this guy holding a gun; he had just swivelled around to face us when we came through the door, and there was another guy about three meters away in front of the cash registers holding a gun in his right hand but pointed at the floor. I took all of that in about a millisecond and then my body began to move. I softly tapped Denise behind her knees and she just folded down onto the floor as I spun to the side of the guy in front of me. One of my hands chopped his gun forearm in a full *shuto*; I felt the bones snap and the gun dropped harmlessly as my other hand did a *shuto* to his neck on his opposite side, breaking his clavicle. He bent over, yowling. His partner turned at the noise and looked at me stunned, but I had already leaped toward his left side where he couldn't quickly bring up the gun. I spun and nailed him with an outside *chiko chagi* (axe kick) to the side of his neck. He went down like a stone. He never knew what hit him. As I completed the *chiko* spin, I was facing the first guy who was now scrabbling over, trying to pick up the gun, so I hit him with a *mirro chagi* (push kick) to the jaw. Both down. Maybe six seconds had passed.

Then the reaction set in; I felt a little lightheaded, dizzy, but I needed to see if Denise was ok. She was but looked dazed. I jumped up, pulled off my belt, rolled guy two onto his face and secured his arms behind him and then asked the stunned girl behind the counter if she had rung the cops and if she had something to tie up the other guy. She looked around wildly but then I noticed a pack of tiewraps on a shelf. I used the largest sizes to secure both the gunmen's arms and took my belt back.

Denise was on her feet now.

"Kevin! What the hell! What happened!"

"Sorry I had to drop you. You were in his line of fire if he pulled the trigger." She gasped. "I took them out."

The cashier stuttered, "You sure as hell did! I've never seen anything happen so quick!"

I took some towels and used them to pick up the guns, placing them on a shelf. The door opened and someone walked in.

"Please stay out for now, this is a crime scene, ok?" I said, pushing him out. To the clerk, "Please ring 911."

"Oh! Yes!" She did, and I found that I could lock the door, so I did. I went over to the girl.

"Are you ok? Did they hurt you?"

"No, just scared. They came in and were in that aisle until the last customer went out. Then they walked up front, pulled guns, and just then you guys came in. I've never seen anyone move so fast!"

One of the thugs was coming around and starting to moan, trying to roll over. I pushed him back onto his face. "Stay where you are or else I'll break something else, buddy."

Then I heard a siren in the distance, but suddenly a police car pulled up in front and two cops jumped out with guns drawn. The people outside moved away from the door and I unlocked it. They came in slowly.

"Show me your hands," one shouted nervously. I stood back, raising my arms, poking Denise as I raised them. She did too.

They came in and looked around. One cop went looking through the store while the other stood covering us and staring at the thugs on the floor.

"All clear, Jim," the searcher said.

The other looked at me. "Ok, who can tell me what happened here?"

I indicated the clerk. "She saw everything from the beginning. I only came in at the end."

The clerk gave a nervous laugh. "Yeah, right. You really ended them. Thanks for that, by the way. Whew. Let me gather my thoughts..."

She began to explain what happened when the door opened again and who should walk in but Detective Conners and his partner George. Conners looked at me and did a double-take.

"Kid, I thought you were going to stay out of trouble..."

One of the cops interrupted, "Conners, the kid did a number on these guys. Look at them and look at how they're trussed up."

I broke in, "I walked into an armed robbery. Their pistols are there in the towels. I used the towels to pick them up and put them in a safe place."

Conners looked at the guns, then me, and then the clerk. "Ok, ma'am, can we start at the beginning again?"

The other thug was beginning to come around, the one I hit with the *chiko* kick. I didn't think his neck was broken, but I warned the cops that it was possible.

"Hey, so you know. That guy was starting to point his pistol at me so I axe-kicked him. I had to do it quickly; I was going for his clavicle but may have gotten his neck too."

The cop breathed, "Holy shit..."

Conners turned to me. "Well, I guess this shows me how you could have taken out Above. Man. Two armed men taken out by a kid. Tell me, you give lessons? Ok, folks, I need statements. George? Meat wagon on the way?"

"Yeah. Three minutes."

Everyone told their stories, gave their contact info, and the cops and detectives had a private chat with me before they wrapped things up. They told me that I probably wouldn't be needed for the trial if the thugs pleaded not guilty, but I might need to give a deposition. Since Denise was on the floor during my brief activity and didn't see much, any testimony from her wouldn't be worth a lot. They thanked me profusely for the way I handled the pistols.

"Hell, son, you saved us a load of work just with your thoughtfulness about that. Here's my card with the incident number on the back. You can use it as your school late pass; you'll probably need it as your excuse. I think that this chain offers a reward for crimestoppers; you might pick up some change for your heroism this morning."

Some press vans were now pulling in.

"I don't need the money. The clerk could probably use it more than me. If they have a reward, it'll go to her. Can we go? I want to get out of here before the press descends on us. Denise, let's go quickly. Thanks, Detective Conners."

We ran out and avoided the press crews, drove a few blocks to another convenience store (I went in first to make sure all was well), we made our purchases, and got out. Denise was still in a little shock but was beginning to recover.

"My God, Kevin. Don't tell me you're not some kind of hero figure now. I still don't believe what I saw and I was there. You moved like a flash of lightning, jumping and spinning like a ballet dancer on steroids, and suddenly those two guys were down."

"Actually that series of moves is a standard sparring sequence in taekwondo. The only difference is that I began with some karate moves, is all. My body was on autopilot. I saw the opening, I had the advantage, so I just went with it."

"Whatever. You're still my studly hero, but I don't know if I can stand the excitement of being around you!"

Well, we missed home room again. And first period too. When we got to school, the second period was about to start. We explained what happened to Dr Fletcher, who was incredulous, but sent us off to class, shaking his head with disbelief.

"Kevin, I just don't know about you... get to class now and please, please, try to stay out of trouble? Please?"

On the way to class I told Denise about my urologist appointment and she told me that she had made an appointment with the new therapist. Excellent. I told her the website was now underway and we'd need to get our local gurus mobilized to start getting content and getting publicity going.

Everything was quiet until lunch. When Denise and I got to the Program table, I noticed that almost every eye in the lunchroom was looking at us and the hum of conversations was decidedly different. Then Andrew walked up.

"Kevin, you're the newest celebrity in town, you know. Now you're famous outside the school, too. You're never gonna live the hero label down now."

"What do you mean?"

"Word's out that you singlehandedly stopped the armed robbery of a CoffeeShak shop this morning and disarmed and disabled the two robbers. It's all over the news. 'High school hero foils armed robbery. Story at 11.'"

"How the heck did they find out?"

Some others had joined us. Sarah said, "Jonas saw you and Denise in the store. He went into the store and you were holding a gun, he said, and then you pushed him out and locked the door. He said he saw two guys on the floor, tied up. Then the cops came and moved him away from the door. Later he heard the news report of the attempted robbery. They have your name, too, from the police report, I guess."

I groaned. I guess I'll be fighting off reporters later.

Andrew told us that the morning announcements were routine except for the mention of the new Program booklets, which would be available in our sixth period classes, and that the rules would be discussed at Friday's assembly. Sarah had arranged a working meeting for after school to work on website content and publicity.

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The Program booklets hadn't changed very much, it seemed, but there was a lot more emphasis on certain words and phrases—italics and bolded words were much in evidence. Almost everything we had suggested was included, particularly the anti-groping rules and now the guardian corps was mentioned, with blue berets. Cool. So were whistles.

After school I went to the group's meeting room to see how the project was going. Sarah had decided to start out the "first-person" section of the website with stories from our school and I told her my idea for a doctors' section. Then I remembered that I needed to check my email. In it was the instructions for logging into the server. I began to worry that this data had been sent in the clear where it could be intercepted or subpoenaed but I shouldn't have worried. The file was encrypted. The instructions said my key was the name of the aunt who lived offshore and her house number. I had to think a bit and then I realized it meant Aunt Janet. That was very clever. I entered her name and the number and the file opened.

The team who would be setting up the blog was at work in one corner of the room. I brought my laptop over and transferred the decrypted file to their machine using a USB cable for security. The file also had instructions for setting up and using a VPN to access the server. The kids were delighted with these toys and were soon hard at work setting up the new server. I left the details to the experts and sat down to study the new Program brochure.

It occurred to me that if Abover could make a list of rules for the teachers, I could too, so I began to take each item from the Program brochure and formulate them as "Allowed" or "Not Allowed" lists that Fletcher could give to teachers.

Soon it was time to go home. On the way, I stopped at the doctor's office and picked up the medical disability letter. While I was driving home, I wondered how I would deal with the press... If I could avoid them for a day, then it would be old news and maybe they'd go away. I wondered if they had gotten Aunt Helene's address. Driving up our street, I saw that they had indeed gotten her address. I drove past her house for a block and then rang her.

"Aunt Helene, have they been bothering you?"

"Kevin? What's going on?"
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"Tell you when I get home. Have they tried to talk to you?"

"No. They've been ringing my doorbell but I've ignored it. They're camped out in front."

"Yeah. I saw. I don't want to speak to them either. I stopped a robbery this morning and they want to make a big deal about that; I'm not interested. I'm gonna park on Webster, behind the house, and cross through the back yard. Let me in the back door, ok?"

"Oh! That's good. When?"

"I'm a block away now. Give me five minutes. See ya."

I got into the house without being seen and from time to time the doorbell would ring. Eventually they gave up; the trucks pulled away. I told Aunt Helene that if they showed up tomorrow, she could answer the door but deny knowing me; our last names were different, after all, so they had no way to know we were related. I explained what happened.

"Kevin, I heard about the robbery on the radio this morning. I had no idea you were involved. They said a report will be on tonight's news and I want to watch it."

So we watched. An anchorperson with perfectly coiffed hair and a toothy smile soon appeared.

"...and now for the local news. At about 7:30 this morning, a local high school student thwarted an armed robbery at the CoffeeShak convenience market on South Baxter. According to the store's clerk on duty, when the store was empty of customers, two gunman approached her displaying guns and demanded that she empty the register. Just then, a high-school boy and girl entered. We take you to the scene with Robin Carter. Hello, Robin."

The camera showed a view of the store; several police cars were parked randomly in the lot with their lights flashing, medics were wheeling two stretchers toward ambulances, and the building was marked with yellow tape around its front. The reporter was speaking.

"Joan, I'm standing in front of the CoffeeShak shop on Baxter, where less than a half hour ago a young high-school boy displayed an act of incredible bravery by facing two armed gunmen and with his bare hands alone, disarmed and immobilized them; as you can see, they are being transported to the hospital as we watch. Police told us that both men have broken collar bones, one may have a broken neck, and the other a broken arm. Just a few minutes ago we were able to speak to the clerk on duty, Melody Cassidy. Here's that tape."

The scene shifted slightly; we were now right in front of the shop near the door. Melody had apparently regained her composure because she was quite animated.

"Melody, can you tell us what happened?"

"I had a couple of customers in the shop and these two guys were walking in the middle aisle when the last customer went out. Then they walked up to my counter, pulled guns, and demanded money. Just then two high schoolers came in and the guy closer to the door turned around and pointed his gun at the door and then everything became a blur. I'm not really sure what happened, it was over so quick. The next thing I saw was the girl was on the floor and also that guy and suddenly the man at the counter flew back like a car hit him and the kid had pounced on the first guy who was trying to reach the gun and then he was knocked down again. It all happened, I don't know, in maybe five seconds? I still don't believe what I saw. Those guys probably don't even know what hit them."

"Did you see how the boy disarmed them?"

“No, as I said, it was going so fast it was just a blur. The guys were standing up, pointing guns, and then they were on the floor, out cold.”

“What happened then?”

“The kid was so cool. He saw a pack of tiewraps so he took them and tied up the men’s wrists, then he picked up their guns and put them aside. Oh, without touching them with his hands. When people began to come in, he locked the door and then he asked me how I was.”

“What about the girl who came in with him? You said she got knocked down.”

“Uh, not really—it was like she just bent her legs and kind of just sat down on the floor. I’m not sure, it happened so fast—wait, yeah, I heard him apologize to her. He said he did something to her legs to sit her down before he hit the first guy. He said he thought she was in the line of fire if the guy pulled the trigger.”

“I’m impressed. To think of her safety and then attack two armed men barehanded is an incredibly brave act.”

And foolish, I thought, in retrospect. But my senses had a powerful impression that I actually had the upper hand.

“Yeah, it sure was. It all seems so unreal. Robbers are facing me in one second and the next they’re on the floor. So unreal...” she trailed off.

“Thank you, Melody. You were pretty brave, too. There you have it, Joan. A young man’s amazing act of heroism in our community. This is Robin Carter, reporting from the CoffeeShak on Baxter.”

“Thanks for that incredible report, Robin. WQQE contacted the police for a statement but they would only say that the young man involved was a high-ranking martial arts expert and anyone else shouldn’t try to act like a hero. In other words, folks, don’t try this at home,” she joked. “We did attempt to locate the young man before our broadcast but were not successful. He’s apparently a minor, so we will not give his name. Now, in other local news...”

Thanks at least for that. I wonder how long they’ll try to find me. Aunt Helene told me that I was lucky I wasn’t hurt (she’s right) and to please try to stay away from trouble in the future (I heartily agreed). Now I have Friday and the assembly to look forward to, not to mention next week. All I want is to be able to go to school, not live in an adventure story!

Chapter 17: It's Friday. TGIF? Not!

When I awoke Friday morning it felt like I had not slept at all. Groan. This must be a post-adrenaline reaction, the body's gotta come down from the high. I think listening to the news report must have had something to do with my delayed recovery. When I picked up Denise, she told me that the press had rung her for a statement but she told them that she had fallen, didn't see much, so she couldn't tell them any more than the clerk did. Smart girl. She saw the news report too and wondered how I had escaped from the press, so I told her.

"Kevin, did you forget your superhero's invisibility cloak? You should have used it, you know."

I slapped my forehead. "Oh! You're right! What was I thinking? See, I need to keep you around to remind me of stuff like that."

She giggled (oh, boy, that wonderful sound...). "You dummy..."

Soon Denise and I arrived at school and even found a great parking spot.

I slunk with her into the building and tried to be as unobtrusive as possible—I didn't want to see either Fletcher or (ugh) Abover today, especially not first thing. Nor was I interested in speaking to any hero-worshiping students. I dropped off my disability letter at the office and then we continued on to our home room unremarked.

Home room at last. Routine announcements were made. At the end, "Will Denise Roberts and Kevin Coris please report to the main office, please. Miss Roberts and Mr Coris. Thank you."

NO! Effin' *NO*! What now? We got to the office; Denise was badly shaken. I tried to cheer her up but she was thinking the worst. We went into Fletcher's office.

"Denise and Kevin, we need to talk to you two for a bit but first I have some private news; please don't let anyone know about this. I think I can trust you, but if you let this information slip, it could adversely affect any hope of a Program exemption for you. Ok? Yes, I know you're agreeing to something before you know what it is, but I assure you it's for your benefit. Ok? Good. Now, I did find a copy of precisely the kind of 'alternate Program rules' that you, Kevin, told me about." Denise gasped. "I also confronted two of the teachers on your list and they confirmed that Mr Abover had assured them that the Program office approved those class procedures. I don't know what's going on, but this is making me very uncomfortable.

"I contacted the district Program office and asked to have Mr Abover replaced for lying, unprofessional conduct, and misrepresenting the Program rules. I was told that all assignments are national and they would relay the request. Last evening I heard the request was denied, that the information I supplied was insufficient to warrant a replacement. This is all so highly irregular I'm not sure how to proceed, but I want you to know not to be concerned about what you will hear in a few minutes when we go next door. So I need your promise that you won't tell anyone about the Abover matter?"

We agreed, but Denise was trembling. Fletcher led us to the conference room. In it was a scowling Abover, who still sported a puffy face and now a cast right arm in a sling. The school's attorney, Raymond Overland, and Mr Merotta from the district Program office completed the group.

After we were seated, Fletcher introduced them to Denise and then nodded to Merotta to continue. I reached into my pocket and activated the digital voice recorder.

"Students, I see that you've both requested Program exemptions based on a disability. Our policy is

that student health is demonstrated by the ability to attend classes. If you are healthy enough to attend class, then you are healthy enough to participate in the Program."

Denise gasped and turned white. I squeezed her hand and whispered, "Shhh. Sit tight."

The attorney broke in, "Mr Merotta, this will place us in violation of the ADA and make us subject to both federal sanctions as well as civil liability. I can't allow the district to expose itself to that level of sanction."

"Just exactly how would this be an ADA violation?"

Mr Overland gave him a detailed analysis of how enforcement of Program policies for a disabled student would violate the ADA. He certainly had done his homework; it was an excellent analysis. Merotta didn't seem convinced, so Overland told him the school, rather than be subject to certain and extremely expensive civil litigation, would observe the ADA before the Program guidelines. After all, he pointed out, the rules of the Program were derived from its enabling act and not embedded in the law itself while the ADA provisions were actually part of the law. Thus, in a conflict between a law and conflicting regulations, the law always had priority. This guy is good, I thought.

"You realize that failing to follow the national Program policy will result in the revoking of your federal aid?" Merotta asked mildly.

"This is a risk we'd willingly take," Overland said. "Any change in our funding couldn't happen in the next two years and that's plenty of time for policy changes to happen."

A thought occurred to me but I'd need Denise's backing and I wasn't sure how she'd handle this.

"A moment," I interjected. "Since we're the subjects of this discussion, I have an idea of a possible compromise that could obviate any unpleasantness and avoid litigation. But I need to discuss it with Denise privately, first."

She looked at me doubtfully. I wondered if I could get her on board.

Dr Fletcher quirked his lips. He knew I was going to try to pull a fast one. "We should listen to the young man; he's given pretty astute advice before."

Abover grunted, "No, don't listen to the kid. He's a stuck-up troublemaker."

"That's enough, Mr Abover. You're here to listen, remember?" Mr Merotta chided. "That seems ok; will this be quick?"

"I hope so, sir. If it isn't, we'll just be back at our impasse, so let's just try, ok?"

They agreed and Fletcher led me back to a little prep room behind the main office.

"You'll be private here; I'll close the door."

"Kevin, what kind of compromise? You know I can't do anything like this at all!"

"This is a stretch but I first thought of it when we were in Bob's office. I told you after that meeting that I had felt your *qi*, remember?" She nodded, wondering where this could possibly be going. "I also saw how you handled Bob's questioning about your molestation and believe me, those questions bothered me a lot but you handled them without breaking down. Denise, you may not know it, but you *have* come a long way—psychologically, but not physically—from that terrible incident. You really *are* healing. And your internal strength is immense, you just radiate it and I'm attracted like a moth to your

flame."

She was blushing now and staring into my eyes. "I can't believe you're saying that about me, Kevin. I don't feel any different..."

"I think that's because you've lost contact with your essential self. Sometimes when people go into shock, they kind of do something, uh, let's see, I think it's called 'disassociation' or something like that. They step away from their essence and become almost like a second personality that observes events in a disinterested manner. I'm putting it really poorly, but I think that's approximately what happens."

"Kevin, that's amazing. That's almost what my shrink told me had happened. And I think I've been more remote and detached since the incident, too. He said that somehow I needed to get back in touch with my feelings, to feel *me*. But we haven't found a way to get me to do that."

"Yet. Denise, I'm no way a psych person, but I told you I studied a little Eastern philosophy and learned meditation exercises. Sometimes to have a breakthrough, you need to face an uncomfortable challenge. Remember that therapy method Bob wrote down for you? Well, I looked it up. It involves having really, really uncomfortable challenges. And this brings me to my idea.

"Denise, I think that we can offer to go halfway on the Program with them for the week. My idea is to use the necessary safety equipment to protect our private areas from injury. As Bob said, the definitions and the list of protective items and who can choose to use them is so open to interpretation that they can't reasonably refuse without looking like obstructionists. And the fallback is the ADA. It seems that we've got the school on our side. We'd get an immense amount of cred from Fletcher and the school board that they would do anything for us to avoid a lawsuit. You know my mantra—always negotiate from a position of strength? The strength here is having our whole school in our camp and pits the school against the Program. So we can make the guidelines work for us, following them to the letter according to our interpretation, not the Program officials'."

"So what's your idea? What do we do?"

I explained my crazy idea. At first she was very dubious, but then saw the humor in the situation.

"Oh my god, Kevin. You're evil. And you're sure you can protect me?"

"Denise, you saw what I can do. And if I'm not at your side we'll make sure that two or more Guardians will be. And if it looks like it's not working, I'll pull the plug immediately and we'll be back to the ADA."

"Well, I reluctantly agree—god, I don't believe I'm saying that! I'm trusting you with my life, Kevin, you know that."

"Yes, I do. And I'm absolutely serious about this. Let's go and break the news."

We returned to the conference room and everyone looked at us expectantly. We sat down and I pulled out the updated Program booklet.

"Here's my thought. We need to refer to the booklet so does everyone have a copy?" Some didn't, so Fletcher fetched a few extra. "Ok. Let's look at each provision and do a fact check."

I began going through the booklet and, taking my cue from Don's legal instructions, confirmed that the Program officials agreed that every word and every sentence in the Program booklet meant precisely what it said.

"Exactly why are we doing this?" Merotta asked when we got about a third of the way through it.

"I just want to be sure that the official Program reps are on the same page with us and agree that the words mean what they say. Sometimes people read something and come up with meanings that differ from what the words say."

I saw Fletcher try to hide a grin at that comment and Abover's scowl deepened.

I continued, "Ok, if you agree, then we can stop—oh, well, since we didn't finish the whole thing, if you'll just sign a statement that stipulates that the Program officials accept that the rules in the booklet will be applied precisely according to their plain meaning, that'll work."

Now Overland was trying to hide a grin. I think he saw where this was going.

"Well, this is really irregular, but I guess there's no harm; it does mean what it says, after all. Give me the sheet; I'll sign," said Merotta.

He did.

I looked at Denise. "Can you try to write down what I say next? Thanks."

Then to the others, "What Denise and I are willing to do is to permit ourselves to be drafted into the Program for our week and we agree to follow every rule element listed as well as take advantage of all the participant protections the rules state that participants are entitled to. Nothing more and nothing less. We will use this booklet as our bible. If it's written in there, that's how we'll follow it. However, if someone requires us to violate any of the rules or conversely, ignore any provision, we are entitled by the statement Mr Merotta signed to decline that request. If any attempt is made to force either of us to do something that is NOT in the rules, then this agreement ends and we will immediately invoke the ADA and commence the various legal actions we've already communicated.

"Denise, did you get it?"

"I think. Here." She handed me the sheet. I made a few corrections, but the way she paraphrased a few parts didn't change the overall meaning.

I looked at the group. "Is what I said acceptable? The two of us are making an enormous effort, in spite of our legally recognized disabilities, to participate in an activity that will cause us tremendous stress and discomfort, pain even, and you can read in our doctors' letters the details about the nature of our individual disabilities. We're doing this to demonstrate that we're not being obstinate and intractable and trying to avoid doing something that we find disagreeable; we just don't want to see the school become involved with the national Program in an unpleasant dispute. We know that the school seems to support and agree with our ADA disabilities. We want to show the school that we appreciate that support and will be willing to do our best, within our individual capabilities, to participate. Is this an acceptable offer?"

Fletcher and Overland shot me an incredulous but grateful look. I really had them in my camp now. Now we'll see if the Program people will accept the offer. For us it's a win-win regardless of whether Merotta agrees or not.

He agreed, somewhat reluctantly, wondering aloud why he had to agree to allow us to do something we could be forced to do anyway. Ok, bait taken, time to set the hook.

"Ok, thanks, Mr Merotta. This will be tough on the two of us but we're willing to try, and trust that the Program people as well as the school will support us, right?"

Nods around the table. Except Abover.

“Then no one will object to signing the sheet that Denise wrote, ok?”

Head shaking around the table. Except Abover. Merotta glared at him and he grunted, “Ok.”

The sheet was passed around and got all of our autographs. As Overland signed the sheet, it seemed as if he was having a hard time not laughing. Fletcher thanked everyone for their time and ended the meeting; I had copies made of the signed sheets—but kept the originals, obviously. Can’t be too careful. I turned off the recorder, very glad that I had bought it.

On the way out, Overland pulled me aside.

“Son, you play chess?”

“No sir, why?”

“Well, you just pulled off a ‘fool’s mate’; go look it up,” he chuckled. “Like your style. Set ‘em up and then go in for the kill.”

I was right. He had an idea about what I had in mind. Well, Denise and I were committed now. We were gonna be on the Program.

Fletcher spoke to us briefly before we could go back to class.

“Both of you. I can’t express my gratitude strongly enough to you for your willingness to try to participate. I want you to know that I’ll be here for you if you run into any problems, so keep that in mind, ok? Oh, Kevin. All this other stuff pushed it right out of my mind. I saw the news last night—what you did. I’m impressed despite myself because I’ve seen you in action, but taking on two men? armed? All I can say, my boy, is please be careful; don’t get hurt, now. Ok? Back to class, guys! See you at assembly.”

Heading to our second-period class, late slips in hand because we were once again late, Denise reminded me that Fridays were short schedule days in order to accommodate the assembly period. When we handed the teacher our passes, we were again treated to some dumb humor about the number of passes we were collecting. Yawn.

The rest of the morning was uneventful except that I had to fend off kids who had heard the news (it seemed every single person in the entire school had watched) and wanted to know all the gory details. I demurred, giving the plausible (but unlikely) reason that I might be called to testify against them so I couldn’t say anything. Eventually the word went around that I wasn’t talking and I stopped being bothered.

At lunch, the group filled us in on their progress. The website would be up sometime during the weekend and the publicity committee had videos ready, stills and clips from official NiS sites but with voiceovers that touted the special features of our site. They were also getting social media postings set for the rollout. The blogging committee had written the main page, the objectives of the site, and posting and connection procedures for anonymous connections. The writing committee had done a number of “first person” articles. So when we went live, it would be with a bang.

Sarah waved her hand at the table. “I’m really apprehensive, you know. The next time we sit here we’ll be naked, you know.”

The others nodded gloomily. Then Andrew spoke up.

"Hey, you know, the kids who're doing the guardian corps were asked to go to Fletcher's office after school. They're getting their caps and stuff and an orientation. Why not let's go too? We can see what kind of instructions they get."

We all thought that was a great idea, but Denise couldn't go, her first meeting with her new therapist was that afternoon.

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On Fridays our health class topic was psychology and the teacher was Miss Herndon. She would be covering basic psychology including its principles, examples of abnormalities, and modern research techniques. She gave us a reading assignment about methods of research into measurement of bodily functions that were governed by the mind, for example, research in the effectiveness of using biofeedback in physical therapy.

The remaining afternoon classes passed quickly and then it was time for assembly. This was the first time I would get to see all of the students in the same place at once and I wondered what it would be like; the largest school I had ever been in had about 75 students. I tried to extrapolate from my lunch period but that wouldn't work since the lunchroom clearly never had more than maybe two hundred in there and I think the school has more than a thousand. Students eat in various places, like the Commons, activity and meeting rooms, on the playing fields, many different places.

The auditorium looked huge to me since I wasn't used to such large spaces. Kids were flowing into it in a never-ending stream. Wow. Lots of kids all in one place. Everyone got settled down when the bell rang and Fletcher came out of the wings with a few teachers. I recognized Abover; Mrs Raymond, the counselor; Mr Wilbur, my Biology teacher; and Miss Stevens, my Health teacher. There also were a few additional men and women and I supposed that they'd be introduced eventually.

Dr Fletcher began. "Welcome, students. We've only got one topic on this assembly's agenda today; when the sports season gets going we'll be using part of the assembly time for pep rallies plus the normal information and answer session. Today I want to talk about the slightly revamped Program rules."

There was a hissing sound that moved across the student body.

"Please stop that. We're quite familiar with the fact that the Program is highly unpopular here and we're making a strong effort to change perceptions. We'll need to earn your trust; all the staff knows that.

"Now you've all received a revised copy of the Program booklet; these are a little bigger than the old ones and are on light blue paper. If you don't have one with you, raise your hand and we'll pass one to you." There was a shuffling of papers as copies were passed while Fletcher continued, "Now you'll note that the section on Reasonable Requests has been expanded. These are the revised rules."

He began with the Reasonable Request rules, pointing out the no-touch and partial touch days; requesting touch permission; face-to-face encounters only; that touching was limited to a maximum of ten seconds extendible by the Program person only; and that if any touch resulted in pain, that touching session terminated at once. The use of the whistles was covered. The role of the Guardians was explained. Guardians would protect Programers and arbitrate whether a Reasonable Request was reasonable. He mentioned that there would be a new bell schedule; there would be an additional bell three minutes into the class change time and the warning bell would still be at four minutes. At the three-minute bell, all Request activity should begin to wind down. Students would lose the
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right—become banned—from making Reasonable Requests if they hurt a participant or touched without permission, and if a banned student touched a participant, he or she could be suspended from school for up to five days.

"Remember, the Program objective is to have the participant become comfortable with their own body and sexuality, not for everyone else to get their rocks off at the participant's expense." Laughter. "Every participant will be assigned one or two Guardians; at first we're a little shorthanded but soon we should have enough people to do this. Generally we'll try to assign a boy and a girl to each participant so that the interests of both genders are represented for resolving disputes. As the year passes, if we see that students are truly respectful of each other and there are no incidents, we may try to go to a single-guardian model.

"The next part is about class participation. Teachers are under the same rules as students; they need the participant's permission to touch them. No coercive means to obtain permission may be used and any demonstration use of the student in the class must be directly related to the class. So if a boy participant is in a history class, for example, it's inappropriate to have him demonstrate an erection." More laughter. "Teachers may draft a non-Program student into the Program for that period but never for punishment. The rules state the limits to which a Program participant will be expected to cooperate with the teacher's participation needs. If a participant feels that the teacher has exceeded the bounds, if there are one or more Guardians in the room, they can consider the request and recommend a resolution. If there is no resolution or if there are no Guardians, then the vice principal, assistant principal, or a counselor may be consulted but that demonstration will be halted or postponed until resolution is obtained. This was a problem area last term and we won't tolerate any violations of this procedure.

"Next is the topic of Relief. Program participants may relieve themselves or select another student to help. No one, including the teacher, will be permitted to interfere with that choice. Finally is the topic of punishments. Only a direct Program violation can *potentially* result in a Program punishment. This means if you're late for class, for example, you can't be punished by being forced to spend the day naked. On the other hand, if you cover your body in an inappropriate way and do not correct that violation, you *may* be required to spend an additional day naked. All Program punishments will require the approval of the vice principal, assistant principal, or myself and will not commence until that permission is obtained. How are these rules clarifications sounding to you?"

There was a big round of applause and cheering. High school students like to cheer anything very loudly, actually, when given the chance.

"I'm glad you think so. There are many more provisions in the Program booklet and they mean precisely what they say. Nobody will be permitted to interpret any provision in the booklet that violates the plain sense of the language, and any provision that appears under one heading in the booklet may also be applicable under another heading, so a challenge to the reading of a provision will not be sustained solely based on where the provision is located in the booklet. All of the other provisions that I haven't mentioned, such as volunteers and outreach, obviously remain part of the Program. In this assembly we wanted to familiarize you with the actual operation of the Program and clarify how the language in the booklet is to be understood. On Monday the Program will commence in this school. I expect, no I *demand*, that each and every person in this room, students, teachers, and staff, will treat each other with respect and courtesy as befits a mature person. Behavior that is less than courteous will be dealt with summarily.

"There are only two more matters to mention that are Program related and then we can take questions.

First, let me introduce the staff and teachers here with me and they'll briefly tell you about their Program roles."

Fletcher went on to introduce the other principals, who dealt with matters of curricula, discipline, and student services; the counselors, who advised students on academic and college prep matters plus Program responsibilities; the biology and health teachers, who used Program students for demonstrations of the human body and sexual function; and then Abover, who was only described as the school's assigned Program official. No duties were mentioned. Wow, looks like Fletcher's removed all of his responsibilities; no wonder he looks like he wants to murder someone.

"Now the final item I want to cover is somewhat controversial when combined with the Program rules but the school board has given me the go-ahead to put it in place on a trial basis. From among the ranks of the Program participants who have successfully completed their Program, we are establishing an advisory group. The students who will be invited to serve will be those who have demonstrated a commitment to the objectives of the Program and the necessary concern and empathy for students selected to participate in their Program week. They will unofficially hear any student complaints—they will not have an appeal function, however—they will evaluate student questions and complaints and any related details and facts, and make their recommendation to me. They may also initiate an investigation of a problem on their own, and I may consult the group for advice, but nothing they decide or advise can be binding under federal rules. That's about it for the student advisory panel.

"Are there any questions?" There was a huge round of applause.

There weren't many questions. Most had to do with details rather than policies; apparently Fletcher's comments had been so detailed that most of the kids were satisfied with what they had heard.

Fletcher wrapped up the assembly with a final comment. "Students, next week the Program will start; there will be no additional postponements. We actually need to get back on schedule because we have to make sure that every student is selected to participate while you're here so you can benefit from the experience." Groans. "But I'll send you off with this final thought. Listen to this and let it sink in because you'll need to get used to the idea. As of next week, every single one of you will be on the Program until you graduate! It's just that only a *few* of you will be naked each week, but you'll *all* be participants in the Program. So reread your Program booklets keeping that thought in mind and remember, your treatment of your peers and your relationship with them will determine how they treat you when your own time to be naked comes up. Remember the Golden Rule. Enjoy your weekend, everyone."

The auditorium began to empty. I headed back to my locker and checked my mobile while walking; there was a message from the doctor's office. It was to confirm an appointment at the hospital on Monday afternoon. I rang back and made the arrangements. Then I headed for the office. Mrs Maples told me that the Guardians' meeting was in a classroom in C wing, so I headed there and joined the group.

It seemed that most of the kids who were on the Program in spring term were there plus a number whom I didn't recognize. I assumed that some were in the student council and some were on sports teams; Sarah whispered to me that she recognized many but not all. Then Fletcher came in and (shudder) Abover followed. Fletcher went to the front and Abover to the back of the room.

"Thank you all for coming..." Then he noticed us, the Programers-in-waiting. "Ah, I see we also have guests. Kevin, you didn't tell me that your group would be coming."

"Sir, I didn't know we would be. I only found out a few periods ago and thought it would be helpful to come."

Andrew spoke up. "Dr Fletcher, it was my idea that we should come. This way maybe we could pair up today since this is all so new and you'd be able to see the best way to work this for all the next weeks."

"Andrew, excellent suggestion..."

Just then Abover interrupted. "Dr Fletcher, I object. They shouldn't be here."

There was a grumble from the group. Many of them had been exposed to Abover's excesses last term.

"Mr Abover, I will note your objection but overrule it. The Guardians are a school function, not a Program function."

"Fletcher, you can't make up new rules as you go along, you know..."

"Mr Abover, I'm in charge of this school. I will run it as I see fit. I'll appreciate your silence. If you think you'll have difficulty with listening to us, then I suggest you leave now."

Snickers echoed throughout the room.

Fletcher had made up a page that listed Guardian duties and the limits of their authority. He had berets to hand out and gave out whistles.

"Here's how we'll work the whistles. The students on the Program will have them too. Their signal will be a long blast. The Guardian signal will be three short blasts; and means 'Guardian needs assistance.' Also, please don't leave your partner alone ever, while in the halls. You're there to support him or her during Reasonable Requests, so please meet him or her at their classroom and travel with them to the next class. There will be no Reasonable Requests allowed inside a classroom. This results in a timing problem so that's why we've got the new bell schedule. Program students must remain in the halls between classes, but at the three-minute bell they can enter their next classroom. This should give you time to go to your next class, but if you're delayed, your beret serves as your late pass and hall pass. Now, let's review your duties."

The kids who were on the Program last term had an excellent understanding of the problems to watch for, so they explained to the others what they had experienced as examples of what to watch for. One girl had experienced someone grabbing her and holding her while another pushed his finger into her vagina and a boy told of having a pen shoved into his anus. The kids in my group had turned pale at some of the graphic descriptions but Fletcher pointed out that the abuse they mentioned should be a thing of the past.

After the group broke up, Fletcher came over to me. "Kevin, so you know, there's a news crew hanging out outside. They came in earlier asking to see you but I turned them away. They may have left since it's long after school now, but if you don't want to talk to them, first see if they're still there."

As we left the room, some of the kids from our website planning group told me that they wanted to get together on Saturday to flesh out some "first person" stories they had collected so I offered to meet at my house. We all agreed to meet at 11 am. I shot an email to Denise, telling her of the meeting if she wanted to come, telling her it would be about people's experiences and that might be too disturbing.

Then I went to my locker, got my stuff, and went to look outside. Yep, news truck outside. Ok, flanking move. I hustled to the athletic wing and went out the door to the playing fields, then jogged along the fence away from the school and circled back around to the parking lot. No one noticed me as

I got into my car and drove away. I was hoping that they'd give up, you know, old news? They hadn't; there was a van on my street, so I again parked on the street behind my house and went in the back door. Aunt Helene greeted me and told me she hoped my day was less exciting than yesterday. I allowed that it was.

She went on, "After school hours ended another news person came to the door asking for you. I just acted like I couldn't hear her, like I was partially deaf, you know?" I laughed. She's really part of my family; we all seem to think alike. "Yeah, I can do a deaf imitation really good. 'Huh? What's that? You need to speak louder. What's that name?'" she mimicked in a quavering voice.

I laughed. Then I went to my room and brought up our new website on my computer. It was starting to look good but needed lots more content. I noticed the menu item for the "First Person" section so I clicked it. This brought up instructions and a form. The instructions said for privacy and anonymity purposes, there was no need to set up an account to post a submission, but all submissions would be moderated.

The form was certainly interesting! Judging by its content, the experiences that the kids here had last term must have been traumatic if all this stuff happened to them. These were the items to be completed: State of residence. Size of high school (students). Number of years Program run there. Your class (freshman-senior). Number of Program participants per class per week. Partner system used (y/n). Sexual activities permitted (check corresponding boxes). Sexual activities required (check boxes). Daily limitations (e.g., no-touch days). Safety measures allowed (e.g., protective equipment, hall monitors). Narrative.

Under sexual activities, the check-box choices were: manipulation of breasts, manipulation of external genitalia, insertion of fingers in vagina and/or anus (female: for non-virgin and virgin), insertion of foreign objects, cunnilingus, fellatio, full intercourse. Any forced sexual contact, list kinds. The instructions mentioned that any of the items in the list could be expanded in the narrative.

I couldn't think of anything they missed...

I had an email from Denise. Her therapy session was ok today, it was just an education session that explained what she'd be doing during the therapy. She had a second session tomorrow and she said in that one she'd learn breathing techniques to help manage stress. That's good, breathing control is an important part of the meditation procedures I learned, so this would give her a head start on that. Next week, she wrote, she'd be beginning the actual therapy exercises.

I did my school work and then spent the rest of the evening planning how I would deal with the coming week, Program week. Then I sacked out.

Chapter 18: Saturday Brings Surprises

The morning came all too soon; it wasn't a restful night at all. I must have a lot of stuff on my mind because not sleeping well is unusual for me.

A little before 11 am, people from the group began arriving. I had set up Aunt Helene's den for us with a few card tables and we could get on the Web using the wireless in the house.

Soon the group was all there and we had logged into the website's admin section. We immediately saw that the publicity team had done their work; there were a bunch of first person submissions awaiting moderation. We began scanning through them.

Linda Grovner, a senior and participant in the Program last spring, had become the defacto team leader for website content. We saw her reading her screen and giggling.

One of the other girls called, "What, Linda?"

"You gotta hear this, guys. It makes what Kevin did look like an amateur. I'll read it—it's from a bystander—it's about these kids fighting off participating in the Program last year and this post tells what happened. This was a big school so it looks like they ran three couples from each class each week so they could get to everybody." She began.

> The Program came to our school in the middle of last year. They only began it at the start of the spring term and in the very first group there was this guy in it and his twin sister and they were seniors. I got called too and we had no idea that we were being called for the Program that morning. Parents had to agree to having their kids participate in the Program and my parents signed their approval for it last summer over my objections. Was I way pissed.
>
> Anyway, a bunch of us got called to go to the school's conference room and when we got there, the principal was there with another guy and the school's two security guards and two coaches, I think the wrestling and football coaches. When we all got there, there were twenty-four kids in the room. Then the principal broke the news and everyone just about had a heart attack.
>
> One girl about keeled over and a guy grabbed her. Turns out they were a twin brother and sister. I'll try to quote what was said as best as I can remember. What happened is kind of burned into my memory.
>
> The boy said, "Well, you made a mistake, then. Our parents didn't approve our participation and they even sent a letter saying that we were not to be picked."
>
> The principal told him, "Son, during the fall the Program became mandatory and everyone in the school must participate. That's why we're so crowded now."
>
> His sister was crying. "Mandatory or not, we're outta here."
>
> He tried to leave with his sister but a security guard blocked the door.
>
> The principal said, "Now students, I want to introduce you to Mr Cirota. He's the Program counselor at the school and will be in charge of how the Program runs. You have to listen to everything he says because it will be up to him if you successfully complete the week. If you don't you'll need to repeat it. Now I'll go over the rules with you, take your questions, and then you'll all get undressed, put your clothes in these boxes, and go to class. You can get your clothes at the main doors after school tomorrow and...."

I won't bore you with the rest of his speech. I think it's the same thing just about everywhere. The guy (learned his name was Roger and was a senior) whispered in his sister's ear (her name was Cynthia) and the two went to lean on a nearby wall. I should mention that the room had chairs lined up along the walls but no tables; they needed the open space for all of us and we were told to sit during the talk. Those two didn't sit.

Then the time came and the principal told everyone to strip. There was a lot of hesitancy and the guards and teachers began to move toward the kids, the principal told us if we didn't, they would forcibly disrobe us.

When the guard moved away from the door, Roger and Cynthia went toward it and a teacher came to intercept them, reached out, and grabbed Cynthia's shoulder. She did a half twist, grabbed his arm, then holding his arm, turned away and kind of bent over. The teacher just rolled over her back and landed face-up on the floor. I couldn't believe what I saw, it was like a Ninja.

The guards and teachers began heading toward the two kids and Roger said, "No closer! Cindy was gentle that time. We don't want to hurt anyone."

One guard charged him then, reaching out his arms to grab Roger, who seemed to lean to the side, grab an arm, did something with his hip, and the guard stumbled and fell headlong on his face.

Roger yelled, "Get out of the way, everyone!" and mayhem broke out. We all squeezed into the corners of the room and watched with amazement as five adults (the principal was on his cell phone) tried to reach the two kids. They kept the adults always in front of them and were able to avoid being grabbed by twisting themselves in a funny way and then the person trying to get to them hit the floor. It seemed that this was taking a long time but it was actually less than a minute.

Two of the adults—a teacher and a guard—were limping and the others must have had injured arms. Roger and Cynthia seemed like they were barely breathing hard.

Roger said, "Cindy and I've had judo training. If you touch us, you'll just wind up on the floor again. I said that we're not going to do this and I mean it. Guys, now that everything's all confused, just get out of here and decide if you're gonna do it or not. You need to think about it and not just get forced."

The principal tried to stop anyone from leaving but about half of the kids left the room. I stayed. I didn't want to get into trouble.

Then the school's police resource officer arrived. The principal told him what happened and wanted the cop to arrest the two. The cop asked to speak to the two privately. They did, and about five minutes later the cop came in.

"So it appears that they were going to be forcibly undressed?" The principal confirmed that. "Well, seems to me that they were just protecting themselves."

"They're in a federal program that requires that they be naked in school, officer."

"Then it's a federal problem, right? Let them deal with this," he said and he walked out.

You probably want to know what happened next. I didn't see any of this; I'll just say what I

> heard. Roger and Cindy went home and I guess spoke to their folks. Their dad was a Marine NCO on the local Navy base—that must be where they learned judo. They did come back to school the next day but they always had a burly, uniformed Marine hanging around. One time I heard that some federal officials tried to do something with the siblings like arrest them or something, but the Marine guy here at the time delayed them and then in a few minutes a whole bunch of Marines showed up. Must be great having a private security force working for you.
>
> Anyway, it appears that they turned 18 in March and legally didn't have to do the Program anymore. We were told that if you didn't do the Program you couldn't graduate. Well, my uncle is a lawyer and said that the diploma and possibly transcripts could be withheld, but a lot of colleges didn't care about the diploma. They looked at grades and SAT scores, and there were ways to force a school to provide a transcript.
>
> Me? I did my Program week and it was bearable. Did it do anything for me? Nothing. I did the minimum stuff, no relief in class, I kept the Reasonable Requests reasonable, dropped my extracurricular activities for the week (beginning of the term, so I could), and didn't do anything to attract attention. And a few of the initial 24 did do the Program for that week. Two others left school; not sure what they did.
>
> Oh yeah. One thing that the Program did for me. I go to nude beaches now. Optional nudity is ok. Compulsory and humiliating nudity? No way ok.

We were all looking at each other while that report was being read. After hearing it, I said, "See guys? I'm not the only guy who can do that stuff. But I really like their style. Cool kids."

The others agreed.

Janet, another of our content writers began reading one submission intently and then she sat back in her chair with a gasp.

"Oh my god, guys, I don't believe this one. You guys have to hear this; it's awful." She began reading.

"Oh, I'll skip the stats at the beginning since there's nothing unusual, but here's the narrative.

> My name is Roberta. It's my sophomore year and I'm only 14 years old and I've just been put on the Program. This morning I had to go to the principal's office and they told me that I had to undress and be in the school naked all week. I broke down and nearly fainted and the gym teacher had to strip me. They told me I would have a partner to help support me in coping with being naked and he's is a 15-year old sophomore, Jason. He tried to cheer me up; it was a good thing he's a pretty funny guy because I couldn't help but laugh at some of the dumb things he said.
>
> The students on the Program were given a little time to talk together before we had to go out into the hall and that helped me a little. When we went into the hall, I was still terrified but I was able to hold it together till we got to my first class.
>
> The teacher, Mr Walker, asked us if we needed relief and Jason said he didn't. Me? Forget it. No way could I do that!
>
> This was our health class and the teacher announced a term research project. He told us that he wanted us to collect data on the range of human sex responses in a number of categories that he'd list on the board. The data would be collected from all of the Program students in his health classes and also from an equal number of volunteers, and when it was all collected we

would analyze it. That sounded awful. Data on sex responses?

Then he called me and Jason up to the front! Then he began writing on the board:

"Objective: Determine time to orgasm," and he made two headings, "Girls" and "Boys."

He took me first! Mr Walker had me lay on my back on the table in the front with my privates—I guess they're no longer private!—facing the class. He grabbed my legs, bent my knees, and spread them apart. I never felt so exposed or ashamed in my life! He asked Jason if he knew how to find my clit. He didn't, so he had Jason stand between my legs, took Jason's hand and brought his forefinger to my pussy lips, spread them, and then placed Jason's finger on my little button. He asked Jason to move his finger around a little. Oh! It tingled and I felt myself getting wet.

Then Mr Walker told the class that the first measurement in the project was to time how long it took me to cum while being stroked manually on my clit—oh my god, he can't do that to me! He did. Mr Walker had Jason stand near my head, reach over my belly to my pussy, and start rubbing my clit. He was doing it too hard and it was painful so I closed my legs and pulled away. Mr Walker said not to move and I told him that it hurt, so he told Jason to be more gentle. He was, but the only feeling I was having was like I needed to pee, kind of a burning and not nice at all. I had heard that some girls liked to touch their pussies. It was supposed to feel good but I never tried it myself. This didn't feel good at all!

Mr Walker stopped Jason, he said it was five minutes and I hadn't had an orgasm. Then he asked me if I had ever had one before and I told him I hadn't. He asked the class to note that my response to manual clitoral stimulation was in excess of five minutes and that I needed a rest before the next test. There was another test? Little did I know.

Then Mr Walker had Jason stand in front of the class; I saw his cock was all stiff. Mr Walker asked Jason to stroke it to orgasm and Jason blushed bright red. He said he couldn't do it with an audience but Mr Walker insisted, telling him if he didn't follow instructions he'd spend another week on the Program. Jason was shaking as he tried to stroke but I guess he was so nervous that the only thing I saw happen was some clear stuff leaking out of the little hole. Was that the orgasm? Apparently not and Mr Walker was getting annoyed now.

He told the class that we would skip this test for now and go to the next one, having Jason's cock rubbed by a girl. Which girl? ME. I never did that before! Mr Walker told me to do just what Jason was doing, but when I tried it, Jason cried out in pain. His cock was all red was getting soft, and he kept trying to pull away. Mr Walker was not happy. He told us to stop now and for our next class we'd have to do this all over again! He also wrote the rest of the tests we would have to do on the board.

The other things that would be done to me next, while being timed to having an orgasm, were being rubbed manually inside me on my G-spot, having a dildo rubbed in my pussy, having a finger pushed in my rectum, and being licked on my pussy.

I told Mr Walker that no way I would do all those things! What can I do? Help me someone!

We were just floored. This was terrible. We were looking at one another and asking, "Can we help?" "Can we find her?" "What can we do?"

John Webber, one of the guys who had set up the server, was here today and Linda asked him if there

was any way we could set up a secure private message ability on the site. It would have to shield our group somehow so that someone from the Program office couldn't use it to contact us and have us reveal our location when we answered. He said he'd work on it.

"Maybe some peer helping too?" I suggested. "Companies doing tech support set up what they call 'community support' web forums. Could we do that? Then people can ask for help from others and it wouldn't involve contacting us. And we could answer in the forum too. The only thing we would need to watch for would be ringers, people writing in false info, I guess. Have to risk it, maybe. Geez, this is getting more complicated than I thought!"

We spent the next two hours going through the submissions and making them live and the kids who would be blogging were writing their articles based on the first person stories. The blogs were summaries and opinion pieces, also news items that told readers what our thoughts were about enhancing the site. Our website guru John was able to quickly set up a suggestion box feature to solicit site visitors' ideas. Then people began to take off and the meeting broke up. It was very productive, though. I don't know if we could solve individual problems, but just the info sharing would be helpful.

I pulled John aside before he left.

"Hey John, I thought about having a doctors' page and forgot to mention it to the group. Is there a way to set up a page to have doctors contribute that would keep their anonymity but also cut down on non-docs doing submissions?"

"Well, let me think.... Yeah, we could put up a subdomain under that shell domain that masks our identity that your IT contact set up and try to limit knowledge of it to only docs. If the word is spread only by word of mouth and not published anywhere, that may work."

"Let's try it, ok? How much time do you need?"

"Only a few minutes to set the subdomain. Couple hours to do the page and web form for submissions. Maybe by tomorrow?"

"That'll work—I have a doc's appointment Monday after school; he's in the med school and maybe he can start getting the word out. He seemed to be bothered about injuries he's begun seeing with Program kids. Thanks a bunch, John."

Everyone had left by then and I used the rest of the day working off several things from my "to-do" list. After I finished my school work, I began to reflect on how Monday's Program unveiling session would go and how Denise and I would handle it. I knew the school would mostly support what I was planning but the Program officials were an unknown. I looked at the official Program website and poked around, soon discovering a reference to an "enforcement" division. While there was little information about what that could be, a little imagination could make some disturbing deductions.

So I shot an email to Bob Charlesworth with my thoughts and a request that he think of how we would handle any overt interference with the school in their following ADA provisions.

Then I went to sleep and spent a fitful night.

Chapter 19: Sunday is Not a Day of Rest

I was dreaming, I thought, I must be dreaming. This has to be a dream. I'm in a large, fog-filled room and girls, tall girls, short girls, fat girls, thin girls, cute girls, ugly girls, are circling around me, moving in and out of the fog, getting really close and when I turn to look at them, drift away. When I try to move toward a girl, she smiles, giggles, glides away, and disappears into the mists. Now I'm beginning to feel ghostly hands tugging at my groin; I look down and see that I'm naked and as the girls move around me, they reach out and take hold of my cock and start pulling on it.

Suddenly I'm fully awake and in pain! I've got a huge erection and my cock is stuck, the leg of my tights is keeping it in a very painful position. I'm sweating and clammy, and a bit dizzy from the pain, as I pull the tights away, releasing my turgid member and the pain slowly faded.

Huh. What was that dream about, anyway? I won't need to be naked in school, so it's probably not that worry that's bothering my subconscious. Maybe I'm worried that the sight of naked girls will cause me problems, but the girls in my dream weren't naked—or were they? The images of the dream were drifting away and as I lay there, I realized that couldn't recall anything specific anymore.

Oh, well, now I'm wide awake and feel all sticky. Let's see—god, it's 6:19 am! I'm not going back to sleep, but now I'm kinda keyed up. *Oh yeah—I'll go for a run! I really need the exercise and maybe it'll clear my head a bit. I'll do a shower when I get back.* I remembered seeing a park about a mile away, and Aunt Helene said it had nice trails that she used to walk on before her hips gave out. I'll check that out.

I left the house and jogged to the park and yes, the trails were great. It was very scenic and quiet and I spent about an hour running. On the way home, I passed a group of cyclists heading toward the park and noticed their tights. *Oh, wow, that's it! Cycling tights. They'll be perfect for wearing next week in school, with the crotch padding*. I decided to find a sports store and pick up a few pair.

That dream was still bothering me and it continued to bother me all day.

After I got home and showered and breakfasted, I did some schoolwork; then when the stores opened I headed out to run some errands. After I got home I noticed that John had sent me the details on the new doctors' section of the site and instructions for secure access to post submissions. I used that material to put together a set of instructions for Dr Worthington. Then about midday I got a frantic call from Denise.

"Kevin, can you help me? My mom fainted a little while ago. She's awake now but can't drive and I'm insisting that she go to the emergency room, but she can't reach any of her friends to drive. Could you, please?"

I rushed right over. Denise's mom was a pleasant lady in her early 40s, I think. Her name was Kasey Roberts. She looked a little pale but she said she felt fine now. Denise was still insisting that she get checked out, so I drove them to the hospital. We waited in the ER for a few hours and just chatted. I learned that Mrs Roberts worked in the office of a large furniture manufacturer in the area. Finally she got taken and Denise went with her. About an hour later Denise came out.

"Kevin, they think that it's possible that Mom had a TIA, like a little stroke, and want to do tests and keep her overnight. I'm scared! Mom's agreed to stay, but that means I'd have to stay home alone and I don't want to be in that house all by myself. I'm afraid I'll be reminded about the assault. Do you have any room for me to stay with you? I'm not imposing, am I? I could try some of the girls I know but I'm not that friendly with any of them."

"Sure, we have room. You can use my bedroom and we've got a spare bed in the den I could use, no problem at all."

"I don't want to kick you out of your room, Kevin; I can sleep in the den."

"Look, let's just go and work that out later, ok? We'll go to your house and you can make an overnight bag; just pack stuff for tomorrow, too."

She agreed and we picked up her stuff. When we got home, she called the hospital, got her mom's room, and spoke to her. Mrs Roberts was doing ok and Denise told her that she was staying with me.

For dinner, I had planned to take Aunt Helene out, so we made it a threesome and enjoyed a nice dinner together. After dinner, Denise got a call from Sarah Parr. Sarah had seen a submission on the "first person" section of the site and thought Denise would be interested in it. We went to the site and looked through the stories and found it. It was from a girl in a small high school that had been running the Program for a year. She was a sophomore. Her story was brief but disturbing.

> My name is Sandra and I was a sophomore when I got picked in November of last year. I was supposed to be exempt but they made participating mandatory. My exemption was because I'm very allergic to the birth-control anti-STD shot. I can't take the shot at all, and my mother and grandmother both had breast cancer so my doctor won't let me take the pill either. In my school there's a gang of boys that have a motto that no girl is allowed to finish her Program week as a virgin and the school's pretty lax in controlling unwanted sexual contact. The local sheriff's son is in that gang and the sheriff's department ignores claims of attempted or actual rape in the high school because of the Program.
>
> I didn't know how I could protect myself from being assaulted. I tried to stay with large groups of girls, but then on the Thursday of my Program week, a few boys caught me in the boys' locker room after I showered and they restrained the guy who was trying to watch out for me. They pushed me onto the floor and were rubbing me all over, trying to stick their fingers into my pussy and trying to get me to suck their cocks. I was screaming that I was a virgin and had no protection.
>
> It helped a little bit that I'm pretty strong and was doing a good job fighting them off; I even bit two of them, but then a guy tried to get on top of me to fuck me. I kept kicking him; he got his cock right at my vagina's opening when I bit his shoulder. He jerked back but he must have shot some of his cum right into my vagina. I actually kept my virginity because no cock went into my pussy, but I became pregnant anyway!
>
> Fortunately I was able to end the pregnancy and my family has been involved for the last year in a lawsuit against the school district. At least I had some good witnesses; two of the coaches came in right at the end of the assault and saw all the bites and scratches I had done to the boys so they knew that I was being forced. I hope they'll get that dumb exemption rule changed!

I looked at Denise in concern. "Why the heck would Sarah have thought that you'd be interested in a rape scene? That story bothered me; it must have really scared you!"

"She and I were talking about having to shower in the boys' room and we weren't sure just how risky it could be. I told her that I'd never trust a bunch of naked boys being around me ever and she told me that it would be safe in school. I didn't agree. I guess she sent that to me to say that I was right."

"Funny way to apologize—to scare the hell out of you. How did that make you feel about doing the

Program starting tomorrow?"

"Really, no different. As long as I have my studly hero nearby."

"So how are your therapist sessions going? Bob said that they were very stressful and hard to do, was he right?"

"Well, so far they've been ok. The first one was just me telling her about what happened and she told me to not go into any detail. Then she told me the overall plan for our next bunch of sessions. You know, I'm gonna get homework from her, too?"

"You're kidding."

"No, she said it's practice. Oh, yeah, my last session was on breathing techniques. I have to practice these breathing exercises."

"Oh, right. We learned breathing as part of our courses in martial arts. With meditation. Hey, I mentioned trying to teach you that. How about trying to do a little now? You can show me what you learned about breathing."

She showed me the techniques that she learned and I spent some time showing how those exercises worked when learning meditation techniques. After a while, Denise was looking very calm and relaxed.

"So how do you feel now? Can you feel like you can touch those parts of your body with your mind, just by thinking? Sensing each muscle, sending it signals to relax and just let the energy flow?"

"Kinda. I can't feel energy, but I can see how I can sense some muscles in my arms and legs."

I tried to remember my first sessions. That seemed so long ago. "Yeah, I think that's how I started too. Feeling my larger muscles. As you practice, you get better at it."

After a while we stopped; we had done a lot for a first time. Denise looked like she wanted to say something; it seemed she was wrestling with her thoughts.

"You ok?" I asked.

"Yeah. Thinking."

"About tomorrow?"

"No, actually. Something else. This is hard. I feel, I don't know, confused? Lost? Like... yeah, like I'm kind of adrift, somehow. After that breathing and meditation stuff. It's hard talking about it."

"Well, if it bothers you..."

"No, not bothers. Kevin, I've only known you for a week but it seems like I've known you all my life. There's something about you... us... that makes me feel secure. That nothing bad is going to happen. I've never felt that way... uhh, I mean, after my assaults, you know? My first therapist said that to begin recovery, I'd need to learn to open myself to people, to share my feelings and explain what hurts inside and I could never do that.

"Then with my new therapy, what she told me we'd be doing, I thought it sounded scary but doing it actually felt 'right' to me, you know, inside me? Oh, I feel so weird now. Kevin, could I ask you a favor? Could you just sit with me here and just hold me? I don't want to seem forward and I certainly don't mean, like, you know, romantically, if you don't want. I just think I need to be held."

She said that with the innocence of a little girl, like maybe an eight-year-old, looking for comfort from a scare. I could sense that this was a very fragile moment for her, she was incredibly vulnerable and I needed to be very careful. *Man, I'm no shrink! What do I do?* I decided to just go with my instincts and sat next to her, wrapping her in my arms.

"Denise, I told you when we first met that I would support you and that I was a good listener too, so just tell me what you need and I'll try for you. You know, this is really strange, but even if we wanted to be romantic, that would cause some definite problems."

She giggled. "This feels so nice, please just hold me."

Then she began talking softly to me, telling me how difficult it was for her after her assault, how she became distant from her friends and didn't know why that was happening, how she just went through her days mostly mechanically, and how her mother had gotten so concerned about her lack of interest in all the things she used to enjoy. I just listened and murmured acknowledgment from time to time and asked only a few questions. She was silent for long periods, then for one period she began sobbing, so I just tightened my embrace and whispered reassuring words.

She began speaking again, this time to tell me what she hoped for her future and how she wanted to go into medicine, hopefully as a doctor or even do medical research. I knew from her school program that she was extremely bright and we both had AP-physics and AP-chemistry next year.

As I embraced her, I was resting my head on the back of her neck; the scent of her hair was like wildflowers. Then she turned her head and we were face to face, looking into each other's eyes. Without a word between us, we moved our heads toward each other and our lips met.

It wasn't a long kiss, nor was it very passionate—no tongue. It was a kiss of deep connection, commitment, reassurance, and trust. When we broke the kiss, we continued to stare into each other's eyes and suddenly Denise blushed deeply and looked away.

"Oh, Kevin, I'm sorry! I don't know what came over me! I'm so forward. Please don't think that I'm chasing you because you have all that..."

"Shhhhh," I said, putting a finger on her lips. "I know you're not vamping me to get my money; I could see how you felt about me before you found out. You know the feelings I have for you, don't you?"

"Uh, well, yeah, but I felt that was because you felt sorry for me because of the attack..."

"Well, stop thinking that! I meant what I told you. I think that how we've been over the last week should show you that you mean much more to me than a charity case. I'd love to show you just how much I feel for you, but you know the result would be a plain disaster now, right?"

"Oh yes. But something's really happened to me with you. I feel so safe and protected. It's nothing like before. Maybe we'll both get our heads and other body parts fixed so we can be normal teens. I hope."

"Ditto. Hey, it's getting late and we still need to get ready for tomorrow."

The two of us checked to be sure that we had all of our assignments ready, prepared our backpacks for the day and then made our lunches. We were ready for bed. Then I had a thought.

"Denise, we're gonna have to explain our state of dress to all kinds of people tomorrow. Why don't I write up a brief handout to give to people when they ask about us?"

"Good thought. Can you come to the den to help me with that bed?"

“No way. You’re sleeping here, even if I have to grab you and tie you up. There’s much more privacy and the bathroom’s closer too. And I mean it. You’re sleeping here. No, don’t argue! I even changed the sheets for you!”

“All right. Thanks. You’d really tie me up? Ooooo, freaky.” she giggled.

I left her alone and went to make up my bed and do my bathroom routine. As I climbed into my bed, I heard Denise whisper “Goodnight” and the hall light went out. Soon we were asleep.

Chapter 20: Monday. Skirmishes Over, the Battle is Planned

I woke up Monday morning, thankful that my night had been peaceful, and then wondered where I was. Oh! That's right, I realized I had slept in the day-bed in the den and that Denise was in my room. When I went off to the bathroom, I heard her moving around in my room, so I knocked and she told me she'd be right out. She'd already had her shower and was almost ready. She wanted to call the hospital to see how her mom was doing.

I did my morning routine and then got dressed for the Program unveiling to come in about an hour or so. When I got to the kitchen, Aunt Helene and Denise were chatting and breakfast was ready. I asked Denise if she had remembered to dress for her unveiling; she made a face at me and said, "How could I forget?"

She opened her blouse to show me and then she and Aunt Helene giggled.

"Kevin, I spoke to Mom. She's ok, no TIA, but her blood sugar was low so her doc will need to check her for what could have caused that. She's getting picked up by a friend to go home and she can go to work later today."

"That's good news."

"Yeah. And she can bring me to my therapy session after school too."

After breakfast we got our stuff together and left for school. Denise looked thoughtful. Then she turned to me.

"Oh, I guess I really haven't thought about it, but what'll happen to me in gym? I'm scared, I'll need to be in the boys' locker room without you. And using the boys' restrooms too?"

"Yeah, I've been thinking about that too. The restrooms are easy; just go during classes, not between, and take a Guardian to watch the door. For gym, here's what you will do. I'll bet that when you do this, there'll be a huge outcry of 'foul,' but we're going to do precisely what the Program booklet says is required. Here's how we'll do it..."

I told her; she grinned, saying, "I like it," and kissed my cheek.

We arrived at school and went to our home room. After the day's announcements were read, the names of eight students were read.

"Will the following students please report to the office. Seniors: Sarah Parr and Andrew Raden. Juniors: Kevin Coris and Denise Roberts. Sophomores: Barbara Mendes and Nelson Ryder. Freshmen: James Standish and Jane Wollens. Thank you."

Denise looked at me and grimaced. "Well, here it goes..." she muttered.

The teacher looked at us and wiggled her hand toward the door. "Off you go, now. We'll be seeing a lot more of you later, I think."

The class tittered. Yeah, it's another comedian wanna-be.

We walked to the office slowly and were joined by the others who were arriving from different hallways. When we got there, we saw Abover standing inside, near the door, holding a paper, apparently checking each kid off. Then we went into Fletcher's office; he was just putting the last box on the stack near his desk. He looked up as we walked in, and then went to his chair and sat.

"You're all here now, good. I'm certain that you all know what this is about today, right? No questions at all about the Program, correct? Everyone knows what we're doing? Good."

Abover came in and shut the door and stood in front of it.

"Now, are there any last-minute questions?"

Jimmy raised his hand. "Yes, Mr Standish?"

"I have a doctor's appointment during school hours on Thursday that was made last month. I won't get a penalty for missing the last period then, will I?"

Abover began to speak but Fletcher cut him off. "No, no penalty. Being on the Program doesn't mean your regular life needs to end."

We all looked at each other like, oh really? The Program is like "regular" life?

Dr Fletcher looked around the room. "Anyone else? Ok, this is going much better than last week so far. Let's keep that up, please. It's that time now."

This was the moment. I mentally crossed my fingers. The others began to slowly undress and I noticed that Abover was watching us intently with a hungry look. Sarah noticed his expression too, and whispered to me, "That man is evil. Look at the way he's watching." I nodded in agreement.

I whispered to Denise, "Still ok? Not feeling faint?"

"No, just kinda nervous."

I tried not to watch the others, just keeping a eye on Denise. She had slipped off her top and was now unbuttoning her shorts. She stepped out of them and stood up, dropped the top and shorts into her box, and stood still, looking at the floor. Her only remaining clothing was a modest two-piece swim suit. The moment of truth had arrived.

"Denise? You're not finished; please continue?" Fletcher said, his voice rising as she turned toward him and looked at him with a determined expression. "I see from your expression that that's as far as you plan to go, am I correct?"

I figured that he had also been thinking about our "compromise" agreement. The others had paused undressing to watch the tableau.

"Yes, sir. This is my safety equipment," she said, indicating her attire.

Abover bellowed, "WHAT? You need to strip, girl. There's no such thing as an ordinary bathing suit being 'safety equipment'! You were told to strip."

I turned to Abover. He looked enraged; his face was beet red.

"Mr Abover," I said sweetly, "you do recall the document that you, together with a number of other people, signed about our Program participation? The one that Mr Merotta agreed to as well?"

"That said nothing about clothes being safety equipment. It said that you kids agreed to follow the rules and you had to do that anyway, so that paper is meaningless."

"I beg to differ, sir. It said we agreed to follow the Program rules as written in the booklet."

"Same thing!" he growled.

"Not quite. Miss Roberts' attire is 'safety equipment' within the meaning of the Program rules."

"You must be crazy if you think that."

"Well, I'll show you. Here on page 2 it says, quote, 'Appropriate safety equipment may be worn if required under certain circumstances, for example...' Now the Program booklet doesn't define any of the terms in that rule, so to know what they mean we need a dictionary. Dr Fletcher, can you look up 'appropriate' for us, please?"

He tried to hide a little grin as he reached for the book. "Appropriate: suitable or proper in the circumstances."

"'Safety,' please?"

"Safety: the condition of being protected from or unlikely to cause danger, risk, or injury."

"Finally 'equipment'?"

"Equipment: the necessary items for a particular purpose."

Abover was turning even redder; I didn't think it was possible. Maybe he'll have a stroke.

"Now," I continued, "according to the ADA, the law that the school must observe, if a student has a disability, the school MUST provide an accommodation to allow the disabled student to attend and not make any impediments to that attendance. Miss Roberts has a medically documented disability provided by a recognized authority and the school is compelled to recognize that as an ADA disability.

"In that context, we can see how this safety equipment rule applies. The garment is 'appropriate' because it serves its intended purpose for accommodating the disability. 'Safety' applies because the lack of its use will risk her health and cause her injury. The garment is 'equipment' because it's an item for a particular purpose, which is to provide her with safety."

"Ok, then, now I've got you. There's a list of safety equipment right under the rule that you're trying to change. I don't see bathing suits anywhere in that list."

"You're right, it's not. Dr Fletcher, how is 'example' defined?"

"Example: a thing characteristic of its kind or illustrating a general rule."

"So, Mr Abover, 'bathing suit' isn't there because it doesn't need to be. That list of items is not exclusive and other things that provide safety are included by the word's definition as a class of items. I don't see 'goggles' on the list but that's clearly a safety item. Neither do I see listed there an orthopedic torso brace that kids with scoliosis need to wear."

The other kids were trying to keep from laughing and Dr Fletcher was looking bemused. Then he turned to look at me and was about to say something when suddenly Abover wheeled around, opened the door, and stalked out, slamming the door shut. His last words as he left were, "We'll see who gets the last word here..."

Fletcher drummed his fingers on his desk. Then he looked up. "Hey guys, you need to finish undressing!"

The others kind of shook themselves out of their daze and continued removing their clothes. I glanced at them. Wow, Sarah, under her baggy clothes, had quite a wonderful figure. She had light blond hair and sported a pair of lovely, firm C-cup tits and a shaved pubis, long legs, slim waist, and a cute ass.

Program stripping session in principal's office

The other girls were also very pretty, especially Jane, who was a pixie-like cutie. She was about 5'3" and had black hair, a perky set of B-cup breasts, a light dusting of black hair on her crotch that drew your eyes right to it—a triangle that seemed to point down to her hidden treasures saying, "look here!" and an ass to die for. She kind of made me think that if she had little wings, she would be like a cute fairy.

The sophomore, Barbara, was almost as pretty. She was taller, about 5'8" and had auburn hair, a nice firm chest rack—maybe D-cup—not my taste, and her crotch hair was shaved into a long, thin strip above her slit. Barbara's ass was also terrific. Not quite as nice as Jane's, but still... When she bent over to put an item in her box, I could see her pussy lips peeking out between her thighs. Was the stripping session turning her on?

But Denise, now. Even in her modest swimsuit, she was absolutely stunning. Her chest, now that I could see it without a blouse, seemed to be around a C-cup on the smaller side and she had a figure that many models would die for. Wow, I wish I could get to see her naked. Oh, well, that's not likely to happen anytime soon.

The guys? Don't ask; I don't care about how guys look. Maybe later, when the others relate their own stories, they'll tell you about the guys. I did notice that all three were sporting chubbies, and two of them seemed to be quite respectably endowed, not that I have ever had a chance to make any comparisons. I was stripping off too, all the way down to my spandex cycling tights. Yep, these would be great because of the large amount of crotch padding they provided. This would be way better than wearing a cup all day and would give almost as much protection while immobilizing the goods inside.

Fletcher looked at my garb appraisingly. "So I gather that's your own 'safety equipment.' Am I correct?"

"Yes, sir."

"Exactly what benefit does it provide, if I may ask?"

"Protection from the symptoms and effects of a penile nerve lesion, sir." I actually had rehearsed that answer.

"Eeewwww," from a couple of the girls.

The bell for the end of home room rang and Fletcher stood up. "Well, Denise and Kevin, I expect to be

hearing soon from the district Program office so don't be surprised if we need to call for you later. Ah. I almost forgot to mention, the girls *must* see the nurse today without fail so she can check your birth-control status. Ok, guys, out of here now and good luck for the week. Your Guardians will be waiting for you in the hall."

I looked at the others' faces. Stoic expressions on the guys', frightened on the girls'. Ready or not, they had to face what awaited us in the school's halls. In some ways I felt like I had let the other six down by not joining them in their nudity, but even if I wanted to do it, my body would have rebelled.

I followed the naked group to the door, holding Denise's hand.

They emerged from the office ahead of us to a cacophony of cheers and wolf whistles. The Guardian people had formed a bubble of space between the crowd and the door, and as our group emerged, Guardians paired off with the Program people. Because of our disabilities, Denise and I had apparently been assigned two Guardians each.

"Thanks, guys," I said to them, "I don't really need a full-time Guardian—I can take care of myself." The four laughed at that. "Denise does; she might be a target when touching is allowed and I plan to be at her side all the time. But if I can't be with her for some reason, please take care of her, ok? Denise, do you think that we'd only need two Guardians between us?" She agreed. "Ok, why don't two of you be backups for the other girls?"

They consulted and then two of them split off from us. Then we left for class, leaving behind a gang of confused students, who were calling to us to ask why we weren't naked. As we walked, we told our Guardians what the deal was with our clothing and how it was a medical necessity. But my thoughts were with the others in our group; I was concerned about what was happening to them. Well, we'd learn about that pretty soon.

When we reached our first period classroom, our Guardians left us as we went into the room and sat down at our desks. Miss Wilson came into the room and her eyes fell on the two of us. The bell hadn't rung yet so she walked closer to us.

"You're on the Program; so why are you still dressed?"

I was actually prepared to answer that question, um, 25 times today. Twenty-five times because I had 25 printouts prepared that explained our non-nudity in three sentences.

"Miss Wilson, to save time and you have a written record, I made this copy," and handed her a sheet.

She read it with an undecipherable expression. Then she looked at my covered crotch and then up at my face. "Hmmmm. I'm guessing you won't need relief. You, Miss Roberts?" Denise shook her head. "Ok, then, but I want you for class participation anyway. Let's see..."

She turned and walked to the front as the bell rang. Meanwhile, the classroom had filled up and the kids were looking at us curiously. I heard snatches of comments, "Should be naked..." "...wearing something?" "...swimsuit..."

Miss Wilson tapped for attention. "Class, I had planned in Civics today to cover the sexual revolution of the 1960s and involve our Program participants in an active way. Their non-nudity means I need to make some alterations. What I'll do is ask Miss Roberts and Mr Coris to come up here and lead the class in a discussion of the social and cultural problems that non-conformity with rules presents for the community. You may begin by explaining the basis of your nudity exemption and how the Program rules allow you to be partly clothed."

Denise and I went to the front. We had figured that something like this would come up in Civics class today in a discussion, not a presentation. But the two of us had gotten a really good background in what we were doing, both from Bob Charlesworth and from the ADA defense we had on Friday with the district Program rep.

I whispered to Denise, "Why don't you start with a general explanation of your disability; then I'll do mine; then we'll tell them about the ADA and how it supercedes the Program rules."

"Ok, that should work."

She began and the two of us went through the whole dog-and-pony show again, telling the class how the ADA was developed to help bring people with disabilities into the community mainstream by providing them with access to education opportunities and employment which had been denied to significant numbers of people who became disabled during their life and had been forced out of schools or jobs because schools or employers found accommodating their disabilities to be too inconvenient or costly.

After we had covered that part, Miss Wilson asked the class for questions and we got the typical ones, like how far did an employer have to go to make an accommodation, what happened if someone had an accident and could no longer do the job he had, how employing disabled people helped the community as a whole—questions that we could answer.

"Now, Kevin and Denise, just how do your disabilities fit your sort-of exemption from the Program? It would seem that you would be exempt, given what you've explained to us so well," Miss Wilson continued.

Denise answered, "Exactly. We could have demanded an absolute exemption but the Program officials threatened the school with cutting its federal funding if they followed the ADA and exempted us, so Kevin arranged for this compromise. Although they didn't know it was a compromise so we expect another visit from them real soon," she ended with a wry laugh.

Miss Wilson turned to the class. "What they've described shows what can happen when the provisions of one law of a society come into direct conflict with another law. This is an excellent example of such a case. Now thinking back and with your knowledge of American history, can you think of any other examples?"

The rest of the class continued with a spirited discussion of slavery, civil rights, women's rights, immunization policies, gay marriage; the areas we covered ranged widely. This had turned into an interesting class.

When the bell rang it surprised us all. We were in the middle of discussing gay marriage, so Miss Wilson told us we could pick up that discussion tomorrow.

Next was Biology, so we started off to that classroom with no small amount of trepidation. Our Guardian escort did a good job in controlling the number of Requests that were made of us, but our partial clothing no doubt was a tremendous factor in keeping away the trolls. But I couldn't help but feel a sympathetic pang for what our naked participants were facing.

Denise and I were really very concerned about the Biology class. We were wondering what we'd be made to do and how I could answer any demand for a class "demo." Well, we quickly found that we would need to wait another day to see what would happen because our teacher was absent and we had a sub, an old guy who just basically reviewed some of the material from last week and virtually read to

us, out of our biology text, the chapter we had been assigned on Friday. Wasted class.

The sub seemed about 90 percent brain-dead. The only time he looked at us was when he came in. He looked at Denise's and my attire, I said simply, "Program," he shrugged uncertainly, and went into his monologue which lasted the entire period. No one interrupted him and he asked no questions. I guess I'm just gonna have to get used to the American education system. This was teaching?

In Calculus it seemed that Mrs Evander also hadn't been informed that Denise and I wouldn't be naked. We got the third degree with her, too, so I gave her one of my handouts. She read it and shrugged, "Whatever. If this is ok with Dr Fletcher, it's ok with me. Should I even ask if you need relief?"

"No," we both said together.

"Ok class, no entertainment for you today. Let's begin. Who can explain what the dependent variable of a function is and give us an example?"

The rest of the class passed without anything important happening, except that it was a good class. Mrs Evander seems to be a pretty good teacher.

When class ended, we left the room and joined our Guardians. We noticed that we were now attracting far, far less interest among passing students, most of whom simply looked at us curiously. One girl stopped me, looked me up and down, and grinned, "Nice bod. See you on touching day, stud!"

Denise looked at me and smirked. "Yeah, stud. Hey, can I have first dibs on touching?"

"You can touch me whenever you want, Denise."

She rubbed my chest lightly. "Mmmmm, yeah. Nice muscles."

"Enough, hun. (*I said 'hun'? Hmmm, yes. We've made a real connection*). You're making kind of a problem south of the border."

"Aw. I was having fun, too."

"Me too. We need to work on both of our problems."

We arrived outside the lunchroom and our Guardians peeled away to get their food and go to their own reserved table—next to ours, by the way. When we walked into the room, we noticed a major difference in the room compared to last week. Today there was a real hubbub; lots of noise and it wasn't conversational noise either. Then I figured it out; it was because everyone was looking around trying to see who was naked and calling out things like, "There's one," "Look, over there," "See, in the line..." and lots of pointing fingers. I could see naked people moving in the lunch line, our people.

My heart gave a lurch. We should be with them. It really made me feel bad in a way I can't describe. I was almost longing to join them in support, and actually considered it for a brief second. Then someone bumped into me with her hip in trying to reach past me in line, hit my cock, and I recoiled in that fiery pain sensation.

"Oh, excuse me, I'm sorry," she said.

"It's all right," I choked out.

Yeah, that's why I can't go naked. From that bump to my crotch, I could see that if someone were to grab or press my cock, I could pass out from the sensation. Then I noticed that Denise was staring

across the lunchroom with a strange expression.

I leaned over and whispered to her, “Hey, how’re you doin’?”

“Um, it’s peculiar. In a way I’m feeling overdressed. How can that be?”

“Yeah, me too. I think we’re feeling empathy for the others. I guess we must have bonded in some way and we feel a need to support them.”

“I guess...” she said, looking around for the others. Then I saw two naked bodies moving toward our table.

“There are Sarah and Barbara,” Denise said.

“Yeah. Let’s pay for this stuff and join them.”

We walked to our table amid a host of curious stares.

Denise asked the girls, “So where are your partners?”

“The guys took a pit stop. Hey, it was really sick, having to use the guys’ room to pee and being watched like that. I think I’m going to get dehydrated so I don’t have to do that again,” Barbara complained.

“So how was your day so far?” Sarah asked the three of us.

Denise started to answer but was interrupted by Barbara, “Just awful! I’ll tell you... oh, here come the guys.”

Program kids arrive at their lunch table

The rest of the group joined us. Apparently no one had much of an appetite because everyone’s trays only held light selections.

Jane, the freshman, confirmed it. “I don’t think I can even eat this. I feel sick.”

Sarah said, “They say we get used to it. We’ve only had less than three hours so far.”

“Well, part of those first three hours were awful,” Barbara said. Nelson, her partner, strongly agreed.

“What happened?” Andrew asked.

They told us about their sophomore biology class, and since Barbara and Nelson wrote it up for the website, I’ll read you their account, first from Barbara’s point of view. Since her written description was much more detailed than what she related to us at lunch, I’ll use that.

In our second hour (Barbara wrote), Nelson needed relief and asked me to help him. I didn’t

know what to do but he told me he'd tell me, so I took his cock and stroked it. It felt so nice, kind of soft on top but like a rock underneath. This clear juice began dribbling out of the hole and I asked him if he was peeing and he told me it meant he was getting ready to cum. Suddenly, his cock jerked and a big gob of stuff hit my boobs, then another, and then more just came out all over my hand. My pussy was tingling and I suddenly felt all hot and like I had to kiss him, so I did! We got into a big kiss, tongues and all, and then the teacher told us to break it up or she would pour cold water on us. Our next class was Biology.

We went into class and the front was set up like a doctor's exam room. With a table that even had stirrups. The teacher, Mr Gordon, had me come up, lay down and get into the stirrups, and then told the class that he would show them the female sexual organs using a camera connected to a video screen that was overhead so that everyone could get a close-up look. I was fainting from embarrassment! He moved the camera around while manipulating my pussy lips and uncovered my clit, explaining everything.

Then he said he was going to do an internal exam. I screamed that I was a virgin! He said he would look; when he did, he said it appeared like I had a partial hymen and he could use a pediatric speculum which he said wouldn't hurt. My doctor had tried using one on me for an exam six months ago and it hurt then, so he had told me he could wait for a more complete exam until I got older, so I told the teacher that. He said I was older now and my doing this was required, it was a mandatory part of being in a Program demonstration and was permitted by the Program rules. He said there were other parts of the exam he was planning to do too; one of them was have the class feel the location of my G-spot using their fingers and he planned to demonstrate my vagina's internal shape by making a casting of it.

I jumped off the table, saying, "No! I refuse!"

Gordon told me that I would have to do all that; cooperation with teachers was mandatory, and he began citing the Program rules. Then I remembered what Kevin had said about reading the meaning of the rules and ran to my backpack, pulled out my Program booklet, and looked at the "Participation" section.

"Here," I screamed, "it says here, 'Participants may not decline unless the Request involves sexual intercourse, the insertion of a foreign object, or would result in physical harm or pose the danger of imminent physical harm to themselves or their classmates.' That means I can decline. Right, Wendy?"

Wendy was a Guardian who was in my class. She said that I was correct. She also told the class that last term, she heard that those things were routinely done as class demos, but the worst was using this dental casting stuff, squeezing it into the girl's vagina till no more would go in, waiting a few minutes for it to harden, and then being pulled out. Some of the girls had suffered vaginal irritation as a result and one got an infection from some of that material getting into her uterus. All of them had experienced pain as the casting was withdrawn.

So I told the teacher that inserting fingers would tear my hymen more and cause me pain and harm and I wouldn't permit it. He told me that he would mark me down for a major Program violation but I didn't care, I figured it would get overturned.

Barbara's description of what happened to her in Biology was terribly disturbing. I asked her what "stirrups" were. Oh. In front of a class like that? Degrading and humiliating. Then Nelson spoke.

Barbara forced to expose herself in a gynecological exam chair

"Yeah, that was so bad for her! I like Barbara a whole lot and we're hitting it off, so after she gave me relief I felt so close to her. Then we went to Biology and all that stuff happened. I felt so bad that I couldn't help her but then she thought of using the Program rules.

"I had a bad time right after her, maybe not as bad, but still humiliating. After Gordon got done with Barbara, he was really mad at her so he came after me. He said he wanted to start collecting statistics on penis size, cum volumes, stuff like that, and he would start with me. I was soft, I had relief last period, and after seeing what just happened to Barbara, I was completely limp. He ordered me to get an erection. I couldn't. He told Barbara to do it and nothing happened. Then he told her to suck me! Both of us refused and the Guardian backed us.

"So then he went to his desk and took out a case, saying, "Ok, this will do it," and pulled out a syringe!

"Now I was really alarmed. 'What the hell is that?' I asked.

"'This is alprostadil, or prostaglandin E1. Injected in the penile shaft, it's guaranteed to produce an erection.'

"'No way are you sticking a needle in my cock!'

"He went through the business of mandatory compliance again. I pointed out that the prohibition of 'insertion of a foreign object' also applied to insertion of a needle into the skin. He tried to get around that by saying that it was just the same as the mandatory birth control shot for girls, but I said that shot was for a health matter, not a class demo. I was supported again by the Guardian.

"So he turned to another topic: doing a prostate exam on me! I was shocked! My dad's 38 years old and he hasn't had one. I know because my grandfather was recently joking with him about how uncomfortable they are. I glanced at Gordon's hands. He's got these big, fat fingers.

"'Mr Gordon, there's no way you're sticking your finger in there, period. Again, the rules say I can decline 'foreign objects' being inserted.

"'A finger isn't a foreign object. Foreign objects are artificial materials.'

"'That's wrong. The junior Program student, Kevin, told us that the words in the rules mean exactly what they say, so I was curious and looked up some of them, like 'foreign object.' It's a medical term and means an object from outside the body, something that is in the body but doesn't belong there.

There's no way a finger belongs in my ass.'

"The class really laughed hard then. I kept on going.

"'I'm also claiming the safety issue. Your fingers are too big; anyway people aren't given those exams until they're old, 40 or 50, so demonstrating that on a young teen is totally unreasonable and could be dangerous.'

"The Guardian agreed yet again. She told us that this kind of stuff went on last year and that some Program boys had their butts fingered by a number of kids in the class. No one wanted to do it then, but they were coerced or forced. She also said that in that biology class, the teacher was doing stuff like measuring cum volumes, cock sizes, how many pulses each orgasm had, and even how far boys could shoot sperm!

"I'm gonna tell my folks what happened today so they can complain. There's no possible education reason for doing this!"

We all had to agree. Well, the undisturbed lunch time was over and the wolves were beginning to circle. We were given a half hour to eat after which we'd have to accept Reasonable Requests. Today it involved posing. Some kids wanted Denise to take her suit off, saying it was Reasonable. They asked me, too. We both politely declined and were threatened with formal complaints. Abover came by and listened to the complaints and then tried to bully us but we ignored him and he went away growling something.

Denise and I told the others how we felt about us wanting to support them but told them that for now, with our conditions, it was like asking a paralyzed man to walk. "The spirit was willing but the flesh was weak," as the saying goes. Hey—I knew a Russian kid on one of Mom's embassy postings and he translated it to Russian for me and then back to English. You know how it came out? "The vodka was good, but the meat was rotten." Funny. Cantonese is kind of like that too. One of my teachers in Hong Kong told me that "Out of sight, out of mind" came out as "Invisible lunatic" in Chinese. Whatever. You can do funny things when translating and the result isn't like the original—I guess that's true with most languages... well, anyway, my mind is wandering.

So they told us they were cool and not to sweat it. Still, we couldn't help but feel bad. Well, show-and-tell time is almost over, so we need to head to gym. Oh joy.

Chapter 21: Battles Continued, Round Two

On the way to school, Denise and I had also spoken about how she would work gym to avoid the boys' locker room as much as possible. Being on light activity really helped because she wouldn't need to shower. We decided that she could put her sneaks on before and drop everything off everything at her hall locker instead of needing a gym locker. That way she wouldn't need to use the locker room at all. And she could just dash through the lockers into the gym.

We delayed our walk to the athletic wing, waving off a few confused stares at our state of partial dress. Denise got one Request to display herself; she stretched her arms out and said "Ok?"

The guy said, "But you need to do it naked!"

She responded, "I am. Under my permitted safety equipment."

The guy muttered to himself as he hurried away, "What the hell...."

Then the warning bell rang. We were given three minutes from the final bell to be in the gym.

"Here's the locker rooms. The guys will all be rushing to get on the floor. You've already got your train... er, sneakers on, not changing anything, so just zip straight through to the gym. You're ok on what to do afterwards, right? Cool."

I left her and went into the girls' lockers. It felt strange. There were a few lockers designated for Program people, incredibly with no built-in locking capability (guess they figured if you had no clothes you didn't need a lock), so I shoved my stuff in and slipped on my—uh, sneakers and took off my cycling tights. Then I pulled on a tight jock and cup. Shut the door, snapped on my lock, and ran out to the gym. The feeling of cool air on my exposed ass was weird!

Apparently Denise and I were the only two Program people in the class and both teachers zeroed in on us.

The male teacher, forgot his name, shouted, "You two! What's the meaning of this clothes violation? Get those clothes off instantly! You have thirty seconds or you get a Program violation."

"Sir," I responded, these are Program-sanctioned safety equipment which is specifically provided for by the Program rules."

"They are not! A jock is only for a contact sport and a swimsuit is certainly not protective! Take them off, now!"

"Sir, you can check with Dr Fletcher. He's already approved our selection of safety equipment."

"Nonsense. He can't do that, the choice of safety gear is up to the teachers."

"Dr Fletcher told me not to argue with teachers so I won't. You can either find out from him or just start the class."

"I don't like smart-alecks..."

I held my temper. "Please! You have a choice to make."

"Yeah. I'm calling the shots now. Your choice is either 100 or 500 laps around the track, now."

"Sir? Today I'm not accepting that suggestion. It borders on abusive coercion; demanding that a student do a five-mile run for an arbitrary reason. Shall I make that an official complaint or are you

withdrawing the suggestion?"

"Ok, I'm putting you on report for ignoring the instructions of a teacher and sending you to the assistant principal's office right now for discipline."

"I have to decline again, I'm afraid, sir. My instructions are to stay with Miss Roberts."

"You are going to the office and we are going to help Miss Roberts to disrobe."

She gasped and shrunk to me, holding onto my arm.

"Not a problem, Denise. Let's go." I took her hand and led her toward the stack of mats. "Let's continue those exercises in meditation now."

"Where are you going?" the teacher shouted.

"To our gym activity," I called back. "A special Program gym activity."

Denise snickered.

He started walking toward us. I put up my hand. "No, sir, don't come closer. Your actions are posing a perceived threat to our personal safety; you implied that you were considering an assault."

"WHAT? All right, this will stop. I'm having the principal come here at once."

"Please do."

Fletcher arrived five minutes later; the male teacher turned his section over to Miss Williams and went to him. I heard the conversation, at least the teacher's part. He was quite loud. He quoted to Fletcher what I had told him, quite accurately, actually. Fletcher spoke to him and I could see him physically deflate in resignation. Fletcher walked over to us.

"I'm sorry—I should have given those two teachers a heads up about you guys. Mr Marshall (oh, yeah, that's his name!) is an ex-sergeant in the Marines and not used to being questioned. I told him about your special needs and said that your statements were accurate about the protective gear. You may rejoin the class."

"Thanks, Dr Fletcher," we both said.

We walked back to the class and joined our respective groups, getting glares from the teachers, which we ignored.

Soon the whistles blew and "Showers! Hit it!" rang out.

Denise didn't need a shower; she didn't need to change either, so I took a deep breath (time for more fireworks), opened the girls' locker room, and both Denise and I walked in. I looked around; this was really cool, seeing bunches of pretty, partially clothed chicks changing clothes. I had to look away then because my cock was beginning to stir and was becoming painful. We went to my locker and then I saw nicks and scratches all over my new lock and on the locker door around it. I looked around as a girl passed by.

"Oh, that's your locker? You can open it?"

"Yeah, why?"

"The custodian was trying to open it before; when I came in to use the facilities I saw him with a big pliers thing trying to get it off. I assumed that someone was locked out."

I asked for her name and then she left. Now I was really annoyed.

Just then Miss Williams came in. “Miss Roberts! You can’t be in here! Program people must use the opposite-sex locker rooms! Go there at once.”

Here we go. “Miss Williams, the rules specifically state that the USE of restrooms and gym prep facilities shall be done in the opposite-sex’s room. It does NOT deny the person the right to be physically present IN the room of the same sex, unless she is using the room for its purpose. Miss Roberts is simply standing here, being present, but is NOT using any of the facilities here for any purpose,” I explained.

There were chuckles throughout the room.

“The Program requires that Miss Roberts shower in the boys’ room; she has to be there.”

“True, if Miss Roberts were to take a shower, she would use the boys’ room.”

Denise spoke up. “I have no need for a shower, Miss Williams.”

“Really? Ok, then for your next class, we’ll be certain that you’ll need a shower.”

“Have you overlooked my doctor’s letter that states light activities only, Ma’am?”

Miss Williams stomped away.

“Denise, look. See how the lock’s scratched? He must have been trying to cut it off but couldn’t because of the shrouded hasp. I wonder why he was trying to break in. I think I’ll pay him a visit.”

I could skip a shower today since I hadn’t broken a sweat. Denise told me that she could hang out in the hall with the Guardians, so we went to the hall and found them waiting there; then I returned to my locker and switched back to my cycling tights. I was happy when I realized that I had gym again this week only once more, on Wednesday.

History class was next period.

When I got to History, Denise was already outside the classroom and she and her Guardian were dealing with Requests—mostly answering questions about why she was wearing a swimsuit instead of being naked. Then the first bell rang, allowing Denise and me to duck into the room. She turned to me.

“Kevin, thanks for all you did in for me in gym! And I had a blast with standing up to Williams.”

“Yeah, you did good, too.”

“Hey, I just thought of it—you think we’ll get called when the Program people come this afternoon?”

“Oh yeah, that’s right. Yeah, they may come today; we’ll see.”

Well, they didn’t and we spent our History and English Lit classes in peace. When the dismissal bell rang, Denise ran off to her locker to get her stuff because her mom was waiting to take her to her therapy session. She shouted a quick “good-bye” as she dashed out. I followed her to be sure that no one would bother her for a Request, but she got to the door and her clothing box, grabbed her clothes, and was running to the car before many kids had arrived for the dressing show.

The other Program kids had begun arriving and were getting dressed as quickly as they could to avoid being delayed for Requests. I had cheated on the dressing part; I had an extra pair of shorts and a shirt in my locker so I dressed in those, went to my box, and retrieved those clothes. I knew that this was a

Program violation, but I didn't really give a damn. Also, I didn't think anyone would actually care if I was dressed when the school was empty. Then it occurred to me that I could just leave my outer clothes in my car before school and get them when I left. Yeah, need to tell Denise that, too. I suddenly recalled that I had to visit the custodian's office. Finding it took several minutes of wandering.

When I located the custodian's office I knocked, then went in carrying my lock.

"Sir, I was told that you tried to cut this lock off in the girls' locker room earlier today. May I ask why?"

"I'm afraid I can't say."

Uh oh. "Can you tell me the authority that gives you the right to enter a student locker without a legal search warrant?"

"Doesn't need a warrant. Just an administrator's request... uh, forget that."

Ah-hah. "Maybe I will, if you tell me which administrator requested it, or shall I call the police and file a charge of attempted burglary? There were witnesses to your attempted break-in, you know."

"Mr Abover told me."

"And what did he say to do after it was opened?"

"That the Program person lost his key and needed his clothes. Bring him the clothes."

Hmmmm, maybe Abover thought I would strip more for gym; actually, I did. Only wore a jock. He was trying to steal any of my remaining clothes to humiliate me, I guess.

"Ok, sir, I've decided not to do a police complaint if you write down what Mr Abover told you and sign it, ok?" He reluctantly did that.

Well, I'm getting quite a collection of signed documents from all kinds of school and Program personnel. Maybe when this is all over, I'll make a scrapbook—or frame them.

I drove home, trying to think how I could use the custodian's confession against Abover. I hoped I would get a bright idea soon. When I got home, I changed into some "reasonable" clothes and drove off to the med school hospital.

My instructions were to go to the urology clinic. I found the clinic and signed in. Soon I was called to an exam room where a nurse took my vitals and asked why I was there. This is so strange. They have my records and can see the diagnosis and can't tell from that? I told her and she left, telling me that the doc would be right in. Two minutes later Dr Worthington came in.

"Kevin, I've asked a colleague to join us. She's a specialist in sexual dysfunction and many of your symptoms are related to people who suffer from premature ejaculation, we call it PE, in fact the most common problem men experience after a repair of phimosis is premature ejaculation and your problem seems to be like PE on steroids. Any changes since Friday?"

"No, sir. But you mentioned that you've seen kids with problems caused by the Program?"

"Yes, I've seen penile abrasions and testicular trauma in some boys and a few UTIs—that's urinary tract infections—in girls that I traced to manipulation of their perineum with dirty fingers, and I've heard from some colleagues in the Ob-Gyn department that they are seeing all kinds of new vaginal problems ranging from blunt trauma to internal infections."

"Ok, then you might be interested in this," and I took out some pages that described our website and gave instructions for docs to access it and asked him if he could quietly spread the word about the site. He seemed to think this was a good idea and said he'd read the pages. Just then there was a tap at the door and a woman came in. Dr Worthington introduced me to her, Dr Carey.

He continued, "Dr Carey's looked at your chart and had another thought about your symptoms."

She spoke, "Good to meet you, Kevin. Yes, I mentioned your symptoms to a neurologist and he told me that it's possible, but not likely, that this could be a pudendal neuropathy. That's basically an interference with nerve impulses in the groin area. I went over your Korean lab tests that Dr Worthington had translated and don't see anything unusual there, but I have another test that I'd like to do to see if my first theory is correct."

Dr Worthington continued, "Kevin, if you could come to the lab with us, we'll do some additional electrodiagnostic testing, evoked potentials, and test your dorsal penile nerve function, and she wants to measure your bulbocavernosus reflex response with more sensitive instruments than I have at my office."

The testing took about an hour. Some parts were fairly painful but they told me it was because of my condition, that the tests themselves were not inherently painful. I expected to have to wait for the results, but they said that they could see from the gross results, without detailed analysis, that there was some kind of lesion in my penile or pudendal nerves. They explained that in this case, "lesion" meant something like a short circuit; that some kinds of sensory information was getting transferred somehow to the nerve pathways that detected pain. Or something like that. Apparently they think it's a kind of synesthesia where the nerve impulses get confused and go to the wrong place. No, I didn't remember all of those medical words. I had them write them down for me (so I could look them up).

Dr Carey told me that her research group was working with PE patients and was developing a kind of nerve simulator that worked through the skin, she found that using it reduced penile nerve sensitivity and potentially might be useful in my case. The therapy involved my wearing the electrode part on my cock when I slept; it had a timer built in and would give me fifteen-minute treatments every hour throughout the night.

Dr Carey fetched the device. It looked like a tiny blood-pressure cuff with a few straps attached. She showed me how to put it on and set it up.

"Before you start, take a little bit of this gel and put a dab on each of these silver circles. Those are the electrodes and the gel allows good skin contact. Make sure your penis is dry. You fasten it like so, facing it in this direction, with the index mark on top. Close the velcro tabs and fasten the straps, yes, that's right, those will keep the cuff in place. You need to run the wire for the controller to your bedside table so it doesn't get tangled. Now this other part goes on your back. It's just an electrode on a sticker. Snap the wire on the sticker's button here, peel off the backing, and apply it right here on this spot on your lower spine. You need to use a new sticker each night."

"What's that one for?" I asked.

"That detects the pulses being transmitted from the cuff through your penile nerves to your spinal cord. It can indicate objectively any improvement as this therapy continues. That wire plugs into the controller here. You can keep the two wires together with these little clips. Plug the controller into a wall outlet and press this button—then check to see that it's displaying the correct date and time. Use these little buttons to adjust it if it's not correct, but the internal battery should keep it accurate. When

you're ready to sleep, press this larger button. The display will flash three times.

"You don't sleep on your belly, do you?" I said that I didn't. "Good, we've noticed that it doesn't work very well for belly-sleepers."

"I do wear tights to sleep, though."

"That shouldn't be a problem; maybe it's better because the tights may keep the cuff in place more securely. Now here's what happens in the morning.

"When you wake up, press this large button again and that will close the data file in the controller's memory. Then take this cable—it's just a USB cable, and plug it into your computer. When you turn on your computer, it should ask you whether you want to save the file. Say yes, and then email the file to this address, ok? This sheet has all of the instructions written down and gives a phone number to call if you have any other questions or problems."

"I understand. A question. What happens if I get an erection overnight?"

"Sure. Yes, the cuff was designed for that. Males of your age actually have those as frequently as five or six times a night. In fact, when an erection occurs, the device actually works a little better. Oh yeah, in the morning you can just wipe off the little bit of gel that may remain on your penis. Sound ok? Well, we'll see you next week to review how the treatment is progressing."

"How long do I have to do this?"

"We don't know at this point. We'll have a better idea after we have a week's data to analyze. But you won't need to spend the next few years on this therapy," she joked. "So hold that question till next time. See you in a week."

They left the room and I got dressed. I really hoped that this would work!

After I returned home, I checked my messages and found one from Denise. She wondered if I could meet her because she had to talk to me about her therapy. I called her and she asked me if we could get together at her house; she also wanted to work on the Civics class assignment a little more because she was certain we'd be picked to lead the discussion again. Sounded good to me. After I arrived, she told me her mom was working late but if I wanted, she had prepared food for dinner and there was enough for two. I thanked her and then joked that here we were, two teens in an empty house, Program kids even, yet we'd be safer than if we had a full-time chaperone.

"Yeah, Kevin, we're two cripples. One emotional and one physical," she sighed.

I told her about my doctor's appointment then.

"I'm hoping to get this fixed. Being like this is no fun—you know all about that—but it sure would be nice to be normal."

While we ate dinner we discussed the recent history of gay marriage, the civics topic that ended the Civics class, and tried to think of specific issues that demonstrated where laws and society mores came into conflict. We came up with a number of examples and she wrote them out for the class. After dinner and cleanup, we went to her living room.

"Kevin, it was a rough day in therapy and I need to talk about it some. I have homework for it and part of the homework is listening to a recording of the session."

"Really? You recorded it? Why?"

"Oh, she records it; that's part of this therapy. Today I had to recall as many details as I could of what happened and describe them as if they were happening to me right then. So everything I said is recorded so I can listen to it so I can imagine myself being back when it was happening."

"I can see why Bob said that this therapy wasn't easy."

"Yeah, and part of the homework is listening to the recording and trying to recall additional things, as many tiny details I can, about the times that bastard fondled me. Like what clothes I was wearing, what rooms it happened in, what times of the day, what he said and what I said, even if I was wearing perfume or I could smell after-shave scent on him—tiny details. I'm supposed to make it as real as I can. It's called 'imagining' or something like that."

"How can I help?"

"Well, while I was bringing back my recollections, I kept getting scared and stopped talking and then Dr Rousis would wait a bit and then prompt me. But I felt so exposed when I was describing it... I guess the therapy is having an effect because it began to feel that I was actually in the room where it was happening. So doing this all alone would be awful; I think I'd freak out. If you could hold me when I need it and stop the recording when I stop talking until I tell you to start it again, that would be a big help."

"Sure, I could do that."

"And then I have this sheet with some questions on it to fill out about how I felt when listening to the recording."

We started her review of the recording. Wow, it was so intense, even painful, listening to her describing what had happened. At first she just concentrated on a general description of the near-rape and then she tried to recall details, prompted by the gentle prodding by her therapist. Gradually her descriptions became increasingly detailed and I had to stop the recording numerous times to allow her to recover. During these quiet periods she told me a few additional details that she recalled so I grabbed a paper and made some notes for her to use at her next session. At times she needed to hold me while listening to her voice; at other times she sat staring with an expression of rage as she listened to her recollection of the event. If that bastard were here, I would have gladly killed him.

We spent about an hour and a half doing this; by then she was limp with exhaustion. I helped her complete the questions on her therapist's sheet and then suggested that she try to get a good night's sleep. I left shortly afterward and drove home, kind of exhausted myself. I wondered how therapists could stand this kind of intense emotional exposure. They must have strong psyches to do that kind of work.

When I got home, I decided to go to bed right away but then I recalled that I needed to put on that medical contraption. Oh well, another thing to add to my night's routine. After I got it all set up, I hit the sack. As I drifted off to sleep, I wondered what disasters Tuesday will bring.

Chapter 22: Tuesday. The Battle is Defined

I felt better when I woke, but then remembered what challenges the day will hold. First, Tuesday was to be the first touching-allowed day, but limited to contact above the waist. Actually this was a sexist limitation because a girl's breasts are far more a sexual organ than is the male chest. But the idea was to be able to ease the naked students into experiencing contact slowly, so some sort of starting point needed to be established.

When I hopped out of bed, a sharp tug at my cock reminded me that I was still harnessed to that therapy device and had to get unhooked. Doing that kept my attention for the next few minutes while I got disconnected and got the data file sent off by email.

Then my thoughts returned to school and of our biology class, and how Program participants had been treated in Biology both at this school last year and also in other schools. And today was health class, another unknown for Program students being used for demonstrations. And, oh yeah, how would the Program officials react to how Denise and I were participating? Would they show up, and what, if anything, would they be able to do about it?

Now I didn't feel so great, after all.

I made sure I had my voice recorder and camera in my backpack and packed a change of other clothes and an extra pair of cycling tights. After a light breakfast with Aunt Helene, who was very reassuring when I voiced my worries to her, I left to pick up Denise.

She still looked at little haggard from her multiple therapy sessions yesterday.

"Ahhhh," she sighed as she got into the car, "I had a rough night. Bad dreams."

"Maybe it's your subconscious, trying to flush out all those poisonous memories."

"Yeah, well, I sure feel flushed this morning. Like down the toilet."

"Sorry. Wish I could make you think happy thoughts. I felt good this morning until I began to think about what the day'll bring. Oh yeah, you ready to undress at the morning's grand unveiling?"

"Yep. Got a modest suit on again under these clothes. God, I feel so torn between being glad I don't have to get naked and feeling bad because I'm not going to!"

"I have exactly the same feelings. Say, I thought of this yesterday. We don't have to take our clothes off at the school's door; let's do it and leave them in the car. Then we can just waltz into the school and skip all the stripping stuff at the door."

"Oh, that's smart! I like it. But shouldn't we be with the others to give them our support? If we ignore them, aren't we letting them down?"

"Denise, you're totally right. I'm such an ass. You can see how my lack of social contact while growing up has made me very self-centered."

"Hey, now I get to turn the tables; now it's my chance to reassure you. The way you've come riding to the rescue of everyone last week shows that you're not at all self-centered... well, maybe a little. You take on this 'little ol' shy me' attitude a lot of the time, but suddenly you erupt into this self-protection-be-damned mode and all hell breaks out. Just like a super-hero shedding his secret identity and ripping into the villains. You're absolutely sure you're not a super-hero?" she giggled.

"Yeah. Maybe I'm like the Hulk. He did as much damage as he did good, right? That's me. Lash out

first and then try to pick up the pieces."

We had arrived and parked at the school. Denise began to remove her top; then she slipped off her shorts. I got out of the car and took off my clothes and then locked the clothes in the trunk. Then we walked toward the knot of kids near the main door. When we got close, we saw that Jane Wollens and Jimmy Standish were there already and fearfully looking at the kids surrounding them chanting, "Strip, strip." I pushed my way through the kids. Then Andrew Raden and Sarah Parr arrived from the other direction.

I called out, "Hey, everyone. Give 'em a break. Think of how they feel—how'd you like it if that were you? It will be, maybe even next week, ok? Cool it now!"

Andrew spoke to Jane, "Sweetie, are you ok?" She was shaking and supporting herself on Jimmy's arm.

"I'm scared! I can't do this!" she moaned.

"How about if you help Jimmy undress? Then he can do you. Just think about that and don't watch anyone else. Bet you've never undressed a boy before, right? We'll protect you, right, Kevin?"

She gave him a weak smile. "Oh... ok, I guess."

Then the last of our group, Barbara Mendes and Nelson Ryder, slid through the crowd and joined us.

Barbara looked at Denise and me. "Well, looks like two of us are ready. Look, Nelson, Jane's undressing Jimmy. Why don't we do that too?"

So all the girls wound up undressing their partners and then they switched around. That was so sexy, watching them undressing each other. And the guys' cocks were all at full attention. Sarah looked at Andrew's hard cock and then grabbed it and began stroking it.

He groaned, "Keep doing that and it'll go off, you know."

"That's just want I want, lover." Lover? Hmmm. Were they intimate, I wondered. "I love doing this." she said.

She squatted then and engulfed his cock with her mouth. It was maybe seven inches but she managed to fit almost all of it as she worked it in and out. I'd never seen anything like that and the sight was incredible; my own hardening cock was sending very painful messages, so I looked away from them, only to see Barbara and Nelson locked in a hot embrace with each stroking each other and not observing the "above the waist" rule at all.

My attention was diverted when Andrew bellowed, "Uuuhhg, I'm cumming!"

Sarah pulled back just as he unleashed a huge bolt of cum, some into her mouth, but the rest splashing on her lips and nose. This was followed by several more shots which hit her chin and tits. She looked up at him and smiled and then took his cock into her mouth again and cleaned it off. I suddenly noticed that the crowd around them was quietly watching them in fascination and when Andrew fired his first shot, a cheer erupted from them. Then some of the horde surrounding us began to move in for the kill.

"Reasonable Request!" was called out, and the girls stood stoically still while they had their tits pawed. The Guardian students had materialized during the stripping show and moved in to monitor the touching. This was working out really well, I thought, but then Denise let out a squeal.

"Oh! Stop!" she cried.

I wheeled around and saw a Guardian holding onto a guy's arm.

"What? You ok, Denise?" I asked, holding her shoulders.

"Yeah, I guess. That guy tried to push up my top," she said with a shiver.

The Guardian, his face twisted in an angry expression, was talking to him, but I stepped toward them and grabbed the guy's upper arm.

"Listen, buddy, I didn't hear you ask permission. You're lucky Zach here got to you before I did. If you do that again, you know it's gonna be treated like a sexual assault, right? It also might result in a broken bone or two, not that I'm making threats, you understand?"

He quickly bobbed his head up and down rapidly. *Damn. I've just got to control my temper.*

"C'mon, Denise." I led her closer to the naked group. They all were in the middle of a bunch of reaching, pawing hands. Suddenly a loud voice rang out. It was one of the Guardians, a tall senior. I think he was the one from the football team.

"Ok everyone! That's it for now. They have to get to home room so we're calling a pause to the fun."

Apparently Barbara had jerked off Nelson too; his cock was limp now and I noticed some cum dripping down her belly. Jimmy and Jane were walking, hand in hand, up the steps. I watched her ass jiggle. Wow, what a sight. I've heard the term "bubble butt" and now know exactly what that means. *Delicious. Oh god; down, boy.* I can see this week will be a real strain in many more ways than one.

Once again, Denise and I were ignored in the main. After all, why should we attract any attention when there were six other kids who were completely naked? They could see people in swimsuits and briefs just by visiting the beach. Denise did get some Requests to touch her tits and she allowed those but insisted on holding the toucher's hand, keeping it away from places outside her comfort zone. Of course there were objections, but they weren't very strong, so we mostly ignored them.

Our home room period passed uneventfully and then we were off to Civics. Miss Wilson, after confirming that neither of us desired relief, did indeed have us continue from where the class stopped yesterday, so we congratulated ourselves on our decision to be prepared for that. It was another very interesting class and again we were surprised on how fast the time passed. Denise had another incident during class change, when a girl—a girl this time asked for permission to touch her breasts, but then tried to lift Denise's top. This time I stopped her from doing it, gently but firmly, and told her that skin-touch there was off limits. She tried to give us a hard time about that, threatening a Program violation, so we told her to go ahead and make the complaint, and she stalked away. While that was going on, enough time had passed to allow us to get to the Biology classroom.

Yeah, not looking forward to Biology, especially when we saw that Mr Wilbur was in the room. When he noticed us coming in, he got a broad smile that fell when he looked at our garments.

"You need to be naked for this class, you two. I have demonstrations planned that are in the Program curriculum, so go take off those things before class begins."

Then the final bell rang.

I gave him a hard look. "Mr Wilbur, the Program rules allow us to wear safety equipment, and our safety equipment may be worn during our entire Program week."

"There's no such thing as safety equipment for a Program demonstration in...." His voice trailed off

because the announcement speaker had come to life.

“Attention please. Will Denise Roberts and Kevin Coris please report to the office. Miss Roberts and Mr Coris. Thank you.”

Wilbur turned to us. “Well, you escape for now, because even if you come back later, there won’t be time for the demo that I’ve planned. Go, now, and tomorrow be prepared. I want you naked when you come into my class.”

On the way out, Denise looked at me with concern. “Can he really do that?”

“No. Don’t worry. We do need to listen to what he proposes, though, and tailor how we respond to that. I wonder if this is about the complaints about refusing those Reasonable Requests.”

It turned out it wasn’t. When we were ushered into the conference room, we saw Mr Merotta and Mrs Joury sitting there along with Dr Fletcher, Mr Overland, and Abover.

Dr Fletcher opened, “Sorry for having to pull you out of class yet again, Miss Roberts and Mr Coris. The people from the Program office are here to investigate what they are calling a serious violation. Mr Merotta?”

“Yes, thanks. Students, I have a very clear recollection of your agreeing to fully participate in the Program this week, yet I see that you remain clothed. First, this is totally unacceptable and will stop at once; you will strip and rejoin your classes, and repeat the Program fully next week; is that clear?”

“Mr Merotta,” I said, “what you said is certainly clear, and your recollection of what we agreed to last week is accurate. But our current state of undress fully complies with the agreement and memo of understanding that you, as well as others present here, knowingly signed, and therefore no Program violation exists.”

“Nonsense! I have a copy of that right here.” He pulled the sheet out of the folder. “I quote from that agreement. You said that you, quote, ‘are willing to permit ourselves to be drafted into the Program for our week and we agree to follow every rule in the booklet and also take advantage of all the participant protections the rules state to which participants are entitled,’ unquote. I’m unaware of any rule in the Program booklet that allows participants to wear clothes.”

“Sir, I agree. Clothes aren’t mentioned, but safety equipment is, and the Program rules allow us to choose and wear the safety equipment that is best suited for the risk exposure to which we will encounter.”

“Safety? Risk? What are you talking about? You are to be naked, that’s all. What kind of safety or risk does that entail?”

“Well, sir, apart from the obvious risks and safety problems posed by horny, oversexed male teens to vulnerable naked females, there are the safety and risk problems posed by injuries that will result from the failure to use the safety equipment best suited to prevent those injuries.”

I went on to repeat the reasoning I had used in Fletcher’s office yesterday morning in defense of our wearing our brief garments. I quoted the line in our agreement which read, “If it’s written in there, that’s how we’ll follow it.” I asked Merotta to show me where I had violated any of the rules that I used to support our wearing the clothes we had chosen. After a while, it became clear that the issue was over the disability definition and the conflict between the ADA and the Program regulations. Merotta flatly stated that the ADA laws had no authority over the laws that established the Program.

Mr Overland spoke up then and pointed out that the ADA was not mentioned in the Program's enabling legislation (he had done his homework); neither was the Program mentioned in the ADA. Therefore the Program could not remove any of the protections that the ADA gave to students, and he was compelled to advise the school that the administration must comply with all provisions of the ADA, even if it affected how some parts of the Program operated.

Mrs Joury entered the discussion now. "I'm the district supervisor of enforcement activities. It appears that the Program will unfortunately have to take enforcement steps to be sure that it is properly implemented in this school. I'll be sending a few enforcement officials here tomorrow morning; these people have law-enforcement powers and their instructions must be complied with or else they have arrest powers. It's unfortunate that I have to take this step, but we've been forced. Thank you for your time, and we'll be back tomorrow."

The two got up and left. Abover smirked and stood up. "Told you I'd have the last word," he said as he left.

Denise was white and hanging on my arm. "Denise, please don't worry," I tried to reassure her, "I'm calling Bob now to let him know about this. I wrote him over the weekend about something just like this happening."

"Oh," she squeaked, "Oh, please."

I turned to Fletcher, who was in a discussion with Overland.

"Dr Fletcher, may I call my lawyer? I asked him about this happening and he needs to know now."

"Go ahead, son. We'll leave you here so you'll have some privacy, but you'll need to get back to class soon."

"Right, sir. Thanks." They left as I was bringing up my mobile's contact list. "Hello, could I please speak to Mr Charlesworth?"

It happened that he wasn't in the office but I was transferred to another lawyer. He introduced himself. I put the mobile's speaker on so Denise could hear.

"Hello, Kevin. I'm Brian Ebers, one of Bob's associates. Bob is at court today, but he told me that if you should call, I was to help you. Is this, by any chance, about the Program enforcement division? Bob mentioned that you might call about that."

Wow, was Bob really that omniscient? He seems to know what I need when I need it.

"Yes, exactly. The Program people just left and told us that they're coming tomorrow with enforcement people to, I don't know, take over here, I guess."

"Yes, Bob said that they have federal enforcement powers. But those don't extend into the criminal area. Their authority is administrative but they have limited detention powers, mainly for minors who are disruptive and uncooperative. Bob did some work on this yesterday and then gave the problem to me. He told me that there's a fundamental divergence between the ADA and the Program rules about how disabled students must be treated. I made some contacts with a few federal officials our firm has dealt with; you should know that for ADA violations in schools, the investigative agency is the U.S. Department of Education and in a more limited sense, the Department of Health and Human Services. My contact at the USDE told me that the Program rules cannot be interpreted to allow the school, or by extension, the Program enforcers, to ignore the ADA.

"I asked her how that could be prevented. Now you say that the enforcement division is sending some people there tomorrow?"

"Yes. That's what the person, a Mrs Joury, who said she's the enforcement supervisor, told us."

"Ok, I know what to do, then. What time do you think they'll be there?"

"Well, we get to school around 7:30 and that's when the Program kids do the morning strip-tease."

"Man, that's just so weird. Bob told me all about his son when he had to do that stuff last year. I don't see any benefit, but what do I know? I'm just a lawyer and trained in civil law. Ok, we'll get things rolling. You have the right, by the way, to resist being taken into custody, and we can prevent that from happening too. Is that all? I need to make some quick calls about this now."

Denise was looking apprehensive, but at that comment, she relaxed a little. I thanked Mr Ebers and disconnected.

"Crap. This is getting more and more complicated. But I'm sure we still have the upper hand, so try not to worry too much and we'll take things as they come, ok? Let's get back to class now. There's only about fifteen minutes left so Wilbur won't have time for us and maybe he'll see that we're not trying to avoid the class."

"Yeah. I don't know how I would have survived this week if you hadn't magically appeared from Mars," she said, making a weak joke.

So we picked up a late pass (to add to our collection) and I looked to see if Fletcher might be around and want to say something, but he wasn't in the office. Then we went back to Biology.

"Ah, Miss Roberts and Mr Coris. Glad to see you didn't miss the whole class. I'll be looking forward to tomorrow," he said as we entered the room and then he went back to his topic.

At the bell, we left the room to head to Calculus. And got stopped for a few half-hearted Requests. As one of the requesters said, "Man, you guys are no fun at all," walking off with a disappointed expression, providing yet another proof of the contention that the Program was all about self-gratification for the non-participant and humiliation for the participant.

Nothing to report about calculus class, except for the signal telepathy that we had developed with Mrs Evander—she glanced at us, then down at our crotches, then back up. In response, we shook our heads and she shrugged. Two seconds to signal "Need relief?" "Nope." "Fine by me." Efficient.

On the way to lunch, the girl who had stopped me yesterday found me and had a Request to touch my chest. Oh well.

"Sure."

"Cool. Oh," she said, rubbing my pecs, "Oh, nice. Hard muscles."

Then she rubbed my nipple. Yow! Like an electric shock, a jolt shot through me! I had no idea anything like that could happen. To a guy? Then she rubbed her hand over my abs.

"Mmmmm. What a hot bod. If she's not your girlfriend, stud, I'm available. Name's Wendy Carter, I'm a junior. Anytime, guy."

Then she gave my nipple a little bite and walked off, her butt swaying provocatively. *Nice butt.*

"Ahem."

Oh, right.

"Uh, yeah, Denise, you were saying?"

"Um, I don't want to seem possessive or anything. But... um... you know, oh! I don't know what I'm saying. Just forget it."

"Denise, it's ok. Yeah, I guess she assumed that we're an item. And you know? I think we are. And I think you do, too. Am I right?"

"Um, well... I... ah..."

"Shhh. Denise, will you be my girlfriend?"

"YES!"

She threw her hands around my neck and kissed me while passers-by drew back, looking at us in amusement. I heard a joking comment, "Hey, watch the PDAs, guys!"

As we entered the lunchroom, Barbara and Nelson joined us in the serving line. Barbara's tits were all red and Nelson looked angry. Denise looked at Barbara's chest.

"Barbara! Your boobs!"

"Yeah, right? A Request got carried away. Two guys asked to touch them and I agreed, like I could refuse? Anyway, one guy started pinching my nipples hard so I said to stop. He didn't and then grabbed both nipples really hard and twisted them and he said, 'Bitch. I'll stop when I want.' He kept twisting them and the Guardian and Nelson grabbed his arms and pulled his hands off me. The Guardian and a few other kids took that guy to the office."

"He really hurt her! She had tears," Nelson said, angrily. "I hope they suspend him."

We got our food; Denise and I were still brown-bagging but we wanted a fruit and milk. Some days we got salad when it looked fresh. Today it didn't so we skipped that. We walked to our table and were soon joined by the others. Then Jimmy came into the lunchroom and ran over to us.

"Guys, guess what? I switched my schedule to get first lunch so I could be with you!"

"Good! They let you do that, cool," Jane said.

"Yeah, just switched lunch and gym. I couldn't stand being naked and all by myself—that was pretty bad on Monday. I don't mind doing gym after lunch," he said as he left for the serving line.

Sarah asked Jane if things were better for her so far than Monday.

"Not a whole lot. I hate having my boobs pawed so I'm really anxious about tomorrow and the rest of the week when they can paw everything."

Nelson told her what happened to Barbara.

"Gee, thanks. Now you made me feel even better about this, Nelson," she chided him.

"Oh, sorry."

"Anyway, all that rubbing and stroking does make me feel wet and horny, you know? I can't believe it could do that because I've always been so modest. After second period I felt so tingly down there that I couldn't think straight and even walking was making the tingling worse." Jimmy was back at the table

now and sat down. “So when our third period teacher asked if we needed relief, Jimmy and I both answered yes.”

Jimmy continued, “Yeah, I was really horny again. I don’t know how I’ll stand it tomorrow when they can grab my cock, but when I walked into class, my hardon was almost hurting.”

Jane giggled, “It was all red and waving all around when he walked. I think it’s so cute.”

“Man, I wanted relief and Jane did too. When I stood close to her I could even smell her pussy; it was so weird that I could smell her that way and it made my cock so hard I could have pounded nails with it.” Jane giggled again. “When the teacher asked us to pick people to give us relief, I decided that I didn’t want anyone other than Jane, so I asked her.”

“Jimmy wanted me to give him relief but I didn’t want any of those other boys in the room to touch me there, so I asked him if he would help me get off. The teacher said ok, but we still only had five minutes for both of us. There were groans of disappointment from the class.”

“Hey, I knew it wouldn’t take me long to shoot. We were standing in the front of the classroom and Jane took me in her cute little hand, smeared my pre-cum around a bit, and started wanking. She leaned in and pressed her tits against my chest and I felt her hard nipples rubbing on my skin. Then she gave me a hot kiss and stuck her tongue in and that did it. I came all over her belly and tits.”

“Then Jimmy had me sit down in the relief chair and began to kiss my boobs and run his fingers around the outside of my slit and tease my clit. Then you know what he did? He squatted between my legs and went down on me! I squealed at the feeling! It was awesome. He licked his tongue up and down my lips but avoided my clit at first, but then his tongue flicked across it and I jerked when that happened.”

“Yeah, man, I was getting her smell, you know? and it was making me really hot and I wanted to get to the source. If it smelled that good, how would it taste? Anyway, she was pretty worked up by then and her pussy was just flowing. And I loved the taste and the way she felt on my tongue! As soon as she started jerking her hips, I figured she was close, so I sucked her clit into my lips and flicked my tongue up and down over it. She jerked her hips away from me but now her clit was so swollen and stuck out so far, I was able to latch on again easily and squeeze it with my teeth as I stuck my finger into her cunt and wiggled it in and out.”

“Oh, god, yeah! I saw fireworks in my head! I think my body went into a spasm; I kinda blanked out for a second and when I came back, Jimmy was squatting there with a wet face! I was shaking and my pussy was still having a series of aftershocks, like mini-cums. I never felt anything like that before, nothing anywhere close. I’m still twichy thinking about it.”

Jimmy picked up the story. “Yeah, when she came, she clamped her legs on my head hard but I could still hear how loudly she screamed—and she’s a squirter too! Her juices shot out and went all over my face. When I sat back, my ears were ringing, but suddenly the classroom, I think everyone was totally quiet when they were watching, erupted in cheers and applause.”

“Yeah, but you know what the teacher made us do then? He made us walk around the room and let anyone take a closeup look at my dripping pussy and inflamed clit and Jimmy had to do the same and display his cock; it was rock hard again and was drooling a little cum. The teacher even let people touch us there a little bit. That was soooo embarrassing!”

That was such a hot story. My own cock was hard and complaining in pain and I couldn’t avoid seeing Andrew’s rod jutting up from his lap as he sat next to me. Then I suddenly realized that I had a decent

hardon and the pain, while still present, was not as intense as it had been. *Wow, maybe all this sexual stimulation stuff may be having a good effect? Nah. Not possible.*

No one else had a hot story to share, and soon our half-hour of solitude time ended and the wolves began to circle. The girls had to deal with numerous Requests to touch their tits and Denise did, too. But I noticed that she was getting much more attention than before from guys wanting to stroke her breasts, even over her suit. Hmmmm, maybe this was a substitute for the touching forbidden by their girlfriends—and you know, the mystery of what clothes hides can actually be sexier than a naked body.

Anyway, she permitted that touching but she did hold the touchers' wrists and guided their hands away from the disallowed territory. Soon the period end arrived and we left for our Health and Psych class. What would this bring, we wondered.

Chapter 23: No Means No

Our health and psychology class alternated with gym with gym class only being on Monday and Wednesday and some Thursdays this term. From last week, I had no inkling of what the class covered and there wasn't a detailed syllabus for it on the website, just a general statement that issues of physical and psychological health in American society were studied.

When we arrived in the classroom, Miss Stevens, the teacher, passed out a sheet titled "Sexual Health of American Teens." Oh my god, I could see the handwriting on the complaint form. Here comes another struggle.

The bell rang and Miss Stevens looked around the room and then at a paper.

"Well, we're scheduled to have two Program students in this class, are Miss Roberts and Mr Coris present?"

We raised our hands.

"You're in the Program! You need to be naked! What's the meaning of this violation?"

I took out a copy of the page I had prepared for Monday's classes and gave it to her.

She read it and said, "Well. that may be ok for the halls, but in this class you're the class demonstrations, so I'm requiring your nudity right now. Take those things off and come up here."

Then I noticed the items that were on the table in the front of the room. There were dildos of varying sizes, what I assumed were vibrators, and tools which I assumed must be speculums.

"Miss Stevens, I'm looking at the items you have on the table. They look like sex toys and medical instruments. Am I correct? If they are, exactly what is their relationship with class demonstrations?"

"In this class we cover the use of these items. We demonstrate how they are employed in sexual play and also the condition of the vagina after orgasm. We also demonstrate manual and oral stimulation of the sexual organs in boys and girls."

Denise exclaimed, "Oh!" and sat there looking stunned. "I can't!"

"In that case, Denise and I decline to be your demonstration models. We have exemptions."

"There are no exemptions for class. The Program curriculum requires your participation and if you don't participate you will fail and not graduate."

"Miss Stevens, I direct your attention to the Program booklet which specifically prohibits the insertion of foreign objects."

"That rule doesn't apply to class demonstrations."

"And that exception appears exactly where in the booklet?"

"In the teacher's guide."

"Ah. However, I see no reference to a teacher's guide in the rules shown in the Program booklet, which are actually the sole governing rules for the Program. Any other rules cannot conflict with the rules as shown in the booklet. We went through this with Dr Fletcher and the Program officials and have a signed agreement with them about exactly this issue. So if your curriculum requires your demonstration of those items. I suggest using volunteers, videos, or simply describe by verbal means the teaching

points you want to cover."

"You are absolutely impertinent. We can force you to comply, you know."

"I think not. That's been tried."

The class, up to now listening raptly, laughed.

"I will take this up with Mr Above. He'll ensure your full cooperation." I winked at Denise. "You, what's your name?" she asked, pointing at a kid next to the door.

"Janice."

"Janice, could you please take this note to the office?" She scribbled on a piece of paper and handed it to Janice, who left the room, looking behind her as if she hated to miss what was coming. "Now, class, this sheet shows what we'll be doing this week, beginning when we secure the required cooperation of our Program students."

The sheet showed that the demonstrations included stimulation to orgasm in a girl by several means: manual self-stimulation, manual and oral stimulation by the boy participant, and by using a dildo vaginally. For the boy, stimulation to orgasm by manual self-stimulation, manual and oral stimulation by the girl participant, and use of a butt dildo for a prostrate massage.

Denise was reading the sheet and turning white.

"Miss Stevens, this is totally unacceptable and violates many of the Program rules. Under the Program changes Dr Fletcher announced last Friday, most of this material can't be demonstrated, at least by mandated Program participants who decline participating," I commented after reading it.

"The teachers determine who must participate and how the students..." She broke off as Janice had returned to class.

Stevens looked questionably at her. "They said they'd call him."

Probably means Above. Stevens then turned her attention back to me.

"Now, Mr Coris, this is what we're going to do."

She launched into an introduction to sexual foreplay and demanded that Denise and I come to the front of the room. I said I'd go up to start and that Denise would wait until Stevens made it clear how she intended to use us.

"The first thing I need is for you to demonstrate an erection," she said, "so you need to take those tights off and get an erection."

"Medically I'm unable to do so; I'm sorry." Gasps from the class. "I wish it weren't so."

"Take the shorts off and I'll make sure you do get one," she said, angrily.

"Ok, that's it," I said. "You've lost your chance for any demonstrations from either of us," and I returned to my seat.

Right on cue, Above appeared. "What's the problem, why did you call for me?" he asked her.

She explained the situation and Above wheeled around and looked at me.

"You!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, me," I replied. "Good to see you again. How's the arm?"

"Like you really care."

"Oh, I do. I hate it when people have accidents."

The class roared with laughter and Abover stormed out. Stevens looked at the door in confusion.

"Please proceed, Miss Stevens," I said sweetly.

She shuffled through her papers, probably trying to see how she could reorganize her lesson on the fly, then looked up and asked if anyone in the class would volunteer. Everyone sat on their hands and looked everywhere but at her.

"You know, class, I can draft any one of you into the Program and have you do the demos instead."

I had to ride to the rescue again. "Not true. That particular rule only applies to a Program punishment. And precisely what Program rule would you claim that the student violated to invoke that punishment?"

She glared at me. "Mr Coris, I think I'm sending you for detention for the rest of the week."

The class gasped.

"Miss Stevens, I'd rethink that. There are plenty of witnesses who would back my contention that the punishment was a vindictive response to your being shown to be wrong."

Her glare disappeared and was replaced with a look of anger mixed with uncertainty. "All right, class, use the rest of the period to study quietly," she said, and sat down at her desk, shoulders hunched and fists clenched, and stared at the students around the room. Soon she relaxed a little and began going through her folders.

Well, I suppose I might hear about this from Fletcher, but I did have his signed agreement that backed what I had just done. When the bell rang, I was surrounded by a bunch of kids, all clamoring about how they had never seen anyone ever stand up for themselves as I did. Really? I'm only following the rules, and if that's expected of me, then it's appropriate that I expect it of others too—including teachers.

The last two classes of the day were uneventful. I just wish they all were like these, solid academic subjects. English and History. No Program demos. The teachers were supposed to use Program students to further the academic objectives of the classes but apparently these English and history teachers had no need to try to fit nudity into their classes—although they did ask us if we needed relief, which of course, we declined.

When the dismissal bell rang, Denise dashed off again to meet her mom to go to the therapist's appointment. I had given her my extra trunk key so she could get her clothes. While I was fiddling with stuff in my locker, Nelson, the sophomore went by.

"I heard about your scene in health class," he commented. "I wish I could have seen it."

"Yeah, well, you stood up great in your biology class when you had to do illegal stuff," I pointed out. "You and Barbara stood up for your rights. We need to see when Fletcher's gonna start that student advisory panel, but it'll be too late for our week."

He agreed and dashed off to get dressed.

I actually had some free time after school, so I ran some needed errands. The first was to get a driver's

license so I stopped and picked up the needed forms. They were interested to see my Korean license and the IDP and I had to explain how, as an American citizen, I wound up with a foreign licence. When I began to tell them that my mom was in the State Department, that was all they needed to hear.

During my errand running, I got a mobile call from Bob Charlesworth who told me that he was hearing some interesting information about Abover's background and had escalated the checking to an urgent status. He wondered if I had any more information about him.

"Not on his background, but on something he did." I went on to relate the attempted locker break-in on Monday and mentioned the signed confession I had obtained.

"Good job. Not sure how we could use that yet, but hold on to it. Brian Ebers tells me you're all set if the feds show up tomorrow."

"As best as I can right now, and thanks."

"Ok, keep safe. Oh, and about that convenience store holdup last Thursday—that was a nice piece of work, son. My contacts at the police department tell me that you've got a lot of impressed cops down there. So I mean it—keep safe and no more heroic stunts, ok? Call if you need anything."

"Ok, thanks, sir."

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I had just gotten home when my mobile rang again. This time it was Denise. She wanted me to come to her house for dinner and then she had to tell me about a special project she had gotten to do.

"What kind of project?" I asked.

"Can't say on the phone. It's too complicated."

"Not even a hint?"

"The hint's complicated, too."

"Must be a complicated project."

"That's true. It's my therapy homework."

"Ok, what time?"

We arranged a time for me to come. I told Aunt Helene that I'd be going to Denise for dinner and went to my room to do my homework. I also checked my email and the website and saw that it had lots of traffic now from all over the country; many accounts had been posted in the "First Person" section, a number of blog articles had been published, and the forum was in active use. The counter showed 87 active users on line at that moment. Wow, that's so cool.

Then I did my stretching routine and went out to the backyard and spent a half hour running through a number of taekwondo kick and tumbling sequences; then I showered and left for Denise's house.

Denise had been a little mysterious when she had asked me if I would come help her with her therapy homework after school. Ok, I can deal with a little mystery; it's not like I don't like to be a little mysterious with her at times. I can't believe I asked her to be my girlfriend! I don't have any close friends yet, Denise is the only one I'm close to. I miss my folks so, so much. This is something I would have loved to tell them about; my very first girlfriend. There was so much I didn't know about girls and talking to Dad—even Mom—would have meant so much. I speak to Aunt Helene, but it's not the
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same. Her husband died many years ago and they were childless, so she didn't have any knowledge of dealing with a teen boy let alone with a teen boy's romantic life.

I arrived at Denise's house and her mom wasn't home; she was working late on a special project, and Denise had prepared supper. After supper we went to her living room.

"Kevin, this afternoon, Dr Rousis went over my homework sheet and asked me if I had listened to the recording. She was surprised that I didn't call her—oh, yeah, I didn't mention that she said I should call her if I needed support when I listened to the tape and I didn't call so she had assumed that I didn't do it. So I told her that you were helping me and she said that was kind of ok but that you weren't a professional and might say something that would make things worse. I told her that you only listened and made soothing or encouraging remarks, and she said that was just right, and if you stuck to doing that, your helping me would be fine. Then she asked me how my stress and anxiety were while I listened to the tape—oh yeah, that's something else. I need to use a numerical scale to rate the intensity of my anxiety from zero, that's no stress, to a hundred, the worst possible stress.

"I had put down the numbers on a scoring sheet she gave me to use, and the numbers after listening and working with you were lower. She was very happy about that and said that the next step in the therapy was called 'in vivo' which means that I'll need to do things that I've been avoiding because they scare me.

"So we listened to my tape again and she kept stopping it, asking me to try to recall even more details about each thing I described—I used the notes you took to help—and translate each into an action that caused me excess stress or anxiety. Some of those were like being alone at night, or seeing a person who looked like the bastard, or having a stranger come close to me, stuff like that. First, we made a list of the easiest things I could do, up to the most stressful, and then my assignment is to actually do those things. I have to stay in that situation for as long as I can, as much as a half hour, or until my anxiety level goes way down—by half."

"Sweetie, I don't know what to say. This is so way out of my league. I don't want to do something and wind up hurting you, you know. Anyway, how could I help with the things you mentioned? Do I look anything like your mom's ex-boyfriend? Right? And being alone and being near a stranger—how could I help with that?"

"Um. This is hard, Kevin. I, uh, I don't know... oh, this is awful! I just can't come out and talk straight! Um, ok, the biggest thing on that 'in vivo' list we made was some situations that Dr Rousis said were the toughest things to work on. This was the... um, well, ah, you know, the molesting stuff itself. You know, um, what he did to me. I can do the other stuff myself, I guess, but I learned something being with you last night, that I trust you so much, and I've never felt that way before. Even with Mom, somehow I feel that I can't totally rely on her because she let that bastard do what he did, even though he misled her.

"My first therapist said that I couldn't make any progress unless I learned some trust and how to listen to my body. I never knew how until I met you and you saved my life—no, you really did, you know. I may have killed myself if I had been stuck in the Program and you weren't there, I don't know."

I took her in my arms as she began sobbing. "I don't know what I would have done; it was so awful and no one cared about me."

"I care, Denise. I'll try to help as best as I can. Just tell me what you want me to do."

"Ok," she sniffled, "thank you. I think I need to go slowly now and just take baby steps. For today,

there's just my therapy homework on listening to today's tape and trying to remember even more details, even stuff about when he first started to bother me. Dr Rousis said a big part of the trauma is self-blame; somehow I'm blaming myself for letting him do that stuff to me, like maybe I was unconsciously tempting him. I can't see that, but it's possible, so I'm supposed to recall everything I did around him so I can become convinced that this was all his fault and none of mine. But that part's so hard to remember!" she wailed.

"Maybe you don't have to actually remember. You know what kind of person you were. Were you attracted to him in any way?"

"NO! I remember that when Mom first brought him home, I didn't care for him. It was something about him... yeah, the way he would look at me; I see it now, it didn't register before. I was so innocent!"

"Well, there you go. If he made you uncomfortable, you certainly wouldn't have been leading him on. If you keep that in mind, then you'll really be able to believe that you had no fault in what happened, right?"

"I guess. It's so hard, after years of thinking one way, to change, you know? I'm supposed to try to think of those awful memories just like I'm living them right now, but instead of being in that threatening situation, seeing that right now I'm actually safe and nothing bad is happening. But it's scary doing that."

"I can only imagine. My worst memories are when I learned that my parents had just been killed. I have no clear memory of the hours after that, and not very much of the next couple of weeks. My aunt... uh, not a real aunt, a very close family friend... had me go to a doc and he said that I was in shock, a very common response, and that he thought that otherwise I was very balanced and would gradually get better. That the grief would remain; that was healthy, at least for a little while, but the shock would go away. He was right, that's exactly what happened. I'll bet it's the same thing with you, but your shock never left; it kept getting worse."

"Maybe. Oh, I know. There's a difference between what happened to us. With you, it was all outside of you. That awful thing happened to people you loved but not to you directly. With me, it was done to my body so my body is reacting to the shock. Maybe that's why it's staying around? It's inside me?"

"Hell, Denise, you're way outta my pay grade now. But yeah, that's a great thought—remember it to discuss with your doc, ok?"

"Ok." She looked at me shyly. "Can we do that stuff now, like we did yesterday, with you holding me while I listen to today's tape? That was so good for me."

"Sure."

She started the recording and we listened. Our listening session was basically just like yesterday's, even including the gentle kissing at the end. But now this was my official girlfriend so somehow today the feeling was way more intense and I had a strong physical response. *Yes, that kind. And it still hurt. Oh, damn*.

As we parted for the evening, Denise gave me a hug and kiss.

"I'm going to practice the breathing and meditation stuff before bed. It's relaxing and I think it helped me sleep better last night. Thank you, thank you for helping me, Kevin. See you in the morning, right?"

"Sure thing. Sleep tight, sweetie."

When I arrived home, I checked my email and noticed a message from Bob saying he was also going to try calling my mobile; if I didn't get that call, I should ring him back. I checked the time of the message and it was before I had spoken to him earlier in the day. The message hadn't been in my in-box earlier when I had checked it, so I wondered why it was delayed. Hey, I have to stop thinking that there were nefarious reasons for the email being delayed—was I becoming paranoid?

Well, I probably had a big day tomorrow, so I decided to try to get to sleep now. I hooked myself up to the nerve-stimulation device, lay back, and closed my eyes.

Chapter 24: The Battle is Joined

Wednesday morning seemed to arrive very quickly. It seemed like I had just fallen asleep and suddenly I was awake, and awake with morning wood. That usually doesn't happen. But this hardon wasn't painful—just uncomfortable. When I get erections during the night, their pain tends to wake me, so maybe this treatment is calming things down. One could only hope...

I disconnected myself from the gadget and got the data file shipped off to the docs. As I was dressing, I heard the kitchen phone ring. It's still quite early—who would be calling Aunt Helene now? It wasn't for her; when she answered she called me to the phone. It was Bob Charlesworth.

"Kevin, we've made some quick arrangements for your protection this morning. We learned that the Program enforcement people are indeed visiting your school sometime this morning. If you feel that they are a threat in any way to you or Denise, here's what you need to do."

He gave me a phone number to save in my mobile and told me that if the enforcers threatened us in any way, to call that number and say "red assist."

That was all. Cool. Just like spy stuff, I thought.

After a quick breakfast—nervous stomach, I guess; I wasn't looking forward to a confrontation today—I left to get Denise. She looked lots better this morning than she did yesterday morning and I commented on it.

"Got a pretty good sleep last night," she responded, "thanks to your helping me with my exercises. After you left I practiced the breathing and meditation stuff and then went to sleep."

"Well, sorry to break your good mood, but Bob called me just before and told me the feds are coming today."

"Oh shit."

Morning Program strip show in front of school

"Yeah, well, we knew that was gonna happen. But he's done something to try to arrange protection for us. You need to put this number in your mobile and when the time comes, I'll tell you if you need to call it." I gave her the number.

"Oh, ok, another of your mysteries, right?" she said with a smirk.

"So far I don't think anything will happen—you know

how much of an optimist I am."

We parked, undressed, and headed for the main doors. This was Wednesday, the first full-touching day, and there already was a big crowd. Andrew and Sarah must have just arrived because they were just beginning to undress each other, and as we got near, the other two couples appeared.

Sarah looked at Denise. "Hey, sweetie, I forgot to ask you yesterday—where are your clothes, I mean, your outer clothes. Is that how you're coming to school now?"

Denise giggled (still love that sound), "No, I leave them in the car."

"Andrew!" she called. "You hear that? You're supposed to be the brains. Why didn't you think of that? We could leave our clothes in our cars and not need to do the strip-tease."

"Yeah, that's right, but this is so much fun... ooohhh ahhhhh," his voice faded as Sarah had knelt and slipped his cock into her mouth. "Aaaahhh. You do that so good...."

The others were undressing and Barbara was actually allowing another boy to take her bra off. And the groping—right, Requests—had started in earnest. One guy came over to Denise and asked her if he could touch her crotch. She got a panic-stricken look so I moved between them and told the guy to wait a second.

Then I turned to her and whispered, "We didn't think ahead. Could you handle that?"

She looked at me wide-eyed, like a deer in a spotlight. "I ... I... don't know...."

"Let me try doing it first, you trust me, right?"

"Uh, yeah, I do... uh, ok, maybe..."

I gently rested my left hand on her hip, took her right hand in mine, and lowered both our hands together to her pubic mound. Using my hand, I gently circled hers around her pubic mound, watching her face. She had closed her eyes and her face was crinkled in concentration.

I whispered, "How's this?" as I gently substituted my hand for hers and lightly stroked the top of her slit through her suit's fabric. She flinched and moved her hips away from my fingers. I took her hand again and, clasping it around my wrist, let her guide my fingers as they glided over her slit, up and down, and pressing into the furrow.

She moaned and grimaced. "Careful, careful. No lower. This is bearable but not any lower."

"Keep your eyes closed, ok?" I said and grabbed the guy's hand and brought it to where mine was, and then moved her hand to hold his wrist.

"Denise, hold the hand here and use it to stroke yourself where you want."

She used her hand to move the boy's hand around, slowly stroking it over her slit, while she breathed carefully. I realized that she was using her breathing exercise to control her anxiety, yes, that's real good. Then I whispered in her ear to open her eyes and held my hands in front of her face. She opened her eyes.

"Look, honey, no hands," I joked.

"OH!" she exclaimed, realizing that it was the boy's on her pubis, not mine. "OH!" she said as she jerked away.

"That's all," I said to the guy, "fun's over for now."

He went away shaking his head.

Denise was looking at me accusingly. "YOU..."

"Was it bad?" I interrupted.

"Um, no. But..."

"Would you have allowed that on your own?"

"Um, no. But..."

"So think of your therapy—what was it? Viva something? Stretching your limits?"

"Um, well, ugh. You're right, I guess. Oh, it's 'in vivo' like meaning 'in life,' you know? Like maybe my new life to come? But still, that was mean, doing that."

"So did it work? Did my touch, which you trusted, feel any different from his touch?"

"Um, no... But..."

"So you think you can try to deal with that kind of touching if you can keep control of the toucher's hand?"

"Maybe..."

"Remember last night you said 'baby steps'? Well, you've just taken the first one."

"I guess..."

We were so wrapped up in our discussion that we didn't notice that Nelson was just finishing eating out Barbara to another shrieking orgasm, but we certainly heard it. That would explain why everyone was totally ignoring Denise (and me). The warning bell sounded and all the troops stampeded for the doors. The naked kids dropped their clothes, which had been scattered on the ground, into their boxes and followed the retreating kids through the doors.

We arrived in home room and sat at our desks. The room was humming with comments about the sophomores' erotic performance, especially about how noisy Barbara had been. She'd never live down her rep after that scene.

There were some routine announcements about tryouts for the athletic teams and a casting call for the fall play; reminders about not littering and signing up for a talent show—typical high school announcement topics, but no call to the office for Denise and me. Home room period passed with little more of interest and I was able to organize the homework that I would need to turn in later.

The hall period-change time only involved one Request for Denise; a girl wanted to stroke her ass. She wanted to do it under Denise's bottoms, but Denise didn't allow that, and we safely arrived at Civics. Today the class had changed focus and we weren't needed to lead the discussion, so the two of us thankfully could remain in our seats and participate along with the rest of the class.

During class change after Civics, I got a Request. A girl wanted to stroke my cock. Ugh. My turn. Denise got a diabolical look in her eyes.

"Now, Kevin, close your eyes." I did.

She copied the moves I had made with her outside the school and moved my hand over my cock, which was encased under all the padding of the cycling tights. Then she moved the girl's hand over my cock and used that hand to rub me. Then without warning, the girl tried to close her fingers around the shaft. The feeling was like getting hit in the crotch. I grunted, doubled over, and sank to the floor.

"What? What did I do?" the girl said in confusion.

Denise was looking at me in alarm. "Oh, Kevin, I'm so sorry," she choked.

I looked up. "Ugh. I'm ok, it's really sensitive and grabbing it hurts a lot, is all."

The girl shook her head. "Wow, that's intense. So you really need those padded shorts."

"Yep. No joke."

She walked away and I hauled myself up. Then it was off to Biology.

We had just arrived in the classroom when the bell rang. Mr Wilbur looked at the two of us.

"Ok, now, I'm not going to ask you if you need relief because there's no time for that. I had told you that I wanted you naked at the beginning of the class; you're not, so you both will strip this instant!"

"Sir," I began, "I told you..."

At that moment the announcement speaker came to life. "Attention. Will Denise Roberts and Kevin Coris please report to the main office. Miss Roberts and Mr Coris. Thank you."

Wilbur looked up at the speaker and then us. "Damn!" he muttered. "All right, all right, you need to go, so just go. We'll try this again tomorrow. Naked!"

We picked up our backpacks and walked out of the room. Denise looked very pale.

"I think this is the showdown, Denise. Please do exactly what I say, ok? I don't want you where you can get hurt. When we go into the office, I'll find out if it's the enforcers. If it is, go into that prep room we used on Friday—remember? and block the door. It opens inward and I think I saw some stuff there that you can use to block the door so it can't be opened. Only come out if I tell you it's safe." Then I thought of the code word Bob had told me. "If it's safe, I'll ask you if you want to go to the gym, ok? If I tell you anything else, it's not safe. And remember the phone number I asked you to store on your mobile. If you're in trouble, call it and say 'red assist.'"

"Ok," she whispered.

We got to the office and Mrs Maples was at her desk.

"Mrs Maples, who's called for us this time?"

"Dr Fletcher is in the conference room with that Program woman and two men."

"Ok, Denise needs to stay safe until I see what's up. She'll go in the prep room; please don't tell anyone she's there, please? Denise, go."

She went, and I went on into the conference room. There were two men standing at the far end of the room and Mrs Joury and Fletcher were sitting and talking. I wondered where Abover was. This was the kind of scene that he loved.

"Where's the girl?" Joury asked me.

"Be along shortly. What do you need us for now?" I asked.

"I told you yesterday. I expect you to strip now, and the girl too, when she comes."

"We discussed that yesterday too. That's not happening."

Then the door opened and Abover came in and went over to the two men.

"We're empowered by federal law to force you to do that," she continued.

"If you try to force me, I'll defend myself and people will get injured. Ask Mr Abover how he was injured."

Abover growled, "Kid, you can't take on three of us."

"Boris, please go and see what's keeping the girl," Joury said.

"Wait. No one is leaving the room now until you agree that you'll stop this illegal attempt to deprive us of our rights under federal law," I said. Abover moved toward me. "Don't do it. You don't need your other arm broken."

He cursed, but Joury told him to stand down. One of the two men began moving toward me. I calculated positions and the space I would need to move; there wasn't much room to maneuver between the table and the wall.

"Listen, I don't want to hurt anyone. Are you actually going to try to force us to undress and you intend to deliberately violate the ADA to do that?"

"We intend that you fully participate in the Program, and if it takes force to do that, then, yes."

"Let me think for a second. Oh, yeah, can I call Miss Roberts to see where she is?"

She thought I was starting to give in. "Yes, please."

I activated a call to the special number. I heard, "Go," and spoke, "Red assist."

"Roger. Disconnect now."

Joury got an angry look. "Chris, get him." she said to the closer guy.

He took two steps toward me and was now six feet away and moving quickly. I spun around, back facing him, bent over slightly, and lashed out behind me with a *dwit chagi* (back kick), hitting him hard in the solar plexus with my heel. His lower body was driven back by the force of my strike, but his momentum toward me continued to carry his upper body in my direction. The follow through of my kick left me facing him so I laid him out with a solid *ap chagi* (front kick) to the jaw. Hope I didn't break it.

The others were staring in shock and then Joury regained her senses. "Harry, your taser! Use it!"

Taser? Wow. I didn't see anything that big on him but then noticed him pulling something like a flashlight-sized tube off his belt from behind him. Gotta stop that real quick. He was at the far side of the room on the other side of the table. While he was pulling out the taser, I hopped onto the table, landed on the other side, took two steps and hit him with a *yeop chagi* (side kick) to the chest. That one is my strongest kick and I can break a board with it. He just folded up and went down.

I looked at Abover. "Don't you move or you'll be joining them," I warned. He sank into a chair.

Then I began to worry; this was no gym sparring session. I was wearing trainers and hitting unpadded opponents with full force. These kicks can kill and I was angry, too. Need to watch that.

While I was collecting myself, the door burst open and two men wearing black jackets came in.

“U.S. Deputy Marshals,” one said, looking around. “Uh, do you really need us?” he said with a slight grin after he took in the state of the room.

Joury was sputtering. “Yes! Arrest that boy for assault! He attacked those two federal officers.”

“Ma’am,” the second marshal answered while his partner knelt, examining the first guy I had hit, “we know exactly why you’re here and what authority you have to use the kind of force that must have provoked this young man.”

Dr Fletcher now recovered enough to speak. “Marshal—officer—whatever, that man was trying to use a taser.”

“WHAT?” The first one said as he stood. He walked over and kicked the device, now lying on the floor. “Mean little thing,” he muttered. “All right, ma’am, since there were injuries here, we’ll need some medical aid, and I’ll need you to stay until we figure out how to handle this.”

I thought of Denise; she must be scared out of her mind. “Sir, can I fetch the other student? I hid her so she wouldn’t get injured if I had to defend myself.”

Joury’s head jerked up at that.

“Yes, that’s ok,” the second marshal said.

I went out and called to Denise, asking if she was ready to go to gym, and she rushed out with relief and fell into my arms.

“Kevin, I heard all that noise and shouting and... Oh!” She had seen into the conference room and noticed the first guy lying on the floor. She looked at me. “Was that another of your super-hero acts?” she asked, pointing at the prone figure.

“I cannot tell a lie...” I began, when one of the marshals called me.

The other one was on his radio, calling for an ambulance, I suppose.

“Please come in, young man; what’s your name? We have that info in our vehicle but didn’t bring it in.”

I introduced myself and Denise and they gave me their names. Then they asked Fletcher if one of them could speak to me privately in one room and the other to Joury in another. Just then two police officers came in. One marshal took them out of the conference room and spoke to them quietly; then all three came back in.

“Ok, here’s what we’ll do. One officer will wait here with these disabled men until the ambulance arrives and the other will wait with the guy with the sling. We have some questions for him. And we want Mrs Joury to go with me and Mr Coris to go with Sam. Dr Fletcher, are there some places we can speak privately?”

Just then the taser guy started to come around, groaning.

So we all split apart for questioning, and I was able to get Denise to come with me. Since she wasn’t a witness, her listening to me didn’t matter and she was hanging onto me so tightly that the marshal just

let her be. I told the marshal the entire story, beginning with the agreement that the Program officials had signed the previous week. It appeared that he was already familiar with most of those details, so I asked how much he knew, and he told me that he had been given most of that information already; he just needed my version to be sure that it agreed with what he was given. He told me that there was some concern at the federal agency level about certain problems in the national Program office but wouldn't give me any further information.

Soon the two injured men were loaded up and hauled away, one with a probable fractured jaw and the other with a broken rib. The marshals joked with me as they left that, although they had been told that I could take care of myself, they had no idea that meant that I was so skilled in unarmed fighting.

Fletcher asked me to stay for a second after everyone else had left. I stayed and held onto Denise's hand.

"Kevin, you're just... I don't know. I just don't know. Maybe I'll just graduate you now and get you out of here. I'll never survive two years of this with you around. Anyway, I need to tell you that the marshals took Mrs Joury into custody for possibly committing a federal offense, but it seemed that they couldn't figure out exactly what offense to use, so they've kicked that problem up to higher levels. Somehow, since it's Wednesday, I doubt that you'll be bothered any further by Program officials in the next two days. But don't let your guard down. You seem to have powerful allies other than here in the school. Good luck. And now you've succeeded in skipping two classes. it's almost time for the fourth period. Now get going!" he grinned at us.

As we walked out into the hall I wondered where Abover was now.

It was less than ten minutes before the fourth period bell and we debated whether going to Calc was worth it, and decided it wasn't, so we went to the lunchroom and sat near the door, talking quietly. I told Denise what had happened in the conference room while she listened wide-eyed.

"Oh my god, Kevin. You're so unreal; I feel like I'm living in an action movie. All I want is a normal life! Why does this keep happening!" She had begun to cry.

I held her, trying to think of something to take her mind away from this nonsense.

"Denise—you know one thing I'm grateful for? That there weren't any kids to see what happened. Otherwise they'd expect me to come to school wearing tights, mask, and a cape. Wait a sec—I'm already wearing the tights! I gotta watch out now!"

She giggled (*oh, love it*). "You're such a dummy! Studly super-hero dummy."

Some kids had begun drifting in. When I looked at them uncertainly, Denise explained.

"Yeah, some kids get out early, like study hall, teacher's aides, stuff like that, and can get here early. Beat the rush. Let's get on line too."

We got our usual selections and went to our table. It's gonna be strange next week not to be sitting here. Next week. Will all of this weirdness be over then? One could hope....

Chapter 25: The Excitement Continues

Soon we were joined by the others.

Barbara was all excited when she came running up to the table.

"Hey guys—did you hear? There were two ambulances outside, cops all over, and someone saw a couple of U.S. marshals taking a lady out of the school. They had these black jackets on with the words in big letters on the back! There's rumors that it was a big drug bust! I wonder who got hurt? Maybe someone OD'd!"

Denise and I looked at each other knowingly, but Nelson noticed our glance.

"Hey, hey. I think Kevin knows something by the way he just looked at Denise. Give it up, Kevin!"

"Guys, yeah, you got us. But you can't spread it around, ok? If I tell you and it gets out, I won't be able to ever trust you, you know?" They all gave their solemn word. "Ok, there were federal Program people here who were checking out complaints that the Program wasn't being run properly; you know how Fletcher changed it? Well, there was a disagreement about the rules in the Program booklet, and since federal rules were affected, that's why the marshals were here too. That's all."

Andrew looked at me with a cynical expression. "Really? That's all? You weren't involved in that 'disagreement,' now, were you? And you didn't happen to 'disagree' with the physical well-being of anyone involved, now, right? They don't use ambulances to haul off people with hurt feelings."

Denise giggled and I had to grin at his irony. "Well, maybe a little. They were about to use force and I'm allergic to being forced."

Jimmy shook his head. "Wow. Hey, how do I learn that stuff?"

"Easy," I told him. "Just find a place that teaches martial arts and sign up. That's what I did. Anyway, just make believe you don't know what happened. Maybe you can spread the rumor that you heard the feds were fighting off an alien invasion—that would be true, since remember that I'm the man from Mars."

Everyone at the table roared with laughter and kids at neighboring tables looked around to see what the joke was.

Soon our protected time was over and the gropers began to appear. The naked girls stoically endured having their pussies fondled but they objected to several requests to allow themselves to be finger-fucked. Then there was a Reasonable Request for Andrew to go down on Sarah. The two exchanged glances and shrugged. I shot them a look to confirm that they were ok with it and they both nodded.

Sarah climbed onto the table, lay down on her back, scooted down so that her ass was at the edge, and Andrew moved between her legs, opening them widely. He knelt between her spread legs and looked up into her face, his expression asking her permission to continue, while his seven-inch, fairly thick erect cock seemed to throb in anticipation. He leaned forward so that his face was an inch away from her pussy and blew on it.

Sarah shuddered and moaned, "Ahhhhh. Rub your hands on the insides of my thighs near my pussy—you know I love that."

As he stroked her thighs, I could see the folds of her leaking slit begin to open, the inner lips shyly peeking out from between her outer labia.

“Oooohhh, nice.... now do it closer to my pussy,” she sighed.

He moved his fingers to her crotch and Sarah moaned and leaned back, supporting herself on her elbows which she rested behind her on the table. Just about everyone in the entire lunchroom had gathered around us watching them now.

What a graphic demonstration of total female arousal. We could see that her nipples were fully erect and her inner labia had become swollen, taking on a deep pink color. Andrew leaned forward again and blew on her pussy and she squeaked, “Eeeee,” and I saw a little runnel of liquid flow out from between her inner lips.

“Andrew, please stop teasing,” she breathed.

He lowered his head and touched the tip of his tongue to the top of her slit, over her clit, and she shuddered from that light contact. She reached with her hands to his head as if she was going to pull him down into her crotch, but he pulled back.

“I want your tongue deeper,” she moaned, “and use your fingers too.”

Andrew spread Sarah’s inner lips apart; I could see the dark hole of the entrance to her pussy appear, as I watched in fascination as her juices began to simply pour out of her inflamed channel and run down and over her asshole. He bent his head down and pressed his tongue against the top of her inner lips, on the hood over her clit, and worked the hood up with its tip. I was able to see then that her clit had engorged now and was peeking out from under its hood. Andrew began to lick it and suck on it in earnest and Sarah’s hips were jerking and thrashing about. She was moaning, clenching her thighs, and began pinching her nipples when Andrew stuck a finger into her pussy while continuing to suck and lick at her clit.

“Eeeeee, yeah, wiggle your finger inside me, ooohhhh, put another finger in, more, put in more, deep, deeper, fuck me with them, deeper.... oh, oh, oh, oh, oh!” she shrieked and came, her body going rigid, tits flushing, and toes curling.

As Sarah rode out her orgasm, Andrew kept his fingers moving in a blur, stirring Sarah’s juices into a froth inside her spasming pussy until she couldn't take any more stimulation and pushed him away gently and slowly lay back on the table.

Kevin and Denise look on as Andrew and Sarah make love

There was a big round of applause from the room as Andrew climbed onto the table and the two locked in a passionate kiss.

I was close enough to hear Sarah whisper, “Andrew, I need you in me so bad, please.

Please fuck me now, I'm so hot it hurts."

Andrew swung himself between her parted legs and settled down on her crotch. Sarah reached down and spread her lips with her fingers as Andrew wiggled his ass, getting his cock into position. I could see his rigid prick hovering near her pussy lips and then Sarah took it, pushed it down, and slowly worked it into position so that its mushroom-shaped head was now at her open, very wet, and very ready channel. She squirmed her hips up and he pushed his down, and then his prick disappeared into her body. It looked so hot and intense as he pushed it in; I could see it sliding in, inch by inch, and saw how it seemed to pull her inner lips in with it as he wedged her pussy totally open.

Andrew wiggled his ass from side to side as he worked his cock slowly in the final inch and then his balls came to rest against her ass crack.

"Oh god," Sarah sighed. "Oh yes. Soooo good..." she groaned as she slowly circled her hips and pushed them up to try to impale herself deeper on his hardon. "Give it to me good, now, lover," Sarah moaned.

"Uuuuuhhh.... ahhhhh, so tight... hot... good..." Andrew groaned in response.

Then his hips rose and his cock slid partly out while she thrust her hips forward, trying to regain a full penetration again. Andrew stroked in and out a dozen times; then he pulled his knees up a little, rose up and hooked his arms behind her knees, pulled her legs up, and leaned back down, resting with his hands on the table next to her shoulders. Now her entire vulval area and his cock and balls were totally exposed to my view. His hips began to rock up and down, up and down, and I could see her bright red pussy lips getting pushed in and out with every stroke. Her juices were bubbling out of her pussy around his prick in a frothy stream.

They were both grunting in passion; Sarah's tits were jiggling as Andrew pounded into her. Then he leaned his head down to kiss her as she slid her arms down his back and grabbed his ass, trying to pull him in deeper. Their thrusting was becoming more intense when she suddenly wrapped her legs around his thighs and pulled her crotch into his. Sarah kissed him, licked his face, and bit his ear, while all the time Andrew was pounding, pounding, pounding, and she was raising her hips to meet him with every stroke.

Suddenly Sarah screamed, "Yaaaaahhhhhhh.... cumming..." and her entire body shook with a huge spasm, and about five seconds later, Andrew grunted, drove his hips firmly into Sarah's, and groaned, "UNH," then, "unh, unh, unh, unnnh," as he pumped his sperm into her steaming orifice while his ass clenched repeatedly. Andrew then lowered himself onto Sarah and rolled off her to the side, pulling his cock out of her inflamed pussy with a little pop; it was followed by a gush of milky-white froth that oozed onto her thigh as she turned on her side toward him. The two wrapped their arms securely around each other's backs and began to kiss passionately, trying to swallow each other's tongues and murmuring loving sounds.

What an incredibly hot scene and it was taking place just three feet in front of me. Then I became aware of four things. First, my own cock was rock hard and it didn't really hurt that much, and second, Denise was watching the scene like she was transfixed, and third, she was holding my hand so hard that her grip was actually painful. And finally, I became aware of a powerful feeling of desire, no, lust, an intense need, a yearning for fulfilment, that blanketed my senses and was beating into me. *Where the hell is that from? It's going straight to my cock, which is hard as iron now and it's throbbing like I'm ready to cum.*

My ears were pounding from my heartbeat and I barely heard the cheers of the watching crowd.

"Ooooohhhh, god, ahhhhh, so awesome...." Denise sighed. "Oh, Kevin, that was so beautiful. I never knew that sex could be like that. My god, that must have been wonderful for them. I thought that sex should only be done in a dark room, but this was so incredible that everyone should see how fantastic it can be."

I looked at her. Her eyes were wide, her pupils dilated, and her face and chest were flushed as if she herself had had the orgasm instead of Sarah, and I suddenly realized that the feeling that I just experienced was her *qi* washing over me as she watched our friends fucking. *Wow, I knew her emotional energy was strong, but what kind of intensity was that? She had almost made me cum with that outpouring of sheer raw power.*

There was a universal sigh from the other four naked kids who were watching, and suddenly the two couples were locked in passionate embraces too. Jane then pulled away from Jimmy and looked at him shyly, knelt down and tentatively took the tip of his rock-hard cock into her mouth. Jimmy groaned and put his hands on her head.

"Uuuhhh, that's so nice," he sighed. "Yeah, that's it, use your tongue, lick it on the bottom, yeah that's it, perfect..."

Then she slid it deeper and pulled back with a little choke. Andrew and Sarah had mostly recovered and were sitting on the table now watching the others.

"Honey, just swallow as you go all the way down, ok," Sarah encouraged Jane. "That way you don't choke."

Jane sank her mouth down on Jimmy's cock again and made it all the way down this time.

"Very good," Andrew praised her. "Feel good, Jimmy?"

"Hell yeah, ahhhhh, ooooohhh," he responded. "Aaaa, Jane, gonna cum, yahhhh," his hips jerked as Jane pulled back and Jimmy shot his second volley into her face. Then a third, fourth, fifth. sixth... Wow. A lot. His first was in her mouth.

"Help," she gurgled with her mouth open. "Wha' d'I do na?" I could see her mouth filled with whitish fluid.

Sarah chuckled, "Just swallow it. I like how it tastes, actually."

"Ugh." she swallowed. "Mmmm, not bad. Needs a bit more oregano, I think," she joked and we laughed.

After all that entertainment the crowd around us began to break up. A couple of guys came over to Barbara and Nelson.

One of them said to Nelson, "Hey, the other two did their girls, you think you're so special?"

Nelson must have been feeling brave. "Yeah, we are. We're naked; you're not. We're damned special!"

Good for him.

"So then we got a Request." he said to Nelson. "I wanna lick her cunt."

Barbara looked at him angrily. "Hey, you. He's not my master or something. You have a request, you ask it to the person."

"Ok, cunt. I wanna lick yours."

"That wasn't reasonable. I decline."

"You can't refuse," he said and grabbed her around her hips and pushed her against the table.

I was there in a half-second and he was in a hammerlock.

"Say you're sorry to the lady and get the hell outta here," I growled.

"Get him, guys," he called to his friends.

I pushed his face down onto the table, whacking his forehead and stunning him and whirled around. Two guys were advancing on me, one slightly ahead of the other, both face-on to me with their arms extended forward in preparation for grabbing me. The "bum's rush." Piece of cake.

I grabbed the first guy's extended arm with both hands, swivelled around as I raised his arm over my shoulder and moved back as I bent over. He flew over my shoulder, landed on the floor, skidded a few feet, and lay still. The other guy had been two steps behind and he had stopped moving when I threw his buddy.

I had spun completely around and went into a defensive crouch.

"How do you want it, man? Hard or easy?"

He was backing away now. The first kid, the one with the dented forehead, was now climbing to his feet. I indicated the guy on the floor to the third kid.

"Help him up. He had the wind knocked out of him and maybe has a black eye or two. The three of you, get outta here now."

While that was going on, a teacher had come by and had seen the whole episode, which had happened too quickly for him to have intervened. He came over.

"I should report you for that," he told me, "but I saw the first guy attack the girl. He should be reported for an assault, you know."

"Yeah, maybe, sir, but perhaps my direct response was more effective. Three kids learned a lesson, not just one."

"Hmm. You're, uh, Mr Coris, is that right?" I indicated assent. "Ah. Dr Fletcher mentioned you as being an interesting student. I think I can see what he meant. Carry on now, but please don't kill anyone. Those are messy reports to have to write up."

He waved as he walked away. *Cool guy. Wonder what he teaches.*

The stragglers had just about left and the early second-lunch people were arriving now. I figured that my rep was becoming even more established. What a pain.

Meanwhile, Barbara and Nelson were trying to get my attention and Denise was looking—well, not sure. Overwhelmed? Uncertain? Need to ask her.

Barbara grabbed my arm. "Kevin, thank you so much. What a troll! Eeeew, and he touched me. Yuk. I need a shower to get his hand prints off me."

"Just take care of yourself, Barbara. And don't forget you have your whistle! Nelson, that was a pretty cool retort, you know. Take care, guys, see ya later!"

I watched them as they walked away. *Man, Barbara has such a cute ass. And dimples, too. Hers and*

Jane's; whose is nicer? Denise interrupted my thoughts.

"I was going to ask what you're going to do for an encore after taking care of the feds this morning. I needn't have worried, I see."

Oh, Denise's expression must have been "bemused."

"Sweetie," I said, "we've got gym now so let's go—hey, where are our Guardians?"

"Before those bullies came, they had to leave, they said, but someone would be waiting after gym. They said as long as you were here, the others would be ok."

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The two of us got onto the gym floor with few problems. I decided not to put my stuff in a Program locker; I chose an empty one out of the way so that if any hanky-panky were tried, they wouldn't be able to find my stuff easily. I expected a hard time from the teachers but was surprised that Denise and I were mostly ignored, she doing her light activities in the girls' group and me in one of the boys' activities, rope-climbing.

Looking around, I saw that Andrew and Sarah were here and must have been drafted to play in a half-court basketball scrimmage; I watched as Sarah sunk a basket. Nice shot.

Andrew and Sarah play basketball

At my own activity, since I have excellent upper-body strength, I could actually go all the way up the rope and down using only my arms, going hand-over-hand. The teacher tried to get me to inch my way up by using my hands and feet; I showed him I could do that too, but it was way faster doing it my way. Our group spent the rest of the period tossing a medicine ball around. Another light exercise day, but I did work up a little sweat.

Before the period ended, the teachers gathered everyone around.

Mr Marshall spoke. "Listen up. We've noticed that many of you don't shower after class, so here's the new rule. Showers are mandatory." Then he blew his whistle. "Hit the showers, now! Move it!"

Denise ran up to me. "What do I do?" she asked in a panic.

"Just come with me. They can't force anyone to take a shower under any rule. There's no safety, health, or educational reason to require it."
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We went into the girls' locker room and I led Denise to the hallway door. A Guardian was waiting. I turned Denise over to her.

"See you in class. They'll never miss you."

Then I went to my corner and realized why the Program lockers were located where they were, right in the middle of the locker room where they were visible to everyone in the room. Figures. I stripped off my jock and slipped on the tights that I use for showers and noticed that, located as I was in my corner, I wasn't even noticed by the girls. But when I stepped out into the open area, a loud series of gasps echoed through the room.

"A boy!" "Hey! He's not naked!" "Shouldn't he be naked?" "It's him! The hunk!"

Kevin needs to fend off the naked girls in the shower

A few girls advanced on me with predatory looks.

"Hey, stud, you need to strip. I want to get at your package. It looks real nice," one curvy and totally nude girl said as she stroked my chest.

I pulled away and put up my hands.

"Ok, ladies. First, I'm not on the menu. Second, I don't get naked. Third, it's totally hands off me by school policy for my particular Program participation. And that means totally. If you try to touch me below my waist, I'll be forced to stop you, so please don't try."

Now I was surrounded by six totally naked and totally hot-looking girls. "Awww," one complained, "with that meat you're sporting, why can't you share?"

"It would be my greatest desire, honey, but the parts don't work properly and both you and I would be greatly disappointed." Then I had a brilliant inspiration. "I'd stay away from me if I were you. You see, my problem is a penile nerve lesion."

A chorus of "Eeeewwwws" rang out and they all shrank away. *YES!*

A timid voice spoke, "Is it catching?"

More inspiration. "Well, you don't have a penis...." giggles... "um, but you do have a clit and that's the analogous female organ... if I were a girl, I for sure wouldn't want to have a clitoral nerve lesion, so I'd definitely watch out."

They all shrunk away even further.

"You know, that's why I wear these tights. It controls the effect of the lesion."

They moved away still further.

“But as long as it remains covered, it keeps it under control, but even touching on the outside of the tights can... well, I’m not sure, you’d need to be careful. But touching me above the waist isn’t a problem,” I finished.

By now some of the girls were almost heading out the locker room door, even though they were still naked.

“He he he...” I chuckled to myself.

I went into the showers and soaped up. The other girls came into the shower area, crept past me, and all six shared a shower head at the opposite side of the room, as far away as possible. I tried hard not to giggle myself. Then two girls, obviously much braver than the others, came closer.

“Kevin,” one said, haltingly, “that’s your name, right?” I nodded. “You said touching your upper body was safe?” I nodded again. “Then if I wash your chest and back, can you wash mine? Would that be safe?”

I made her believe I was thinking hard about her question. “Oh... Well, yeah, that should be ok.”

The two of them carefully sidled over to me and I handed one the soap. Wow, this was so cool, getting my front and back washed by two really hot naked high school chicks. Both were about 5'5" and had athletic builds. One had black hair, solid B-cup tits, a shaved pussy and a bubble butt ass, and the other was blond, had a D-cup sized chest, a blond landing strip pelt above her slit, and a full, round, solid ass that had no jiggle at all when she walked. A runner, I guess, or maybe a football... uh, soccer player.

Kevin enjoys having two naked teen girls wash his body

They finished washing me and invited me to return the favor. Both of them let me wash their entire bodies. *Double WOW*. I even got to wash their tits and between their legs and in their ass cracks too, and one of them had me finger her clit till she shivered with a little cum.

We were just finishing that up when Miss Williams appeared.

“Mr Coris, where is Miss Roberts? Mr Marshall didn’t see her in the boys’ locker room.”

“Not sure; she’s not here; she didn’t change or shower in here; maybe he just missed her. When we left the gym she told me that she’d be off to her next class pretty quick.”

"The boys in there didn't see her either."

"Sorry. I can't help you."

She walked away. Damn, she spoiled a great moment. I looked down at my package as I soaped it under my tights; it was starting to get really hard and once again, it wasn't hurting terribly. The girls had finished rinsing their hair and noticed where I was washing.

"Oh, wow, look, Shelly! It's gotta be nine inches and look how thick it is."

"Wooo, Rachel, you're right! Yummy! Does it look good!"

"Uh, girls, I'm not as big as that, you know. Maybe five, five and a half is all right now since it's mostly gone soft."

"And you're sure it doesn't work right? It looks like it can do the job just fine if you get it hard again," Shelly said.

"Unfortunately, the saying is 'Looks can be deceiving,' you know. It's a real medical problem for me and it's quite painful at times. That's what the tights are for. They restrain it and help control the pain."

"Oh, you poor thing!" Rachel said. "Isn't there anything you can do?"

"It's been like this maybe two years, but I'm being treated and I hope that works."

"Well, when you get that monster fixed, let us know. We'll be all ready, stud. You know, half the girls in school are lusting for your bod and the other half just haven't seen you yet."

Despite all of the girls' expressed lust, I was able to finish up and get dressed without any further molestation. Amazingly, my cock didn't seem to have that irritating and annoying sensitivity as I dressed, so I decided not to use the anesthetic cream to see what would happen, since I could always put it on if I needed to. Wow, what an experience in the showers, though. The memory of that scene will stay with me forever. It was a teen boy's fondest dream. But again, just a dream. DAMN!

Chapter 26: Medical News and Psychological Gains

When I got to my history class, Denise told me that she had an attempted groping incident as she walked in the hall with her Guardian. She told me what happened.

"Two guys came up to me and one asked if they could feel me between my legs and I refused.

"Then the other said, 'Hey, her friend isn't here to protect her. You grab and hold her and then I'll hold her so you'll get a turn.'

"He went to grab me but I was holding my whistle and blew it, and at the same second the Guardian was blowing hers. Two teachers came running and grabbed the guys. The Guardian told them what happened. I was so weak from the shock that I had sunk to the floor and the Guardian helped me stand and got me to the classroom. They took the two boys away and the Guardian went after them after she brought me here."

"Wow. You ok now?" I took her hand. "You're not shaking now and your color is good."

"Yeah, I'm better. You know, if this had happened on Monday, I would have collapsed, so that's a good sign, right?"

"I think. Say, you could use this as one of your 'in viva' examples and give it a score, right?"

She giggled. "It's in vivo—*vivo*. I think that those are supposed to be voluntary exposures, not ones forced on me. But maybe."

"Well, look at it this way. It's not like your first assault by the bastard. This time it happened in a safe location with all kinds of safety controls and they worked, and you came out of it ok and maybe a little stronger too. Look at it that way. Look at the positive side."

"Kevin, you know, you sound like my therapists. That's what both of them kept telling me."

"Maybe there's something in it then, don't you think?"

She started to answer but the bell rang and we had to sit. History and English classes passed with no incidents. Maybe I need to have those classes all day long. Real learning, no interruptions, no Program games.

After classes ended, Denise ran off again to get to her therapy session and I wandered off to the main doors for the dressing show. There always were a few people who tried to get their last-minute Requests in before the naked kids could dress, so it was a race to get dressed quickly. So when I got there, everyone had already gotten their clothes on and a number of disappointed Requesters were trying to insist that their Requests had to be honored even by the clothed students. That didn't work.

But when I appeared, they turned on me with a flurry of Requests. I had a simple solution: I left the steps area and went over to the apron near the driveway, fifteen feet away.

"I decline the Request because I'm not in school, school is over, and this is not a school activity. Bye," and walked to my car.

I got in my car and then remembered that I hadn't checked my messages since the morning. Wow, did all that stuff happen only this morning? The first voicemail was from Dr Worthington. He asked if I could come to his med school office between 3 and 4 pm today and to call if I could, otherwise to call his regular office for an appointment. I returned his call and said I could get to the school in twenty minutes.

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"Thanks for coming in on such short notice, Kevin," he said when I had seated myself in his tiny, spartan office.

He saw me looking around. "Yeah, it's pretty spare, right? This is the kind of office they give to their clinical faculty. We're just docs for hire and not regular university faculty. Anyway, Dr Carey noticed something in the data files you sent from your first few sessions that looked anomalous—not at all like her PE patients, so she showed the data to her neurologist colleague. Tell me, do you ride a bicycle or motorcycle?"

I answered no.

"What about horses?"

"No..."

"Do you do gymnastics?"

"Not that either."

"Hmmm. The signs show a pudendal nerve injury. Did you ever have a blow to your perineum? That's the area between the testicles and anus."

"Oh. Oh, yeah, that's right. Let me think when that happened. I was learning taekwondo and once, when I was maybe 14 years old, I got kicked between my legs from behind. It was an accident; someone was sparring in back of me, did a kick and missed his partner, but he was much too close to me. My left leg was way up in the air because I was in the middle of a practice kick and he caught me right in the groin with his heel. It really hurt a lot; I couldn't walk for two days, and I think it was swollen for more than a week."

"Yes. That fits then. Kevin, you do have that penile sensitivity from the phimosis, but the major problem isn't that. The pain is coming from a condition called pudendal nerve entrapment. Describe the pain for me. Do you have it when you sit for a while or is it worse toward the end of the day?"

"Yes to both of those."

"Ok, and the quality of the pain: is it a burning, a numbness, a stabbing pain, knife-like or aching pain, a hot poker sensation, or painful erections or pain on moving your penis?"

"Yes to many of those, especially burning, hot poker, stabbing sometimes, mainly around the base of my penis."

"Is that what seems to be the primary location of the pain? Do you also have it with bowel movements, or does it get worse with sitting a long time, or after running or walking long distances, or lower behind your testicular area?"

"Mostly in the front, around my penis, and moving it around with an erection is very painful. The other areas hardly at all."

"Well, it looks like we may have got your answer, son. This is a nerve injury that is actually fairly simple to pinpoint by MRI—actually a procedure developed some years ago called magnetic resonance neurography—and repair with a fairly minor procedure. This used to be a difficult problem to diagnose and treat but is no longer. The neurologists here treat this condition and have an excellent outcome rate. But I think that your case may be simpler to treat, since it seems to be isolated to one specific branch of
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the nerve, toward its distal end. I believe that when you received that trauma from the kick, it caused some internal bleeding near the nerve and then scar tissue formed in that area. Scarring has been known to cause nerve conduction problems because the scar tissue is somewhat rigid and presses on the nerve.

"So my thinking now is that this is a simple nerve impingement from the trauma and not structural issues like a narrowing of the canals that the nerve passes through. Before referring you for a neurology consultation or doing those tests I mentioned, I want you to try some physical therapy. Stretching the muscles and ligaments in the perineal area has been shown to break up scarring and loosen the tissues around the nerve. Here's the phone number of a good therapist who knows how to treat that kind of perineal injury."

"Do I still use that cuff thing at night?"

"Oh, yes, continue using the TNS. That's treating the penile sensitivity problem and the data for that treatment shows progress. Have you noticed any difference in your penile sensitivity, especially for erections?"

"As a matter of fact, yes, now that I know that there are two different conditions, pain and sensitivity. I'm having less disturbing sensitivity with both my erect and normal penis."

"So keep that treatment going and we'll see you for that problem next week, then. And make that PT appointment."

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As I drove home, I couldn't believe what I had heard in Dr Worthington's office. Wow, what kind of news was that? Maybe I'll be like a normal teen soon. That would be fantastic. Then my mobile rang and I pulled over to answer it. Yeah, I know. I'm a responsible person and don't believe in distracted driving. The call was from Denise.

"Hi, do I have news for you," she said.

"Hi, do I have news for you," I said.

She giggled. "I said it first, so I get to tell you first." Then her voice took on a plaintive tone. "Please, sweetie, could you come over again this evening?"

"Sure, but supper's on me this time; let's do take-in. What do you like?"

"Oh, cool, thanks. There's a great Thai restaurant on Coller and Main, you know where that is? Anything on their menu is great."

"How'd you know that I love Thai?"

"Oh, right, you used to live near there. Cool."

"I'll see if they have any of my favorites and we'll see if we have similar tastes, ok? What time is good?"

We fixed the time for me to come and then I asked, "Should I get enough food for your mom, too?"

"No, she'll be at a friend's house all evening and she's having dinner there."

We gave our farewells and then I continued driving home. I chatted with Aunt Helene, who joked that I might just as well move in with Denise, and then went to my room to get some work done. Next I went on line to the restaurant's site, checked the menu, and placed my order. Finally I cleaned up and went
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to pick up dinner and go to Denise.

When I arrived, I asked her what her special news was, and she told me, “Later. And tell me yours later, too. Remember, I go first.”

The dinner was great. For me, this was not real Thai; it was kind-of-Thai, but quite close and very good. I think it was Thai in a Cantonese style. Anyway, Denise liked my selections, although they weren’t her favorites. I promised to take her there for dinner and we made a date for Saturday.

After dinner, instead of going to the living room, Denise led me down a hall to where I assumed her bedroom was, and I could see from her body language that she was forcing herself to go. I took her hand, stopped her, and turned her around.

“Denise, something’s really bothering you. Are we going to your bedroom?”

“Yes,” she squeaked.

“And you’re scared.”

“Uh, yeah. That’s where the bastard tried to rape me. I’m afraid of those memories.”

“You don’t have to do this, you know. We can sit in the living room.”

“No, this is part of what I need to tell you. I have to push myself. I agreed with Dr Rousis that I was ready for this step.”

We entered her room. I had never been in a girl’s room before, but it fit all of my mental images of what one should look like. Light pink walls, flowery curtains, stuffed animals, frilly bedspread, it had it all. It was a light and airy room and suited Denise perfectly. She sat on her bed, holding her body very stiffly, so I turned the desk chair around, moved it closer to her, and sat in it.

“Um, why are you sitting there?”

“Denise, you’re so uncomfortable that I don’t want to stress you any more than necessary. I think that having a guy sitting on your bed with you would be over the top, correct?”

“Uh, that’s actually what had me scared the most.” She relaxed and the effect was dramatic. “You always seem to know what I need, Kevin. You’re so amazing.”

“I’m simply picking up on the cues your body is signaling, Denise. You’re really a very open person; very expressive. So is it time for your news yet?”

She blushed and looked down. “I guess. Kevin, this is going to be hard to tell. I rehearsed it all afternoon and I’m still terribly nervous about how to say this...”

Shit. She’s gonna tell me that she doesn’t want to see me anymore.

“Ok, here goes. Kevin, remember this morning when you were patting my privates... oh, now I forgot where I was going to start this. There’s so many details...”

Oh, phew. She’s not dumping me.

“Denise, remember what I told Fletcher on the day I first saw you? Start at the beginning and go step by step; that’s usually the simplest.”

“Um, well, yeah, maybe... Ok, let me try that. Going way back. Ok. I’m not on the Shot, you know? It’s required for high school girls to have it because of the Program and the school wants to avoid

pregnancy and STDs with the Program kids. But I have a school exemption because the Shot can cause hormonal balance problems that would interfere with my therapy... No, please don't interrupt, I'm getting to it now.

"So the reason I mentioned that isn't because I'm afraid I'll get pregnant; it's to explain this morning. I'm sure you remember Thursday morning in the CoffeeShak."

"Um... Last Thursday? What happened?"

"Yeah, right. Funny you're not. Do you remember why I needed to stop? Yeah, I figured. Boys don't have to think about that stuff. I needed to get some feminine hygiene products—menstrual pads—because my period was about to start and I'm very regular. The Shot affects girls' periods but I'm not on it. It was a good thing I did get the pads because my period began on Friday and I wouldn't have been able to get any Thursday after school.

"I've been using the pads all this week and remember this morning, when you and the boy were feeling me and I said 'no lower'? Well, I was embarrassed that you'd feel the pad, first, and second, my-pussy-was-drooling-so-much-I-thought-my-period-had-started-all-over-again."

The last had come out in a rush and then Denise relaxed again.

"There, I said it. I thought I wouldn't be able to get that out. So I changed the pad and noticed that the flow was clear and my period was probably over, but still used a fresh one just in case. Well, after lunch, when I watched Sarah and Andrew making love, I got so damned hot that I think I came in my pants. I've never had an orgasm before but watching them got me so hot, like a spring being wound up, and then it snapped and I felt a gusher come out of my pussy. I could tell that you felt me have a physical reaction and I saw the result in your tights. You have a really big one, you know?" she giggled.

"Yes, sweetie, I did feel your emotional aura. You had the same effect on me that the lovers had on you, it seems."

She giggled again, nervously. "Anyway, that pad was totally soaked. And when I wiped it up, I noticed that when I cleaned myself up and wiped myself there, this time it caused only a little discomfort. I mentioned it to Dr Rousis and she asked me to touch myself again, and again it was bearable—not pain, but just a kind of anxiety like something bad would happen but it didn't. Oh, this is so hard to talk about..."

She was shaking like a leaf now. I reached out and took her hand, and then she pulled on my hand, drawing me toward her.

"I need you to hold me now. I feel so safe when you do."

I sat next to her, embraced her, and she went on.

"So after my session, I decided that I was ready to... I would... uh, you know, the in vivo thing, stretch my limits, go another step. What I mean... oh, damn. I can't say it. What you did with me outside school this morning. Can we do that now?"

"Denise, are you really sure you can stand that? Did your therapist say you could do petting safely?"

"Ummm, she did say that I could now go as far as I could stand, and I know... oh this is so terrible of me, I don't want to say it..."

"Denise, say it. It's hurting you and you need to get it out in the open."

"No, it's not about me, it's you."

"Me? Nothing you say can hurt me—uh, unless it's that you don't wanna be my girlfriend. Now that would hurt me lots."

She made a shaky giggle. "Oh, not that! But promise you won't get mad?"

"Let me check my bones. Nope, not a mad one in there, cleaned them all this morning."

Now she laughed. "You dork! Trust you to joke about serious stuff."

I put a finger on her lips. "Just say what you need to, Denise. I'm a good listener."

"Aaahhhh." she sighed. "Ok, what I meant is that you're safe to be around. Even though I trust you in my mind, my body shouts 'MAN! BEWARE!' Please don't think I'm awful for bringing up your disability, but that makes my body think you're safe, too. It's like you've got a gun, and it can be loaded too, but there's no trigger to pull."

I roared in laughter. That was one of the best lines I had ever heard. Denise looked at me in confusion.

"You're not angry? I just insulted your manhood terribly!"

"No, no, no, not at all, sweetie. There's nothing wrong with me that a transplant wouldn't cure. I'm thinking brain transplant, actually."

She laughed. "You're unreal, you know. Most guys would have walked out after hearing that kind of insult."

"First, I'm not like most guys—I wish I were, really. Second, I'm a realist and I work with what I've got, not with what I wish I had. And I never had any sexual function so I have no hangups about it. So you feel safe with me physically because your body knows that my, ahem, gun, is missing a key part, right?"

"Yeah," she squeaked.

"Not to worry; let's do whatever you think you want to try."

She reached up and put her hands on my cheeks and brought her sweet lips toward mine. We kissed gently as she wrapped a hand behind my head and I reached around her and pulled her close. We rubbed our lips together for a minute and then I felt the tip of her tongue touch my lips. I pulled back.

"You ok with that, honey?"

"Mmm hmmm."

We moved together again and resumed the kiss; I let her take the lead and just followed her as she explored this sensation. Then she opened her mouth and plunged her tongue into my mouth and we tongue-wrestled for several minutes as I felt her passion raising; she began moaning low in her throat. Keeping her kiss, she took one of my hands and put it down in her crotch. I pulled back again.

"A new level, honey?"

"Mmmm. I want to see what this feels like with no pad in the way," she whispered and returned to our kiss.

I began to softly stroke her over her shorts, mainly staying over her mons, but then she moaned and spread her legs wide, breathing into my mouth, “Lower...”

So I moved my hand down slowly, stroking lightly and pressing firmly where I thought her clit was located, and she closed her legs, trapping my hand and voicing a little grunt.

“You ok?”

“Uh. Wow. I saw sparks. No, it was good. No pain, but weird—a memory of a pain like it used to be. Wow. Keep doing that...” she breathed. I could barely hear her.

She spread her legs again and we resumed our kiss; then she pulled me down as she lay back on the bed. We rearranged ourselves to keep kissing and tongue-dueling as I stroked her pussy area through her shorts. That area was becoming damp now. I could feel her passion rising, a sensation almost as intense as it was when she was watching the fucking scene at lunch. Wow, what a passionate girl this is, all that emotion locked up inside her is coming out now.

Suddenly she broke away and sat up; I looked at her in confusion.

“You ok? Did I go too far?”

Her face was flushed and her pupils were open as wide as possible; her face bore an almost wild expression.

“Aaaaahh. So good. Oh, Kevin, please don’t think I’m a tramp. I’ve never felt this way and I want more. Those bad feelings—the ones I thought were part of the pain—weren’t pain, they were stimuli that I associated with the assault, but with you they’re so different. I need you closer. I need to feel your skin on mine. Do you mind? Some Naked-in-School outreach?” she whispered.

“What do you mean?”

“This. What I should have been able to do in Fletcher’s office but couldn’t,” she said as she pulled her top off. She wasn’t wearing a bra.

Wow. Her boobs were a small C-cup, perfectly shaped with small, brown areolas and prominent nipples and stood proudly high on her chest. She stood and pulled down her shorts and panties together and a goddess stood before me. I looked up at her standing there expectantly; her expression was one of uncertainty. Suddenly my eyes filled with tears.

“Kevin! What’s wrong? You’re crying?”

“My god. Denise. You’re the most stunning thing that I’ve ever seen. Gorgeous—more beautiful than any goddess could possibly be. My tears are at your beauty.”

She gasped and dropped into my arms and began kissing me in renewed passion.

“Oh thankyou-thankyou-thankyou!” she breathed into my mouth. “That was just so sweet.”

I pulled her up and stood her in front of me and just stared. Her figure was just perfect. Her skin was perfect. I don’t know women’s measurements so I’ll just guess; her chest seemed to be about 36 inches and she had a narrow waist swelling out to curvy hips that tapered down into long legs—a perfect hourglass figure. Her mons was covered with a dark blonde bush, neatly trimmed, and I could see her engorged pussy lips peeking out between her thighs. She blushed at seeing my adoring expression while I soaked up the vision of loveliness before me and then she slowly turned around. Her butt was wicked awesome, high and round cheeks with a deep furrow separating them and she had the daintiest

little dimples resting on her lower back above her cheeks that were begging to be kissed, so I leaned forward and did.

She giggled and I spun her around, stood up, and gathered her in my arms again, crushing her against me in passion as we kissed again. I pulled back.

"My god, Denise, this is incredible. I'm so, so, lucky! Not only are you smart and a wonderful person; you're also gorgeous and, yes, incredibly sexy too. If I had that body—and I were a girl..." She giggled again. "...I'd be happy to show it off anytime. You'd make Miss Universe jealous!"

She fell into my arms again and we kissed. Then she pulled me down with her on the bed.

"Let's pick up where we left off, darling," she murmured.

So we lay back and now I had unfettered access to her treasures. I raised up a bit and looked into her heavy-lidded eyes.

"So just tell me if anything's uncomfortable, ok?"

"Mmmmm hmmmm."

She lay on her back and I moved over her body to kiss her; then I took one of her incredible tits in my hand, stroking it, kneading it, and rubbing my palm over the nipple. She began moaning; I started pinching the nipple lightly, and then switched breasts, giving the other one the same treatment. Now she was squirming on the bed. Breaking off the kiss, I moved my head down to her breasts and began nuzzling, licking, and sucking on them and teasing her nipples with my tongue. She grabbed my head and pressed it down against her chest to increase my tongue's contact.

Meanwhile I had let my hands drift downward toward her pussy and was playing with her pubic hair; then I wiggled a finger into the slit in her mons. She made an "Oooff" sound.

"Still ok?"

"Uuuuhh. Yeah. Lower."

I moved my hand down between her thighs and she spread them widely allowing me full access and now I began stroking up and down her outer lips, gently brushing over her clitoral hood. Every time I touched that area, she jerked and I stopped, but she urged me to continue. I could feel her juices flowing copiously out of her vagina as I slid my fingers along inside her inner lips.

"Aaaa... good.... uuuuh, no, too hard... oh, stop.... that's ok... aaaahh.... yesssss... nice...." she guided me according to her comfort level.

I decided to go for broke now. "Darling, is this ok for you? Still feeling ok with doing this?"

"Oooohh yeah, so good, can't believe I can do this... oh god..." she gasped.

I detached my mouth from sucking on her tits and moved down to her cute belly button and wiggled my tongue in it.

"Oh! Ooo, feels funny!"

Then I moved all the way down and slid my head over her pubis and tickled her slit with my tongue. She jerked.

"Oh! What are you... OH! Oh, that was good! Again!"

So I twisted around and got between her legs, pressed her knees apart, and put my head into her crotch for my pussy-eating premiere. I inhaled her scent, it was dizzying and my cock was throbbing like never before. It was fairly painful but I was able to ignore it.

I ran my index finger over her pussy, seeing her arousal; her outer lips were totally swollen and colored bright pink and had spread apart like a flower's petals. I took a deep breath, not knowing quite what to expect, and then tentatively ran my tongue along the crease between her lips and thighs. Then I did it on the other side. Denise was squirming on the bed and urging, "More... more... inside..."

So I used my fingers to separate her pussy lips and drove my tongue between them, hearing her gasp from the pleasure. I felt her hands grab my head and try to pull it higher, to the top of her slit, as she tried to guide me to her clit. I let her steer my movements and kept flicking and licking and lapping my tongue as she pulled my head up; I figured she knew what kinds of sensations that her body would accept far better than I would. Then she moved me up to her clit; I buried my tongue under its hood and wiggled and swirled it around the little knob I could feel there. Suddenly I knew that I had hit pay dirt! She squealed loudly and her body shivered. Did she just cum? I wondered.

I concentrated on this spot since it seemed like it was giving her so much pleasure, licking and swirling my tongue around the little knob, which felt like it was swelling by the second. Denise grabbed hold of my hair and tried to pull my head into her crotch even harder. Then I recalled what I had seen Andrew do to Sarah and put my lips around her clit and sucked on it while flicking it rapidly with the tip of my tongue.

All at once several things happened.

"EeeeeeeEEEEAAAAAYYYYYYY....!"

Denise let go with an ear-splitting shriek, her body heaved in a great spasm, her thighs locked around my head, and I felt a huge feeling of lust wash over me, so intense that my own body spasmed and I felt a burning sensation that seemed to pulse out of my balls, race through my groin, and erupt from my rigid cock. I had just cum! And again it pulsed out of me; five times I felt that searing sensation of cum erupting from my cock. What the hell was that—some kind of sympathetic orgasm? Nothing had even touched my cock!

I looked at Denise, she was just lying there, her chest heaving (*oh, god, what a gorgeous figure*) and eyes closed.

"Denise? Denise, you ok?"

"Mmmmm?"

"Denise?" I had moved up alongside her and held her head to face mine. "Denise, are you in there?"

Her eyes opened languorously but unfocussed and she was still panting. Then she gave a little shake and focused on my face and suddenly grabbed my head and pulled me into an intense kiss. While still kissing me, she was trying to speak.

"Oh god Kevin, ohgod god god... oh oh wonderful I never knew oh god aaahhhh..." Then she pulled away and, still holding my head so our faces were inches apart, breathed, "Kevin, oh Kevin, thank you... I must be getting better... that horrible time..."

She started to cry. I pulled her into an embrace and let her sob against my neck for a minute and then pulled her back and kissed her again. That stopped the crying, because she began kissing me with

passion again. I stroked the skin of her wonderful body, up and down her back, over her butt, across her gorgeous tits, I let my hands worship her body.

She pulled away from our kiss and looked at me accusingly. “Now stop that. You’re getting me all hot and bothered again. OH! There’s nothing I can do for you! I had the world’s best cum ever, my first cum and it was earth-shattering, and can’t do anything for you, my dearest.”

I chuckled. “Not to worry, darling. You know, you’re a hot little sex machine, don’t you?” She gave me a “you’re crazy” look. “No, really. Remember how I said you project your emotions?” She nodded. “So look at this.”

I pulled away and lowered my shorts to my knees and there, pooled all over my lycra tights, was a huge mass of cum that had seeped through the fabric of the tights.

“See? You did that, honey. With your *qi*. It just washed over me when you came. You triggered me off, you sex machine, you.”

“Oh, my,” she giggled. “That’s so cool.”

“Denise, this was a first for me, too, and I never felt anything so intense and wonderful before. I loved eating your pussy; the scent turned me on like crazy. And your body could bring a dead person back to life.”

She blushed. “Awww, you’re sweet. Yeah, for me too; it was awesome and now I think I can make real progress in my therapy! Thankyou-thankyou-thankyou,” and she latched onto me again.

Wow, I could get used to holding a nude Denise in my arms any time. Then I had a great thought.

“Denise, I guess it’s outreach time for me, too,” I said as I pulled my shirt off.

Her eyes grew wide and she reached toward me. “Ooooo. It’s a god’s body,” she said as she stroked my pecs.

Kevin and Denise discover their sexuality as they engage in foreplay

Then I carefully lowered my tights down, pulling the waist cautiously out over my cock, and slowly worked them off of my legs together with my shorts. Denise stared at my body with an open mouth.

“Kevin, you say I’m a goddess; well, you’re a god. You could be a model, with your body. It’s making my mouth water, just looking at you. And your cock, it’s ... well... it’s ... gorgeous ... and huge ... are you sure that touching it is bad for you?”

“It’s painful, erect like this. Oh. That’s right. I had something to tell you too and it went right out

of my mind when you did the grand unveiling."

She chuckled. (*Not a giggle this time?*) I took her in my arms and the feeling of skin on skin was just fabulous; Denise just purred as she snuggled into me with our arms wrapped around each other. While holding her like that, I began to give her the short version of my doctor's visit earlier in the day.

"Oh, Kevin, that's wonderful news!" she exclaimed. "Maybe you'll be cured too and we'll be able to have normal lives!"

While we were snuggling together, lying on our sides on her bed, we both had our hands busy, lightly stroking each other, not sexually, just lovingly, luxuriating in the extra contact between us. Then Denise put her hand on mine.

"Can I try something?"

"Uh, yeah? What?"

She pushed me onto my back and moved her head down my body until her face was an inch away from my cock.

"Uh, Denise? I'm not sure..."

I stopped because, without using her hand, she gently slurped my now semi-rigid cock into her mouth! Wow! It suddenly sprang to life and engorged almost fully in about five seconds flat.

"Denise, that feels so good, but if you move it up and down it'll hurt, ok?"

"Mmmm mmmm."

Then, while hardly moving her head on my cock, she began lashing her tongue around it and alternately sucking and releasing pressure on it. She traced the glans with her tongue and tickled its underside, all the time without having her mouth move around much. The feeling was incredibly intense and my hips were gyrating uncontrollably. Then she began to rapidly flick her tongue over my glans and started to hum! It hit me with no warning at all!

"Aaaaaahhhh, Denise, cummingggg!" I shouted, and began pumping rope after rope of cum into her mouth and then over her face when she pulled back.

I was so weak after that, that I could hardly talk. When I caught my breath and regained my senses, I could only sputter, "How... what... aaahhhh. How did you... aahhh... think to do that?"

"Well, you said it hurts when it swings around or when someone grabs it and pulls. I figured that if I didn't do either, you'd be ok. Was it ok?"

"Darling, you're a genius. It was wonderful. That was even better than when I came along with you before. Say, the two of us may not be 'officially' cured, but hey, we've gone a long way on that path tonight."

"Indeed, stud. I just love your cock, you know. Just looking at it turns me on incredibly. Your body's not too bad, but your cock is perfect." Then she looked down at herself. "Oh, god, look at me." She looked up. "And look at you."

I looked. She had cum in her hair, dripping off her chin, on her throat, and all over her tits. I had cum, both wet and dried, smeared all over my cock and on my belly and chest.

She giggled. "We need showers. Are you ok with that wonderful man-meat going in the shower? I'd

love to shower with you. I want to wash that wonderful body of yours and rub my soapy hands all over it...” she trailed off as her eyes glazed over with lust again.

Wow, what a hot, sexy babe she is. I’m so lucky...

“I’m game. Maybe your wonderful body will distract me.”

We walked out of the room to her bathroom and she bent over to start the water. *Man, she’s just so awesome; I can’t keep my eyes off her. What a dish. If Barbara’s butt rates a 9 and Jane’s a 10, my previous score for them, then Denise is a 100. No kidding. God, I just wanna grab it and squeeze.* So I did.

“Kevin! Behave yourself!”

“Oh, man, I can’t help myself. I don’t know what your best feature is, but the butt is right up near the top... uh, no, well, that doesn’t work, does it?” I said as I tried to rescue a failing pun.

She giggled. “Enough with the talk, sir! Now get yourself wet.”

We showered and I was able to avoid, by moving around very carefully, experiencing serious pain, but that was enough to damp out any major erotic activities. I had a wonderful time washing Denise’s body, it was much more fun than doing the two girls in the locker room, and Denise even let me finger her to a little cum. What a sensuous vixen she can be!

Kevin and Denise enjoy a sexy shower

Denise was very careful in washing me and the experience was both thrilling and frightening at the same time. Thrilling because every touch of her hands on my body felt exactly that way and frightening because it had been years since I had showered without tights and I was apprehensive of making a painful move. There were a few times that I had to grab to keep from falling when my cock swung a certain way, but my experience was mostly good.

We did pause a few times during our washing to engage in some passionate kissing, but that was just to make sure we hadn’t forgotten how to kiss properly, you understand.

After showering we dried each other; I had a lot of fun making sure that no drop of

water on her body was left undetected while she was super-careful in drying my crotch area. *Wow, I could get used to this real quick.*

I had rinsed out my tights before showering and Denise had popped them in the drier while we showered. They had dried quickly.

"Well, we've done part of the in vivo homework already—that's absolutely the best homework assignment ever, by the way—but I also need to listen to the tape and write down my feelings about what I hear, but I'm certain that I've turned the corner on this therapy. There are still things that frighten me and I need to learn those coping skills, but you helped me with the worst. And I learned a lot about myself too. You're such a doll, sweetie," Denise said as we walked, naked, back to her room.

Sadly, we had to get dressed and Denise picked up her therapy homework.

"I can do this now, on my own," she said, "not because I don't want your help but because I need to know if I can face those thoughts alone, ok, dear?"

I told her that I thought she was exactly right. We kissed again, still fairly passionately, and then I left for home.

Wow, what an evening. They say stuff like this happens to Program kids during their naked week, but I seriously doubt that anyone had a scenario like ours in mind.

I was so wiped out from that session, not to mention the rest of the day, that I got ready for bed as soon as I got home. I put the gadget on my prick, turned it on, and turned myself off for the night.

Chapter 27: Thursday Brings Surprises

I woke up and had to think to figure when and where I was. I had been having some nightmares that people were coming to take me away and then joyful dreams of making passionate love.

Wait—those weren't dreams; that stuff happened yesterday! And this is Thursday. Shit, am I ever screwed up!

I went through my morning routines almost mechanically and then realized that I had forgotten to check my emails from yesterday. I looked and there was one from Dan Hollander in Jakarta that had come in overnight and one from Bob from late afternoon yesterday. Dan's email had a secure attachment and he had used the same passkey, my overseas aunt, for it.

I unlocked the file and printed it and then printed out Bob's email too. No time to read them now; I'll do that later.

After a quick breakfast, I left to get Denise. Today the weather was foul. The wind was blowing and the rain lashed the windshield as I drove. Denise dashed to the car wearing a light plastic raincoat. Despite the nasty weather, she was really happy this morning and greeted me with a huge hug and kiss.

"'Mornin' darling," she cooed, "I guess we can be considered to be an official 'item' now, right?"

I looked at her blankly.

"Oh, you know, sex? When high school kids are just dating, they're simply friends, but if they hook up, then they're an 'item.' In terms of our having sex, we went 'all-the-way,' right?" she laughed.

"Yeah. Right." Who am I to question American high-school customs? "I see. That's not one of the customs we have on Mars, you know," I joked.

"Ohmygod. I don't know what I'm gonna do with you, I'm afraid."

"That's funny. Fletcher said the same thing about me. I guess I gotta start all over again somewhere else. I'm being rejected everywhere."

She really laughed now. "Seriously. Any chance today will be a normal day?"

"Normal? In a school running the Program? Isn't that a contradiction in terms?"

"Well said. How about, um, random calls to the office, random teachers demanding random illegal acts, random bullies doing gropes..."

"Oops. Thanks for reminding me. I gotta run home for a sec."

"Why?"

"Today I forgot to bring my most important tool: my crystal ball."

"Maybe I need to trade you in for this year's model, Kevin. You're the old model, a broken down comedian."

I guess we really are an "item" now. Denise and I are talking much the same way Mom and Dad would crack their private jokes together. God, do I ever miss them so much!

We pulled into the parking lot and wriggled out of our outer clothes in the car, locked them in the trunk, and dashed for the school. When we reached the doors we were soaked, but with what we were wearing, it didn't matter much since we would air-dry quickly. But it was a cold rain and we were

chilled. Sarah and Andrew then ran in through the doors, wet and naked.

“Hi, guys,” Andrew said, “took your advice and left the clothes in our cars.”

“Cool.” I responded. “Speaking of that, you look cold. What do they do for the Program when it’s winter here, anyway? I grew up in semitropical countries; I wouldn’t be able to walk around naked if it’s cold.”

Sarah replied, “Good question. Glad it’s not us.”

Then the other two couples arrived, wearing raincoats, and other students were coming through the doors looking wet and uncomfortable. The freshmen and sophomore pairs whispered to us, “Follow us,” and walked swiftly down the D wing and stopped at some lockers.

“These are our lockers,” Nelson said, opening his. He took off his raincoat. He was naked under it. “Jimmy’s idea. He figured we could sneak in and strip and avoid the gawkers today.”

“Cool move, Jimmy,” Andrew said as the others came over, now also naked.

“Yeah. We have our outer clothes in plastic bags in our lockers now.”

“See y’all at lunch,” Barbara said as she left with Nelson, her butt cheeks twinkling at me as she walked away.

Cute ass, but Denise’s is way better, I reflected.

Kevin ogles Barbara’s ass

As we went our respective ways to home room, I realized that this was how a high school day should begin. Calmly walking off to class. No stripping theatrics, no sexual exhibitions, no random groping. Oh well, it’s a new world with the Program running the schools.

No one stopped us for a Request; everyone we passed was looking wet and uncomfortable. A thought flashed through my mind and I snorted a laugh.

Denise looked at me. “What?”

“Ha. Had a funny thought, instant cure for groping. Use a fire hose to soak everyone between classes. Look at them; they’re too uncomfortable to bother with Requests.”

She laughed. “Funny. Yeah, you’re right. Clever thinking, honey.”

We got to home room and went to our desks. I took out Bob's email to start reading it when our teacher came in and came to my desk.

"I have a note from Mrs Raymond. She wants to speak to you now. You can go to her office and take your backpack."

Denise looked at me. "Mrs Raymond—the counselor," I whispered. She nodded.

I assumed that Raymond just wanted to talk about my graduation credits, but just to be careful, I got out the voice recorder and slipped it in my tights unobtrusively.

I found her office, wow, that first Monday seemed so long ago now. And that's when I had first met Denise and really had a chance to talk with her. What a sweet kid she is. Again I thought about how lucky I am.

When I walked into Mrs Raymond's office she looked at me in surprise.

"You're on the Program. Why are you wearing those?" pointing to my lower body.

I sighed. Nobody ever talks to each other here, do they? I dug my sheet out of my bag and wordlessly handed it to her. She read it and looked up.

"We discussed this last week when you were here. I can't pass you for the Program if you're not participating."

"You're the person who determines that? I thought it was Abover or Fletcher."

"No. Me. I'm the Program teacher for the school. Mr Abover can override my decision but only if I pass the student." She looked at her screen and hit some keys. "I also see that you never turned in the Program participation forms."

"No, and I don't intend to. My attorney said that I mustn't sign them because they'll cancel my legal rights."

"Then you won't be allowed to graduate."

"Listen, ma'am. I have a document that is signed by the school's principal and three federal Program officials that states specifically that my participation, and Miss Roberts' too, by the way, is sanctioned and approved by them for this week. If you think you can withhold a 'Program completed' endorsement on my record, or on Denise's, either, then you will be subjecting the school and yourself to lawsuits in both civil and federal courts and I will sue you personally for violating my rights, not under the Constitution, which you think gives you Program protections, but under another federal law which takes precedence over the Program. If you don't believe that, I strongly suggest you speak to Mr Overland, the school's lawyer. He knows just how badly the school would lose if he had to defend the school at trial. And so does the school board president. You could lose your job too, you know."

"You're incredibly impertinent, young man! You have no right to talk to me like that!"

"Mrs Raymond. Listen to me. If I were, say, in college, or older, and I were speaking to you in that way, would you call me impertinent? I happen to be in high school but I also happen to be a legal adult, and I will not allow anyone to treat me as if I were a child. Now I'm going to ignore what you just said and pretend that I just entered this office. I'm to see you for the purpose for which you called me. Please, what is it?"

She shrugged. "Ok, then. I've looked at your prior schooling records and the classes you're taking this

term and intend to take for the three following terms. If you keep that schedule, you'll meet all the requirements for graduation plus have earned twelve credits in A-P participation. That would place you at an upper freshman or lower sophomore level at most colleges in the country, depending on your placement test scores. You are academically highly qualified and should be proud of your achievement."

"Thank you ma'am, I am. Much of that achievement is a result of my parents' support, I assure you. They instilled in me the values of hard work. Is there anything more?"

"Yes, I have the lists of the placement testing dates and handouts on college fair dates, test prep classes, and college representative visits to give you. The school also has a college prep section on the website and I urge you to read that; it has all sorts of advice on the college application process."

I accepted the papers. "Thank you again. Anything else?"

"Let me check." She paged through her screen a few times and then opened a folder and looked back at her screen again. "Mr Coris, I see here that so far, in your Program week, you've not taken Relief even once."

I bent over and held my head with my hands and broke out laughing.

"What's so funny about that? You can't pass the Program if you don't demonstrate evidence of becoming comfortable with your body."

I was now laughing so hard my sides were hurting and she was looking at me in confusion. I tried to gather my composure.

"Ah, Mrs Raymond, this is hysterical on so many levels. First, that you actually need to keep track of how many times each student masturbates in class. Second, that masturbating in class is considered to be educational. Third, that you seem to have a minimum threshold for what is an acceptable amount, that is, you are placing an quantitative, objective value on a subjective topic. Fourth, you're assuming that one's comfort with one's body is easily demonstrated by having him perform multiple instances of an act that most people consider to be humiliating in public. Fifth, you're establishing an unpublished rule that's not even alluded to in the booklet of Program rules. I could go on and on. Tell me, let's assume the school has a rule that to graduate, every student has to walk unaided fifty meters. And they have to demonstrate that skill to some random people, who report it to the person who maintains the records. It's in the public interest to have such a rule, because we want to ensure that every person can get to a fire door unaided in the case of a fire. Would that be a fair rule to enforce?"

"Um, sure? Yes, that could be fair."

"Ok, let's go with that. We have a fair rule; so we can now enforce the rule that a person must demonstrate a certain ability, an ability which having, is clearly in the public interest, is certainly a matter of public health and safety, which provides protection to emergency personnel by freeing them up from having to make excessive rescues in emergencies, and costs little to nothing to implement. That's an almost perfect rule. Everyone has to do it, costs hardly anything, is in the public interest, serves society's needs. Kind of like what the Program does, right?"

"That's just about the best example of a quick justification of the Program that I've ever heard, Mr Coris. Did you study that for a report or something? If you did, it would deserve an 'A.'"

"Thank you. No, I never heard about the Program until I arrived in the States about eleven days ago. Getting to my example. A person comes to school. He's unable to demonstrate that he can walk

unaided fifty meters. Is it proper to deny him the right to graduate if he completes all of the academic requirements for graduation?"

"Why can't he demonstrate.... oh, I see; you tricked me."

"No trick, there are such students in most every school, even here, and they use wheelchairs or crutches. They can't walk unaided and can't use the stairs. Would you still deny them the right to graduate? Remember, under our scenario, you accepted that the rule is fair and proper, possibly even enshrined into law."

"Well, no; there would have to be an exception made for individuals with handicaps."

"Ahah. What if that law neglected to include such a handicapper exception? Then you'd be stuck, right? You'd have to get the law changed and then the regulations rewritten before you could graduate any handicapper, correct?"

"Ummm, wait, no! There's a disability law. It gives disabled people special rights so that they can be treated like anyone else."

"Good. You already know the answer. So now let's apply that answer to the Program, which you agreed was exactly analogous to the walking rule. Instead of walking, let's substitute masturbation, for which demonstrating mastery, you point out, is required to graduate. One can't walk, another can't masturbate. Is that a fair substitution?"

"No, both boys and girls both masturbate."

"What about an emasculated boy? What about a girl who's had a clitoral mutilation? What about a child who has undefined sexual organs which don't function properly? How would you expect them to demonstrate mastery of masturbation?"

"Those cases are rare..."

"Nevertheless, they exist. Do you deny such a child the right to graduate because they are physically unable to demonstrate a skill that has no relationship to the academic program they are studying? Is that fair? Or even proper?"

"Well, then the disability law would protect them, of course."

"Thank you. I rest my case."

"Wait a minute. Are you saying that you don't participate in Relief because of a disability?"

"Precisely correct. Miss Roberts, too."

"But you both look normal...."

"Ah. Many disabilities are invisible to a bystander. If you look at a deaf person who's sitting in a bus, would you know he's deaf?"

"But this is different..."

"How different? Can you look at a girl with a clitoral mutilation and tell that she was damaged in that way?"

"You're too good at this, young man. How do I know that the two of you have a disability?"

"That's actually an excellent question, ma'am. The law that you cited is known as the Americans with

Disabilities Act or ADA and defines precisely what a disability is and who and what criteria can establish its existence in a person. In our case, this was established by doctor's letters, one of the law's specified criteria."

"So the two of you have letters that say you're disabled so that you can't masturbate."

"In essence, that's correct. The two of us have medical conditions which preclude us from normally having orgasms."

"Oh, that's awful!"

"I heartily agree. It's awful to be blind or not to be able to walk, too, but many people endure living with those disabilities. If I have to have one, it would seem that mine is far preferable to most other kinds of disabilities. Now back to the initial question. Do you now agree that setting a quantitative standard for a subjective ideal is an invalid measure of the ideal?"

"You know, Mr Coris, I don't think I have ever felt like I've been cross-examined by anyone before—let alone by a high school student. You sound like you've been arguing legal matters in court cases for years and I just don't know how to deal with you. It seems that however I answer, you're able to take that answer and twist it into something I didn't intend, but I can't see how you've managed to do that. So in self-protection, I'm not going to answer your last question, because I sense a trap in whatever answer I give."

"Well, I made my point, I believe. When you speak to Mr Overland, which I urge that you do soon, he'll enlighten you about the applicability of the ADA in public schools pertaining to disabilities. I know for a fact that he's already done research on this topic. I assume I'll need a late pass for first period? The bell rang about ten minutes ago. Thanks. And thanks for the college info."

She shook her head as I walked out. "I'd love to see what he does to his college teachers when he gets there..." she murmured. I have good hearing.

While I walked to my Civics class, I remembered to turn off my recorder and put it away and then I recalled those emails. Well, they'll just have to wait. I wondered if my tape of the conversation with Mrs Reynolds would be useful for Bob, so I resolved to send him a copy because if we needed to sue, a record of that conversation could be useful.

Miss Wilson looked at the late slip as I handed it to her. "Hope this isn't becoming the new norm, Mr Coris," she intoned.

"So do I," I responded, "getting called out of classes is getting real old."

The class tittered.

Denise looked at me in concern. I mouthed to her, "It's ok."

I got caught up in the class and the rest of the period passed quickly. Then I suddenly realized that we'd likely have a showdown in Biology next period, so I got my recorder ready and checked its memory. We were expected to be naked for Mr Wilbur when the class started. Yeah, right.

During class change, we got off really lightly on Requests. Denise said it was because we weren't interesting anymore and people couldn't ask us to do much, although I did get a Request from a heavy-set younger girl who wanted to feel my butt on my bare skin, so I turned to her and lowered the back of my tights so she could stroke my ass. Denise was surprised, but I pointed out that if she put her hand down the back, it would stretch the fabric tightly across the front and...

Her eyes grew wide. “Oh yeah...”

Chapter 28: Crazies and Foursomes

We got to class two minutes before the bell, sat down, and I pulled out my Program booklet and a copy of the Program officials' signed agreement.

Soon Mr Wilbur came in—with Abover following, arm sling and all. Oh joy. Wilbur shot a glare at Denise and me and said something to Abover, who walked to the door and stationed himself there. *Ok, looks like some kind of setup. Keep any of the students from leaving,* I guessed. I turned on the recorder again and pulled out my little video camera, giving it to Denise.

"They're setting something up. Whatever happens, stay in your seat and video what happens. This has a wide-angle lens."

"Ok."

The bell rang and Mr Wilbur spoke. "I told you yesterday that the two of you needed to be naked for this lesson. Now strip."

Let's see if my guess is correct. "Sir, I request that a Guardian fetch Dr Fletcher for this discussion. Ann, could you please go get him?"

She got up and went to the door but Abover moved in front to block it. Ahah. I nodded to Denise to start videoing.

"Mr Wilbur, why are you trapping us in the room? Do you realize that keeping us here is a form of kidnapping or another kind of illegal restraint?"

There was a loud outburst from the class.

Wilbur shouted, "Quiet! This is not kidnapping! I intend to maintain order and Mr Abover is assisting."

"Exactly what kind of order, sir? I see no unruly behavior."

"Your failure to follow orders is unruly behavior."

"I follow proper orders, not illegal ones. If you give me a proper order, I will follow it."

"I asked you to strip."

"And the basis of that order?"

"My authority as your teacher."

"Your authority stems not from your position but from the rules that govern how a teacher is required to conduct his class, sir. This isn't the military where a superior may issue a random order based on his whim. I decline removing my clothes, for any reason, because you have no authority to require that."

"I thought that's what you'd say, and I intend to teach you that you don't run this school. You have most of the teachers afraid of you; well, I'm not. I've heard of what you can do in a fight. I have a judo black belt and can take you one-handed. Then I will strip you myself; I won't be gentle and if you get hurt, it will be your doing."

"Anyone in the class with a mobile, please ring 911 and tell them that a teacher is endangering his students and there could be injuries," I called to the class.

"NO! If anyone calls, I'll fail them."

"Don't believe him," I called. "As of this minute, he's lost his job. Call now."

Kids had their mobiles out and I could hear them talking. This guy had gone berserk.

Then I called to Abover, "Mr Abover, you might as well leave. If you're here when the police arrive, you'll be an accessory, you know."

He looked uncertain, glancing back and forth between Wilbur and me.

Wilbur growled at him, "You'd better not leave, you know," and then he started toward me.

I jumped up from my desk and called to the class, "Keep out of the way, everyone! Stay near a wall."

There were shrieks and shouts from all around as the kids moved away from me. I called to Denise to get safe and keep shooting if she could.

Wilbur was advancing on me in a very competent manner. I saw few openings and decided I'd let time work for me now, so I kept moving away from Wilbur, always keeping a desk between us. I was trying to work my way over to the fire alarm box; pulling the alarm would cause a great diversion. Suddenly Wilbur tried a charge to the side of the desk I was behind but I noticed from his hips that he was going to shift direction, so as he came forward, I vaulted over the other side of the desk to the spot where he had been. Looked like that confused him, good. I maybe could have taken him down at that point, but there was about a 25 percent possibility that he could have anticipated my move; not good odds.

So we did more circling as I kept getting closer to the alarm. Where were the cops? There was supposed to be one on duty at the school. Then I noticed that some of the kids had opened a window and were letting themselves out of the room. There was only a short, maybe four foot, drop to the ground outside. More and more kids were now getting out and Wilbur didn't notice; he was concentrating on me, not the other students. Finally I was close to the alarm box so I jumped for it and pulled the lever. Meanwhile Wilbur jumped for me and caught my arm as I twisted away and I got him to let go with a karate chop to the forearm before he could get a good grip on me. But my chop was a glancing one and did little damage.

But the horns were sounding now and there was turmoil in the halls; suddenly the door opened and a teacher stuck his head in.

"Evacuation alarm! You need..." and then he saw what was happening and pulled back.

I called, "Berserk teacher! Need the cops!" as I dodged another attempt at grabbing me.

Now I had had enough. I pulled back away from Wilbur by several desks, picked one up, and hurled it at him. It was heavy and cumbersome and he dodged it easily. I picked up another and made like I was going to throw it and got him off balance; now he was watching for my throw instead of trying to get to me.

Just then three cops came through the door with their weapons ready.

"Drop! On the floor now!" one shouted. "Everyone! Down on the floor!"

I dropped immediately and I noticed that Wilbur took that as a chance to try to reach me and rushed at me. I heard a buzzing pop sound and Wilbur screeched and went down. I looked up and saw that one of the cops had a bulky, ugly looking handgun and realized that I was looking at a police taser and Wilbur had been the target.

A few more cops came into the room and began checking out the few kids who had remained. Denise

was among them, and bless her, she appeared to be still videoing from her spot on the floor. One cop came over to me.

"Kid, was he after you?"

"Yes, sir. He said he was going to physically punish me, that he had a black belt and would take me down. All the students were witnesses and I think there's a video and a sound recording of it too."

"Really. Where's the video?"

I called for Denise and she answered.

"With her. Can she come over here?"

The cop waved her over.

"Denise, do you think you got what happened on the camera?" I asked.

"Yeah, I'm pretty sure. This thing is really simple."

During the next hour and a half, there were lots of things to get sorted. First, it was quickly established that the alarm wasn't a threat and all the classes returned to the building. That took ten minutes. The kids from the biology class drifted back to the classroom mainly because their belongings were still here, and the cops got their statements. Abover had disappeared in the confusion when the cops arrived, so I mentioned his role in the event. Denise and I wound up (again) in Fletcher's office with two cops; they wanted to view the video and hear the tape.

The video was a bit grainy and very shaky in places, but very clearly showed mostly everything right from Wilbur's threats to the cops' entry. Fletcher produced a thumb drive and I saved the video and audio files to it. The whole thing had lasted maybe about four minutes—seemed like hours to me. The audio was muffled in places but was still mostly understandable. Denise and I also gave our statements and then the cops left, leaving us alone again with Fletcher. He was sitting there with his head in his hands.

"What have I done to deserve this? Ok now, I know what happened when Wilbur started to threaten you. Tell me what happened before that."

"He told Denise and me to strip. I followed your advice and asked a Guardian—Ann something—to fetch you so I wouldn't get into an argument about the rules with him, just as I promised, sir. Abover wouldn't let Ann out of the room and Wilbur said that no one would leave the room; then he came after me. I think that part's somewhat audible but kind of muffled because of where I had the recorder. Why do you think he went crazy that way? I didn't want to try to tackle him because people like that can really be dangerous to fight and he looked like he knew his stuff. I know my limits and won't take stupid risks."

"I shouldn't tell you this but I don't really care now. We've had some prior reports of problems with Mr Wilbur. Last year, when we started the Program, we had an incident reported but there was only one witness; her description was disturbing because it appeared to be psychotic behavior, and we heard of another incident, an unprovoked bar fight, earlier in the year. The district investigated; they couldn't gather compelling evidence but tried to dismiss him anyway; however, the union was able to block the dismissal. Now we've got him; he's gone for real. Ok, guys, I guess that's today's little drama. You can get back to classes again, not that seems to matter here anymore."

Perfect timing; just in time to get to lunch. The bell was going to ring in two minutes, so we hustled to

beat the rush. Hell, I realized, I still need to read those damned emails!

Today we didn't bother with the lunch line. Denise and I had brought our own fruits and drinks, so we went to our table right away, stopping at the Guardians' table to talk about the incident in our biology class. Ann was there and she told me that she was disappointed that I hadn't put on a fighting show for the class. I joked that it was tough luck for her; meanwhile Denise had gone to our table, so I joined her.

Denise and I were sitting at our table when about four minutes later, Barbara and Jane rushed in, breathless. They put their bags down on the seats and Jane took Barbara's hand.

"Thanks for that, out there," Jane said.

"No problem."

Denise asked, "What?"

Jane answered, "I was moving slowly in the line going into the lunchroom and the Guardian was in front of me, when I felt a hand on my butt and suddenly someone was trying to stick a finger into my pussy from behind. I couldn't move forward so I tried to grab the arm, when I heard a sharp slap and a guy go 'Ouch!' I turned around and a boy was hurrying away, rubbing his face, and Barbara was standing there with a grin."

"Yeah, I whacked him a really good one. Bet he has a hand mark on his fat face," Barbara grinned.

"Good for you!" Denise exclaimed. "Anyone know who it was?"

"The Guardian ran to follow him, blowing her whistle. I think my hand print will be pretty good evidence." She left for the food line.

Gradually our table filled up and we talked about teachers going crazy. We all decided this was a result of the Program and then Andrew piped up with one of his crazy comments.

"There's gotta be a mandatory Program law passed for the teachers," he declaimed. "So they all can experience 'Teaching Naked in School'!"

There was a brief pause while the implications of that idea sunk in, and then there was a chorus of "Eeeewwwwws" from everyone.

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After we had eaten, it was almost time for the free Request period to begin. I was seated next to Denise and Barbara was next to her. Jane, who had been sitting opposite Barbara, stood up and walked around the table to stand behind Barbara. She pulled her up out of her seat.

"Now I want to thank you properly for before, Barbara," Jane said, as she embraced her and kissed her on the lips gently.

But Barbara put her own arms around Jane's head and pulled her face closer, crushing their lips together passionately. The two stood there with their tits mashed together, kissing, stroking each other, and moaning. Then Barbara pulled back a bit.

"Oh, god, Jane. I've wanted to do that ever since I first saw you," she whispered, and resumed the kiss.

Suddenly a girl standing behind me said, "Reasonable Request. I request that the black-haired girl kiss the other girl's pussy."
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A Guardian standing nearby said, “Only if they agree. If they don’t, it’s not Reasonable.”

Barbara looked at Jane and pulled her a little closer. “Would you mind, Jane? I’d love that.”

Jane blushed. “Um, I don’t know...”

“Oh, please? Pretty please?” Barbara kissed Jane again.

“Oh, ok, but I never did this before...”

“Just do to me what feels good to you. I’ll tell you a few things I like,” she said as she slid her ass onto the table.

This time I didn’t have the best vantage point to watch them, but Denise did and she was staring at them open-mouthed and—oh my god—Denise had put her hand in her crotch and was moving it around! Wow! Their kissing must have got her motor running, I supposed. Cool. Then I watched as Barbara lay back and spread her thighs.

“First wet your finger, Jane. Use my juices if you want,” Barbara suggested.

Jane gently dipped her finger into Barbara’s pussy, wiggled it a bit, and when she withdrew it, I could see that it looked wet—dripping wet.

“Now use your finger to gently rub around my clit. Not on the clit, around it.”

Jane shifted herself a bit and with her opposite hand, she rested her thumb and index finger on either side of Barbara’s slit and gently opened her outer lips, slowly pulling their folds back and revealing the interior of Barbara’s pussy. Then she brought her wet finger up to the exposed clit hood and I could see how horny Barbara was; her clit was all puffed up and the whole area was engorged.

“Uuuunnnhhhh. Rub around it. Not hard! Ahhhhhh... oh, honey, kiss it now.... tongue...”

Now Jane got to work. Keeping Barbara’s clit exposed, she ran her tongue between her inner and outer lips and used her tongue to flick the sides of her clit. Then she moved over to where Barbara’s thigh met her pussy and kissed along that area. Next she moved back to her pussy, lapping her tongue up and down inside between Barbara’s inner lips. Then she ran her tongue lightly up and down her outer lips. And all this time she alternated those attentions with a visit to Barbara’s clit, giving it a flick at its top and running her tongue in a circle around its base. Barbara was moaning now and shuddering in pleasure.

Nelson and Barbara having intercourse in the lunchroom

Suddenly, Nelson climbed onto the table, bent over Barbara’s right tit, sucked it

into his mouth, and used his right hand to tweak and pull her left nipple; at the same time Jimmy ducked down between Jane's legs and began eating her snatch, rubbing her breasts, and pulling on her nipples.

When this assault on her own pussy began, Jane began lapping and flicking her tongue in Barbara's snatch in earnest and then it seemed like she must have bit Barbara's clit with her teeth, because Barbara unleashed a howl and clamped her thighs so hard around Jane's head that Jane's face turned red.

"Aaaaaahhhhhhhh! Ooooohhhhhh! Ohmygod! Yaaaaaaahhhh!" Barbara shouted as her body was wracked with an extended orgasm, since Jane was still nibbling her clit. "Sssstop! No more! Aaaahhhh..."

Jane stood upright, red-faced and panting, and looked down at Jimmy; then she grabbed him by his hair and pulled him up.

"Get up! I need you now!" she hissed at him. "Fuck me. NOW!"

Jane and Jimmy get caught up in the lascivious Program action

She leaned back against the table and slid up onto it, lying back with her ass hanging off the edge. Jimmy moved between her legs and put his long, skinny cock at her engorged opening; I could see that her vulval lips were flushed and drooling. She wrapped her legs around behind Jimmy's ass and pulled as he thrust forward.

"Eeeeeehhhhhhhhyyyyyyaaaa!" Jane screamed as Jimmy drove all the way into her pussy with one swift thrust and his balls whacked her ass.

"Aaaaaahhhhh," came from two throats as Jimmy rocked his hips back and slid his cock partly out of her hole and I saw that it was coated with blood! Jane had been a virgin, and Jimmy had just taken her cherry! Now the two began pounding at each other in earnest and Jimmy's hips were almost a blur as he hammered into her channel and Jane wiggled her hips up and down, trying to force his thrusts deeper. I could see Jimmy's balls bounce against her ass on every thrust and swing out as he withdrew. The wet slap-slap-slapping sound as their sexes met was so hot.

Suddenly Jane stiffened, sat halfway up, and screamed; then she fell back, but I could see the muscles in her belly spasming as she came, while Jimmy shouted and clenched his ass cheeks as he unleashed his load inside her.

While all of that was going on, Barbara had pushed Nelson off her breasts and onto his back on the top

of the table; then she straddled his hips, grabbed his cock, positioned her pussy over it, and impaled herself on it, sinking down until their groins met.

"Uuuuuhhhhnnnnn," she groaned. "Oooohhh, that hurt!"

She lifted up a little to adjust her position and I saw a little stream of blood seep out of where Nelson's cock joined her body. Another deflowering! I guess the stories are really true. Few girls make it through their Program week with their virginities intact.

Barbara then began to fuck herself on Nelson's cock and he pushed his hips up to meet her each time she dropped her body. I could easily see where they were joined, and a pink froth was soon oozing out of where the two kids were joined.

Just as Jimmy's and Jane's orgasms hit, Nelson rolled Barbara over and got on top of her and began pumping into her like he wanted to drive her though the table; the two were rutting like wild animals, grunting and gasping as Nelson hammered into her.

While all of that was happening, Denise was fingering her crotch, so I slid closer and, replacing her fingers with mine, and took over the stroking. She leaned her head back and we kissed; then I hooked my fingers under the hem of her suit bottom. She gasped but then sighed, "It's ok." I dipped my finger into the fluids that had pooled between her pussy lips, found her little clit nub, and gently swirled my finger around its base. In about a minute, she jerked with a little cum.

"Aaaaaahhhh.... So nice, darling..." and turned and wrapped her arms around my neck. We shared a passionate kiss.

The sex scene had begun to break up and I looked to see where Andrew and Sarah were. Andrew had a very self-satisfied expression and Sarah was sporting some wet facial decorations, so I figured that they had also been busy. The kids around us were humming in muted conversations; many were red-faced, and I could see some guys self-consciously adjusting their pants or shorts. *Hmmmm. Bet their next stop would be the rest room. Another hot day in the lunchroom.*

No one seemed to be interested in Requests anymore and we had about five minutes to kill before the bell, so we sat at a table near the door and I pulled out Bob's email. Interesting... it was about Abover's background investigation. There was nothing available through official channels, but Bob had unconventional contacts and one of them provided the key. Using a contact he knew in Abover's gym, Bob's investigator had been able to have the contact slip Abover a thumb drive with some boxing videos that when played, infected Abover's computer with a trojan that allowed his email messages to be viewed. The email messages themselves had been encrypted but their destinations were now known. The investigator was then able to send a phishing message to some of those contacts and got lucky. The bait was taken and he was able to access one of their systems. And from that, the investigator learned that some of them, possibly Abover too, were part of an Eastern European child-trafficking sex ring.

Damn. Heavy stuff. And dangerous also. Denise had turned pale as she read this.

"God, Kevin. Are we involved in something like this? It's terrible! What can we do?"

"I don't think that there's any evidence that Abover is tied to this. It looks like this sex-ring contact is maybe three jumps away from him, actually. But it shows that his associates have very unsavory friends."

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I really wasn't looking forward to health class. At our last meeting with Miss Stevens, it hadn't gone very well for her. I was expecting some form of retaliation and hoped that it wouldn't be in the form of another berserk teacher. So when we got to class, the two of us were pleasantly surprised. Gone from the front table were the sex toys and instead there were a few stacks of pamphlets. The projection screen was lowered, too. Hey, maybe the teach has a brain and took my advice? Amazing.

"Class, today we'll be starting our unit on 'Sexual Health of American Teens' as I mentioned last time. Before we start, I want to remind you of the class grading system we use. We discussed it in our first class last week but there are a few changes. Unchanged are the exams. The midterm and final make 50 percent of the grade. Quizzes another 20 percent; homework and reports, 10 percent. The final 20 percent is participation and this is where the changes are. The changes involve certain demonstrations involving sexual contact that were previously performed under Program rules, are now limited."

I looked at Denise. We both signaled a "thumbs up" to each other.

"Participation, you'll recall, works like this. I award points for significant participation. As an example, if I ask a question of someone, let's say his name is Simon, and Simon answers, that's not considered significant. But if Simon expands on that answer and offers a few related facts or otherwise demonstrates an expanded knowledge of that question, he will earn participation points. The objective is for you to read, not only the class textbook on which the tests are based, but also the suggested readings, since this is where you will earn participation points. You can see that if you have an otherwise perfect class record but no participation points, your highest possible grade will be a low 'B.'

"The change is this. If I ask for a volunteer to help demonstrate a topic under discussion, the volunteer will earn double the participation points if the demo involves nudity, and yes, in those demos, the student or students will be completely naked. Participation will be voluntary. Are there any questions?"

I heard Denise breathe, "Wow." Then she looked at me and mouthed, "Hero."

There was a lot of murmuring and then a few hands went up, I might say, very tentatively, as if the student thought that by asking the question, he or she might be volunteering for something.

"Ok, in the third row. Your name?"

"Jocelyn. Last time you showed all kinds of sex things to put in the vagina. Do people need to volunteer for that and will you still do it?"

"Yes. Question right here. Second row."

"My name is Robin. If someone volunteers and has to get all naked, do they dress after that?"

"They stay naked for the whole class. Over there, in the back."

"I'm Quenton. Does the class cover intercourse?"

"Yes. We cover all intercourse positions. Oh, yes. All demonstration sessions are videoed and posted on the school's website. And whenever there are two student demonstrators, they both get credit."

At that, all the hands went down. They had some serious thinking to do. Miss Stevens then passed out the pamphlets from the first stack.

"This pamphlets covers male sexual stimulation and the first four pages show the penis in the various stages of stimulation. For the first demo, is there a boy who will volunteer to demonstrate how he gets an erection?"

There were no takers and Stevens looked quite disappointed. She went on discussing male sexual arousal and finally showed a video of a man getting an erection and then ejaculating, all done solo. In the rest of the class time, we discussed topics that pertained to male arousal and many boys did participate by describing the sights and actions that aroused them and even discussed masturbation, but very hesitantly.

It seemed to me that Stevens would have to be fairly creative in conducting her class this way; certainly that's why she wanted the crutch of a Program participant or two to give her a captive teaching aid. I shuddered to think about being forced to have to fuck someone in front of a whole class of kids—and have a public video made of it too.

After class, there was pandemonium, with almost everyone vowing not to volunteer for any demo ever in that class.

Denise took my hand and kissed it. "I'm having palpitations to think what we escaped thanks to you! They didn't tell us that this stuff went on in health class last term."

I looked at the class sheets we got on Tuesday and pointed to the dates on the page bottoms. "Look. Dated in August. This class must have been revamped over the summer."

"Oh my god. And we escaped!" She threw her arms around me and hugged me hard.

In some way, the last two class periods had become kind of a letdown because nothing exciting seemed to happen—which was just great! They were plain, ordinary classes with normal teachers and normal subjects. And once again, at dismissal bell, Denise was off like a shot for her mom's car. The weather was still nasty but she told me that she had put some extra outer clothes in her mom's car instead of needing to get the ones she left in the Volvo. Today she had a dentist appointment and her therapy appointment later in the afternoon.

When I passed by the main entrance, I was amused to see a number of confused kids milling around, apparently trying to figure out where the Program kids would be dressing. I just hurried on past them, out into the rain, and then dashed for my car. *Damn. Still haven't read Dan's message.* But first I needed to make that PT appointment, so I did—they actually had a Saturday morning opening, too.

I sat in my car and read the file that Dan had sent. Wow, this was hot news. Politically hot. Dan wrote that Bob Charlesworth had sent him all of the information on the Program stuff that I had experienced up to Tuesday. Through my mom, Dan had gotten to know the U.S. ambassador to Indonesia, Roger Vickers, and they had become friendly; Vickers had been recently appointed to his post and had high-school aged kids. Dan told me that he had mentioned the Program to Mr Vickers in passing when Vickers asked him how I was doing; then Vickers mentioned that his daughters' school had sent him some papers about their adopting a federal sex-ed program but he hadn't paid any attention to it because the family would be living in Indonesia.

Dan told him about what had happened to me and also some of Bob's son's experiences and he was appalled. It turns out that he was the roommate of the president for three years during college. Dan wrote that Vickers was on the phone to the president later that day, and apparently the president was now making inquiries about the irregularities I had encountered. He concluded that he thought that the Program was due for some serious investigation by the Department of Education and the Department of Justice, both cabinet post agencies. Since the Program was run by an administrator, not a cabinet secretary, its political influence, although great, didn't have the same clout.

When I got home, I copied off the audio file of my meeting with Mrs Raymond and emailed it to Bob

with a note about its possible use, should the school try to keep Denise and me from graduating. Then I fired up my web browser and went to the student NiS site.

Wow, the kids were doing a really professional job on the site. There were all sorts of cool blog postings, mainly commentary about how many schools were solving their problems well and enjoying a fair degree of student (and parent) support, while others seemed to be operating in the dark ages with stories of student treatment that seemed to border on torture—sadistic teachers and really humiliating punishments.

There was one very disturbing case where a freshman girl was accused of cheating on a test. Her punishment was to become essentially the sex slave of a classmate for three days, beginning with the forced loss of her virginity at the boy's hand—er, cock, having the word "cheat" written on her forehead with body paint, and then being led around naked including going to her classes while any student could fondle her in any way they wanted. She could also be required to have intercourse (with a limit of two times a day) with any boy who asked. And her and her parents' forced consent to allow that abuse was considered "voluntary." If she refused, she'd be expelled, but her parents would still have to provide an education for her but had no resources to do that. So expulsion was not possible and neither was withdrawal from school. And this happened in the good ol' U.S. of A.? Unbelievable. What a corruption of the Program.

But how did schools handle cases where the kids tried to show that the Program rules weren't being followed—cases similar to mine where I had challenged the reading of those rules? I wondered how I could find this out. Since this kind of information might be fairly complicated to ferret out of the forum posts, I needed another set of eyes to help me look.

I thought of Denise; if she helped me look, maybe she'd notice things that I missed. So I rang her. I was in luck since Denise was home between appointments.

"Ok, honey, I can talk for forty minutes and then I gotta go to my therapy," she answered.

I asked Denise to look with me at the some of the posts.

"Denise, your situation with being forced into the Program with a medical exemption, and how we used the Program rules the way we did, gave me an idea. I'm looking to see if there are any other similar cases mentioned in these posts. Could you take a look at the posts that I've filtered? Use this search term..." I gave her the text string. "Let me know when you have the results. Good. Go to, um, page 16 so we're not looking at the same pages. Now what I'm looking for are any accounts that describe how kids with problems in their Program week were dealt with by the schools."

We looked at several forum pages for a few minutes.

Then, "Kevin, I see a couple where the officials took the kids who had problems out of the school with them. On page 16 and 19 has another."

"Yes, I see two like that on a few of my pages. Mmmm, here's a few more. I guess that's what the Program enforcers do sometimes. Yeah, remember, they came here to put me into custody over Abover's assault? I wonder how many times they do that..." I trailed off; the hair on the back of my head, as they say, rose. Something had clicked.

*Uh oh. This is bad for Denise to see. Real, **real** bad.*

"Ok, sweetie, thanks for looking with me. I think I see what I was looking for now. See you tomorrow, doll, ok?"

Holy fuckin' shit! It couldn't be! I could see a chilling pattern in the description of how some kids were treated after they had had an encounter with a Program official. These incidents were infrequent and seemed to be scattered all over the country but there was an unsettling similarity, not in the details, but in general. There was nothing overt in any particular incident, but taken as a group, the conclusion was alarming. What to do? Who can I alert? This is dangerous ground.

I decided that I needed to ask Bob, so I rang his office. He was in court and I was referred to another of his associates, one who was only passingly familiar with my personal situation. I described the gravity and sensitivity of my call but did not want to give him any details and that I needed to talk to Bob in person, not by phone. I was getting a bit paranoid about this, but the more I thought about it, the worse I felt. He promised to have Bob contact me as soon as possible.

I disconnected the call and then copied selections from about two dozen of the postings, organized the clips, highlighted relevant sections, and printed out the result. I hoped that my conclusions were wrong; there has to be another explanation, and Bob could certainly provide that.

I tried to take my mind off that problem by tackling my homework; I had an English composition to write and a History report due next week. I looked through my class notes. *Calculus problem sets, those are simple; civics readings, some on line, that's ok; the English and History readings. Biology. What a loss. Nine days into the term and no substantive work covered or assigned. Health. Another loser. Figures, the two Program classes. This NiS Program's gonna destroy American education if this trend continues. Oh, well, let me lose myself in the work.*

And I did; an hour and a half passed before I came up for air and that was only because my mobile was ringing. Bob? No, Denise. She told me that her therapy session went very, very well today, mainly because it was mostly reviewing the things she had accomplished. Her "homework" was basically the breathing exercises and going thorough those first "imagining the past" memory recollections that were now causing her very little anxiety. She was doing things now like going alone on a bus and walking alone on a street downtown, things that she had avoided doing because they scared her.

She was finished with her regular daily therapy sessions; the next one was in a week. She was very apologetic that she didn't have time for me to visit today (and I was disappointed too but glad to have time to get some school work done), and that she'd see me in the morning. We gave each other an electronic kiss and disconnected.

I dove back into my homework and maybe 45 minutes later another call came in; now it was from Bob.

"Hi, Kevin, this sounds sinister," he remarked.

"Thanks for calling back. Yeah, I ran into something disturbing and possibly dangerous and either I'm becoming paranoid or there's something awful going on. I can't be specific because I want to be careful about what I say. Is there a good place for us to meet? I'm worried and don't want to be worried about this too long."

"Yeah, you sound worried. I can hear a little strain in your voice. It's a good skill for a trial lawyer to have, you know," then he laughed. "Tell you what. I'm leaving the office now and if it's ok I can stop off at your home. Will that work?"

"Oh, thanks! That's perfect."

Bob arrived about 25 minutes later and I showed him what I had found. He looked over the papers, and then he started to read through them again, flipping back and forth. Then he leaned back.

"Holy shit, pardon my French. Oh my god."

"You mean I'm right?"

"Kevin, you've got one hell of a mind. How many forum posts did you say there were?"

"Um, maybe a few thousand? You know I didn't read all of them. Denise helped me look, too"

"Well, no, but you picked out one tiny detail, recognized it as a triggery issue, and then began seeing it in its various forms in a whole variety of its possible descriptions. That's an impressive thing to be able to do. Oh, yeah. That audio file you sent me. You know, you're famous at my firm now. The associates are insisting that I make you an honorary member of the firm."

He was really laughing now.

"What do you mean?"

"Hell, son. There ain't that many lawyers, even experienced ones, who could tear apart a witness in a cross-examination the way you did, on the fly, with zero preparation. I sent that file to my associates and they're all studying it to improve their own questioning techniques. Plus it's just funny, how you led that innocent teacher down the garden path to her slaughter and she had no idea!" He laughed again. "Yep, that file will be very useful; if we have to play it in court, it'll cause a sensation. Well done."

I felt my face flush while he was telling me this. Hell, I was only defending Denise's and my rights, after all.

Bob continued, "I know who can take the information you collected here and run with it and keep your involvement totally secret. You're right, this is a really big issue and extremely explosive. Even I can't tell where this will lead to, so I won't even try guessing. May I take these pages? This url is the students' website address?"

"Sure. And that's the address. How soon can you alert whoever about it?"

"Just as soon as I get home. Hmmm. I'm thinking that I'm beginning to see the bigger picture now, yes, oh my. Yes, if what I have just imagined is true, by next week the media will have the biggest news story since the September 11 attacks. I can't say more now, son, but I'll try to keep you in the loop. I want that analytical mind of yours on my side. Let me run now and I'll be in touch. Thanks for doing all this, too."

"Oh, Bob, before you go, I've been meaning to ask where your *dojang* is. I need to get back to training."

"Sure, Kevin. Let's see if I have a card. Oh, good. Here it is. I'll let *Sahyun nim* Kim know that you may come. Maybe I'll see you there sometimes. Anyway, gotta go now."

We shook hands, and then he hugged me. "Take good care of yourself, son." Then he left.

Wow. I guess I'm not paranoid—unless both of us are.

I had lots of things to think about now. Complicated things. If this is what it's like being an adult, I'm not sure I wanna be one just yet. Can't I keep being a teen for a couple more years? Sigh.

It was getting late and I still had a little work to do, so I finished it and then sent emails to Aunt Janet and Dan, telling them a little about my week and for Dan, thanking him for his news about the political

firestorm that seems to have been unleashed. Then I got ready for bed, therapy unit and all, and fell into a dreamless sleep.

Chapter 29: Friday Brings Completion. Perhaps.

When I woke Friday morning, the weather was overcast but the storm had passed. Then I learned that this time of year was hurricane season in this part of the country. Indonesia had similar storms we called cyclones and Japan had typhoons. Can't escape the nasty weather, right? Apparently the storm yesterday was from the outer fringe of a hurricane. That's why we got that really gusty wind and all that rain. Go figure; I need to start listening to the weather.

Denise and I arrived at school a little earlier than usual this morning and we were congratulating each other that this was our last Program day. I had decided not to tell her about my discovery because she might get scared; hell, it scared me! The school doors would be opened in about five minutes so we just sat in the car and talked. I mentioned my Saturday PT appointment and about how great the website was doing. Discussion about the website was all over the social media now and not an hour would pass without a text arriving about a particular juicy posting.

Soon kids began gathering at the doors, but it was cool and breezy, so only the hardiest kids waited for the Program students to arrive, which they soon did, but they all had dressed in clothes that could be removed in seconds. We had just joined them as they threw off their clothes and ran into the school before the first syllable of "Reasonable" could be uttered.

When the home room bell rang, Denise and I were asked once again if we wanted relief and we declined. Today's announcements were short and mentioned that some were being saved for this afternoon's assembly. And guess what? No one was called to the office.

Civics class was interesting since we were starting a unit on American government and public events, covering news events of the past five years and how government, the three branches, responded to those events. This resulted in lots of interesting debates about whether the issues had been dealt with according to the law or public opinion, whatever that is. As the period ended, my thoughts turned to Biology. What would that class be like today after yesterday's disaster?

I needn't have worried. The septuagenarian (he really looked ancient) sub was there again today and he spent the period reading the text to us. And Calculus was always a bright spot in the day; Mrs Evander always found ways to make the class interesting without trying to use naked (in our case, semi-naked) students in the lesson.

Reasonable Request activity happening during class changes had calmed down significantly. The frantic attempts to get in Requests during the past several days had tapered off; the novelty of having naked students in the halls was wearing off and I could see some of the naked kids from our group walking across the commons during class changes without being stopped. Remarkable. I supposed that come Monday, however, the fresh meat of the new naked group would result in renewed interest. Well, we shall see.

Denise did get a Request in the lunch line but a Guardian shut that down; all Requests had to be held until after thirty minutes into the period. When we got to our table for the final time, hooray, all the others were there talking intently.

"Guys, what's up?" Denise asked.

"The news reports about the website," Nelson said. "You didn't hear?"

"No, we've been in classes. What's happening with the site?" I asked.

Barbara answered, "I had a library project last period and some kids heard a report. The major

networks were reporting on our website and how the feds were trying to shut it down."

"Yeah," said Jane, "I heard it in the commons earlier, too. There's a report that the feds plan to get it shut it down before Monday. Can they do that?"

I thought for a second. "I don't see how; its location is hidden and connections are made to it by private lines; I think they're called VPNs. The only way to reach the server is to connect to a VPN outlet, and there are a number of them. They hide the actual server's internet address. It's a cool process. The guys who set it up said it's part of something called the 'deep web.' I don't know much about this stuff, but I think it's just the feds trying to scare the operator into doing something that they can detect."

We spent the rest of the time eating and congratulating ourselves on making it to Friday but careful not to put a hex on us for the remaining several periods. After all, we still had three more periods to go plus assembly. Then the thirty minutes were up and Andrew looked around. There weren't many people who seemed to be headed our way but a few were.

He joked, "Hey guys, Request time! Anyone up for a repeat of yesterday's after-lunch fuck-fest? That was a really hot scene!"

Both Barbara and Jane buried their faces in their hands.

Jane moaned, "God! I was so embarrassed!"

And Barbara said, "Hell, I don't think so! My pussy is so sore today! I think Nelson took off two layers of skin in there!"

"No shit," said Jane. "I was so sore by seventh period it hurt to walk."

A few diehards arrived and asked for some Requests. The ones asking for pussy touching were politely declined, and the remaining people gradually drifted away, leaving us alone.

We spent the remaining ten minutes of the lunch period just talking about school and social events, and the others told us about some of their less notable experiences during the week. Everyone thought that their participating was a total waste of effort and the hoopla about becoming comfortable with their sexuality was a joke. Sarah wasn't a virgin when the week started, and the other girls said that they would have preferred waiting and doing it in a more romantic setting than a school lunchroom table. Everyone did agree that they shared very deep feelings with their partners and they all intended to keep together, so the Program did have that good result.

I expressed my own opposition to the Program as a person who was thrown into the situation cold with absolutely no preparation. I had not even had the exposure as a teen growing through puberty and being exposed to the increased sexualization of society; as I pointed out to their great amusement, I truly was "the man from Mars."

Then the bell rang. It always seems to ring when the conversation has completed. Have you ever noticed that?

Health class was next and on Fridays it was Psychology. Our homework readings were on biofeedback; this should be an interesting class since my Eastern Arts training had taught me how the mind and body work in complementary ways to achieve goals like inner peace and self-regulation of the mind in all kinds of ways. It would be interesting to compare this approach with the Western, scientific idea of doing the same thing.

Miss Herndon was in the Health classroom when we arrived, fiddling with a strange electronic

apparatus. It looked like an old-style stereo console (my folks had one with knobs, buttons, and displays) with a batch of wires coming out of it, some were connected to a computer. The remaining wires were quite long; some had straps or loops and others terminated in snaps or cup-shaped objects.

The classroom was filling up and the bell rang.

“Students, quickly take your seats; we have a lot to cover, and I need our Program students up here right now.”

She stared at Denise and me when we stood and walked to the front.

“You’re supposed to be naked...”

I held up my hand. “Miss Herndon, you weren’t told? We have an exemption that allows us to wear these,” I indicated the garments.

“But the demo—we need to access your sexual organs.”

Denise gasped and I pushed her back to her desk.

“Sorry. That’s not possible. Exemption for that too.”

“But participation in class demos is mandatory for Program students. You have to do this.”

“Ma’am, we really don’t. But we’ll try to see if there’s a way we can participate in a limited way. Please tell me what you intend to do and I’ll see if I can accommodate you. But only me. If Miss Roberts thinks she can do it after me, then we’ll see.”

“But this requires a boy and girl at the same time...”

“I’m sure you can make allowances. Or you could ask a different boy and girl to volunteer.”

She did, and no one volunteered.

“Perhaps if you explained what the demo is about, you may get a volunteer,” I suggested.

“Very well. Your assignment was to read about biofeedback. This device here is a sensitive amplifier that can detect the tiny electrical signals the body produces and other bodily physiological events and amplify or otherwise detect them so that they can be displayed using this computer. It displays pulse rate, respiration, skin conductance and resistance, body temperature, and several other factors. The results are stored and can be played back. What I planned to do was to demonstrate the physiological signs of sexual arousal in the male and female at the same time, showing how tactile, visual, and verbal stimulation translates to measurable bodily responses, in a side-by-side comparison to see if any apparent differences can be detected. Basically this allows us to observe the way the mind and body interact in response to arousal. And the students need to be naked for the demo and be connected to the biofeedback amplifier.”

She held up the wires.

“Naked why?”

“The first part is tactile, and the person’s entire body has to be accessible.”

“I’m willing to do this, but my tights must remain on. And no contact with my groin.”

“That’s impossible; we need to show stimulation of the penis as well.”

"Ok, unless you get a volunteer or two, I guess you'll have to describe the results without a demo. I'm sure you have a record of the results from other tests," I said as I sat down.

Herndon dropped the wires and looked at some papers in a folder.

I had kind of been watching Denise during my speech and she had a really strange expression. Then she suddenly seemed to shake herself and tentatively raised her hand.

"Miss Herndon? I'm really interested in what that thing can show. How do you do the tactile stimulation of the person that the device displays?"

"I have an additional boy and girl from the class come up and they follow my instructions for each step, using the Program students. The demonstration requires that the boy and girl touch the Program subjects everywhere on their bodies, including their sexual organs, as the demo progresses."

"Uh, like Kevin said, I think I could participate but only if I keep my suit on, but the touching part of my privates, no," she shivered, "uh, no, I don't think so. But, well, I could do it if Kevin were touching me, I think."

I broke in, "Miss Herndon, you might be able to partially rescue the demo if you give in a little. You might get some useful results, maybe a little limited, but at least it will show how biofeedback works. If Denise lets me, I could do a little of what you want with her."

"But then we'd have no boy..."

There had been a flurry of whispering behind me. Sammy, a Guardian in our class, had been in the Program last term and was whispering to a girl in back of him. Then he turned around and raised his hand.

"Ma'am? I did the Program last term; I don't have a problem with being naked and my girlfriend just agreed to be my helper. If I'm the boy subject and Denise does the girl, would that work?"

Herndon's expression turned to one of wary relief. "Yes, that will at least salvage part of the demo and it's better than nothing. Can we get started, please?"

Sammy stood and stripped off his clothes at his desk. He had a nice body (for a boy), trim and athletic. He walked to the front, following Denise and his friend whose name was Wilma. Sammy and Denise sat in the designated chairs and Herndon assisted them in getting the wrist bands, arm cuffs, and finger clips in place. She slid bands around both kids' chests and connected some electrode pads to various places on their chests and temples. Then she went to the table and flipped a couple of switches on the device; the computer chirped and a multicolored graph appeared on its screen.

Miss Herndon stepped to the side of the group. "We're going to begin now. First, lightly touch your subject but keep away from the major erogenous zones like the breasts and groin. This first part will show a baseline; how Denise and Sammy respond to simple touch."

Wilma moved to Sammy's side and slowly reached out, her hands coming to rest on his shoulders. She lightly worked her hands around his shoulders in slow circles that widened to cover his upper back and upper arms, lightly stroking and squeezing his skin, and then let her hands travel down his arms, lightly squeezing his biceps, and moving back up again.

I was watching that out of the corner of my eye but trying to concentrate on Denise. She gave me a tentative smile and nodded.

"My god, you're amazing!" I whispered. "So brave!" She blushed.

I began by stroking her lower back and then ran my fingers through her hair and stroked and kneaded her scalp and she shuddered. Wow. I trailed my fingers down her neck onto her back and arms and softly massaged her upper arms, shoulders, and upper back; then returned to her scalp. She had closed her eyes and was sighing.

"Aaahhh. So nice...."

I was just getting into it when Herndon called a halt.

"Good, class, look at the display. So far we can see that there's some physiological changes occurring in both of them. Look at this side; these are Sammy's graphs and they show that he has a slightly greater response than Denise, which makes sense since males respond to certain stimuli faster than females. Also, Sammy's unexpected nudity may have also affected his stimulation level a little bit. Anyway, the response we see so far is totally normal.

"The next stage is to stimulate body areas that have some erogenous associations: breasts, ears, neck, lips—kissing is ok too after one minute, I'll tell you when, and using your lips on any of those places is ok too. Kevin, I don't know how you're to stimulate Denise's breasts, though."

Denise said softly, "I'll let him."

Wow. I couldn't really watch what was happening with Wilma and Sammy now, as I was concentrating on Denise, but I got glimpses of her tweaking his nipples and stroking his ears and neck. I began stroking Denise's neck and ears; then I put my finger on her lips and lightly rubbed them a little and she touched my finger with her tongue tip. I moved my hands down to her tits and began kneading them over her suit top and rubbing the nipples, which were now making sizable lumps under the material. Then the minute was signaled and I leaned down and kissed her—she stuck her tongue in my mouth. We kissed for maybe fifteen seconds and then I moved to her right ear and licked it. She quivered and moaned. I licked down her neck and ran my tongue over the top of her chest; then fastened my lips over the hard nubs that poked up though her suit top. She groaned loudly and raised her hips off the chair.

Then she moaned softly, "Go under it."

I carefully raised the right side of her top, exposing her lovely tit, and engulfed as much of it as I could in my mouth, then pulled back and began nibbling, sucking, and tweaking her nipple with my lips and teeth. She was squirming in her seat now and groaning, and I could sense a swelling of psychic energy start to build in her. I was about to shift to her other breast when Herndon called time again. Denise sighed in disappointment.

"Ok, let's analyze this. Clearly Denise has more upper body interest than Sammy to work with," the class laughed, "but the results are very interesting still. See here; in the first minute the graphs show that the two responses are just about neck-in-neck. These lines are event markers I put up when Kevin or Wilma did certain things. This is when Wilma kissed Sammy, and here is where Kevin kissed Denise. Either Kevin is a super kisser or Denise is very sensitive, maybe both, but look at the huge spike in Denise's response at the kiss." The class tittered. "The next marks show when their breasts were orally stimulated. Once again, Denise's response is greater than Sammy's, but that's to be expected. But note that even in the male, there's a significant spike on stimulation of his nipples."

She gave Denise and me a sharp look now. "Now this next part will be hard to compare, but let's do

the best we can, ok? This time I want to stimulate your partner's sexual organs. Don't get carried away; this isn't a contest. Be careful and gentle; the idea is to stimulate and not necessarily try for an orgasm. Use your hands for this part."

I saw Wilma reach for Sammy's cock as I moved my hands over Denise's breasts, kneading them gently.

"What should I do, darling?" I whispered in her ear.

"Outside, and high up. Not the clit." she murmured.

I trailed my fingers down to her mons and began stroking it over the fabric of her suit, wriggling my finger into the slit at its very top and pressing, jiggling, and releasing my hand.

"Uh, mmm, little lower," she breathed.

I squeezed her mound and then let my hand drift down to where I could feel her outer lips begin, right above her clitoral hood, and stroked up and down on either side, trying to get the friction from the movement of the cloth to stimulate her. Denise growled low in her throat and began to twist in her chair, gripping its arms so tightly that her fingers paled. I moved my fingers over to where I thought her clit was and brushed it lightly.

"Is this ok?" I whispered and began to roll my fingers all around her clitoral area with lots of little jiggles.

"Ahhh, not hard... that's ok.... yeah... too hard... stop! oh, better... right there... aaahhh..." she guided me, but I felt that energy of hers building higher and it seemed like a dam was getting ready to burst. Denise was practically shaking now and the crotch of her suit was quite wet. Her eyes were screwed shut and she was panting through her barely parted lips.

"Oooohhh, darling, do it now! Push in. Yeah, right there!" she husked.

My finger was right over her clit, so I pushed down while wiggling it. Not too hard—a bit firmly. And then, through the fabric, I pressed my fingers on either side of her clit and its hood, grabbed her clit and pinched it between my fingers.

"Aaaaahhhh," she gasped and her entire body shook, and I felt a wash of energy, not very strong but kind of like a loving caress, brush past my body like gossamer wings. She looked at me languidly.

"Ahhhh. That was different, like a nice hot bath and a deep massage. Thanks, darling."

I noticed Herndon checking the settings on the device and then she looked up.

"Oh, ok, that's all." she said.

I glanced at Sammy and saw that he had cum all over his chest and belly and Wilma was grinning evilly.

"Well. This is unusual." Herndon mused. Then she spoke to the class. "Let's see what these graphs show. You can see when Wilma began stroking Sammy's penis, this sharp increase here corresponds closely with how his erection grew. Then the slope right here becomes less after he got completely tumescent and continued to be stimulated, but there's still a slight upward climb. As he approached orgasm, see how the arousal takes off again, peaking as he orgasmed. That's the typical male response.

"For Denise, I'm not sure what this shows. It's like a sawtooth, zigging and zagging, like her electrodes

were loose but I checked that; they're not loose. Her arousal builds and disappears; it doesn't plateau as I would expect, because the normal female response keeps building slowly over a longer period than the male, with plateaus frequently occurring—this is one of the reasons females can have multiple orgasms, by the way—but in Denise's graph her response just appears and disappears; there's no buildup. And then suddenly here's a huge spike and an almost instant dropoff, no plateauing. I really have no idea how to explain this, but... oh, wait. Yes, maybe that's the reason. Denise, you have that exemption that allows you to wear the swimsuit. I'm assuming you have some kind of sensory problem—you don't have to answer if it's embarrassing, but this is a psychology class and your answer will help your class to learn something important about sexual function."

"Um, I don't mind too much, ma'am. I have a problem that was caused from being sexually molested that causes spasming, pain, and anxiety from sexual contact down there."

"Is it vaginismus?"

"Yes, that, and some other things too. I don't remember what they're called."

"Ok, that's not important—oh, people, sorry for ignoring your state. We can get you disconnected and Wilma and Sammy, there are wipes to clean up with and Sammy, you can dress. Thank you for volunteering, you just earned some extra-credit points."

While they were pulling off the electrodes and getting cleaned up, Herndon continued.

"Vaginismus is a condition, not that common, whose symptoms include vaginal tightness causing discomfort, burning, pain, penetration problems, or even complete inability to have intercourse. The tightness of the vagina is completely involuntary and is actually caused by contractions of the pelvic floor muscles surrounding the vagina. It's frequently associated with trauma, especially sexual assault, but there are other causes too. And sometimes the patient has difficulty becoming sexually aroused, because with arousal the tissues of the vagina begin to become engorged with blood causing its dilation, then the muscles contract, resulting in discomfort and even pain. So the arousal builds and then damps. That's approximately what we saw on Denise's graph.

"But you see here that even though it drops, there's still this upward trend, right? And then the huge spike at the end. Denise, did you have an orgasm?"

"Uh yeah, a little tiny one." The class tittered.

"Would anyone want to venture a guess how, with a serious problem like vaginismus, Denise could even have an orgasm at all?"

Everyone in the class began looking at each other as if they could divine the answer from their peers.

Finally one brave girl volunteered, "Maybe she has a very sensitive vagina?"

The class laughed.

"I don't think Kevin came anywhere near her vagina. His hand was outside Denise's suit, right? But that answer wasn't funny, class, it was a perceptive answer and it's probably related to the reason she could orgasm, but not for the reason you may think. A woman's sexual sensitivity is based not only on stimulation, but also on her connection to her partner, which is another difference between the sexes. True stimulation in females usually depends on her affection, love, trust, comfort, and similar emotions involving her partner. You see, women with Denise's problem who've been assaulted have serious trust issues with men. Denise, if someone in the class other than Kevin were to stimulate you, say

Sammy, do you think that you'd allow that?"

"NO! Uh, sorry, Sammy, no, I couldn't do that at all."

"And you trust Kevin."

"Completely. He knows about my problems and my limits and is even helping me with my therapy."

"That's very impressive, both of you. Listen, I'm really sorry I had given the two of you such a hard time when class started, and I'm very pleased about how this demo worked. It actually was better than if we had done it according to the lesson plan. I think you were very brave to agree to participate, Denise. It shows that your therapy must be having a good effect. Thank you. And I think that the class learned a lot, too, isn't that right?"

The class erupted in applause and cheers.

"Ok, then, everybody, that demonstration shows just how closely the mind and body work together in sexual arousal, which is just about the most intense of all the emotional feelings the body experiences, which is what makes demonstrating it fairly simple. There are plenty of uses of biofeedback for research purposes and it's also a useful modality in many forms of therapy as well. Can any of you think of a therapeutic application where biofeedback might be useful?"

The class continued with this discussion for the final several minutes of the period.

Chapter 30: Program Week is Over, but it's Just Beginning.

On our way out of class, Linda Grover, our website content guru, rushed up.

"There you are, Kevin, a bunch of us've heard that the feds are trying to locate and shut down the site, you know?"

"Yeah, I heard that at lunch. Any news since then?"

"Not about the feds, but the media are trying to find the site too. There's going to be something on the six-o'clock news about it and the kids who did the website and server setup and some of the others will be watching. They wanted me to find you and ask if you want to watch together."

"Sure, good idea. Then if something comes up, we'll be together to make plans. How about at my house again, it seems most of you live not far."

"Yeah. I'll get the word out. I'll do a text and email. We'll come fifteen minutes early?"

"Sure. And I'll provide the pizza and everything, too."

"Cool. See you later, buddy!" and she dashed off. Yeah, that girl seems to be dashing whenever I see her. What energy.

In my history class, the unit we were studying led to a spirited discussion of how civil rights was manifested in various societies in Europe of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries as compared to modern times. I pointed out that in societies that were ruled by a king, common people's rights were never clear and could be violated by royalty's whim, and in modern times, the same could be said by the high-handed way some government agencies operated, either through mismanagement or even under the authority of laws that could be interpreted to disadvantage some classes of the society. It seemed everyone was clamoring to give modern examples, and the Program wasn't spared as being a poster-child example of government excesses.

The school day ended with English Lit where we listened to the first group of student analyses of the short works they had chosen to report on. This was fun, listening to what the kids thought of the stories they had picked to talk about.

The final period was assembly and I hoped that there wouldn't be any surprises. The Program kids straggled in, some red-faced from having to perform some last-minute Requests and clearly looked nervous and apprehensive about what they would hear from Fletcher.

Jane squeaked, "Hell, I've got my fingers and even toes crossed. No surprises, please. I'd like to get this over already; it's been a tough week, you know."

We all wandered into the auditorium and went to our seats. The low roar of conversation gradually damped down as we saw movement off to the sides of the stage and everyone waited expectantly. Dr Fletcher walked to the podium and adjusted the mike.

"Good afternoon, students; welcome to the end of the week."

Applause. Teens will applaud most anything given the chance. Mainly the guys. Guys love to make noise. Must be a male sexual display trait, like a peacock's tail.

"The main topics I want to cover today are mostly about issues related to the Program. First, I'd like to congratulate the first group to complete their week in the Program for the fall term. When school ends today, their week is essentially over because we have no school sponsored activities this weekend. But

remember that the Program still encourages Outreach and we want everyone to take advantage of that opportunity. Will the students in this week's Program stand to be recognized?"

We stood for ten seconds while a cacophony of applause, hoots, whistles, and yells rang out around us.

"I'd also like to offer recognition to a small corps of dedicated students, our Guardian corps, who were instrumental in making participating in the Program safe for our first group. These students did their jobs quietly and effectively, and have our thanks for a job well done. Will our Guardians stand to be recognized."

They did, and received loud acclaim as well.

"I need to mention this in connection with the Guardians. Despite my words last week about behaving properly and courteously toward Program students, we had eight incidents of improper behavior. One resulted in a sexual assault charge and expulsion, three resulted in three-day suspensions, and the rest in a formal warning placed in the student's permanent record. I also have been given to understand that there were a few cases of students' self-policing of behavior infractions and I urge that everyone refrain from doing this in the future. Don't take the law into your own hands; you might get into trouble yourself.

"The next matter concerns the student advisory committee. We plan to begin setting it up next week and the staff has suggested that we allow the student body to nominate students to serve. We will consider all student nominees as well as staff recommendations; still to be decided is the number of students in the committee and their class distribution. We decided that when the group convenes, they can choose a name for the group. If you'd like to nominate someone, even yourself, please get a form from a teacher at the door when you leave here.

"There is an issue coming up before the state education department, sponsored by the state's physical education teachers' association, that the required dress code for all high-school physical education classes be total nudity. State school officials are watching this issue and we will keep you informed."

There was a rumble of extreme disapproval at that news and a lot of hisses.

"And on a related note. Voluntary nudity in school is still open to students as specified in the volunteer rules in the Program booklet, plus any student who has completed the Program may be naked in school at any time. These students will be given a green armband to wear; they are not subject to Reasonable Requests, and they will not have assigned Guardians. But abusing any one of them will be dealt with, just the same as with a Program participant.

"Concerning Reasonable Requests, the procedure we have previously announced concerning complaints about a participant's refusal is working well; all refusals have been well justified, so the Program students have been taking their responsibilities seriously, as have been the Guardians. So no adjustments in those procedures will be needed. Remember, don't ask a Program student to do anything that you yourself would find uncomfortable doing.

"Monday morning during home room we will call the next Program group to participate for the week, two students from each grade, boy and girl. They will strip in the office and be naked in school for that week. Anyone in this room who hasn't participated can be called. It will be you—you will be called, if not this Monday, then on a following Monday. Think about how you would want to be treated when you interact with our week's participants.

"Next, I'd like to introduce our new Biology teacher for the fall term. She was kind enough to come out

of retirement to cover our junior biology class after the medical retirement of Mr Wilbur. Mrs Edna Payton, can you wave your hand so we can see you? There she is. She's agreed to cover the junior biology class until spring term while we search for a new teacher."

Applause.

"Finally, I have a request from the national Program office, as relayed through their district office, that the national Program has become aware of an illegal pirate website that is providing inaccurate, false, misleading, and sensational information about the Program's operation in schools around the country. The national Program office wants every student to know that accessing the site is a federal crime and students who visit it will be arrested and prosecuted. They are also assuring school officials that the site will be shut down before Monday, and all contributors to the site will be identified and suitably punished."

A loud buzz of conversation erupted at that news. Apparently a lot of kids hadn't heard about that yet. Actually, the Program office was doing us a favor, they were giving our site the best publicity ever possible.

The assembly wound down with a few random announcements from the assistant principals, teachers, coaches, and the janitor (just kidding) about events coming up, student parking problems, athletic season ticket sales, all the things that make a high school run, and then Fletcher resumed the podium.

"School dismissed."

"YES!" The eight of us, who had been sitting together for mutual support, jumped up with arms raised. Kids around us looked and grinned and then gave us the "thumbs up."

Barbara said to me, "Kevin, are you going to ask to be on that student advisory thing? You'd be great there." The others agreed.

"I don't think so. What I really want is to lay low, study and learn, maybe even have a little fun, and graduate with no more excitement."

"Well, I think you should," Jimmy said.

Jane was watching as the auditorium emptied. "Hey, guys. You know, this could be a twitchy time right now. Everyone's leaving and when we go for our clothes, there may not be many people out there. There could be people who want to do last second Requests or maybe even worse."

"Damn, you're right, Jane," Andrew remarked.

"I'll come with you guys to be sure you're safe," I assured them. "Let's get your clothes quickly while people are still around."

We hurried to the doors, and sure enough, there weren't many people left.

Barbara exclaimed, "Look! Where are the clothing boxes?"

They weren't where they were supposed to be; then I noticed a guy ducking out from behind a row of bushes about twenty-five meters away next to the building.

"Probably over there, near those bushes. See the two guys standing there?" I whispered.

I noticed that I could go in that direction between the bushes and building and keep hidden.

"Make like you're searching for the boxes. I think they want to keep you here until everyone's gone

and then who know what. Ring 911 now. I'll check on the clothes."

I slipped between the bushes that grew along the building toward where those guys were standing while the others went looking near the steps and in other places near the doors.

When I got close I heard one guy say, "Alec has his dad's van over there and the other guys are inside it. When those last cars leave the lot, I'll call to the naked kids to tell them you found the boxes here. When they head over here, that's the signal for Alec to drive up behind them and snatch a couple of girls while we keep the boys busy."

That was all I needed. And here were the clothes boxes. The two guys—punks actually—skinny kids, were staring at the naked group at the door. I needed to get two at once, but coming from behind made it a little easier. There was one scenario I had learned in jiu jitsu that covered this situation but I had never practiced it. Well, if I mess up, at least I can delay them.

They were concentrating so hard that I was able to worm my way out between two bushes right behind them. The first guy began to call to the group at the door when I jumped out of the bushes right between them and grabbing both with my arms around their necks, I pulled them down to the ground with me. As I fell I drew my arms together. pulling their heads hard in front of me, hitting their temples together as I fell on top of them. I heard a double "oof" as they hit the ground and I used their bodies to break my fall. One was slightly on top of the other so I shifted him to lay crossways on the other and I sat on both bodies, then shouted to the others.

"Guys, it's a kidnapping! Watch the girls and that black van!"

The girls shrieked and then all seven came toward me on a run; the black van was moving toward us now. Andrew shoved the girls behind the bushes.

I yelled at them, "Don't touch the boxes—fingerprints!" and the van pulled up and four guys jumped out. "Come any closer and these guys'll be dead meat. Four of you may be able to take me if I were alone, but I'm not. These hands haven't killed anyone yet, but I'd really love to see what that feels like, wanna help me try?"

They were uncertain, shifting back toward the van and then toward me, looking back and forth. The two guys under me had been squirming but I had put the top one in a hammerlock and had my knee in the other's spine. When they squirmed, I just increased my pressure until they stopped. Suddenly I heard an amplified voice.

"Freeze, all of you. Don't move."

The cops! They didn't use their sirens. Cool.

"Now the ones with clothes, you guys, on the ground NOW. If you move in any other direction than down, if you wake up it'll be in a hospital bed."

Then I saw two cops come around the sides of the van and then another patrol car pulled up and two more police got out. The first two cops were busy cuffing the guys on the ground and one of the others came up to me where I was still restraining my pair. Then one of the girls called out.

"Officers? Is it safe now?"

The cop near me said, "Let them go, now. What the hell is going on here? We got a call about a kidnapping?"

I spoke. “Yeah. These two took our clothing boxes and hid them. I snuck behind them and heard that they were planning to try to snatch a girl or two when the parking lot cleared out. I found the clothes boxes behind the bushes; they probably left their prints on them.”

One of the other guys called, “He’s lying. No one ever touched the girls or their clothes. We just stopped by to see if they needed help and that kid just jumped two of us.”

Meanwhile the girls were peeking between the bushes.

Barbara said, “Please can we get dressed now? I’m getting cold.”

A cop looked up. “Oh my god, this is one for the books. Rescuing naked damsels in distress. My wife’ll never believe this one. Ok, sweetie, where are the boxes? I can get the clothes out without damaging any prints. On second thought, don’t you think we need to hold the clothes for evidence?”

Three girls screamed “NO!”

“I guess not. Sorry for the mean joke.”

Someone had called an ambulance and another cruiser pulled up with it and two plainclothes guys got out. Good, not Detective Conners and his sidekick. The two morons whom I had planted on the concrete had lots of facial scrapes and bruises but nothing looked very serious, but I was certain that they would have really bad headaches in their immediate future.

The detectives took all of our statements but our attackers wouldn’t say anything other than they were just driving by and had stopped to ask if we needed help. One detective was going through their wallets.

“Hmmm, all 19 and 20 years old. Are you from this high school? Where are your school IDs?”

One of the first cops to arrive said, “I see four cars in the lot. Whose are they?”

Three belonged to Sarah, Andrew, and me. We pointed them out.

“Jim,” he called, run the plate on that Chevy.”

Soon Jim came back. “Ken is running that plate. No high school parking sticker on that car.”

It turned out that the six of them had graduated high school from a different school last year and some had police records. The Chevy belonged to one of the guys I had taken down. The police wanted to take the clothing boxes but they didn’t know how to handle them; their evidence bags were too small, but Sarah came to the rescue.

“I have a roll of garbage bags in my trunk. Will that help?”

It would indeed, allowed one of the detectives. Then a car pulled up; it was none other than Dr Fletcher. He came rushing out of his car.

“What’s happening? I just left the staff lot, passed by, and saw all this.”

The police took him aside and explained; as he listened I saw his face turn white.

“Oh my god, are they all right?” he asked.

Then he came over and I told him that Jane had a premonition about this happening so we all stuck together and being together we were too much for the gang to handle.

"Yeah, right, Kevin. You just stood back and rooted for the team, I'm sure."

Barbara told him that I had overpowered two of them while they rang 911 and then the others came and I had stood them off.

"Hell, Kevin, you're a one-person defense force," he said.

"Whatever, sir. We were in deep trouble and I was really lucky that those two were scrawny twits. What this shows, though, is that you need to provide some protection even after school hours, especially when there are no after-school activities. Even after evening events where kids will have to attend naked and then leave when it's dark."

"Yes, true. I'll have to request an emergency school board meeting to discuss this. It's really fortunate that, once again, you were around to save the day. Officer, what about those hoodlums? I didn't recognize any of them."

"They're not high school students. We're booking them all for attempted kidnapping and attempted rape. We found all kinds of personal restraints—handcuffs, ball gags, head hoods, leg bands, things like that, in their van, and photo prints of these girls, so this attempt was planned and they were waiting for the opportunity. The rape charge is permitted because their targets were naked and in the school Program. They'll be off the streets for years, I'm guessing."

Denise had grabbed my hand and she was shivering. I asked if we were free to go now and the police told us we could leave. Sarah volunteered to give Jane and Jimmy rides home and Andrew took Nelson and Barbara. Tow trucks had arrived and were hooking up the van and the Chevy to take to the impound lot. Denise and I hurried to the Volvo after telling Fletcher goodbye; he was still talking to the detective.

I looked at Denise, she was crying now.

"It's ok, everything's good now."

"Yeah," she sniffed, "thanks to you again. Ok, Kevin, what am I going to do? The whole molestation scene with the bastard flashed back at me while that was going on! Will I ever get better?"

"Darling, you saw how everyone came together. I'm sure there wasn't any real danger, there weren't any weapons, for example. Besides, Andrew's on the wrestling team, and is it Nelson who's on the swim team? Yeah, Nelson has the swimmer's body. Sleek and trim. So four against six and half of them were ratty runts."

"You counted wrong, honey."

"Huh? Oh, you mean the girls? Hell, I wouldn't want you to fight those scum."

"Wasn't thinking of us girls. Thinking of you. Nelson, Andrew, Jimmy, that's three. You, three more. Even up."

"Ha. Don't start that hero nonsense again."

"Kevin, don't you see? It's like you're the Batman; you swoop in and save the poor students whenever the villains appear."

"And I suppose the Program is something that only happens in fiction, and the kidnapping attempt is just a comic-book episode."

She just snorted.

“Say, got any plans for this afternoon before we go to my place to watch the evening news?”

We had dressed and were driving away now. I noticed that my hands were shaking a little; must be coming down from that adrenaline high.

“Not really. Oh, let me leave my mom a message that I’ll be having dinner with you, ok?”

“Sure. How about let’s go to the mall? You can show me around. We didn’t have malls on Mars.”

She giggled and again that sound gave me chills. “Oh! You silly doofus. Yeah. My favorite place. I used to love to hang there when I was in middle school before...” she trailed off.

“Well, you need to show me the places to get the good stuff. You know, designer clothes and all that.”

“You’d be really surprised at the fashions these days. Skimpy clothes, very revealing. Nudity is everywhere now.”

“No thanks, got enough of that at school. How about parkas and snowmobile suits? I want to cover up for the next twenty years or so.”

“Ha ha. You’re such a dork! Are you competing against Andrew for being the school clown?”

“It crossed my mind. Ah, here we are. Where should I park?”

She guided me to park near one of her favorite stores and we spent a few hours wandering around the mall. We passed a jewelry store; I dragged her in and I went looking for the necklaces. She objected, but I got her to try on a gold chain with a little pearl drop on it; very pretty, but it wasn’t quite right. Then I saw a chain with a locket that would be perfect and she liked it too. Over her objections, I bought both and got her to wear them home.

“That’s for a double celebration. First, you’re my girlfriend, and second, we survived Program week. Last week you thought that your doing it was impossible, so it’s a celebration of overcoming the impossible. Whenever you think that doing something is too difficult, just think of this magic necklace.”

“Oh my god, Kevin, that’s so incredibly sweet! You always know what to say.”

She wrapped me in an embrace and we kissed gently while the passing shoppers flowed around us with smiles.

We needed to get to my house soon, so I called a pizza place and ordered to pick up and we soon were at my place with a stack of boxes, bags of bread sticks, dips, and bottles of soft drinks and water.

Soon the kids began arriving and after a few minutes my den looked like a tech warehouse. Some of the guys were gamers and brought their high-speed gear but most just came with their laptops or tablets.

While they were setting up their gear, I fired up the TV.

“... and stay tuned to the evening news on WVVZ for a special national report from Washington. Coming up in ten minutes.”

The talk show that was currently on resumed.

“So is there any chance that the feds can find us?” one of the boys on the blogging team asked.

Jennifer, one of the students who had worked on setting up the fleet of proxy servers, responded, "We hid the web server so it can't make a direct connection for normal users. All connections to the web server are made through proxy servers. So even if they found the server itself, there's be no record that your internet address ever connected to it, so no, they wouldn't be able to find you."

"What's a proxy server?"

"For our use it's just a computer system that acts as an intermediary between your computer and the computer hosting the site. Your computer doesn't know the website server's physical address and the website's computer doesn't know yours. They communicate through the third system; that's the proxy. And we use proxies that are located all around the world, because we've seeded the computers that translate address names to internet address numbers—they're called domain name servers—with the addresses of all those proxy machines. And the list is reseeded every hour so everything keeps shuffling around. If someone tries to trace a connection, the connection will evaporate after a while and the connection tracing will be lost. It's really complicated."

"Hey guys, the news is starting," Linda called.

We stopped talking and turned to the TV. I pushed the volume up.

"Good evening. This is WVVZ News and I am Brian Monroe with Lisa Jenner bringing you today's news reports from all over the world. We have some new developments in the national news today and Lisa is here with that report. Lisa?"

"Thanks, Brian. In today's top national news, there are reports coming out of Washington concerning a major investigation that's being launched within the executive branch of the government involving several agencies. Agency spokesmen have been unable or unwilling to provide any information about which agencies are being investigated, but we did learn that the Department of Education and the Justice Department are involved. When we have more details we will report them to you.

"There's also major breaking news that involves the highly controversial school program where high school students are required by law to attend school classes and school activities totally naked. Bringing us news of this latest development in the 'Naked in School' Program, here is our national education correspondent, Jenny Smithers. Hello, Jenny."

"Hi there, Lisa. Listeners probably recall that the Naked in School Program was authorized by law approximately four years ago over much controversy and began to become adopted in schools three years ago; it started in a limited number of high schools at first, but since adopting the Program is required for states to receive federal school aid, the Program has since spread widely. The basic premise of the Program, that teenagers are required to attend school while naked and to permit other students to fondle them sexually and even engage in penetrating activities, some claim involuntarily, has been upheld by the Supreme Court.

"The federal agency that administers the Program has been extremely demanding in ensuring that schools adhere to its standards and rules; schools have federally assigned Program officers on their staffs and the agency even has an enforcement division. They carefully monitor all information that's published about the Program and have quickly shut down all discussions of it in the social media, especially by teens in the Program, but some highly disturbing news continues to become public about suicides and hospitalizations involving participants in the Program. The federal Program agency has been successful in burying or discrediting most of those reports and the media isn't permitted to investigate because of education privacy laws concerning minors.

"With that background, we have learned that a new website, seemingly being run by high-school students, has appeared in the last week. The site is professionally constructed and managed; as you can see on this monitor, there are several sections in addition to the main page, which basically functions as the editorial content section—blogging posts appear here which comment on Program news from around the country. There is a section where students can post first-hand accounts of their experiences, and as a parent, I can say that many of those descriptions are disturbing, shocking, and even frightening. There's a forum where students can ask each other for advice or share tips about coping with the problems that forced public nudity can create. There's even a section that appears to allow physicians to submit their comments and I'd urge our federal legislators to read about the variety of injuries, many fairly serious, which participants have suffered.

"Today, the federal Program office has released a statement that claims that they have identified the server where the website is located and will have it closed down before Monday. The statement says that the operators will be arrested and everyone who has submitted articles or postings will be identified and punished. WVVZ was unable to verify this claim, since this reporter tried to access the site and was not able to find its internet location's electronic address. We also tried to determine its owner using the domain name registry entry that every domain must have, but that brought us to a maze of shell companies with nothing more than empty rooms in various buildings scattered all over the Far East. So we turned to Mark Johnson, president of the internet security firm WebProtect, to give us details. Hello, Mr Johnson; thank you for joining us."

"Thanks for inviting me, Jenny. Your introduction was quite accurate in describing access to this fascinating site. I learned of it three days ago from my daughter who incidently was forced to be a participant in the Program at her school and really suffered during her week. I asked my firm's security analysts to look at the site because I wanted to talk to its developers but we weren't able to locate the hosting server. It could be anywhere in the world."

"I thought that the server address, the address that you connect to, would show where it was, Mr Johnson."

"That's true; ordinarily that's how the information knows where to go to get from your computer to the server and back to you. But in this case, the developers used a complex combination of servers—we call them 'proxies'—that lie between your computer and the website's server. And in an additional layer of security, those proxy servers, and there appear to be a number of them that keep shifting, maintain a private channel, like an electronic tunnel, to the web server. It's incredibly sophisticated and has our company totally stumped. We've tried sending bugs, little pieces of software that kind of 'call home' in messages to the server, but nothing is ever received back. Personally, I don't see how a group of high school kids could have the knowledge or financial resources to set up an operation of this scope."

"So who could be responsible?"

"There's no sign that identifies any possible candidates. It seems that this is a totally student-run operation, just based on the writing styles of the articles, which we've had linguistically evaluated."

"So what about the government's claim that they've identified the server's location and will have it shut down this weekend?"

"Well, Jenny, unless the government has made a revolutionary security breakthrough in the past day or two—which is unlikely because they have few security researchers—that claim is wishful thinking. If I can say something about the site's operators?"

"Go ahead."

"To the person or people who set this thing up: when you graduate, I want you to work for me. I'll put you through college and even grad school if you want. Our industry needs people of your caliber."

"Thanks so much for talking to us, Mr Johnson. And there you have it, Lisa. Looks like the kids are fighting the federal Program now, and judging from the renewed scrutiny the Program is receiving, the kids are close to getting the upper hand. Reporting from Washington, this is Jenny Smithers."

"Thanks for that fascinating report, Jenny. Now, in other national news..."

The kids in the den erupted in applause and there were lots of high-fives being exchanged.

Linda called out, "Hey, Roger and Jennifer, gonna take him up on that offer?"

They were the prime architects of the proxy fleet and VPN system design and had made the arrangements for the needed overseas hardware and registry services with Iwan Pranata from my father's NGO. He had many contacts with help desk providers in the Philippines and India, where those empty fake offices were set up. The leases were paid up for a five-year term by bitcoin transfers. No way to trace that.

"Nah," Roger said, "I've got bigger fish in mind. I've got some really cool ideas and they don't involve security research."

"Yeah, me too. But I want to go into artificial intelligence research myself," Jennifer remarked.

I spoke up. "Ok, guys, now that we won't have to pull up the drawbridge and lock down the castle, let me tell you what happened when we left school today."

Wow, everyone's face wore expressions of shock and concern as Denise and I described what happened. Linda had begun typing rapidly on her laptop.

"I'm getting a blog post up right now warning about this kind of thing happening. Someone get it up in the forum too, and another person put it in the list of Program safety recommendations."

This was totally cool the way the team swung right into action. It really reminded me of the way Aunt Janet ran the Foundation's staff meetings and the team there went right to work as soon as an issue was identified. Everyone knew just what to do. I felt such a great sense of pride and I noticed Denise looking at me with a broad grin. *She must be able to tell what I was thinking!*

One of our "sysops"—system operators, the kids who managed the website operating software and functionality, then called out to everyone.

"Ohmygod, look!"

"What?" came a chorus of voices.

"The site loading! Hits. Up till now we were running a low number of connections, maybe a thousand sessions at a time, max. It just hit 50 thousand and it's still climbing!"

"It's not a denial of service attack, is it?" Jennifer asked. "Wait, the way we set up the DNS seeding and proxies, a DOS attack would be hard to do, maybe not even possible."

"No, looks like active sessions. The logs show requests for actual pages and the proxies are requesting pages with proper delay times between requests, not just requests to connect, so these are real sessions with people at the other end."

“I thought of this earlier,” I spoke up, “the feds just gave our site the best possible advertising promotion. Probably by tomorrow the only people who haven’t heard about our site will be hermits living on mountaintops.”

“Can we handle the traffic?” Linda asked.

“Well,” Roger mused, “the server specs were for a million simultaneous connections. We didn’t think we’d need anything bigger. If we needed to expand I think we could do it in about 24 hours but the limiting problem is the databases. Let’s see how it works out. This has gotta be the result of the news program so people must be hitting the site out of curiosity. I’ll bet it starts leveling out in a day after all the curiosity-seekers have visited.”

And that is indeed how it turned out. The steady-state user level, outside school hours, leveled off at about 150,000 simultaneous users and we were getting about 300 forum posts per day, well within the database specs. But that evening the team realized that the forum would become so cumbersome that people wouldn’t be able to find specific posts easily, so we decided to break the forum up into topic categories and spent the rest of our meeting session deciding on those categories and setting up forum moderation assignments.

It was a tired but ecstatic group of teens that left my house three hours later. When they were gone, Denise wrapped her arms around me and hugged me.

“My studly hero. Saving the country’s teens now too. Does the world come next?”

“Ahhh,” I sighed, “I guess. That’s what my dad was trying to do with his Foundation. I guess the apple doesn’t fall very far from the tree. Say, I need to get you home, right?”

“Yeah. You have that PT thing tomorrow morning and I have to go shopping with Mom in the afternoon, so what time do you want to pick me up after?”

We arranged a time for our date and then I drove her home and we shared a wonderful kiss to hold us to our next time being together.

Chapter 31: Saturday's a Turning Point

When I woke up, the first thing I felt when consciousness truly asserted itself was a enormous sense of relief. All that nonsense of being forced to do things that were repulsive and humiliating was over; now I could go to classes without being worried that a teacher would try to use my body as an education aid. Not that I had anything against displaying my body publicly, when I lived in Japan my family would go to the *onsen* where we would bathe nude in the hot spring with other families and everyone was comfortable being naked together.

No, the repulsiveness was the way the Program forced sexuality along with the nudity, and that combination set the stage to humiliate the subject if he or she exhibited any reluctance to be objectified—sexualized. But I was still disturbed that although I was personally free from further abuse, there were hundreds at my school, and many more elsewhere, who had yet to endure the "benefits" of the Program.

Well, enough wool-gathering. My body was yearning for exercise, and the last time I had a good run was a week ago. I dressed for a run, did my stretches, and then enjoyed an hour-long run down to the park I had found last week and along a trail there. I had to be back in time for my PT appointment and wondered how that would go. What would they find? Good news, I hoped.

The clinic was in a little group of professional offices near the med school. I walked into the office and could see, just past the waiting room, a little gym with all kinds of exercise machines, padded tables, and racks of oddly shaped objects; wonder what those things were (cushions to prop parts of the body, I learned later). Soon I was called out of the waiting room by a really pretty lady, maybe in her thirties, whose name tag read Dr Sylvia McMatson. She led me to a small examination room.

"Kevin, I'm Dr McMatson and I'll be doing your therapy. I specialize in injuries of the groin and that's why Dr Worthington referred you here."

"I didn't know doctors also did PT."

"It's a doctor of physical therapy, but I also have a PhD in anatomy. I like working with people so I went into PT."

"Oh, should I call you double-Dr McMatson then?" I joked.

"That's not very original. My husband calls me that every time he says I get too uppity," she laughed. "Kevin, before I start the exam, let me tell you what I'll be doing because I don't want you to be scared of some of the procedures. You know what acupuncture is?"

"Oh, yes; I've had martial arts training in the Far East where I grew up and I've had some acupuncture sessions to loosen my muscle tension and improve energy flow in my meridians."

"That's excellent, since from your referral, I think that your pudendal neuralgia might be both scarring and a tight muscle from a muscle spasm. I use acupuncture needles as part of the therapy for the muscle spasm as well as ultrasound and digital manipulation to reduce what we call neural tension."

"How long do you think the PT will take?"

"Let's see how you respond to the exam and we'll take it from there. ok? I need you to take off your lower garments, you can keep your shirt on."

She turned and began putting on latex gloves. *Wow, right. I need to strip for this good-looking lady, and she'll be handling my stuff, too. Hope I don't get a hardon. Huh, she's a mind-reader, too, judging*

by what she's saying now.

"And Kevin, you know that I'll be working on your perineum, it's very likely that you'll get an erection; guys usually do and it's no big deal. In fact, I consider that a compliment," she joked. "Ok, lay here on your back and put your feet in the stirrups."

Hey, now I get first-hand experience with stirrups! Who'd I ask about that last week? This is so weird!

"Now you'll get to see how we girls feel when we have our internal exams," she remarked.

Damn! She really is a mind-reader.

"Now first, I'll palpate your perineum. I'm looking for trigger points; these are areas in the muscle that can respond with a twitch or even pain when pressed. Let me know if you feel any pain with each press and tell me if the pain radiates—you know what I mean, right?"

"Yeah," I grunted, because the pressure of her finger was causing my cock to swell. "OWWch! There! Wow, that really hurt!" My cock collapsed.

"Good, did it radiate?"

"Yeah, right down the top of my cock, sorry, penis, and a little to the thighs. Oww."

"Down the penile suspensory ligament and along the transverse perineus muscle. There's some nerve cross-talk going on and that could explain a lot of your penile pain. Let's continue."

She kept pressing but the only place where she found a strong response was that first one, and wow, did that light me up!

"Ok, Kevin, I need to really press there now. You'll need to hold on. I felt an area of fascia tissue that didn't move next to the trigger point. The nerve runs close by, the muscle around it is in spasm, and I think I felt the scar tissue. I need to move it around a little to free it up."

She opened a little box and took a hot, damp cloth out of it, holding it over my crotch for a minute. Then she pushed her fingers into the skin of my crotch and moved them around in a little circle around that sore point. I clenched my fists and gritted my teeth and the sweat poured out of me for the fifteen or twenty seconds she rubbed it.

"I think I felt a little give there now, but that muscle spasm is really tight. Let's try to release the spasm."

She got a tray filled with little paper tubes and some alcohol wipes and then changed her gloves.

"These are like little acupuncture needles. They're the same gauge but only an inch long. I'm going to see if this helps to reduce some of the spasm."

She swabbed the area and then I felt a tiny twinge as the needle sunk in. Suddenly there was a weird sensation, kind of a bouncing, it was making my cock stir again and I grunted.

"Kevin, all I'm doing is moving the needle up and down over the muscle to kind of get its attention so it lets go—ah, did you feel that?"

Wow. My groin felt like a rubber band had snapped. "Yeah. Oooh. Something happened."

"Yep. Sure did."

I guess she had removed the needle because now she was massaging the area pretty hard and I was

tingling all over down there—and my cock was rigid now.

"I'm just getting your *qi* flowing again there. I felt the muscle spasm release and see that your body liked what it felt too," she finished with a laugh. "Now let's do that trigger point again and see if the nerve also liked it."

She pressed against that area again and it still hurt a lot, but way less than before, and I told her that.

"That's a good sign. That's enough for this session. We need to do some work on mobilizing that scar tissue the next time. I'm giving you a page of exercises you'll need to do to stretch the pelvic floor muscles, particularly those that attach to your legs. Do you know what the Kegel exercise is? Good. Do NOT do that. Your pelvic floor is tight enough as it is, you need those stretches to open it up. Finally, you should put a cold pack on your perineum when you get home—wrap the pack in a towel—for ten minutes an hour for the next three hours. The abuse I gave to that area will cause a little swelling. The extra blood flowing to the area is important but too much swelling is bad. Ok? See the receptionist for your follow-ups. You responded really well today so I think five more sessions starting Monday and then spaced about three days apart will work fine. Then at the last one we'll evaluate you again."

I left and as I walked out I felt the whole area tingling, as if it was waking up. It really felt strange and now I could feel the tightness of my muscles down there, and that reminded me that during my last year of taekwondo classes, I hadn't been able to get the full leg extension that certain kicks needed. That made sense now. I need to get back to my training. Maybe I can check out Bob's *dojang* later today.

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After icing my groin as instructed, I had a few hours before my date, so I went off to find the *dojang*. It was a fairly large facility in a strip mall not far from downtown. I entered the outer room, ringing a string of bells, and a voice called from further inside, "Enter." I stepped through a door hung with beaded cords into a large room with mirrors on three walls and mats on an area of the floor. There was an elderly man in a white *dobok* standing before of a row of people similarly clad.

He turned and beckoned me closer. I slipped off my shoes and walked toward him, stopped, and bowed.

"Ah, would you be *Kyosah nim* Kevin, by chance?" he said in a rich voice.

"*Sahyun nim*, the honor is undeserved, sir. I am a humble *sunbae* of the Art."

"*Sahyun nim* Bob has spoken to me regarding you. You have studied in the homeland with a renowned master, *Kwanjang nim* Park. I should want to see what you have learned from him, so you shall teach me and I shall perhaps learn more. So for that reason I have called you 'teacher.' Will you be favoring us by studying with us?"

"Yes, sir, I would like to."

He bowed and I returned the gesture. Then he turned and clapped his hands.

"Students! Let me introduce *Kyosah nim* Kevin, who has studied in Korea for five years and has attained the third degree. He has already made his mark on our community by subduing two criminals who attempted to hold up a convenience store last week—yes, this is he," he said as the group began to murmur. "I hope that I can convince *Kyosah nim* Kevin to share some of his learning with us all as he studies at our humble facility."

I bowed to the group and they returned my bow.
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"Kevin, for ordinary conversation in my *dojang*, we dispense with formalities unless we are teaching, so you may call me Kim; I've adopted my family name as my first name. Are you able to join us now? We're just reviewing forms."

"Yes, sir, that would be great. Let me get my *doboc* and duffle from the car."

"There's a locker room over there, son," he pointed.

I dashed out and back and changed into the uniform. It felt funny; the last time I wore it was in April, back home in Korea. I tied on my adult *dhee* with its single bar. Then went out on the floor.

Sahyun nim Kim looked me up and down. "No, no, *Kyosah* Kevin, that won't do. You are third *dan*, not first."

"Sir, I was third *poon*. I just tested for my *dan* in January."

"A formality. Third *poon* levels in *Kwanjang nim* Park's academy must demonstrate every form and pattern that the *dan* levels achieve. In the association we belong to here, we don't make that distinction because youngsters rarely achieve levels higher than the first. Your level in my *dojang*, and in this region, is third *dan*."

"Thank you sir, I shall try to meet your expectations."

I exercised with the group and it felt good going through my routines. I stretched and went through the basic forms and patterns alone; the class wasn't sparring today and I didn't want to work with a partner yet. When the class was over, I discussed the class tuition with Kim and he told me to wait until he could watch me spar; if he felt that I could teach in his facility, then he would give me a reduced fee.

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I picked up Denise for our date in the early evening and I quickly saw that she had been crying. I handed her the flowers I brought; she took them, kissed me, and brought them to the kitchen. Then she returned.

"Thanks for the flowers, darling, Mom is taking care of a vase for them."

We walked out of the house.

"What's wrong, sweetie? You were crying? What happened?"

"Oh, Kevin, Mom says we have to move for six months!"

"What? And why and where?"

"Her job. They told her Friday. She knows how the two of us have made a deep connection and was trying to figure out how to break it to me."

"What's this about?"

"You know her company has a factory near Atlanta? They want her to go there for six months; it's a big promotion and means an incredible opportunity for her."

I had started driving to the restaurant I had picked out to go to; my plan was dinner and movie. Very creative.

"Listen, let's talk about this at dinner. I'd like to hear all the details, ok?"
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"Mmm hmm."

I was quiet until we got to the restaurant; my mind was churning. Soon we were seated and reading the menu. After we ordered, I asked her to tell me what she knew.

"Mom is supposed to be there in November, the first week. The company is renting her an apartment to live in and there's even a chance that the job could become permanent. Oh, Kevin! I don't want to leave here! Just as I'm getting over that terrible time; my last two years of school were just awful. I'm finally making friends, and met you, and all that is disappearing."

The tears were flowing again. I slid my chair around next to her and held her around her shoulders.

"I've got an idea," I mused. "It's way out there. Your mother knows how much we care for each other?"

"Oh yes! You're the only thing I've spoken about with her for two weeks!" she said shyly.

"Well, I wonder how she'd take this suggestion..." I was thinking aloud.

"What suggestion?"

"Um. You know, when I was going to move away from my parents for two years, it was for my benefit and they did it to help me to get ready for my future. Your case is almost exactly the same. You could continue to live here—your mom's not selling your house, your staying here would be good for you academically and psychologically and help you recover so it's good for your future, and best of all you wouldn't be halfway around the world from her."

"But I couldn't live alone. Even you don't live by yourself here."

"Yeah, true. Oh I know, this may be a dumb suggestion and out of line, but I could be your house-mate. You have that extra bedroom."

"Oh my god. That's crazy. Not that I don't love the idea..."

"Sure, let's think about this a little..."

Our food was arriving so I slid back to my place. While eating, we continued talking. The food was really good.

"So tell me if you think your mom will agree to these ideas. First, since I'm a legal adult, I think that I could be kind of a guardian for you in the absence of your mom but you wouldn't do anything without her approval anyway. I could handle little things like school permissions and all that. The living together, well, with the way teens are doing sex these days, that likely wouldn't be an issue with her, right?"

She giggled, "Right. And with our 'disabilities' too..."

"Then we could take care of the house and make sure it's kept safe, you know, hurricanes?"

"Yeah, but those are mostly over by November."

"Oh, well, but other problems can happen, you know? And we wouldn't have parties or do stupid things. You're not like that and neither am I. She could talk to Aunt Helene; she knows about me from my folks. And I could continue to help with your therapy and recovery. Also, I could drive you to visit her on long weekends and holidays. It's what, only about 600 or 700 km—uh, that's 400 miles, so six hours away, right?"

“I don’t know, Kevin; you’ve convinced me. Ever since that bastard almost raped me, Mom’s been very protective.”

“Denise, this is way more important than a movie. Is your mom home tonight? Can we go talk to her?”

“Ok, yeah. Damn, I’m nervous. What if she says no?”

“Use your magic necklace then. Make a wish on it and keep a positive attitude. That always helps me.”

“Oh, sweetie; you’re such a doll.”

Soon we finished dinner and skipped dessert. I had an idea. On the way out of the restaurant, I told Denise what it was.

“Darling, Mom always told me women love attention and flowers are a good way to show that. Also sweets. How about we stop off and pick up flowers and ice cream, since I can’t buy champagne, and tell your mom we came to celebrate her promotion and good fortune?”

Denise just about jumped into my arms.

“Oh, do I love you! That’s the nicest thing I ever heard! You’re just about the sweetest, most amazing, most considerate, wonderful person I could ever imagine,” she cried and gave me a passionate kiss.

Did she say ‘love’? She did. Oh my, the feeling’s mutual. I don’t know how I’d feel if she lived six hours away—probably terrible.

I stopped to buy a nice bouquet and a gallon of ice cream. Denise said her mom liked strawberry and to get the sugarless variety because her mom was avoiding sugar.

Needless to say, Mrs Roberts was quite overwhelmed with our gifts.

“Mom, this was Kevin’s idea. He thought that this was an important event and you should celebrate somehow.”

“Kevin, you really are a doll.” She kissed me. “I can see why Denise never stops talking about you. Even how you took me to the hospital and took care of her last Monday night. Thank you, you’re unusually considerate.”

“Shall we have some ice cream to celebrate?” Denise asked. “Coffee, tea? Anything?”

We told her our beverage choices and Mrs Roberts said, “I’m afraid that I can’t have much ice cream. The reason I fainted that time was that I’ve developed diabetes. I had skipped lunch and my sugar levels had dropped. So I have to avoid sugar. Sorry, Kevin.”

“Mom, he got sugarless, see?”

“Oh, my, how’d you know that too? Is mind reading among your incredible skills that I’ve heard so much about?”

I laughed. “Sorry, haven’t learned to do that one yet, but I’m working on it. Seemed like it could be a useful skill to have.” She doubled over, laughing. “Seriously. Denise told me to get sugarless.”

She looked at Denise.

“Yeah, Mom. I noticed you buying everything now with reduced sugars and carbs but didn’t think there was a medical reason.”

"Very good, honey. I should have told you but didn't want to give you something else to worry about."

We spent a while talking about routine stuff, and then Mrs Roberts asked me about my family. Apparently Denise hadn't mentioned anything about me, just the things that had happened between us since school began. So I told her about my earlier life, where I grew up, what had happened to my parents, how I had been emancipated, glossing over details. She was appalled about my parents' death and her motherly instincts kicked right in. I told her that I was fine on my own; as my childhood had been spent mostly in the presence of adults, I never felt like a child, just a small version of an adult.

"Yeah, Mom, you should see how adults treat him. After a few minutes of talking with Kevin, most adults start treating him as a peer."

"Yes, I've noticed that myself. Kevin, you are different. You seem to be a thoughtful and steady kind of person, very mature for your age. When I talk to you I don't think I'm talking to a teenager."

"Thanks, I appreciate your saying that. My folks raised me to be responsible, I suppose, since I have almost no other family and they wanted me to become independent early so I could finish my education in the States. They must have had that idea from when I was little."

"Well, I've already told you how grateful I am that you rescued Denise from having to do that horrible Program. That would have destroyed her progress after that... I hate to think of what that man, who I trusted, almost did to her... destroyed what recovery progress she made. And then in one day, you arrive, meet her, find her a better therapist, and protect her from psychological harm. And you went on to protect her from physical harm and even help in her therapy. No wonder she calls you her hero."

"Mom, there's something we need to talk about, too. About moving."

"Yes, I really feel awful about taking Denise away now."

I spoke. "I have to confess. Part of the reason for my bringing the flowers and stuff and this 'celebration' had an ulterior motive. I would like to propose an idea; please let me explain without interrupting so you get the full picture."

I had organized my arguments in my mind up to this point and presented our proposal, always from the perspective of what course would be the best for Denise in her making progress toward a full recovery. But it was the prospect of Denise having to enter a new school, possibly not having her courses accepted toward graduation with advanced standing, and finally I mentioned one last issue that really made her mother stop to think.

"You also have to consider this, Mrs Rogers. I was able to get Denise to complete the Program successfully using a medical exemption. I was able to convince our high school to allow the exemption over federal objections and the school will allow her to get her diploma, because they know that I will sue them if they withhold it. If she were to transfer to another school, I assume they will not accept her Program completion and Denise will be forced into the Program again. I couldn't let that happen. Could you?"

Denise looked like she had been slapped in the face. "Oh NO! Mother! You can't allow that! I never thought of that!"

Her mother looked shocked also. Then she shook her head. "This is all just too much. Kevin, you're a great persuader and you almost had me convinced before you brought up the Program. You've totally convinced me now..."

Denise shouted, “YES!” and threw her arms around her.

“...but I still need to check with your Aunt Helene and also speak to Bob Charlesworth about your character. I know of him and he has a very good reputation in these parts.”

“Thanks so much, Mrs Roberts. This means a lot to Denise and also to me.”

Meanwhile, Denise was hugging her mother and crying. “Thank you so much, Mom, I love you. You’re wonderful.”

Then she came to me and embraced me. “You’re wonderful too. I have two wonderful people to thank.”

Mrs Roberts went on to speak about having a few of her friends check up on us from time to time and about how she would have to think about how to arrange for details about providing money for Denise to live on, medical care for people living in different households, legal permissions for Denise... I stopped her musing.

“Mrs Roberts, let me handle some of that, please. I’ll talk to Bob and ask him to have his office draw up a plan and do any paperwork that will make this work. I’m sure they’ve seen everything and one thing lawyers are good at is imagining all possibilities. And don’t be concerned about money for Denise. I can take care of that, too.”

“No, Kevin. I can’t ask you to spend all that money! That’s too much to ask. I’ll talk to some people and figure out what I need to do.”

“Mrs Roberts, I guess Denise didn’t tell you this. Thanks for keeping our secret too, Denise. What Denise found out, it kind of slipped out and I asked her to keep mum about it, is that my parents were extremely wealthy. I don’t want people to know about it because that will cause me problems that I’d rather avoid. All my legal advice is already paid for; Bob’s firm is on a retainer, and I live very frugally. Any expenses that Denise might have would be no problem.”

“Son, the fact that you didn’t flaunt your money as an argument for your living as her house-mate is further proof of your maturity, you know. I’m very impressed.”

“No, ma’am, I didn’t mention it because first, you either already knew and it didn’t matter to your decision, or second, if you didn’t know and I told you, it would seem that I was trying to convince you by waving my money around. That would have hurt my argument a lot.”

“My god, Kevin. What incredibly insightful thinking! How old are you, truly? Come here and hug me. Can I be your honorary mother? I’m so happy that Denise found ... ah, it’s the other way around, actually. I’m glad that you fell into her life that way.”

“Thanks, Mrs Roberts. Yes, I’m rather short of mothers these days so I’ll happily accept your offer.”

“Well, this will help with a little problem of where Denise can stay tomorrow through Tuesday nights. I have to fly to Atlanta for some meetings on Monday and Tuesday and I’ll return Wednesday. I was going to have Denise stay with one of my friends. Could she stay with you—or, why not, could you stay here with her?”

Denise and I looked at each other and a silent message passed between us.

“I can stay here if it’s ok, Mrs Roberts. There’s no extra bedroom at my house.”

She grinned at the two of us. “Somehow I think that won’t be that much of a problem, but sure, your

staying here is fine—no, Denise; you don't have to object. I believe you that you slept apart from each other last week, but things've changed between you since then. A mother can tell."

We wound up the evening with a pleasant chat about nothing in particular. Just three very happy people talking about happy things, while Denise sat next to me holding my hand with both of hers as she stared into my eyes for long periods. Her mother noticed her looking at me and was trying hard not to grin at us—without much success.

This was way better than any movie.

Chapter 32: Program Sex, Eastern Style

I woke up in the morning disoriented and confused—something felt way off kilter and I just couldn't get my bearings. I got up and sleepwalked through my morning routines and made my way to school, driving slowly; fortunately I don't have to drive on any heavily-trafficked streets to get there.

Finally, I got to home room and was collecting myself when the announcements came on but wasn't paying any attention when suddenly I heard my name called, asking that I come to the office! What the hell was it now?

I walked to the office and into the principal's room. There were a bunch of kids standing there and Abover was sitting at the principal's desk!

"Ah, good to see you, Coris. Now that we're all here, everyone strip."

"What the hell is going on?" I shouted. "I already did the Program! And where's Fletcher?"

"He's no longer principal. He was removed for violating the Program rules, and your week doesn't count. You're going to do it properly now. Strip now, and I mean it!"

My heart just sank; suddenly I didn't have any energy left and little desire to fight anymore. I slowly began removing my clothes as Abover's face took on a triumphant grin. I was barely noticing the other kids in the room but they had been undressing faster than me because they were now all naked and I still had my pants on. A voluptuous blonde girl moved in front of me and put her hands on my hips. I felt my cock stir and begin to get hard.

"Need any help with the pants, stud?"

She ran her hand over my chest and pinched a nipple.

My mouth was dry and my body felt leaden. "Uh, I guess..."

She undid the belt and zipper, then hooked her thumbs in my tights and pushed both tights and pants all the way down to my ankles.

"Woooh, what a gorgeous cock," she breathed as it popped up, and then she grabbed it and engulfed it with her mouth and began sucking on it hard!

The pain lanced through me and I sat up. Sat up? What?

I was sitting in bed! It had been a dream. Hell, what a realistic dream. And my hardon was throbbing; it hurt, but not the kind of pain I had been experiencing from erections in the past. This was pain overlaid with the memory of pain—kind of like anticipating worse pain that never comes. Man, that was one awful nightmare.

Then the memory of the events of Saturday began to return. *Ok, need to do those PT stretching exercises twice a day. Maybe I'll add them to my pre-run stretches and take another run now.*

When I returned from my run and showered, I checked my email and found a number of messages about the website, most of them citing statistics about its tremendously increased traffic and media coverage of Program news. The site was now being covered by many news media blogs, both traditional newspaper and network companies as well as the non-mainstream ones, and searching on search engines yielded thousands of hits now rather than the few that led to government sites. And many of the articles from our site had been copied and reposted on those media sites with a disclaimer that, although the claims couldn't be independently verified, the events described fit other suppressed

reports so closely that their truth couldn't be easily denied.

Feds shut us down? Ha.

I had some messages from Dan and Aunt Janet asking how I was doing and telling me news of events in Jakarta. I wrote back to tell them of my medical progress, my completed Program week, and that I now had an official girlfriend.

Then I sent an email to Bob, explaining that Denise's mom was being given a long-term assignment in Atlanta and Denise would be staying here. I asked what legal arrangements would need to be made so that I could be responsible for handling issues if her mom couldn't be immediately reached. We had six weeks before she was to move to Atlanta.

Then I began to work on my homework. I had several papers, problem sets, and assigned readings to do, so I dug in. About two hours later, my mobile rang. It was Denise.

"Honey? Mom left for the airport a few minutes ago but just before she left, one of her friends dropped off a gift certificate for a yoga session she couldn't use."

"So what's that about?"

"Well, it was for a couple; they were going but now her husband isn't feeling well enough to go. Mom's friend called her to see if Mom wanted to go with her. She couldn't, obviously, and it was going to be wasted because none of their other friends do yoga. Then Mom suggested that we might want to use it. The workshop is in 45 minutes. It's some kind of therapeutic healing yoga. Can you go?"

"Sure, might be interesting. Pick you up in twenty?"

"Yeah. See you."

I packed my stuff in the car and picked up Denise a little early because I wasn't sure where the workshop house was. It turned out to be in a very upscale community out past the med school so I was glad I had left time to find the place. I pulled into the drive and parked next to four cars in a little parking area.

We walked to the door and a little sign on it said to enter and remove our shoes at the door. We did, and followed the sound of voices into a large room just off the foyer.

"Welcome to our workshop on tantric yoga," a middle-aged man with darkish skin and an athletic build greeted us as we entered and accepted the certificate Denise handed him. "My name is Mahir and my partner is Adya," he indicated a stunning woman who was just entering the room. They were both wearing flowing white silk robes.

There were three other couples already in the room, all middle-aged, ordinary people. We were instructed to be seated on cushions on the floor. The lighting was low and came from what seemed like a thousand candles that were burning everywhere. There was music playing, very quietly, Eastern-sounding music.

One of the women looked around nervously. "I do yoga and heard about this workshop but then today someone told me that you have to be nude. I don't think I can do that."

"Well, tantra is about sensual enlightenment and tonight we will teach you how to open yourself up to this sensuality. It's basically a way to achieve a higher sexual pleasure through breathing exercises,

using your senses, and concentrating on your partner. Actually we do teach it with the partners naked, the experience does require bare skin against skin. Also this isn't a lecture. You will do each step as we go, with you following what we demonstrate; we find that people learn best that way," Mahir said.

He stood up and so did his partner and they both dropped their robes. Underneath they were totally naked. They both had shaved pubes and their skin glistened. His cock was enormous; it hung down about seven to eight inches and his balls were really big too. She was slim, with a tiny waist, B-cup boobs, and a high, round ass. There was a gasp from most of the others. Wow, this isn't what I expected; I thought it was gonna be a lecture or group discussion. I noticed that Denise had blushed and really tensed up.

"Do you want to pull out? I had no idea that this was how this class was going to be."

"Yeah, let's go," she whispered.

We got up and started for the door. So did two other couples, including the one with the woman who asked the question.

We reached the door but Mahir had come up behind us. "Please stay; we find that everyone is quite shy at being nude, some are even a little afraid at the beginning, but later they feel more comfortable with being naked. This workshop really works best if you know nothing about it and don't know what to expect, so our materials don't mention the nudity. If you can trust me, you'll learn something wonderful about yourselves and your relationship. Please try it, stay, and we won't insist that you shed your clothes."

I looked at Denise and she shrugged. I looked at him. "Ok, sir, we'll stay and see how this goes. Both of us have real issues with nudity and it's a medical problem, not that we're shy."

"Sometimes doctors prescribe tantric yoga to treat some types of body issues, you know," he said as he turned back to the room. "Feel free to rejoin us."

One of the other couples, the one with that woman, left anyway, and the other couple came back with us and we all sat down again.

The woman was sitting on her cushion in a cross-legged pose and I could see her pussy peeking out between her legs. She looked over the remaining couples and raised her arms and hands over her head like she was making a halo.

"We begin now. Please remove your clothes now and sit, arranging your pads as Mahir will demonstrate."

The couple who didn't try to leave rose and shyly disrobed quickly, covering their privates as they quickly got back onto their cushions. Meanwhile Mahir had placed his cushion right in front of Adya's and sat down on it facing her cross-legged with their knees almost touching.

The second couple and Denise and I just arranged our cushions to face each other. The clothed guy sat with his legs extended in front of him. Mahir asked him to fold his legs but the guy said he couldn't sit that way.

Mahir then spoke. "First let's cover the concepts of tantra, beginning with the basics. We will demonstrate and then you will copy what we show you. You start by making a connection with your partner and we do that by looking deep into each other's eyes while taking your right hand and placing it over your partner's heart. Try to reach out with your senses and feel each other's aura—try to pull in

their energy. We'll do this for several minutes."

Denise and I stared into each other's eyes as I felt the faint beating of her heart. I felt myself falling into her eyes and realized with a start that this was kind of a self-hypnosis. And it was quite sensual too.

Mahir soon continued, "Now close your eyes and using the palms of both hands, stroke your partner's chest. Move your hands down over the nipples, across them and around, moving up to the shoulders. Feel their skin's texture and their body's curves and the hardness of the bones under the skin and the softness of the skin over the chest and try to remember those feelings. Use your palms and stroke up, around, and down, following the chest's contours. Memorize the shape you feel and try to imagine that you are being stroked along that same path, over a body shape that isn't part of you."

We followed these instructions but of course, being clothed, felt nothing, really. After about five minutes of this stroking, he went on.

"Keeping your eyes closed, place your arms on your partner's shoulders, allowing your arms to lie touching skin to skin, and form an image in your mind about the sensation of touching your partner's chest, recalling the shapes you felt, and become one with that image. Become one with your partner."

After a few minutes of this, he stopped us.

"Next, we bring breathing into the poses. Raise up on your knees, facing each other, and bring your bodies as close as possible without touching and let your partner's warmth flow from their body to yours. Close your eyes and now the male, place your arms around your partner as if you were giving her a hug, but don't touch her. Bring your cheeks as close as possible to hers without touching and breathe in and out together, slowly. Listen to your partner breathe and make believe you are breathing for them. Always pay attention to your slow, deep, steady breathing. This stimulates the energy flow, just as it does in meditation."

He allowed us several minutes in this pose, gently murmuring his instructions about keeping our postures and breathing and not touching.

"Ok, now the females, repeat that with your partner."

We switched around and Denise encircled me with her arms. I heard Mahir move around close behind me as I knelt on my mat.

"Did you forget to exhale, sir?" he spoke quietly to the guy next to me.

"Oops," he murmured. "I was feeling so relaxed."

"That happens. Never get so relaxed you forget to breathe." The group chuckled.

He went on. "The next exercise is where nudity is really essential and we strongly suggest it. Not only is it the most vital component of tantra, it's beneficial for the senses and you'll find it highly enjoyable." No one moved to undress. "Very well, that's fine, you may be able to feel some heightened arousal, but nowhere as strong. Ladies, take a cushion for your head and one for your lower back and lay down on them with your knees bent and legs spread. Now the men, kneel on your knees between your partner's legs and lean forward. Do not let any part of your body touch, rest your arms at the sides of your partner's body. Try to keep your penis from touching her. Get your balance and hold that posture for the next step."

I was balanced over Denise and noticed that the nude couple was very uncomfortable. She was squirming a little and the guy had a rigid hardon and was raising his butt, trying to keep his cock from

touching his woman. The clothed guy was out of condition and, trying to remain in position, he became out of breath and began puffing.

Adya now spoke. She was lying on her back with Mahir hovering over her and his enormous erect cock, now some nine inches long, was lying flat against his belly. What incredible muscle control. Probably why he wasn't speaking just now.

"Each of you breathe like this. Inhale with a deep breath through your nose and hold it for two seconds, then slowly exhale through your mouth. As you do that, close your eyes while you listen for your partner's breathing and try to follow them as you inhale and exhale. Breathe together now. In through your nose, in, in, deeply in, hold, hold, hold; now slowly breathe out through your mouth. Bring your mouths close together and feel your mate's breath as they exhale. Breathe for your mate. Let your mate breathe for you, both as one. In and out. Stay together. Keep your eyes closed as you become one. Listen to their breaths and follow, in and out. Again and again. Over and over. Let your breathing become one and soon your bodies and your minds will be as one. In and out. Slowly open your eyes and look into your partner's eyes but continue to breathe in and out deeply.

"Don't stop as you listen to this next step. Breathe, in and out. Lose yourself in your partner's eyes. As you both of you breathe together, I want the male to begin to simulate sexual intercourse, thrusting while using only his hips. Rock your hips up and back; don't push to and fro on your knees. Only your hips should move. Begin now. Rock your hips up as you breathe in and back down as you exhale, holding a moment in between to keep the breathing pattern. Ladies, help them keep the breathing going; set the pace. In and hold, hold, hold. Out slowly, out, out, out. Keep up this rhythm, in and out, thrust in and roll out, breathe in, breathe out."

This was tough to do, this sex in slow motion. I had to keep from touching Denise and keep my balance, and keep moving in and out while keeping my breathing going too. I noticed that the other couples had almost given up; they were getting out of sync and the guys were almost lying on their women. Also, staring into Denise's eyes was terribly distracting and I kept losing my focus. *What beautiful eyes she has!*

Mahir called, "Breathing, men, remember to breathe!"

I heard a few "Huff" sounds and smiled. I had stopped breathing too.

Adya continued, "We go to the next level now, and that's pretending that the man is actually engaging in penetration. I want you to feel yourselves sharing the passions of your bodies with each other. Focus on what your passions feel like during intercourse and recall your first sexual arousal, recall your first passionate coupling, your first sexual contact, and let those memories enfold you, let them become a part of you. Let those feelings flood over you now as you continue to thrust and breathe, thrust and breathe."

Suddenly Denise began to sob and sat up and I rocked over so she wouldn't bump into me. I held her as she sobbed into my shoulder. I knew what happened and I pulled her up and walked her toward the door.

Adya had jumped up too and the whole group broke up in confusion. She pulled on her robe and rushed to us.

"What's wrong? What happened?"

Denise kept sobbing, so I answered, "That was really mean. If we had been naked as you wanted, that

would have been a complete disaster. She's a virgin and a survivor of a serious sexual molestation. You reminded her of her worst memories." Denise was sobbing harder now. "We have to go," I finished.

Apparently the class mood had been broken and the nude couple was dressing. The clothed couple was walking up, talking to Mahir.

"... wasn't at all what I expected. We thought we'd learn new yoga postures." the woman said to him as they went out.

The other couple, dressed now, slipped out. "Thanks, but not our style," the guy called.

Adya had taken Denise's hand. "Please, dear, pardon us for that. We thought, with teens being all so sexually active these days, that since you came to this class, you were experienced. I'm sorry. Can we show you something that may help. Fully clothed? If you're still uncomfortable, then no harm, ok? I want to make it up to you."

Denise sniffled, "Ok."

She brought us back into the room where her partner was busily snuffing out all those candles.

"Let's show you some positions you can try for intimacy while being clothed. These work well for just being close to someone and no sex is involved but they can raise passions pretty high."

Then they showed us the *yab-yum* position, where the guy sits either diamond-legged or cross-legged. The girl sits on his lap, facing him, with her legs wrapped around his waist and the soles of her feet are pressed together. Apparently this is to keep her energy cycling around her pelvic area. They showed us how to put our arms around each other and told us to begin to rocking our bodies. Mahir then took Adya on his lap and showed me how he lifts his thighs, raising Adya's body up and down along his groin. They took off their robes and showed us how he could use the bottom of his erection to stimulate Adya's clit. That looked so beautiful and Denise was watching wide-eyed.

Then, still nude, they both leaned back and placing their hands flat on the floor a foot behind them and using their arms for leverage, they swung their bodies back and forth with their groins interlocked and pressed together.

"You can see that will work with or without clothing and it stimulates both ways," Adya said, smiling as she donned her robe again.

Mahir then asked, "Are you familiar with the yoga cobra posture?"

We both were.

"Well, that's what we were demonstrating before. It's the tantric version of the missionary sex position. Instead of what we were doing, which was the tantric withhold method, try this. Kevin, prop yourself up on your elbows, not your arms like before. Press your groins together and instead of thrusting in and out with your hips, both of you should rock your hips back and forth or circle your hips around, rubbing your sex organs, and the stimulation while clothed should reach her clitoris as well as your penis. Of course, during sex, that motion will deliver a huge amount of pleasure to the woman's g-spot and clitoris."

Adya continued, "Now I think you can only remember one more thing. This is about the *kundalini* energy; it's coiled like a snake ready to strike and it arises from the root *chakrah* in the groin area. This will teach you how to use your *kundalini* energy, pulling it up through your body to fill yourself with its

immense power.

"Kevin, you do this: sitting in the *yab-yum* pose, first tighten the muscles in your perineum and testicles and keep pulling them harder and harder as you inhale with a deep long breath. Increase that pulling even more by sucking in energy up through your chest. When you can't hold the pressure any longer, swing your hips and rotate them a few times as you let the energy flow down and out of you again. Denise, you do the same, but think of pulling in your muscles around your vagina. Swing your hips along with Kevin while pressing your groins together. Try to do that and don't forget the breathing. Tell me if you feel anything happening."

We did it for about two minutes as I stared into Denise's eyes. Suddenly my groin began to feel hot; in a flash I felt my blood surge down and my cock surge up. My cock had turned into a steel rod almost instantly. A few seconds later I saw Denise blush a bright red. Wow, what a blush!

Adya cocked an eye at Denise. "What did you feel, honey? Something happen?"

She squeaked, "Oh, oh yeah, my pussy let go a gusher," and her blush grew stronger.

Adya clapped her hands. "That's it, you did it. That's all about the *kundalini* energy. It's one of the strongest in the body and that's one of the best ways to tap it. How do you feel? Better now?"

"Oh, yes, thank you! I'm sorry I spoiled your class."

"That's all right. Those folks weren't getting it anyway, but you two were, until I hit your trigger and for that, I have to apologize. I hope we made it up to you."

"Yes, you did, and thanks for that." I said. "This was really interesting since I've studied Eastern martial arts with meditation for maybe six to seven years in Japan and Korea. This is a different approach, India, right?"

"Right. But the arts of breathing and meditation and the ideas of energy flow are identical. The Indian arts combine postures. Other Eastern postural Arts are tai chi and qigong, they're Chinese and you might be familiar with those."

"In passing. There were classes in those when I was in Hong Kong."

We were winding down now and said our farewells as Denise and I left the house to return to hers. What a wild experience that was!

As we drove away, I glanced at Denise. She was gnawing her lower lip pensively.

"You doing ok, now, sweetie? Do you feel better?"

"Oh, yeah, much. I don't know what came over me in there. All the horrible memories came crashing back, but my crying wasn't from that. Uh, it was at first, but not after. I was so, so embarrassed! Breaking down in front of all those strangers! Otherwise I was ok..." she petered out. "Ah, Kevin..."

I'm getting to know that tone... "Yes, dear?" She probably had my tone pegged too.

"Kevin, uh, you know, um..."

"What, Denise? Don't be embarrassed."

"Um, well, could we try that... what we learned... when we get home? After we eat? Please?"

Chapter 33: Practice Makes Different Forms of Perfection

We arrived at Denise's house and I brought my overnight bag and school backpack in. I had put them in my car earlier, expecting that I wouldn't be going home after the workshop. I had suggested a carry-in dinner but Denise had a meal in mind to prepare, so I hung out with her as she made dinner. I tried to help, actually, but she shooed me away, saying I was distracting her. Well, I suppose I was, kissing her on her ear or neck every minute might actually be a tiny bit of a distraction.

After we finished her pasta dinner, which was pretty good, she offered me some ice cream for dessert, but I passed on that offer. Then she took me to her bedroom.

"Kevin, I want to try some of those things again from the workshop. I liked the breathing ones where we connected—you know, when we started, and the kneeling embraces. That breathing stuff, I really liked that. Wait—let me get a pad for us to kneel on."

She came running back with a thin pad from a backyard chaise lounge and put it on the floor. We sat facing, crossed knee to knee, eyes closed and hands on each other's hearts. I could feel hers pounding and peeked; her face was flushed.

After about five minutes of our stroking each other's chests, she rose up on her knees.

"Can I do the not-quite-embrace first?" she asked.

"Sure."

On her knees, she wiggled very close so we were only inches apart; then got a mischievous look on her face and put her face right in front of mine with our noses an inch apart and our lips hovering close to each other. I began to lean in to kiss her but she pulled away a little.

"Uh, uh. No touch. Remember?"

She resumed her pose and circled her arms around my back without touching me and our faces so close together.

"Breathe, sweetie, do it together." she murmured as she stared into my eyes.

We must have gotten lost in looking into each other's eyes because she suddenly grunted, "Oooh, my arms are like lead!"

I looked at her alarm clock and saw that seven minutes had passed! We switched around and I put my arms around her. While I was losing myself in her gaze I felt a warm flush, a glow, suddenly race through my body and had to force myself not to crush Denise in an embrace.

"Wooo. I almost lost it and grabbed you," I whispered. "I felt a rush of adoration just hit me. Denise, I love you so much, with all my being. I think of you all the time and only want to be with you," I said, as I stared into her eyes which were now glowing with unshed tears.

"Darling, let's break the rule now and touch. Please hold me," she breathed into my face.

We embraced each other and she murmured into my ear that she loved me also and we kissed passionately. The she shook herself.

"You didn't finish your pose, you know. You need to do it some more and... um... well..." she trailed off.

"Well? Well what?"

"Can we, uh, maybe without um, clothes? Doing this stuff with clothes in the way feels, um, you know, all wrong?"

"Darling, certainly. Let's try that."

She began to undress shyly, taking off her top and shorts, and then turned to me.

"Sweetie, could you do the rest? When I saw the kids at school undressing each other I got so, so hot. Then can I do you?"

I reached around her back and fumbled with the bra clasp as probably thousands of other males have done in the past, but quickly got the hang of it and pulled the garment gently away from her chest. What wonderful orbs; I couldn't resist kissing each nipple on its tip and they both popped to attention.

"Kevin!"

I shot her a grin. Then I pulled her panties down over her ankles and she stepped out of them. *What a marvelous creature she is!* She pulled down my shorts and tights together and we were now both naked.

"Ok, Kevin, let's do that last thing again."

We got into our kneeling position, very closely again, but things were now very different. She was so close that her nipples were barely grazing my chest and my iron-hard cock was almost touching her belly as I not-quite-embraced her. As we breathed into each other's faces, Denise would periodically move a hair forward and gently brush her nipples over my chest or thrust her hips forward and let my cock graze her tummy and I could feel my sticky precum smear on her skin. The sensations were totally maddening and it was hard to restrain myself.

Even though my arms were still ok, I had had enough, so I sat back after about five minutes.

Denise sighed, "Oooohh, that was soooo hot. The energy of resisting you makes me feel like I'm gonna burst."

"Me too. Isn't that what they said at the workshop? That the withholding and anticipation of that stimulation produce the sensual energies?"

"Yeah, Kevin, can we try that posture, the *yab-yum* one, now? When Mahir was doing that, you know, the sliding thing, I thought it was the hottest thing I ever saw."

We fumbled around getting seated. Finally I got my legs comfortable cross-legged and Denise shuffled up to me, her legs straddling over my crossed ones, which brought her crotch right in front of my face. What could I do? Of course I licked her slit, a big, wet, sloppy slurp. Wonderful!

She hopped back. "Kevin, stop that!" she giggled. "Be serious!"

"Yes, dear," I said humbly.

She got back into position again but this time she covered her mons with her hand as she squatted down to sit on the tops of my legs. Oh. the sensation of her skin sliding against mine was fabulous! My erection was sticking up, pointing at my belly button, and Denise pushed her crotch right up against its underside. I winced, waiting for the expected sharp pain which never came. Instead I felt a deep ache that seemed to come from near my asshole, and as she snuggled up tightly, the ache turned into a strange, kind of unpleasantly burning sensation that made my rigid cock throb. After a few seconds, that sensation faded back to a deep, dull ache.

With Denise safely wrapped in a tight embrace, I took her ass cheeks in my hands and with my thighs, gently slid her pelvis up and down, keeping her clit pressed hard against the underside of my rod. As we did this, we kissed and breathed together the way we had been shown. This was sheer paradise; I felt like I was melting into her and she was gasping great sighs with each breath. After a few minutes of this gentle stroking, I felt her hips jerk and her whole body shuddered.

"Aaaaaahhhhh," she sighed. "Ooooohhhh, soooooo nice..." she whispered as she sucked my tongue into her mouth and we kissed deeply while my hands luxuriated in the feeling of the smooth skin of her ass in my hands.

But I had gotten a taste of her pussy and had to have more. I pulled her off my lap and helped her get up; then I picked her up, turned around, and deposited her on her bed.

"What...?" she yelped.

"Shhhh... wait."

I climbed up over her, pushed her knees apart with mine, and then pulled her legs into a wide vee, moving my head down to her crotch. I leaned into her groin and inhaled. The faint aroma of lavender soap, a clean pussy, and young skin, from just inches away, was so intoxicating that my head swirled. My rigid cock swelled even more.

"God, so luscious," I muttered.

Denise giggled, peeking down between her pert breasts, past her long, slim thighs, to my face.

My eyes were roaming all over the smooth, almost flawless skin along the bottom crease of her buttocks, her thighs, and the cushiony pads of her outer pussy lips. Her renewed arousal had now made the tips of her inner lips just peek themselves through the thin slit that separated her lips and I could see a faint glistening of moisture appear at the bottom where her vagina lay hidden.

"God, darling, you smell so fantastic and it looks—shit, it looks so good I've gotta taste it. It'll be my dessert. Who needs ice cream when I can eat a better cream here? Are you ready?"

"Mmmmmm."

I rubbed my nose over the slit in her pubis, feeling her short pubic hairs tickle my nose, then opened my mouth over her whole vulva area and with the flat of my tongue, swiped the entire length of her slit, tasting the sweet, yet pungent fluids that were leaking from her body.

"Aaaaggggghhhh," she groaned and her hips jerked.

"Too much, darling?" I asked in concern.

"Noooo, too good," she sighed. "Do it more..."

Now her outer lips were fully engorged and shining brightly pink and her puffy inner lips had actually pushed their way out between them, spreading apart a little and reminding me of a tiny butterfly's wings. So, so cute. So irresistible.

I kept swabbing my tongue over her engorged inner lips and let the tip of my nose press against the hood of her clit; I wiggled my face as I lapped her slit.

"Waaaaahhhhhh.... oooohhhhhh.... so goooood," she wailed.

I turned my attention to the sides of her slit and ran my tongue along the outside of her outer lips, up

and down, crossing over her clit hood with a wet kiss on each pass. Her little button of a clit was now fully engorged and shyly peeking out from its hiding place. Her hips were squirming so strongly that I had to hold onto her ass firmly to keep my mouth attached.

"Darling, let me know if this is too much," I husked as I moved my fingers to hold her pussy lips apart and moved my tongue into the swamp that had collected at the tiny opening of her love canal. I swirled my tongue around and collected the nectar, sucking it up with pursed lips.

"Ooooooohhh, what are you...! Oh!"

I had stiffened my tongue and tried to press it past her hymen, which I had noted covered about half of her vaginal opening, so I tried to squeeze my tongue into the little hole that remained and fuck her sweet little pussy with it.

"OH! OH! What! what are... Aaaahhhh! Oooohhh!" she wailed.

Her bouncing had almost dislodged me and she would have shaken me off, except that she had clamped her thighs against my head so hard my mouth was locked in place.

There was a humming sound coming from somewhere and I suddenly realized that it was Denise's groans; she was groaning so loudly that I could hear her even with her legs clamped firmly over my ears. I slowly moved my tongue out of her vaginal opening, and still keeping its tip stiff, drilled my way up between her lips to the tiny little stalk of her erect clit, where I lashed it back and forth and up and down a half-dozen times before grabbing it with my lips, sucking on it hard, and grinding my tongue over its sensitive head. Suddenly I felt a pressure inside my head come to a peak as her energy seemed to sweep through her and a warmth flooded through my body as Denise shrieked and her body became rigid in a spasm, her back arched and legs extended. Just as that happened, I felt the muscles of her groin contract and a flood of pussy juice flowed out of her gaping slit and down over the cute little star of her asshole.

I reluctantly pulled away from her marvelous, sexy pussy, and looked up at her gorgeous body as she lay there panting, her eyes screwed shut. I could feel her belly pulsing almost rhythmically and see little gushes of juices flowing out from between her lips as she seemed to be experiencing little cums, like orgasmic aftershocks.

Slowly her eyes opened and she looked at me languidly.

"Ok Kevin, that was wonderful. Much better than anything before," she gasped, trying to catch her breath. "God, I love you, you know, and not just for that. OH!" she almost yelled, and sat up. "OH MY GOD!"

"What? What happened? You ok?" I almost shouted myself.

"You... you... in my vagina... you put your tongue there!"

"Yeah...?"

"It didn't hurt! Did the muscles tighten on you?"

"Oh, hell, I totally forgot about that problem! No, I even got my tongue inside a little..."

"I FELT IT! Ohmygod! Kevin! You did it and I didn't seize up down there! Ohmygod!"

"Oh, that's wonderful, darling; what great news."

She reached over to me and grabbed me in an embrace; her tears were flowing now.

“Sweetie, why are you crying?”

“I’m so happy! I’m so fuckin’ happy! I’m gonna be a complete person now, right?”

“Dearest, you were always a complete person; you just didn’t want to accept that idea. Now that you know what’s possible, you can build on it and grow from there.”

“Oh my darling Kevin...” Then she looked at me and giggled. “You should see your face. It’s all wet.” She kissed me. “OH! Is that what I taste like? Oh, my.”

We spent the next few minutes in glorious, passionate kissing.

“You know how deeply I care for you, Denise. I love you so very much. I think I knew I loved you when I first saw you but had no idea what it meant to love someone, not like a parent, but as a person. Thank you for showing me how to love you.”

“And I love you! Oh god! You make me so hot,” she said, panting as she pulled back from kissing me.

“Mmm, good,” I said, kissing her eyelids and then her nose and then her neck. “I love feeling your bare skin against me, your nipples rubbing against my chest,” I said quietly.

“Mmmmm, me too. They’re so tingly and the feeling is going straight to my pussy, too. Oh god, I feel all squishy inside again,” she said quietly, and moaned, louder this time, and bucked her hips upward, inviting my fingers to slide between her thighs.

“Touch me...”

I moistened my fingers in her juices and began to gently swirl them around her clit as she squirmed and shuddered. Our tongues were lashing each other’s as her hands were gently rubbing on the top of my cock head and I realized that the sensation I was feeling was now only a persistent deep, dull ache, not a pain.

Suddenly Denise gasped into my mouth, “Uuunnnhh. I need you, Kevin. I wanna try... wanna do it... need you now...”

“Denise, my god, you sure? Oh, I don’t have protection...”

“Ahhhh... don’t need.... did Shot Thursday... oh please...”

“Let’s do this first, my darling.”

She shuddered again as I slowly moved my left hand off her clit and inserted the tip of a finger into her vestibule, not pressing very hard against her remaining maidenhood. She was tight, so, so tight; her juices were gushing and her tunnel felt steaming hot. Still kissing her feverishly, I slowly and carefully pushed my finger further inside her, guiding it through the opening in her cherry, as she groaned.

“Aaaaaahhh... yessssss... it’s goooood.... need more...”

I rolled over on top of her and knelt between her thighs, looking at her body worshipfully. The most gorgeous figure in all creation lay before me.

“You’re a vision from heaven,” I groaned as I moved forward, tentatively and carefully guiding my cock to the promised land.

I was anticipating a sharp pain to hit my cock at any second, but I just felt a deep pressure, a hollow

aching feeling, radiating from my groin and incredibly that only seemed to make my cock feel even harder. Thus encouraged, I slotted my cock's crown at her vagina's portal and she responded with an "Ooooohh!"

"Still ok, darling?"

In response, I felt Denise jerk her hips down, pushing them so that the head of my cock popped through her pussy lips. Then I felt her grind her hips around slowly, swiveling her maidenhood against my pulsing cock. God, that felt so fuckin' wonderful; she was massaging my crown with her pussy lips. I reached down behind her back with both hands and grabbed her butt cheeks as I pushed down with my hips and ground my throbbing dick against her young, hot vulval portal, as if I were going to screw it into her. Yeah, funny, that was an incongruous thought; it *is* called screwing, after all!

"Stop teasing!" she moaned. "I'm ready!"

"Tell me when to stop. I don't wanna hurt you."

"Uhhhh, just do it!"

I started pressing down and suddenly felt her muscles twitch on my cockhead as if they were going to clamp, so I pushed hard through that stiffness and suddenly felt a ripping sensation; Denise yelped as I plunged about halfway into her love channel.

"Yoooowwwwhhh!"

"Should I stop?" I puffed.

"NO! Ahhh. Owie, owie. That really... stung... unh... but not now. Don't move... let me see... wait... uuhhhh..."

I felt her pelvic muscles twitching and contracting as if they were trying to figure out what this invader was and whether it should be expelled. Finally I guess the vote was taken and the "keep it in" faction prevailed, because Denise sighed again and I felt her entire groin area kind of relax, like a huge weight had been lifted somehow.

"Uuuuuhhhh, ok, keep going..." she sighed.

I pulled back a tiny bit and felt a tickle as a flood of wetness seemed to engulf my rod, which I was thankful to realize was being only moderately painful now; the deep throbbing ache had receded a bit. I squeezed Denise's butt cheeks as I pulled them into my groin and sank the rest of the way into her, feeling my balls come to rest against the crease of her ass. She gasped as the full length of my rigid pole entered her.

"Oooohhhh, so good.... so freakin' gooood... I love you... oh god...." Denise was moaning now and biting my shoulder.

I had begun to sense that energy feeling that seemed to be generated by her, an emotional intensity that seemed to flow between us, and a feeling of pure lust washed over me, like I wanted to bury myself inside her and become part of her. God, her pussy was so tight, so hot and wet, as it wrapped around my throbbing cock as I slid in and out. I stroked slowly in and out of her tight channel, long, slow, deep strokes, for about a minute and suddenly it felt like I was gonna spurt my cum into her, so I shortened and slowed my movements a little and the feeling passed.

Then that surge of lust hit again, even harder this time. I raised myself up with my chest towering over

hers, then I pulled her knees up and propped them in front of my arms and brought my hands down on the bed next to her shoulders. With her pussy now pointed almost straight up and my pelvis directly on top of her, I started thrusting my dick in and out of her with abandon as she spread her legs widely and wrapped them around my back. I saw her cute teenaged tits wiggling back and forth beneath me with each thrust of my rod into her snatch.

“Oh, god, Kevin! Uuuuh! Fuck me! Oh good... Harder! Oh shit, deeper! Oooohhh, ssssssssoooooo fuckin’ good!”

I pounded into her harder and faster, conscious of my protesting cock which had now actually become painful, but somehow the pain was fueling my increased lust. Now I was grunting like an animal and could hear my dick making squishing sounds as it thrust in and out of her young, juicy passage.

“Oh lover! God, you're so fucking hot,” I panted, “is it good?”

“Uuuunnnhhh, gooood... do it, Kevin. Fuck me hard. I need it soooo bad...”

“Oh shit, oh, shit, oh shit,” I chanted.

“Ah, ah, ah, do it... harder... more... fuck, fuck, fuck me...”

Now I was pumping into her like a machine, grunting, panting, and gasping as my throbbing member pistoned in and out of her juicy young pussy. I could feel her juices splashing out of where we were joined with each thrust and hear the wet squishy noises each time I rammed into her snatch. I felt the soft, silky walls of her hot, young love canal give way and spring back as my cock slid in and out; I felt her pelvic muscles rippling so tightly around my dick as I thrust that I thought I was hurting her except for her words urging me to go faster.

She was gyrating her hips now and pulling my buttocks in with her heels.

“Uuuuuhhh, getting close, keep going, aaaaaaahhh... faster... fuck me... harder... uh uh uh...”

Her words just inflamed me more. Now I only wanted to get my cock so far up inside her that it would come out her throat. I pistoned my cock into her hard and fast; the sweat was streaming off of my face and chest; I was grunting with each thrust and mashing my pelvis into hers on each stroke.

Suddenly I felt my cum begin to rise. It started as a tickle behind my balls.

“Uuuuh, Denise, gonna cum...”

“Aaahahhh... wait.... wait... meeeee toooooo,” she screeched as I felt her whole pelvis spasm and then her vagina snapped down hard on my dick like a vise.

That did it. Suddenly an overpowering burning sensation flowed out of my groin and raced up my cock like a stream of molten lava and I felt pulse after pulse of jism fire out of my cock deep into Denise’s body.

“Yaaaaaahhhhh... I feel it.... aaaaaahhhhhh!” Denise yelled, and again her body stiffened and her vagina spasmed again on my cock, clamping down again and again, milking it of any remaining cum.

I also wasn’t quiet and groaned loudly as my cum kept spurting out, eight pulses, I thought. Wow and wow.

The two of us were exhausted and panting like we had run the marathon. I rolled off her and my cock protested with a sharp pain as it was dragged out of her really tight pussy with a slurping, sucking

sound.

Denise went “OH!” as it came sucking out. She gasped with a little giggle, “Ah! I came again when you popped out!”

As I caught my breath, I got a really wicked idea so I dropped back between her legs, raised and parted them, and began licking all around her pussy, driving my tongue back into her swollen vulva.

“OH! What are you ... AH AH AH AH! STOP! Aaaahhhhh, cumming! Aaaaaaahhhhh!” Ohmygod... I don’t ahhh believe you.... aaaahhhhh...”

My god, that was so hot, having her cum again like that. I could taste my cum in her pussy and a metallic taste too. Ah, yeah, from her broken cherry. So fuckin’ hot. I could feel my cock begin to stir again.

I raised up over her and drank in her sheer beauty, even more as she luxuriated in her orgasmic afterglow. I could see that she really did glow. She looked at me quizzically.

“What?”

“I can’t get enough of looking at you. You’re the most beautiful creature there is,” I said and I could feel tears again come to my eyes.

She noticed and her eyes began to tear up too as she reached up and dragged me down in a fierce embrace.

“Oh, Kevin, I love you so-so-so much! That was just so awesome. You made me a woman and I’m yours forever.”

We began another dueling match with our tongues.

“OH! Kevin, how was it for you? You were able to make love! You were super awesome, too. Did it hurt?”

“A little aching and some pain but when you got all turned on like you get, the pain added to my feelings somehow and it increased my arousal. Denise, you’re any man’s dream. Gorgeous, smart, sexy, and an animal in bed.”

“He, he. You ain’t bad either, stud. I could say the same about you. Say, I notice my friend has reawakened and he’s ready to play again...”

Seems my cock had become erect and I didn’t notice. Triple wow. Denise slid down alongside of me and grasped my penis, moving her hand up and down over it quickly two or three times.

She looked up at me. “This ok so far?”

I nodded, looking into her eyes, now bright with renewed lust. “A little pain, very sensitive, but I can take it ok.”

She slid her hand through her crotch and I marveled how it came back out sopping wet. Then she wiped her juices over the shaft and started pumping. My cock, which had been somewhat hard, was now like an iron rod again.

Then Denise slid over, kissed my chest and bit my right nipple, then she plunged straight down my body towards my groin. She pursed her lips and slid them over the red helmet of my penis and flicked it with the tip of her tongue, eliciting a big groan from me. Then using two fingers of her left hand to

encircle its base tightly, she took my rod in deeper and bobbed her head up and down, soon taking most of its length into her mouth all at once. Wow, did that feel fantastic; she was holding her lips so tightly as she sucked me in and out.

Then she started to move her hands up and down my cockshaft in time with the motion of her mouth and I began to feel the familiar tingle in my balls.

“Denise,” I groaned, “getting close...”

At that, she started swirling her tongue around and around and flicking its tip into my pisshole and that was it, the sensation was too much for me.

“Aaaahhhh, cumming....” and I felt my balls contract as my spunk shot out into her hot mouth.

“Mmm, that’s so nice! I love the feeling of your cock as it pulses like that and the way your cream shoots into my mouth gives my pussy tingles, too,” she said, wriggling up to me again and keeping one hand on my softening cock.

We lay together, cuddling and kissing and I tasted my cum once more. Very strange taste. Well, I love the way her pussy juices taste, so why not share my cum too? I thought as consciousness faded and I drifted off to sleep.

Chapter 34: Called for the Program, Redux

I woke up in the morning disoriented and confused—something felt way off kilter and I just couldn't get my bearings. Slowly last night swam into my consciousness. I was in Denise's bed. After our wild sex of the evening, we had awakened in the wee hours and made love again, a slow, leisurely, gentle love-fuck that ended with the two of us having huge cums and then falling back to sleep. We got up and sleepwalked through our morning routines and made our way to school, with me driving slowly; fortunately I don't have to drive on any heavily-trafficked streets to get there.

Finally, I got to home room and was collecting myself when the announcements came on but wasn't paying any attention when suddenly I heard Denise's and my name called, asking that we come to the office! What the hell was it now?

Ohmygod! This was the identical dream I had Sunday morning, sans the hot sex!

Denise looked at me in total shock.

"What... what... oh, I'm scared! This is when they call the Program people!" She was clutching my arm in panic.

"Darling, I was daydreaming. Did they call anyone else?"

"No... just us."

The teacher rapped for our attention. "Hadn't the two of you better go now?"

We went. On the way a million thoughts flew in and out of my head and none stayed long enough to tell me what the hell that particular thought was about. I was clenching my jaw as I entered Fletcher's office, half expecting to see Abover at the desk.

Fletcher sat there, and at the other side of the room stood Mr Merotta. Denise jerked to a halt and I stiffened.

"Denise and Kevin, please take a seat and relax, please. You're not in any trouble. This may sound like I've gone crazy, but I called you to get your advice..."

Merotta broke in, "I still say you can't do that..."

"Quiet!" Fletcher said, not loudly, but with force. "This is my school; you are observing, but you will not do or say anything that interferes with the way I run it."

Denise looked at me, amazed, and I winked back at her. Good for Fletcher.

"Mr Merotta had some serious problems with how you interpreted the Program rules last week. Apparently the Program people had their lawyers look at the rules and had to agree that the way you followed them was not only correct, your reading of them followed precisely their intent as compared with the federal law. In other words, son, it seems that they found no way to have those rules rewritten so that they could be interpreted in any other way. How a participant follows them may range from an absolute adherence to their literal sense or to permit the most open interpretation that allows the participant to experience anything he or she wants sensually or sexually, but the choice is the participant's, not the school's or the federal Program official's.

"Since this school has adopted our rules interpretations and established procedures based on them, Mr Merotta wanted to watch how we began a new Program week and see how the students become acclimated to the Program from their beginning."

Yeah, I thought, *he just wants to see some teenagers get naked.*

"This is where the two of you come in, and I only thought of this over the weekend, otherwise I would have called you. Kevin, you've shown yourself to be resourceful and mature, and except for the few problems of last week caused by students which I understand happen at virtually every school, the first week went fairly well with student acceptance having a total reversal from its rejection of last term. I know that much of that is your doing. Some of my teachers report that they've heard many students talking about the Program in positive terms, in fact.

"Denise, by agreeing to participate despite your medical condition and your clearly valid exemption, you showed a level of bravery and trust unusual in a teenager. You could have opted out and we wouldn't have penalized you..."

Merotta stepped forward. "Dr Fletcher, I'm warn..."

"*STOP*, Mr Merotta ... no penalties despite the threats from the feds. So I thought of this role in our implementation of the Program, if you would consider it. Peer Counselors. In addition to our Guardian corps, a Counselor would provide moral support and advice to the new group and help them to adjust where needed. The two of you have shown extraordinary levels of empathy and support for your Program peers, even for other students, that make me feel that you two would be perfect role models. And your judgment, both of yours, is so sound that you would have the full trust and support of the entire school staff."

Denise had blushed the prettiest shade of pink I have ever seen.

"So there it is. I've never had the privilege of meeting two teens, hell, people as courageous, selfless, and thoughtful as the two of you, the way you both came forward... yes, Denise, I know what you did in Psych and Kevin in other situations... came forward in a pinch when you could have stayed in the shadows. So please, your school and I would be honored if you'd accept."

I looked at Denise. She whispered in my ear, "This is so freakin' weird, but I'd do it if you do..."

"Dr Fletcher, this is a signal honor and I don't know if we could meet your expectations..."

"Hell, Kevin, I myself don't even know what my expectations are. This is something we'll both be learning. But I know that the two of you have good instincts to do not only the right thing, but do it in a way that your peers respect. Kevin, I've heard you referred to as a 'super-hero' and many other complimentary things, and Denise, you don't know this but you have a peer following who think you are the bravest girl they could imagine. Someone even said you're like Wonder Woman."

Now Denise was holding her face in her hands. "No. Not me," she whispered.

"Well, no super-powers, but a strong and forceful personality, my dear."

"Sir, Denise said she'd do it if I would, so I agree."

"Wonderful!" he exclaimed as he came around the desk to clasp our hands. "I'm looking forward to see how our partnership develops."

I noticed Merotta looking very unhappy; he had seated himself the last time Fletcher shut him up. I had recognized his tactic of remaining standing to try to assert superiority over the seated group and his seating himself showed that he realized the tactic had failed.

Fletcher was continuing. "I delayed calling the week's Program students because I hoped that we could

begin your work with this new group. As usual, most or all will be anxious or frightened and I hope that your being here will help their acceptance. Just use your instincts and let's see if this will be a home run and not a strike-out. I'd even accept a single..." he mused to himself.

"Sylvia, call the Program group, please," he said to the squawk box, which squawked back in response.

I really gotta ask him how he knows what it said, I reminded myself.

Soon a bunch of unhappy kids came trundling in. A few looked at Denise and me in surprise and I recognized two from some of our classes. Must be the juniors.

One of the older-looking kids said, "It's you!"

Another, "You did it last week. Why..."

Fletcher cleared his throat. *Hmmm. I gotta learn that trick. Adults in authority use it very effectively.*

"Students, I won't insult you by telling you why you're here, but Miss Roberts and Mr Coris aren't in your Program group this week. We're doing something completely new and never tried anywhere before. They will serve you as your peer Counselors. You know that you'll have assigned Guardians whom you'll meet soon, and you saw last week how the Guardians will protect you from abusers. We want you to think of the Counselors as people you can go to for advice and help for any difficulties you may have while in the Program. You know that both of them had valid medical reasons to completely avoid participating in the Program; in fact it was Mr Coris who provided the legal proofs that the two of them were entitled to be exempted, yet both of them courageously went ahead and participated even with their medical limitations.

"So they have shown their support both for the principles of the Program and their empathy for the others in their group. If they could do it, and they voluntarily chose to do it despite their exemptions, then probably most everyone else in the school can as well. Are there any questions?"

A girl raised her hand. "What do they do for us?"

"Help you get over any problems that you feel the Program is causing. They can't change a rule, but they can show you how to be comfortable within the requirements of that rule, for example."

Another girl spoke, with a British accent. "Um, my parents sent a letter that I can't participate. I don't know why I was called."

"There aren't exceptions except for documented medical reasons."

"I'm from the U.K. and my father is here for a year's sabbatical at the uni. He told me that as a foreign national, I'm not subject to the U.S. laws like the Program laws."

I raised my hand. "Sir, she's likely correct. There are also exemptions for diplomatic status and international treaty requirements; foreign governments take a dim view of their nationals receiving treatment which they may find objectionable."

Merotta spoke up, "Only for diplomatic personnel."

"Foreign citizens in a host country have certain rights that they bring with them to their host country," I commented. "My mother was a State Department diplomat and I saw how those rights worked first-hand. For example, they can't be forced to pay income taxes on their non U.S. income the way U.S. citizens can. Same thing with personal rights, I'm sure. What's your name. Miss?"

"Gillian Stewart, sir."

"Gillian, I'm not old enough to be a sir, if you please." A few nervous giggles. "If you had the choice, would you participate if it were voluntary?"

"I don't know... I heard that last year it was horrid, blokes had to do dreadful things. But last week it was, well, calm? But I'm not allowed to do it because Mum told me that she didn't want me doing it."

"Sir?" I asked Fletcher, "this may be a real problem. I don't want to stick my neck out, but the school might get in hot water and could possibly precipitate a diplomatic incident, if you were to force anything here. I suggest you get legal advice, preferably from the State Department, on this. Even if she and her parents agree. I've seen some pretty nasty tiffs start when governments have to correct a problem created by a local jurisdiction and you don't want to be in the middle."

"Good advice, son. Students, that's an example of what I intend the Counselors to do."

They were all looking at me in awe now. Oh shit, don't need any more adulation. Merotta was staring daggers at me. *Yes! Screw him!*

"Miss Stewart, I'll do some checking. If you *are* eligible to participate, which I doubt since you'll only be here for this year anyway, I'll contact your parents. If you want to participate voluntarily and your parents agree, we can make arrangements. But for this week now, you're excused. You are a sophomore, correct? Thank you. See the secretary for a pass. Thank you."

She turned and left and Fletcher intercomed Mrs Maples to have a backup sophomore girl called and one soon appeared looking confused. She began crying when she was told why she was there. Denise took her aside and I heard her explaining everything she had missed. Fletcher was still answering questions, all basic ones, while Denise was talking.

"But I'm scared," she wailed when Denise finished.

One of the other girls went over to the two of them. She was the freshman, a tiny girl, shorter than five feet tall, and she held the other girl as the three talked together. I heard the freshman girl tell the sophomore what Denise had done to overcome her fears and participate in the Program and the sophomore's eyes grew wide.

"Ooooh. You're that Denise? Oh wow. You were so brave, I wish I could be that brave."

Meanwhile, Fletcher called for the group to strip and the room became dead quiet. One of the older boys and two older girls slowly began disrobing, then two other boys followed reluctantly. The fourth boy was staring as if in a trance. He looked like a freshman, so, so, young and vulnerable. I went over to him and spoke.

"Hey man, you ok? It ain't as bad as it looks, and my mates last week had a ball, literally balled, get it?"

He looked at me doubtfully.

I went on. "You know, I didn't think I could do it either when I first heard. I have this medical problem, as you heard. But when I saw my mates naked in the lunchroom the first day, I only wanted to join them and get naked with them to give them support. It's a bonding thing. Let's get your partner."

I signaled to Denise to tell the little girl to come over and Denise brought her over, towing the sophomore along.

Denise said, “This is Kimberly Sommer (the freshman) and Janice Braynton (the sophomore).”

The boy said, “I’m Adam Winters, a freshie.”

“Kimberly, why don’t you help Adam out of his clothes and he’ll help you. Take turns. It’s fun,” Denise said.

They hesitated and looked away from each other. Little Kimberly looked at me with sad, doe eyes. I had a thought. An inspiration.

“Let’s try this. I’ll take off my shirt. Then the two of you take off yours, ok?”

Denise shot me a look of uncertainty and I winked at her.

“Let’s do it. Go.” I slipped my shirt off. They stripped their shirts off.

Denise shook her head like she was shaking off water like a dog does; a quick shiver, and she whispered in Janice’s ear.

Janice squeaked, “Really? You will? Oh my! Yeah....” and trailed off as Denise took her shirt off followed, very slowly, by Janice.

Denise took off her shirt too? Denise took off her shirt too! She did. I was flabbergasted.

She looked at me. “Close your mouth, you’re catching flies. What’s good for the gander, you know...” and winked at me! WOW!

I turned back to my two charges. “Now the bottoms,” and slid mine off, followed by the others and Denise leading Janice, whose eyes were still dripping tears.

Denise whispered to her, “Doing fine, Janice.”

“Um, gotta clothing malfunction now, guys. I think I forgot an underwear item when I dressed this morning,” and cupped my imaginary breasts and jiggled them. That broke a little ice and got some really good laughs—nervous ones, but hey, they were laughs.

Denise came to the rescue, “But I didn’t. Bras off now, guys, ok?” and she slipped hers off as she spoke. Wow. This is surreal. We’re not in the Program but we’re in the Program anyway? It’s a dream! Gotta be that dream and I’m still in it...

“Ok, now guys, big step here. Down they go,” and I dropped my tights. Denise slid her undies down, and then the others followed. Denise wrapped Janice in a big hug and kissed her while I took Kimberly’s hands and put them in Adam’s and whispered, “Talk to each other now.”

“Now you’re my hero, Janice. See what you did? Come meet your partner now. Kevin?”

She took Janice by one hand and I the other and we led her to the boy who was standing alone, uncertainly, not knowing where to look, the older two sets of kids having paired into juniors and seniors, it would seem.

“You are?” I asked him.

“Um. Jeremy. Jeremy Carter.”

“Hello, Jeremy. This is how Program kids like to be greeted,” I said and whispered in Denise’s ear, telling her to give him a hug.

She wrapped her arms around him and kissed him on his cheek. I noticed that she pressed her tits lightly into his chest and he groaned but tentatively returned the hug.

“Kiss me too, Jeremy,” she urged, and he did. Ah. Inspiration struck again.

“Janice, I’ll show you how to greet your Program partner and your Program buddies too,” and I pulled her into a tight embrace, kissing her lips and mashing her tits tightly against my chest while I pressed my erection into her belly, leaving a smear of precum there as I ran my hands down her back and cupped her ass cheeks, pulling her pelvis into mine. Wow, awesome, her ass was so firm and full. She groaned, then sighed and held onto me tightly.

She was a luscious handful, was Janice. Medium tall, maybe 5'7" and blonde. Her C-cup tits rode high on her chest and were widely separated with an inch or more of flat chest between the orbs. Her nipples stuck out, long, pointy, and hard, topping crinkled areolas shaped like little cones. Her nipples also didn’t point straight forward but looked slightly up and out. A very sensual effect. Below her tits her lower rib cage was clearly defined, her navel was set in a cute tummy that pooched out a tiny bit and sloped down to her mons, which flared out from a slit flanked by soft, puffy flesh, like little pillows, on either side. Above her slit was a shaved patch of pubic hair about an inch wide that enhanced and accentuated her pubis. Her body was a wet dream and I told her so. She blushed and looked down. I lifted her chin, kissed her lips gently, and she sighed again.

“You have a stunning body, Janice; the other girls will be so jealous and the guys will be fighting to meet you. Before that, though, you need to each meet your partner, Janice and Jeremy. I like that, you have lovely names and they match. Go ahead, give your partner your Program greeting. a nice hug, nice and tight, feel each other’s bodies, snuggle together and get to know each other, you’ll be spending a lot of time together and some of it will be intimate. I envy the fun you’ll have this week, too.”

They moved into each other’s arms and hugged. I stood behind Janice and Denise behind Jeremy and we pushed them together really tightly, sandwiching them between us, as I tried to pull Denise to me. The two kids then began kissing each other’s cheeks; those kisses lingered and then suddenly became a lip-to-lip kiss.

I decided to practice my new skill and cleared my throat. All movement in the room stopped. *Wow, it worked! Way cool!*

Giving Denise a nonverbal cue to move toward the freshmen, I said, “Ok, now everyone, everyone in this room—uh, except some really old people—are all Program buddies and need to get the Program greeting. Nice tight hugs and real kisses, that’s what makes it all worth it. When someone needs support, this is what you do, you give them your support. If you’re threatened by bad thoughts, hug and kiss your buddy. Or your partner too. Give them a hug and kiss the way you need it, do it with a full body press. You can use your hands to stroke if your buddy wants, too. This is how you keep the demons away. Show your strong emotional support and you can be a hero to your buddies. Everyone, now, it’s greet your buddy time.”

Everyone was looking at me wide-eyed as I strode over to the senior girl, a slightly chubby girl but quite cute, of medium height, double D tits that drooped a little, and a full bush, and wrapped her in a tight embrace, kissing her firmly and mashing my pelvis into hers. Then I pulled back a bit, said “Kevin Coris, welcome, dear buddy,” and kissed her again.

She blushed and murmured, “Uh, likewise, I think. I’m Melanie Gerster.”

“Pretty name, Melanie,” and I turned to her partner, shook his hand, and pulled him into a Continental

male hug and kiss.

“Whoa, man,” he muttered as he tried to pull away but I held him.

“This is the way guys greet each other in much of the Western world, and I grew up doing it lots. You can do guy-to-guy greetings this way too if you want, or just shake hands. But you boys, you need to make a real connection with your guy buddies, also, and the guy hugs are really special. Start a new trend. This’ll show you’re brothers. I’m Kevin, ok? and welcome to the real world. Your name, bro?”

“Ahhh. Kyle Akers. This is goin’ way too fast...”

“Not fast enough. You’ll see ‘fast’ when you get out in the halls.”

I pulled the senior couple together to make them embrace as I went to the juniors and looked at how they were embracing.

“Hey guys. Connect. It’s not your mom you’re hugging. You guys look way better, naked like this, than you did in classes last week. Clothes aren’t what they’re cracked up to be—they’re just plain ugly.”

The two chuckled a bit uncertainly.

I took the girl, a slender 5'4" chick with B breasts, shaved pussy, and a real great bubble butt, into my arms and hugged and kissed her with passion and she almost swooned. Just kidding. But I did grind myself into her and rubbed her wonderful ass and tits sensually a bit and she moaned.

“Sweetie, I’m Kevin and it’s wonderful to hold your awesome body and welcome you to the most exclusive club in this fair high school,” I murmured in her ear.

She wiggled her cute butt and pushed her groin into me and giggled, “Oh, my. What a cool pickup line! I’m Wendy Burrows and I’ve been crushing on you for the last two weeks!”

“Sorry, doll, taken, but your partner is a very lucky guy. I’ll greet him and then make sure you greet him the way you greeted me just now, ok?” and I kissed her again.

I turned and hugged the guy; his name was Mitchell Jones, and then got the two together again and made sure that they were grinding themselves on each other nicely. He had a great body too and they made a handsome pair. His cock was so hard it was sticking up almost vertically.

Denise was working the other side of the room and gradually we got all of the combinations of boys and girls to hug each other; many were doing it with a lot of passion.

Merotta looked like he had been poleaxed and Fletcher was looking bemused. As the mutual hug-fest drew to a close, he issued the final instructions and Denise and I led our troops out into the hall as the bell rang. What timing. Actually I found out later that Fletcher had delayed the bell until we were done in there. Shucks.

The kids were all red-faced and were totally and completely turned on; cocks were rigid and oozing precum and some pussies were dripping; I saw the juices running down Janice’s thighs and grinned. I expected that every single one of them would need relief after that mutual groping and hugging session. The Guardians took over and escorted our former charges off to their classes and I saw some couples being stopped for their first no-touch Requests. We stepped back into the office and Denise just about leaped into my arms. *Mmmm. Naked skin. Feels real nice.*

“Ohmygod. Mygod, mygod. My super-stud hero is a genius too,” and gave me a toe-curling kiss.

"Let's get our clothes, dearest," I said. "You were incredible, the way you picked up on what I was doing. I could have never carried that off without you; you're the perfect teammate."

We went back into Fletcher's office and noticed that Merotta had somehow slipped out without our noticing him. Fletcher was on the phone but hung up when we walked back in and saw us looking around curiously.

"He left using the back door. The next door over leads to some other offices and to the staff parking. People, I'm totally, absolutely hornswacked at what you just did. I studied educational psychology—that's my doctorate—and I've never heard of any technique that got a group of anxious, scared people so totally wrapped up in an activity that they totally forgot why they were frightened. What an amazing performance. It also scared the britches off our federal official. I think he sees the end of the Program as he knows it after the two of you showed how you could turn a scary experience into an erotic one. I have a million questions—no, more than that. I know you couldn't have prepared for how you handled that group. And you worked together like a practiced team; it was amazing to watch..."

He was rambling on and I had to interrupt. "Sir, you said, first of all, to use our instincts. The two of us knew from experience what those kids were feeling. We didn't have to consult each other—not that much, anyway; a glance did it—to know what we would have wanted under the same circumstances. Emotional support. Someone who cared for us. I realized that I could do that myself through empathic support and realized that if I, someone who had the rep of not being naked in the Program because I had an exemption, if I showed that even I could sacrifice and strip with them to prove that there wasn't anything to fear, I could get the reluctant kids to strip. Recall when we first met? I said that there were many ways of exerting persuasion. Abover's method was by using intimidation and force. That leaves psychic scars. Mine uses empathy and behavior-modeling. That results in positive emotions.

"I realized that the next problem would be finding a way to transfer the emotional attachment that Denise and I had created by doing our sympathetic stripping with them. We had formed a bond, one of a shared experience of becoming naked together—that's incredibly intimate, too, for a shy kid—but that bond would be lost when they left here. I couldn't leave them without another person to bond to and the new bond had to be made with someone who shared an experience with them that was stronger than just simply undressing together. It had to have very strong emotional content.

"You yourself identified the link to the students' emotions that I used, when you mentioned 'scary experience.' I know that amusement park operators use scary stimuli, rides and haunted houses and stuff, to use those scares to get an emotional high. That high turns a lot of people on and some even get off sexually on those stimuli. I realized that I could do exactly the same thing, use their aroused emotional state to direct it into a sexually stimulated state, and use that to transfer my role as a proxy for their overcoming their reluctance to the people whom they would be intimately involved with during the week. So having the idea for doing the group hugging stuff was actually an easy step, and those very sexualized hugs created an instant bond among the group; I imagine those kids will be lifelong friends after this week. It's a new tradition—the naked Program greeting; I'm kind of proud of the idea. Denise sensed what I was doing and simply supported my ideas and added hers, allowing it to build to what you witnessed."

He sighed. "That was about the best demonstration of practical and applied psychology that I've ever seen, let even heard of, and your explanation is worthy of a graduate-level psych student too. Are you SURE you're 'just' a high-school student? I know, don't object, you're too damned modest to boot, and I meant that off-color word and no apologies for using it, either. I sensed that you guys were the

proper choice for the Counselor positions. Now I know that I made the right choice. Thanks. Oh, and there's another burning question. How come the two of you..."

I raised my hand. "I know. Why did we refuse to strip last week but we're doing it today?" He nodded. "Last week we were faced with a total unknown. For Denise, her psychological problems also manifested themselves physically and recalled her sexual abuse; the Program was for her a continuation of that abuse and to preserve her health, she had to be exempted. She was actually getting close to recovery but moving way too slowly and when she began receiving the appropriate therapy, she took some major steps toward healing. Denise, how far do you think you've come toward recovery? Better than halfway?"

"Way more, Kevin. More like 75 percent."

"As far as today, she wasn't faced with the prospect of any abuse here, or reminders of her abuse, and could open up to help the kids overcome their fears. She understood those kids' fears way better than you or I could ever imagine. Am I right, honey?"

"Absolutely. And Dr Fletcher, Kevin had—still has a physical problem. He had a major injury to his groin a few years ago that caused him to have severe pain down there, pain that got so bad if he became stimulated, he could pass out. Clearly he couldn't participate in the Program with that injury. But he found a doctor here who figured out the likely cause of that pain, and Kevin's therapy seems to be working too. He still has the pain, but it's more bearable now. It was his empathy for the suffering he saw in today's group of kids that made him want to show them that it was ok to get naked, even if it meant accepting some pain—whether it be physical as in his case or psychological as in theirs. Kevin has a very poorly developed sense of self-preservation, I've learned. He tends to put other people's feelings before his own. Am I right, Kevin?"

"Exactly right. So does that answer your question, sir? The nudity last week and this week are from two different universes."

"Again I say, the two of you are extremely impressive; that was a thoughtful and well-reasoned explanation. Listen, I almost forgot. I think I'm going to switch your lunch and gym periods around so your lunches will match with the freshman and sophomore partners. I think they'll need your help during that time, ok? Just go to gym for the fourth period from now on. Now you both need to get to class, but I do owe the two of you plenty. Please don't see me to collect until after you graduate, though. I don't think my heart would be able to take it."

Chapter 35: Revolutionary Experiences

Our next period was routine, it was Biology, and the new teacher, Mrs Payton, seemed to be just fine. We got to the class a little late but Mrs Payton took our passes and smiled at us, and just continued where she was.

In third period Calc, Sarah and Andrew grabbed us when we came into the room.

Sarah said, "You gotta hear this! The new Program kids are going totally wild! My sister's a freshie and told me what happened in her bio class. So hot! And there's some kind of new Program organization now to help the new kids adjust. I'm dying to hear about that."

"You know, Sarah, Kevin and I got our lunch periods switched so we won't see you then. Let's figure out when we can get together another time, ok?"

"Sure. Say, did you turn in your advisor nominations? Andrew and I did; I wonder who'll get picked. I'm glad to have that week done. It wasn't as bad as I thought it would be and some of it was kinda fun, a little, but I'm glad it's over now. "

"Yeah. I know what you mean."

The bell rang and we went to our seats.

Between third and fourth periods while we were hurrying through the commons to gym, we ran into Linda, rushing as usual, but she stopped and gave us a big greeting.

"Hey, guys! You hear that the website is doing just fine?"

Denise said, "Right! So the feds were making empty promises."

"Yeah. I saw Jennifer in home room. She said there was some kind of denial attack thing that happened Sunday afternoon. She thought that maybe the feds had gotten so frustrated at not being able to do anything to the site that they tried to swamp it with traffic."

"And that didn't work." I commented.

"Right. She said to do that attack, you need to have lots of computers called a funny name in all kinds of different places ..."

"Zombies?" Denise asked; I looked at her, amazed.

"That's it, yeah. It takes, well, tens of thousands of them to do it and the government doesn't have a single control of that many computers, so the denial attack petered right out even before the proxy fleet shifted."

"Hmmm. Well, I wonder what the feds'll try next," I mused.

"Yeah. Who knows? Anyway, on the morning news I heard that reporters have been asking for details from Program spokesmen about why the site was still operating and got no answers."

"So looks like maybe they don't know what to do next." Denise grinned.

And Linda bid us farewell and dashed off again with, "Gotta run, kiddies; see ya..."

Damn. I gotta ask her what she eats for breakfast. I want some of that stuff too.

We came to the locker room doors and I took Denise's hand.

"You gonna be ok in there, honey?"

"Oh, sure, it's just the girls now."

"Yeah, and maybe a poor naked Program boy or two..." I winked at her.

"Ooooohhh, yeah. Well, if there is, I'll just perv at them a little tiny bit, then." and she dashed through the door.

It turned out that we didn't have any Program kids in our gym class this week. I had been thinking about the track team a bit, especially during my runs. I had noticed that my groin muscles tended to get really tight during my runs and hard running seemed to make that groin pain worse. Also, Dr McMatson had mentioned not doing stuff that could tighten those muscles too much. So I had decided that there would be no track for me.

And guess what? During class, Miss Williams did pull me out to ask. I told her that I was sorry; that on my doc's advice, I mustn't do competition running because of an old injury. She was very disappointed at that news.

Toward the end of the class the teachers handed out permission slips for—oh hell—gym classes in the nude. The teachers had decided that they'd do a little trial run of that idea. So I raised my hand for a question.

"Sir, I assume that everyone knows that participating in that is totally and completely voluntary? And that even if a parent gives permission, a student may still not be forced to participate if they didn't agree?"

"No, if a parent signs, the student has to participate."

"Sir, this is not the Program and no law exists to support that idea. Besides, it seems to me that few parents would force their child to do something that for a majority of others would be voluntary."

"Mr Coris. Let us be the ones to decide that."

"I think the students should know this is voluntary and you must state that it is, right on the form. If you don't, the form is misleading and its use could, and will, be legally challenged. Please check with the school lawyer. And think about this. How many students here would agree to take gym naked?" Not one kid raised a hand. "See? Even if you got maybe five kids to do it, what would be the point? Seems like a bad idea to me."

Both teachers were looking really angry now, but I just didn't give a damn and I walked away. If they tried to take it out on me with a poor grade, I could really get their asses in a twist, so I wasn't worried.

When I got to the locker room later, Mr Marshall called me to his office.

"Coris, I'm really tired of your posturing for the class, trying to pump up your reputat..."

I cut him off. "Sir, no one speaks to me that way. I won't allow you to reprimand me for my pointing out anything you do that exceeds your authority as a teacher. I respect teachers' authority as long as it's confined to the classroom. If a teacher begins to make rules that interfere with a student's rights, then I *will* speak up. I'm not a soldier in your unit. Treat me with respect and I'll reciprocate, sir. Is that all?"

He waved me out of his office. Perhaps I had made my point, but who knows?

I dressed and left to meet Denise. She was waiting outside the locker room and we had time before

lunch so I checked my mobile's messages. There was one from Bob; he had more information about the background check he had been doing on Abover. Ok, I'll call him back later.

Then the bell rang and we headed off to the lunch room and got on line to pick up a fruit and some dessert. We needed a little sweet stuff after the morning's events.

Denise and I came off the lunch line, wondering where we were going to sit. This was so strange. For the first two weeks of school, our lunch seating had been reserved. I looked around for a likely table, everyone in our own Program crew all had early lunch. Suddenly I heard a little scream.

"Eeeeee! It's them! It's them!" and two naked girls suddenly appeared, almost flying toward Denise and me, and began bouncing up and down on their toes and squealing and reaching for us when they arrived. We hurriedly set our trays down at the table we were passing and I was enveloped by a squirming bundle of naked energy as Janice wrapped her arms around me and I noticed that Denise was likewise being embraced by Kimberly.

Janice was hugging and kissing me hard and rubbing her hands up and down my back.

"Oh, oh, oh, how can I thank you! Thank you, thank you. You two were so wonderful. I need a real Program greeting from you, oh, please, please, Kevin? Skin to skin? Please? For me?"

Oh. My. This was totally unexpected. I heard Kimberly pleading with Denise too and suddenly my pulse began pounding in my ears. Well, I had agreed to this Counselor gig and I didn't want to damage the fragile success that we had pulled off thus far. I shrugged and reluctantly pulled off my clothes and noticed with concern, amusement, and relief that Denise was taking hers off too. Don't ask... My emotions were so confused over what Denise was doing I almost forgot about the implications of what I was doing.

I was naked now and suddenly realized that while Denise and I were stripping, we had collected a crowd of clapping, whistling kids, but as soon as I was naked, Janice embraced me again in a full-body hug, pressing her firm young tits against my chest and her tight young mons against my thigh while my now-rigid cock bore into her cute belly as she kissed me deeply.

"Aaaaaahhhh... sooooo nice.... You're my hero; I can't wait to tell you how you made my morning so wonderful! And this a nice, proper Program greeting too, my Program buddy!" she said with a wink and pulled away from me, petting my dick with a grin as she turned away to run to Denise.

Wow. Triple wow. What a change from the terrified girl of a few hours ago!

Now Janice began embracing Denise and kissing her enthusiastically while Kimberly had come over to me and reached her tiny body up to give me a greeting hug.

I mentioned Kimberly was short. Short but mighty. She was only 4'11" (eleven and a half! she would insist) with light brown hair and a perfect little pixie body. All she needed was pointed ears and almond-shaped eyes and she'd look like Tinker Bell. Perfect tiny B-cup tits sat widely spaced on her broad-shouldered chest which sported well-defined pecs under her boobs making them seem a bit larger and fuller than they actually were. Her nipples were astounding; they were fat and long and always seemed to be erect.

Kimberly was a gymnast and her abs were tucked and tight; when I held her I could feel their definition under the thin layer of cushioning over her tummy around her navel. I could almost circle her waist with my hands and her hips swelled out and down her flanks in a graceful curve. Her ass was round, prominent, and very muscular and when she walked, their globes winked from side to side with

absolutely no fleshy jiggle and she had the cutest little dimples above her ass cheeks. Her pubes was a vision of perfection with its tiny slit just peeking up between her thighs, extending into a plump padding of flesh topped with a little flair of pubic hair trimmed into a small, downward pointing triangle.

Kimberly was so short that instead of my bending down to embrace her as I had done in Fletcher's office, I grabbed her ass and hoisted her up so she could wrap her arms around my neck and her legs around my hips. While I was holding her against me and kissing her mouth to mouth, she wriggled her hips and my cock popped out from between us into her crotch and brushed against her clit. She gasped, and then with a wicked grin, began rubbing her clit over the top of my cock as she drove her tongue into my mouth. Then she shuddered with a little cum, sighed, and rested her cheek on my shoulder, kissing my neck.

"Oooooo, that was a wooooooonderful Program greeting. That felt soooo good. I'm gonna hate having this week come to an end. It's only Monday and I'm having a real blast. How can we ever thank you guys for doing all that for us?" she murmured into my ear.

I felt a little moisture on my shoulder and looked at her face. Her eyes were shining with tears.

"Kimberly, sweetie, are you ok?"

"Better than ok, stud. I'm so happy. I thought I would die of shame and now I'm loving being looked at. Looked at with lust, too. Being perved on. It's freakin' hot. God! You're the sexiest guy I've ever known, too. If you and Denise weren't joined at the hip, I'd hijack you in an instant!"

Denise and Janice had come up beside us, holding hands, and Denise stroked Kimberly's cute butt with her other hand and kissed her lightly as Kimberly continued to clamp her legs around my hips.

"Yeah, my Program buddies," I said, "it's just us against the clothed masses and we've got all the power, right?"

I squeezed and patted Kimberly's ass cheeks as she hopped down off me and Denise and I eased into an embrace of our own.

"You're totally awesome," we murmured to each other, then pulled back and looked at one another in shock.

"Awwww, just like an old married couple," Janice joked. "They even think alike. Kimberly, you and I don't have a chance." They both laughed.

Just then, Adam and Jeremy came over and their partners latched onto them in passionate greetings, followed by Denise hugging both boys and me giving them both a hug and two-cheek kiss. They were still a little shy about that; ok, they need a bit more encouragement.

The watchers in the lunchroom had been fascinated by our greeting tableau and the room was still unusually quiet. Then the kids invited us to join them at the Program table so we began walking there, and as we did, the lunchroom erupted in applause and cheers.

A new era had dawned for the Program; I could just feel it. Soon kids would be clamoring to be picked to participate rather than dreading it.

I felt someone appear shyly at my elbow and turned to see a clothed guy reverently handing my discarded clothes to me.

"I believe these are yours, sir," he said respectfully. "I want you to know that was the most beautiful thing I have ever seen, how you all greeted each other like that. I can't wait till it's my turn."

I noticed that Denise's clothes had also been returned to her, and she turned to me with a huge smile. My god, what a lovely girl she was. I was so proud of how beautiful she looked, like a goddess, and I was enjoying how the guys were staring at her like the vision she was.

"Kevin, this is just too much fun! Being naked this way. Shit! I didn't realize I was such an exhibitionist, but the way everyone is looking at me is turning me on something fierce! Anyway, you need to hear about what happed to Janice after she left Fletcher's office this morning."

Janice slid over closer to me. She had been sitting near me but she now moved close and leaned against me while Denise watched us with an amused expression. Janice kissed my cheek.

"Aaaaahhh, this is nice, let me snuggle next to you. This is as close as I guess I can get with Denise watching. You're such a doll for what you guys did for us and I'll love you forever for that.

"Ok, here's what happened this morning. I was scared shitless when I got to the office. I had been terrified of being called and now I was there and pissing my shoes. Then you guys took over and turned a horrible time into, I don't know, an amazing thing, yeah, it let me realize that letting others see my naked body was no big deal. Girls did, in the showers. I think that my problem was that I was afraid that my body wasn't pretty and that I'd look like a freak to a boy. And also I was so scared of being touched.

"But you cured that too! You were so gentle and understanding, like you could read my mind. And funny! Like it was just a game! And then you took me and wrapped me in your love and acceptance and told me how pretty I was and the kissing and stroking and feeling everyone's skin and boobies and cocks and butts and pussies all rubbing together—it just overwhelmed me and I couldn't think of myself as an exposed, naked, and alone person any more. I suddenly felt part of something bigger and I realized that it was the Program buddies idea, we were like a single thing now and I felt so close and connected to everyone that my heart just melted. And you opened up something inside me that I didn't realize was in there. I didn't know that my fright over my body being exposed was from a poor body image. When Mr Kevin Coris, the boy hero..." I groaned to myself, "...and Miss Wonder-girl Denise said that I was beautiful and should be proud of my body, my awful shyness and modesty just kind of melted away. I felt... it was like ... I don't know... somehow I felt like I was a foot taller and nothing could scare me anymore.

"Then when we went into the hall, I was in such a sensual fog that I wasn't even aware that people were seeing my naked body and that was actually the time that I dreaded worst of all, the first time appearing naked in the school hall. And you made it into a beautiful experience! I felt proud that people could see me and see how aroused I was and that I wasn't scared and couldn't be intimidated."

She twisted herself around and embraced me again, kissing me deeply, and then went on.

"Thank you again, for getting me past that." Then she giggled. "I was so turned on by then that I could barely walk. My knees were weak and my pussy was just gushing. When I got to my first class, the teacher asked if I needed relief and I almost screamed 'yes!'"

Jeremy was sitting on Janice's other side and he had been stroking her arm and back while she was speaking—and I had also noticed that she had taken his cock gently in her hand, giving its head a few rubs with her thumb every so often as she spoke.

Jeremy picked up the story. “Yeah, when the teacher asked about relief, she burst out ‘yes’ and ran straight for the chair in the front. That was so funny. The teacher asked me too and I said ‘yes’ also. Then she asked us if we wanted to do it solo or have help and Janice looked at me with her puppy eyes and whispered to me, ‘Please, Jeremy? I’ll do you after, please?’

Jeremy pleasuring Janice in a Relief session

“So I agreed and pulled her up from the chair and gave her a big Program greeting, then sat her down, spread her legs, got down between them, and began rubbing her pussy. This was my first time ever touching a girl like that. Her scent wafted up to me and my boner got like an iron bar, so I had to taste where that wonderful smell was coming from. I bent in and licked her slit and she squealed and jerked in her chair. Man, that was wicked awesome! Making a chick do that!”

Janice leaned over to him, kissed him, and then went on. “Oh, he was wonderful! It was my first time too, and after that first lick, Jeremy just went to town on my pussy. I have no idea where he learned but he hit every spot and I was going wild. He licked me up and down, all over down there and finally found my clit and sucked it, wiggled it with his tongue, and when he nipped it with his teeth, I must have screamed and blanked out because there was a roaring in my ears and my body went completely rigid. I’ve never ever cum that hard and my pussy was twitching for the whole period after that.

Janice pleasuring Jeremy in relief session

Anyway, it was Jeremy’s turn then so I pulled him up and Jeremy asked some boys to pull a table to the front of the room. As they were doing that, I took his cock—I love the way it looks and feels in my hand—see, I still can’t keep

my hands off it—took it in my hand, but then he put some spit on his hand and made it wet so I started to stroke it."

"Yeah, that felt awesome. No one had ever stroked me before and I had been so worked up from the time we undressed, I was on a hair trigger and getting close. You know what she did then? She popped her mouth right over my cock and ran it right down her throat and began sucking it and working its base with her hands, back and forth as she ran it in and out of her mouth. I yelled at her that I was cumming and she started whipping her tongue around on my cockhead. I totally lost it and just came in buckets. It felt like my whole body was pouring out of my cock. And she just swallowed it all down, too. I never heard of that! She was freakin' awesome!"

"Yeah, it occurred to me that if Jeremy could lick me down there, I could lick him, too. But I wasn't ready for the sensation of having his cock in my mouth. Damn, it was incredible! My pussy actually spasmed when I sucked it in! It was hard and soft at the same time, and so, so hot. And the way the skin moved a little as I sucked it, and the way his balls felt as I held them. The way his cock comes out of his body and how hard that part felt. And the best part was when I felt a little shiver behind his balls—then suddenly they just kinda shrank up a little and his cock got even harder—maybe even grew a bit and the bottom of his shaft swelled up—and wham! his cock started pulsing, gish, gish, gish, and he was cumming in my mouth! The feeling of that pulsing and having his cum flying into my mouth set me off again and I had another little cum. OH! I need you again!"

She suddenly pushed away from me and I slid back while she got onto her knees on the seat facing Jeremy, bending over his lap as he sat, and slurped his cock into her mouth and started sucking him off. Her beautiful ass was staring me in the face and her engorged pussy lips were flowing open invitingly like flower petals. I glanced at Denise and she was urgently pointing to me and to Janice and mouthing, "Do it! do it!"

I leaned in and stuck my tongue into her pussy and Janice moaned, wiggled her ass, and spread her legs wider. I began to give her pussy a major tongue-lashing while reaching up and pinching and twisting her right nipple, then I found her clit with my tongue and she squealed around Jeremy's cock as I diddled her clit with my tongue. Jeremy was groaning now and moaning to get ready for his cum, so I took both hands and spread Janet's lips apart, exposing her hot little channel—she had a little bit of a hymen remaining with some torn sections, torn by stretching, I guessed—and plunged my tongue into her puffy hole. I was able to hold her lips apart, fuck her pussy with my tongue, and rub around her clit as Jeremy shot his cum into her mouth while she came in a gasping, shuddering orgasm.

"Aaaaahhhhhh," they both moaned in stereo as Denise grinned and gave me the finger-circle "ok" sign.

Janice rocked herself up and locked Jeremy in an embrace; it looked like they were searching for each other's tonsils with their tongues by the way their mouths were working together.

Then they parted, with each cooing endearments to each other as they slowly stroked each other's bodies. It looked so incredibly sensual.

Adam and Kimberly had been seated opposite each other during the beginning of Janice's tale, but in the middle of her telling it, Adam got up and came around to my side and sat next to her, holding her close and kissing her cheek.

Adam said, "If you thought Janice's story was hot, you gotta hear what happened to us in our first class."

"Yeah," Kimberly said, "Adam had been kissing me and stroking my ass and boobies the whole time

we walked from the office to our classroom. I had his cock in my hand; I love to hold it, and I was so friggin' hot from the groping we had done in Fletcher's office."

"Kimberly's like a pixie fairy and she's a wet dream. I couldn't take my hands off her, she's so damn sexy."

"Anyway," Kimberly continued, "our first class was Biology and the teacher asked us to wait for relief since she wanted us for a demo.

"'I see you're both really aroused and want the class to see what the sex organs look like in arousal. I have a video camera here and I can project images on the overhead screen for the class to see, so please lay down on the mat on the front table with your feet toward the students.'

"We lay down and she had me hold my pussy lips apart while she stuck that camera in my groin and pointed out everything while my juices kept pouring out of me. It was soooo embarrassing! Then she pointed it at Adam's cock and had him squeeze some precum out of his cock's slit."

"Yeah," Adam muttered, "I was blushing up a fuckin' storm."

Kimberly picked up the narration. "After she had shown everything she wanted, she looked at me.

"'Ok, Kimberly, you and Adam can take care of yourselves now,' she told me, but Adam grabbed my arm and told me to wait."

"Yeah. I wanted to try something. See, I was lying right next to her and I leaned over, kissing her and running my hands over her body. Man, her tits are so incredibly firm but the skin is so soft and her nipples stick out like little rods and they're hard like pebbles. As I gently pulled on her nipples and kneaded them, she began stroking my cock. Then I slid down her body and sucked in her nipple, diddling it with my tongue and twisting it around between my lips, and Kimberly just exploded with a yelp and her body shook. That was fun, so I did that to her other tit. She yelped again. While I was nibbling on her breasts, I was tickling her slit, sliding my finger along inside her pussy lips. Her pussy felt so soft and so hot and so wet. I didn't know girls could get so aroused.

"Then the teacher told us to hurry up so I rolled onto my back and pulled Kimberly's tiny body on top of me, facing away with her hips over my shoulders."

"Yeah, that was so cool. Adam's hot erection was right in front of my face now so I stuck out my tongue and licked its head.

"He said, 'Oooohhh. That feels so good.'

"I kept on licking, going all over the head of his prick, down its underside and back up the sides, while stroking his balls.

"'Aaaaaahhh,' he said, 'keep going, I'm gonna cum.'

"I wanted to feel a boy cum for the first time ever, so I said, 'Yeah! Cum for me!'"

Adam then resumed, "While she was doing her tongue bath on me, I began eating her wonderful hot pussy. I stuck my nose into her snatch and inhaled. It smelled wonderful so I licked her. Mmmm, tasted great. I stuck out my tongue and licked all the way up and down her snatch, then pulled her pussy lips apart and stuck my tongue as deep into her pussy hole as I could get it and tongue-fucked her for a few seconds. Then I moved down to her clit and sucked and nibbled on it while sticking a finger in her pussy and finger-fucking her while munching on her clit. She began jerking all around, thrashing her

body on me; she was just going wild.

“Then she howled, it came out something like this, ‘Yaaahhhhhhh... eeeeehhhhh.... gooood .... pant, pant, oh shit... puff, pant, so good, pant, gasp.’

“I remember how she sounded because even hearing her cum like that was so fuckin’ hot. She had stopped sucking my cock when she came, but then she just went wild; she went down on me like some kind of a cock fiend even though she was still panting and gasping.”

“That was one wicked cum. I saw fireworks inside my eyes. And when I began licking him again, Adam came so hard and fast that I was taken by surprise. I had just slid my mouth back down over his cock and was using my tongue to tickle the funny little creases of skin under his cockhead when I felt the tube that runs along the bottom of the shaft swell up and he groaned loudly.

“He said something like, ‘AH! Kimb... aaaaahhhhhhh ... cummmmmm....’ and I felt his cum shooting into my mouth. I choked a bit and then started swallowing.”

“Yeah, man, that was the best. Feeling her tongue tickling that sensitive part under my cockhead just as I was cumming for her was almost too much. My balls felt like they were turning inside out and I blasted out more cum into her mouth than I think I’ve ever done before.”

“I never saw anything like that before, let alone have it happen in my mouth. I heard of boys cumming in girls’ mouths and always thought it sounded disgusting. I thought I could take his cock out before he did anything, but he shot off so fast. But when the first spurt hit my throat I had to swallow or choke, but then my pussy clamped down so hard! I think that made me cum again! So I just kept swallowing and you know? it was fuckin’ hot, sucking his cum down like that! I loved it!”

“Kim, sweetie, I did try to warn you but you did that thing with your tongue and I just went off. That was the most incredible feeling. I never came that hard before.”

The two of them embraced and kissed and I became aware of a number of kids around the table calling “Reasonable Request!” So Denise and I got up, told the kids we were last week’s edition and not fair game, pointed to the other two couples, dressed, and left the lunchroom.

Denise giggled, “Now that was one hell of a hot scene. I loved watching you go down on Janice. How did she taste?”

“Nowhere as sweet as you, dearest.”

“Oh, how gallant, my studly hero sir. You know, if we’re gonna be getting naked in our Counselor roles, we need some kind of ID so we’re not Request targets.”

“Hey, you’re so right. There’s those green bands Fletcher mentioned...”

“Yeah, maybe. We’ll see. What’s happening after school today?”

“First I have a doctor appointment and then one for PT. I should be back at your place by 5:30. Ok?”

“That’s cool. I’ll cook dinner again and then we’ll see what comes up... Oops! Oh my god, did I say that?”

I was laughing so hard my eyes were tearing at the double entendre. That was so, so funny.

We were on the way to History and I was trying to remember what we did in the class Friday.

Denise broke into my thoughts. “Hey, Wendy and Mitchell are in this class.”

"Oh yeah. Should be interesting if they need relief. You know, Wendy really has the hots for you. I've seen her staring at you and last week she was checking out your package, too."

"She's got a great bod, but you've got the bod I really love, darling."

"Yeah, but would you like to, uh, well, do her if you could?"

"Hey! My first time was just yesterday and you're enough for two of me! I don't know how my apparatus would work with someone I don't truly love with my entire being..."

She stopped me and gave me a crushing embrace while kids around us started "PDA, PDA."

"Oh, I do love you so!" she murmured in my mouth.

When we arrived at the classroom we were among the first. A minute later Wendy and Mitchell dragged in, both red-faced and Mitchell sporting a huge erection.

He hissed at her, "You had to do that? God, I need to cum so bad now!"

"Well, you kept tickling my clit..."

"Because you're such a hot fox, sweetie... Oh, look, it's our mentors!" he exclaimed and the two came over to Denise and me.

Wendy slid her hands over my chest.

"Word spread quickly about what a certain Counselor team did in the lunchroom last period, stud. I want the same treatment, a real Program greeting!"

I shrugged and looked at Denise and we both began stripping. Kids were coming in now and stopped when they saw us, then stood in a loose circle around us watching as we dropped our last clothing article and moved into passionate hugs with our opposite numbers. I was kissing Wendy and stroking her back and ass and noticed Mitchell tweaking Denise's nipples.

Then a little woman scurried into the room and looked at us.

"Oh! Is this History 11?"

A girl answered "Yes."

"Oh, then, please be seated, even the lovers over there."

The class laughed.

"Mrs Whitney was called away for a family emergency and I'm the sub, Mrs Roth. I understand that you may want relief?"

Mitchell and Wendy almost shouted "Yeah!"

Denise and I had gathered our clothes when Wendy said, "I'd like Kevin to help me."

"Would you please help me, Denise? I'd be real grateful," Mitchell looked at her with a longing, hopeful glance.

Denise and I looked at each other and shrugged. Funny, it was becoming so easy to understand our nonverbal communication. We went up to them.

Wendy whispered, "What I really want is for you to make love to me, but anything else is ok too.

Please make me cum. I want you so, so bad. I've wanted you for two weeks now."

I dropped to my knees and parted her legs. I leaned into her shaved pussy and drank in the beautiful vision of her puffy mons with its cute little slit with a deep dimple at its top where the slit divided into a perfect tiny cameltoe. Then I inhaled deeply. What an intoxicating scent. Not amorous and passionate, which were the only words my mind could associate with Denise's sexual perfume. Wendy's scent was saucy and provocative. Playful. With both hands, I reached up to her chest and squeezed and rubbed my palms over her luscious, perfectly shaped B-cup breasts, feeling their soft firmness and tweaking her nipps as I blew air on her pussy. She moaned and squirmed in the chair. Then I slid my hands under her bubble butt cheeks and raised her ass a little off the seat, pulling her crotch into my face and dove in, holding her pussy firmly against my mouth as I lashed it with my tongue.

I ran my tongue up and down her pussy lips and wormed it between them, teasing her clit out of its hiding place, and then moved down to her hot little channel where I tongue-fucked her for a bit. Then I settled in to suck, lick, nibble, and flick her clit with my lips and tongue while I fucked her hole with my middle finger. She was so tight that getting my finger in was almost a problem. When I did, I curled it around to see if I could find her g-spot. I had wondered where that was. I must have hit something right because she suddenly gave a huge spasm and shrieked, "Yaaahh!"

Then she gasped and grabbed my hair with both hands and pulled me up so that we were face to face and my iron-hard cock was drilling into her tummy, smearing my precum all over it.

"Aaahhh! I need you inside my vaj RIGHT NOW! Fuck me now! I want you so BAD!" she husked.

From my left side I heard Denise's whispered voice, "Do it, Kevin! Do it for me!"

Suddenly I felt a familiar, overwhelming rush of lust and energy wash over me. It was the feeling of sexual need that Denise seemed to project, and I had no idea how she did that. When it hit me, I lost it and went into a different state. Wendy had reached down and was pushing my cock down between her thighs, trying to put my cock into her pussy all by herself, so I moved myself down a little and let her line me up.

She got my helmet lodged at the opening of her love hole and hissed, "Push it! Hard! Take me!" as she tried to use her hands on my hips to pull me in.

I pressed in. Nothing happened. "Harder!" she urged.

So I gathered myself and shoved.

"YYYEEEEEAAaaaaaaahhhhhh!" she shrieked as I plunged all the way into the depths of her body, all seven plus inches buried to my pubes and I felt my balls smack on her bottom.

"Yyyeeeeeaaahhh!" she screeched again as I pulled back and rammed in again, this time my pubic bone grinding into her clit.

"Fuck me now!" she growled. "Fuck me-Fuck me-Fuck me-Fuck me-Fuck me-FUCK ME!" she chanted wildly.

I began plowing into her in long, deep thrusts, feeling her walls ripple along my shaft and gradually I felt my senses return to me. Where had I been? I had been totally enveloped in pure lust for a minute there and now I began to feel a sense of caring for the beautiful creature whose most private parts my cock was penetrating. I looked down at our joining and saw blood smeared all over my cock shaft and a

few droplets on the floor below the chair. *My god, she had been a virgin! I took her cherry!*

I felt a feeling of... it wasn't love, not romantic, nothing like I felt for Denise, but a different kind of love swell up in my chest and knew I had to stop fucking this incredibly sexy and wonderful girl. I wanted to make love to her. So I did.

Kevin takes Wendy as Denise and Mitchell look on

I bent over her and picked her up in my arms, and with my cock still buried inside her, carried her over to the desk and gently laid her back on it, sliding her higher as I mounted myself over her. Then I leaned over her with my elbows on the desk on each side of her chest and began kissing her deeply as I ran my cock in and out of her hole. She grabbed my ass with her hands, urging me to fuck her faster, so I rested myself on her chest, grabbed her ass, and began stroking into her with long, deep, slow strokes while I fucked her mouth with my tongue in the same rhythm. I gradually speeded up and within a minute, I was short-stroking her and my hips were pounding hard.

She was writhing and squealing and moaning and squirming and puffing and humping her hips back at me when all at once, her eyes rolled back, her muscles spasmed hard, and she made a "Wooooofffffhhhhh!" sound and stiffened. Then, suddenly, "AAAAAAYYYYYYYAAAHhhh!" tore from her mouth and her channel walls began, I swear it felt like a million fingers squeezing and rippling up and down my cockshaft, and wham! a bolt of cum came tearing out of nowhere and burned up from within me, blasting into her. And after that, one pulse after another shot from my cock into her while her muscles did that incredible rippling dance around it. After a number seconds of that, I felt my cock still pulsing but now it was firing blanks; she had milked me dry.

The classroom absolutely exploded into applause, whistles, cheers, and hoots then, as the two of us regained our senses and looked up and around dazedly. Wendy pulled me down into a passionate kiss.

"Oh my god, Kevin, that was way better than I ever dreamed. Thank you, thank you! I wanted you to be my first, I wanted you so bad, I lusted for you, thank you for giving me my dream. I know you love Denise, I saw that from day one. I love you too, because you're a special person, and hope we can always be friends."

I kissed her back and told her I felt the same way about her. I somehow felt she was special to me too, that we had made a kind of connection.

Meanwhile, the poor substitute teacher had been trying to get our attention.

"Ok, guys? Are you done yet? That was quite the show, I'm sure. Now if I may get the desk back again for its proper use, you two can get cleaned up and perhaps we can begin the lesson."

I helped Wendy up, and as she swung her hips to the side, a big frothy dollop of pinkish cum and pussy juice slid out of her pussy onto her left thigh. She clapped her hand over her pussy and groaned, "Uugghh. I'm a total swamp there!"

Denise had gotten handfuls of paper towels and had cleaned up around the chair and now she went to work on Wendy's nether regions. Soon she had her all spiffy clean, but gave her a wad of towels to keep between her legs for the period.

"Wendy, you'll need these; he cums buckets, you know," she whispered confidentially and giggled as she supported the unsteady girl as she wobbled to her seat.

Oh, shit, I thought as I made my way, moving slowly myself, to my desk. *Everybody's looking at me. Hell, look at them, too. Red faces everywhere, loose, unbuttoned blouses and some guys holding their backpacks in their laps, too. Now that's a stitch. And look at me, Kevin the hypocrite. The phoney crusader. Two weeks ago he was spouting off sanctimoniously about public sex being so, so improper. How humiliating it would be to engage in sex acts in front of a class. Well, he sure showed them. Right; he showed them how to fuck properly. Well, at least I didn't embarrass myself; this was only my third time, after all.*

Shit. What will Denise say? She encouraged me, so maybe it'll be cool. But after just fucking Wendy, who was a wicked hot fuck, somehow I didn't feel fulfilled either during or after. I knew why, too; with Denise I felt like I'd merged into her; that we'd become one, and with Wendy, she was really fine, but only another person whom I happened to be banging. But I still felt a connection... Wow, this is so confusing.

Why the hell did I lose it and get so damn carried away? What ever happened to my sense of rightness, of proper morality? Denise told me that I've got no sense of self-preservation, that my first reaction is to think of other people and their problems. Hell, Mom and Dad—you did that to me! Dad, with your lessons about how important it was to help people in need, and Mom, your desire to make the world a better place and sacrificing your life in serving our country. Yeah, maybe that's what happened to me. I've become the protector for all the kids who can't bear the thought of being forced to get naked and being humiliated by teachers and other students who want to use them for their own self-gratification. I guess that must be what happened—why I've changed. But I don't like it at all. I'm becoming a part of the system that I despised when I first heard about it. What do I do now?

Oh, hell. What about Denise? Did she enjoy getting Mitchell off? I thought about that. *Would I mind if she fucked him? Gave him a blow job? Let him finger or eat her? That was an easy one. If it made her happy, doing stuff like that was her right. She wasn't my property and I knew our love was so strong that it wouldn't matter to me as long as she was happy and didn't get hurt. Maybe that's why she pushed me to eat Janice and fuck Wendy. Her love for me was so strong she wanted me to get my rocks off however I wanted. But there should be limits; I'm not the type who would chase pussy just to get laid. This is heavy stuff; Denise and I need to talk seriously about it.*

Huh, what was that? A question? Me? Who's asking....? Shit. Mrs Roth just asked me a question and I have no idea what it was about...

"Excuse me, Mrs Roth? I'm sorry, I was kinda lost there... woolgathering, you know. You probably know why, too." The class roared with laughter. "If you ask it again, I'll give it a try."

Well, she asked, and wow, I knew the answer. It was from the reading assignment and not from the earlier class discussion which I had tuned out. So I paid attention—mostly—during the rest of the class and when it was over, I got dressed. I had even forgotten that I was naked. Wow again. Wendy and Mitchell came over to me, hand in hand.

I embraced Mitchell and said, "Hey, bro, I hope we're cool. Wendy's a hot fox, but I'm not out to steal anyone and I hope you two are ok with that."

"Hell, yeah, don't sweat it! That's just Program sex! Doesn't mean shit unless you want it to. I'm cool, bro!" and he gave me a hug and kiss back. *Hot damn, the buddy stuff's catching on.* "Anyway, I've asked Wendy to be my girl and she agreed!"

Denise squealed and gave him a hug and kiss and did the same to Wendy. I embraced Wendy and told her she was a lucky girl and she winked at me.

"Luckier than you think, stud."

Mitchell whispered in my ear, "She said she had a surprise for me later at her house. Her parents ain't home this evening."

I grinned and gave him a high five.

Denise grabbed my arm with both hands and dragged me out the door.

"Hey, superstud hero, you need to let the Programmies entertain their fans waiting for them in the hall, see?'

Yeah, there was a crowd waiting for the naked teens to emerge, so we scurried off to English.

"Denise, you were cool with that scene? I don't want you to ..."

"Hush, lover. I told you to go for it. She's had the hots for you and as Mitchell said, Program sex is just recreation. Watching your ass pounding into her, your ass muscles scrunching, your sexy balls bouncing, shit, I was creaming while watching it, imagining it was me you were screwing. Besides, watching that gave me some good ideas. And you know, we did the two of them a favor."

"Huh? How... I screwed his girlfriend and popped her cherry."

"She told me she wanted you to take it. You're a real hero figure to her; she worships you. Hell, she's got good taste; I worship you, too. Anyway, I told her good luck, but if she got the chance, to go for it. So yeah, while you were giving her your version of relief, Mitchell was watching you guys, staring transfixed, and his cock was rock hard again—oh right, you didn't see us; tell you later—so I began pumping it while he was watching and then he muttered, 'So that's the special thing she meant...' and I asked 'What special thing?'

"It seems Wendy told him at lunch that she wasn't ready for sex quite yet. He said she licked her lips then and said, 'Unless something special happens.' He whispered that he was a virgin and had no idea how to fuck; he was scared of looking inexperienced or like a fool. So while you two were going at it and he was watching, I was telling him what makes us girls feel good. If he learned his lessons here, there'll be two really happy kids in that house later today."

"So how was giving Mitchell relief, sweetie?"

"Hot. And fun. I'll tell you later, ok? Oh hey. All that getting in and out of our clothes all the time today sucks. I've got an idea. Tell you later about that too."

Chapter 36: Opened Floodgates

After English class, Denise and I left the school and noticed a change to the way the clothing boxes were arranged. Instead of a stack of loose boxes near the door, there was a long cabinet thing with eight doors in it. Fletcher was there, handing paper slips to the Program kids, and we heard him talking.

"Last week we had a problem with the loose clothing boxes. Your clothes will be kept in the boxes inside this cabinet and these combinations will open your door. The doors are self-locking. Put the boxes back in after you get your clothes and in the morning, reverse the process, ok?"

He turned and saw us.

"Hi. How was your day?" he greeted us. "I heard good things about both you two and also how the Program went, so good job!" He waved and went into the building.

We gave our proteges brief farewell snuggles and went to the Volvo; Denise asked if I could drop her at the mall instead of home.

"I'll be quick and catch the bus home, darling. I need to get something there."

I dropped her off and then had to hurry to get to the med school for my appointment.

After checking in, I soon was escorted to the exam room, given a gown, and asked to disrobe, and several minutes later Drs Worthington and Carey knocked and entered.

Dr Carey began, "Kevin, the data readouts from the TNS unit are approaching the normal range now. Have you noticed any reduction of your penile sensitivity—that is, do light touches to your glans still cause unpleasant sensations, or is stroking the shaft still painful?"

"No, Dr Carey, not anywhere as bad as it was two weeks ago. Of course I've had a huge amount of sexual stimulation and last week I was on that high school naked Program, you know."

"Oh, my, yes, Dr Worthington mentioned that to me."

"He gave me a medical excuse so I could do it wearing my tights, but toward the end of the week, my constant stimulation had also seemed to make it less sensitive."

She looked thoughtful. "Yes.... Some of my patients reported that having a lot of erections did help with extreme sensitivity. Ok, then. Do you think that this level of sensitivity is still too great or are you satisfied enough to not need further treatment?"

"Um, there still is that aching pain there too."

Dr Worthington broke in. "I got the report from your first PT exam. You were able to have a partial muscle spasm release and the therapist found scar tissue and was able to begin to mobilize it a little. Did that help with the pain?"

"Oh, yes; quite a lot. The awful sharp pains are gone, but the aching and dull pains are still there."

"That's because there's still some swelling and tenderness there. You're doing pelvic floor stretches, right?" I nodded. "Ever work out and get a charley-horse muscle pain?"

"Sure. Lots of times."

"That's some of what's going on now. Keep up the physical therapy and the stretches. Reducing the pelvic floor pain will also reduce the penile sensitivity, not by that much but maybe a little bit. Now get

up on the table and we'll examine you."

They did, and told me that my healing was progressing quite satisfactorily, that unless I had any problems recur, that I didn't need another visit. I just needed to complete the PT sessions prescribed. That was great news.

And my next appointment was my second PT session. The treatment she gave me was almost the same as my first visit, but the trigger point pain was much less and Dr McMatson, after using the acupuncture needle, told me that she could feel that the muscle spasm was virtually gone. Then she did some pretty heavy-duty massaging along my groin and some of the sensations that caused actually felt like some skin was tearing inside, so I told her that.

"That's what it was," she said. "That was the sensation of the scar tissue beginning to move. With a few more treatments, the whole area will be more flexible, better blood flow will be restored, and the tissues around the nerve won't pinch it like now. Just keep up your stretches. Remember the cold packs later, too. See you next time."

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I remembered I needed to return Bob's call when I got back to Denise's house. I rang his mobile; he was still in his office and told me he'd ring back from his land line, and a minute later we were talking again. He had hot information for me. Abover had been picked up by the police as part of their investigation of his role in Wilbur's psychotic episode in Biology. When the police checked his driver's license, they found that it was a very good forgery. After further checking, it turned out that it appeared that Abover wasn't even a citizen and was in the country illegally; he had no Social Security ID, yet he apparently was employed by the government since he had a government ID card. So he was being held in the city jail for transfer to the INS.

But the DA was intrigued about how someone without permission to work could be a federal employee, so he called a friend at the North Carolina U.S. Attorney's office, from whom he learned about an investigation the Justice Department was conducting that involved the federal Program office in some way.

He finished, "They wouldn't tell the DA anything more, except that they were quite interested in speaking to your Mr Abover and might get to him before the INS does. It looks like you won't be seeing much of Mr Abover any more. But his background check that we did shook up some real foul dirt and I gave the investigation's results to a trusted person in the Justice Department. She called this morning and told me that they hit the jackpot using the materials my contact turned up. I'm assuming we'll hear more about that any day now. And, oh yeah, finally, we're working on the details of Denise's mom's moving now. The issues are straightforward and not a problem at all. We should have a plan for you some time next week. So that's what I wanted to tell you. Take care of yourself and I'll be in touch."

Denise had prepared dinner so we ate right after my phone call. Then I suggested that we do our school work; she had already been working on hers while the food was in the oven. We both finished our work a little over an hour later. We packed our stuff away and Denise led me to the living room couch.

"You wanna hear about Mitchell now?" I did. "That was fun. He's cool, nice guy, very shy. Sweet, too. He and Wendy go well together. Anyway, he's got this nice body, good muscles, and his ass cheeks are wild! They're kinda square at the bottom, you know? He told me he lifts weights and plays hockey so maybe that's why his butt looks that way. I like yours better, your ass is sleek and curvy. Anyway, I
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was totally fascinated by his cock. When it's all erected, it's very long and thin and really curves upwards, not straight out like most of the other boys' cocks.

"So when I started with his relief, I asked him to sit down in the chair and get his cock wet for me. He spit on his hand and got it wet, and then I began stroking him. A few seconds later his precum suddenly started oozing out and shit, he had an awful lot of precum! That stuff is so slippery... I stroked him and squeezed his balls and rubbed the head and he was groaning and twisting his hips. I lifted his cock against his belly and licked its underside and then licked his balls and took one ball in my mouth and tickled it with my tongue.

"He gasped that he was cumming and I felt his cock twitch, so I clamped my fingers really hard around the base of his cock and pressed a finger up behind his balls, you know, the tube there? He really groaned, but it looked like I had stopped him from shooting. His expression was hilarious! Like he didn't know what hit him. I started teasing his cock again and he came to the brink again, and again I shut him down, and now he looked frantic and begged me to let him cum. His eyes were actually bulging! So I started licking and tickling again but this time I wet my index finger and while I was tickling the underside of his cock with my tongue and rubbing the crown with my thumb, I stuck my finger up his asshole and wiggled it.

"He yelled and jerked and this huge bolt of cum just erupted out of his cock and shot all the way up, past his body, and hit him right in the face! And more and more cum just came shooting out in gushes; he just painted himself with his cum from his face to his belly. He looked like he had been poleaxed! One of the Guardians handed us a bunch of paper towels and he started to wipe up when I heard Wendy begging you to fuck her so I told you to do it. I had seen a little of how you were lapping her and I knew you were getting her crazy hot. So that's how I gave Mitchell relief."

Fuck. I was hard as iron on hearing that.

"Hell Denise, I've heard of cock-teasers before, but you're the hands-down winner. How'd you know how to stop someone from cumming?"

She giggled. "Girl talk. I might try it on you if you get too uppity, you know. Anyway, I thought I'd get some practice in first. And you know? Mitchell thought it was super hot and said that cumming like that was his best ever."

"Man, that's so damn hot. Oh yeah, darling, something's really been bothering me about today. You know, the sex stuff..."

"Oh, Kevin! Don't worry about it! I know how you felt about this whole Program scene; from the first moment I saw you, I saw how much you hated the idea of public nudity and the sex that goes on in the Program. I hate it too, uh, the forced part anyway, but I can't help how it turns me on. My shrink told me that she thought that I had a repressed sexuality even before that bastard assaulted me and that if I could get past that trauma, that I could enjoy my sensuality. I thought she was nuts. But, damn, watching all that sex going on in school—I don't know—makes me... makes me want to see more, do more. I want..."

"But Denise, don't you see? I'm uncomfortable about doing stuff with other girls; it's not right for me to..."

"Kevin, Kevin. First, what Mitchell said. It's only Program sex. I know that guys sometimes think with their little heads, you know? when all their blood runs down there? But I can tell how strongly you care for me, too. And I pushed you into it because it turned me on something fierce. So I'm not worried that

you'll find someone else."

But now I felt that I had to bring up her own sexual needs, so I asked her, "Ok, but what about you? After Relief in History, I wondered how I would feel if you wanted to make love to another guy or have someone else eat you, and decided that I would be ok with that if you were. Do you want that? Should we have an open relationship? I really don't need anyone other than you, actually."

"Kevin, I never want anyone else! When you're with me I feel complete, like a part of me that's been missing all my life is now here. With Mitchell today, that was just fun but I didn't feel anything at all for him sexually—what I felt was from seeing you and Wendy doing it and watching your face when you came was—OhmyGod—the hottest thing ever."

"But honey..."

"Oh, don't interrupt. You know, Kevin, I think I know you enough now to see how you've changed in these two weeks from that idealistic boy who wanted everyone in the whole world to see how our sexualized society has gone down the wrong path, to become an idealistic boy who wants to steer that sexualized society into a path that's more acceptable to him, right?"

"Um, yes, but..."

"I told you when? The first day in gym? That you've got no sense of self-preservation? When you stripped on Monday in Fletcher's office I couldn't believe my eyes—and then realized that you were only trying to protect another little girl from psychological damage. You saw in her face the same terror you must have seen in mine that first day; I know I saw terror there too. And you instinctually responded with the one thing that could penetrate that level of terror—a bigger shock, something totally unexpected, unheard of, something that took those girls' minds off of their personal situations. When I saw that, I instantly knew that it was the right way to ease their initial fright, but I couldn't see how you could possibly sustain that distraction from being naked in the halls—and then you did the 'naked buddies' embraces. What a stroke of total genius!"

"Now wait..."

"No, it *was*! What you told Fletcher was right. You took their terror and turned it into arousal like a good horror movie can do."

"Denise, let me get a word in here. I don't know what's happening to me about this nudity stuff, let alone the sex stuff. I hated it when I heard about it, but something's happening now that I just don't understand, and I'm sure that I don't like it at all. But I feel like I'm sliding down this slope and have nothing to stop me and I don't know where it's going. Am I losing my moral compass? What's happen..."

"Darling, no. A month ago you lost your parents. Three weeks ago you moved to a country with a totally different culture. Two weeks ago you first learned about the Program and how sexualized our society has become. Are you confused? My poor studly hero. You sure as hell are! And you don't know who to rescue first! You want to rescue a million high-school kids from the terrors of the Program and don't know where to start. I think you've already started, sweetie. You're showing a way of taking the terror out of participating. You're showing a way of making it fun. And, yeah, that brings up what I wanted to show you. I want to show you my idea. Stay right here."

Ok, what now? I wondered. She danced off to her room, giggling. Hell, that sound makes me melt inside. Two minutes later, she called, "I'm ready! Close your eyes and I'll say when to open them...."

I heard light footsteps. “Ok, open.”

Holy shit. A total vision stood before me. Denise had stripped and put on this red jacket-like thing—yeah! a Japanese kimono! A red silk kimono, but so short that it only came down to the bottom of her pubes, which I could see barely peeking out below the hem. It had narrow red strips of cloth running along its front where a shirt would have its buttons. She turned around and I could see the gentle curves of the bottom of her bubble butt below the hem in the back, and there was a three-inch wide band of black cloth running down the back. She turned around again and spread her arms apart a little and I saw how the front pulled apart to expose her body from her neck, down her cleavage, to her dainty tummy and pubis.

I leaped up, grabbed her in a back-cracking embrace and dove into her mouth. When I came up for air, I held her body at arms-length and soaked in the vision of this incredible creature.

“Denise,” I gasped, “my heart can’t take this! You’re fuckin’ awesome! I love it!”

She giggled. “I thought you might. It’s the new Program Counselor uniform. This way, it’s instant access when whole-body greetings are needed.”

“Yeah, I like it, but you’re gonna leave crowds of people gasping for breath and trying to get their eyeballs screwed back into their skulls when you pass by, you know. That’s gotta be the hottest outfit ever. Yeah, hey, really perfect for the Program. But what about...”

“Shhhh,” she put a finger on my lips. Let’s get these uncomfortable clothes off, ok?”

She began undressing me in a process that set a new world’s record. I don’t think that Guinness keeps this particular one, though.

“Now, lover, look behind the couch, ok?”

I looked over the back of the couch and pulled up a package.

“Open it; it’s for you.”

What the hell. A matching kimono, only obviously a larger size.

“So I thought we needed a way to identify ourselves in school and remembered seeing these in one of the shops. Try it on, sweetie, and let’s look in the mirror.”

There was a decorative mirror at one end of the room. She stood beside me with her hand around my waist as we looked at our reflection.

Holy smokin’ hell, did we make a hot pair. My jacket was just about a perfect fit, and when the front spread, my pecs, six-pack and groin were bracketed by a frame of bright red satin.

“Hmmmm,” Denise said critically as she walked around me, “it’s a tad too long. I thought it might be...”

“Really? It covers what it should.”

“No, we want a tiny little tease. One sec.”

She pulled a pack of dressmaker’s pins out of a drawer and turned up the hem a bit, then stood back to admire her work.

“Way better. What do you think?”

I looked at my reflection. The bottom of the jacket just barely hid the tip of my cock—I had to press my erection down to check that length and was totally delighted that I only felt a dull ache when I did. Looking at my back, it wasn't easy to see how much of my butt was exposed, but Denise assured me that the bottom of my ass cheeks didn't quite show.

"Ok, let me take this hem up; it's easy. Take five minutes. C'mon, keep me company."

"Glad to. Anytime."

We modeled them again, post-alterations, and shit, were we hot. Hell, looking at her in that thing—I was panting at seeing her; couldn't keep my tongue in my mouth.

"Ok, darling, one final thing. We need a way to close them in front. It's designed to swing open and that effect is good when we want it, but if we want to keep our goods from being on display all the time, let me sew on these tiny clasps. You won't see them easily and they work like this."

She showed me. Soon that was finished.

"So whatta you think, honey?" she asked as we checked her work.

"I think that it's gonna be totally unbelievable. Hell, the kids in school won't even bother watching the Program kids—they'll all be following you around, perving on you!"

"And the girls on you, stud."

"Whatever. I almost can't wait. I must be becoming an exhibitionist too. I can't believe this..."

I enfolded her in my arms then and we kissed.

"Darling, let's put this stuff away and go to my room. I'd like to do those tantric yoga poses again; I loved doing that."

We tried the non-touching embrace first, but this time we did it while trying to fit our arms around each other at the same time without allowing any touching. It was funny how we had to adjust ourselves and the slightest movements made us brush against each other. Of course that resulted in lots more touching, which led to kissing, and that starting to lead to... well, we decided to stop and move on to another pose because we wanted to allow our excitement for each other to build to a peak.

Denise loved the *yab-yum* position so we assumed it and she used my cock rubbing on her clit to have a nice sweet cum. That dry fucking set me off too, and I unloaded my cum in a messy smear between our bodies. We continued to move our cum-slickened bodies together as I rocked her up and down against my chest and my erection began to perk up again. Of course, that drove me wild, so I pushed her onto her back on the mat and ate her to a howling cum, using my tongue and teeth on her clit and fingers in her hot pussy. Oh yeah, I found her g-spot. That was the howl. My ears will never be the same.

We relaxed for a while, gently stroking each other; I think I may have drifted into sleep for a short time when I became aware that Denise was playing with my dick, lifting it and looking closely at it and at my balls. She took my sack in her little hand and jiggled it around, watching how the balls moved inside my scrotum. I reached out and tweaked a nipple.

"Oh! You're back with us again! I love this part of you, can I keep it?" she said as she stopped playing with my cock and turned toward me, pulling my mouth to hers for another kiss.

Our tongues entwined with each other's and our lips nibbled on each other's lips. My hand slid down, over her tits, down her smooth tummy to her mons, and twirled a finger in her hair and tickled her tiny

slit. Denise was stroking all around my groin, not touching my stiff cock now, but with her erotic stimulus, it swelled even more, lengthening to its full seven plus inches and seemed to grow even thicker. I moved my fingers to her vulva and began lightly twirling them around her clit when she grunted.

“Unh! Wait... I want...”

Gently, she pushed me onto my back on the mat and moved over on top of me so her face was over my cock and her crotch was over my face. Oh, yeah, what fun! We both dove in together as we engulfed each other’s sex with our mouths. My tongue explored Denise’s smooth, bald pussy lips. Her aroma was so intoxicating that my head swam as I reveled in her taste, savoring its tangy sweetness. Meanwhile, her lips had encircled my raging cock, sliding up and down the shaft several inches while her tongue lashed and swirled around its head. What a fantastic feeling; all of my senses were completely overloaded by the incredibly erotic sensations of one of the most intimate of all sex acts, our mouths and tongues and sexual organs all engaged in being stimulated together.

Then Denise pulled away again.

“Oooohhh, lover, I need to feel you inside me so bad,” she moaned and lifted off me. She turned around over me and straddled my hips.

“I want to do it this way now,” she hissed, as she maneuvered herself over my cock.

I held Denise by her hips, guiding her over me and feeling the flexing of the muscles of her back and ass as she twisted herself into position. As she lowered herself onto me, impaling herself on my pole, I cupped her butt cheeks, reveling in their firm and silky flesh while she slowly undulated her hips, carefully working my cock into her depths.

Wow. This was a sensation entirely unlike our first lovemaking sessions. Her channel felt so different now; it seemed somehow more relaxed this time, more open. Must be because that vaginal clamping problem of hers is getting better.

Now she had sunk down fully, completely engulfing my cock, which was throbbing in time with my pulse beating in my temples.

“Aaaaahhhh, sooooo goooood,” she sighed, and then pulled up a bit, adjusted her position, and sank down again groaning and swiveling her hips.

Suddenly Denise began rocking and thrusting her hips, pushing them up and down against mine and tilting her pelvis forward and back, all the time matching each of my answering thrusts with her own. I could see the muscles in her tummy rippling with her thrusting efforts and a flush began to spread across her chest and abdomen. I reached up to her luscious orbs and stroked them and tweaked her rigid little nipps. She had her eyes tightly squeezed shut and her head thrashed from side to side while she grunted with each upward movement of her hips and moaned as she dropped down and my hips drove into her crotch.

Then with a cry, her eyes flew open and she dropped her upper body forward, pressing her breasts hard against my chest.

“Aaaaahhhh, gonna cum, fuck, getting close, close, fuck, ooohhhh...” she wailed.

She grabbed my head with both hands and pulled my mouth to hers, kissing me with the most lust-filled kiss I could possibly imagine. Suddenly I felt Denise’s belly tighten in a series of spasms and her

muscles began squeezing and rippling rhythmically on my prick as I continued to thrust in and out. Then she began trembling from head to toe, first gasping for breath and then sucking huge lungfuls of air.

“Oooohhhh.... aaaaaahhhhh... oooohhhhh, oooohhh, yessss, yesss, I’m THERE!” she gasped into my mouth, as her hips froze and then renewed spasms began to wrack her entire pelvis while she remained completely rigid on top of my chest.

She was cumming and cumming hard, probably harder than she had ever done before. With a shuddering, sucking gasp, she inhaled a huge breath and let go with a moan, a slow, earthy, passionate, and sensual sound.

Her pussy’s spasming on my cock set me off; I couldn’t hold back anymore. I thrust my hips up hard, driving my cock deeply into the hot flesh of her innards, sinking the entire length of my shaft to its maximum while rivers of cum gushed out of my prick, spurting one blast after another into Denise’s depths. On and on I seemed to cum, longer than I thought possible, and my body jerked and shook all over. I was completely oblivious to anything but the overwhelming sensations that washed over me in wave after wave and when my own spasms had subsided, it took several minutes for me to realize that Denise was still lying on my chest, her hands on the sides of my head and her cheek resting on my shoulder.

Gradually I became aware that my cock was still embedded in her depths which were still twitching in faint aftershocks; then Denise shuddered and uttered a long, deep sigh.

“Aaaaaahhhhhh... sooo good... best cum ever...” she breathed.

Then she raised her head, opened her eyes, and the two of us gazed at each other for a while in silence, reveling in our intimate embrace.

Then she sighed and slid off my chest to the right and my cock slid out of her pussy with a slurping sound and the two of us chuckled.

“Ooooo, I feel all gooey down there now, you bad boy,” Denise pouted at me, and then she laughed. “Remind me to send a thank-you note to Mahir and Adya. That tantric sex is just awesome.”

“Well, lover, would you like to see them for some graduate work? I’ll bet they’d be happy to see us.”

“Well... Huh. I’ll think about it... How about a nice shower now, my studly hero?”

We luxuriated in a hot shower and of course we took the opportunity to play with each other again. You know what they say about teenaged hormones.

It felt kinda strange not wearing that therapy device to go to bed. Actually it was awkward wearing it Sunday night because it inhibited our late-night love session—only for the few seconds it took to pull it off, anyway. When we fell asleep this time, we slept all night until the alarm woke us; our evening’s lovemaking had really tired us out, apparently.

Chapter 37: The Program Unraveling

"So how do you want to work it with the kimonos, lover?" Denise asked me as we pulled into the student parking area on Tuesday morning.

"So today is a partial touching day," I mused, "I wonder how much emotional support our kids will need. Tomorrow will be the worst of the week, that's how it was for Sarah, Barbara, and Jane last week. How about we change at our lockers before home room? We can leave our clothes there. Tomorrow we may be needed out front when they strip and have the groping begin so we could change out here."

"Yeah, that'll work. Oh, look; the crowd's gathering."

We pushed our way through the circle of kids surrounding the Program group as they stripped. They had decided to do a round-robin strip; that was so cute. They alternated boy-girl in a circle; each boy removed an article of clothing from the girl to his right and the girl removed one of his; then they switched and turned to their opposite sides and repeated with the next garment. There was lots of laughing and touching going on and the senior girl, Melanie, even gave Kyle a quick blow job before everyone went into the building.

We arrived at our lockers.

"Now you're sure you want to do this?" I asked Denise as we opened our lockers.

She took a deep breath. "Let's do it!"

The two of us quickly stripped; we were only wearing loose warm-up pants and tops so it only took seconds before we had the kimonos on. No one was paying any attention to us; they were all trying to get close to the Program kids as they headed to their lockers. We had our kimonos on and were heading for our home room before anyone noticed.

On the way there, it was a different story. Kids stopped and stared at us, thunderstruck, and most gaped, openmouthed, as we swept regally past them. Two kids did manage to collect their thoughts to ask if we were some kind of promotion for a theater event or something. I was absolutely loving the effect that Denise was having on the boys. There was a long line of boys following her, actually us, but who was watching me?—as if she were towing them behind her with a rope.

We got to our room and slipped into our seats quietly without causing a stir. The room gradually filled up as the kids walked in, shooting curious glances at us. Sitting down, it looked like we were wearing these odd-looking tops, but nothing special. Soon the announcements began, and Fletcher began speaking about the student advisory body, that the school staff had interviewed the final candidates and the group members were mostly identified. The group would consist of two students from each grade and a number of "at-large" members for a total of fifteen students.

Fletcher finished his announcements by instructing the home room teachers to notify those students in their home rooms who had been selected for the group to leave their classrooms and go to the room where he would meet with them.

Denise and I were astounded when our teacher opened an envelope and then looked up at us.

"Kevin and Denise, you're on the advisory group list. You're excused."

We looked at each other in shock, but the greatest shock was to the class when we stood to pick up our backpacks. The classroom exploded in noise; whistles and shouts rang out as we dashed out the door,

leaving behind a thoroughly bemused teacher and a stunned group of students.

Denise grabbed my arm as we hurried along. “What’s this all about? We didn’t sign up and we weren’t interviewed. This is crazy!”

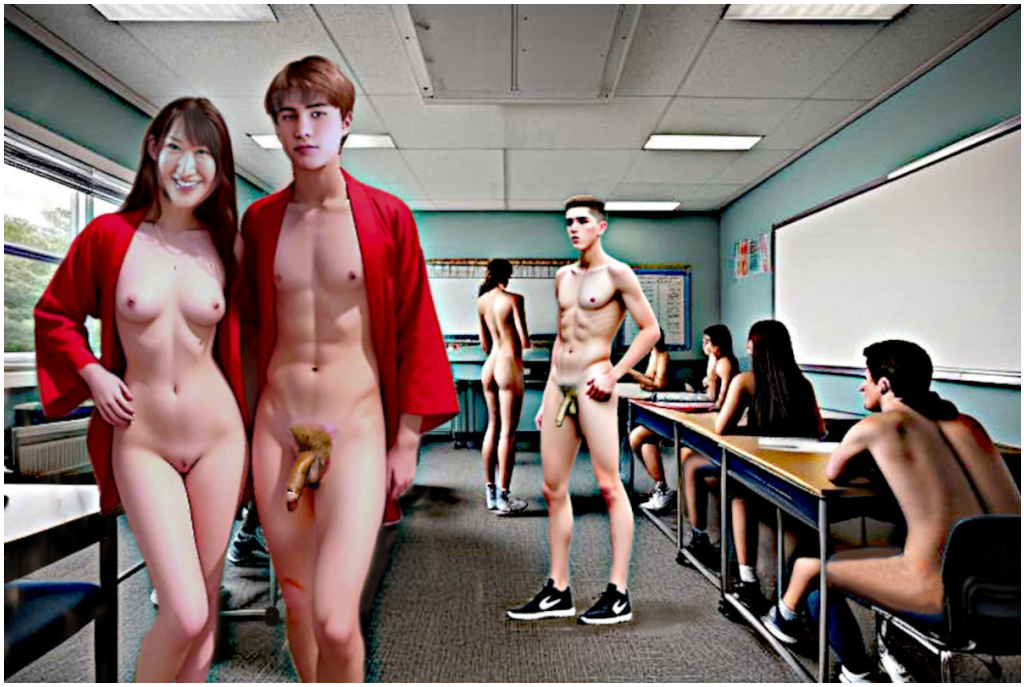
“It is indeed. We’ll see when we get there, darling.”

When we walked into the classroom where the group was meeting, we created another sensation.

We were greeted by shouts and people clamored, “Hey, guys, what’s with the getup?” “Wow, cool threads!” “Woooo, seeexxyyy!” and other comments, too.

We saw a few familiar people. From the first Program group, Sarah Parr was there, but not Andrew. Also, Barbara and Nelson. There were a few people from our website committee; they had done the Program in the spring, and some of the rest were Guardians we knew.

Barbara ran over to us. “My god, you guys, what are you wearing? That’s the hottest outfit I’ve ever seen. Hey, I love the Program greeting idea you started; we’re Program buddies, so can you do that with me?”



Denise and Kevin meet with the advisory group

Nelson had come over too. “And me, too, guys. That greeting thing is cool.”

“The greeting is the reason for the kimonos,” Denise said. “I’ll demonstrate,” and she dropped it off her shoulders and, now naked, she embraced Nelson. “Nelson, buddy, you’re overdressed, you know,” she chuckled.

I dropped my jacket on a chair and embraced Barbara. “Yeah, these clothes need to go too, kid.”

They quickly stripped and we resumed the “official” greeting embrace and kiss. The other kids around us were watching bugeyed when Fletcher came in and looked around.

“Ah, I see that Denise and Kevin are initiating the ignorant,” he remarked. “I understand that this is to be the way Program participants, and apparently veterans, are to greet each other now. So anyone, feel free to join in if you’re so inclined. I’ve been told by an astute psychologist, who happens to be present in this room, that it’s a wonderful way to build camaraderie.”

Heads swivelled around looking for a psychologist, and then I realized Fletcher was referring to me.

About half of the group had shed their clothing and were now embracing and kissing others. Way cool.

He continued, "You can continue your greetings while I'm talking, guys. Almost everyone in the advisors group is here except for the two freshman reps. One is still making up her mind and we've haven't finished interviewing all the boy nominees yet. The 'at-large' members were chosen from students who have some leadership role at school and that's why..." he named several kids, "... are here from the student council and varsity sports. I've also created another special Program student position. The first people to fill the positions of student Program Counselors are Denise and Kevin, the role of the position is to provide moral support to the students in their Program week. You've already seen the results of their ideas here in this room and I must say I approve of how the Program is working now that we're adopted Denise and Kevin's suggestions."

There was a murmur of agreement from the group, who had mostly finished with their hugs, and still naked, had seated themselves to listen.

"Oh," Fletcher laughed, "the psychologist I mentioned—Kevin seems to have a natural grasp of human nature. You probably know of his rep in the school already..." loud laughing, "... and he's already psyched me out too..." more laughing, "...so that's why I've deliberately and deeply embarrassed him by making what he's done into such a big deal. Back at ya, Kevin! Payback time."

"Dr Fletcher, is that—the counselors, that is—why they were wearing those things?" a girl asked.

"What things?" Fletcher said uncertainly. "What do you mean?"

Denise rose, slipped on her kimono, and turned around in a full circle modeling it. "Yesterday we found ourselves in a few situations where being naked with our Program kids gave them a huge confidence boost. But all the repeated undressing and dressing that we were doing was a real pain, so I thought of this. Also, Kevin and I were getting Reasonable Requests and even though the green armbands were a possibility for us to wear, wearing those was more for Program volunteers. The kimono is so distinctive and easy to slip off that I thought it was a good solution."

Fletcher was shaking his head. "That's... well, you've done it again, guys. You never cease to amaze me. What do you think, Advisors? Shall we declare that the red kimono is the official Program Counselor uniform?"

Cheers rang out in the room. Denise blushed. "Thank you," she said quietly.

"Ok, then. We need to discuss why I called you all together here and we'll try to finish before the end of home room period. First, I assume you're all comfortable with being on this committee..."

Fletcher went on to have each of us introduce ourselves and then began to outline the way he envisioned that the advisory body would work. He had a list of suggested duties and responsibilities for us to consider, and also a collection of facts that had been extracted from Request complaints to be used as examples of the fact-finding process in considering student questions about the interpretation of the Program rules. He ended the session by telling us that this room was to be our new home room. The advisor's group would meet here every morning, sometimes with him and other times with an assistant principal or a teacher counselor. And at tomorrow's meeting he wanted us to select a chairperson for the group.

The meeting began to break up and Fletcher left the room, giving Denise and me a "thumbs-up" sign and a wry grin as he went through the door. I slipped on my kimono while a number of kids surrounded us asking all kinds of questions—about stuff they had heard about the Monday morning Program intro

in Fletcher's office where Denise and I had invented the Program greeting to wild rumors of crazy sex acts during relief times. Denise and I tried to play dumb. I'm good at that; I've mentioned that before, I think.

The rest of the morning went normally, if you count being the center of attention of the entire school during class change times being normal. Hell, it appeared that people were going way out of their way to catch a glimpse of us; Denise and I were laughing at the idea that we had drawn so many kids away from the naked participants that they must be feeling lonely. True; last week we could hear calls of "Reasonable Request" floating down the halls during the class change times. Today we didn't hear it. Be interesting to hear from the kids at lunch how their morning went.

So Biology and Calculus passed without anything of note happening apart from the stir that our odd garb caused. Our biology teacher, Mrs Payton, eyed us thoughtfully—a "use them for a demo" thoughtfully—but then must have realized we weren't in the Program now and just went on with her lesson.

Health class was kinda weird today. Miss Stevens passed out a page listing the demonstrations that she planned for the sexuality unit. Many demos appeared to involve some form of penetration of the girl—using medical devices like examination tools and even a video probe, or a boy's or girl's fingers. Stevens was really pushing the idea that the live demos were crucial for proper learning and the reasons she gave were so contrived, like seeing it happen a few feet away would make a powerful and unforgettable impression or that it would sexually stimulate the student viewer and therefore the student would learn about his own sexuality—reasons like that. Huh. So now it's an educational objective to teach someone how to be a voyeur?

Obviously my protests about penetrating activities from last week had emboldened at least some of the students in the class, since a few began to object, saying that no one, even on the Program, could be made to take part in stuff like that. One girl raised her hand.

"Miss Stevens, last week you said you were going to have students demonstrate sex play with each other, even intercourse. It doesn't look like anyone will volunteer. I wouldn't, anyway. And in the Program rules it says students can't be made to do a lot of the things you have on your list."

Stevens answered that she hoped to get volunteers by giving participation credit but otherwise would use videos. Whatever. Like we couldn't see the same stuff on internet porn sites. In fact I heard a boy a few seats over whisper, "This class isn't 'Health and Psychology,' it's 'Health and Pornology.'"

He got that correct.

When we arrived in the lunchroom and went through the line, we found Kimberly waiting for us.

"The others are delayed a bit but should be here soon," she said, and took us to the Program table whereupon she pulled my kimono off and climbed onto me for a hot embrace while Denise looked on in amusement. Then Kim grabbed Denise and hugged her; I was surprised and very much aroused when their kiss suddenly turned into a sensual tongue-wrestling session, however.

When they separated, the two girls looked at each other with expressions of surprise and a little embarrassment. Denise sat down next to me; she was flushed and breathing hard.

"What gives?" I whispered in her ear.

"Wow, I'm not sure. Kim is really hot. She whispered to me that she's incredibly attracted to me. I'm not sure I'm interested in girls, though."

"Hey, it's not a big deal—the Program's all about stretching your horizons. If you want to explore, go for it, honey."

Then the others arrived at the table. After doing our special greetings, Adam told us that they were delayed because they had a Request dispute; a guy had insisted that he wanted to see Jeremy finger-fuck Janice's pussy and they refused. Their reason was that they believed that a Request cannot compel a participant to do something to a third party, even if the third person was also in the Program. The two Guardians that they consulted agreed, but the guy insisted on doing a formal complaint, so they had to write up their side.

Denise mentioned that the two of us had been appointed to the advisor's committee; that precipitated a flurry of suggestions about Program rules—about clarifications, interpretations, and limits on how teachers could use naked students for classroom demonstrations. Adam wondered about the educational value of having every member of their math class measure Kim's breasts to calculate their volume.

"Well, some teachers do seem to get carried away with trying to use Program kids. Some like to exercise their power and some even like to humiliate them. I'm not sure how the advisors can deal with anything other than outright rules violations, though, like that crap with forced relief last year," Denise reflected. "Maybe we can point out obvious teacher problems. We just got started so I don't know how much leeway we'll get in doing the advisory stuff. Anyway, so how were your mornings? Anything exciting happen?"

Jeremy laughed. "Exciting? Hell, I've been excited nonstop. My damned cock just won't go down!"

"Yeah? It sure went down after I gave you relief in second period," giggled Janice.

"Oh, man, that was a super BJ. Yeah, I loved that. Thanks again, doll," he grinned at her.

Soon the hopeful gropers began materializing around the table calling for Requests, so Denise and I put our kimonos back on so we wouldn't be a distraction. Well, I wasn't, anyway. I think that Denise would be a distraction even if she were wearing an Eskimo parka, but then I'm biased. We hung around a bit, chatting with a Guardian and watching the Requests as the lunch period ended; then Kim came over to Denise and they whispered something to each other before Kim dashed off to her next class.

"What was that, sweetie?" I asked.

"Tell you later."

~~~~

The news—incredible news—broke during our sixth period class.

We had arrived in our History classroom, hoping that we wouldn't have another relief episode as draining (ha) as yesterday, and I was encouraged that Mrs Whitney was back; she'd have more control than the sub did yesterday. Wendy and Mitchell came in and Denise and I doffed our kimonos and did the Program greeting. Hell, Wendy really got me all hot again by grinding her body on mine.

While we kissed, pressed flesh to flesh, she murmured, "Kevin, Mitchell and I did the naughty yesterday and he was awesome. Not as good as you, but we fucked each other three times! Shit, his cock goes in soooo deep! I'm so sore now I told him he has to wait—uh, maybe till tonight, anyway. Thanks, lover boy," and she squeezed my cock with a wink. "Maybe you could give me an encore later in the week?"
~~~~

Holy shit, what a hot fox that girl is!

Then, ten minutes into the class, the announcement system crackled to life and Fletcher began speaking.

"Students and staff, we've just heard that a major news story concerning the national Program is breaking and a news conference from the office of the U.S. Attorney General will come on in just a minute. We're connecting the video stream to the monitors in the classrooms and they should be coming on right now. Let's begin."

Our room monitor lit up and a network news studio appeared; the anchorperson was speaking.

> "...bring you to the U.S. Justice Department in Washington for a statement from the attorney general about this major news development. Here's Attorney General Minners."
>
> "Good afternoon, fellow American citizens. I'm here to report to you on an incredible event, a major success in fighting crime and identifying and ending a major breach of our country's security committed by criminals operating within the halls of our government itself.
>
> "Every listener is certainly aware of the national Naked in School Program that is in operation in most high schools in the country. The Department of Justice recently became aware of the operation of an international criminal organization, members of which had managed to infiltrate the offices of the Program administration and changed the Program's operation, not significantly, but enough to achieve their nefarious goals.
>
> "Federal law enforcement officials recently managed to penetrate the computer system that the organization was using to coordinate its activities and learned the details of its operations and were able to identify the people responsible, from its leaders to the people who carried out the criminal ring's plans.
>
> "Early this morning, in a series of simultaneous, coordinated raids, the U.S. Marshals Service, FBI, and local law enforcement agencies raided nine locations around the country and rescued 47 teenaged children who had been kidnapped during the past seventeen months."

There was a huge gasp in the room and people were trying to hush the clamor so the speaker could be heard. Denise stumbled to my desk in shock; she was pale and trembling, and sat in my lap.

I embraced her and whispered, "It's ok now, it'll be fine; it's all over and you're safe."

> "... had all been participants in their school's Naked in School Program and had disappeared either during their Program participation week or on the day prior to beginning their participation. Records seized by the U.S. Marshals Service and the FBI indicate that the criminals belonged to an international sex-trafficking cartel which was known to be involved in kidnapping children to be sold to the sex trade. Law enforcement officials have recovered all of the children who had been reported missing, they are now safe and have been placed in hospitals where their health is being evaluated. Many appear to have been mistreated and some are malnourished, but none have life-threatening injuries or conditions. An operation like this is unique in our nation's history of fighting crime, but also unique was the failure of the government in preventing a situation like this from occurring in the first place and safeguarding agencies from being compromised by insiders."

Denise gasped and looked at me wide-eyed; then began little jumps, up and down on my lap, as if she was trying to restrain herself while she was trying to pay attention to the monitor. She was whispering,

"It was you, was you..."

> "All of the individuals connected with this crime have been identified and most have been taken into custody. There are sixteen additional individuals whose whereabouts are unknown; most of them are apparently not U.S. citizens and border control officials have increased surveillance.
>
> "Within the government Program agency, a number of employees have been arrested and are being held for indictment for lesser crimes than kidnapping. These people were not part of the criminal ring and had no knowledge of the kidnapping plan, but they had improperly implemented procedures that violated the law that authorized the Program.
>
> "We will provide further information about the rescued children and their condition as soon as we have details, but I want to remind you that they are all minors and their identities must be protected. Thank you. I can take a few questions. Over there, yes, Emily."
>
> "Emily Wittney, CPI News. You said that..."

The monitor turned off and Fletcher came on again.

"You just heard that fantastic news. We're fortunate that there were no missing students from this school, but I am aware of a sophomore from Cedarwood High who disappeared last spring." Cedarwood was only six miles away from us. "I truly hope that that student was among those who were found. This is wonderful news and let us rejoice in hearing it. That's all; study hard."

The room exploded in noise and Denise was now jumping up and down in my lap, hugging and kissing me.

"It was you! You did it! You found them!"

People were staring now.

"You're a genius! You saved them! I love you!"

More people were staring.

Wendy exclaimed, "What did Kevin do? He saved who?"

I was trying to shush Denise and calm things down. Kind of difficult when you're nude and sporting an erection caused by a gorgeous naked girl bouncing in your lap....

Crap. Denise is no dummy; her mind is probably sharper than mine. She's either number one or two in the junior class, I think. She had just apparently recalled the very brief glimpse she had gotten of the postings that mentioned some disappeared students when I rang her last Thursday evening; that's when I had asked her to look at the website data with me.

Denise was explaining, "I'm sure it was Kevin. He found information about some kids who went missing from some posts on that new website. He showed the posts to me but then he suddenly hung up on me like he didn't want to keep talking to me about it. I'll bet that was because he didn't want to frighten me. Kevin, you did figure that all out, don't lie!"

I shrugged. "Not a big deal. I just noticed something, is all."

"YEEESSSSS!" she squealed and hugged me again.

During all this, Mrs Whitney was trying to get her class back under control and finally had sat down at

her desk in defeat. Eventually a lull in the noise came and she took that as her opening.

"CLASS! I realize that this is very exciting news, but this is a history class. Maybe we can incorporate the lesson of how a single individual, working alone, brought about a major change in the history of that country. Anyone?"

A hand rose, "Um, Joan of Arc?"

"Very good. And what was her role?"

Clever teacher. Turning a classroom event into a teaching point.

After class ended, the kids milled around me as I put my kimono back on. Once again I had totally forgotten I was naked—and hell! so did everyone else! Wow, what a revelation! Nudity's now a new normal. Cool alliteration, I like the sound of that.

"Kevin, if you figured out what was happening, how did the FBI get on it so quick? Anything the government does takes years," Mitchell joked.

"Yeah, who'd you tell?" "Was Abover one of them?" "How'd you figure that out?"

The questions rained on me.

"It wasn't only me. I may have had a small part. Mitchell could be right; maybe the feds have been investigating all along, even for a year, they're so inefficient."

There were grudging noises of assent. Maybe that should take a little of the heat off me, but I began wondering about the full picture. Well, I didn't think I'd ever find out since the government's so secretive about stuff like this.

During class change, the scene in the hallways was total chaos. Now that the news had been assimilated, the mood of the students was one of anger and resentment over how the Program could have been corrupted into a tool for a criminal activity. I think that if Abover were around, the kids might have tried to lynch him. Teachers were roaming the halls trying to soothe angry kids and calm flaring tempers. Some of the unsettlement continued into our last period, but by the end of the period, the students were mostly calm, and so were the halls as students left. Denise and I quickly dressed at our lockers and hurried to the front doors to see what was happening with the Program group.

As we walked to the doors, Denise grabbed my arm and stopped.

"Oh my god, Kevin! That kidnapping attempt Friday! Was that one of those kidnappings?"

"Absolutely not, I'm sure. Those were amateur criminal punks trying something really stupid. Even if they had grabbed someone, they couldn't have gotten far. The cops were here a few minutes after you called 911, right?"

We had started walking out the doors.

"Yeah, I guess. God, that kidnapping news really rattled me." Then she looked at the kids watching the Program group getting dressed. "Look. Everyone else is rattled, too."

It was a quiet, respectful group of kids who had gathered around the Program kids as they dressed; they applauded them, and after everyone was dressed, moved among them to embrace them and thank them for their participating in the Program.

Incredible; a sea change in the Program is occurring, at least at my school, even as I'm watching.

Chapter 38: Threesome Fun

As I looked around at the strangely quiet scene before me, I saw that Adam wasn't among the group and then little Kimberly noticed Denise and me in the school's doorway. She ran over to us and hugged and kissed Denise; then she came over to me and gave me a hug.

"I like it lots better when there's no clothes in the way, Kevin," she said seductively. "Denise, did you tell him?"

"Not yet. Kevin, Kimberly is coming home with us. I didn't think you'd mind."

I figured that they wanted to finish what they started at lunch. "Sure, that's fine. Do you want me to disappear for the afternoon?"

"No," the two girls said together, then giggled.

"I need our hero close by to protect me from Denise's advances," laughed Kimberly.

Denise slapped her arm. "You're such a goof, Kim. Oh, and where's Adam? He must have dressed fast."

We started for the Volvo. Kimberly told us about Adam.

"So Adam had a problem in gym today. Stupid teachers. The boys were playing dodgeball and I think I saw one of the throws miss and bounce off a bleachers seat and hit a boy in the crotch. He screamed and fell down, clutching himself there. He wasn't wearing a cup and the other boys were muttering how stupid it was not to be wearing one.

"Did you know that the teachers forbid Program kids to wear jocks? They do. But Adam ran to the locker room and came back wearing a jock with a cup anyway and refused to take it off when the teachers told him to. So they told him he was getting detention today and would have to repeat the Program next week. He put in an appeal to the office, but he decided to go to detention anyway, since it would be more peaceful there than his house to do homework. You know, he has a brother a year younger and twin brothers two years younger so he doesn't get much peace at home."

"Yeah, Kevin, you told those teachers that they had to allow protection two weeks ago," Denise said.

"Yep. Let's bring that up at tomorrow's meeting. Kim, apart from that, how was your day?"

We went on discussing the day's events, particularly the kidnapping story, and soon we arrived at Denise's house. Denise let us in and we went into the living room.

"So, Kim, what's your pleasure?" she asked, as she took Kim's hands in hers.

Kimberly leaned in to kiss Denise. "Ummm, let's snuggle and see what happens," Kim said shyly. "I want to try climbing the beanpole. That was the hottest thing ever when Kevin did that with me at lunch yesterday. You know what? Kevin, I want to undress you and Denise, please undress me."

Denise suggested that we go to her bedroom, so we did, and Kim began to remove my clothes. Since I was wearing but two garments, my undressing went quickly, and then I watched avidly as Denise sensuously stripped Kimberly, kissing the flesh that became exposed as each garment came off. What a cute, tiny figure Kim has; like a miniature doll. When Denise at last pulled Kim's panties off, she stepped back a bit, holding Kim's shoulders and turned her around slowly. My mouth was watering at the sight of the little naked pixie.

Denise looked at Kimberly and moaned, “Shit, I love how you look, you’re so gorgeous. I want to keep you, you’re like the baby sister I never had,” and the two girls fell into each other’s arms, kissing.

Then Kimberly pulled away and looked me up and down. “My god, Kevin, you have an awesome bod and I want to wrap myself on you now,” she said as she put her arms around my neck and hoisted herself up onto my chest.

Denise came over and grabbed her ass and helped Kimberly wrap her legs around my hips. Then Kim kissed me and began to squirm her hips on mine, freeing my cock which had been pressed against her tummy. It slipped between her legs and the top of the shaft brushed against the hood of her clit. The stimulation of her little button caused by the gyrations of her hips must have felt good because she began to moan into my mouth as we kissed. Meanwhile, Denise was stroking Kimberly’s ass and kissing her back as we embraced. After a minute or two of this wonderful togetherness, Kim released her hold on me and slid off.

“Don’t go anywhere, big boy. I want you later,” she growled at me, turned, and began tearing Denise’s clothes off, flinging them everywhere.

After Kimberly stripped her, she pushed Denise back onto the bed, lay down beside her, and held her cheeks as she probed Denise’s mouth with her tongue. Then Kim pulled back and started kissing her down her body, her chin, then neck, then between her tits, and then started gently licking her nipples and nibbling on one while twisting, pinching, and pulling on the other one. Denise was moaning and squirming on the bed when suddenly Kim spun herself around and swung her leg over Denise’s head and planted her face into Denise’s pussy. She wrapped her lips around Denise’s clit and began alternately sucking it in and pushing it out with her tongue. I realized she was actually giving Denise’s clit a blow job! Shit!

Denise had apparently never felt any sensation like this before; I knew that she had become totally enamored with the oral sex we had done during the last week but this seemed to be an entirely new sensation. I could see her juices pouring out of her vagina and running down her ass and the stimulation must have been so strong that she clamped her thighs firmly against Kimberly’s face. Denise was bouncing and yelling and then started cumming like I had never seen her do before.

Denise looked completely overcome with lust now. She lifted her mouth slightly, reached up, and pulled Kim’s tiny pussy down onto her face. As the two girls licked each other, I watched Denise clamp her mouth over Kim’s pussy, stick her tongue in as far as she could, and started wiggling it around. She then latched onto Kim’s clit, which I noticed was the largest one I had ever seen, and copied what Kim had done to her clit; then she stuck a wet finger up Kim’s ass and Kim shrieked and a stream of juices squirted out of her snatch all over Denise’s face as she cummed. This was one hell of a sixty-nine session and my cock was so hard I think I could have fucked the knot out of a knothole with it.

The two were puffing like steam engines as they lay there, but they continued to gently suck on each other’s pussies and Kim was slowly finger-fucking Denise’s ass.

I couldn’t stand being a bystander any more. I watched Denise working on Kimberly’s snatch for another minute, then crawled over Denise’s head, grabbed Kim’s hips and raised them to line up my cock with her pussy, and pressed my crown into her vestibule lips, spreading them as the head of my cock slid in, seeking her vagina’s entrance. Then I felt a barrier. Kim was still cherry!

“Uuuuh, Kim?” I groaned.

“Ahhh! Yeah! Take me! Do it—push!” she squealed. “Fuck me!”

I pushed but she was so tiny, so tight, nothing happened.

“Push harder! Give it to me!”

I felt Denise grab my cock and hold it at Kim’s opening; then she lifted her head and swiped her tongue along the bottom of my shaft.

“Lover, I’ll hold you—now push in hard!” Denise commanded.

I jiggled my ass a bit to firmly lodge my cockhead in the opening of Kim’s love hole and then sank my hips firmly forward. The feeling was like pushing against a rubber sheet and Kim was screeching, “Yaaaaahhhh.... oohh... push! push!” when all at once the resistance reluctantly gave way and my rock-hard cock sank halfway into Kim’s sex canal.

“Oooowwwwwwwwiiiiiieeeee!” she howled. “Oh, it stings! Stop! Don’t move! Oooowww!”

Then I felt Denise’s tongue lapping on my balls and she sucked one into her mouth while licking it! And I thought my cock was hard before. It was so hard now that the deep, dull pain that I thought was gone had returned but it now only increased my lust.

I felt Denise begin to move; then she groaned and I looked up at Kim’s head. It was moving up and down a little. She must be licking Denise again, and then Kim wiggled her hips and I heard her mutter, “Put some more of that gorgeous meat into me, stud.”

I moved forward slowly again and was able to sink all the way into her snatch now, all the way until my pubic bone was pressed into Kimberly’s groin. She let out a long, slow sigh.

“Aaaaaaa, soooo full. God, soooo nice.”

I looked down at my cock impaled inside her, and saw a pinkish stream of pussy juices sliding down one of Kim’s thighs while Denise’s tongue was still lapping at my balls. So fuckin’ hot! I began to slowly fuck Kim while it seemed that Kim was keeping time by lapping on Denise’s pussy. I reached forward and grabbed Kim’s tits and rubbed and squeezed them, trapping her prominent nipps between my fingers and dragging them from side to side. Soon Kim was rolling her hips so hard I had to hold her ass and I began pounding into her, giving her everything I had. She was so tight I could feel every ripple and fold of the skin inside.

All at once she screamed, “Yaaaaahhhhhh... cumming... eeeeeeeehhhhhh...” and her body shook hard in a great spasm.

At the same time I felt Denise plunge a finger deep into my asshole; she hit my prostate and as her finger slid over it, it was all over for me. I came so hard that I almost passed out—everything went black for an instant and suddenly I was aware of a pounding, jerking feeling in my loins as my cum shot out of me in one huge blast after another and I sank down onto Kim’s back in sheer exhaustion. A minute later, Kimberly groaned.

“Aaaaahhhh, I’m getting sandwiched here. Oooofff, Kevin?”

I pulled back and her incredibly tight pussy just blew my shrinking cock out with a sucking pop, followed by a gush of mixed juices and cum. Denise’s face was still right there and she stuck her tongue out tentatively to sample the mixture.

“Hmmmm, ugh. Tastes like blood. No thanks this time.”

I flopped down on my back alongside of Kimberly and she leaned over me, kissing me passionately. Denise sighed and wiggled herself around and crawled up to my other side; the two girls leaned over me and alternately kissed each other and me, as our hands roamed over all the bare flesh we could reach.

Kimberly heaved a great sigh. “Oh, that was so wonderful. I got my first bi experience and my first fuck from the two greatest people I’ve ever known. I love the two of you more than I could ever say. I wish this moment would never end...”

“I didn’t know you were a virgin, Kim; I hope that I didn’t force you to...”

She put her finger on my lips. “Kevin, you’re such a doll. I was hot for you as soon as I saw you in Fletcher’s office—and for Denise, too. It’s not only how you look; the two of you are not only just gorgeous, you’re also both such wonderful people and the way you cared for all of us when we had to strip was so incredible that I just melted inside when you touched me and kissed me. And now I have Adam, too. I had my eye on him in middle school but he was so damned shy I could never get him to say two words to me. You pushed us together yesterday morning, and he’s opened up into a whole new person! He’s gonna get very lucky really soon now, too.”

We spent the next hour or so just lying on the bed together, kissing and fondling each other and talking about nothing in particular, just luxuriating in the afterglow of good sex and the wonderful sensations of bare skin on skin contact.

Soon we had to dress to take Kimberly home. As we were heading out the door, my mobile rang. It was Bob.

“Hi, Kevin. I’m sure you heard the sensational news earlier today; I gather that there’ll be more news at six o’clock, too. It was your information that broke the case, you know; well done to you and Denise. You probably have a number of questions about what the investigation turned up. Part of it was the information that came from the background check that you asked me to do, and that was another key to breaking up that sex-crime ring. I’ve got a report from my contact in the Justice Department that you will find interesting. I don’t want to email it; can I drop it off?”

I thanked Bob and told him where Denise’s house was and he told me that he’d drop it off in a half hour.

We left to bring Kimberly home and got some pizzas for dinner, arriving back at Denise’s a few minutes before Bob. He dropped off an envelope and cautioned us not to let anyone else see it; then he excused himself because he was headed to a meeting. We put the pizzas aside and ripped the envelope open and began reading.

> **After-Action Report**
> **Special U.S. Marshals Service Task Force on High School Kidnappings.**
>
> **Background and Procedures**
>
> The objective was to learn the details of the reported United States operations of a child sex-trafficking ring that was international in scope.
>
> Using third-party investigators, agents of the U.S. Marshals Service were able to trace messages flowing from U.S. domestic contacts to [REDACTED] three cities in Eastern Europe and then pinpoint the likely locations of the computers which were sending and receiving those messages. Several message headers were forged using the data from the encrypted emails—the

headers have to be readable or the message can't be delivered—and used those messages to attempt to send software rootkits that would compromise that machine, and also send tracking bugs that would ping a server when the message was opened. A third method of attack was to attempt to physically locate some of the machines and have an operative plant a rootkit on the machine.

All three techniques that were employed were successful. Control of five machines in [REDACTED] two of the cities was obtained. With the hidden programs, operatives could read the encrypted messages and learn names and dates of events, but the names were aliases and the messages flowing into the U.S. used proxy servers so investigators could not pinpoint the systems in the States that were involved.

The investigation then moved to U.S. domestic computer systems. Operatives started by flooding the proxy servers with messages sent to two selected Stateside systems, hundreds of messages per second, to block the use by those computers to use the proxy, in an attempt to see if the computer users would get frustrated because the proxies weren't working and attempt direct messaging. The first two didn't take the bait, but one from the second group did.

That led investigators to an IP address in Washington, DC and officials were able to fix the location of that system and by employing some extensive social engineering techniques, third-party operatives compromised that system as well.

At that point investigators located the data that they were hoping to find. They obtained access to a government-owned computer where the incriminating data were found—a private account on that system contained messages with true names, dates, locations, and other details of the operation. This data is provided in the "Details" section of this report.

Description

The following is a non-technical description of the overview of the criminal operation as it was practiced during the past three years.

The criminal group is a little-known child-trafficking ring apparently operating out of Eastern Europe. They had been specializing in kidnapping 11 to 16 year old girls but were known to sometimes kidnap boys as well. They keep moving their physical operations periodically so that their leadership never stays in one place more than about six months.

Three years ago a leader of the ring was able to blackmail an official, highly placed, in the national Program office. That official, who apparently had used the ring to obtain under-aged sex in Europe and thereby compromised his position, was compelled to place members of the criminal ring in two vital positions in the Program agency and in selected local schools in medium-sized communities; they chose those local schools for several reasons as will become apparent.

Their plan was to make the Program operation in the schools so odious and frightening to students that it would ensure that many students would attempt to avoid participating, or might even have a psychological breakdown or possibly attempt to fight being forcibly disrobed—all of these methods would subject the child to being placed in "protective custody."

Another modality the ring employed was to mask child disappearances as runaway children, targeting those children who had been heard to claim that if they were selected for the Program, they would run away from home and hide.

A third modality was to trump up claims that a child broke certain Program rules and needed to be put in protective custody for "training."

Federal Program officials had the legal authority to take children into protective custody, and members of the criminal ring were assigned to Program official posts in certain local high schools to scout out likely kidnapping candidates.

A typical kidnapping was relatively simple to perform. If a child had been placed in protective custody, it was fairly simple to claim that the child had escaped; the child simply disappeared, becoming a captive of the ring. Children who had identified themselves as potential runaways were very simple to abduct; their Program status could be leaked so they'd learn it in advance and then they would be snatched on the day before their Program week was to start. Those children would simply disappear.

Small communities would be avoided for these operations because people in them knew each other too well and disappearances would be difficult to mask, while larger communities had well funded police forces with many resources, especially data collection, where kidnapping patterns would be quickly seen.

The federal Program office strictly controlled all public information about school experiences and locked down the social media so effectively that any site that collected information on the Program, especially any information submitted by the children, would be rapidly shut down; this would prevent any patterns of disappearing children from being discerned.

The creation of a new student-run Program information website two weeks ago, and the Program agency's inability to locate it and stop its operation, allowed the pattern of disappeared students to be discovered. The key to the success of this task force and breaking the case was an analysis of the missing children data that was performed by a high-school student who had been reviewing student submissions and noticed the similarity of a number of otherwise different event descriptions. This information was added to details learned from a background check on a suspicious Program official, undertaken by a private law firm.

To date, there have been 47 children kidnapped, the first one 17 months ago, and plans were already in place to kidnap approximately five to ten children per month nationally beginning in December. The delay in beginning the increased activity was because the ring had not been able to develop a way to smuggle the children out of the United States until very recently; the ring had only this week arranged secure transport of the victims out of the U.S. to begin in late September, using modified shipping containers to allow passage through port customs inspections.

The children have been held in a variety of locations, nine in number, around the country, mostly in old remote motel facilities and in two hunting lodges. The data contained in the governmental server that had been located by the investigation revealed the locations of the kidnapped children.

The U.S. Marshals Service together with agents of the FBI and local law enforcement agencies early this morning carried out simultaneous raids on those nine locations and recovered all of the missing children, who are now in hospitals and being evaluated. Many have been mistreated and some are malnourished but none have life-threatening injuries or conditions.

All of the individuals who are present in the United States connected with this criminal activity

have been identified and most have been taken into custody. There are sixteen additional individuals who are yet to be found. A number are aliens and are in the country illegally, U.S. border crossings are being watched to prevent escapes. European authorities have been notified of the identities and locations of the leaders of this ring and many have already been arrested. The U.S. government has begun extradition proceedings for the senior leaders.

Many of the officials in the Program agency are to be indicted for lesser crimes. These people were not part of the criminal ring and had no knowledge of the kidnapping plan, but they had improperly implemented procedures that violated the law that authorized the Program. As an example, the provision which allowed medical exemptions had been voided in practice around the country. The personnel who developed and implemented the voiding of that rule have been arrested and have been charged with interfering with governmental administration; even more serious charges are being considered.

Details

The remainder of this report contains the specific details of the investigation, the identities of those arrested, and a description of each kidnapping... [REDACTED]

Denise was crying as she finished reading the report.

"I can't believe that you found this out all by yourself, Kevin. You got Bob to do that background check and then found the kidnapping..."

"Shhhh, Denise. You were actually the one who pointed out that it seemed like a few kids had disappeared; from there it was no big deal to see the pattern. That freaked me out and I had to hang up on you then. I thought I was being paranoid but when I showed that stuff to Bob, he took it from there."

"Whatever. You saved all those kids! You're the greatest hero ever and I love you so much!"

We had to reheat the pizzas and turned on the TV to listen to the news. There wasn't much on the news that wasn't mentioned in the afternoon's news conference, except that the federal Program agency was basically being gutted; many of the senior officials, those who weren't implicated in some form of wrongdoing, had resigned, and only a skeleton remained. The news commentators were reflecting on the fate of the Program and how it would be implemented in schools. Some state governors, by that evening, had already issued emergency executive orders banning it in high schools and other states were evaluating whether it could be continued at some level of operation, possibly as a voluntary program.

During the news, Denise's mom called; she had been in meetings all day and heard the news and was relieved to hear that Denise was doing well. They were still chatting when my mobile rang. It was Dan, calling from Jakarta.

"Hi there, Dan," I said, "calling early, are we?"

"Hell, kid, you know how to stir up a hornet's nest, don't you? I was roused about 4 a.m. this morning by some Marines and brought to the U.S. embassy here, all because of you!"

"Why? What happened?"

"Remember, I told you that the ambassador to Indonesia, Roger Vickers, learned about the Program from me and contacted his friend President Gerston? Gerston had his staff doing a little checking into the Program irregularities you mentioned to me and then earlier today the whole Program business got

busted wide open. Gerston wanted Vickers to find out where the information came from that broke the case; so Vickers told Gerston that the likely source was Audrey Boniger's son and that he would get the details for him. So Vickers had me pulled out of bed and here I am at the embassy. I've spoken to our buddy Bob Charlesworth already and I know your role in this. Bob tells me you want anonymity. Is that right?"

"Yes, please. Please tell them that I had gotten caught up in the Program as soon as I arrived and was frightened by it; that's why I had mentioned it to you."

"Ok, son, I'll try. I'll try to throw them off the trail. Gotta go, they're waiting on me. Luck!"

Oh shit. I hope he does keep them off my trail. The president? Shit.

Denise and I actually were able to get our schoolwork done and the two of us were so physically and emotionally wiped out that we just went to bed and slept all night.

Chapter 39: Future Rewards

I've read in some of the kids' website forum postings about how they were woken up in the morning by a fantastic BJ. Well, not me; not this morning, anyway. We woke up, shared a garbage-mouthed kiss, and got ready for school. Today we had planned to change to our kimonos at the car and support the Program kids when they stripped. Today was to be the first full-touching day.

We arrived at school and changed at the car, then went to the main doors where a surprise awaited us. Four of the Program kids were stripping, but surrounding them was a kind of cordon of students, all wearing a bright red top or shirt of one kind or another. When we walked up, the nearest students parted for us as if we were some kind of royalty.

"What's going on?" Denise asked the nearest red-shirt.

"Denise, we're the honor guard. Everyone wearing a red shirt has vowed to protect the Program kids from any contact unless they want to be touched. There are about 200 kids who are doing this and it's in honor of what you and Kevin did for the Program here. We won't allow any abuse or humiliation, we want to honor those doing the Program for their bravery."

Denise went to the guy and kissed his cheek. "That's just awesome; I wish I could kiss all of you for doing this."

The other Program kids had arrived now and began undressing; then, with the red shirts following, they entered the school. There were kids wearing red everywhere. *Wow. Who arranged this, anyway.*

Need I have wondered? Because suddenly Linda Grover rushed up. "Oh, there you are, Kevin. I hope you don't mind the red. Your kimonos gave me the idea; red as the Program's safety color."

"I should have realized that you were behind this, Linda," I grinned. "No, it's a great idea. But I'm wondering what the Program's future will be, judging from last night's news reports."

"Yeah, but you know, lots of kids—most, anyway—are in favor of it now. It's weird. You hated it so much so then you went and just changed it completely around. In just three weeks. Unbelievable. Gotta run, see ya," and she was rushing off.

Damn, forgot to ask about her breakfast again!

A few of our fellow advisors had collected around Denise and me by then; all of them were wearing something red. We went off to our meeting room and the rest of the group filtered in. Every single person was wearing a red top garment of some kind. When Fletcher arrived, he just looked around and shook his head in bemusement.

"I'm really losing control of this school, it seems. Now I'm the last to find out what's going on—so I understand that now there's a new Program honor guard."

"Dr Fletcher, what's going to happen to the Program now?" one student called.

"The school board is waiting to hear from the governor's office or maybe the state's education department. We don't know yet, so let's try to carry on like nothing's changed. That's a tall order, but we'll try, ok?"

There were a few issues Fletcher wanted us to know about and Denise brought up the safety equipment issue. Fletcher told us that he would make certain that gym students could wear support items including jocks; in fact, he decided, their wearing would be required to prevent accidents, like aprons in

chemistry labs. The meeting went quite well, but we decided to hold off choosing a chair and a name until the Program uncertainty was resolved.

Home room period ended and we went to Civics. About fifteen minutes into the class, a student came in with a note. Mrs Wilson read the note and shook her head ruefully.

"Denise and Kevin, you're wanted in the office. Again. Have fun, I'm sure."

No, no, ***no****. What is it goddamned now?* I took Denise's hand and we trudged off to the office and we were ushered into the little conference room. Three unfamiliar people, two men and a woman, were sitting at the table with Fletcher. They all rose when we entered.

I tensed and moved protectively in front of Denise and one of the men looked at us and roared with laughter.

"Dr Fletcher, you were so right! He took in the entire room in one glance and immediately went into defensive mode. I wish more of our agents reacted as quickly. Mr Coris, Dr Fletcher had warned us that your seeing two strange men and a woman in this room might put you on alert," the guy said, grinning. "We had heard what happened to those two men who were in here the last time you were called to appear in here."

He came over to me with his right hand outstretched in a completely disarming posture, one that would not allow any kind of offensive attack.

"I'm Special Agent Graham Witts of the Secret Service, Mr Coris and Miss Roberts, and it's an honor to meet you," he said, shaking my hand and then Denise's. "These are Agent William Anderson, and from the FBI, Agent Lauren Foley," he said as he displayed his shield.

The others greeted us, showed their IDs, and shook our hands too; then they invited us to be seated.

Agent Foley remarked, "Yes, we at the FBI were appalled that Program agents would attempt to use a taser on a high-school student, too. By the way, those are most unusual garments you're both wearing, I must say."

Denise briefly explained the Program Counselor job. Then she asked uncertainly, "Are we in trouble?"

"Oh no! Not at all, Miss Roberts," said Witts. "I work for a certain person in Washington who wants very much to meet the two of you. You are quite the celebrities in government law enforcement circles too, you know."

"Damn, I had hoped that Dan Hollander would have kept my name..."

"Oh, your Indonesian lawyer. No, he didn't say anything about you," Agent Foley remarked. "Actually you've been running a number of federal agencies into the ground trying to keep up with everything you've been doing here since you arrived in the U.S. The FBI first became aware of your Program investigations when your local lawyer began checking into the status of the Program official at this school. He had contacted a Justice official for some information and she alerted us, since it appeared that a private person was investigating a federal official.

"Before we could do any real checking into that situation, suddenly you came to the FBI's attention again when you disabled those two Program enforcement agents and involved the U.S. Marshals Service; when the deputy marshals arrested them, they found all kinds of irregularities in their identity records. On top of those events, the president had become involved and yet again, your name was associated with the details of that inquiry. Then your attorney hit Justice with the data you had

compiled from that student website and that sent everyone into a frenzy when it became apparent that you had uncovered a massive kidnapping plot. Again, when local law enforcement officials detained one Boris Abover, federal agents were notified and your name once again was mentioned. Hell, son, every federal agent in DC from three agencies knew who you were.

"And finally, we had other sources, the social chatter coming from this school; every single person in this school must be aware of what you did and there's been innumerable texts in the last twelve hours about you two. So it was easy to confirm that almost everything that occurred in this case could ultimately be traced to you. You seem to want to keep your part in this case private, but, son, that's not happening. The press is hunting for you too now, I'll bet."

Great; just what I wanted to hear.

"Tell us, now, Mr Coris. There's a theory in the FBI that you're behind that website, too. The shell companies behind the domain registrations are all in the Far East and that's where you're from," Foley continued. "You won't be in any trouble at all if you are; running a website is no federal crime if it only contains information."

"Agent Foley, I'm sorry, I can't answer that question to either confirm or deny any role," I said.

Fletcher spoke up now. "You recall I mentioned a missing student from Cedarwood High? She was among the students who were freed, and her parents want very much to meet you and thank you two. And I've also gotten a call from the U.S. Education Department. They want to interview you about your Program experience and observe the Program as we have modified it at our school. It seems that they will be assuming the management of the Program under an entirely different set of rules, and they want to use what we're doing here as their model."

Agent Witts continued. "No doubt you're wondering why a bunch of law enforcement jocks would be sent to see you. The powers that be debated who should be sent; they ultimately decided that if a civilian came, your past experience with government civilians would make you so suspicious, possibly even antagonistic, that would get us off on the wrong foot. So we were sent since we could prove our identity; you've also showed trust in law enforcement officials."

I nodded, "Ok, but why the visit?"

"The president would very much like to meet you, both of you," Agent Witts said. Denise gasped. "He's had reports not only about your helping to crack the kidnapping ring, but of your courage and resourcefulness in dealing with your experience in the Program. He also thinks that the way that the two of you seem to have rescued the Program at your school can help the country rescue itself from the blow to confidence in the government that was inflicted by this episode."

After they left, Fletcher convinced me to bite the bullet and acknowledge publicly that I had been responsible for realizing that the forum posts that mentioned students who had disappeared meant that a kidnapping plot existed, and Denise insisted that she had little to nothing to do with that insight; that I should stop trying to share the credit for my insight. I reluctantly agreed to schedule a trip to Washington in a few weeks; there was a long weekend coming up in October and the plans were made.

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The next few weeks passed in a blur of activity. I had to meet with the press. I wanted to do this in a controlled environment, so the school arranged for a group interview to be conducted at a Friday school assembly with a selected group of media representatives and the event was televised. I was able to beg
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off going on any national talk shows; their offers of large amounts of cash to appear interested me not at all.

Even though the media's questions sought to lionize me for my martial arts skills and courage, I was able to play those down by claiming that I had been incredibly lucky. When the interviewers realized that they wouldn't be able to draw me out into giving any details about the things I had done, I guess I was no longer an interesting interview subject. Oh, yes; they wanted to interview Denise too, and wanted us to appear for the interviews naked or else in our kimonos. Denise declined being interviewed and we politely and very firmly refused the nudity or wearing the kimonos, but photographers were hanging around the school so much that all naked activities were quickly moved indoors and media requests to come into the school were declined.

Denise and I continued to mentor each new Program group and two more peer Counselors were chosen; actually they were Wendy Burrows and Mitchell Jones from our first peer group. They turned out to be incredibly empathic and supportive of the new Program students and Denise and I became fast friends with them.

And for the rest of our junior year, the Program prospered at our school. Kids were actually trying to find ways to become more noticeable to teachers in the hope that they would get chosen; of course the selection process was supposed to be random, but that didn't keep students from trying anyway. After only two months of the new Program's operation, the need for the Guardian corps gradually faded but it was replaced by a combination of guardians and the impromptu "honor guards"; students taking care of each other and offering emotional support to the shyest of the Program participants.

In fact, in one case, a girl was so terrified of being naked, despite our carefully working with her when she disrobed, when kids in the honor guard were told of her fright, a group stripped in the hall and greeted her naked when she emerged from the office. After that, most students in her first few classes themselves stripped and remained naked during the period to support her as well, and it worked. She was so grateful that her peers demonstrated their care for her feelings in that way that she was able to face the rest of her Program week with much less fright and anxiety.

True to Fletcher's words, soon a group from the new reconstituted federal Program office visited to observe our reinterpretation of the Program. Then, toward the end of our junior year, we heard rumors of plans to revamp the national Program rules to downplay mandatory nudity, but the feds were now leaving the Naked in School rules completely up to the states. Denise and I discussed what we had learned from our experiences and decided that it would be wonderful if a program could be designed which would develop student growth though peer emotional support and building community by facing challenges through cooperative teamwork. It could build on using a person's sexuality and sensuality as simply one human emotion to be used to achieve those goals. Wishful thinking.

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Finally, our meeting with the president came and it was no big deal. He wasn't a stuffed shirt—he was a cool guy; funny too. A Secret Service SUV delivered Denise and me to an entrance in the West Wing where a Marine opened the door for us and once inside, our IDs were checked—for maybe the fourth time that day! We were greeted by a really delightful lady whose chatter put us totally at ease as she walked with us down a hallway, pointing out as we passed them, the Roosevelt Room and Oval Office, then the Cabinet Room, out into a covered pathway into the Palm Room and then down a grand corridor she said was the Center Hall and then led us through a number of rooms off the hall, telling us that these were some of the rooms that were on the White House tours.
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"I'm actually delaying you guys," she said, "because the president is still on the phone with the German chancellor, so I'm giving you the cheap tour. I'm also supposed to cure you of any jitters you might have. He's really a sweet guy and I think you'll be totally at ease when you meet him—oh, there's my pager, so let's go see the boss now."

We retraced our steps back to the West Wing and to the Oval Office where Denise and I were ushered in. President Gerston rose from his desk and came over to greet us.

"Ah, Mr Kevin Coris, Miss Denise Roberts. It's a delight to finally meet both of you. Mr Coris, let me first express my utmost condolences for the loss of your parents; I had the honor of meeting your mother Audrey last year at the Asia-Pacific Economic Cooperation summit in Tokyo and her tragic loss—your father's too—was not only a personal one for you, but also for our nation."

"Thank you so much, sir. I appreciate your kind words," I said.

"And you, Denise, I've heard about how courageous a young woman you've been throughout your ordeal and I really appreciate your willingness to come see me today."

Denise gulped and murmured, "Thank you, sir."

"Please," he said, indicating a sofa, "come sit here and let's talk about some incredible current events that the two of you've been involved in," he finished with a broad smile. "Kevin, you're apparently a chip off of the old block, according to my old friend Roger Vickers. He knew your mom and dad, too briefly, he told me, and from them he learned something about you and your background. He told me that it seems that you've inherited the totally single-minded approach to life that made both of your parents so successful in their careers. And the way you handled yourself in school and helped our country out of a really awful situation—for that you have my gratitude, and that of our country, for your outstanding services. But that's not the reason I wanted to talk to you today. I want to talk about you guys personally, about your lives and about things that make you feel good as well as not so good. I fear our leaders have lost touch with our youth, and the recent debacle about this whole Program situation has really highlighted the problem."

He spent an hour talking with Denise and me, the three of us alone, first about general topics, but then wanted to know what the two of us *really* thought of the Program, especially the version that the Program was seemingly evolving into.

I told him that I had an interesting, but difficult, time being involved in it but I still thought that all that public nudity was weird. But I had other personal concerns too.

"You know, sir, that the whole idea of the Program was totally opposite to what I learned while growing up. So when I walked into the principal's office in high school that first day—it's hard to believe that was only six weeks ago—that first day, the culture shock was enormous. My folks had taught me that my personal rights, my ability to be myself without the interference of others, was one of the most basic rights of personhood and that I must never let anyone ever try to deny me my personal rights of self-expression. Then I learned that the federal government had passed laws that effectively made me into a non-person, that is, a minor child had become a non-person, having no rights of self-expression."

"Interesting, Kevin. Please continue," Gerston said.

"I've been called strong-willed and I guess I am. I saw first-hand with my father how people who can't stand up for their legal rights can be trampled by others who are richer or more powerful and I resolved

that I'd never let that happen to me—and to any others who I could help. That was Dad's influence on me. He set up his foundation to help people like that and I guess his concern for others must have rubbed off on me.

"But that abomination of a Program did something to me! Just that brief exposure that I had to it changed something in me and I don't know what happened... It's supposed to make the student, um, I'm trying to remember the actual words, help them be more comfortable with their body and sexuality as both an individual and a sexual being. What could 'more comfortable' possibly mean? More comfortable than what? Teens have all kinds of personal issues, from insecurities caused by body image acceptance to issues involving differences in reaching physical, intellectual, and social maturity. Using coercion to try to force a change in a person's innate nature can only result in psychologically scarring that person rather than helping them.

"For myself, I was dead-set against cooperating with the coercive elements of the Program and highly dubious that it could offer any benefit to a teen-aged kid. But I got sucked into cooperating, in my own way, that is..." Gerston laughed at that, "...because I couldn't stand seeing other kids suffer while I could walk away from the situation. I knew that I could attend school and ignore the Program totally. I couldn't be forced to take part. But I couldn't extend my protection to anyone else if I didn't get involved at some level. And that involvement changed me. And I'm still disturbed by that change, because it makes me appear that I was turned into a Program supporter, when I'm not. I still think that the psychology behind it is nuts.

"I'm still absolutely opposed to any coercive forms of Program activities, especially those that seem to humiliate the participants and I strongly believe that there are too many cases of where Program activities, like Relief in classes, detract from the academic goals of the school. Teaching about human sexuality doesn't belong in the math classroom, like I heard happened a few weeks ago when the math exercise was to measure a girl's breasts to calculate their volume..."

"What? Is that what happened?" Gerston exclaimed.

"Yes, sir, and that was a very mild example. Teaching sexuality belongs in classes like psychology or human health. And even there, the students must never be coerced into doing anything that they find disturbing. So if changes are made to control and limit the coercive and humiliating elements of the Program, I suppose a case might be made for keeping very a limited version in the schools. Denise, do you have any thoughts?"

"I do. I'm so ambivalent about the Program's value. I was totally unable to participate the two times I was called..."

Gerston interrupted, "*Two* times? How could that be?"

Denise briefly explained how she had gone into shock and was taken out of school the first time she had been selected.

"So my psychological condition would have been devastated if I had been forced into it. But I saw other kids who were terrified about having to take part open up and totally change as a result of participating, maybe because of what Kevin said, that their perception of their body image changed. But, yeah, the coercive parts and the humiliation are totally wrong. I found that I love helping the other kids to learn to just be themselves and to accept who they are; that way they can grow in developing self-confidence."

The rest of our conversation with the president continued along the same lines and then he wanted to

hear about what we thought about ourselves and our future educations. Soon we were interrupted by a staff member who popped in to remind Gerston about his next event.

I was going to skip over the next event but Denise insisted that I should mention that after meeting with the president, he brought us to the White House's East Room where a huge crowd was gathered. He gave a nice speech about what I had done for the country and then presented me with the Presidential Medal of Freedom. Then he said a few very nice words about Denise and how she had contributed to the recovery from the federal disaster and awarded her the Presidential Citizens Medal.

After that came a really unexpected surprise, because attending the event were many of the kids who had been kidnapped together with their parents; 38 of the 47 had been able to attend and it was a very emotional, overwhelming experience greeting the kids I had only read about on the website forum postings.

It's nearing the end of my junior year now and it seems like I have my choice of any college in the country to attend. And I hadn't even begun to send out applications yet, either. Denise was being recruited also; this was just amazing. And I'm still involved in the Program, too, still helping scared and anxious kids entering the Program as a Counselor.

I wonder what the future holds for the Program—will its proponents decide to try to convince colleges to consider starting the Program as adapted for college campus life? I hope not; I don't think I would want to inflict something like the Program on anyone again. My high school experience isn't over yet, though.

I wonder what new surprises our senior year will bring.

The End