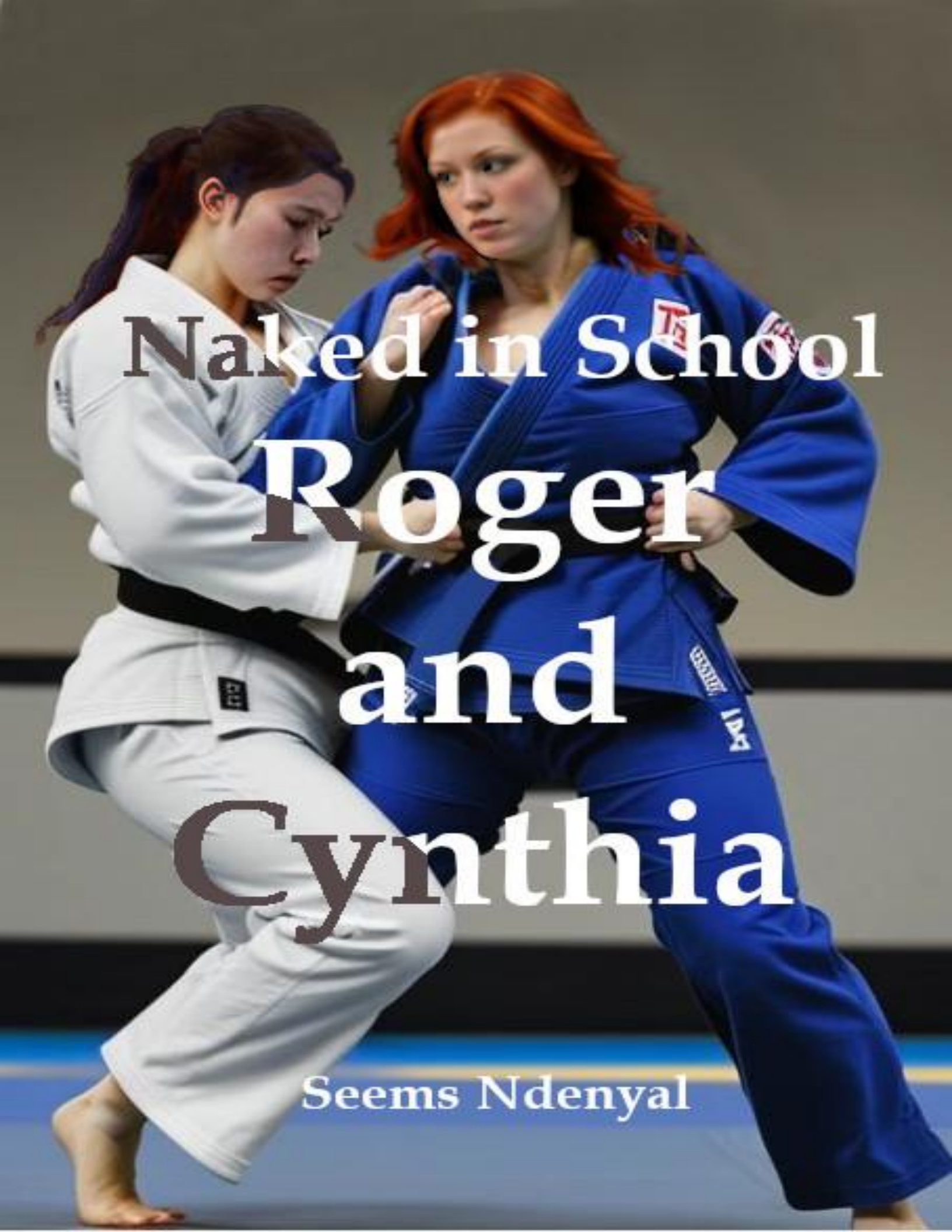

Naked in School

Roger and Cynthia

Seems Ndenyal

Naked in School
Roger and Cynthia

What do you do when the Program threatens to enmesh a high school's teenagers in its lascivious and humiliating sexual activities? Simple: call in the Marines! The few, the proud, the Marines. Keeping family and personal honor intact. Our heros learn about what happens when incompatible moral codes clash and different forms of authority oppose each other. Can they abide by the moral codes they learned, growing up in a Marine family environment, to both respect authority while maintaining their morals and dignity?

(Read *Naked in School: Kevin and Denise* first. It will provide context; also there are spoilers here.)

This story is published as adult entertainment and contains material of an explicit, sexual nature.
If such materials offend you, please do not read any further.

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Part One: High School Senior Year

Chapter 1

"Roger, the major thing you have to remember is not to directly face Nakaya so he can get the full use of both of his arms at once. He's extremely strong. When he takes hold of your *gi*, get your own arms up under his so he can't pull down and in and get leverage. And keep him from pulling you into his chest—use your arms to turn his torso away from the direction he tries to twist."

Roger Denison was in the locker room, getting some final advice from his coach while dressing for his judo match; suddenly his dad burst into the room.

"Son, she won!"

"She did? Fantastic! How'd they decide the winner? Must have been on the penalties, right?"

"No, it wasn't; right after you had to leave to get ready for your own match, the officials asked for a rematch since they both had one *yuko* [fractional point] and one *waza-ari* [half point]. They wanted a clean decision, so they didn't use the penalties. Cindy won the rematch with an *ippon* [full point] after about 90 seconds! The first match must have tired out her opponent and you know how Cindy's got such great conditioning. So she won the gold for the U.S. in women's lightweight."

"Awesome! I wish I could have stayed to see it."

"I know," his dad said, "but you need to get yourself ready now; you're up in about five minutes."

Roger recalled the scoring rule: the *ippon* is a full-point throw; an *ippon gachi* is a "win by *ippon*." The *waza-ari* is a throw having less power and superiority and is treated as a half point; two are needed to win a match. The *yuko* is a lesser throw than a *waza-ari* and has a trivial score.

Roger's upcoming match was for the bronze in the men's middleweight division; he had been competing against a very strong international field. Over the years, the U.S. had won very few medals in international judo competitions and now there was a possibility that an American brother and sister would each medal in their individual events.

While Roger was finishing his preparations for his match, his thoughts turned to his 17-year-old high school senior twin sister. With her fiery red hair that matched her personality, Cynthia Denison was a consummate athlete. In addition to her world-class judo skills, she loved basketball and played on the girls' varsity team; at five feet ten inches and weighing 136 pounds, she was a big girl for her age, and she was absolutely fearless. Her aggression, fast reflexes, long arms, and strong legs made her an effective power forward and she was equally good on offense and defense.

Roger mused about his own athleticism. He was a swimmer and his best events were the butterfly and breast stroke; he held the state record in the butterfly. His athletic build, a broad chest and long arms, six feet three inches in height and 195 pound weight, allowed him to propel himself through the water like a

sprinter runs on land. He shared his sister's red hair (there was some Irish blood in the family's Scottish heritage) but Roger was the younger by just two minutes, a fact which she never let him forget.

But their best sport was judo. Their dad was a Marine. Master Gunnery Sergeant Stuart Denison was now his battalion's operations chief NCO and his specialty was personal combat. While he was growing up, Roger reflected, he saw how his dad would train his troops in hand-to-hand combat and, at a very young age, he and his sister began to wrestle each other, trying to mimic what they saw, and their father took note. He began to coach them in performing some basic combat moves and noticed that their longer arms, which they had even as kids, would be an advantage in judo, so he took their lessons into that direction.

By the twins' preteen years, Roger recalled, he and his sister were becoming extremely proficient and had begun to win local and regional judo competitions. The fact that they received much of their early training in Japan, working with some of the best *judoka* in the world, contributed to their successes as the siblings blossomed in their judo skills. It was in Japan, especially during their father's second tour there, that they developed the discipline and techniques that allowed them to progress rapidly in the junior ranks, and by age 15, the siblings had achieved international rankings.

The Denison family had arrived in Tokyo in late January with the other members of the U.S. Judo Team to compete in the International Judo Federation's world championship tournament. They were met at Narita by a bus provided by the sponsors and driven to the Citadines Shinjuku Hotel where they were to stay.

After checking in, they had a free day before the two days of pre-competition training began. Sarah Denison, the twins' mom, had a sister, Ellen Carter, who lived in Tokyo with her husband Richard, who was an engineer with a major electronics firm. Being childless after several years of trying to have a baby, they had adopted a six-year-old Japanese girl, Ayame Asano. They registered the adoption with the U.S. embassy and thus ensured that she had U.S. citizenship. The twins' uncle and aunt wanted to allow their adopted daughter to keep her cultural identity, so they didn't change her Japanese surname. Ayame was now sixteen years old but her parents, both being Americans, wanted to give her the option of going to college in the U.S., avoiding the necessity of her having to take the grueling Japanese college entrance examinations.

The Carter family met the Denisons at their hotel and the twins got to see their cousin once again after about four years of separation. Stuart had been on two tours in Japan, one beginning when the cousins were just over seven years old and another when they were eleven. Although Ayame was about four months younger than Cynthia and Roger, she was at the equivalent educational level; she had completed her high school requirements and had already been accepted at several U.S. colleges. She would be spending the balance of her final high school year going to the twins' school and either visiting those colleges or meeting with their representatives to make her final decision.

While the older folks were visiting, the teens took the opportunity to spend a few hours together and got to renew their friendship. They had become fast friends during the years that they were together and found that they still cared for each other very much—and it gave the twins the opportunity to practice their Japanese, which had become fairly rusty. And Ayame needed work on her English.

Ayame bounced into the room the twins were sharing. "Let's go to 温泉 [*onsen*]. I saw they have here."

Cynthia asked, “Well, do they allow suits there? I won’t go to a naked 温泉 [*onsen*]. Remember, I didn’t when we were little.”

“いいえ [*Iie*: no], here doesn’t allow bathing suits—but there’s men side and women side, not together,” Ayame remarked.

“No, I don’t care for that regardless. Why not go to the pool?”

“はい [*Hai*: yes], I do that with you,” Ayame agreed. “I go to my room and change.”

Together again, the trio walked from their rooms to the hotel pool and took off their robes. Cynthia looked at Ayame.

“Oh, I haven’t seen a suit like that before. It covers you all up! Don’t you wear a two-piece? That looks like an old-lady type bathing suit!”

“Cindy, I do not let boys see my body; ashamed at burn scars. Please, not like talking about that, よね [*yo ne*: agreed]? Let’s just go in pool.”

They soaked for a while and discussed their lives during the four years they hadn’t seen each other. When they got out, Ayame was excited to show the siblings her new toy.

“Look at something—father’s company makes test 携帯 [*keitai*] and gives one that works in U.S. too. Have when go home with you. You know how makes all cute electronics things for Japanese teens? Look at one here.”

She pulled a tiny device out of her backpack; it was the size of large wristwatch.

“携帯 [*keitai*]?” asked Cynthia. “Ah, a cell phone. It’s a prototype?”

“はい [*Hai*]. That’s the word. This has wrist band to wear like watch or wear on necklace too. It has bluetooth and GPS and obeys voice. それかっこいいね？ [*Sore kakkoi ne*?]”

“Huh? Didn’t get that,” Roger said.

“ごめん なさい [*Gomen nasai*] ... I mean, sorry... still get used to English. Said, ‘Isn’t it cool?’ Father says it soon comes to the U.S. but not for year or more. He won’t let me use itself alone though—says must have regular phone and just use this as backup.”

“Crazy!” Cynthia remarked. “It’s like a comic book secret communicator—or like that Star Trek walkie-talkie thingie.”

They played with the device for a few minutes before the conversation turned to more pressing topics like the judo tournament and what U.S. high school life was like.

The next day they had to get back to work and the team went to the tournament site, the Tokyo Metropolitan Gymnasium, where they would spend two days for their final training before the competition began.

This was the twins' first world championship match and Cynthia had just won the gold medal in her weight division while Roger was battling for the bronze in his class, one of the most competitive weight classes in judo. His opponent, Shozo Nakaya, a Japanese fourth *dan*, had won the bronze medal at the last competition and was a highly experienced *judoka* at 29 years of age.

While dressing in his *judogi*—he had been assigned the blue *gi* for this match—Roger mused that after watching Nakaya in an earlier match, he thought that his own longer arms and great upper body strength would give him a slight advantage over the other's experience. But he knew that he must never let his guard down. Then his coach came in and began going over his final instructions and that's when Roger learned about his sister's victory. Now the PA system came to life and announced the match for the bronze medal.

Roger, his coach, and his dad entered the competition area where his dad wished him good luck and joined his family in the seating area. Roger looked over at Nakaya who gazed back at him serenely, exhibiting enormous confidence as he moved his shoulders back and forth, loosening his muscles. Roger let his face settle into an impassive expression as they bowed to each other; then the referee started the match.

In the first two minutes, they traded *waza-ari* (half-point) throws but made no other score. Then, about thirty seconds later, Roger saw an opening that his longer reach gave him. Nakaya had briefly turned to face him while backing out of his own arms' reach and momentarily dropped his left arm slightly. Roger instantly grabbed his opponent's shoulders and twisted into a *morote seoinage* (two arm shoulder) throw, pulling Nakaya over in an *ippon*. Apparently Nakaya had forgotten about Roger's greater reach and had dropped his guard. With the throw, Roger won the match.

When Roger bowed and left the mats, his family swarmed around him.

Cynthia grabbed him in a bear hug. "Wow, Rog, that was a totally classic throw! You had perfect form and I don't believe how you got inside his guard so fast!"

"Yeah, Cindy, he forgot my ape-arms! He's got short arms but his chest is like a barrel. When he threw me first I thought I was in trouble—his arms are like steel bands. I was able to partly twist so I landed on my feet first and not my back so he only got the half-point. But you—you did it! You took gold! You're fantastic, you know, big sister."

Stuart grabbed Roger's hand. "Son, that was an outstanding match. How's it feel to be among one of the best in the world?"

"Dad, feels great, but I'm even happier for Cindy and for you, too. This must be awesome for you to have your kids—you trained us since we could barely walk—get to this point."

"Yeah, son, that it does. You know, now your judo dojo will have to pay you guys a higher instructor rate!" he joked.

"You kids are the greatest—so now, what are you planning for an encore? The Olympics in two years?" their mom asked.

Cynthia responded, “Well, we still haven’t decided that. We’ll be in college in the fall and you know how much I love basketball. And with that full-ride athletic scholarship—Rog’s too—we just can’t decide yet. Judo is getting hard on the joints and I’m not sure about whether I can do both that and basketball.”

“Whatever you kids want is just fine with Mom and me,” their dad said. “You both achieved the goals that you set for yourselves in judo and you know what we’ve always taught you—to keep looking forward to your next goals; never take your eyes off of your objective. That’s the sure road to success in whatever you choose to do.”

The Denisons really enjoyed the awards ceremony with all of its ceremonial pomp, after all, they were a Marine family and ceremonies to mark achievements were part of their culture. The U.S. team, however, was in the middle of the pack in the overall tournament standings, a typical performance for them, and the Denison twins were its only members to win a medal.

Back at the hotel the evening before they were to fly back to the States, Sarah, the siblings’ mom, looked up from her computer tablet.

“Listen to this: I’m looking at the February monthly high school email newsletter to parents and in it they’re talking about making the locker rooms and rest rooms unisex for next year.”

Stuart looked up sharply. “What! What’s all that about?”

“It says that it’s for when the Naked in School Program is started, honey.”

“Oh, that idiocy. They’re still going ahead with that? Remember when we got that letter and consent form from the high school last fall asking for permission to have our children participate? We marked the form to say we refuse permission. Sent a letter too. Did I tell you that General Markus issued an order around then saying that no Marine parent was to permit their children to do the Program? He said that having a child in the Program and getting involved with public nudity in that way would bring dishonor to the Marine’s family and therefore to the Marine. You know that the whole idea is warped... I didn’t pay any attention to why they were doing such a stupid thing, this Program, anyway. Do you remember what it’s supposed to be about—why they’re doing it?”

“Let’s see, I need to read the article further. Yes, here’s a summary. It says, ‘The Naked in School Program is a federally mandated cultural education program and completing it is required for high school graduation. All students will be required to spend one week naked during their assigned week and remain naked whenever they are at school or at any school-sponsored activity. According to the federal law which requires that high schools run it, the Program has been carefully designed to help students become more comfortable with their bodies and their sexualities, to treat others in natural balance as both individual people and sexual beings, to learn to harness their natural energies, and to behave in a more mature and morally conscious manner. By having teens becoming more comfortable with their bodies and sexualities, their sexual tensions will be diminished. Thus the Program gives teens a great opportunity for rapid personal growth.’ Wow, what a bunch of psychological BS that explanation is!”

Stuart made a disgusted noise. “Yeah. No wonder the general issued that order. Doing that can be humiliating—even obscene. He’s right—taking part would definitely be a dishonorable thing to do.”

"Well, I guess Cyn and I won't have to worry about it then since we'll be graduating in a few months; if they're just getting around to making the facilities unisex during the summer, it'll begin after we're gone," Roger said.

"I wonder why they're making unisex facilities," their mom continued, "forcing all the kids to be naked together. Maybe it's because of the general's order. I think that maybe twenty percent of the kids in the high school have parents who work on the base and about ten percent have a Marine parent. If the Marine family kids don't participate, and a lot of other kids opt out too, maybe they want to get all the kids nude together somehow even if they aren't in the Program. What a dumb waste of money that will be."

Cynthia frowned. "Yeah. Geez, I hate that awful idea. I could never let myself be taken advantage of like I heard they make the Program kids do. It's not just modesty. It's not right to allow sex in public and also being forced to be nude around lots of clothed people is simply a form of public humiliation. I don't see how parents could make their kids do it if their child didn't want to."

"Well, I feel the same way about it too, Cyn. It's good that it won't be starting until next term and we won't be there, because I don't see how there could be any learning in school with naked kids running around. Think of the distractions!" Roger commented.

"Hey, Rog, now don't tell me that you never visited San Onofre Beach to watch the nude girls since they allow nudity there again now. It's just off the base," Stuart grinned.

"No, sir, I never bothered. I wouldn't want to strip off myself. I don't think any of the girls I know go to the nude part of the beach, either. I know some guys who surf there but not near the nude area and they've never said anything about the nudies. Cyn, anyone you know go there?"

"No, no one I know goes there. I sure wouldn't," she grimaced.

"Kids, you know that there's nothing wrong with nudity, even nudity in public, right?" Sarah asked. "There are plenty of people who are naturists—we know some couples who are—and they go to resorts. And to the nude beaches too. You remember when we lived in Japan and would go to the *onsen*, don't you? There were nude families together there. Nothing wrong with that."

"Yes, Mom. But remember that I wouldn't get undressed in the *onsen*. I just don't like to be undressed with other people, I guess," Cynthia responded. "You do know that part of the Program requires that the kids fondle and masturbate each other and the kids have to let them do it and the Program even encourages intercourse too. Didn't you read that in some of the materials? And the kids are supposed to be sexual models for the teachers too."

"Intercourse too? Does it really?" Stuart exclaimed. "Well, in that case, that's completely immoral and we forbid you two from taking part at all, you hear?"

"Absolutely," both kids agreed.

The next morning the Carters came to the hotel to drive the Denisons and Ayame to the airport for their twelve-hour flight to Los Angeles.

Chapter 2

It was Friday, and the spring term would begin on Monday. The twins needed to take Ayame to the high school to register and then they had to stop at the dojo to return some equipment. As they drove through the base, Ayame looked around in amazement.

“This is such big place! When you said you lived in place called ‘Camp Pendleton’ I thought it was like small camp, よ [*yo*: okay]?”

“Yeah, nothing like Japan, right? Even LA isn’t anything like Tokyo; Tokyo has all those tall buildings. You didn’t get to see LA too well since we arrived at night. LA is big but doesn’t have many tall buildings,” Cynthia said, smiling. “Our school is in a little town just off the base.”

They arrived at the school and took Ayame to the office where she handed her school records to the clerk.

“Oh my goodness, this is too complicated for an administrative transfer. You need to see a guidance counselor for this,” the clerk exclaimed as she riffled through the paperwork. “At least it’s mostly translated. You should see the records that some of the Marine families come in with after they return from a foreign tour. Let me see who’s available to speak to you.”

They were directed to a counselor who spent an hour matching up courses that Ayame had taken with corresponding ones in their program. Finally she had a list completed.

“It looks like you’ve virtually completed all of the high school graduation requirements and have a few areas of advanced standing, too. The only areas you’re lacking are in civics, obviously, and possibly English, although your spoken English is quite good.”

“はい [*Hai*], *sensai*... yes, miss,” Ayame said, “my parents said that for this term I should concentrate on American civics, history, and English. Been already accepted at several colleges and need to visit some ones that I’m much interested in attending—major to be pre-med.”

“Okay, let’s see how those classes can fit into a schedule for you. Do you guys want to be in the some of the same classes?” she asked, looking at the twins. “I could put Ayame into your English class, and let’s see, you’ve got American History too.” Roger nodded yes. “The best civics class for you, Ayame, is this junior class,” the counselor finished.

“Yes, *sensai*, please, that would be good to be in their classes if you can.”

“Let’s look at electives too. Roger and Cynthia are also in Psychology—oh, yes, Anatomy and Physiology too. Since you’re going to be pre-med and you haven’t had those classes, how about those too?”

“Oh, yes, those would be good.”

“Now it looks like we won’t need to calculate your graduation requirements from this school because your Japanese transcript already shows that you’ve met their requirements. May I ask why you want to take more high school classes instead of just beginning in college?”

“If I stay in Japan I have to study electives anyway and taking entrance exams is draining. Parents wanted me to come to the U.S. for college anyway and told me that starting in high school might help with culture shock a bit. My parents both Americans, you know, so this isn’t new decision, *sensai*.”

Soon Ayame’s schedule was arranged with her having five periods together with Roger and Cynthia and the trio left the office to give Ayame a tour of the school.

“Cynthia!” a voice rang out. They turned to see who had called.

“Coach Vickers! Hi!” Cynthia answered. “Come meet our cousin from Japan.”

The coach came over to them.

“Hi there,” she said, extending her hand, “I’m Amy Vickers, Cindy’s basketball coach; welcome!”

“Asano Ayame です [*desu*, I am], ahh, name is Ayame Asano, nice meeting you.”

“What a pretty name, Ayame. You’re visiting us?”

“In some way. I’ll be here until graduation. Then I go to college and have got several to choose from to visit. Thank you for name compliment. Name means ‘iris,’ a flower.”

“A beautiful flower, like the person. Well, you missed seeing our basketball season; Cindy led our team to the state championship last term—oh, right! Cindy—how did you do in the judo match?”

Roger broke in, “She’s the world champion lightweight *judoka*, Coach. She won the gold medal.”

“Fantastic, Cindy! I’m so glad that the b-ball schedule didn’t hurt your judo training. I remember how intense it was for you during the last few months. What about you, Roger? How did you do, if I may ask?”

Cynthia answered, “Rog took bronze in middleweight. That’s the toughest weight class, too, because there are so many good *judokas* in that weight.”

“Congratulations, Roger. Well done, both of you. Now you can devote all your attention to the swim team, right, Roger? I’m looking forward to the swim meets starting next month. Ayame, do you have a sport you play?”

“In school only games I played were volleyball and, errr, we call it サッカー協会 [*sakkā kyōkai*]—but I was not so good, I’m poor runner and not play in games with other schools.”

“*Sakka*? Oh, soccer! That word must have come from our name, ‘soccer,’” Vickers said.

“はい [*Hai*], Vickers-sensai. Translates for ‘association football.’ Lots of people still call it フットぼる [*futtoboru*], that’s ‘football’ in 日本語 [*nihongo*], err, Japanese.”

“Say, it’s been nice to talk, guys, but I need to get busy now—nice meeting you, Ayame, and congrats again on your judo titles, guys!” And she rushed off.

“Say, Ayame, you mentioned not running very well in soccer—those burns still cause you problems?” Cynthia asked with a concerned look.

“はい [*Hai*], but now lots better. Several more surgery and treatment happened to break up scar tissue that kept forming after I went into puberty...”

“What scar tissue? Excuse me for breaking in...” a new voice interrupted them as they walked down the hall. They spun around to see who it was.

“Coach Jerter!” Roger exclaimed.

“Yep, it’s me. I ran into Coach Amy and she said you were headed this way so I caught up with you. Roger—and Cindy—congratulations, she told me about your judo. Roger, I just wanted to let you know that we had some team swimming practices during the break so you’ll need to get caught up. But who’s your friend and what’s this about surgeries and scars?”

“Guys, this is Coach Jerter, my swim coach, obviously, and Coach, this is our cousin from Japan, Ayame Asano. She was burned in a fire.”

“Hello, *Jerter-sensai*, honored to meet,” Ayame said, bowing her head. “Yes, are cousins but Roger and Cindy aren’t related by blood. Parents adopted me after whole family died in fire when I was little. But hips and belly burned pretty bad and have lot of scarring there. Can walk fine now but still tire quickly if I have to run lots.”

Cynthia continued, “Ayame is here till we graduate and then she’ll be going to college in the U.S.”

“Well, good meeting you, Ayame. You may want to try swimming, you know. It’s a great way to increase your leg strength without having your legs bearing your whole body weight. Roger, I checked your gym schedule and want you in the pool when you have gym, okay? See you all next week, now; take care!” He turned and strode back down the hall toward the offices.

The trio finished their tour at the library and then left to show Ayame the town and some other sights. First they stopped at a mobile phone service provider and Ayame got her phones set up. Then they stopped for lunch and drove to the dojo afterwards. As soon as they entered, Roger and Cynthia were mobbed by the staff.

“The conquering heroes return!” “Way to go, guys!” “I saw the clips of your matches, way cool!” rang out around them.

Some of the students came over, curious about the uproar. Then they saw the twins and realized what the excitement was about.

One of the classes that was being held was for a group of law enforcement personnel from the local police and the sheriff’s department. Cynthia and Roger were among their instructors during the times that the class met after school hours, but because of their fall training schedule, the twins hadn’t worked with the class for the past four months. The group insisted on a demo of some of the moves and throws the siblings used in their matches, so they changed into their *gis* and drafted the two instructors for their sparring match. Then they took some of the more advanced students in the group and easily flipped, threw, or dropped them each within ten seconds.

One of the cops groaned, as he struggled onto his feet after being flipped by Cynthia for the third time, “Geez, I’m glad you’re the good guys. I can’t even touch you without getting thrown.”

“Yeah, you move so fast I can’t even get my feet planted to resist getting thrown!” another puffed, lying on his back after Roger had tossed him over his shoulder.

“Don’t feel bad, guys,” Cynthia said after the group agreed that they had enough. “You could all outshoot us in a pistol match, right? It’s all just good training. You all really did pretty well against us—Roger and I actually had to work hard to get inside your guards, so keep up the good work. We’ve gotta run now, but this was fun. See you in class sometime. Our schedules will be better now.”

Ayame had been watching the class with interest. When the twins had resumed their street clothes and were in the car, she began to reflect on the differences between what she saw at the matches in Tokyo and in the class.

“There was real difference! You move much more slowly with them in dojo than in match in Tokyo—almost like slow motion. Why was that?”

Roger answered, “With the class, those guys have almost no experience so we have to be really careful not to injure them. We have to throw and drop them carefully because they don’t know how to fall properly yet. So we move slowly and deliberately. It’s also a teaching tool so the student can feel the proper positioning of the attacker. In competition, we’re facing people who know all the techniques for protecting themselves and we can move as fast as we possibly can. Speed is almost as important as strength—maybe even equal in most cases.”

“Ayame, do you need anything for school? Do you have enough clothes till the shipment of your stuff arrives? There’s a nice mall not far where we can shop,” Cynthia suggested.

“Maybe don’t really need anything, but never turn down the chance to see some new shops,” Ayame grinned. “You know Japanese teenie girls just love going shopping malls, right?” she laughed.

The kids spent the rest of the afternoon at the mall and then finally went home. The twins’ dad was already home.

“Hey, guys, you’re local celebrities here now. The camp commander, General Markus, wants to honor the two of you at next week’s formation. He said that a great honor to a Marine family is also a great honor to the Corps.”

“That’s cool, sir,” Roger said, “do we need to do anything special? He doesn’t expect a demo or something, right?”

“No, you just need to stand, smile, and look pretty while the troops pass in formation. They’ll salute you and you’ll acknowledge.”

The rest of the weekend passed with the three teens doing regular teen activities.

Monday morning dawned bright and cool; it was still winter even in southern California, so it was 51 degrees when the teens left for school.

They arrived at school and entered the building with a horde of other kids, used their lockers to stow items not needed until later, and went off to their home room. After the final bells rang, Cynthia, Roger, and Ayame were seated, looking over the syllabuses for their first few classes of the day. The teacher came in and noticed the twins.

“Class, I heard from Coach Amy that Cynthia and Roger Denison won medals at the International Judo Federation tournament in Japan last week. Congrats, guys, well done.”

The students in the room gave them a round of applause. A few minutes later the door opened and a student came in and handed a message to the teacher.

She read it and looked up. “Cynthia and Roger, this message asks the two of you to go to the main conference room. It says to leave your backpacks in your lockers and then go to the conference room.”

Roger looked at Cynthia. “What’s this about, I wonder. Maybe about our judo?”

Cynthia shrugged. “We’ll see.”

They got to the room with a bunch of other kids who were arriving from all directions, kids from all of the grade levels. Roger noticed a sophomore who was on the basketball team and some of the kids looked really young—must be freshmen, he thought. The room was set up with chairs lined up around the walls and there were a number of staff members at the far end of the room.

The principal, Mr Davis, was there; so were two coaches. Roger recognized the football coach and thought that the other husky man was the wrestling team coach. Two additional adults were the school’s security guards in their rent-a-cop outfits and another man whom he hadn’t seen before.

Cynthia looked around the room and counted 24 students and noticed a stack of boxes in one corner. She scanned the boxes and suddenly felt her knees get weak. She clutched Roger’s arm.

“Rog, I don’t like this! Look at the boxes there!”

“Yeah, Cyn, I noticed. Same as the number of kids, right?”

Just then the principal started to speak.

“Students, you may recall that last fall we sent letters home to your parents about the Naked in School Program that the school is beginning. Well, you are honored today as the first group who has been chosen to participate.”

There was a loud howl of objection from everyone and Cynthia staggered; only Roger’s strong grip kept her from falling.

“NO!” she cried. “NO! I’m not!”

Davis interrupted, “Yes, everyone here will be participating, and this meeting is to explain about how you will participate in the Program for this week.”

Roger broke in, “Well, in selecting us, you made a mistake. Our parents didn’t approve our participation. The Marine base commanding general is not allowing Marine families to allow their students to participate and our parents even sent a letter saying that we were not to be picked.”

“Son, during the fall term we learned that the Program was now mandatory and everyone in the school must participate. That’s why we’re so crowded now,” Davis said.

Cynthia was quietly crying and Roger looked at her. He whispered, “It’s okay, we’re leaving here.” To Davis, he said, “Mandatory or not, we’re not staying for this.”

He turned to the door to leave with Cynthia but one of the security guards had moved over to the door and blocked it.

Roger whispered to Cynthia, “Watch me for your lead. We’ll get out, even if we have to fight our way out.”

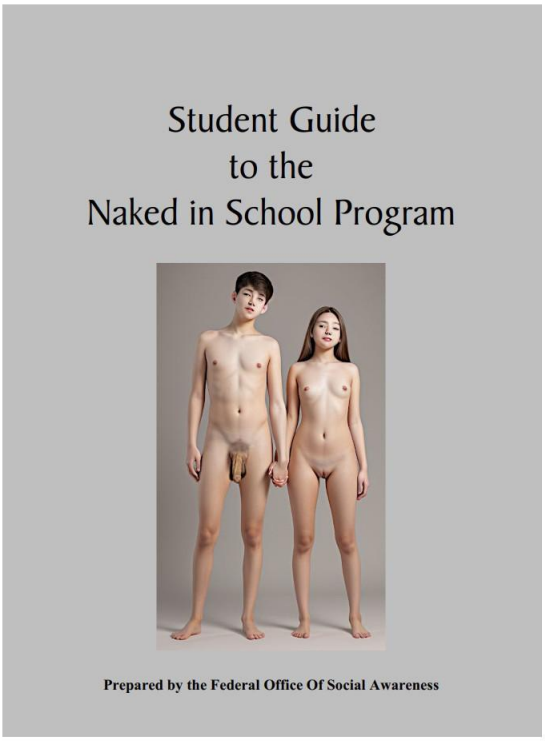
She nodded.

Mr Davis continued, “Now students, I want to introduce you to Mr Cirota. He’s the Program official at our school and he’s in charge of how the Program runs. It’s essential that you listen to everything he says because it’s his decision whether or not you successfully complete the week. If he doesn’t think that you’ve met the requirements, then you’ll need to repeat your Program week. Please, everyone, take a seat while I continue. Now I’ll go over the rules with you, take your questions, and then you’ll all strip naked, put your clothes in these boxes, and go to class.”

All the students had taken seats except for Roger and Cynthia, who remained standing, leaning against a wall near the door and glaring at Davis, who kept shooting pointed glances at them while he spoke.

“Mr Cirota is handing out the Program booklets and the rules for the Program are in them. Complete nudity is required during school and at all school-sponsored activities between now and midnight Sunday. Any

attempt to hide or cover up is a Program violation; violations can result in your being required to repeat your week. Completing the Program is now a graduation requirement."



Click to load Program Booklet

He went on to describe "Reasonable Requests," where other students could touch, fondle, grope, or play with the sexual organs of a participant, and "Relief," where a participant was to masturbate to orgasm with or without assistance of another student during the beginning of any class. Teachers could use Program students for any necessary teaching demonstration, such as a model for sex studies in biology or as a figure model in art or photography. All demonstrations would be videotaped and published on the school website. Refusing Reasonable Requests and not participating in classroom demonstrations were other Program violations, and some violations would extend the Program participation time by days or weeks.

Davis concluded, "Boys and girls will use the locker room facilities and the rest room facilities of the opposite sex during their Program week. Those of you who are in sports or performing arts will participate in those activities naked as well. After school today, your clothes boxes will be located at the main doors and you will get dressed there. For the rest of the week, in the mornings you'll strip at the main doors and leave your clothes in your box until the end of the school day. All of these rules are spelled out in the Program booklet and you must read it to know what your responsibilities are. If you fail to follow the rules because you're not familiar with them, the consequences will be the same as an intentional violation.

"Now it's time, everyone needs to strip."

All the kids began looking at each other, hesitantly waiting for someone else to begin.

"Students, you have to strip now. If you don't, the coaches and guards will forcibly disrobe you."

The guards and teachers began to move toward the kids, but when the guard moved away from the door toward a girl who had stood up and was anxiously twisting her hands, Roger and Cynthia immediately went to it and began to open it. One of the coaches intercepted them, reached out, and grabbed Cynthia's shoulder. She ducked slightly, did a half twist, grabbed his arm, and in a classic shoulder throw, tossed him onto the floor, where he landed on his back with an "ooof."

That's when the rest of the guards and teachers turned toward Roger and Cynthia and began to move toward them.

"No closer! Cindy was gentle with that guy this time. Nobody's gonna force us to strip, but we don't want to hurt anyone!" Roger called.

One of the guards charged Roger and reached out for his shoulder; Roger grabbed his outstretched arm, stepped aside, and pulled him forward while tripping him. The guard stumbled and fell headlong onto his face.

Roger shouted, “Get out of the way, kids! Stay away!” and now mayhem broke out.

All the students squeezed themselves into the corners of the room and watched with amazement as five adults tried to reach the twins, who easily kept the adults away by grappling one after another and throwing them to the floor or into another person trying to close in; one after another, the attackers were thrown to the floor. After less than two minutes of futile attempts at reaching the siblings, two of the adults—a teacher and a guard—were sitting in a chair, nursing injured arms, while a third limped to a seat of his own, favoring his right leg. Meanwhile, Roger and Cynthia were barely breathing hard.

While this was going on, Mr Davis was talking excitedly on his cell phone; then he looked up. “Everyone, stop now!” he called.

Roger shouted, “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 that Program crap and I absolutely 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 your options; don’t let anyone force you. If any of you are from a Marine family, you know you can’t be forced.”

Davis called, “Stop! No one leave!” but more than half of the kids left the room anyway.

Davis told one of the guards to get back to his post at the school’s main door to keep students from leaving. Just then the school’s police resource officer arrived.

“Okay, Mr Davis, what’s the matter?” he asked, looking around the room.

Davis told him what happened.

“Those two assaulted my teachers; I want them arrested.”

The cop asked to speak to the twins privately.

“Okay, Denisons, come on out here,” he said with a grin. When they went out of the room and moved down the hallway away from the door, he continued. “Looked like you had a little rumble in there. Wan’ta tell me about it?”

Cynthia said, “Yeah, Don, funny you should be here after our class on Friday. Still sore after all my throws?”

“Right, Cyn. Nothin’ that several sessions with a heating pad didn’t fix right up. Now what the hell happened in there?”

“Did you know about this Naked in School business that just started here?” Roger asked.

“Hell no. Naked? School? Is this a joke?”

“Wish it were. You’re gonna see lots of weird stuff from now on,” Roger explained. “They’re gonna try to get kids to each spend a week walking around naked. My dad’s general ordered us not to participate and when they tried to force us to strip...”

“Hold right there. Force? As in physical force?”

“Yeah, the principal told the teachers to strip any kid who was moving too slow,” Cynthia put in.

“Well. That’s all I need to hear. Let’s talk to Davis now.”

They returned to the room and only eight kids were still there, still dressed.

Davis walked up to the officer. “Are they under arrest?”

“Sir, I’m told that they were going to be forcibly undressed?” Davis confirmed that was true. “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.”

“A word of warning, Mr Davis. Using force on a kid like that is a felony, okay? And about your naked program? That’s a federal problem, right? Let them deal with it,” he said and walked out of the room.

Roger said to Cynthia, “Let’s get home and talk to Dad right now, okay?” She agreed. “Mr Davis, I told you that we won’t participate, and we won’t. We’ll also do everything we can to derail this idiotic thing. You’re dealing with the Marine Corps and not only Marines themselves, but their kids too, know about proper, moral behavior. We’re leaving now and you can mark this down as illness—we’re sick. From disgust that this could happen in a school.”

They slipped a note into Ayame’s locker telling her that they’d be back to pick her up, and then left the school. As they approached the building door, the guard moved to challenge them, but then noticed who they were and gave them a wide berth as they left.

They went straight to Sgt Denison’s office and burst right in; he was meeting with a group of NCOs.

“Sir, this is an emergency—nobody’s hurt, but this is serious.” Roger exclaimed.

“Okay, Roger. Gentlemen, give us a few minutes, okay?”

“Sir, wait. Your command team should hear this too since I know a few of their kids are at my school too.”

“Go on...”

Cynthia began. “They started that crazy Naked in School Program this morning and we were picked in the first group.”

“Oh HELL!” Denison exclaimed. He looked at the others. “You know what that means?”

“Yeah, we do,” was the muttered response.

Cynthia continued, “They tried to forcibly strip us...” there were loud sounds of outrage, “...but Roger and I fought them off.”

“GOOD!” came the response.

“The cop at the school—we know him from judo classes—was asked to arrest us but he’s cool and told the principal that if it’s a federal program, then the feds will need to enforce it, not the local cops. But he’s just one of the local police troops...”

“Stop right there,” Denison said. “I’m going to call the MP commander and we’ll get the local law enforcement mobilized so that what your officer told you will be local doctrine. And I’ll put a squad on alert to keep an eye on things at the school too—we’ll put out the word that no Marine kid is to be messed with. Do you know if anyone else in that first group is a Marine kid?”

Cynthia said, “It was crowded in the room but I think two other kids were Marine is all, sir. If the selection was random, let’s see, about 10 percent of the school is Marine and three out of 24 is 12.5 percent, so statistically it’s probably only us and the other two.”

One of the NCOs pointed out, “Um, Cynthia, there were four of you, not three.”

“True, but if selection was random by name, two Denisons would come out as one for the purpose of Marine affiliation, you see.”

“See, guys, that’s why grunts like us need people with brains like her to tell them how to think,” Sgt Denison joked. “Okay, this is way more important than the stuff we were discussing. This is about the honor of our families. I’ll let the adjutant know about this development so he can tell the general; probably this might go up to Corps level for any other schools near major Marine facilities. Kids, do you feel comfortable going back to school today? You probably disrupted things enough that they won’t bother you today; tomorrow I’ll have a detail standing by to support you.”

Roger grinned. “Sir, I’m not going to be a passive resistor, either. I’ve already told the principal that we’re going to try to block every possible element of the Program that we can. Here’s what I’ve thought of doing so far...”

Roger and Cynthia explained their plans to the group and soon the men were roaring with laughter.

“If you gentlemen could let your unit members who have kids in the high school know what’s up, what we visualize is starting up a kind of anti-Program platoon of kids who’d be willing to keep the lid on any Program nonsense so it doesn’t dishonor anyone. Does that sound okay?” Cynthia asked.

She got an enthusiastic Marine response. “*Oo-rah!*”

There was universal agreement that taking action was essential and that the plan that the twins had proposed was a good plan. Marines love action and they love good plans even more.

Chapter 3

The twins returned to school and were amazed to realize that only three hours had passed. They stopped in the office to get late passes for their three missed periods when Mr Davis heard them speaking and called them into his office.

“I don’t know what the two of you think you’re doing, but I assure you that you will be in the Program. You assaulted my teachers and the guards and also interfered with the start of the Program for all the others, too. Mr Cirota has already failed you for this first week so you’ll be doing...”

“Sir, stop. We will absolutely not participate and there’s no way to force us,” Roger interrupted. “You saw how physical force won’t work. Our parents back us completely. The local police will not interfere. Just how do you intend to try?”

“The federal Program office has enforcement people; they can make you comply.”

“Just how can they do that?” he retorted. “Using physical force? I think that there’s little they can do, and if they try physical force, they’ll be met with a greater force. The Marines protect their own, you know.”

“You won’t be allowed to graduate.”

“We’ve already been accepted to college with scholarships,” Cynthia shot back. “Do you think a college will care about a piece of paper called a diploma?”

“We’ll contact the college and have them withdraw the offer...”

“Right; if you try that, first, why would they listen? Do you seriously think that our college would really care if we refused to take part in a pornographic Program week in high school?” she went on. “Second, your doing that would make us wealthy after we sued this school district out of ten years of revenue. Please, sir, can we go now? Random threats aren’t going to change our minds and we’re here to go to school. Please don’t try to interfere with our right to get an education. That’s why the school’s here—to educate us, not to force a stupid, pornographic, immoral program on us innocent kids who just want to be left alone to learn.”

“Okay, just go. I expect the Program enforcement people to be here tomorrow. You’ll see what they will do then.”

It was now the twins’ lunch period, so they went to the lunchroom and when they arrived, they noticed two naked students sitting at a corner table morosely picking at their lunch.

“Cindy, see if you can find any Marine kids you know; I’ll look too,” Roger said. “We need to help them.”

They were able to round up nine kids whom they knew came from Marine families.

“Listen, guys. This has the backing of the base if not the Corps. Find anyone else you can and spread the word. We’re setting up a kind of platoon here—it’s the anti-Program platoon—and here’s how it’ll work. First, no Marine kids will participate in that naked crap. You have your folks’ backing on that, also the local cops told us they won’t get involved. Next, we need to protect the civilians so they can keep their honor intact as well. After all, the Marines’ mission is to serve and protect, right?”

A few kids murmured, “Semper fi!”

“Here’s what platoon members will do. We won’t allow groping or any other kind of contact that the Program person doesn’t want. We don’t let them enter the opposite sex’s lockers or toilets—and if that’s not possible, then we empty those rooms before the Program person enters. If there’s a forced classroom demo, we’ll stand up and use our bodies to block the view of the class and stand in front of any cameras to block pictures. If enough of us do this, they won’t be able to justify punishing us, especially if we do everything as civil disobedience in protecting the Program person’s privacy. Let’s try to make a bubble of privacy around everyone in the Program, starting now. We’re Marine kids so we’ll do it like Marines: Improvise, adapt, and overcome!”

“Question,” one of the girls said. “Is this only for the Marine kids or can civilians help too?”

“Good point. I don’t know how civilian parents would react—I hope in the same way—but sure, civilian kids can do the duty too. Why don’t we all get insignia, yeah, the Eagle, Globe, and Anchor, to wear somewhere to identify us? They have various kinds of E-G-A logos at the BX store. Get some extras for the civilians you recruit too. Sound good? Let’s grow this outfit now!” Roger concluded.

As the group left to recruit others to help, Roger took two of the group over to the Program kids’ table as Cynthia followed.

“Hey, guys,” he said as they came up to the table.

Startled, the two looked up and one of them exclaimed, “You! Oh, god, what a show you put on in there. I was too scared to resist and now look at me. It’s been awful—I’ve never been so humiliated in my life. Oh, I’m Tony and a junior.”

“Yeah, I can only imagine. I thought there would be more of you at lunch here, though.” Cynthia said.

“All the girls went somewhere else. One of them knew a place she said was out of the way. I think they skipped lunch. And my name is Dennis; I’m a senior.”

“Oh, poor things. You know Roger and I pulled out because we’ve been forbidden to participate. Our dad’s commanding general ordered that no Marine family was to do this and the Marines intend to enforce that. But we want to help you guys who don’t have that protection, so we’re trying to organize a group to interfere with the way the Program runs,” Cynthia explained. “You might see more and more kids start to appear who are going to protect you and keep other kids away from you both in the halls and in classes. We hope by tomorrow to have all of the Marines in school on board and maybe others too.”

“Wow, you can do that? That’s great!”

“Yeah, we’ll try. Get the word out to the others you see and tell them to watch for kids who show up to help them. We’re hoping to block the classroom demos too, and I think that today being the first day of the term, the teachers aren’t set up for that yet,” Roger commented.

Cynthia broke in, “Say, do you know how many kids are actually left in the Program today?”

“Well, after you broke up the morning meeting, there were only eight finally left in the room, five guys and three girls. The others went to their classes and a number of them were rounded up later. I heard that a few

went home and some are refusing too. There's maybe ten to twelve naked kids now, but we haven't seen everyone all together, of course. You two did a number on the teachers, though. The wrestling coach has his arm in a sling and both of the school's guards are limping around," he chuckled wryly.

"Well, try to spread the word about the protection we're trying to set up," Roger said as he looked away, since he saw Cynthia waving to Ayame. "Talk to these guys about your schedules to see if they can help you this afternoon. Gotta run now."

"Rog, go over to Ayame and I'll grab some food for us," Cynthia said.

Ayame was frantic when Roger got to her.

"Roger, what happens with the naked students? Heard that everyone going to be forced to be naked this term— 違う！[*chigau*] Not possible! Can't do that! I..."

"Shhhh, Ayame, it's okay. First, kids from the Marine families aren't doing the Program and second, you're a Japanese citizen as far as the school is concerned. They can't force foreign citizens to forfeit personal things like privacy. And you don't need a diploma from here, either, so you're okay, right?"

"Guess. Was so scared when I didn't find you and then found note. So scared, eh, no, concerned about how my scars look and they remind me of that awful fire," she whispered as she began to cry.

Roger took her in his arms and soothed her and then she pulled away. "Okay now, 感謝 [*kansha*: sincere appreciation]—errr, thank you. Just so scared and felt so alone. I have to get over that if I will be in U.S. for next few years."

"Yeah, you're right. Maybe that's something to consider in your college choice—we've been accepted to college, we told you where, Avery University in Atlanta, and that was one of your choices too, right?" Roger asked.

"We can think about it... はい [*Hai*]. Have lots to think about now..."

Cynthia appeared with a tray heaped with food. "Ayame, I got some lunch for you, too. Is everything okay now? I saw how frantic you looked."

"Yes, freak out over naked stuff. You never told me that this was to happen!"

"We didn't know—that is, we assumed it was starting in the fall from what the last school newsletter said. They pushed up the starting date, apparently, because all the kids in the first group were totally shocked," Roger commented. "That's why we were out of school for a couple of hours. When we got called out of home room, that's when we found out we were selected to be in the first naked group. We went to Dad's office and spoke to him and he's setting up the protections for the Marine kids. I think there are two others from Marine families in the first group but don't know who or where they are."

Soon the bell sounded and the three teens left for their English class. On their way, Cynthia asked Ayame about what they had missed in their morning classes.

"In Anatomy and Physiology, we just covered the term's schedule—it's a syl... something..."

“Oh, syllabus.”

“はい [*Hai*]. Then had Civics next period. What’s your second class again?”

“Second? We have Economics.”

“Oh, okay. Then gym, today and Thursdays. We had introduction and free time. Used those bicycles on stand. Then History and did the syl-bus thing there too. No preparation work for tomorrow was given.”

Roger looked at Ayame. “You were so upset at lunch—anything strange happen in class?”

“はい ! [*Hai*] In Civics there were two naked students and *sensai* asked them... err. He asked them if they wanted... it was to do オナニーを する [*onani o suru*] ... ahh... what’s the word?”

“オナニー [*Onani...*]? Oh! Masturbate!” Cynthia exclaimed. “Yeah, it’s that Relief thing that’s supposed to be done first.”

“はい [*Hai*]. Doing this in public? With people watching? Who... why... what is that for?” Ayame said in confusion.

“Damned if I know,” Roger muttered. “Supposed to make the kid ‘more comfortable with his body’ or something idiotic like that.”

“How does err... humiliation comfort someone?” she asked, now even more confused.

Cynthia put her hand on Ayame’s shoulder. “It’s not about the Program person, I’ve figured out. It’s about titillating the observers. It’s to teach us to become compliant watchers of abuse, not to help the coerced participant. And that booklet they handed out is proof that it encourages sexual assault. It’s what we learned to avoid in grade school—‘improper touching.’”

Roger continued, “And I’m sure that there were more disturbing things, right?”

“はい ! [*Hai*] In gym they told us that the boys and girls had to be together in locker rooms! And shower together too! I will not do that! I will not go in locker room with boys!”

“It’s ok; you won’t have to do that. I can see why hearing that freaked you out. You don’t even have to be in gym at all, you know,” Cynthia soothed her. “We’re going to try to keep the boys and girls apart, and... OH! Rog, I have a better idea—let’s get *all* the boys to use the girls’ lockers and vice versa. The rules say that Program people have to use the opposite sex’s facilities. Let’s extend that to everyone. It’s not against the rules.”

“Cyn, that’s fantastic! Great idea!” The bell rang just then. “Let’s continue this after class is over,” Roger finished.

After English they walked to Psychology and continued discussing their plans for the week when Roger’s cell phone chirped.

“Um, got a text. Must be important—everyone knows not to text during school. Let’s see who it is.... Oh, from Dad. All the Marine kids—and the camp civilian employees’ kids too—are being texted by their folks to meet

outside the stadium after school. Some of the MP officers will be there to tell us what we'll be able to do for tomorrow."

"Wow, Dad works so fast," Cynthia said.

"Yeah, that's why he's at the top rank so young, Cyn. He's a real go-getter."

In their last class, Psychology, the teacher went over the term's topics and then looked around the class.

"We're supposed to have some Program students in class this week." She looked at a paper. "Roger Denison? Cynthia Denison?"

They raised their hands.

"You're supposed to be naked. This is a serious Program violation and I understand that the punishment for improperly concealing your body is doing another day in the Program."

"Ma'am?" Cynthia said. "We've refused to do the Program at all and we told that to Mr Davis this morning." The classroom rang out in gasps. "They attempted to use physical force on us too and we had to use force to resist. No one will be making us participate this week or ever."

"But you must participate, it's mandatory, and you'll have to do some demonstrations for the class this week."

"Ma'am, Cynthia told you. We're not doing the Program, so no demonstrations—not naked ones. We're under firm orders from our parents that we must not participate, and we would never disobey our parents. But if you have any demonstrations that don't involve nudity—or humiliation—we'll consider doing them."

"Students, tomorrow you will appear in this classroom naked; I will have a guard in here who will see to it that your clothes are off. And if you don't cooperate, it'll affect the participation part of your grades."

Murmurs rang out from the class.

"I think you'll have a little difficulty having a guard come if you tell him who he'll be expected to strip," Cynthia said with a broad grin. "Neither of the school's guards would want to land in the hospital if they tried attacking me again, you know. And please don't threaten to lower our grades for a non-academic reason. You know that wouldn't be fair. Hey, and you don't need live models, you know. Just teach the course like you did last year, right? Before the Program started. I'm sure you have plenty of resources that you used then."

Now there was a smattering of tentative applause and the teacher glared angrily at the class. She picked up some papers and began to hand them out to the class, continuing on with her introductory comments.

After class a few kids came up to the twins and identified themselves as having a Marine parent and saying that they got texts about the meeting later.

One of the guys said, "I figured you were Marine as soon as you said your folks nixed the Program. So it was you guys who damaged the guards this morning? That's cool. I can't stand the skinny one, he's a real snot, like high and mighty. Glad you hurt him. We need to get to the stadium now, right?

On the way out of the school they used the athletic entrance. Cynthia said, “Oh, we’re missing the re-dressing at the main doors, you know. We’ll miss seeing how many kids are actually in the Program today.”

“Yeah. But we’ll see them tomorrow. That’s soon enough.”

The siblings and Ayame walked to the stadium area and saw that a fairly large crowd was gathering. A few minutes later, an amplified voice rang out. Roger looked around and saw a few uniformed Marines standing near several MP vehicles.

“At ease!” the voice called. “I’m Lt Col Mosby, commander of the camp’s military police unit. Thanks for following your folks’ requests and joining us here. In case you’ve had your head buried in your books today and don’t know, we’ve had somewhat of a turmoil created by your school here and this new nudity program they’ve started. First, General Markus has ordered that Corps families were not to participate and the school started the Program today with no warning and made it mandatory. Second, there were four kids from Marine families selected. Two resisted; I’ll get to that in a second, and two left during the ensuing scuffle. They’ll be leaving the school since their fathers had previously received PCS orders.”

Ayame whispered to Cynthia, “What’s that?”

“Permanent change of station. They’re moving away,” she whispered back.

“Those two will be notifying the school tomorrow of their withdrawing since the families will be moving soon. Now the resistors. Are the Denisons here?” They waved their hands. “Well done, guys; we’re proud of you for many reasons. Students, first, Cynthia Denison is the world champion judo in her division and Roger won a bronze medal in the same competition. Let’s give them a Corps salute!”

The group cheered loudly and a few “Semper Fi”s and “*oo-rahs*” rang out.

“Second, when school officials attempted to force Cynthia and Roger to disrobe, they resisted and had to use their judo skills to protect themselves. This is what General Markus told me that he wants you all to know. Recall how the *Marines’ Hymn* goes: the fifth line is, ‘First to fight for right and freedom and to keep our honor clean.’”

Ayame plucked Cynthia’s sleeve. “Him?”

“Shhh... after.”

“The Denisons did precisely that and General Markus sends his thanks to you. ‘Fight for right’ means that you followed your parents’ instructions and did what was morally proper in their eyes and in the Corps’ philosophy. ‘And freedom’ means you acknowledged the freedoms that our Constitution gives, including your privacy rights. Finally, ‘keep our honor clean’ means you didn’t dishonor yourselves, your family, and your Marine family by participating in an immoral, indecent, and humiliating activity.

“The Denisons have offered to be the leaders in a passive resistance against the Program and will need everyone’s support here. Will they have it?”

The crowd roared, “Yes!”

“Good! Some stats now. Your school has about 2130 students; of those there are 232 students from Marine families and 134 students whose parents work as civilians on the base. It seems like the school will try to have 24 students in the Program each week. How many of you here are from Corps families?”

Almost everyone raised their hands.

“Let’s hand out a sheet with some ideas that were floated about resisting some of the rules that the Program booklet lists. Since we don’t want to tip our hands—please see that you don’t lose these sheets—the items on it are somewhat cryptic so I’ll explain. They’re based on Program rules.”

Mosby went on to explain the Denisons’ ideas for helping the Program kids by shielding them and Cynthia clarified her idea for using the locker rooms and restrooms.

“Now it was also suggested to use a way of identifying the students who will be helping and the E-G-A symbol was suggested. I have a batch of patches to hand out to anyone who needs one, but you can also use a pin, button, or even a tee shirt with the Eagle, Globe, and Anchor logo. Tomorrow the first Program group will have to strip outside so the idea was to have them always surrounded by protection. Roger or Cynthia, do you want to come here to explain?”

Roger took the mike. He noticed that the speaker was apparently located in the police car behind him.

“Hi, guys, I’m really grateful for your support in doing this and thanks! There are those three things on the list that are the hot items: Reasonable Requests, locker and restrooms, and classroom demos. The Relief item is separate because it seems that no one is forced to do that. So for Requests, Cindy and I think that if someone is already doing a Request, then they don’t have to stop doing that if someone else makes a different Request. The protector people will ask the Program kid to do something ordinary, like to walk along with the group to their next classroom. That will keep the kid from having to do anything they don’t want to do.

“Cindy told you her idea for the locker rooms. We’ll guard the rooms and only let the boys go into the girls’ lockers and vice versa. Same with the restrooms. The classroom demos are the hardest. They say they’re going to video them. Just block the video cameras however you can. Be clumsy, sabotage them, get right in front of them, or completely surround the demo kid so no one can see him or her. The teacher will probably make threats but there are enough of us that the threats are probably empty. Col Mosby, what kind of legal backing can we get?”

“Very good point, Roger. I was going to cover that next. For any academic retaliation based on your not cooperating on Program matters, the Corps Judge Advocate unit will intervene with the school. If the school tries to withhold diplomas or transcripts, the JA unit will obtain them through legal channels. Any use of physical force to strip someone can be resisted, either to protect yourself or by aiding another person. I will have a MP unit always on standby which will respond to a call for help and I’m placing a Corps MP at the school as our own resource officer. The local police and sheriff’s departments are letting us take the lead on student protection while the Program is operating. And no Corps family student need participate, you’ll have our complete backing when you resist. I suggest you buy a sports whistle and carry it with you, use it to attract attention if you need help.

“Pass the word to your friends who couldn’t be here today about what we’re doing. The protection will begin tomorrow morning in front of the school and we’re not going to try to assign anyone to any specific role.

This will be most successful if it's completely informal. It has to look random and disorganized to work best, okay? That's all we have. Are there any questions?"

Apparently there weren't any, general ones, that is. But a few kids came up to the colonel to ask about how they could resist if they were called to participate.

"My advice is based on how you're called to participate. I understand that the people are called Mondays from home room. If your name is called, just don't go. That will avoid a confrontation in the school office away from those who can support you. If you're asked to disrobe in other situations, simply refuse and walk away—don't argue; politely decline and walk," he responded.

"Now, Denisons," he said turning to the twins, "your dad mentioned that he found out that Program enforcers are supposed to be coming to the school tomorrow. If they do, we've got your backs. If they ask you to strip, then refuse. Don't fight them unless they try to use force on you. If they ask you to leave school with them, then go with them but only to the school doors and we'll take it from there. Normally the military can't get involved with civilian matters, but we've got some unique conditions here. First, the school is actually on government land; the feds allowed the school to be built on the base's land because it serves so many Marine families. Also, we have reciprocity agreements with the local law enforcement agencies and they are now allowing us to take the lead in covering the school. Finally, we have clearance from the Corps for this sort-of civilian role, too, which is very unusual, so there must be some political forces at work behind the scenes."

"You mean that the MPs can do what the school's police resource officers did?" Roger asked.

"Basically yes. Our MPs are sworn law enforcement personnel too, and according to agreements with the state, are deputized as state police officials. That's because the base is so large. Having our MPs patrol federal property and the immediately surrounding areas helps local law enforcement and gives our men civilian arrest powers."

The group was breaking up and the siblings and Ayame left too.

"'Him' is new word? Not like 'her'?" Ayame reminded Cynthia.

"Right, h-y-m-n," Cynthia answered. "A song, but like an official kind of song. We used to sing that one when we were little—remember this? 'From the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli..."

"Oh! はい [*Hai*], I remember that! You used to make up funny words to go with that, too."

"That's right, you do remember. We had lots of fun then, didn't we?"

"はい [*Hai*]... yes, and remember how wrestled me, too. I liked, and when Roger hold me down on floor—and you would tickle! When you moved away, missed you some much."

They returned home.

"Kids, got a call from the school late this morning," their mom said when they walked into the house. "The person said you were selected for that naked Program and refused to cooperate; you assaulted some teachers too. They want Dad and me to meet with the principal to discuss your punishment. I told her that you were obeying our orders; we had forbidden you from participating. And if anyone tried to use physical

force on you, then getting injured was their problem, not yours. She hung up. Then your dad called and told me that you went to his office and let him know what happened. Anything you want to add?"

They filled in their mom about the day's happenings. Then came dinner, after which Roger and Cynthia spent most of their time on the phone and by texting, discussing with school friends about the Program resistance and then spent some time talking with Ayame.

"*Ehh*, Roger, I forget," Ayame suddenly exclaimed. "Your coach looking for you in gym. You supposed to be for swimming practice, remember? With everything that happens, I forgot all about, sorry."

"That's okay, I'll see him tomorrow. Say, Cyn, you think they'll try to pull a fast one with my clothes when I'm in swimming? You know, I just won't put them in a locker. I'll put them in a little duffel and bring them to the pool where I'll see them. Lock the bag to a seat. Maybe I'm paranoid, but I can't trust them now."

The rest of the evening was uneventful.

Chapter 4

When the teens arrived at the school Tuesday morning, they noticed that a large crowd was gathering at the main doors. When they got closer they saw that a few kids had already begun undressing, but groups of kids immediately surrounded them in human screens, blocking any view of them. Then the groups began escorting the naked students to the doors. Cynthia tried to count the participating students but wasn't able to see them clearly to tell exactly who was naked. Suddenly Mr Davis and Mr Cirota appeared at the doors.

Cirota called, "Students, what are you doing? You can't shield the Program students that way—they have to be seen!"

Everyone completely ignored Cirota as the human shields composed of the anti-Program platoon kids pushed past him and into the school, where they escorted the Program students to their home rooms.

During the home room period, the announcements came on.

"Your attention, please, this is Mr Davis. This morning, when the Program students disrobed, a number of students blocked them from being seen. This is not acceptable and if it continues, those doing it will be punished. The Program students must be available for viewing at all times and to allow Reasonable Requests. That is all."

During the next class change, the siblings saw how the human shield idea had evolved into a working technique. It seemed like everyone was getting into the act now; this was like a huge new game. There were enough kids participating in the human screens so that those blocking the participants could stay in position, walking with the group for a while and as they walked, others would join the group and replace them. Those kids would then peel off and join another group, if one was nearby. Davis and Cirota were in the hall, trying to grab kids out of the many who were just shuttling around between the shield groups. Kids being grabbed just shook off the officials' grasps and moved away while the mass of moving, ever-changing groups just traveled inexorably along to their destinations while Davis and Cirota just looked on in frustration, unable to break up the phalanxes of students surrounding the Program kids.

Of course, everyone was having a great time with the choreography of this great dance and the racket in the halls was enormous, completely drowning out Cirota's attempts at shouting for attention. The announcement system again came to life at the bell beginning the net class.

"Students, what I saw in the halls is completely unacceptable," Davis announced. "I will not tolerate this attempt to make light of the responsibilities of the Program students to show their bodies and to allow them to be examined by other students. This will stop immediately, or we will force everyone involved to be drafted into the Program immediately, and for an entire month. That is all."

When the announcement ended, there was a murmuring and sounds of muted mocking laughter in the classroom and the teacher called for order. He looked around the room and then at a sheet of paper.

"We have two Program students this week, Roger and Cynthia Denison. You both missed class yesterday and you're supposed to be in the Program. Why are you wearing clothes?"

"Sir, we didn't get a chance to give you our passes from yesterday, and no, we're not in the Program," Roger responded as he handed their excuse slips to the teacher.

“You’re on the list here,” he said, waving the paper.

“The list is wrong since we updated it with our declining to participate, sir,” Cynthia said.

“You can’t just remove yourselves, you know.”

“Without being impertinent about the matter, sir, our non-participation has effectively removed us, wouldn’t you say?” she went on.

“Regardless, this is an anatomy class and I need the two of you naked as demonstration models.”

Meanwhile the heads in the classroom were moving back and forth as the verbal exchange continued.

“Not possible, sir; we respectfully decline,” Roger said. “You can use any of the demonstration materials you used the last time you taught this class; if they weren’t adequate for instruction, I’m sure you wouldn’t have used them.”

Chuckles from the class.

“We need to tape this class session for the school website...”

“Excuse me, sir?” Roger interrupted. “Exactly how does a class video contribute to the instruction in this class? If you need to post something, post the instructional materials that you show us.”

The class erupted in hooting and laughter.

“Now, sir, can we please just proceed with the class? Just forget we’re here, okay? Thanks.” Roger said as he seated himself.

“Well, then, I suppose there’s nothing I can do to convince you...?”

Both Roger and Cynthia shook their heads. After shuffling some papers around, the teacher looked up and asked the class to open their texts to the first chapter, on the human skeletal system.

“I was going to start on the reproductive system today, but instead let’s begin with the body’s support framework...”

Then a messenger appeared with a note and handed it to the teacher. He read it and looked up.

“Cynthia and Roger Denison. Mr Davis wants to speak to you.”

The two exchanged glances, nodded, and went to the door.

Cynthia asked, “You think this is the enforcers?”

“Maybe not. This might be over the resistance movement.”

It turned out that Roger was correct. As soon as they entered Mr Davis’ office, without even greeting them, he began questioning them.

"I see that both of you are still failing to participate in the Program and learned this morning that yesterday you disobeyed a direct request from your psychology teacher, Miss Mason, about classroom participation. The school will need to make an example of you so that other students will understand that not participating will not be accepted. Do you have anything to say?"

"No, sir, other than repeating what we said yesterday," Cynthia said. "Not only are we morally opposed to that nonsense, our parents have also forbidden us to participate."

"You also threatened yesterday to disrupt the operation of the Program. Is what I observed this morning outside and in the halls something you arranged?"

"We didn't arrange what you saw, but it was based on some ideas we had and shared with others. What you saw was the reaction of other students to the Program. I think that virtually everyone opposes it. This has obviously turned into some kind of civil disobedience," Roger commented.

"I think that you did orchestrate this, and I'm ordering you to stop it right now. I want the two of you to go on the PA system and ask the students to stop."

"Sir, we will neither make any such announcement nor ask anyone to stop doing what they are voluntarily doing," Cynthia said mildly.

"If you don't, I will suspend you indefinitely."

"That's a dangerous threat to make, sir. Would the school board support you in the lawsuit that we would file over your improper use of authority? Is there any evidence of our breaking a rule established by the school district?" Cynthia asked, speaking more forcefully. "May we return to classes now? We answered your questions, sir."

"You can go for now, but I'm going to look into how you're involved in this interference with the Program. If I learn that you're leading this interference movement, I *will* suspend you, understand?"

He waved them out of his office and they returned to class. The rest of the class passed without any further difficulties and the class change afterwards was just as tumultuous as the previous one had been; Davis, Cirota, and a number of teachers were in the hall trying to corral kids from the passing phalanxes; those kids simply twisted aside and melted away as soon as someone tried to grab them. A few were caught and they indignantly claimed that they were only passing through the mobs of kids and, without any evidence to the contrary, had to be let go.

The twins and Ayame parted; she going to her Civics class and they to Economics. After second period ended, since it was Tuesday, they had a study period instead of gym.

"Say, Cyn, maybe I should go see Coach Jerter and calm him down from my missing practice yesterday. I'll be back before the end of the period," Roger said, getting a hall pass from the study hall proctor.

Roger came back after a half hour. "He wasn't too angry; he had heard about what we did to the two coaches Monday morning and thought it served them right. I guess there must be some bad blood among the coaching staff. But I have practice tomorrow through Friday from 6 to 7:30 a.m. and that scrimmage meet on Friday at 7:30 p.m."

Then one of the other students in the study hall class came over and whispered, “Hey Denisons, you guys need to hear this one. I was in first period gym today and we did the locker room switch drill. Wow, did that freak out the teachers! They tried to get us to switch back to the way they wanted, but us Marine kids refused and all the others just went along. They made lots of threats but what could they do against an entire class of kids? Fail everyone? They got hoarse screaming but everyone just ignored them and kept on dressing. I heard that almost the same thing happened in the boys’ lockers with all the girls being in there. But it was the men teachers and they didn’t know where to look—or not to look. My girlfriend said that they were yelling but looking in the opposite direction. Too funny!

“Anyway, some guys noticed some cameras hidden in the lighting in the girls’ locker room, both pointing into the shower area. Before classes began, they turned off the lights so they wouldn’t be recorded, cut the wires, and broke the camera lenses. We’ll need to watch out to see if they get fixed. I wonder how Davis is gonna deal with the locker room business. Oh, and rest rooms. Everyone uses the opposite sex’s. There’ll be someone at each door to remind you.”

“Hey, thanks for the info,” Roger said. “Say, I haven’t seen much of the Program kids in the halls; did you notice how their protection from Requests is working?”

“Okay, I think, although I heard about one nasty incident. A couple of those gang types—you know, tattooed?—got close to one soph girl in the hall and one mauled her tits. A few guys pulled him away and kicked his ass, but he threatened them that he and his friends were gonna pay them back and they had the right to get some action from any naked chick in the school.”

Cynthia scowled, “Someone report what he said? That’s a pretty serious threat; those jerks are bad news.”

“I don’t know any more about that, but yeah, I hope that those threats were mentioned to a teacher or something,” he said as he went away.

About ten minutes into their American History class, a messenger arrived with a note for the siblings to report to the main office.

“This is probably it,” Roger whispered to Ayame before they left the room. “Just keep close to a Marine kid if we’re late getting back.”

They left the room and went to the office. As they were about to go into the main office, they saw a large figure turning the corner and striding down the hall toward them. He was wearing Marine fatigues with an armband reading “MP.” He shot them a glance and made a shooing motion for them to go into the office. They entered and were ushered into the principal’s office where three men were waiting with Davis and Cirota.

“Roger and Cynthia Denison,” Cirota intoned, “these officials are from the district Program office and are here to require you to disrobe now and begin the first week of your month-long Program punishment requirement.”

“No, sir.” Roger said. “We already have told you several times that we will not participate.”

“Then we have the legal authority to compel you to,” one of the men said.

“My sister and I do not recognize any authority that the government thinks it has over our personal privacy, despite how I understand that the Supreme Court has ruled as far as minors’ privacy rights. We will not be compelled.”

“We have the authority to forcibly undress you.”

Davis cleared his throat. “Gentlemen, please. Not in my office. There are too many breakable things in here and these two are world champion judo fighters. Yesterday they overmatched five adults, all with significant experience in dealing with out-of-control students.”

“Well, Mr Davis, with your permission then we’ll place them under our custody and remove them to the district Program office. We’ll work with them there to remove any issues of false modesty and when we return with them, they’ll be more compliant.”

Roger looked at Cynthia and raised his eyebrows and she shrugged in response.

She asked, “You mean you’re arresting us? Without our committing a criminal act?”

“The law empowers us to take into custody any minor who refuses to comply with Program rules.”

“And no due process is needed? We have the right to contact our parents—otherwise this is simply kidnapping, since there’s no crime and we wouldn’t be going under our free will. But we will leave this office with you—but we’ll go only as far as the building doors. Nobody can compel us to leave with you,” Roger said.

“If you’re uncooperative, we’ll need to use a Taser, kid,” one of them said, pulling a small device from a holster under his sport coat and showing it to them. Then he replaced it.

One of the other men opened the door and motioned Roger and Cynthia to follow; the remaining two men took up the rear. Cynthia noticed the MP standing unobtrusively in a far corner of the outer office. They went out into the corridor and started for the main doors. Just as they reached the doors, a voice from behind them called, “Hold! Don’t move!”

The three men whirled around; the MP had quietly come up behind them.

“Okay, explain. It appears you are escorting two students out of the building. Students, are you going willingly?” the MP demanded.

“No, sir,” they chorused. Cynthia continued, “They’re forcing us to go with them. One has a Taser; he showed it to us and threatened to use it.”

“What’s your authority for detaining these students and are you men sworn peace officers?”

“Our authority is federal law. They violated the Program law. We’re members of the enforcement branch of a federal agency,” one of the Program enforcers said.

“I’m not familiar with any law code that allows the involuntary detaining of a person who is not a suspect of a crime, and detaining anyone can only be done by sworn law enforcement personnel. And threatening the use of force while displaying a weapon is a Class One felony in this state.”

“This is a civil detainment, not criminal, officer, and we have federal permission for the Taser.”

“Civil, yes, that’s what I was given to understand by my headquarters. Our state law does not recognize civil detainments. In this state, detainments require either probable cause that a crime has been committed or a duly signed warrant, and in either case, detainments must be performed by a sworn law enforcement official. You have no authority here, gentlemen. And there’s no federal authority for the use of a Taser in California or on a Marine base. You, with the Taser, you’re under arrest for assault and battery with the use of a weapon.”

Just then the doors opened and four MPs came in.

“Under control, First Sergeant?” one of the newcomers asked.

“Almost, Peary. Cuff this one and secure the Taser he’s carrying; he’s under arrest, and load him up in your vehicle. Okay, then, the rest of you gentlemen, before you leave, let me tell you how it will be...”

Just then, one of the Program enforcers tried to grab Cynthia as he yelled, “I’m taking her...”

Cynthia reacted instantly, twisting his arm in a standing arm lock and bending over, she planted him firmly on the floor. Then she twisted his arm and he yelled in pain.

“Nice, Cindy, good takedown,” the sergeant told her. “Okay, sir, you’re also arrested, assault and battery. I’ll read you people your rights when we get outside. Roddis, get him cuffed and check for weapons. Oh, he’s got a cuff holster on his belt. Make sure these guys don’t have extra keys, okay? Load ‘em up and I’ll deal with this last one.”

While the MPs were frog-marching their prisoners out the door, the sergeant turned to the remaining enforcer.

“You’re not gonna do anything stupid, I assume. So this is how it’ll be for you and anyone else from your agency. If our patrols find any of you back here at this school or community or near the base at any time in the future, we will arrest you on suspicion of attempted kidnapping and you’ll join your friends in lockup. You don’t want to spend an extended time in a Marine brig while we investigate, because we’ll be very thorough and your federal status won’t mean very much to us Marines. Is that quite clear? We’ll be watching this school very closely. I strongly suggest that you forget that it even exists, and let those in your office know, too. Now leave us, please.”

He left.

The sergeant turned to the twins. “We don’t really know how much authority these yokels actually have but the boss thinks it’s just civil. They seem to throw it around a lot and as sworn peace officers, we don’t like that at all. The town cops feel the same way. So I was told to scare them off and we Marines like to do that with a show of force. We’ve got plenty to hold those two I arrested; serious charges too. But the prosecutor has the final say. But please watch your step now. I don’t think anyone will try to come for you again, but don’t take any chances, okay?”

“Thanks, sergeant, you were awesome, the way you read him the riot act,” Cynthia said.

“Thanks, Cindy, but seeing you in action, you’re no slouch either. I heard the scuttlebutt about the show you put on here on Monday too, you know,” he said with a grin and a wave as he walked out to join his team.

Chapter 5

The siblings returned to the main office to get a pass and Davis popped out of his office, astounded to hear their voices in the outer room.

"It's you! What happened to them..."

"It's okay, Mr Davis. Minimal damage, two feds arrested. Some MPs came by, hauled the two away, and suggested to the third that the results for any further visits by their people would be much messier," Cynthia said, trying to stifle a grin. "We just need another late pass."

"Please come in, the two of you. We need to talk."

"You're not going to go into that 'you need to be in the Program' argument again, I hope," Roger said.

"No. I've underestimated this situation—that is, the strong student opposition, and want to learn more about what the students are doing."

"Now that's a constructive attitude, sir, but we don't speak for the students. We objected on personal principles, not as a representative of any group. But we'll be happy to talk about our own opinions."

They went into Davis' office and he invited them to sit. The twins explained how their upbringing, the moral code that their parents instilled in them and the Marine concept of personal and community honor, were such a central part of their personalities that subjecting themselves to humiliation was totally repugnant. Furthermore, they would not tolerate submitting to and observing what they considered to be immoral acts. They told him that "honor" included not only personal honor, but honor for one's family and that the Corps was a family—it was much more than a family, even for the kids of the serviceman or woman. They explained how a Marine's buddies became closer to him than even his own brother and that a buddy's injury was also a personal injury; a sense of these close relationships was apparent to the children of the Marine and the need to form similar close relationships became a part of their own psyche as well as their Marine parent's.

"That's only one piece of the picture, but if that's how we were personally affected, the other Marine kids must feel pretty much the same way," Cynthia continued, "but then came the order from the base's general that the Marine parents must not allow their children to participate. That was the honor thing again, our community's honor."

Roger broke in, "What we read about the purpose of the Program—to become comfortable with ourselves as people and sexual beings—is total nonsense when you consider how the typical serviceman's kids are raised. We grew up getting to know kids from almost all of the armed services and the kids who are in families from the other services have pretty much the same values. We're taught a strong respect for authority and for doing the proper things. We're usually taught to take care of our bodies and to respect others as people and individuals with the same rights that we have—we don't have the right to tell other people how they must think. In a military community, everyone must totally trust his peers so that they will trust him. So making someone conform to another's idea of a personal matter like sexuality is a violation of the trust that should exist between peers.

"In school, the effect of the humiliation caused by the forced nudity requirements and public fondling of another's sexual organs totally destroys any trust between peers—it actually tears people away from each other in disgust rather than bonding them together in respect. That's what I think you're seeing in how the kids all pulled together to protect the naked kids, even though I think that none of the ones who are naked are Marine kids. They're still our peers and need support and respect, not humiliation and objectification. Cindy and I can't see how the Program could possibly work for us military kids, and for the civilian kids, we know so little of their world we could only guess. Maybe there'd be a few who would benefit somehow, but for most, they may tolerate the experience or be damaged by it.

"And how you started the Program here was terrible, and equally terrible is what you expect us students to endure. On Monday morning you were about to have us physically stripped by staff members; you tried to hold us in a room against our will—that's actually kidnapping; you're using coercion with threats of not graduating and transcript withholding—your using coercive methods to get a person to do sexual things, as we've since learned, is some kind of felony; you're permitting, even encouraging, sexual assault and exploitation by exposing naked kids to other students with the expectation that those students will sexually molest them. What's the next step? Well, the school's permissiveness in letting students have free access to other kids' naked bodies could appear to some students that the school is allowing or even encouraging rape."

"Roger's right. That's the official part of the Program that's abusive. Some other examples of abuse is how the Program wants kids to engage in public displays of masturbation. The dumb Relief idea seems to be included in the rules because of the myth that an excited boy needs to have an orgasm if he gets an erection from being sexually stimulated. I'd think that being humiliated in the way the Program works would actually be a sexual turn-off. Well, I've been doing some research and found that there are whole communities where nudity is practiced—resorts and clubs—there's even a nude beach nearby—and no guy seems to have the need to have an orgasm at those places. So why does it require class time to do that? Then there are the class demonstrations. Already, in our second day, we've been told that our naked bodies were needed to demonstrate something for which excellent materials are already available in all possible high-quality media. And that there's a compelling need to post the videos of the demonstrations on the school website? This has exactly what kind of educational value?" Cynthia exclaimed.

"Well, I'm certainly getting an earful," Davis commented. "Our Program requirements and curricula are dictated by the federal Program office and all the schools in the entire state must adopt the Program by the coming fall term. There's no place for exemptions from it or alterations to it, so although I understand your moral objections, I don't see how the non-participation of your Marine families and the federal participation requirement can be reconciled."

"That's pretty much what we assumed and we think it's what the other students concluded too. I strongly doubt that any Marine kid will participate. I've heard rumors that any forcible attempts to strip a kid will result in violence; there's a lot of very angry students out there and you don't want serious injuries. Roger and I were actually gentle with your teachers yesterday. We could have seriously damaged them, you know. We only gave them bruises and sprains, just like we give our students in the judo classes we teach. If angry kids feel trapped into resisting, well, I don't think I need to paint a picture, do you?" Cynthia asked.

"No, we certainly don't want injuries. But there's the graduation requirement to consider, too."

"Yes, that's true," Roger continued. "We suppose that you could prevent students from formally graduating. But it seems that that's a hollow threat, because colleges look at school records, not diplomas. And

acceptance offers are made before graduation, as ours were. I personally don't think that colleges give a flying whatever about someone doing the Program, so withholding final transcripts and that kind of stuff, I think would be counterproductive for the high school's reputation among the colleges. It would seem to them that the school thinks the Program was more important than the academics, wouldn't it?"

"Again, there are rules that the school needs to follow, rules that the feds mandate." Davis demurred.

"So follow the rules and don't be surprised at how creative the students' families can be at getting what they need from the school," Cynthia remarked. "And as far as how the students are handling the Program here and now, we think you should wait it out and see what develops. Your threats didn't produce any results, right? I think it made the kids even more motivated. I think the general idea seems to be to keep the Program kids away from any forms of humiliation, so it looks like they won't allow Reasonable Requests since that is only a form of entertainment and exploitation for the requestor and does nothing for the participant. You can let Mr Cirota complain all he wants but it seems that he won't find any target to direct his punishment at. If the participant does everything he or she is supposed to do but the other students arrange it so that the student can't be seen, is that a Program violation? Not according to the booklet I read."

Roger picked up the thought. "Will it cause great harm to anyone—Mr Cirota excepted—if you let things take their natural course? If the Program's true objective is to let the kids who are willing become comfortable with public nudity, then what the other students are doing isn't interfering with that at all. If the objective is humiliation, exploitation, sexual predation, and encouraging voyeurism, then those are not valid educational purposes, and what the other students are doing is proper and moral. Can you justify any educational benefit for the latter objective, sir?"

"Again, we are required to follow federal rules, Roger. It's not a matter of what the objectives are."

Cynthia suddenly sat bolt upright. "Wow," she exclaimed, "am I the only person to think of this? I read that the Supreme Court said that Congress could pass a law that took civil rights away from minors and that's how the Program was able to become mandatory. But I recall from Civics last year that education is a state's rights issue, it's under the Tenth Amendment. So it seems to me that the federal government may recommend curriculum materials but constitutionally it can't *mandate* that any particular course be taught and by extension it can't set any kind of particular rules that must be met to graduate. And we learned that the only exception to state's rights for many, many years has been in matters involving interstate commerce. Education isn't commerce. Right, Roger? The only way that a federal law could make schools comply with federal rules is if the Constitution were amended to allow federal control of education."

"Oh my God, Cindy, I think you're right! Mr Davis, you want to be famous? Get the school to claim that the federal Program law violates the Tenth Amendment. But you'll need to do it fast, because we're going to try to challenge it too. Was that all you wanted from us? Can we go now?"

"Yes, go. I've got enough headaches now, especially if the Program enforcers start bothering me. Just go."

They got their late passes, returned to class, gave the slips to the teacher, and sat. Five minutes later the bell rang.

Ayame was quivering to hear what had happened and was captivated by the siblings' recounting of their experience with the Program enforcers and their conversation with the principal. By this time, the maelstrom in the hall was predictable; one simply needed to keep away from the ever-changing knots of

people surrounding the Program kids as they made their way to their next classes. One of the small tornados deposited several naked kids at a table near the Denisons and Ayame, so the trio got up and went over to them. The little naked group consisted of two girls and two boys, who asked the Denisons to join them.

Cynthia offered to get them lunch, and then another small cyclone arrived bearing a boy and a girl, so Ayame went along with her to help pick up the larger lunch order.

"I'm Roger Denison, guys, and my sister Cindy and I were supposed to be participating but we refused."

"Yeah, we remember what you did in the conference room, Roger," one of the girls said. "I'm Melanie, guys, I'm a senior. I wish I had your courage. I hate this," she said, indicating her unclothed state.

Dennis continued, "I heard you guys were behind this protection and human shield idea. Thanks for that, too. Remember me? Dennis from yesterday?"

"I can see how it's working in the halls, but what about in classes?" Roger asked. "So far I've had two classes where the teachers tried to intimidate us over our refusal to participate—and I hope you don't hold our refusal against us; we've been ordered by our folks not to do it."

"I wish. My name's David and I'm a soph. My parents said I would learn to be a little less shy and signed the damn permission. When I told them what was happening—you know, groping, masturbation, sex shows in the classrooms—they were appalled but, you know, it's too late. Anyway, I did have a kind of demo earlier. But your Marine gang came to the rescue. It was in Health and the teacher wanted the boy and girl to demonstrate how they get themselves sexually stimulated."

"Yeah, and I was the girl," a cute girl next to him said. "I'm Wilma. The teacher got us on the table in front of the room and set up a camera. Then some of the students came up and crowded around; one knocked the camera over, and they kept milling around, interrupting the teacher with random questions, and blocking the class's view of us the whole time. The teacher kept trying to get them to sit down and they did, but another bunch got up and did the same thing. That went on for maybe ten minutes and finally the teacher wised up and asked if this was planned."

David picked up the story. "One of the girls said that it was actually planned spontaneity and everyone laughed, except the teacher. Someone else said that any naked demos would have the same results and that no one in the class would watch or be able to watch and there were enough kids in the class who would interfere that she couldn't fail all of them. So she just gave up."

Another girl spoke then. "I heard that pretty much the same thing had happened in another class, too. By the way, my name's Sandra and I'm a junior. I'm really *really* hoping that I won't have to be in a demo. I'm scared shitless about that."

By this time the food had arrived and Cynthia sat down with Ayame, who was introduced to everyone. Ayame was blushing and trying to look everywhere but at the naked kids.

"Ayame, are you embarrassed?" asked Melanie.

"Yes, very. Parents' raising of me said public nudity is proper only in few places, not others. In Japan are *onsen*, public baths, but men and women are almost always apart."

"Oh, my, what will you do if you're selected for the Program?" David asked.

She jerked in alarm. "*Ehh*, I couldn't!"

Cynthia broke in. "She's a Japanese citizen and kind of an exchange student here. Ayame's already graduated high school in Japan and is just taking some American electives to get ready for college in this country. So she's not a Program candidate."

"Oh, okay," one of the group answered.

Cynthia continued, "Earlier we heard that some hidden cameras were noticed in the girls' locker room."

"Yes, and in the boys' too," Wilma said. We heard about the ones that the boys found and looked and found two in the boys' locker also. Then some guys came in and broke them. Someone said that they might try to put new ones in vandal-proof housings next time, though. I don't want anyone to make videos of me showering; that's so nasty!"

"How is the switched-around locker room setup working?" Roger wanted to know. "That was actually Cindy's idea."

"Really? Great! The teachers really flipped about it." Dennis said. "I had gym last period and was in the girls' locker room and there were only guys in there too. Then two men teachers came in and tried to get the boys out but everyone just ignored them—they kept saying yes, okay, I will, all right, but kept on changing. Hardly anyone showered, yeah, no one did, that's right, I didn't see anyone take a shower last period."

"Look, this is interesting," Cynthia said as she glanced around. "See how everyone in the room seems to be acting normally—like you guys aren't anything special to watch? Maybe the resistance movement is having some effect."

"Well, this experience can't be over too soon," Sandra sighed. "I had such terrible dreams last night, and I can't concentrate in my classes, either. All I can think of is getting to the end of the day and getting my clothes back on. This experience is making me afraid of being undressed, not making me more comfortable with it!"

The others in the group expressed similar sentiments; the forced nudity was making them tense and anxious. Soon the period was drawing to a close and the Program kids reluctantly prepared to go to their next classes. As they got ready to leave, other students came drifting over to serve as their escorts, but now the groups protecting them weren't as frenetic as they had been in the morning, since the teachers had apparently given up on trying to force the participants to remain visible.

As Roger was standing up, Cynthia told him to wait for a second.

"I'm texting Dad about what I thought about that Tenth Amendment idea. Maybe he can ask someone in the base's attorney's office about it if they need to challenge the school to get records released."

"Yeah, good idea. Dad's always told us that being prepared means having good alternate plans if your main ones aren't working. That's why the Marines say 'Improvise, Adapt, Overcome,' right?"

Cynthia grinned at him. "*Ooo-rah!*"

There were no unexpected events in their English class and the class-change conditions between the sixth and seventh periods were now fairly routine, just groups of students hurrying along with each other to their destinations. Roger and Cynthia marveled at the scene in the hallway, admiring how organized the escort services had become in such a relatively short time. Then they entered their psychology classroom, wondering if they would need to fight off another attempt to get them to strip.

Next: The Program is Insidious

In the next instalment, our feckless trio is confronted with a few more challenges to their Program resistance and gets some welcome news. But is the Program's seductive sexuality having an effect on our heroes? Will they try to learn more about how kids in the Program at other schools cope with the nudity and overt sex? Can they resist its insidious sexualizing effects themselves? Maybe—or maybe not.

Chapter 6 - The Program is Insidious

Roger and Cynthia had been threatened with being forced to disrobe in Monday's class and half expected to see one of the guards waiting in the room, but even the teacher was not present. Students were gradually filtering into the room and soon everyone was seated. Then Miss Mason appeared with Mr Cirota trailing behind her.

"I see that you've disobeyed my instructions about your proper appearance in this class," she said to the twins.

"Ma'am, there's nothing improper about the garments we're wearing," Cynthia retorted, somewhat angrily. "We told you yesterday that our being naked was not going to happen."

Mr Cirota broke in. "You have flouted the school's Program rules and the federal Program law and I have the authority to insist that you comply with the Program rules."

"Mr Cirota, you're flogging a dead horse, as my dad likes to say. There's absolutely no way you will get us to participate. You saw what happened when you tried using physical force. The enforcement people you called in, two were arrested and the third was sent packing this morning. Mr Davis threatened suspension but then realized he couldn't do that. Can't you see that we *will not* participate, and neither will any students from Marine families, from what I'm hearing," Roger said, glaring at Cirota. "It's your move, sir."

"Young man, your future is at stake. You won't graduate or go to college..."

"Please stop. Don't spout empty threats at us," Cynthia exclaimed. "We already addressed that threat with Mr Davis. You can't block our college admission or get our scholarships withdrawn and you must know that. Scare tactics won't work on us. Just admit that you're powerless to enforce the Program—hey students, see the empty threats the Program official resorts to if you don't participate? When you get selected, just ignore it; don't cooperate. They can't use force anymore and the graduation threat is just that—an empty threat."

The classroom broke out in applause and Cirota stormed out of the room.

Then Miss Mason looked at Cynthia and Roger, shaking her head.

"Okay, well, the first unit for this term is supposed to be the 'Psychological Basis of Eroticism,' a boy and girl participant was scheduled to be part of this class, and the planned demonstrations involved the methods and techniques of producing sexual arousal in boys and girls. Without naked subjects we can't cover that topic, which included a research component to be done with the class's weekly Program participants as we went through the term. The unit's purpose was to link the prior personal sexual experience of each boy and girl with the appearance of their sexual organs, how the boy and girl responded to arousal, and how quickly they achieved orgasm with various kinds of stimulation.

"I suppose we can do a part of this using Mr and Miss Denison since nudity isn't involved with the series of questions that are involved. Please come up to the front of the class and sit in these chairs now, and I'll begin the questions."

Roger looked at Cynthia and back at Miss Mason; then he shook his head. "Ma'am, if we do that, we'll be implicitly acknowledging that we're Program participants who just happen to not be naked," he said. "We

are not, repeat *not*, part of the Program and respectfully decline being singled out as a demonstration subject. What's the nature of your questions and why is a Program person required to answer them?"

"I said that they were to see if the physical development of the boy and girl could be correlated to their prior sexual activity..."

"But you don't have a naked subject for correlation, so what's the point of the exercise? What kind of questions are they, anyway?"

She turned on the projector and flipped to a slide. It read:

Masturbation, Solo
Age when began
Number of times performed (daily/weekly)
Techniques used for arousal

Masturbation with Participant
Age when began
Age and sex of first contact

Oral Sex
Age of first contact
Age and sex of first contact
Frequency performed in last 90 days

Sexual Intercourse
Age of virginity loss
Age and sex of first contact
Frequency performed in last 90 days
Number of partners to date

Anal Sex
Age of virginity loss
Age and sex of first contact
Homosexual experience
Frequency performed in last 90 days

There were gasps from the class as they read the list and many students were red-faced in embarrassment.

"Ma'am, do you *seriously* expect that *anyone* will answer the questions in that list?" Roger exclaimed.

"Well, answering questions like these is a requirement of the Program curriculum I have to follow."

"Everything there is intensely private. Even if someone were to answer them, how do you know the answer is true?" Cynthia asked in amazement.

"I have to assume your complete honesty. This is a research topic, after all," she said.

Cynthia responded, “I’m blown away. Tell me, would you answer those questions about your own sexual experience for the class right now as you expect us to do?”

“Absolutely not! And this topic isn’t about the teacher. That’s an impertinent question, young lady.”

Cynthia nodded, “My point exactly. You won’t answer them. Neither would I, and neither would anyone in the class, too. Why don’t you try a possibly more valid experiment? Have everyone in the class take a blank sheet of paper and ask them to answer the questions anonymously, only marking down their sex. To make it go fast, everyone should refer to those questions on the screen as 1-a,b,c; 2-a,b. Like that. People should just write down their answers using a number or a few words. Then see the responses you get.”

Mason thought for a few seconds and then agreed; kids spent a few minutes writing. Then the sheets were collected. She sat down at her desk and began going through the papers. Then she looked up.

“This is useless. Almost all of these say ‘none’ or an equivalent negative, except for a few that are deliberate falsifications, like this boy’s answers that say he lost his virginity at age six and has 823 lifetime partners.”

Her comment resulted in in much laughter from the class.

“See? Also, you don’t even know if a boy wrote those answers, do you?” Roger said, frowning. “If you can’t get straight anonymous answers, what makes you think an embarrassed, humiliated person will give you true answers? In my case, if you were to ask me any of those questions, I wouldn’t even bother to lie. I’d say ‘none of your business,’ I’m curious about how questions like those—with such personal detail—are supposed to be related to psychology. I’m not challenging the idea that sexuality is important in psychology; sexuality is part of everything in our culture, it seems. It’s in TV, movies, concerts, sports, advertising, everywhere. You can’t escape being exposed to it. In this class I would expect that we would cover the effect of that exposure on kids’ development.

“I’m not sure yet what I want to study, but I think it’s in the education field. I’m good at sports and like teaching at my judo gym. So that’s why I decided to take this class. I saw that psych classes are needed in college for education degrees. But those questions of yours—I don’t see how answers to them could help understanding sexuality. Those are just about a few random events in a person’s personal life. And about correlating the answers to how a person’s sex organs look, I learned in biology that bodies develop at different rates based on genetics, and except for muscles, little else in the body’s development is affected by usage, visibly, anyway. Miss Mason, please help me understand what this is supposed to be about.”

“Mr Denison, that’s a valid question. My only response is that I’m following the federal curriculum guide for this class and that’s where this topic comes from. We’re required to use that curriculum as part of the Program exposure for you students as you explore your individual sexuality and part of that exploration is to cover your sexual history. The next step after those questions are answered is supposed to be an investigation of your personal attitudes and emotions in your sexual explorations. I’m well aware of the personal privacy issues that these questions challenge, but the Program is supposed to get you students past the idea that sexual behavior is a private matter. Participating in the Program is all about expanding your sexual horizons and sharing your experiences with the others in the class.”

Cynthia had been shaking her head. “No, I think that the only kids who would want to talk about their personal experience with stuff like that would be abnormal themselves—isn’t that part of what’s called ‘exhibitionism’? It seems to me that the effect of the Program would be to reinforce sick and abnormal

behavior while making kids who are more modest feel the need to be even more secretive. That's a very unhealthy result. Isn't there any way to cover your class without using those awful Program materials? Like the way you taught it last year?"

"Yes, it seems I'm forced to do that, since it appears that we may not have many subjects while we are covering this unit. All right, next time we'll need to go to the core curriculum but for today, let's begin by discussing when a child begins to become a sexual being. In childhood development..."

The class settled down as the lesson began to develop; Cynthia grinned and winked at Roger at their little victory.

A wide-eyed Ayame, who was sitting next to Cynthia on her other side, whispered to her, "Oh my. In Japan we could never talk to a teacher like that..."

After the class was over, the teacher asked Cynthia and Roger to stay, and Ayame waited for them while they spoke to the teacher.

"Can I use your first names?" They nodded. "So, Cynthia, Roger. I know I've been hard-nosed and demanding about your participation and about the Program in general, but the truth is that we teachers are being compelled by the school—by the school district—to follow all the federal rules, whether we agree with them or not. I'm not allowed to say what I personally think about them, but I will tell you that I prefer to teach using academic materials rather than ones developed by bureaucratic committees. That's all I can say about this, so please don't spread that around, okay? Tomorrow I'll have more traditional materials to teach from. See you then."

As they left the school, they discussed Miss Mason's admission.

Roger mused, "I wonder how many of our other teachers feel the same way as she does? I'll bet that many are disturbed about how the Program is interfering with both the classroom behavior and with their teaching their subjects. And you must have noticed that Davis kind of gave up on the hallway Requests after this morning. Maybe this resistance movement will work, after all."

"Yeah, but I guess the real test will be what happens next Monday when they pick the new group," Cynthia responded.

As soon as they arrived home and walked in the door, their mom called to the twins.

"Dad just called and asked if you were home. He was going to text you but tried here first. He wants you to go to the JA office in HQ and meet him in fifteen minutes—you know where that is? ...and you can bring Ayame; he said that would be a good cultural lesson for her," she laughed.

"Okay, Mom, then we need to leave now because parking's tight there. See you later."

The trio entered the headquarters building and found their way to the JA office just as the twins' dad arrived and they greeted each other.

"Kids, this meeting is about two things. You're involved in both—relax, you aren't in any trouble," he said when the kids looked alarmed. "They heard about the enforcers' visit this morning and then I relayed Cindy's idea about the constitutional challenge. That was an awesome idea, kid," he said, grinning proudly at his daughter. "They want to talk about those things."

In the office conference room they were introduced to the officers there, Lt Col Wheeler, the head of the base Judge Advocate unit, and Capt Donelley, an assistant judge advocate.

"It's an honor to meet you, Denisons, and my congratulations on your judo championships," Wheeler said as he shook their hands. "And welcome to the United States, Miss Asano. I hope that this episode in your school doesn't give you a poor picture of our country's culture."

"No, not at all," she murmured politely and bowed her head.

"First, I've assigned Capt Donelley as your advocate, representing the Marine families who have their children in the high school. General Markus has been in touch with Corps and it appears that there's kind of a ruckus now between the Pentagon and the civilian agencies over how this Program nonsense is affecting military discipline and morale. As the Program is being introduced in schools, it appears that many servicemen and women with high school kids are putting in for reassignment to overseas units and the disruption is causing administrative problems.

"So the Corps and the other services now are formulating rules about their families' students' participating, but the federal Program office is attempting to get Congress to legislate against any military rule changes. Right now, the ball is still in the hands of the local commands. That brings us to this morning's events involving the two of you.

"Program 'Enforcers,' as they're so colorfully called, went to your school to try to coerce you into participating. It appears that they try to use physical force to get students to submit and even make schools use restraints like handcuffs with kids who use their hands to cover themselves, idiotic things like that, but in your case, their attempt to try to use force backfired. First, you were able to defend yourselves and second, our MPs arrested two of them. However, when the third enforcer returned to his office and reported what had happened, their officials apparently called their federal headquarters to complain and General Markus received a call from the Program agency's director.

"The agency's position is that the federal law that established the Program applies to all students and none of the students are actually in the military, thus the military cannot order the students to refuse to participate. The general responded that the Program was an unacceptable threat to the military's fundamental need for what we call 'Good Order and Discipline' in our units and the Program was beginning to interfere with the orderly operation of his command. He then told the agency director that his order banning any Program enforcement from the schools around our base would stand and be enforced by his military police unit.

"The general told me that the director threatened to contact the governor to have the state police intervene; then the general laughed and told me that he had already been in contact with the governor and that the state police, as well as the local police, were letting the Marine Corps take the lead in protecting its families' students. He mentioned that to the agency director, who told him that the Program wouldn't work if certain families, like those of the military, were excluded. The general told him that was a problem that didn't concern him in the slightest. General Markus got off the phone then and came to see me and told me what I

just related to you, and told me that my office should keep in close contact with the Staff Judge Advocate's office at Corps for any new legal developments.

"And then I heard your idea about the constitutionality of the Program law, Miss Denison. You know, it's been something like four years since that law was first proposed, then legislated, and then rolled out to the country, challenged in the Supreme Court over privacy rights denied to minors and upheld, and then participation made mandatory, and no one has thought of the 'State's Rights' implication of the law. You were absolutely correct, only states can mandate education requirements, state control of education is guaranteed by the Tenth Amendment. There are other protections in the Constitution, too, against forced nudity, it seems to me, and they pertain to the states' as well as federal laws. The Ninth and Fourteenth Amendments prohibit both states and Congress from passing laws that abridge fundamental personal liberties.

"One of Capt Donelley's assignments will be to look into how a challenge can be mounted; this is a tough one because of legal standing issues—can a citizen make the challenge or must a state do it—and we don't think that the Corps can or should be involved in a constitutional challenge. So we'll need to work somehow through a private group and developing that relationship might take some time to do. You'll be long graduated before anything develops, but it was an outstanding insight and a credit to yourself and your family. Very well done, young lady."

She nodded her thanks.

"Sir, do you think that the Program people can cause any more problems at our school?" Roger asked.

"Well, they've been warned off. But short of putting up a barricade and checkpoints around the school, we can't guarantee that they'll stay away, so we'll be getting the message out to parents to tell their students not to go wild—no violence. That would cause unneeded attention on the school. Our MPs will continue to watch the place, though."

Soon the meeting drew to a close and they made their farewells. The twins' dad reminded them that the formation at which they'd be recognized would be that coming Saturday at 10 a.m. and that invitations to the ceremony had been sent to their school.

"Roger, do you know when your swim meets begin yet?" Sgt Denison asked.

"There's a scrimmage meet on Friday at 7:30 p.m., Dad. The results don't count in the league but you can come if you want. Then the meets are Fridays for the rest of March and April, skipping break week, and the States are in the middle of May."

"Okay, Mom and I will be there. I'll get some friends to come too; we'll be your personal cheering section. Do you have early practices again this term? I can drop Cyn and Ayame off at school so you can drive to practice."

"Thanks, sir. That would be great."

That evening, getting ready for bed, Ayame and Cynthia were talking in the bedroom they were sharing.

“Ayame, you’ve had a rough time at school, I can tell. Your English is usually pretty good, but then a lot of times you’ll sound like someone who’s just learning. Is that because you get nervous?”

“Ahh, is like that a little. At home 両親 [*ryōshin*]... my parents... would try to speak English and outside I only speak Japanese. So at home I try think all in English and not outside. When outside here, I try think English only. Then when I get upset, the Japanese happens and makes me speak that way.”

“Well, I’ve also noticed that your English is gradually getting better, too, and when you’re relaxed, you can’t tell that your first language isn’t English,” Cynthia remarked. “You can say all of the English consonants properly too, like the ‘L’ and ‘R.’”

“Thank you. But is making me all nervous; really bothered by seeing things. Cindy, now have been in your school just these two days and going crazy! Awful tension because I don’t know when another terrible thing will happen. And something else is happening to me, too. It’s hard to talk about. Ehrrr, about seeing those naked guys walking around—making me feel, well, kind of funny down there, you know? Never saw naked teen boy before and... and, well, can’t help watching them and it makes me feel strange.

“Remember how Roger, you too, spending all that time with me? How Roger treated me? Not like younger kid. No teasing like kids do. He hugged me lots and told me I’m pretty; made me feel special. When we used to wrestle as kids—you know, little older kids—I could feel Roger’s thing pushing on me when he would hold me down and I touched it sometimes too. It was hard! Feeling it pushing me made me feel funny then, too. Oh, Cindy, I like Roger so, so much! I want him to hold me and I want to hold him. Is that wrong? So confused!”

“Ayame, it’s okay to like him that way. You’re really not our actual cousin—your birth parents were Japanese, after all. And you don’t have to ask permission from me if you want to get closer to Roger. I think it’s cool. You know that I love you too; I want you to be happy, right?”

“Know that, and feelings for Roger much more than just being like family love. But afraid to get closer to him or do anything with him because think so ugly and he’ll hate me.”

“What? You’re not ugly, you’re very pretty. You’re one of the cutest girls I know. You have a lovely face and a great figure. Why do you think you’re ugly?”

“My scars! Burns I have on my belly and hips—no boy will ever like me if he sees them.”

“Ayame, I think I remember your scars from back when we’d change into swimsuits together, but you were only about twelve or thirteen then. The scars really didn’t seem like much then. Did something happen to make them worse?”

“Not think so. But in school girls would make fun of how I looked when we had to change for sports class. They would stare and point and laugh. Have these scar lines and much lighter skin on my belly and right hip and they would laugh at how it looked and call me freak.”

“Oh, you poor thing. They were being awful; the kids here can be like that too, you know. I’ll bet they were jealous of how pretty you are. Is that why you feel so shy about your body? Why you wore that modest swimsuit with us in Tokyo?”

“Yes, scars just look so bad. So ashamed about how I look.”

“Ayame, would you let me see how it looks? I promise that I won’t be critical. I’ll tell you if I think that your scars look worse than when you were little, okay? Please?”

“Do you promise not to laugh? Or not be disgusted? Do you?”

“No way would I insult you, sweetie. I want to make you feel better about yourself.”

“*Ehh*? Ahhh... well, maybe I can... oh, okay. Don’t laugh at me, please.”

She was wearing a long jersey top and shorts. Hesitantly Ayame pulled the jersey over her head and lowered her shorts.

“Is enough?” she asked timorously, standing erect before Cynthia in her bra and panties.

“Um, with those panties I can’t see your belly, you know.”

“*Ehh*!” Ayame exclaimed. “Well, okay, but please be nice to me,” and she dropped her panties to her ankles.

Just then the door flew open and Roger rushed in, exclaiming, “Girls, wait until...” and stopped, staring at Ayame openmouthed for a few breathless seconds. “Oh! OH! I’M SO SORRY!” he shouted and rushed out as Ayame screeched and tried to cover herself.

“Oh my god,” Cynthia exclaimed. “I’m sorry, Ayame. Are you okay?”

She was holding her face in her hands and crying. “*Noo*... I’m so embarrassed, *ehh*, he saw me and hates me, ohhhh...”

She moved to sit on her bed, only clothed in her bra; her panties were still pooled around her ankles.

“Ayame, please. Look at me. It’s okay. Ayame. I can see your belly. Ayame, your skin looks fine, just some lighter patches and lines like stretch marks. Please stand up, okay? Here’s my hand; take it. Now stand; that’s right.... Yes, oh, you’re so pretty. Your figure is like a doll’s and yes, your skin’s a little lighter and blotchy here and near your hip but it doesn’t look bad—not at all. Oh, you’re the prettiest thing,” Cynthia enthused. “Please, don’t think that you’re ugly—you’re not. You have the cutest body and have nothing to be ashamed of. Those nasty girls gave you a complex about your body and they were so wrong, too.”

“But Roger saw and now he’ll hate me...” she moaned as she struggled into her shorts.

“Roger’s in big trouble. He never should have barged in like that. I’m going to go tell him off,” Cynthia growled, walked out, and banged on Roger’s door.

His door opened and immediately Ayame could hear Cynthia’s angry voice berating Roger, so she adjusted her clothes and ran to Roger’s room.

“Cindy, please don’t yell at him!” she pulled Cynthia’s arm. “Please don’t fight over me—you’re embarrassing even more.”

Cynthia turned around and embraced Ayame.

“Are you okay, dear?” she asked.

Roger walked closer, took Ayame's hand, and kissed it.

"Ayame, I'm so, so sorry! I'm embarrassed for how I walked in on you like that. Cyn told me that you were shy about your body—but, my god! I just saw you and you're just gorgeous! Why you're shy about how you look is beyond me. Please, can you forgive me?"

He pulled Ayame into an embrace, kissed her cheek, and she broke down crying again.

"Ayame, what's wrong? Did I do something wrong?" he exclaimed and pulled back.

"No, Roger, don't know what's happening... Roger, I have... I feel... Roger, I really like you so much; can you please hold me? Do you really think I'm pretty? I'm ugly, my scars..."

"Hush, Ayame. I shouldn't have seen you like that but I'm so happy I did. You're so cute! You're gorgeous, like a dream girl. You shouldn't be embarrassed about your body, ever. Wow."

He pulled her into another embrace and then looked deeply into her eyes. She looked back at him wide-eyed as his face slowly drew closer to hers and suddenly his lips fastened onto hers. She groaned and pulled Roger's head close as she returned the kiss. Roger touched Ayame's lips tentatively with his tongue and she moaned and opened her mouth; Roger's tongue darted into it and the two began a passionate dueling match with their tongues. Meanwhile, Cynthia had crept out of the room and closed the door.

Roger and Ayame, still holding their embrace, sank onto his bed.

"Ayame, I didn't know you felt like this about me," he said. "I've loved you for years, but I thought it was because we were so close as kids. Now I know that I've loved you as a girl."

"Roger, was scared to think about how I felt about you. Thought you'd reject me and thought you would hate how I looked. But sure that I love you too and being with you since coming from Japan made me think about how much I like being with you. Please, do you really like me too?"

"You're the only girl I think of all the time. Two weeks ago when we were in Japan and I saw you again after four years, I realized how much love I felt for you. I don't feel like a cousin; I want to do things, do dates and stuff, with you. Will you be my girlfriend? Even though we live in the same house, I'll treat you with respect and honor. I don't care if people think it's strange; you're technically my cousin but we're not really related. Will you be my girl?"

She threw herself into his arms again and they kissed.

"Of course, 恋しい [*koishii*: darling], in my heart I always thought of me as your girl. *Ehh*, what will your parents think?"

"Somehow I think my folks won't be surprised. Especially my mom. She's pretty perceptive and I've seen her watching me when I look at you. She gets this funny expression. Now kiss me again."

They kissed for a few minutes and then there was a knock on the door. It was Cynthia.

"See, little bro, unlike you, I can be polite and knock. Is everything okay now?"

Ayame answered, “Oh, yes, the best. We told each other how we like each other and now he’s my 彼氏 [*kareshi*], my boyfriend. And he says I’m pretty.”

“More than pretty; Ayame’s a doll.” Roger murmured.

“Yes she is, and you got a forbidden look at the goods, too. I hope you apologized really nice.”

“Yeah, big sis, and I need to apologize again,” and he drew Ayame into another passionate kiss.

“Okay, lovebirds. Roger has an early morning practice. I came in to remind him or else he’d be up all night talking with you. I know how he gets. Now say goodnight, okay?”

Cynthia went out and the two teens kissed again. Then Ayame left too.

Roger just sat on his bed for a while, trying to digest what had just happened.

Chapter 7

Early Wednesday morning Roger walked out on the pool deck and assembled with the rest of the team.

Coach Jerter came out of the office area and greeted them.

"'Morning, all. You look half-dead, team. Didn't you get any sleep? We need to get you all into shape so I want each of you to get at least an hour of hard practice in every day through our season. We have a really good chance to repeat the state championship this year, even though we've lost our top freestyler to graduation last spring. I need everyone to pick up the slack; let's all try to improve our times—your first goal is five seconds off your season-end times by next week. Okay, suit up now and let's get wet! Roger, hold on, I need to talk for a sec."

"Okay, coach. Sorry I missed those early practices—that crazy Program stuff..."

"Yeah, and it's still happening. Mr Cirota told me yesterday that he wants you pulled off the team. If you compete, he says he'll have the school forfeit the match."

"Can he do that? I don't see how he can."

"Neither did I, so I checked with the CHSAA, you know, California's school athletic association regulates our high school sports competitions and they set all of the eligibility and swim meet rules. I found out that their rules don't allow for forfeits unless an association rule is broken. So they wouldn't comply with Cirota's forfeit order. I told Mr Davis that we would have a zero chance of even making Regionals if you didn't compete and intimated that you could swim for one of the community teams that we compete against—you know, like Valley Area Athletics. You could join them, you know, and compete in our league against us."

"Yeah, but I wouldn't do that..."

"But if the school barred you from our team?"

"Well, yeah, I suppose. I've got that swimming scholarship so I need to keep my edge."

"Anyway, Davis said he wouldn't act directly against you, like revoking your eligibility. He'll be telling Cirota that there's no school rule that permits him to do that. But I just wanted to tell you what's been happening. Now suit up quick and let's go," he finished.

After practice, Roger arrived in home room ten minutes into the period with a note explaining that he'd be late each day during the swimming season.

Roger took Ayame's hand and squeezed it. "'Morning, sweetie."

She raised his hand to her lips and kissed it.

He turned to Cynthia. "Any announcements? Everything okay?" he whispered.

"It's cool," she responded. "The kids are still doing the human shield drill and not getting hassled about it, either."

“Sweet. Let’s hope it stays like that.”

It did stay like that; the class change for the second period was relatively sedate. Roger noticed that the knots of kids surrounding the Program students was a little looser; even so, no one was bothering them with Requests. Roger and Cynthia joined one group of screeners as they walked along and asked one of them if they had any difficulties.

“Not really,” she answered. “Cirota was outside this morning trying to get us to disperse, but the kids he was yelling at were calling back to him that they wanted to make a Reasonable Request and he was interfering! Too funny! He was soooo red-faced. Maybe he’ll get a heart attack.”

“Was Davis there too?”

“No, haven’t seen him, except he stands outside the main office and watches sometimes. I pass by there a few times a day for class changes. Oh, here’s my class, see ya!”

They were approaching their own classroom and as they peeled away from the escorts, several other kids saw them leave and joined the group.

Cynthia grinned. “Rog, look at how that’s working now. Just like a rehearsed dance routine, right?”

Roger gave her a thumbs up. “Great teamwork.”

Ayame was looking at the passing groups. “Look, did you notice? Only half of them seem like Marine kids—they wearing that logo—so other kids are helping—isn’t that nice?”

This was their anatomy class, so the twins sat, holding their breath for any Program challenge from their teacher, but he ignored them and started the lesson with no reference to their participation. Both siblings exhaled in relief.

However, at the class change after the period ended, they got an unwelcome surprise. When the bell rang and they left the classroom, they saw standing in the hallway five men wearing rent-a-cop outfits. Then when a group of kids passed them escorting a Program kid, two of the men waded into the nearest group, trying to reach the naked student. One of them grabbed her and she screamed.

Suddenly there were blasts of whistles that sounded from every direction. Hearing the whistles, the uniformed men froze for a second and found themselves tackled by some very angry students. Cynthia and Roger had reacted too; Cynthia grappled with the man who had grabbed the girl and Roger took down the other one. Both twins put the men into judo choke holds.

“Okay, now, explain,” Cynthia growled at her captive as she bore down on him. “Tell us why you assaulted that student. Speak!”

“Uh, let go, you’re choking me! We were told to make sure that the naked kids were pulled away from those gangs they were walking with so that they could be easily seen. Let go!”

“And who told you to do this?”

“The agency. I was sent here by my security guard agency.”

Suddenly there was a commotion at the other end of the hallway and a group of Marines appeared.

A Marine MP strode up to Cynthia and then she noticed that a few Marines were handcuffing the other uniformed men to their loud objections.

“What’s up, ma’am?” he asked.

“He grabbed that girl—the naked one over there,” Cynthia said, nodding at the trembling girl who was being comforted by several girls.

“Okay, hombre, up,” the MP said to the guy Cynthia was holding. “You’re under arrest for assault.”

“What? I was told to get those kids away from the groups they were with!”

“And you grabbed a kid to do that. That’s assault and battery. They weren’t breaking any laws or school rules, from what I heard. We’re arresting the whole bunch of you. Let’s go.”

He snapped cuffs around the guy’s wrists and led him away as Cirota came running into the hall.

“Stop! You can’t do that!” he called.

One of the MPs, a sergeant, as the twins noticed, walked up to Cirota.

“What is it we can’t do, sir?”

“Take the guards away. They’re on official business and providing security for the school.”

“Exactly what kind of security does assault and battery on a student provide, sir?”

“They didn’t assault anyone. They were enforcing a Program rule.”

“Without admitting that they have any right to enforce a rule, exactly what rule were those students suspected of violating?”

“They have to make themselves available to be seen and touched by other students.”

Meanwhile, a group of students were watching, attracted by the conversation.

At Cirota’s last comment, one girl called out, “I had no problem seeing or touching anyone!”

Another called out, “I didn’t either. I was walking right next to Susan and could see and touch her with no problems. Then one of those guys busted between us, grabbed her, and scared the hell out of her!”

The sergeant looked at Cirota. “Sir, did you arrange for these men to be here?”

“Yes, I did.”

“Did you give them instructions that included using physical restraint of any kind?”

"My instructions to the agency were that the guards were to remove any Program participants who were being shielded by students from those groups and make them available for display and touching."

"Okay, sir, you are under arrest for incitement to assault. Put your hands behind your back."

"What? No, I won't! I'm a federal official and I have the authority in the school over all Program matters."

"You have no authority to break the criminal laws of this state. Cooperate or I'll add resisting arrest to the charges."

The cuffs were snapped on Cirota's wrists and he was led off. The MPs began taking statements from a number of student witnesses, and Roger and Cynthia were also asked to provide an account of what they had seen.

The halls were buzzing with excited conversations; the bell for the period start had rung some time earlier but no one seemed particularly interested in class just then.

The PA system came to life.

"Students, those in the hallways in wings A and B, please return to your classes now. You must go to class. Thank you."

Ayame pulled on Roger's arm. "Going to class. Your American schools are so exciting, like a *manga* story! *Hentai,* nudity too!" she giggled and ran off.

Cynthia hugged Roger. "Wow, that was intense. Thanks for the teamwork, bro. This is an angle we didn't figure, him using rent-a-cops to try to break up the resistance."

"Yeah, but the Marines stormed the beaches and routed the foe," Roger grinned.

"I don't know about that—those kids did a real good job nailing most of those goons, don't you think?" she retorted.

"That's true. Hell, everyone's so wired about this! There might be a real revolt here next week if anyone in the school tries forcing someone in the next group."

After their economics class, the hallways were packed with wary kids and the mood was fairly ugly and unnaturally quiet. The earlier easy joking and lighthearted banter were missing as the students slunk along to their next classes, peering carefully around corners and into dark classrooms.

Roger went to the pool to do some practice laps while Cynthia met Ayame at the study hall room. A few of the other Marine kids stopped at their table to talk about the morning's excitement. They had been in the adjacent wing when what by then had been termed "The Great Attack" had begun. Roger and Cynthia knew Don; he was a junior and lived in their housing area.

"Yeah, one of those rent-a-cop guys just *flew* into my group. He was shoving and pushing people and even punched a girl in the shoulder—she screamed and fell, and then he tripped over her. Hell, about six of us jumped him and did a number on him. When the MPs got to him he could barely stand. His nose was bleeding and he was holding his side," Don told them.

The girl with him said, “I was coming over to meet Don when one of those guys grabbed me and pushed me aside, just shoved me into the lockers. He was trying to get into a group of kids around a Program girl. Nobody messes with this kid. My dad always told me to protect myself, and when I saw that the goon was trying to get to the Program girl, I nailed him on his head with my backpack and when he went down I kicked him in his fat gut. Then some other guys grabbed him and were going to mess him up but then the MPs got there. Too bad.”

Cynthia shook her head. “Wow. We were gentler in our hallway, I guess. Good job. Maybe this will wise them up. And you know they arrested Cirota?”

“No! Really?” they both exclaimed. “Sweet!”

“Yeah, but they probably won’t be able to keep him very long—we’ll see.”

“Oh, and there was an incident with a couple of students right after home room,” the girl went on. “Two guys insisted that they wanted to finger one of the Program girls but the kids around her wouldn’t let them get close and punches were thrown. A few guys pulled those two into an empty classroom and worked them over, I heard. The word is out now that if you touch a Program kid you’ll get hurt real bad.”

“I’m not sure vigilante justice is such a great idea,” Cynthia commented.

“Whatever,” Don said, “who is there to complain to? And if the girl was just walking down the hall, like Cirota and Davis wanted her to be doing, those guys could have hurt her—and gotten away with it, too! Like the school thinks this Program idea will work on the honor system. There’s some pretty rough kids in this school and they don’t give a damn about anyone but themselves. You know the bunch, they collect under the bleachers and smoke and do drugs.”

Ayame was listening wide-eyed. “Oh my,” she breathed, “in Japan we have those thugs in school too, like junior ヤクザ [*yakuza*: gangster] they carry on...”

The girl asked, “*Yakuza*? What’s that?”

“Kind of like crime gangs but very organized, almost like military groups. 危険’な [*Kiken’na*]... err, dangerous. Some kids in schools try to copy them and can terrorize other students if the school isn’t strict.” Ayame said.

“We have gangs in schools here too but mostly in big cities. LA has a problem with school gangs,” Don said. “They’re usually involved with drugs. Well, I need to get ready for next period so I’ll see ya,” he said with a wave, and the two left.

Ayame said, “Oh, I met nice girl in Civics; her family moved here from Japan last year. Her dad is aeronautical engineer and working at company in San Clemente. She told me about music festival there on Sunday and there are two Japanese groups performing.”

“Oh yes, I heard about it. If you want to go, I’d like to also and I’m sure that Roger will go too. We can take your friend; I’d like to meet her.”

“Oh, that’s nice. I’ll text her later and see.” The bell rang. “Okay, History next. I guess Roger will meet us there.”

This time the class change was a little less tense as the students' anger and anxiety had diminished, but a certain wariness was still present among the more sensitive among them. And after the fifth hour the mood had almost become normal again. High school kids are fairly resilient. The trio got on the lunch line when they saw the Program kids at a table with their food trays.

"Look, they've gotten their lunches; that's good. Maybe they're more comfortable now; after the Great Attack I thought it might have ruined any confidence they had built," Cynthia observed.

After getting their food, they went to the Program kids' table and were greeted with a wry comment.

"Welcome to the combat veterans' group. You heard about the Great Attack?" Sandra asked.

"Yeah," Cynthia responded, "hi, Sandra. We took on a couple of them in our hall too, but didn't maul them like we heard happened in B wing."

"Yeah. I was so scared. This guy was trying to grab me! I twisted away from him and then was grabbed from the other side by another one, but he got whacked on the head by a backpack and went down and some guys grappled the first goon and pulled him away. I felt so dirty; that second guy got his hands on my shoulders, ugh. And we have two more days of this nightmare."

Melanie broke in, "Well, I'm seriously thinking of being sick for the next two days. They'll fail me for the Program but I turn 18 in two weeks and my folks found out that I can't be forced to be naked—I'll be an adult then and the Supreme Court ruling won't apply to me."

"What? Wow!" The exclamations rang out around the table. It turned out that Dennis would be turning 18 during the term, in addition to the twins.

"Our birthday is on March 3," Roger said. "We didn't think about the adult angle. Maybe we should spread the word. I'll bet a lot of seniors will be 18 this term if they aren't 18 already. Too bad you guys got picked now, but I think that after doing three days, you shouldn't give up—you're so close to getting finished and probably the worst is over."

Cynthia continued, "Anything happen with class demos? That was the only part of the Program that was difficult to come up with a resistance plan for."

Tony spoke. "In Health. I had to demonstrate getting an erection and cumming. I was so embarrassed that I stayed soft, even though there was a bunch of kids blocking me from view. The teacher was angry that no one could see me and that I didn't do it either. I told her that's something that can't be forced. It was like those dreams you have—naked and completely exposed—but this is for real. I'm gonna have that nightmare for real forever now."

Sandra broke in, "Yeah, my sleep is terrible and I'm getting so jumpy. I barked at my folks last night and then was hysterical, I couldn't stop crying. My mom's a psychologist and she spoke to me for a while, calming me down. She said I'm getting symptoms of anxiety and must be developing PTSD over this experience, like a rape victim does. It *is* like rape, in a lot of ways, she told me. She's contacting the school today but I haven't heard from her yet. This is worse than any nightmare; at least you wake up from those."

Roger looked at Cynthia. "Man, this sounds so bad. If I was in their shoes I just don't know what I'd do. It's not that I'm particularly modest—I just think that making someone do this is perverted, it's morally wrong

to compel a person to expose himself like that. I suppose I could just walk around naked, but forcing the other stuff on me makes me feel sick."

"Me too, Rog, but I couldn't even stand being naked. Remember the *onsen* in Japan? How even as a kid I wouldn't undress with the other women? Even now in the locker room showers, I don't feel comfortable, I kind of hide in a corner, but thoughts of being naked in public makes me panic," Cynthia said. "Maybe this says that there's something wrong with me—what's it called, a phobia? But if I have it, so do lots of people."

The rest of the day turned out to be mostly normal; the halls were calm during class changes and the classes went smoothly, even Psychology, which the twins actually enjoyed; Mason had introduced the unit's topic by discussing the relationship between thought, sensation, and behavior.

She began with an introduction, "Remember, last time we discussed how a person's behavior is based on his sensations and perceptions first; when the person forms the desire to take an action, those feelings become the basis for his motivation for continuing to do that action. His feelings and emotions all contribute to his motivation, and if the action is unsuccessful in some way, his coping strategies and how he deals with stress come into play...."

Mason continued leading the class in a discussion about the body's interaction with the world through sensation and perception and the discussion became so intense that the time quickly flew. As the class ended, a student raised the issue of fearful perceptions, fear of an experience where no physical danger existed.

Miss Mason responded, "Actually there's a name for that. That kind of fear is called a 'phobia,' and phobias are actually somewhat common in the general population. Say, you know, there are several phobias that are somewhat related to the ideas underlying the basic premise of the Program. Okay, that's a good idea—we'll look at those tomorrow or Friday, those phobias are in a group called 'social phobias.' That can tie into the understanding of sensation and perception."

That evening when Sgt Denison returned home he had some interesting information for the teens.

"Your school is keeping our police busy," he chuckled. "The MP resource officer at your school called in the troops when he saw a bunch of rent-a-cops appear there this morning and I think a dozen MPs turned out, maybe more. Anyway, they hauled them off to the civil authorities and swore out complaints for assault and battery for all ten of them. You kids may need to be deposed for their arraignment or trials, but this should make the private security firms think twice about sending their people into schools with no background info.

"But the best part is that Program official of yours. He's in the brig on base and they're holding him for investigation of various charges including my favorite, suspicion of inciting a riot, because of the disorder that was caused by those guards he hired. Apparently he did that without checking with the principal or school district and they're livid at him for doing that. The Marine JA office isn't letting him talk to his Program office and they're requiring that if he wants a lawyer, it will have to be a private one and not a government one. They told me that having a government attorney represent a government employee who appeared to be acting beyond the scope of his authority was a kind of conflict. I'm glad I'm not a lawyer, that stuff just gives me a headache."

The teens were delighted with the news and asked Denison if they could share it with their friends.

“Sure, but skip the details about how you heard about this. I don’t want to get the rep of being a gossip, okay? It’s pretty much scuttlebutt on the base by now, anyway.”

Cynthia and Ayame remembered to ask Roger about the Sunday concert and he was interested in going too, so Ayame called her new friend and arrangements were made. The twins called some of their friends and soon a group of fourteen kids had arranged to go.

After doing their homework and some chores, they all hit the sack (as a military family, that’s how they referred to “going to bed,” after all).

Chapter 8

Very early Thursday morning, Roger left for swimming practice. He found that he actually enjoyed the hard work because it gave him a chance to forget about the problems that the Program week was causing and he could use his frustrations to push himself physically. The coach had them doing eight sets of 25-yard wind sprints followed by 200 yards of freestyle, and then repeating the wind sprints with backstroke, and finally breaststroke. It was a pretty grueling practice session.

It was a very tired Roger who trudged into home room that morning.

"Crap! I'm starved!" he muttered to Cynthia.

"Hey, bro," she said. "I was thinking about you—you never take care of yourself. Guess what I brought for you," and she pulled a bag out of her backpack.

Roger looked inside the bag. "Oh, god, thanks; you're just wonderful—I love ya," he said as he kissed her and checked out the granola bars, a couple of energy bars, and a bottle of real fruit juice which she had packed. "Just the perfect energy replenishment—protein and complex carbs. I really love you!"

"Just remember this for next time, stud. I won't always be so nice to you," she joked.

Roger didn't answer; his mouth was too full.

When he was finished stuffing himself, he asked Cynthia, "Any new word on the Program crap today?"

"No, it actually looks like the naked kids have mostly blended into the background now. They're still traveling around with packs of kids surrounding them, but now it's more like a group of friends just walking together. Looks like a lot of new friendships are being formed and I heard that some romances may have started up—and not only with the nude kids, either. The kids who got involved in protecting the Program people were all kind of thrown together with other kindred spirits and it seems that some are more than just friends now. It's way cool that something like that's happening."

During the class change after home room, Roger saw what Cynthia had mentioned. It seemed that no one took much notice when a Program girl passed them walking with her group and talking to those around her. Still, Ayame acted nervous when she looked at the scene and then averted her eyes in embarrassment. The trio arrived in their anatomy classroom and once again there was no question about the twins' lack of participation. It seemed to the Denisons that the teacher had become resigned to conducting a normal lesson without involving the Program. And they were perfectly happy with that fact.

At lunch they found their way to the table where the Program group had begun to gather. Sandra, Wilma, and Melanie were there and then Dennis came over, followed by Tony and David.

Cynthia looked at Melanie. "Well, I see you decided to brave it out, at least for another day."

"Yeah, I did. What the hell. This still ain't no freakin' fun, and I don't know why I'm bothering to stay with it—but nothing bad's happened, thank God, so we'll see. And no one is staring at me now. Shit, that gave me the creeps on Monday and Tuesday. Monday, before the other people started that cool escort business, that was damned terrifying!"

Sandra spoke then. “My mom took me to the doc yesterday after school. The doc put me on Valium for anxiety. Mom spoke to the principal and told him what was happening to me and you know what he told her? That kids with anxiety issues going through the Program in other schools improve as the week goes on and they’re better at the end of the week! What a crock! My doc says that she’s heard of greatly increased cases of anxiety and panic, even depression and suicide among teens in the past two years, and it’s during the past two years that the Program was rolled out to the schools.”

“Anyone have any other issues with teachers, guys? Dennis, did you get in trouble over the demo that didn’t work yesterday?”

“Not really. Say, I didn’t tell you that the teacher tried to get it on video but someone had slipped the lens cap over the lens. The cap was hanging on a string attached to the camera and they just stuck it on the lens. The teacher was pissed when he found that. Maybe he got the message because he didn’t try anything today.”

“Hey, that’s good,” Sandra said. “I’m hoping nothing comes up in the rest of my classes today or tomorrow. Even with this pill, I’m still nervous. And it’s making me a little drowsy but that may be because I haven’t been sleeping well. And the doc said to be careful with these pills, they’re habit-forming.”

After lunch, Ayame spoke to the twins as they went to class. “It’s awful that kids have to take medicines just to calm them down, isn’t it?”

“Yes it is. I wonder why there aren’t medical reports about the effects of the Program on kids,” Cynthia said.

“Might have to do with gathering enough data, Cyn. Remember the unit in Health on drug abuse last year? How many subjects were needed in a study to be able to get the statistics needed to write a report? And someone has to pay for the study, too. I’d bet the government wouldn’t pay for a study of the mental health problems caused by the Program.”

After English, the three went to Psych and were pleased that Mason had indeed prepared a lesson on social phobias.

“Class, the topic that I agreed to cover in today’s lesson, phobias, ties in nicely to some parts of the Naked in School Program. You know that the Program propaganda, its initial selling point, explained that its purpose was to help teens become more comfortable with issues like body image, modesty, self-assurance, sexuality, and morality. As children approach puberty their body changes and this happens to different people at different ages and different rates. Being different in appearance from one’s peers can cause shyness and modesty issues. So can a child’s cultural background—how their culture or religion views the body as well as issues of morality and propriety. The Program is basically a cultural educational curriculum whose objective is to externalize the whole range of psychological issues that a teen experiences as he or she matures. It tries to make their sexuality public and forces the participants to accept an identical set of moral values.

“Depending on a lot of variables, like genetics, learned behaviors, and events and personal experiences, a teen can develop modesty, even become a little socially withdrawn, and this is totally expected and it’s normal. But when the modesty is accompanied by reactions of excessive anxiety or even panic, then it’s abnormal and is known as a ‘phobia.’ The social phobias include many different kinds of situations that can include speaking in public, meeting new people, being criticized or teased, getting called on in class,

attending social gatherings, using public bathrooms, and one really big one is being asked to perform on a stage or in front of a class.

“It’s completely normal to have low levels of anxiety when you’re in a new situation or if you feel you have to perform for someone in some fashion. Everyone knows what stage-fright feels like. When it becomes a problem is when one has symptoms like trembling, palpitations, difficulty breathing, excessive blushing, sweating, and even nausea. The typical age for the first appearance of this kind of anxiety disorder is 13 years old and these anxieties are actually quite common—about 7 percent of the population has some form of social phobia.

“You’ve probably heard of other kinds of phobias too, like fear of heights, of open spaces, of flying in airplanes, of spiders, and of snakes. Even the number 13 has a phobia. Yes, Janine? A question?”

“Yeah, Miss Mason. Also walking under a ladder? My mom warned me never to do that.”

“Ah, that brings up an excellent issue—phobia versus superstition. Thanks, Janine. Absolutely there are phobias about ladders and even staircases—there’s even a formal name, bathmophobia, but there are some differences between them too and the differences can be really blurred. Like fear of the number 13; that’s now viewed more as a superstition than a phobia. A person’s reaction to superstitions and phobias can be quite similar; the response always involves fear, anxiety, or both. Also, all superstitious beliefs and phobias are developed from our own individual experiences—all superstitions and phobias are learned, directly or indirectly.

“Now to the differences. Truthfully, it can be hard to tell them apart, but some authorities say that superstition’s leading characteristic is that it produces a mild anxiety whereas a phobia usually is associated with intense fear—phobias generally result in a disabling intensity of fear. Another difference is that superstitions involve the belief in some kind of entity that watches to be sure that the person keeps to the superstition’s rules and that any breaking the rules will result in bad consequences. In contrast, with phobias, the anxiety and fear is directly related to encountering the object or situation that causes that fearful response. So, class, you see how close these are?”

Everyone in the room had been listening raptly and nodded at Mason’s question.

“Good. Let’s return to the social and related phobias. There are also phobias about being naked or seeing others naked; those are not from simple modesty but actually stem from the body’s fear response. Someone who suffers from any of these phobias gets physical symptoms when they are exposed to the stimulus and helping those people deal with their phobia takes extended periods of therapy. And just like social phobia, these so-called ‘specific phobias’ can be caused by personal experiences, learned or modeled behaviors, or even genetic predisposition.

“For the kids in the Program in other schools where it’s been run longer than here, I’ve heard about many psychological problems occurring; these have been discussed among teachers in our professional meetings but the stories are only anecdotal evidence of problems since no one’s done a formal survey. Any questions so far?”

“Why haven’t there been any studies done?” a student asked.

"Please don't attribute this comment to me," she said, "but doing any studies using federal funds has been virtually prohibited by the government so far and privacy laws related to studying minors and medical privacy regulations make it even more difficult to get subjects. The community of psychological professionals is trying very hard to break through those barriers since this is such a sensitive and important area. Anyway, I've skipped way ahead in our class so we need to get back to where we were in the basics again, discussing behavior. We were up to a discussion of coping strategies, so let's continue with that topic."

Soon the class ended and the twins and Ayame left the classroom.

"Hell, Mason really went out on a limb about the Program, didn't she?" Cynthia asked.

Roger agreed. "Remember the crap she started with on Monday? Those questions? How the hell would we learn about psychology if we spent all that time talking about our sexual history? Ayame, what did you think of the class today?"

"Oh, it was very interesting," Ayame said. "There were some words I didn't understand but I wrote down how they sound. Can you help with them later?"

"Of course, sweetie," Roger said. Probably a lot of the words are in the text, too."

"Yes, I saw some there I didn't know. I need to learn a lot of unfamiliar words."

Later that evening, the three kids were relaxing in Roger's room after they finished their school work.

Roger was sitting at the head of his bed and Ayame was lying on her back near Roger's feet. Cynthia was in a chair next to Roger's desk and they were discussing the week.

"Tomorrow is the last day for the first Program group, you know," Cynthia said. "I think that there are only about six to eight kids actually participating now. I wish there was some way of finding out what's happening at other schools doing the Program."

"Can't you do search on web?" Ayame asked.

"I tried yesterday," Cynthia said. "All I got were some government sites."

"Did you look on the social sites?" Roger asked.

"No, let me try. Can I use your computer?"

"Sure, Cyn."

After a while, Cynthia turned around to talk to the others. "Well, there's a few references to the Program in some postings. But to see them, you have to be on the page owner's approved list. I sent requests to those page owners so let's see if they let me join their circle of friends. I also sent a text to all my contacts, asking if they know about any other schools."

Roger and Ayame were now sitting next to each other, holding hands and looking into each other's eyes.

“Um, I think I’ll leave you two now,” Cynthia said with a grin. “You two look so cute together. You can kiss, I won’t be embarrassed. After all, just think of what they expect in school from people in the Program—kissing is so lame. They want kids to fuck each other in public!”

She left the room as Ayame and Roger came together in a kiss.

“Oh, Roger, this is nice,” Ayame sighed. “I love the feeling of your arms around me.”

Roger stroked her shoulders and back as they kissed. Then he moved his other hand around and began stroking her belly, moving it higher and higher until he touched the underside of her breast. She sighed and took his hand, pressing it against her breast.

“You can touch me here if you want, darling,” she breathed.

“Are you sure, sweetie? I don’t want to go too fast or make you uncomfortable.”

“Oh, my, you saw me all naked already, you know,” she giggled.

“Well, only for a second, and you still had a bra on...”

“*Ehh*? Then for my 恋しい [*koishii*], here,” she said as she pulled her top off. “Now you see what you missed. I try not doing what Miss Mason say is phobia, not ashamed of body for 恋しい [*koishii*].”

“Oh, sweetie, what are you doing...” Roger gasped as she slipped her bra straps off her shoulders and lowered her bra, exposing her B-cup breasts to his open-mouthed gaze. “Oh my god, you’re gorgeous!” he exclaimed. “Can I touch you, darling?”

Ayame fastened her lips to Roger’s as she murmured, “Yes, touch me... mmmmm, nice,” she sighed as she felt Roger’s hand slide over the silky smooth skin of her breast. Then she gasped as he took a nipple between his fingers and tweaked it. “Ooohh! Do that again!”

He did.

“Ayame, I think you’re just so pretty,” Roger said. “I love being with you, talking to you, just being together. And kissing you is totally awesome, too,” he said as he mashed his lips into hers and the two lay back on the bed, embracing and kissing.

Roger’s hands wandered down Ayame’s bare back to her shorts, but when he pushed a hand under the waistband of her panties, she pulled back a little.

“Eehhh, Roger, not ready for that yet, I’m sorry, 恋しい [*koishii*], darling.”

“Oh, sorry! I said I would respect you but got carried...” he exclaimed but was cut off by another oral attack as Ayame thrust her tongue into his mouth.

Then Roger pulled away and began kissing her chin, throat and then her nipples, taking her breasts into his mouth and running his tongue over her stiff nipples until she squeaked with pleasure. Then there was a tapping at the door and the two pulled away.

“It’s Cindy. Can I come in?” came the whisper.

“Just a sec...” Roger said but Ayame quickly nodded.

“She can come. Is okay.”

“Okay, Cyn, come on in,” Roger called.

She entered, looked at Ayame, and her hand flew to her mouth.

“Oh my, Ayame, seducing my little brother?” she giggled. “Don’t the two of you look sooooo cute! Ayame, I could eat you up, you’re so pretty. Bro, isn’t she a hottie?”

Ayame blushed. So did Roger. “Ayame said it was okay to come in, but not to embarrass her, you know,” he began.

Ayame put a finger on his lips. “Is okay, Cindy knows how I feel about you and I don’t mind her seeing me like this. I’m trying much to get comfortable to this all new American nudity custom I see in little rules booklet...” the twins both snorted at that, “...and besides, Roger’s seen all of me now, too. And you have too, Cindy. I decide that I need to get some sureness... eehhh, that Program booklet says comfortable? ...at being looked at and best way starts with people I love most,” she finished shyly, looking down, flushed again.

Cynthia sat on the bed and grabbed Ayame, pulled her into an embrace, and kissed her cheek firmly.

“Oh, Ayame, I love you so much, too!” she cried. “You don’t mind kissing me, do you?”

Ayame pressed her lips to Cynthia’s as they held their embrace.

Ayame murmured as they kissed, “I’ve wanted forever so to kiss you. I love two of you and so glad we can be together like this.”

The three spent a few more minutes in a mutual hugging and kissing session and then Cynthia broke the mood.

“I actually wanted to tell you guys something, not break up your lovefest. I got a response from a kid who let me see her Facepage posts, but not before she gave me the third degree. She made me do a webcam IM and I had to show her my school ID, driver’s license, and a copy of the school newspaper to prove I wasn’t a government agent. So her posts show that her school ran the Program last year, they began it early, and had some bad things happen like this one kid she said had to be hospitalized; she panicked at being picked and ran out of the school, tripped, and fell down the steps.

“In another group, a very shy boy fainted when he was forcibly stripped, hit his head on a chair or something, and got a bad concussion. But she said that the principal, teachers, and everyone else there is very supportive of the students in the Program and they try to avoid doing stuff that’s extremely humiliating. She’s heard from others that there are some schools that started early where the Program isn’t terrible for the students but there are others where the kids are treated awfully. But she said that it’s very hard to get reliable information and she doesn’t know why.”

While Cynthia was talking, Ayame had replaced her bra and slipped her top back on. Soon she and Cynthia returned to their room for the night.

Chapter 9

At Friday morning's swim practice, the coach spent the first hour having the team doing wind sprints and then began organizing the team relays for the various events and ran several relay heats for the kids to get the timings of their starting dives down pat.

Today Roger had remembered to bring a snack with him; he was eating an energy bar as he entered his home room classroom about ten minutes late.

"Any announcements?" he whispered to Ayame.

"Just about the swim meet tonight," she answered. "You really wanted to know if there was anything about the Program, right?" she grinned at him.

"How'd you guess?" he winked back at her.

Throughout the morning's class changes, the twins saw that the mood of the students had become very relaxed and the few students participating in the Program were walking openly visible to people outside of their shielding groups; it was clear that many of the kids in those groups had become fast friends because many were holding hands, despite the rules about "public displays of affection."

At lunch, the twins' table was once again sought out by the Program kids having lunch that period.

"Hi, guys," Cynthia said as a few naked kids arrived at their table. "I guess we're the magnet for the naked ones. I'll bet you can't wait for this day to be over."

"No shit," Dennis said. "I'm finally a little more relaxed about the nudity, but, hell, a sudden noise and I'm still jumping out of my skin. I just hope nothing happens so I can get outta here in one piece today."

"How are you feeling today, Sandra?" Roger asked.

"Yeah, that Valium is a wonder drug. I'm soooo spaced out. Mom says that she thinks the dose was too much but I don't give a damn. The only problem is I can't concentrate and have no idea what's happening in my classes."

Melanie looked concerned. "Sandra, that's not good! Will you be able to stop taking that after today?"

"Oh, yeah. But Mom said she wants me to go for counseling for a little while longer. She's afraid I might get PTSD over this week. You know, that post-something stress."

Tony, one of the other boys who had been quiet the last few days, spoke.

"Yeah, traumatic. Definitely. This was traumatic for me. I was really shy; that's why my folks thought the Program would be good for me. It wasn't. I just hate this walking around naked. I still don't see the point. I don't need to jerk off in class. I'm glad I didn't have to put on a show for anyone or let perverts play with my body, like that would teach me about sexuality? Seeing naked girls is nice but I'm embarrassed for them. I'm just so glad this shit is about over and I'll never have to worry about it again. Melanie, I'll bet you're glad you stayed with it, right?"

“Yeah, I guess. I was so freaked on Wednesday! Thanks, everyone, for supporting me to get past these last two days. And I did make a few good friends too, people who I know care for me and about how I feel. That’s the only good thing I got from this experience.”

Ayame spoke then. “Cindy, tell them what you heard about that other school.”

“Oh, right. Last night my brother and Ayame were talking about not knowing anything about how the Program runs in other places. Our psych teacher said she’s heard stories about kids having bad experiences but when I tried to search on the web, there was nothing.”

“Yeah,” Dennis said, “I looked too. Someone on one site said that the feds shut down all those discussions, but I don’t see how they could do that.”

Cynthia went on, “I did find a girl on Facepage and had to prove who I was to her. Then I was able to find out a little about her school. They seem to have the Program running there without doing a lot of humiliating stuff but she said that other schools she’s heard about encourage big-time humiliation in the Program. I wish there were a way to know more so we know if our school is like any others.”

“I wonder if the teachers know any more,” mused Melanie.

“Yeah, like they would tell us anything,” Tony said in disgust.

“Well, some of them—one anyway—seemed to be open about not liking some Program stuff,” Roger said. “She said they have to follow the fed’s Program curriculum, so maybe if they don’t, they could get in trouble.”

“So I wonder what’ll happen to the kids who got picked this week who didn’t participate,” Melanie said. “There were supposed to be 24 kids. There are six here and I’ve seen three more, maybe four...”

Dennis put in, “There are ten in all.”

“Okay, so ten. That means fourteen refused,” she continued.

Roger laughed. “Yeah, and two of them are sitting right here with you guys. I heard that two of the others are Marine family kids and their dads are getting transferred, so they’re withdrawing from school early to move to their new homes. I wonder what the story is with the others, somehow they found a way to refuse too,” he finished.

Soon the lunch period ended and the group wished each other good luck to the end of the school day.

“I doubt anyone plans to come to tonight’s swim meet,” Roger said. “I don’t think you’d want to have to be naked one minute longer than you need to, right?”

He got a hearty agreement from everyone.

After school, the team members needed to check in with the swimming coach, so Roger stopped by the pool before he went home. Since this match was just a scrimmage between three schools, its results wouldn’t count in school standings, but the coach stressed that the team still needed to put out their best effort and swim as if the meet counted. He went over the final lineups and then sent the students home.

Later, the entire Denison family went to the swimming meet and a number of their parents' friends attended too. Roger's team did fairly well on the boys' side, winning top places in most individual categories but they were weaker in the relays because of two early-start disqualifications. However, their strong individual performances helped in the overall point totals and they won the meet, but by only five points. The girls' team also took their first place, but by a wider margin.

After the meet, Cynthia was talking to Roger about what she and Ayame had discovered about several of the "missing" Program students from that week.

"We were talking to some kids from Central Hills. They don't have the Program there and I heard that a few kids, four of them, transferred there from our school. One girl works in their office and heard them talking about switching schools to avoid the Program."

"Well, that's interesting. I guess Central Hills will probably be starting the Program after the summer, so I wonder if they'll have anywhere else to run away to then," Roger said. "I'd hate to uproot myself to switch schools over something dumb like that. It's been bad enough having to go to six schools while we were growing up whenever Dad got a new assignment."

"Maybe they won't have the Program there at all. I think that it's a private school. Somewhere I heard that only public schools are covered by the Program's Social Awareness law."

"You're right," Roger said. "I heard that too. Well, to avoid doing the Program, looks like you need to be from a military family or have enough money to pay for school. What a great way to show equality for us kids, right? Some can get out easily and others not."

It was Saturday morning and the Denisons were getting ready for the formation on the base where the twins would be recognized. Sgt Denison had already left early to prepare, and now the rest of the family was ready to leave.

Soon they arrived near the parade grounds and parked. An MP officer checked their IDs and told them to go to a tent set up near the entrance to the seating area.

"Ladies, sir, I was told that you're the guests of the general. The officer in the tent there will show you where to go."

They were taken to a section of the viewing stands; it contained about thirty seats and was centered on and elevated above the seating area and overlooked the field. It was surrounded by a low wooden railing.

"Mrs Denison, Miss and Mr Denison, you and your guest may sit here. General Markus will be here in about ten minutes," the officer said. "The general will want Miss and Mr Denison to sit with him in those seats right there just before the review begins. The band will play the National Anthem, I'm sure that you know the proper way to salute with your right hand over your heart. Then the general will give a brief speech and the two of you will stand next to him as the troops pass. You salute the colors when they pass, hand over heart. Then each passing unit will present arms as they pass; the general will salute them but as civilians, it's perfectly appropriate to acknowledge that salute with an upraised hand-wave."

Soon Markus appeared and greeted the Denisons.

“I’m honored to meet you folks,” he said. “Master Gunney Denison is one of the most respected men under my command and I know how proud of you two he’s been. You both bring very great honor to the entire Marine Corps family with your accomplishments and we’re so pleased we can honor and recognize you today.”

“Thank you, sir.” the twins chorused.

Soon the ceremony began with the command sergeant major calling the troop formations to attention. Then the National Anthem was played and the general spoke briefly about some of the Pendleton units’ recent accomplishments, the deployments, and reassigned units. Then he turned to the Denison twins, had them stand by his side, and spoke about their judo championships and gave a brief history of the Denison family’s Marine career and their work in community services. Then it was time for the troops to pass in review.

After the formation was over, General Markus sat in one of the seats and asked the twins to sit too.

“So I understand you two were the leaders in the school’s anti-Program movement,” he looked at them sharply.

“Yes, sir, we were, kind of,” Cynthia said. “It felt so wrong, so improper, against all of our values. We were supported in believing that by your order, too, sir. So thank you for backing us students in all the ways you’ve done.”

“Yes, all of my command staff felt that this was taking psycho-social theories way too far and threatened family morality and thus would interfere with Marine discipline. It looks like this feeling is shared by other commanders in all the armed services too and we assume that we’ll prevail against any civilian challenges. I want to thank you for the way you took the lead in starting the organizing of the students in the resistance.”

Roger spoke. “Actually, sir, it almost happened by itself. I think we were just the catalyst. Col Mosby had that meeting with the students and the resistance kind of took off from there; the kids from civilian families were our biggest supporters and picked up the tactics we had planned and just ran with them.”

“You don’t say! That’s interesting, and very reassuring too. Or maybe it was a way to simply oppose authority?” he asked with a grin.

“We noticed it was a kind of peer protection, sir,” Cynthia observed. “It appeared that the kids wanted to protect their peers from the kinds of coercion they thought were improper.”

While they were talking, Sgt Denison had come to the stands and over to the group. The general turned to him, rose, and they exchanged salutes.

“Master Gunney, again, you should be very proud of your children,” the general said.

“Thank you sir, I certainly am, and thank you for this honor you gave them today, too. I value your leadership of this command, sir.”

“It was my real pleasure to honor them, Sergeant, and you too. As far as my leadership, Master Gunney, a senior officer is only the leader of ideas. Marines like you are leaders of men, and the real backbone of the

Corps. Never forget that, Sergeant," and he saluted Denison. "Have a pleasant weekend, everyone; and thank you for an enlightening discussion, Roger and Cynthia." He left.

"Well, that was an experience," Cynthia remarked.

Her dad responded, "What, talking to the general?"

"Actually the entire thing. The ceremony, parade, getting saluted, and then the general. He's kind of impressive, you know."

"Yes, he's a real leader type," her dad said. "He sincerely cares for everyone in his command and it shows in how he runs the base. So I hear you kids are teaching at the dojo this afternoon?"

"Yes, sir," Roger said. "Then we're going to the fitness center pool to soak and relax."

"Okay, see you guys at dinner, then, I'm done here now so Mom and I will take my car."

Ayame wanted to watch their judo class so she stayed with the twins.

"That was amazing," she said when they were alone. "I only saw that in movies before, with all those people marching together and all dressed up."

"Yeah, we got to see that lots while growing up," Cynthia said. "The Marines like to have parades, I think," she joked.

After judo class, they returned home to change for the pool.

"Ayame, let's have you wear one of my suits instead of that old-lady suit you wore. I think I have some suits that'll fit you," Cynthia said as they were getting ready.

"Oh, I couldn't!" she cried. "People will see me..."

"No, honey, they won't. It's true these are bikinis, but they do cover up what's important. You'd be surprised what they wear at the fitness center pool, too. Look, try this one on, it's too small on me now but I think it should fit you."

"Okay, let me see." Ayame turned away, slipped it on, and then shyly turned back toward Cynthia.

"Oh, honey, you look wonderful in it! See, you can't tell that you have anything to hide on your skin, right? I can't see any lighter skin patches, no scars either. Let's ask Roger what he thinks."

"*Ehh*, wait. Let me look in the mirror first. Oh, I'm so nervous!"

"Don't be; you look wonderful. You're a real cutie! Okay to ask Roger now?"

"Okay, I guess."

Roger came in when Cynthia called him and he looked at Ayame. His mouth dropped open.

“Oh! Wow! You look fantastic! I thought you didn’t wear that kind of suit.”

“It’s one of mine, little bro. You like?” Cynthia remarked.

“Oh yes! I do like. A lot. Ayame, it looks wonderful on you. Are you okay with that? If you’re too sensitive, I’ll understand—so will Cyn, right, big sis?”

“Sure, but Ayame, you have nothing to be ashamed of or to be sensitive about, you know. Tell you what. Take a coverup and wear it on the deck. If you’re uncomfortable at the pool, slip it off as you get in the water and no one will see you. Is that okay?”

Ayame agreed and they left for the pool. When the girls came out of the changing room at the pool, Ayame was wearing the coverup, and the trio found some chairs at poolside. Some teens they knew from school came over and the group chatted for a bit before they decided to get wet. Cynthia looked at Ayame, who screwed up her face, shrugged off the coverup, and quickly scampered to the pool’s edge and slipped into the water. Cynthia gave her a big grin and a “thumbs-up.”

She jumped into the pool next to her. “Honey, that was very brave. See, no one even looked at you, too. It’ll be fine.”

Roger hopped in on Ayame’s other side and hugged her. “You’re the prettiest girl here—um, well, Cindy is pretty too...”

“Okay, bub,” Cynthia growled. “I know when I’m not wanted...”

Ayame giggled. “You two just so funny! I don’t think ever met kids like you two. The brothers and sisters I knew always fought but you so nice to each other. Even when little. Made me wish I had brother too.”

“Yeah, Cyn, we do kinda think alike, right?” Roger said. “I know that I try to watch out for you and I know you do for me too. So we never felt any need to compete, right? I like it this way, Ayame. She’s always been someone I can trust. My best friend.”

“Roger’s right. We have this special bond, maybe because we’re twins, but it’s kinda deeper in a way. It could be how Dad taught us about how the Marines in his units take care of each other. Some of his men who we got to know are closer than brothers to each other and it’s awesome to see.”

A few girls had swum up and Cynthia took Ayame over to meet and talk to them while Roger swam off to visit a few guys he knew. Soon it was time to get back home and Cynthia was delighted to see Ayame climb out of the water and walk over to get her coverup without rushing to get to it and trying to put it on quickly.

“Ayame, you did really well today at the pool. Did it feel more comfortable this time?”

“Yes, saw that nobody seems to watching me. It makes me feel more confident, to think.”

Roger walked up, took Ayame’s hand, and kissed it. “You’re doin’ just great. See, there wasn’t anything to be shy about here, right? No one is teasing you about how you look.”

“I guess. Still feels little strange,” Ayame said, blushing.

After they changed to go home, Roger told the others what he had heard from the guys at the pool.

“It looks like our school in the first in this region to start the Program. Maybe because we’re the biggest and they wanted to start early, but you know that kids from the base go to five different high schools, right? The housing areas are in several school districts and a lot of Marine families live off base too. One of the guys told me he has a cousin in LA who goes to a Program school and says he hates it. He hasn’t had to do the Program yet and is trying to figure out how he can get out of it if he’s picked. I told him what we’re doing—you know, resisting—and he said he’ll tell his cousin.”

Later, after dinner, the three were watching TV in the den, their parents were visiting a neighbor.

“Cyn, I wonder why the three of us have these body issues. Ayame’s modesty is for a reason; she’s been tormented by others about her appearance, so according to our psych lessons, her modesty probably came from her bad teasing experience and also her sensitivity about how her scars look. Right, Ayame?”

“Yes, that is so. And those body symptoms the teacher spoke, I get them. I even used to get nausea but now not. Maybe because no one teasing. But the other anxieties she said, I get those. Cindy, you never would go to *onsen*, right? Even when little?”

Cynthia responded, “Oh, you’re anxious now, Ayame. Do you hear how you’re talking? Like someone learning English.”

“*Ehh*! Yes, is so. Ehh, talking about this makes me nervous. I have to learn to get used to being more comfortable with myself, right?”

“Maybe what we did, going to the pool, will help. I think you need to go slow,” Cynthia went on. “Not try too fast; that could be too much to take. I don’t know about my own modesty. I think it’s genetic since Roger has it too, right, bro?”

“Yes. I’m sort of okay in the locker room but don’t strut around like some guys do. I keep to myself. I get done really quick,” he said. “But somehow I’m fine around Cyn. She and I’ve accidently seen each other naked lots; it doesn’t bother me if she sees me.”

“Nor me either. He has a really cute body, Ayame. Nice muscles,” Cynthia giggled.

Ayame blushed.

Cynthia continued, “I’m modest in the same way Roger said, too. In regular gym I avoid showering if I can and with my team I’ll shower real quick and dress fast; I’m just not comfortable being undressed. I think it must be more than just modesty. Mason was talking about those phobias; maybe that’s what all of us have, you know? I was reading ahead in one of our psych books and there’s a treatment for phobias I saw mentioned. There’s a kind of behavior treatment where the person is exposed to the uncomfortable situation a little at first and then more as the treatment goes on. Maybe that’s what all of us need.”

“Where did you read that?” Roger asked.

“Um, let me get that book...” She ran off and came back carrying a book. “...okay, let’s see. Here, Chapter 23. Starting there,” she pointed as Roger took the book and he and Ayame bent their heads over it.

Ayame put her finger on a section, “It’s called ‘cognitive behavioral therapy’ over here and that gradual getting used to the anxiety you mentioned is called ‘exposure therapy.’”

“Looks like the ‘exposure therapy’ is just one kind of cognitive therapy because there are some more listed here,” Roger said. “I hope we won’t have to remember all of those different ones, wow, there are all different kinds, looks like.”

“Let me read,” Ayame said and pulled the book away from Roger. “This is interesting.”

Roger chuckled. “She’s the scholar here. No wonder she got through high school so fast.”

Ayame read for a few minutes while the twins chatted. Then Ayame looked up.

“Yes, I see. Says these behavior therapies are good to dealing with the kind of anxieties we have and the treatments kind of make sense. Says the treatment desensitize the person to whatever causes of the anxiety and getting used to doing the uncomfortable thing sometimes takes time. Usually a few months.”

“Oh? Months? Wow, that’s better than I thought,” Cynthia said. “At least it’s not years.”

“Oh, think that’s cell phone ring,” Ayame said, and scrambled for her bag.

She answered and spoke for a minute. “Let me ask.... Cindy, my friend Michelle calls. Can we bring another girl tomorrow too? Michelle’s friend Devin wants to go to concert.”

“Sure,” Cynthia said. “We can fit another kid.”

“Thank you,” Ayame said, and told Michelle taking Devin was okay and confirmed their pick-up time.

“Say, let’s figure out what to pack for snacks and stuff. The flyer said they have food service but maybe we should bring something for the car too,” Cynthia said.

Later, Ayame and Roger shared some quiet time together just chatting and holding each other before they went to their separate rooms to sleep.

Chapter 10

On Sunday morning, the twins and Ayame woke early and got ready for the drive to the music festival. As they had arranged Saturday, they stopped at Ayame's new school friend's home to pick her up together with the other girl who was going with them. When they arrived, the two girls emerged from the house and rushed to the car. Ayame's friend introduced herself to the twins.

"Hi, I'm Michelle. My Japanese name is really Misuko but I've adopted an American name," Ayame's friend said. "And this is Devin; she's in a few of my classes and guess what?—she speaks Japanese too. She was born on Okinawa; her mom is Japanese and her dad is a Marine."

Cynthia greeted them and Roger said, "I wonder just how many kids in the school speak Japanese? I know lots of Marine families spent tours there the way ours did. Michelle, you speak English really well, you know."

"Oh, thank you," she said. "父 [*Chichi*]—ah, daddy, he went to graduate school in America and I actually was born here but grew up in Japan. Daddy's company always had plans to eventually send him here so he had me learn English while I was growing up."

"What do you guys think of the Program, anyway?" Cynthia asked.

"Oh, it's an awful idea. My parents hate it too," Michelle said.

"Yes—and mine told me that they won't allow my participation either because of the general's order and also that it's not right," Devin added. "Michelle, would you refuse—I guess it's *will* you refuse when they call you?"

"Yes, if the military kids can refuse, I don't see why I can't refuse too. If they don't let me graduate, I can still go to school back in Japan. Both my uncles live there and one is a college professor, too."

Soon they arrived at the music festival site and as they had planned, met the others from their high school who were coming too. About a third of the group members wanted to watch the Japanese bands and the others wanted to see some of the other groups perform.

"Ayame, how will we find you?" Cynthia asked.

Roger pulled out his cell phone. "Hey, here's how. There's this app I found. It's 'GPS Find Me.' Ayame, can you put an app on your phone?"

"Oh, yes," she giggled as she pulled her tiny phone out; it was hanging from a cord around her neck. "Remember this cute little phone? Let me look for it. No keys. Works with voice, Japanese only though. GPS 探して [*GPS sagashite*]... ah, here."

She found the app, installed it, and started it up.

"Okay, next you need to register it so your position can be located." Roger told her. "Just use your name for your id."

She set that up.

“Now go to the ‘Live Position’ screen and activate it... Cool,” Roger said. “I see your location on my screen now. And here’s how to find me.”

He showed her the setting. “We can text each other when we want to meet, now, and we’ll know where each other is at.”

The groups parted as Ayame’s friends cooed and fussed over her tiny cell phone. Roger and Cynthia joined their other friends and went off to the shows they wanted to see. All too soon the afternoon concerts were drawing to a close. Roger didn’t want to stay too late because of his early practice session on Monday, so he pulled out his cell phone and looked for Ayame’s location; she was at the opposite side of the festival grounds area. He and Cynthia followed the phone app’s directions as they made their way to her location.

“My goodness,” Ayame said when she saw them walking up to her, “that really works. It’s so crowded here. I’m glad that you knew about that app.”

“There are a few of these locating apps, but I like this one, and best of all, it’s free,” Roger grinned.

The group returned to their car and started home.

“You guys enjoy?” Cynthia asked the girls.

“Yeah, the bands were cool. We got to see a lot of acts, too. Thanks for taking us!” Devin exclaimed.

“Thank you for telling me about this,” Ayame told Michelle. “I had lots of fun there.”

“Ugh,” Michelle commented. “Tomorrow they pick another Program group. I can see that I’m going to be hating Mondays for the next year, too. Maybe they won’t bother me since I’m registered in school as a foreign student.”

“That’s how Ayame is, also. But I think she’s not even really registered, since she’s already graduated. She’s just taking some classes here,” Cynthia commented. “I wish that there was some kind of way we could find out more about how kids are dealing with the Program in their schools. We can’t be the only ones who are putting up such a fight against the Program.”

“I just thought of the blogs and forums that are under the ‘military brat’ category,” Roger broke in. “Remember, Cyn, when we came to Pendleton, you found those sites where people—kids too—posted their experiences growing up as a military kid?”

“Right, Rog. Say, maybe they talk about the Program on those sites?”

“That’s my thought. Since the sites aren’t about the Program, and high school kids don’t go to those sites, maybe the feds don’t keep such close track of them. One of the guys on the U.S. Judo Team was telling me of a group he’s part of—they blog but don’t want outsiders, so they turned off search engine access so those blogs aren’t on search indexes. Maybe that’s why you didn’t get any search results, Cindy.”

“Wow. Cool idea, Rog. Yeah, let’s try looking for stuff like that.”

The other girls suggested that other high-school kids might be doing similar blogs and keeping off the federal radar that way, so they said they’d do some hunting and see what turned up.

At the twins' home after dinner, the three kids sat down to hunt through the kinds of sites that Roger had suggested. There were plenty of military life stories on blogs mostly written by grownups who grew up with parents in the military. They went through dozens of sites with no results. Some were forums and those too yielded nothing.

Cynthia leaned back from her work. "This way isn't getting us anywhere. I'm gonna try getting on a few likely forums and posting a question asking if they know blog sites by high school kids that discuss problems in changing schools. That will hide what we're looking for but may get us some leads."

"Good idea, Cyn. Hey, maybe you should set up a different email address to use so you don't give your regular one," Roger commented.

"Yeah. You're right. Okay, let me do that first."

Ayame looked up from her reading. "I too have idea. In my high school we had a group, it's 学生自治会 [*gakusei jichikai*]—eeh, self-government student organization..."

Roger interjected, "Yeah, student councils."

"Yes, that's it. Every school did. Here too?"

"Here too," Cynthia agreed.

"So couldn't the people in your school's government contact other school government people? In Japan we had councils between schools too."

"That's a wonderful idea, Ayame! And I know someone on our school council; Danielle, she's a junior on our basketball team. Let me text her," Cynthia exclaimed.

Two minutes later, Cynthia got a return text.

"Danielle said I should call her now," she said and dialed her number.

"Danielle, I've been talking with my brother and cousin about getting more info about how kids are dealing with the Program in their schools, and my cousin mentioned how in Japan their councils can talk about what happens at their own schools. Couldn't you guys on the council discuss the Program with other student councils?"

"Cindy, yeah, that would be great to do. But at January's council meeting, Davis and Cirota told us that when the Program started at our school, if we were still on the council, there were privacy rules that applied to us and that all council members were absolutely forbidden to discuss Program matters with people from other schools. They told us that the fed Program office had a rule against councils communicating anything about the Program at their schools either officially or unofficially. Everyone was totally annoyed to hear that and after the meeting, some of us were talking about making unofficial contacts with other schools anyway using the council's listserv to get contact info. We figured that no one would find out."

Cynthia remarked, "Sure, that would work, no one needs to know about private contacts."

"Yeah, so that's what we thought too. But one guy, he's the soph rep, said he has a step-sister in LA who told him about a girl in her school who was excused from doing the Program. No one knew how she got out of it and then someone found out that she ratted out some council members who were doing just that—discussing the Program at their schools—and she had exchanged that info for a Program excuse. The kids involved were given extended times in the Program as punishment. So nobody on student councils would be willing to give info now; they'd be afraid of a set-up or being ratted out, I think."

"Oh, well, I suppose you're right. Well, it was a thought. Shit, there must be some way for kids to exchange ideas and suggestions for coping with Program problems," Cynthia mused.

"Well, if you guys can think of something, please let me know," Danielle said. "I'll need every suggestion I can get to keep sane when it's my time in the Program."

"Just refuse to do it, that's how. Okay, thanks, Danielle," Cynthia said. "See ya around school then. Bye."

She looked at the others. "Back to plan 'A' again. I'll try posting on some of those forums. Like fishing, I need to throw out my line and see who bites. Maybe a whale—hope not a shark," she laughed.

"Remember what Michelle said, about hating Mondays?" Roger said, changing the subject. "I kinda feel that way too, now. Strange that I feel like that, even knowing we won't get picked again. Maybe it's because I hate to see *anyone* get picked and have to go through what the kids last week did. And they got away with not having to do *anything* that we heard kids in other schools were forced to do, except just be naked."

"Can't we talk about something else?" Ayame complained. "Hate this talking about being naked. Making me feel nervous, but I can't help getting kind of excited too. I like seeing the naked boys. In Japan, some kids were hooked on *hentai*—you know, that really means 'pervert,' but then it began to be name of any *manga* that showed sex acts. Girls would pass those *manga* booklets around but I thought lots of the pictures were creepy. Now seeing the boys naked is many more fun, but it also makes me embarrassed. Maybe because I like looking. Oh, I don't like this at all!"

"I guess what's happened with our society is like Miss Mason said," Cynthia mused. "Nudity and sex are being put together. That's what the Program does, anyway, so high school kids from now on will believe that if someone is naked, they're looking to have sex. Next year when they make the locker room co-ed, they probably will expect orgies to happen there. Ugh. Glad I'll be gone," she sighed.

Roger moved to sit next to Ayame. "Let me cheer you up, sweetie. I think you need a kiss. All that talking about being naked is getting to me, too, but not in ways my parents would think are respectable," he joked.

Ayame pouted. "But the school officials think what you have there is perfectly respectable," indicating Roger's crotch, which sported a noticeable bulge.

"Eeeuw," Cynthia smirked. "I'm gonna leave you two lovebirds. Don't get too friendly, now."

She closed the computer and left the room as Roger and Ayame melted together in a kiss. Ayame tentatively put her hand in Roger's lap.

"It's okay, darling, you can touch me there," Roger breathed.

Ayame shyly felt the outline of Roger's erection through his shorts.

“I used to feel you there when we were kids and we wrestled,” Ayame whispered. “Your thing got hard then too and I always wondered how that worked. I only see little boys’ penises once and not know they could get big like that. And now naked boys in school but those looked soft, not like this. Yours feels so big!”

“Wow, that’s something all boys love to hear, sweetie. How big they are. Ooohhh, that feels so nice; just keep your hand moving like that...”

“You mean rubbing it like this feels nice?” she said as she stroked his member through his shorts.

“Aaaaahhhh, oooohhh yes.... Ahhhh!” Roger exclaimed.

“Oh! What happened—it’s getting wet! Did you... um... did you ejac...”

“Oooohhh, yeah! I came, had an orgasm, squirted, all that. Oh, wow, you’re a doll, sweetie, thank you. That was so good.”

“I’m so glad I made you happy that way. That’s what they want kids to do in school for Relief, right? To *ona*... masturbate?”

“Yeah, but it’s so, so much better when a girl does it, you know. I shudder to think they expect kids to do that in front of a classroom. No way could I do that, though. Ugh, it’s feeling sloppy there and I’m gonna be a gentleman. You don’t want to go any further, right? You want to stop now? I said I’d honor your wishes and not push you into doing something too fast.”

“Yes, Roger, not go fast.”

“Okay, let me get my wet shorts changed. I’ll go in the closet, okay?”

“Okay.”

Roger changed and returned, sitting on the bed with Ayame again. “Well, darling, you’ve seen how a boy gets off now.”

“Is always so quick?” she asked.

“It is if the girl doing it is so gorgeous and desirable,” Roger grinned at her and leaned in for a kiss. “You had me so hot I was on a hair trigger.”

Ayame giggled. “Oh yes, I feel things too, like a tingle or an itch down there. Think I’ve gotten wet,” she whispered and blushed. “Oh, I’m so embarrassed to say that...”

“Oh, don’t be, darling. What you feel is natural and I’m glad because it shows you feel about me the way I feel about you. Tell me, do...”

There was a knock on the door. “Roger?” It was Stuart.

“Yes, Dad? You can come in.”

He opened the door. “Oh, sorry if I...”

"It's okay, Dad, we were just talking. What's up?"

"I forgot to ask earlier. Should I plan on bringing the girls to school next week?"

"Oh, right. Yes, I've got swim practice early again this week. Next week it might be after school but this week it's early again. Thanks for reminding me," Roger replied. "Oh, it's after 10 now; I didn't realize. Gotta get ready for bed 'cause it's another early day tomorrow. 'Night, Dad."

"Goodnight son, Ayame. See you in the morning, honey."

"Goodnight, Uncle Stuart. Goodnight, 彼氏 [*kareshi*]." She kissed Roger and left the room.

Later, Roger lay back in his bed and reflected on the weekend and about the wonderful girl who had become part of his life. As he drifted off to sleep, he realized that his feelings for Ayame must really be love, since he knew that he'd do anything to protect her from harm.

Little did he know how soon those feelings would be tested.

Next: The Program Strikes Back

Monday brings a new crop of Program inductees. The school administration reacts to the developing Program resistance and immediate problems ensue. Roger, Cynthia, and Ayame get sucked into (oops, my bad) a Program demonstration—or do they if it's voluntary? And then things begin to go wrong—big time wrong, and the twins learn just how badly they underestimated the capabilities of the federal Program officials in enforcing the Program.

Chapter 11 - The Program Strikes Back

The Monday early morning swimming practice session was shorter than the previous week's practices; the coach was fairly pleased with the team's performance on Friday so he had the team doing straight laps, skipping the drills.

"I want you to work on endurance today," he told the team, "so stick with one stroke and do ten laps; then go to your next stroke. We'll do an hour of laps today. Later in the week we'll need to work on our early start problem," he told them.

After practice, Roger dressed and soon found Ayame near her locker talking to Michelle. He greeted her with a kiss.

"Where's Cindy?" he asked.

"She's with some friends; they're planning surprise birthday party for someone."

"Well, sweetie, your second week here begins. I wonder what surprises it'll bring." Roger said.

Just then, they saw Cirota walk past the adjacent corridor.

"Well, that's the first surprise—I wonder how he got out," Roger mused. "Well, time to get to home room."

Cynthia came rushing up to them.

"Guess what I heard. Cirota's back."

"Yeah, we saw him going down the hall over there a few minutes ago," Roger replied. "Wonder how he got out."

"That's what I heard about, him getting out. They couldn't keep him long because he didn't give instructions directly to the rent-a-cops—he told their agency what he wanted in general terms—that means he couldn't be charged with telling those guards to do anything illegal. So they had to let him go."

"Too bad..."

The bell rang to start the day as the teacher came into the room. She was holding a memo and reading it. Then the PA speakers came on.

"Good morning, students and staff. This is Mr Davis. Today's announcements are about the upcoming week's activities. Our spring sports schedule includes..."

His announcements continued for several more minutes, then, "The final item is about the Program."

All the fidgeting and murmuring in the classroom instantly ceased; the room became absolutely quiet.

"Since we have a large student population and want to have as many of our seniors to have the benefit of participating in the Program as possible before they finish high school, we've decided that we need to

increase the number of students who will be selected each week. Starting with today's group, we have chosen four students each from the freshman, sophomore, and junior classes, and eighteen seniors. Each week we will select students using this same distribution."

There were gasps from the listening students; the home room class consisted of all seniors.

"The teachers have the lists of students selected to participate this week. When your name is called, please leave your classroom, store your backpacks in your lockers, and come to the conference room. Teachers, you may announce the student names now. Have a good day, everyone."

The teacher began calling names.

"Ayame Asano..."

She screamed and Roger, who was sitting next to her, put his arm around her shoulder and held her.

"No! I'm not!"

"Shhhh. There's a mistake. You stay right here."

Meanwhile the teacher had read five other names.

Roger stood up. "Marine kids, remember! Also, anyone over 18?" Three were. "You guys, you're adults so they can't force you to participate. And the Marine family kids don't have to either. Just stay."

The teacher broke in. "You all have to go. Please follow Mr Davis' directions."

Several of the kids had stood up to go, then looked around and sat down again.

The teacher repeated her request and one of the students replied, "I'm not a Marine kid, but I'm not going to get naked for this crap either! I'm staying!"

"Cyn, stay with Ayame. I'm going to the office to see why she was picked."

Roger stood up, saying, "I need to go to the office." The teacher started to object but he shot her a murderous look. "There's something really wrong if they picked Ayame, and I need to get that fixed right now!"

The teacher motioned Roger to go; he left the classroom and hurried to the office. As he passed the conference room, he saw only five kids walking into it and two more in the hall approaching the room. He stopped the two students before they entered the room.

"You guys okay with doing the Program?"

"No," one said, "but my parents signed me up and said I had to do it."

"Me too," the other said, looking in the room, "but if we're the only ones doing it this week—I see, um, five in there—just seven of us? then I'm not gonna strip. They can punish me all they want."

"Well, good luck, you guys," Roger said and went on into the main office.

“Can I help you?” the secretary said to Roger.

“I hope so. My cousin, Ayame Asano, was selected to be in the Program. She’s an exchange student and not registered to be a graduating student from here; she’s also a Japanese citizen. She shouldn’t be in the Program. I’d like to make sure that she’s not bothered about that again.”

“Okay, yes, I have her folder right here in the selected Program student group. Let’s see—okay, I see that she’s a non-matric. I don’t know why she got onto the Program list. I’ll let Mr Davis and the counselor know about this.”

“Thanks. I’ll tell her not to worry. She’s very nervous, being in a new country and feeling very vulnerable; hearing her name called was a real shock.”

The secretary nodded. “I can imagine. I’ll take care of this.”

On the way back to the classroom, Roger peeked into the conference room. There were eight kids now and Cirota was speaking to them. Davis was also there with two other teachers. None of the kids had disrobed and they were waving their arms and making negative gestures. Roger shrugged to himself and continued back to his room.

When he arrived, Ayame grabbed him.

“Roger, I’m so scared,” she whispered, holding onto his arm tightly.

“I told the office that putting your name on the list was a mistake and to take you off it.”

Cynthia leaned close. “A school security guard came into the room after you left and announced that the students who had been called had to obey and go to the conference room. Everyone refused to go, so the guard left.”

Roger replied, “I saw just eight students in the conference room out of the thirty who were supposed to be called. I don’t know if all of them will resist, but they seemed to be arguing with Cirota. We’ll see. If they do get naked, I hope that they’ll get the help that the first group got,” he concluded.

“We’ll need to watch out for Ayame now, too. I wonder how she got on the list, unless she was deliberately added,” Cynthia mused.

Roger looked at her thoughtfully. “Yeah, that’s what I thought when her name was read. Maybe she was picked to retaliate against us somehow? Cause we refused? Could be.” Then to Ayame, “Sweetie, please keep your little phone with you when we’re not around. Not in your pack, but on its neck chain. And don’t go anywhere alone, okay?”

“Yes, Roger,” she whispered.

“I’m gonna text Dad and tell him that they seem to be targeting Ayame. Maybe he can do something,” Cynthia said suddenly. “Maybe with her status here, the base can warn the school not to mess with her.”

Then the PA system came to life again.

“Your attention, please. A number of students who were called to begin their week of Program participation did not report to the starting meeting. This lack of obedience will not be tolerated and we will locate each student involved. Each will have to serve an additional day in the Program as a punishment, unless you come to the office before the end of home room period to begin your participation. You have ten minutes to comply. That’s all, thank you.”

“Wow,” Roger said, “I guess they’re not using force this time. Maybe it’ll be just threats of additional time.”

Suddenly they heard a crashing sound from outside the classroom and a lot of yelling. Roger leaped out of his seat and rushed to the door. He was out of the room even before the teacher could react to call out, “Stay in your seats!”

Roger saw kids pouring out of the classroom on the opposite side of the corridor.

“It’s a riot in there!” a girl yelled as she ran out.

“What happened?” Roger called. “What’s going on?”

“Three teachers came in to get some kids who were called for the Program but didn’t go. One teacher took a boy’s arm, it looked like to turn him around to face him, but he pulled away and shoved his desk into the teacher. Then a bunch of other guys tackled the three of them and there’s a fight in there now,” another student exclaimed.

Roger called to some of the students who were milling around the doorway, “Everyone! Guys! Let’s get in there and break up the fight before someone gets hurt! No one needs to get hurt over this! Let’s go!” and he rushed in, followed by a few other students.

He saw three piles of people, each one atop a struggling man, and arms and legs were flailing wildly.

“Okay, EVERYONE *STAND DOWN*,” Roger commanded. “Let them go! NOW!” He pulled a kid off the nearest teacher. “You made your point! Now let them up!”

The other students who had come into the room were also helping to pull kids away and most of them willingly allowed themselves to be pulled up. After a minute, relative calm was restored in the room. The teachers who had been attacked rose slowly to their feet.

“Thanks, kid,” one muttered to Roger as he limped out of the room.

“Everyone, listen to me,” Roger called to the kids still in the room. “My sister and I were responsible for the first Program resistance, but we tried not to hurt anyone. If you hurt someone, you can get into real bad trouble. If you have to defend yourselves, do it, but try to use the least possible force. The best way is to just walk away from someone who’s trying to hold onto you. If enough kids resist by simply refusing, there aren’t enough of them to force anybody, okay?” Just then the bell rang. “Hey, remember, if they come for you again, just walk away,” he called as the group began to scatter.

Then he noticed the classroom teacher; she was still huddled in a far corner of the room. Roger went over to her.

“Are you okay, ma’am?” he asked.

“Now I am. You’re Roger Denison, right? Thank you for stopping that... fight... riot, really. They were so angry! I was afraid that if another teacher came in, especially another man, they would have attacked him too. I can’t believe how angry everyone has become about this. Nothing like this has happened in other schools that I know about. Anyway, thanks again. I don’t know what we teachers are supposed to do now...” she trailed off.

“You can make the students feel lots better if you sympathize with them. Don’t push or force any Program stuff on them. We hate the coercion of the Program, especially its nonconsensual parts. That must be where the anger comes from. They’re angry at an idea so they take it out on the people who support the idea, I guess. Let the other teachers know and maybe tempers will cool down. I sure hope so.”

He hurried out of the room and ran into Ayame, who was waiting outside holding his backpack.

“Cindy saw what you did and talking to home room teacher. Telling teacher so you won’t get into trouble,” she told him.

Then Cynthia appeared. “Okay, she’s cool. I told her you broke up that fight; you didn’t go to join in.”

“Thanks, big sis. Once again you rescued me.”

“I’m not gonna make it a habit, now, stud. Just so you know,” she grinned. “I was gonna help you but when I got there, you had it under control.”

“Yeah, I felt responsible. We started it, you know. And I tried using Dad’s ‘command voice.’ His parade ground voice, you know? That was awesome—it worked when I did it! Everyone stopped. So cool.”

“Okay, sarge, at ease,” Cynthia joked. “Class time now.”

And they went off to their next class.

The halls were a maelstrom of bodies. Last week, the kids had organized themselves into groups escorting the Program students so the masses of students moving through the halls was more orderly.

“I don’t see any Program kids. Do you think they all are resisting?” Cynthia wondered.

After they arrived in Anatomy, got seated, and the bell rang, the teacher looked around.

“We’re supposed to have three Program students. Oh, there are two of you, Rachel and Ayame; you’re both dressed!”

Ayame jerked nervously.

He went on, “Where’s Elliott Anderson?”

He wasn’t in the room.

Rachel said, “I’m not participating in the Program. That’s why I’m dressed. Like the Denisons did last week. I don’t intend to take part in any classroom demos, too, sir. I’m not sure about Elliott since I didn’t see him in my home room either. Maybe he’s absent today.”

The teacher looked at Ayame. “And you...?”

She shook her head violently and looked down.

“Putting Ayame in the Program was a mistake,” Roger spoke up. “She’s in classes here but isn’t actually enrolled. The office should be correcting the error.”

“Well, she’s on the list...”

“Sir, list or not, Ayame isn’t participating, okay?” he retorted.

“Well, then. I wish that they’d get this squared away,” the teacher muttered. “All right then. We’re mostly finished with the skeletal system; today we’ll discuss articulation and then we’ll move to the muscles, tendons, and ligaments, those are the structures that tie all the bones together and allow them to move...”

When class ended, Ayame came to Roger and clung on his arm in fear.

“I’m scared to be by myself in Civics. What if someone comes for me?” Ayame asked.

Roger put his arm around her shoulders. “Let me go there with you and speak to your friend—Michelle, right? And keep your phone ready to call me if something happens. It’s not likely for anything to happen in Civics, but keep ready.”

Roger asked Michelle to take care of Ayame and to text him or call him if Ayame needed help. Then he dashed to Economics. After class was over, the twins ran to Ayame’s classroom to bring her to gym.

“Everything okay, honey?” Roger asked Ayame when they saw her.

“Yes, nothing happened.”

“That’s great. We still haven’t seen any Program participants. I wonder what’s happening with them? Oh yeah—the locker rooms now. Let’s see how that’s working this week.”

When they got to the locker rooms, they found confusion reigning. There were several teachers outside the rooms trying to direct the boys into the boys’ room and the girls into the girls’. And there were some students trying to get the kids to go into the opposite sexes’ rooms too. What actually happened was amusing; the students were intent on keeping the same arrangements as the prior week, so whatever room they entered, if it was a same-sex room, they slipped out into the gym and back into the opposite sex’s room. There were kids slipping past each other smiling and high-fiving each other as they thwarted the teachers’ efforts in the hall.

Roger changed and went to the pool to get some laps in and that’s when he learned that two of his team members were in the Program. It appeared that both had agreed to participate; Tom and Jessica were standing naked on the deck talking to the coach.

Both looked incredibly awkward and uncomfortable. The coach was looking very unhappy.

“I can’t have you naked for our meet. All of your body dynamics will be different if you’re not wearing competition swimsuits, you know. Do you have your suits with you? Okay, let’s try this. Give me your best racing dive and 50 meters of freestyle. Try for your Friday match times or better.”

Roger watched as they got on the blocks and the coach shouted, “Set! Go!”

The two arched into the water and immediately Roger saw something was wrong; both swimmers, instead of stretching into long, swift strokes, curled their bodies and took several crab-like strokes before they recovered and began a regular crawl. At the far end he noticed that they both completed an awkward turn and then swam back. When they reached the wall they stopped and looked up at the coach, who was shaking his head.

“Five-six seconds off your times,” he called. “What happened?”

Jessica called back, “It hurt on my dive! And my breasts were in the way of my arms. I couldn’t get my side-to-side rolling rhythm for breathing and my flip turn timing was off too. And I felt a real drag from my chest, slowing me down. I can’t swim this way, coach.”

“Me too,” Tom called. “That dive was bad—like getting kicked in the nuts—it knocked my wind out. Still hurts, too. And I felt a drag and my thighs were rubbing my balls when I kicked. That slowed me too.”

“Okay, then, that’s it. Get your suits on. You’re swimming with suits. I’m not going to lose a match—any matches—if my team is disadvantaged by not wearing competition suits.”

When the two came out in their suits, they tried the laps again and this time closely matched their Friday times, so the coach went on with the practice session. About twenty minutes into the practice, Cirota came into the pool.

“There are supposed to be two Program students here,” he said, looking around.

“There are. They’re wearing the proper competition suits, though.” Jerter responded.

“But that’s a violation! They have to be naked now and to compete too!”

“Not on this school’s team. I’m not throwing any match or the school’s title because of your damned Program. Not wearing proper suits is a tremendous handicap for a swimmer.”

“Your swimmers will not pass their Program week then. They will need to repeat it next...”

“Same thing happens next week, and every subsequent week too,” he interrupted. “They swim with competition suits. Period.”

Cirota angrily stormed out of the pool room.

Roger walked over to where the coach was standing, staring at the door through which Cirota had just used, and shaking his head.

“Coach, a suggestion. Use the Program rules to support your decision; they’ll have to agree if it’s in those rules. Just define a competition swimsuit as ‘protective equipment.’ It actually *is* protective, so they can’t argue or punish the students either.”

“Hey, thanks. That’s a great idea, Roger.”

In the gym Cynthia witnessed a similar scene. A girl had appeared naked but wearing a sports bra. When the teacher asked her to remove it, she refused.

“I’m being forced to do the Program, but I won’t be forced to let myself be injured. I’ll take the bra off only if I can do things that won’t make these bounce,” indicating her D-cup breasts. “I need the support and I won’t do anything that injures them. Since we’re doing volleyball, I’m wearing the bra.”

The teacher relented but only after a number of very angry girls began to surround her.

“Let her be. We’ll just wait here while you decide,” one girl challenged.

“Ok then, I guess we’ll allow it. Keep the bra. Just go join the activity,” she said, waving her hand at the court.

During the games, which the girls did with no enthusiasm whatsoever, Cynthia had the chance to ask the Program girl about the week’s participating group.

“Yeah, I’m Mary and you’re Cindy, right? Well, there were supposed to be thirty. I only know of maybe eight kids. None of them from Marine families, I’m quite sure. I had to participate because my parents agreed. I think that’s true with the others that I know but I don’t know if any were actually forced to participate since they weren’t in the conference room at the start. I hate it and I hate how this is putting me on display.”

“Are you being shielded like they were doing last week?” Cynthia asked her.

“Yeah, that’s a bright spot—the only one. And I’m thinking about refusing to cooperate with doing anything in classes that would be humiliating, too—and I don’t care what the teachers or my parents say, either!”

Cynthia had been noticing how quiet Ayame had been since home room.

“Ayame,” she said when they had a few minutes to catch their breath, “are you doing all right? You’ve been more quiet than usual.”

“Yes, but think I still feel a little in shock. Hear what the others say about being naked and can’t help but get upset all over again, though. Was going to try to take a shower in the locker room and now don’t think I can, I’m sorry.”

“Oh, honey, don’t be sorry. Just take it at your own speed. There’s no rush. Just get used to the idea that your body looks just fine, nothing to be embarrassed about.”

Chapter 12

After gym, the three teens found each other and began to compare notes about what they had learned. Neither Cynthia nor Ayame had showered; they said that their volleyball exercise had been so perfunctory that neither had broken a sweat, despite how hard the teacher had tried to push them.

“Say, did you hear anything about cameras in the locker room?” Roger asked. “No one said anything about them getting replaced.”

“No,” Cynthia said. “I saw the broken ones were still there.”

Then a group of kids passed going in the opposite direction, escorting a Program student, but they couldn’t see who it was.

“So you heard there were only eight?” Roger asked. “No wonder we didn’t see anyone before this. Since we have about 2000 kids here, eight is such a tiny number.”

“And about 500 seniors. Davis said they were taking eighteen of them a week. They’ll never get to select all of them, you know. There’s what—fifteen weeks left before graduation, less a break week. That means only a bit more than half can get picked,” Cynthia said.

Roger was thinking. “Also, you know, something like a third of the senior class must have turned 18 between last September and November and most of us will turn 18 during our senior year. I think maybe three-quarters of the seniors must be 18 by now,” he said. “If that’s right, then fourteen of the eighteen seniors they picked today will be older than 18,” he laughed. “None of them can be compelled to participate.”

The bell rang to start the period and they sat down.

“Yeah,” Cynthia agreed in a whisper. “I’m gonna text that to my friends. Even if their parents signed them up, when they’re 18 they can revoke their parents’ permission, I’d think. And the Supreme Court ruling about minors would no longer apply.”

They turned their attention to the teacher who was beginning the class.

After class, as they walked to lunch, Cynthia suddenly spoke. “Hey, I just thought of this. Ayame, you didn’t have a Program person in Civics, right?”

“No. I’m happy for that, too.”

“And in Anatomy there was that one girl who refused and Mary in gym; you had two in swimming. I forgot to ask Mary if any of her teachers asked about Relief. Let’s see if there’s anyone in the Program in the lunchroom we can talk to,” Cynthia concluded.

They found two friends of Roger’s and Ayame saw Devin on the lunch line, but no naked kids, so the six found a vacant table in one corner. After a few minutes, Roger felt someone tap him on the shoulder and he turned around. There were three naked girls holding trays standing there.

“Roger and Cindy, right?” one girl said. “Could we please sit with you guys? I want to talk to you if it’s okay.”

The group at the table shuffled themselves around to make room.

“I remembered that you were in this lunch,” the girl said. “Last week I saw you guys sitting with the other Program kids and you were very nice to them. We’re all upset about this and don’t know how we’ll get through the week. You’re Marine family kids, right? I wish my parents would have fought to keep me out of the Program,” she said. “Oh, my name is Robin. I’m a senior.”

“Hi, Robin,” Cynthia said. “Roger and I were talking—we were wondering in classes whether the teachers asked you about Relief at the beginning.”

“Ugh. Yes, but like I would really do that?” Robin said. “Sue, did your teachers ask?”

“Yeah, they did. I’m Susan, everyone. Also a senior. There was a Program boy in one class and he had a hardon but refused Relief too. Hell, he was soooo embarrassed! Andy, were you asked?”

“Yeah, I was. What a turn-off. Not only do we have to display our bodies, they want us to display solo sex acts? This Program shit is the best anti-arousal experience I could possibly imagine, and I can’t wait till it’s over. A whole week!” she groaned.

“Say, you’re a senior... are you 18 yet?” Cynthia asked.

“Yes, my birthday was in January.”

“So you know you can’t be forced to be naked? You’re an adult now and your privacy is guaranteed by the Constitution,” Cynthia continued. “Even if your parents agreed, it’s up to you now.”

“Oh, wow, I never thought of that!” she exclaimed.

“Neither did I,” both of the other two girls chorused. “I was 18 in November,” said Robin.

“I was 18 last September,” Susan said.

“What do you want to do, girls?” Robin asked. “You want to get dressed?”

“YES!” one exclaimed and the other said, “Me too, but our clothes were taken away until after school...”

Roger said, “Let’s see if we can help. Hey guys, do you have any extra clothes these gorgeous chicks can borrow? I hate to see you gals cover your beautiful bodies, but I’m a gentleman and I’m trying not to stare—too much, anyway.”

Susan giggled, “You’re sweet. I feel so exposed, though. My boyfriend’s been trying to get me to go to the nude beach. I refused, and then this happened. Life is so unfair.”

Meanwhile, Roger’s friends had pulled several tee shirts out of their backpacks. “These two are clean,” one of the boys said.

“I have a clean extra, too,” the other one said.

Then another said, “Hey, I have some gym shorts in my locker but they might be big for you.”

Susan said she had some safety pins, so he ran out to fetch the shorts.

Then Cynthia said, “If you don’t mind wearing my gym shorts—Ayame, yours too—we had a real easy gym period so they’re still clean, you can take them.”

Between the whole group, the girls were able to get tops and shorts to wear for the rest of the day. The clothing was handed over and the girls quickly slipped the garments on. Someone must have noticed what was happening at their table because less than ten minutes later an angry Cirota appeared at the lunchroom door, looking around the room.

His eyes lit on the Denisons and he stormed over to their table.

“I heard a rumor that some Program students were getting dressed. Yes! You were in the morning group. And you!” He pointed to two of the girls. “You’re in violation of the Program rules, young ladies. Get those clothes off, and you’re punished by having an extra day added to your week.”

Susan retorted, “No sir, I’m 18 years old and remembered that as an adult, I can’t be forced to be in the Program, no matter what permission my parents gave nor what that law says. Also, if you touch me, I’ll charge you with assault. You can’t physically touch an adult without their permission.”

Robin added, “I’m an adult too, and so is Andy. We’re not in your Program any more.”

“You just can’t leave it,” he cried. “You have to complete it. You won’t graduate.”

“Like I care about that,” Andy said. “When school’s over, I’m spending a year in Europe and thinking of going to university there. I speak German and want to study international relations.”

Susan put in, “I’ve been accepted in college already. You don’t know where, either, and you can’t stop me from going.”

Cirota was beet red by now. He turned to look at Roger.

“Denison, this is all your doing. And your MPs arresting me, and your interfering with the Program on the swim team, and fighting me last Monday. Oh, your little cousin here, you also thought that she’s exempt from the Program. Well, I took care of that, and we’ll make sure she participates too,” he growled.

Ayame covered her face with her hands as Roger instantly leapt to his feet and grabbed Cirota in a judo hold.

“You deliberately added her name to the list, didn’t you?” Roger snarled. “The selection is supposed to be random, but you used your position to subvert the rules. Listen to me. If anything happens to any of the kids in the Program, Ayame included, you’re a marked man. If I get to you first, I’ll castrate you personally, got that? But I’d have to get on line behind a lot of actual Marines who will hurt you even worse. Now go crawl back under the rock you came from, you hear? Get outta here!”

Roger pushed him away and glared at him. “I’m waiting...”

“You’ll be punished too. You think you’re so important, an international judo champion. You’re no match for the power of the federal government,” Cirota spat. He turned and left.

“Guys, I’m not dropping this. He’s a loose cannon,” Roger exclaimed to the others. “I’m happy that you girls decided to resist the Program; that takes a different kind of bravery than the kind you showed when you first got naked in public. That took a huge amount of courage, you know. Maybe more than I have, I think. So never forget how you made yourselves do that, you hear? What you’re doing now, resisting, shows that you care for your honor and morals as highly as your sense of obedience. And following your sense of honor will never lead you astray. That’s what my dad always says.”

The three girls just grabbed Roger and hugged him, thanking him and telling him how much he had helped them in making their decision.

Roger said, “I’m going to see Davis about Ayame’s being on the Program list now. Cyn, if I don’t show up in about a half hour, contact Dad and tell him what happened, okay? See you later,” and he strode out of the room.

Roger got to the office and asked to see Davis; the secretary told him that he wasn’t in his office just then.

“Then please contact him; this is urgent.”

Several minutes later Davis came in. “Oh, Denison. Are you the urgent call?”

“Yes sir. Have you spoken to Mr Cirota in the last fifteen minutes?”

“No... I take it you have a Program problem, then.”

“No sir, not me. You do. Can we go into your office, please?”

When they got into the office, Davis sat down and Roger took a seat too. Davis told him to continue.

“Cirota came into...”

“Mister Cirota.”

“Sir, the man lost the right to be referred to using that title. I will give respect to those who respect me. He came into the lunchroom, why doesn’t really matter, and began talking to me. He told me that he holds me responsible for his arrest last week, for the students’ resisting cooperating with the Program, with my interfering with the Program in the swim team, and with my own resisting too. Of course I accept full responsibility for my own resisting, obviously, but you know from our conversation last week about the general resistance among the students. And he brought on his own arrest by making that incredibly stupid decision to bring in his own police force.

“Then he admitted, with witnesses present, that he personally added my Japanese cousin to this week’s Program list. You had assured the student body that the selections were made entirely randomly, yet this so-called official said he’s adding names himself and added Ayame’s to it in his own personal vendetta to try to punish me in some way. You know that Ayame isn’t a... um, she’s not registered to graduate? Matric something...”

“Matriculated. Go on...”

"Okay. She isn't really a student here and she's also a Japanese citizen. So she's not really a student; you can't withhold graduation since she's already graduated high school, so why was she put into the Program? Was she on the list of students who could be selected, even?"

"No, and my assistant told me about her this morning, but I didn't get a chance to check further. You're right, she shouldn't be on the list of students that the selection program uses."

"That's why I wanted to see you, sir. That man is dangerous and has already precipitated two riots here."

"Oh yes, this morning's incident. I've heard from several teachers how you broke that up. You've got several grateful teachers for that. I'm not sure of what to make of you, young man. You're so opposed to the Program yet you come to the rescue of teachers who are trying to enforce the rules."

"Sir, this may sound trite, even self-serving, but I'm not being deliberately oppositional. I try to do what I've been told is right, and the kids who went after those teachers weren't right so I had to stop them, but man, were those kids so angry! Something about the Program here has caused such intense anger—oh, hell, yes—*that's* what it's about! You know, I think it's about fairness! That must be it. Suddenly there are two new groups, like class differences, created in the school. The privileged and underprivileged. The kids from the Marine families who seem to be exempt from participating and all the rest who don't have that protection. Isn't that what triggered the French Revolution? A class divide? Maybe even the Spanish Civil War and all its atrocities too? Sir, if this is true, you've got a terrible problem. It's a tinderbox and I think that Cirota's lit the fuse."

"Those are some serious charges, uh, Roger. I don't know how to react, but I do feel the tension in the school and it's affecting the staff too."

"Also me in a way I don't like. When Cirota threatened Ayame, I'm afraid that I overreacted, grabbed him, and actually threatened to cut off his balls if he hurt her. I've never lost my temper like that before and I'm ashamed that I did it. For that I apologize, but to you, not to him. He doesn't deserve any apology. The man has no honor."

Davis shook his head. "No comment about that. Roger, I need to ask you about the swim team. Mr Cirota told me that the Program students on the team won't compete naked. I was going to ask the coach; perhaps you can tell me what happened."

"Yes, sir. You know we have a good chance to repeat as State champions, right? Well, Coach saw two of our team members naked and flipped. We have a tough opponent on Friday and we need to practice hard this week to be up for them. If we lose against them, our chances to repeat would be so much tougher. If we had any more swimmers put in the Program after this week, we'd have zero chance.

"The problem is in swimming, streamlining the body is key. A naked swimmer has parts that stick out, okay? That causes drag, big time; it also causes balance and stroke rhythm problems. Drag is a big deal. Do you know that we guys shave off all of our body hair? We even trim or shave off our pubic hair, girls too, because too much hair at the groin pushes the suit out and that also causes drag. So Coach timed the two swimmers, first naked and then suited. There was almost a six second difference! In comparison, races are won by half-seconds, tenths of seconds, less even. And I won't even mention what happens to a boy's or girl's body in a naked racing dive, okay? And don't get me started about our divers."

Davis winced. “Yes, I see. I didn’t realize. They said—the feds did, anyway—that doing sports naked was no different than clothed and pointed to the original Greek games and olympics.”

“Just shows what they know. I guess they never consulted with a coach, trainer, or sports doc. The Greek sports were nothing like today’s. And swimming was never an ancient sport either; there’s art which shows wrestling, running, javelin, discus—all military skills. Boxing, yeah, chariot racing too—never swimming. Also the competitions only included men. And with swimming, women have a special problem; they have that upper-body anatomy issue. And did they tell you that the ancient Greek athletes tied their penises up for some of their games? You can see that on some artwork. I read that historians figure it was done for protection. I learned about that stuff in school in Japan, where they teach about sports as academic subjects. Thanks for listening to me, sir. I guess I should get back to classes again.”

“All right, Roger. I’ll look into the problem with Miss... ah, Asano.”

“Thank you.”

The bell had rung as Roger was finishing his conversation, so he hurried to get to class and arrived with two minutes to spare. Ayame hurried to him.

“Sweetie, Davis said you aren’t supposed to be in the Program.” She sighed and hugged him. “It looks like he’s gonna see how your name got on the list and I hope he sticks it good to Cirota for that.”

“Rog, those girls are just in love with you,” Cynthia said. “They sent their thanks and they’ll return the borrowed clothes tomorrow. I also texted Dad about Ayame and he sent back to watch out for her.”

Their English class was uneventful and during their walk to Psychology, they didn’t see any Program students.

“I think the week’s down to just five participating now,” Cynthia chuckled. “You think we can come up with anything to lower that number even more?”

“You’re the brains of this here outfit,” Roger grinned. “Let’s see if you come up with something.”

Their psychology class also didn’t have any Program students, either naked or resisting, and soon the class was over.

“Say, let’s go to the main doors and see just how many kids are left, okay?” Cynthia said as they left the classroom.

They rushed to the entrance and saw just four students getting dressed, protected by a small cordon of determined-looking students. The twins walked closer, trailed by a very hesitant Ayame.

“Oh, look, it’s the twins!” one girl called out. “Hey guys, please come over here.”

They walked over to the group getting dressed.

“Hi again, Cindy. We’re the lonely remnant of this week’s Program group,” she continued. “I’m Mary,” she said to Roger and Ayame.

“Hi, Mary. And hey, Tom, Jessica. Still hangin’ in?” Roger asked.

“Yeah, still here,” Jessica scowled.

“So there’s only four of you left?” Roger continued.

“Well,” Mary said, “there were three senior girls who were in it but before you got here, they came out dressed and got their clothes. They said they were 18 and were quitting the Program. There was a whole bunch that never came to the conference room in the first place. Mike, there, was pulled out of his classroom.”

“Yeah,” Mike said, “I chickened out of resisting. I’m a frosh and decided I didn’t want this hangin’ over me for three more years. But I’m not doin’ anything humiliating either.”

“I’m Tom, and a senior,” he said to Cynthia. He was dressed now. “Roger knows me from swim team and I’ve seen you cheering for us at all our meets. My folks and I are nudists—naturists, so being naked in public is no big deal. It’s weird, though, being naked when everyone else is clothed. And I don’t do the masturbating crap—but I sprang a boner in class today and that was awful. It happens in nudist resorts, especially to us teens, but we carry towels around to sit on and use them if we feel an erection coming. It’s considered very rude to be seen walking around with a boner. You can get ejected from our resort for that.”

Roger asked, “What will you do if they want to use you for a demo?”

“I hope I won’t get asked. I don’t have bio, health, art, or some other class where displaying the body seems to be the object. I’ll be in a suit for swimming, but I don’t plan to go to my after-school computer club this week. So I’ll probably be cool. I’m glad for the escorts so the Reasonable Requests shouldn’t be a problem.”

Jessica had finished dressing now and came over to Cynthia. “Hi, Cindy. I’m Jessica and a soph; on the swim team too. I’ve seen you in the stands at our meets; it’s nice finally meeting you. You did so much for us by resisting. I don’t know what I’ll do this week because, well, I’m allergic to the Shot. And Cindy, I don’t know if you know how a girl feels before her monthlies, but mine is going to start tonight or tomorrow. And I can’t use a tampon, because, well, you can figure out the reason. So I need to wear a pad. I’ll be soooo embarrassed! No one should have to go through that embarrassment.”

Cynthia thought a few seconds. “Well, wear shorts too, and tell anyone who asks that your flow is large and unpredictable. Use the biggest pads too. I think you should be able to get away with that. You can stretch it out for four days, right?”

Jessica grinned at the thought. “Yeah, and that gives me some ideas about other stuff, too. Thanks, that was a great idea! I’ll need to figure out what to do for the pool, though.”

Mary had a hopeful look. “I’m a soph too and can’t get out of this. Do you have any suggestions about making things any easier?”

Cynthia asked her, “What are your biggest concerns?”

“Well, of course I hate the exposure but there’s thousands of kids who get through that, since the Program is all over the country.”

“You’re doing way better than I could do myself, Mary,” Cynthia said. “I freaked out when I heard that I was supposed to strip. I couldn’t do that at all.”

“Well, you didn’t have to.”

“Actually that wasn’t so clear last week, since Davis told us then that participating had been made mandatory. So I think you’re really brave for doing it,” Cynthia responded.

“Whatever. I’m most afraid of the classroom demonstrations. I don’t want anything stuck inside me and don’t even want anyone touching me either. Why would someone need to see a teenager getting sexually stimulated? Anyone can get whatever kinds of porn they ever want to see on line,” Mary said bitterly.

“Tell the kids in your classes, those who help shield you in the halls, that you want protection in the classroom too. Last week we heard that many kids did great breaking up the demos. If you need to refuse something that’s too humiliating, just do it. And you can refuse all forms of penetration always, even your own fingers if you’re asked to do that. That’s in the rule book. No penetration.” Cynthia finished.

Roger mused, “I’m still wondering why no one has started a website to share advice like this on surviving the Program. Surely there’d be great interest—and on social sites too. Why haven’t we heard about any?”

Tom laughed. “That was a topic that was discussed over the holidays at the resort I went to with my family. Do you know that whenever someone tries to start a site, the feds get it shut down within a few days? They don’t want anyone sharing information. One of the college kids that was there said that they started the Program when he was a senior last year and he tried to get info about how kids were dealing with it from the web. He found a few sites but they went off-line almost immediately; then he heard that the feds were even shutting down sites that were on web servers in Europe. Looks like the U.S. has agreements with foreign governments so they can get to control the foreign operators too. He knew about someone who posts text messages and other social media messages that he sees about the Program on ‘Facepage’ and the feds keep trying to shut that down too but that guy’s page keeps popping up under different user names. But that’s not a good source of information.”

“Goes to show you—the Program is just plain evil,” Jessica said.

After exchanging their cell numbers, the twins told the four kids that they could contact them at any time for help if they needed it; then they parted.

“Sweetie, Cindy and I are going to the dojo, remember?” Roger reminded her. “You want to go home, hang out at the gym, or shop?”

“I think shop,” she said. “I saw some stores I want to look in.”

“Okay, we’ll find you with that app we used at the music festival when we’re ready to get you,” he said. “How ‘bout you ride in the front with me?”

They got in the car and set off.

Cynthia reached forward to her cousin, reaching over the seat, and touched her shoulder. “Ayame, you’ve really been quiet today. I know it was a shock for you this morning. Are you feeling any better yet?”

“Yes, I’m a little tired, I think. Every time someone mentioned that I should be in the Program it gave me a little shock, too. Why do you think I’m so sensitive to just *hearing* that?”

“I have an idea why, sweetie,” Roger said, patting her arm. “We were talking about this on Saturday after the pool. Remember in Japan about the *onsen*? You said you didn’t like them even though you would be bathing only with girls. You said that was because of your sensitivity about your scars.”

“Yes, that’s so.”

“I think that your getting a shock is almost like a reflex reaction, now. It’s a response you learned. So now you hear ‘Program’—that means ‘naked,’ then the Japanese 裸 [*hadaka*: naked] or 全裸 [*zenra*: completely naked] or even 丸裸 [*maruhadaka*: utterly stark-naked] pop into your head, then you remember the teasing and humiliation you suffered, and that makes you withdraw in shame. And shame is a terrible thing in Japanese culture. And each time you hear it, it builds more. You need to get more confident about yourself; you have a very pretty body, but these shocks aren’t helping you at all,” Roger explained. “Does that make sense, sweetie?”

“I think maybe so. Does a lot of shock make it get better? The book said the exposures help.”

“I wish I knew. I don’t think that’s the kind of exposures the book meant. Maybe we can ask our psych teacher tomorrow. I think that there are probably good ways of shocking and bad ways too. I think the shocks you are getting are bad because you’re more withdrawn now than you were this morning before this started. Do you feel different?”

“Oh, I don’t know! I’m... it’s like... maybe a big weight? Like I’m pushed on. It’s hard concentrating.”

“Cyn, doesn’t that sound like what one of those Program kids said last week? Wasn’t it anxiety her mother said she was getting?” Roger asked, really concerned now.

“Maybe. Let’s just chill tonight, listen to some music and maybe relax a little. See if it helps,” Cynthia suggested.

“I have another question,” Ayame said uncertainly. “The girl on Roger’s team...”

“Jessica.”

“Yes. She mentioned shot. That’s birth-control shot?”

“Yes, and it also prevents sexually transmitted diseases, too.”

“Well, if she can’t use a tampon, but she would take the Shot, doesn’t that mean she’s... uh... active? Doing sex with a boy? I don’t understand.”

“Oh, right. Part of the Program is that high school teens have to get the Shot now because when they’re in the Program, many do wind up having sexual intercourse. No one wants them to get pregnant. But some people are allergic to the Shot and many of them won’t take the birth-control pill because it affects hormonal balance much more than the Shot. And I haven’t had it either,” Cynthia explained.

“Oh, everything gets so complicated,” Ayame groaned.

“So you haven’t had the Shot too?”

“No, only girls who were active with boys wanted it. So I haven’t had it.”

“Here’s the shops. Drop you here, okay? We’ll find you later, honey,” Roger said.

Chapter 13

When the twins' dad arrived home for dinner, he had news for the family.

"I heard I'll be getting orders soon. I heard that General Markus recommended me to be lateraled to sergeant major and assigned as the chief NCO at Camp Lejeune. It's an honor to be selected for such a major leadership post."

"Lateraled?" Ayame questioned.

"Yes, dear. Not an actual promotion because I'm already at the top enlisted pay grade in the Corps. But my rank now is a kind of staff rank, not a command rank. The change to sergeant major is to a command position."

Sarah asked, "When do you think the orders will come down?"

"I heard I'll probably need to report in mid-June or July. Say, you know, Lejeune is in North Carolina and not at all that far from Atlanta. I'll probably be assigned there for a couple of years and maybe I'll retire from there, unless I get selected as the sergeant major of the Marine Corps. That's really so unlikely," he laughed. "I haven't served with the right people and right units to get picked for that post. Anyway, I'll have 25 years in the Corps next year."

"That's a wonderful honor for you, dear," Sarah said, hugging him. "I hope this'll be your last tour. I'm looking forward to settling down."

"Yes, I know, honey. I know all that moving's been hard on our family. Say, I almost forgot. What's this problem with Ayame's name being included in the Program group?"

"Yeah, Dad," Cynthia said, "Cirota added her name. He told Rog that it was to get back at him."

"Davis told me that Ayame's name wasn't in the random selection list, Dad," Roger said. "Cirota is doing a lot of stuff that the school doesn't know about, too."

"They couldn't keep holding him in the brig, anyway, so just try to avoid him," their dad said.

"Yeah, I know. But now I'm really worried about his threatening her, because, um, just a sec, okay?"

He leaned over to Ayame. "Ayame, I'm going to tell Mom and Dad about us," Roger whispered to her. She nodded.

"Mom, Dad, I want to tell you that I've asked Ayame to be my girlfriend. I've had really strong feelings for her forever and she likes me too. Since she's not a blood cousin, I hope you're both okay with it if we date each other."

Sgt Denison broke out in a big grin and Sarah exclaimed, "Of course we have no problem with your dating! I've seen how Roger looks at you, Ayame. I'm delighted for the two of you. Just how serious are you two about each other? You haven't..."

“Um, Mom, please don’t get too personal. I only learned how she felt about me a few days ago, when I told her that I always loved her, even as a kid. But we need to see if how we feel is really romantic love, you know?”

“Your dad and I met when he was a high school senior, Roger,” his mom said. “I think you’ll be able to tell if the two of you do feel that kind of love for each other. But you’ve only been together a little over two weeks as adults, so it’s good that you’re moving slowly as far as your budding romance. You need to remember that college is coming, too, and you may need to be apart for a few years.”

Ayame put her arm around Roger’s waist. “Aunt Sarah, we were discussing that. I’ve looked at materials from Avery University in Atlanta that the twins going to and I think to choosing it. Avery offer actually best one of the three that I got. I’m supposed to speak to people from other colleges in two or three weeks when they come to visit our school and I get better idea.”

“You need to make a choice based on what’s best for your future, honey,” Stuart said. “Always keep your long-term goals in mind; don’t eliminate any options until you’ve given them a real close evaluation.”

Ayame giggled. “That’s funny, that’s just what Mom told me yesterday when we had our weekly video-chatting session.”

“How’s my sister doing? Is she enjoying being child-free now?” Sarah remarked.

“Mom and Daddy say they’re having a fun time with me gone. Oh, if you think you’ll be moving, you’ll need to let them know for when they visit this summer, Uncle Stuart,” Ayame exclaimed.

“I’ve already thought of that,” he said. “I sent Richard an email this afternoon telling him to check with me before making any travel plans. That we may be reassigned. He wrote back to tell us good luck. They plan to come beginning of July; that’s his best estimate now based on his project schedule.”

“Did he say for how long?” Ayame asked. “Mom didn’t mention it.”

“Probably three weeks is still what he’s thinking. So, Roger,” Stuart said, turning to his son, “I saw how you reacted when you mentioned Ayame and her Program news. You reminded me of how a momma bear guards her cub, the way you moved toward Ayame. I’m thinking the two of you are quite serious about each other because it reminds me of how I felt when I first began dating your mom.”

Sarah put in, “He’s been smitten with her even as a little one, Stuart. Remember how the three would wrestle—but never did what kids typically do and get mad at each other and wind up fighting?”

“Oh, please, Mom, Dad,” Roger objected, “you’re really embarrassing me. Look, Ayame’s blushing too—Cynthia! Stop smirking!”

“Hey, little bro, the two of you’ve got it real bad, you know. I’ve known forever how much Roger likes Ayame. If you do get together, then I’ll finally get a real sister. How cool would that be!”

“Man, it’s coming from all sides. C’mon, Ayame, let’s leave so we don’t have to take all that teasing.”

“Oh, this is good kind of teasing, Roger. But yes, let’s go somewhere quiet,” she smiled at him.

Cynthia called as they walked out, “And don’t do anything you wouldn’t do in public!” and the three at the table roared in laughter. As they walked into the hall, Ayame and Roger heard Cynthia continue, “Program kids are supposed to have sex in public, you know, and Ayame is on the Program this week....” Another round of laughter rang out.

“Man, I’ll kill her,” Roger grumbled as they went into his room.

“No you won’t; I think you loved that teasing,” Ayame said as she slid into his embrace. “Ooohh, I feel something poking me,” she murmured as she moved her hips against Roger’s taller frame. “Something hard against my belly. Big too.”

Roger groaned. “Please don’t rub against it, darling; you’ll make another mess.”

He pulled her toward the bed and they sat, then fell into another embrace.

“Oh, my wonderful Ayame, I love just holding you close and breathing the scent of your hair and feeling your arms around me. This is so sweet, let’s just kiss...”

After a few minutes of passionate kissing, Ayame passed her hand over Roger’s back, then over his chest and down his belly, coming to rest at his groin.

“My 彼氏 [*kareshi*], 恋しい [*koishii*], my boyfriend-darling, your body is so all muscles—tight, hard. I love its feeling. I love this hard thing here too,” she said as she grasped his erection through his shorts like she had done the previous evening.

Roger groaned, “Careful, darling, remember what happens...”

Suddenly Ayame pulled on the waistband of his shorts. “I want to see more. I see the naked boys in school; you saw all me before and I want to see,” she insisted as she tried to pull on his shorts.

“Oh, wow, are you sure?”

“Yes! Sure! Take off!”

He raised his hips off the bed and Ayame pulled his shorts down his thighs, together with his briefs. As his briefs were pulled down, Roger’s rock-hard erection was caught in the elastic and then it released, slapping up against his abdomen.

“Oh, my!” Ayame exclaimed with a little giggle. “It’s even bigger now! Oh, I like it,” she said as she wrapped her hand around it.

Roger was gasping for air. “Oh my god, Ayame, oh, that feels so good,” he groaned as Ayame gently slid her little hand up and down his shaft.

Her hand barely fit around it and she watched, fascinated, as the skin over his phallus moved back and forth over the rock-hard tissues lying under the smooth skin.

“Look at how the top moves,” Ayame marveled as she watched his foreskin slide back and forth, alternating between covering and exposing the mushroom-shaped crown of his penis. “What’s happening, what is that?” she asked, pointing to the glans.

Roger could barely talk. He took her wrist and stopped her hand from moving.

“Sweetie, they say that a man can only use one head at a time and now I know exactly what that means. While you’re stroking me like that I can’t even think, let alone speak. That’s my penis head. You must have had biology, sure, I remember your saying you did. Remember the sex part of the class, they must have covered sexual anatomy? The head is the glans and the skin over it is the foreskin or prepuce. I don’t know the Japanese words.”

“Ah, 包皮 [*hōhi*], foreskin, I recall that. The skin is like silk and underneath is so hard. I love how this feels. And it makes me wet and tingly too. Oh, dribble is coming there. Is that your orgasm?”

“Uuunnhh, no darling, it’s precum. Like you get wet between your legs? Leaking from your vagina. You know that word?”

“In below, privates? 外陰部? [*Gaiinbu*] 膣? [*Chitsu*]”

“Whatever, never learned those words.”

“The sex parts... what is this wet?”

“Precum is lubrication, like to get ready for sex.”

“Oooooo. Oh, I need to feel you more,” she said and began running her hand up and down again. “This makes me feel so tingly, ooohhh, I like it, oh I feel something—OH!”

She pulled her hand away as a bolt of cum burst out of Roger’s cock, hitting Ayame in the chin and neck. That was followed by several more pulses that decorated her tee shirt as Roger groaned, “Oh, sweetie, I’m sorry, I just lost it. I tried to warn you but I couldn’t speak.”

“Ooh, that was so good to watch happen! So that’s a boy’s orgasm! Does it feel nice?”

“Oh, god, the best! Haven’t you ever had an orgasm?”

“Umm, I think not... The girls talk about touching 外陰部 [*gaiinbu*] between イン 唇 [*in kuchibiru*]...”

“You said one of those words before and I don’t know it. What’s it mean?”

“Sex organ place... lips between legs. Like parts girls have there with sex organ. I know Japanese words, not English. Hee, hee... maybe we need have Cindy come demo me like in Program class to teach English words.”

Roger roared in laughter and Ayame joined in. The two of them fell into each other’s arms and were laughing so hard, tears began streaming down their faces. Suddenly the door opened and Cynthia burst in.

“What’s the joke, guys... oh, shit!” She turned to leave. “Sorry, my bad!”

“Cyn, wait!” Roger called as he pulled a pillow over his lap.

She turned. “Don’t be embarrassed, sis. It’s just Program sex, public, like you said at the table,” he choked out and Roger and Ayame broke up again, roaring in laughter and holding onto each other.

Cynthia giggled. “Okay, now, so what’s the joke, guys? Oh shit, Ayame, you’ve got his stuff all over you. Just what have you both been doing, anyway?”

The two cracked up again, and when they were able to catch their breath, Ayame answered.

“Aaahhh, oh so funny! I *am* loosening up. Oh good. Cindy, I made joke. Was a Program joke and wasn’t nervous. Program is making me want to explore, be braver, I think, so maybe part is not so terrible. Ah, I’m not speaking good again. Start over. Roger and I were kissing and then I got braver and wanted to see his parts. I saw all the naked boys in school but none up close and was very curious. So I pulled Roger’s shorts off and he has a wonderful erection and he squirted an orgasm on me.”

“Ayame, maybe that’s TMI for Cyn,” Roger intoned.

“What’s that ‘TMI’?”

“Too Much Information,” Cynthia said, “No it’s not, I’m interested too, stud. That’s how you came on her?”

“Um, she gave me a great hand job; she’s a natural—um, not that I know from experience, you know; that was my first. Say, sis, why the interest?”

“Let’s just say that I think you have a super body, little bro, and I like looking at you. Like I love it when I see you naked. But I have no interest in, like, incest stuff, just so you know. So what was the joke, Ayame?”

“Well, after he, errr, came? the orgasm? Yes, then I said that it makes me feel good in my 外陰部 [*gaiinbu*] too and Roger didn’t know the word.”

“Neither do I, honey, what is it?” Cynthia asked.

“That was the joke. Roger said he didn’t know and I said I didn’t know the English words so we needed to have Cindy come and demo me like they do in the Program classes to teach me the English!”

The two cracked up again, this time joined by Cynthia.

Roger snorted, “Then you burst in and I hit you with saying that what we were doing in here was just Program sex, like you were saying to Mom and Dad at the table.”

Now the three of them were gasping with laughter and Cynthia practically fell onto Ayame, who was lying on her back on the bed. The pillow had fallen off of Roger’s lap; he was flat on his back too, and the three were holding each other and trying to catch their breaths.

Cynthia was the first to recover. “Holy shit!” she exclaimed. “Oh, my god, you’re HUGE!” she cried, looking at Roger’s groin; his erection had fully recovered and was standing up proudly and saluting her.

“Ooops, sorry,” he gasped and tried to cover himself.

“Oh, no you don’t. Don’t cover it. Oh shit, this is bad.”

“Um, what’s bad?” he asked worriedly.

“My god, I can’t call you ‘little bro’ any more,” Cynthia snorted and broke out into another gale of laughter, joined by Ayame, and the two girls held onto each other, laughing. Roger smiled and watched them with a bemused expression.

When they settled down again, Cynthia asked, “Just how big are you, stud?”

“Crap, I don’t know. I told you I don’t like to strut my stuff.”

“Well, I’d like it strutted. Let’s see, have a ruler?”

“Top desk drawer.”

“Okay, stand up. Wow. Oh, Ayame, I can see why you like it. If he weren’t my brother, I’d fight you for him in an instant. How do you measure it, anyway?”

“Damned if I know. Maybe on the top, there’s, um, things in the way on the bottom, you know.”

“Yeah, they’re nice too. Mind if I touch it to measure?”

“Sure. What the hell. If I were in the Program, that’s only a simple Reasonable Request, right?”

Cynthia snickered. “Yeah, and I’d want to do more, I think. What the hell am I saying? You’re my fucking brother—um, I didn’t really mean to say that...”

The other two had dissolved into helpless laughter again. And Cynthia dropped the ruler and joined in their mirth.

“Wow,” she gasped a minute later when she could speak again, “my sides hurt. I don’t think I’ve ever laughed so hard before. Oh, shit, look, he’s still hard. What, sick bedroom humor turns you on, Rog?”

“Hell, no, two gorgeous girls turn me on. Also being naked like this, I guess.”

“Well, let’s get your numbers before someone cracks another joke. Let’s see, along the top. Okay, from the base to tip, you’re 7-1/8 inches and across here, 2-1/4 inches. Shit, that’s huge in my book.”

“Isn’t it so beautiful, though? I love how it feels,” Ayame said, putting her hand around it again.

Roger sighed, “Ahhh, this is where it all began...”

“Yes, and I was saying how holding and rubbing it made me all tingly and wet and didn’t know the English words for the parts...”

“And,” Cynthia interrupted, “you wanted to use *me* as your Program demo, right, Ayame?”

“Aaayyyye, it was joke...”

“And a good one. I’m still trying to keep from laughing again,” Cynthia giggled. “Hell, why not? Rog got naked for you, you got naked for me, so why not me get naked for you?”

Ayame blushed. “But Roger...”

“He’s seen me. We share a bathroom, right? Well, we’ve walked in on each other more than a few times. He’s my twin! We don’t hide from each other. And I told you that if we weren’t sibs, I’d date him in a heartbeat. I love the guy so much, Ayame,” she said and hugged Roger and kissed him on the lips.

She pulled down her shorts and sat on the bed, then lay back.

“Okay, teacher, what’s today’s Program demo? Female sexual anatomy?”

Roger had to swallow to get rid of the lump in his throat.

“Um, sis? This is way more than walking in on you in the shower, you know...”

“Yeah, bub, but if we were in the Program, just think of what we would have been doing. Remember that list of stuff from psych? Pretend we’re there, demo-ing for that class.”

“I much prefer the privacy here, thank you,” Roger said as Ayame nodded her head vigorously.

Cynthia continued, “Okay, Ayame, let’s have Roger show you a part, you name it in Japanese, and we’ll tell you the English name.”

She lifted her hips, slid off her panties, and spread her legs widely.

“You sure, Cyn?” Roger asked tentatively. “Wow, I like the barbering job. So sexy.”

Cynthia had her flame-red pubes shaved into an inch-wide landing strip.

“Yep. So begin in front, bro.” She put her hand over her mons and rubbed it.

“Ayame, I’ll point to Cindy. Tell me the name and I’ll do the English. You want to write it down?”

She grabbed a pad and pen. “Yes.”

“Here’s the first, from the top all the way around to her ass.”

“外陰部 [*Gaiinbu*], it’s the genitalia. I know that word, vulva.”

“Right. Now here.” He pointed to her pubis.

“Ah, it’s 恥骨 [*chikotsu*].”

“In English, well, Latin, it’s mons veneris, or mons, or pubis. Now between her legs.”

“That’s イン唇 [*in kuchibiru*], the sex lips, the big ones.”

“English uses Latin here too, the labia majora or outer lips.” Roger looked at Cynthia. “Can you spread your lips?” She nodded. She pulled her lips apart and Roger pointed. “Here?”

“I think it’s 木陰 唇 [*kokage kuchibiru*] but we use also English word, sort of: ラビアマイナ [*rabiamaina*].”

“Yeah, that’s labia minora. And here?” he pointed and accidently touched Cynthia.

“Eeeek!”

“Sorry!”

“Oh, no. Don’t be. Wow, that was nice! Whooo.”

“Where I touched Cyn.”

Ayame giggled. “Yeah, her love button; we call it クリトリス [*kuritorisu*].”

“Wow, that’s just like the English! Clitoris. How about the area from her lips to anus?”

“I think it’s called 会陰 [*ein*]. The pelvic base, maybe?”

“Yeah, and we learned it’s called the perineum. Cyn, are you sure about the next part?”

“Well, in the Program they don’t even bother to ask, so go for it! I’ll spread ‘em.”

“Oh wow, you’re...”

“Yeah, I’m still cherry. Why are you surprised?”

“You’re a hot chick and all those dates...”

“I’m still waiting for Prince Valiant, bro. Someone like you, by the way.”

“Okay, Ayame, here...”

“Oh, my, I never knew what it looks like. We didn’t see pictures, it’s her hymen. That’s called the 処女 膜 [*shojo maku*], the maiden membrane.”

“And it covers?”

“Her 膣 [*chitsu*], her vagina.”

“Do you have a flashlight? Maybe she can see inside, maybe even my cervix,” Cynthia groaned.

Roger took one out of his bedside table, saying, “I think your hymen covers too much to see anything inside, Cyn. Ayame, squat on the floor here between her legs and look,” he said, turning the light on as Cynthia spread her legs very wide. “Get real close. As I said, I don’t think you can see in with her hymen in the way, though.”

Ayame leaned in closer. “No, but I see she’s leaking. Oh! Oh, it smells nice!” She leaned even closer to inhale and then breathed out. Cynthia gave a squeak and her hips jerked when the air tickled her clit.

She groaned, “Oh my god, I’m so fuckin’ turned on! I need help!” she whispered as she began rubbing around her clit. “Ayame, please help, I don’t want to get Roger... uunnhh...”

“Help her like you helped me, darling,” Roger whispered in Ayame’s ear. “Rub around her clit. You ever do that for yourself?”

Ayame blushed and shook her head quickly.

“Stroke her gently; see how she likes it?” Cynthia’s hips were gyrating on the bed.

“Oh, she’s so wet and slippery and the smell is making my head spin,” Ayame groaned.

Then she reached out with her other hand and touched a finger to Cynthia’s slit, bringing it to her nose.

“Mmmm, it’s sweet and a little tangy,” she murmured. “Aahh, it’s nice.”

Cynthia clutched the bed covers and was groaning to Ayame, “Do me harder, harder, oh please...”

Suddenly Ayame groaned loudly herself and lowered her nose to Cynthia’s labia to inhale her scent. Cynthia’s hips jerked and her clit hit Ayame’s nose and both girls squealed, Cynthia from the touch and Ayame because her lips had been pushed into Cynthia’s pussy, coating them with Cynthia’s fluids. Ayame licked her lips as she began to pull back but Cynthia pressed her groin harder into Ayame’s face and Ayame’s tongue touched Cynthia’s clit. Cynthia grabbed Ayame’s head and pulled it into her crotch, moaning with desire.

“Eeeekk! OH, do it! Do it do it lick me oh oh more don’t stop, do my clit, oh oh...”

Ayame shivered and tentatively began licking Cynthia’s pussy lips and clit and suddenly Cynthia’s body went totally rigid and she screamed into a pillow she had grabbed.

“Yaaahhhhh... oh god, so good!” she groaned as her body twitched and jerked in an extended orgasm.

Cynthia heaved a great sigh then and sat up, grabbing Ayame’s shirt, pulling her up on top of her, and locking onto her lips in a passionate kiss.

“Oh, thank you, thank you, my wonderful sister, my darling,” Cynthia gasped. “I never felt anything like that, never, ever in my whole life!”

“You’re not angry? I couldn’t help myself, you smelled so good I just blanked out and had to get closer to you—and then you pulled on me!”

“Oh no, never angry, darling. Oh, jeez, Roger! He saw!”

“Oh my god, that was way the hottest scene ever!” Roger gasped.

He was sitting on his desk chair, stiff organ in hand, and the entire front of his tee shirt was decorated with fresh cum. It was still oozing out of his cock and running down his hand.

“You guys were awesome! I’ve never cum like that before and I’m *still* hard!”

Ayame buried her face in her hands. “Ayyyeee, I’m so embarrassed,” she moaned.

Both twins sprang up and embraced her.

“Oh, don’t be,” Cynthia soothed. “Remember, this is only Program sex stuff, but instead of giving a show in front of a class, it’s completely private with people who love you.”

Roger kissed Ayame. “You can’t do anything wrong or embarrassing with us, darling... oh, is that how you taste, Cyn? Wow. I see why Ayame went nuts over you. Wow...”

“My sister, just think of this as your American cultural exploration, courtesy of the Program. Remember, your participation is mandatory and the experience is supposed to be humiliating,” Cynthia giggled. “Class has commenced and you just participated in your first Relief session.”

Ayame looked up and snickered, “Eeehhh, no, that was the second. I helped Roger before you came, but remember that we were only practicing the stuff you guys refused to do in school last week.”

They all laughed.

“Oh my god,” Cynthia exclaimed, “look at the time! We need to get to bed! Wow, this was some experience. I’m gonna sleep well tonight. Oh, Ayame’s the only one who we didn’t help...”

“Aayyhh, I’ll be fine, Cindy. I still need to do this Program experiment slowly. Wonderful helping you feel good and Roger too. I wait for my turn, but slow.” She embraced and kissed Roger. “Good night, my 恋しい [*koishii*]. See you school tomorrow.”

The girls went to their room, closed the door, and then Ayame took Cynthia’s hand.

“Still very embarrassed... what if Roger think I love girls, not boys?”

“You mean if he thinks you’re a lesbian, sweetie?”

Ayame ducked her head meekly. “はい [*Hai*].”

“Oh, no, he won’t. Don’t worry. It just got overwhelming there... I was so fuckin’ turned on! And you too, it seemed.”

“Not know what happened. I got so intense feel. Aahhhh. Talk slow again. Eeehh, when I was in school in fall during sports, went to change room early and found two girls doing that.”

“You walked in and saw a girl licking another girl’s pussy?” Cynthia said.

“はい [*Hai*]. They not see me but I thought it was so exciting to see. Other girls said they were lovers and in school they would always hold hands. And was beautiful to see and how they spoke loving things. So I feel that with you, Cindy, love with you but not sex love. Not mean to do sex touching with you tonight but wanted to please you, make you feel good. But embarrassed for what you think about that.”

“Oh, sweetie, please don’t be embarrassed. I’ve never felt like this before either, like losing control of my feelings, seeing the nudity in school and all the talk about it. It must be affecting us more than we realize. C’mon, we need to get to bed now.”

The girls slept very well that night. So did Roger.

Chapter 14

Roger's swimming practice was uneventful Tuesday morning; both Tom and Jessica were safely dressed in their suits and everyone was working hard at trying to improve their times by watching for extraneous movements and keeping their strokes smooth and regular. Roger was putting extra effort into his fly stroke; being the most difficult stroke, a good time would be very productive in swim meets.

After practice, Tom came over to talk as they showered.

"Hey buddy," Tom said, "thanks for the advice you gave Coach about our wearing suits. I forgot to tell you yesterday. Cirota called us to his office and was making a fuss about him making us to stay on the Program for as long as we practiced and competed with suits—for the rest of the year even—but when Coach came in, he took the Program booklet and showed Cirota the 'protective' clothing part. Then Coach said that as the supervising teacher for the activity, he had the duty and right to determine how 'protection' should be defined. Cirota had to shut up then."

"So you think you'll be okay with the Program for the rest of the week?" Roger asked.

"Yeah, it's no big deal, like I said yesterday. I'm used to being naked in public—but at my resort, everyone else is nude too, so it's a weird feeling being naked alone, but it's not terrible. I hate not being able to cover up when I pop a boner because that's a pretty big no-no in a lot of nudist circles. It's like farting at a cocktail party; you get unwanted attention. You're supposed to cover up or jump in the pool or lake till it goes down, so when it happens here in school, I really feel ashamed, 'cause that's what I learned. The other shit, well, I'll deal with it as it comes, I guess."

"Wow, I wish I were as brave as you. I still can't see myself getting naked and walking around school."

"Me? It's not brave. The girls are the brave ones; public nudity takes enormous courage for them. Teen girls at nudist resorts are usually the shyest people there, and some of those girls have been going since they were little. Then their body develops and they get concerned about body image stuff. The Program would be okay except for the way the school wants to equate sex with nudity and adds a healthy dose of humiliation to the nudity too; doing that is just terrible."

The guys finished dressing and left for their home rooms.

Cynthia told Roger after he got settled in home room about the very few kids undressing in front of the school that morning.

"Out of thirty kids who were supposed to be there, only three showed up. Mike and Mary and another boy."

"Tom and Jessica are on the swim team."

"Oh, right, so there are five, I guess. I wonder what's gonna happen next, if so few kids do the Program—what can the officials do about it?"

"Well, it's like a chess match, I guess," Roger said slowly. "They make a move, we counter, it goes like that. So far it's a draw; neither side has an advantage. Hope it stays that way."

In Anatomy, the class was now beginning the muscular system, and the three teens were fascinated by the physiological processes that produce muscle movement. They listened and watched raptly to the movie that showed how cellular processes produced the energy that allowed the bundled actin and myosin molecules to stretch and contract in unison, producing movement. It reminded Roger and Cynthia of a well-trained team working together to win a game. Soon the class was over and Ayame left the twins to go to her civics class. Michelle greeted her.

“Wait till you hear what happened in first period. Tell you after class,” Michelle said as they sat down and the class started.

A few minutes into the class, the PA system came on. “Teachers, please send your first period attendance reports to the office; we need that info now. Just the first period report. Thank you.”

The teacher pulled some pages out of his briefcase, flipped through them, selected one, and put it into an envelope. He looked at the class.

“Michelle, you’re next to the door so you’re elected. Could you please deliver this to the office? Thanks.”

Michelle took the envelope and left the room. As she walked down the hall, a man in a dark sport jacket passed her and went into her classroom.

“*Strange*,” she thought. “*Not a teacher... should he be here?*” She was still sensitive to the rent-a-cop incident of the prior week.

Then as she got closer to the office, she saw another dark-jacketed man pulling a student toward the main entrance. The student was objecting but was reluctantly allowing herself to be led to the door. Michelle was getting a bad feeling about what she was seeing, so she rushed into the office, dropped off the envelope, and started to hurry back to her class.

On her way back from the office, as she passed by a side corridor, Michelle heard voices coming from the corridor, a girl’s panicked cries. She ran to the corner of the corridor’s intersection and saw the guy, whom she had seen going into her classroom earlier, pulling a struggling Ayame toward the door leading outside at the corridor’s end. She pulled out her phone to call Roger and suddenly realized that she wasn’t very far from the twins’ economics classroom so she dashed to it, flung the door open, and ran inside.

“Come quick!” she gasped. “They’re dragging Ayame out the C wing door!” She turned and ran back toward C wing to see if she could help Ayame.

Roger instantly leaped out of his seat; he was seated close to the door so he was there in a flash.

“Cyn, they’ve got Ayame! I’m going!” he shouted as he ran out of the class. “Come quick!”

The teacher called, “Stop!” and ran to the door after him.

“Wait, Rog,” Cynthia called.

“Can’t wait, I need to catch them. Hurry!” he called from the hall as he ran toward C wing, passing a running Michelle a few dozen feet before the building doors.

Cynthia began following him out of the room but the teacher blocked her from getting to the door. Actually, he *tried* to block her. She managed to hold his arms and twist herself around him; then she dashed out of the room and ran smack into Tom, who was returning from delivering his teacher's attendance report. A stark-naked Tom.

"Ugh! What happened?" he gasped as the two of them untangled themselves and climbed to their feet.

"Trying to catch up with my bro! Ayame's being kidnapped! You have a car? I may need you!"

"Like this?" he exclaimed as he rushed along with her. "Naked?"

"Yeah, like any way you can!"

They ran to the C wing door; it opened facing the student parking area so Cynthia was able to see at once that Roger's car was already pulling out of the parking area.

Michelle was standing outside, helplessly watching the departing car. "Hurry, Cindy," she implored, "please catch them! They have her in a black car!"

"Tom—can you follow—oh, no! No keys!" Cynthia exclaimed, crestfallen.

"Not a problem," Tom shouted, "Let's go!" and he raced off toward his car. She followed. When he got there, he quickly pulled a little magnetic box out from under his bumper. "Backup key. Be prepared!"

They jumped into the car and took off, a little more than a minute behind Roger.

"How do we know where they're going?" Tom asked as he floored the accelerator, trying to catch Roger's dark green car he could see moving away in the distance.

"Ayame has a tracking app on her phone. Hope it's on. I'm calling Rog."

Cynthia called Roger's phone and he answered after several rings. Roger had his car's bluetooth on and Cynthia's call came in.

"Rog, I'm with Tom and we're behind you about a minute or so."

"Cyn, I'm on my cell with Ayame. Listen quick. Call 911 and Dad; it's a kidnapping. Her tracking app is on and they're maybe a half mile ahead on 76 headed for 15, I think. It's black, a four door. Ayame's locked in the back. She can hear me. Ayame, call Cindy and talk. I can't talk now, I need to catch you."

Cynthia texted her father, "*Ayame kidnapped on 76 toward 15 Roger chasing.*"

Then she called 911. "A student was just kidnapped from Ocean Valley High; we're following the student and have limited phone contact. We're on Rte 76 headed toward I 15. I can't stay on; I need to talk her and will give updates if I can."

She got off and switched over to Ayame's call which had just come in. Ayame began talking in Japanese.

"On my tiny phone. They don't know I have it. Please come get me, I'm so scared," her whispered voice came through.

“I’m getting your location now, Ayame.... Okay, we’re getting closer; I see Roger’s car... Okay, now I can see a black car ahead of Roger.... He’s right behind it now.”

Cynthia watched as Roger pulled around the black car and then cut in front of it, forcing it off the road onto the shoulder near the beginning of a guardrail cable, about 50 feet away from a dry creek bed.

“Tom! Pull in back of them and block that car so they can’t back out!” she cried as she saw the black car jerk into reverse and its wheels spin, throwing up a cloud of dust.

Tom pulled in back of the car, his horn blaring, and stopped, his car angled so that the black car was trapped off the road on its shoulder. He sat back, exhaling in relief. “Whuff, that was close!”

Cynthia exclaimed, “You need to stay in the car. Don’t be a hero; Roger and I can take care of this. Get on my phone to 911 and tell them what’s happening.”

“Yeah, like I’m gonna get involved like I’m dressed, right.” Tom muttered.

Tom took Cynthia’s phone from her and dialed 911 as he watched Roger jump out of his car. Cynthia was already out the door and advancing on the black car from behind it, as two men emerged and the driver came around the front of the car toward Roger.

“What the fuck do you think you’re doing, kid?” he yelled at Roger.

“You kidnapped a girl. Let her out.” Roger called to him.

“We’re federal agents. Get out of our way or we’ll arrest you.”

Cynthia came up from their other side. “Open the car door and let the girl out now,” she demanded.

Suddenly the driver pulled a handgun. “The hell we will.”

Roger said, “Kidnapping and pulling a gun on some kids? Federal agents? Sure you are.”

Meanwhile Cynthia had walked up closer to the unarmed man who was standing between her and the man with the pistol.

“Jeff, don’t block her,” the armed man called. “You’re in the line of fire.”

“That’s okay, it’s just a girl. I’ll grab her. We’ll use her as a hostage and make them let us leave,” he said as he reached to grab Cynthia, intending to twist her around and pin her arms.

Cynthia broke his grip with her forearms, grasped his jacket by the shoulders, turned her torso and bent slightly for leverage, hauled his body up over her back and shoulder, and heaved him away. The momentum of her shoulder throw hurled the man toward the armed man. A shot rang out and the armed man went down hard as the body of his comrade slammed him in the chest.

Just as the man had attempted to grab Cynthia, a MP vehicle had pulled up from one direction and a state police vehicle from the other. As the shot sounded, the two vehicles skidded to a halt and three police officials jumped out of their cars, guns drawn, two MPs from one vehicle and a state trooper from the other.

“We heard a shot,” one MP called. “Down on the ground, you two!”

Roger and Cynthia dropped to the ground. Cynthia called out, “One of those guys had a gun and it went off. They kidnapped the girl in the car.”

An MP called, “Is that the Denison kids?”

Roger called back, “Yes!”

“Okay, please stay down where you are and don’t move yet; I don’t see those guys moving at all. Hey, trooper! Are they moving?”

“No, I’m working in closer. No movement,” he called as he crept in, keeping close to the ground

Cynthia called, “They’re both not moving at all. Oh! I see blood! Oh, he must have been shot! The one on top has blood all over his front.”

The trooper slipped up to the downed men cautiously and looked.

“Okay, Marines, it’s clear. One took a round through his chest. From the amount of blood here, it hit a major vessel. The other’s out cold.” He turned to Cynthia. “I saw you throw that guy. What happened?”

“He grabbed me and said he was gonna use me as a hostage to get away. I used a judo throw.”

Meanwhile a MP was examining the fallen men. Then he stood up.

“The other one isn’t breathing either. His head hit the clamp of the guardrail cable here when he went down. His skull may be fractured. Let’s see how the girl in their car is.”

The other MP had been trying to get the back car door open. “This isn’t like a police vehicle. The lock control must be in the front.”

Just then two more MP vehicles pulled up, sirens blaring, and Sgt Denison leaped out of one.

“Kids, you okay?” he called.

“Yeah, Dad,” Cynthia responded. She ran to him in tears. “Oh, Daddy, I killed two people,” she sobbed.

“What? What happened?” he exclaimed.

She explained, and as she was talking, one of the original MPs came up.

“Master Gunny, I saw the end of what happened. She had no fault in that at all...”

Just then the cops working on the door got it opened and Ayame sprang out, crying, and rushed into Roger’s arms.

“Oh, thank you thank you,” she sobbed. “They were taking me they said for ‘retraining’! Be taught so would want to go to school naked, and were laughing about it!”

“Who the hell are these guys, anyway?” Roger exclaimed. “They said they were federal agents but then one pulled a gun on us. It’s okay now, Ayame, you’re safe now.”

She continued to hold onto Roger tightly as he soothed her.

The MP who had been speaking to Sgt Denison then walked over to the group of police officials and motioned Cynthia and Sgt Denison to follow. Meanwhile, quite a traffic jam had developed and additional police had arrived; they began to direct traffic and keep the gawkers at bay. And then an ambulance pulled up.

The MP continued recounting to Sgt Denison what he had seen. “As we got near, I saw the gunshot victim grab Miss Denison—he tried, anyway—and she threw him off her. Nice judo move, miss. But the way they were facing sent him tumbling toward his buddy there, who either shot him because he got startled or the gun went off when he went down. Need ballistics to say which. But neither death is the fault of Miss Denison. She was assaulted and simply threw him off of her.”

The trooper agreed. “I saw basically the same from the opposite side. It looked like the guy was gonna try to hold her in a bear hug. That’s not how to restrain someone to put into custody; he didn’t have police training, I’m certain.”

He looked at the men lying on the ground and called to a medic who was examining them.

“Condition?”

“Dead. Both. Gunshot was instant. Head blow to the other penetrated the skull and caused a cerebral bleed, he died within a minute.”

“Okay, wait for the photos before you take them away. Hey Mike,” he called to another trooper who had gone through their pockets and now was looking through their vehicle. “Any kind of ID?”

“No law enforcement ID. Driver’s licenses. Gun permit but not concealed carry. Some kind of federal ID card that says ‘Special Contractor’ and ‘Office of Social Awareness,’ whatever that is. Papers in the front of the vehicle list the school name, Ocean Valley High, 9:00–9:45 a.m. time, a list of four names that say ‘students’ and the room numbers in the school next to the student names. One name and room number circled, Ayame Asano. The car’s got a federal plate but it’s motor pool—GSA registration, no agency named.”

“Four students? So there were others?” the trooper asked rhetorically.

One of the MPs said, “Yeah, we heard from the school detail that they stopped two other pair of men trying to remove students from the school. Those men are in custody now. I guess these two must have evaded the MPs there—or maybe the MPs were tied up with the other arrests.”

While those discussions were going on, the three Denisons, Ayame, and Tom were talking among themselves. Tom was now somewhat dressed; he was wearing a rain poncho that he kept in his car. Cynthia was still clinging to her father’s arm.

“Cindy, honey, what you described happened shows that your defending yourself wasn’t the cause of death of those scum,” Denison was saying. “If that guy didn’t pull the firearm, those two would still be alive. First, he had no authority to use a pistol to threaten you. Second, the recoil from the pistol discharge most likely

threw him even more out of balance when he was knocked over, so he went down harder. And because he was holding the pistol, he couldn't use that arm to break his fall and that's the side he fell toward. So he shot his accomplice and his skull fracture was the direct result of his own actions, not yours. Can you..."

Just then Sgt Denison's cell phone rang; it was Sarah Denison.

"Stuart? Is Ayame okay?"

"Yes," he answered. "We have her right here."

"Oh, thank God; a few minutes after your call telling me you were going after her, I got a call from the school. The secretary said she had a letter from the Program office to read to me..."

Denison interrupted. "Wait, Sarah, let me put you on speaker so the others can hear. Okay, go."

"Yes. Okay, she read the letter to me. It said basically that the Program office had Ayame in custody for failing to participate in the Program and that she would be receiving instruction in proper Program participation for five days. That the instruction was under governmental supervision but that we would not be able to contact Ayame until it was completed. That we shouldn't try to locate her or contact law enforcement because they wouldn't know where she was either. I asked to speak to the principal but he said he didn't know anything about this but he said the school had other letters that said the same thing for two other girls. So I called you. She *is* okay, then, not hurt."

"Yes. Very shaken, but doing okay now, I think. Listen, there's a million law enforcement people here and I gotta go—I'll let you know more real quick, okay? Love ya, talk soon."

An MP had come up and listened to Sarah's story. "Hell, this just gets more and more complicated. Master Gunny, you have no idea what's going on back at the MP barracks. They've got four more of these yahoos there and they're being tight-lipped. Won't say a word about what they were doing."

Denison growled, "Maybe if you tell them that kidnapping is minimum 25 years, that'll loosen them up a bit."

Roger was reassuring Ayame, who had begun relating what had happened to her when two more men joined their group.

"Hello," a Marine in fatigues wearing a captain's insignia had joined them. "I'm Captain Everson, in charge of the investigations unit."

"And I'm Detective Wilbur, state police," said a man in a rumpled sport jacket who had walked up. "I'm leading the homicide investigation. Miss, could you please begin again what you were saying when you were taken out of school?"

Roger pressed Ayame's hand in encouragement.

She began, "Yes, okay, I collect myself," she said and took a deep breath. "Oh, is frightening. When was in classroom, man came in with papers, give teacher. Envelope too. Say envelope for office," her words came tumbling out rapidly.

Roger interrupted. “Shhh, Ayame. One second, gentlemen, she’s really rattled. Ayame, slow down, think in English. It’ll come out better, okay?”

“Ah, yes, Roger. Errr. He gave a paper to the teacher and an envelope and told the teacher the envelope was to go to the office; he was there to take a student out of the classroom. The teacher looked at the paper and called me, said the paper was an order to go with the man. I said I wouldn’t go, that Roger said I shouldn’t go anywhere without him and the man said, ‘Okay, let’s go get Roger, then’ and came over, took my hand, told me to take my backpack, and come with him to get Roger.

“When we got into the hall, I pointed in the direction of Roger’s classroom but he pulled me the other way. I started struggling but he kept dragging me to the side entrance near the student parking lot. This black car was there and the other man got out. I twisted loose then and tried to run but he caught me. I was hitting him with my pack; then the other one took the pack away.

“The other guy, the driver, looked in the pack and told the first one that my cell phone was in there; then he put the pack in the trunk while the other one tried to push me into the back seat. I was fighting him so one had to get in the seat and pull me in while the other pushed me. Then they closed the doors but I couldn’t get out, they were locked. They drove away and that’s when I saw Roger run out of the school to his car.”

“Yeah, Ayame, your fighting them delayed them enough so that I saw the car you were in,” Roger said. “What happened then?”

“I remembered my tiny phone then so I turned it on and I had my bluetooth earbud on the necklace too. I could voice-dial—it is in Japanese and I talked to Roger in Japanese too. The men asked what I was saying and I said I was praying and they laughed, then the man said I should pray that they would teach me how to be more cooperative and enjoy all the sex I could get in doing the Program, and they would make sure that I learned really good. Ugh! They were terrible! That’s when Roger and Tom caught up to us... Oh, thank you, Tom! You were wonderful bringing Cindy like that!”

Tom nodded to her and Cynthia took Tom’s hand and squeezed it.

Wilbur shook his head. “Bunch of perverts. We still don’t know where they were headed. Did they say, Miss Ayame?”

“No sir. Also, car windows were dark and hard to see out. Oh, wait, one of them said to put an address in the navigation, I think I heard.”

Wilbur called, “Richardson!” A cop poked his head out of the black car. “Check to see if there’s an address in the nav system.”

“Got it, I’ll check,” he called back. Soon he popped out again. “Yeah, there’s a destination address showing.”

Wilbur said to Ayame, “Good recollection, Miss. Thanks. Captain, do you have everything you need at your end?”

Everson replied, “Yes, sir. You’re doing the homicide piece. We’ll need to coordinate the kidnapping investigation much closer since we’re holding the others from that group. I suspect these two were headed out of the county; we’ll check out that nav destination.”

“Looks that way. Okay, folks, we have all your contact info. Miss Ayame, do you think you need to see a doctor or go to the hospital? They didn’t injure you when you fought with them, did they?” Wilbur asked.

“No, sir. Maybe a few bruises on my arms, but nothing hurts. I feel a lot safer with Cindy and Roger here.”

Sgt Denison asked, “Kids, what do you want to do? Go home? What?”

Roger replied, “Up to Ayame, sir. Sweetie, you want to go home and rest? Have the bruises looked at?”

“No, Roger, if I do that I’ll be thinking of what happened and all the ‘what ifs.’ I think I’ll be better going back to school and that will keep my mind busy. Is that okay to do?”

“If you think you can do that, sure, sweetie. And we need to make sure that Tom, our unsung hero here, isn’t punished for helping us,” Roger said as he put an arm around Tom’s shoulder. “Thanks, buddy. We owe you big time.”

“Hell, Rog, you don’t owe anything. Cindy needed help and I was there, that’s all.”

Cynthia smiled. “Yeah, but it was really weird being driven on that chase by a wild-eyed naked boy. Say, why *were* you in the hall, anyway—not that I’m complaining.”

“You know how the teachers use Program kids to do stuff in the classrooms? I had to deliver the teacher’s attendance report—you heard that PA announcement?”

“Oh, right,” she replied.

One of the original MPs came over to them. “I called the school detail and told them about your being here, Tom. They’re clearing it with the office so all of you should just need to get a pass when you get back. Take care, guys, good luck, and stay out of trouble, okay?” He walked off.

Cynthia and Roger told their dad goodbye and Cynthia said that she’d ride back to school with Tom while Ayame would go with Roger. Soon they got their cars out of the jam of official vehicles and headed back.

Chapter 15

“Tom, I can’t thank you enough for what you did. You helped us so, so much. If you weren’t there, it looked like they could have backed up and gotten away from Roger. The car they were in is much more powerful than our little import,” Cynthia said as they drove off.

“Glad I was able to help, Cindy. Hell, the way you took that guy! You just flipped him like he weighed nothing! He tried to grab around your shoulders and the next thing I saw was him flying into the other one.”

“Shit. I was so pissed at them! I think I really wanted to kill them and then it happened for real. That’s what scared me. I thought I did it on purpose, my god...” she trailed off.

“Well, what your dad said. The guy with the gun was the killer, not you. You do see that, right?” Tom said.

“Yeah, I do now. Thanks. Hey, I’m gonna call home—if my mom agrees, can you come for dinner tonight? I know my family will want to thank you in a quiet place and not like the turmoil before,” Cynthia asked.

“Really? Sure, I’d like that.”

Cynthia called home, breaking into her dad’s phone call with her mom, and made quick dinner arrangements. Then they arrived at school.

Tom chuckled wryly. “Well, coming back took a lot longer going at legal speeds. Gotta get naked again, I guess,” he said as he pulled off his poncho and put it in the trunk.

Roger pulled up and parked and Ayame got out. She ran over to Tom.

“Tom, I didn’t have a chance to thank you,” she said, and hugged him, then pulled back. “Oh, oh my, I just hugged a naked boy and didn’t even think about it. Oh my...”

Everyone laughed.

Roger said to her, “So, did you like doing that? We can arrange more of that if you want,” he grinned.

Ayame blushed. “Well, he’s cute, but I think you’re much cuter,” and flung herself into Roger’s arms. “Thank you again, for saving me from those... those...”

Cynthia interrupted, “Don’t even say it. They’re just evil people. I want to hug a naked boy, too. Come here, Tom,” she ordered, and gave him a bear hug and kiss. “Thanks, buddy, you were great.”

He blushed and glanced down and Cynthia followed his gaze.

“Ooops,” he murmured, “sorry, that’s so rude of me...”

“No, I’m honored,” Cynthia said, her eyes twinkling. “I can tell you like me. Hey, we need to get into school, right?” and she grabbed Tom’s hand and led him toward the doors.

Roger, walking alongside Tom and holding Ayame’s hand, looked at him and grinned. “You’re in trouble now, guy. She likes you.”

“Shut up, little br... uhm, Roger,” she tossed her head. “I’ll say who I like, okay?” but Roger could tell that she was trying to keep from smiling.

At the office, the four teens were told that Mr Davis wanted to see them. They walked into his office.

“All right, relax,” he told them when they stopped at his doorway. “Come in and sit. I’ve already had visits from your Marines, the sheriff, state police, and the local cops too. I know what happened, mostly, I think. Ayame was the only one who was taken off of school grounds; they got away because they used a side door. It was supposed to be locked from the outside. Anyway, I wanted to tell you—first, Tom, your leaving the school won’t affect your Program week...”

“Thanks, sir.”

“...and Denisons, your dramatic exits from your class will be overlooked; you were protecting your cousin.”

“Thank you, sir.” they responded.

“Ayame, all I can say is that I’m sorry for your experience. Are you sure you’re okay coming back to school today? If you need to, you can take a day—or more—off if you need it. I just want to be sure you’re feeling all right; sometimes people having your experience may feel the onset of shock some time after the event, so if you begin to feel different, like anxiety or panic, please get help. You’re in class with your cousins; they can watch out for you.”

She dipped her head.

“And also, Ayame, you were definitely not listed among the students who were to be selected to participate and law enforcement is calling your forcible removal a kidnapping. I sincerely regret that it happened. I’m not making any excuses; whatever happened is the school’s fault, my fault, and I intend to find out how and why something like this could have happened. I still want you to know that I fully support the ideas of the Program, though, and see that there’s a fundamental cultural clash between the military families and the federal curriculum we’re supposed to implement.

“Cynthia, are you okay yourself? I know that you saw two people die in front of you and that can be terribly traumatic. So what I said to Ayame applies to you, too. If either of you should need help, even later in the week, please let the nurse know and she’ll set you up with the school psychologist if she thinks that you need to see her.

“Okay, please pick up your passes and get to class, okay? And it’s good to see that you’re all relatively unscathed. Damn, I can’t even tell you students to stay out of trouble—it seems to come to you, doesn’t it?” he finished, shaking his head.

They left Davis’ office and got their passes. It was now 11:40 a.m. and only ten minutes remained in the fourth period but Tom had a computer class and needed to check with his project partner, so he left for his classroom.

“Rog, Ayame and I need to take care of something; just go to the lunchroom and we’ll see you there in a few, okay?” Cynthia said.

He agreed and the two girls walked off.

“Where are we going?” Ayame asked. “Oh, I have to say that you and Tom were cute together.”

“I’ll tell you; wait one sec. Yeah,” Cynthia grinned and blushed. “Remember last night I mentioned I was waiting for my Prince Valiant?”

“Yes. That was so funny, last night.”

“What do you think of Tom, Ayame?”

“He’s, eeeh, you say here in America ‘a hunk’? You can tell he’s a swimmer and—oh! You said last night want friend like Roger! Yes, he looks like Roger in some way. Tall, wide shoulders—his eyes are so ah, expressive, so warm when he looks at you. He’s nice, too, very polite.”

“Yeah... hmmm... The way he just took in my predicament and without any hesitation, ran with me after you, Ayame. And while naked, too! He really cares, like Roger cares, cares about others. I’ve seen him during swim meets, how he treats others. And how others like him, too. And he has an awesome body, wow, even nicer naked. Fabulous tan. Ayame, I think I’m falling for him.”

“Yes, he is handsome.”

“Not just handsome, sweetie. It’s something inside him that’s attracting me, like an inner strength. Such self-assurance, confidence. Like Roger’s confidence; mine too, and I sense it in him. Oh, yeah, I invited him to dinner tonight! I arranged it with Mom.”

“Oh, that’s nice! That will be an interesting dinner. I think your dad seemed to like Tom when they met out there,” Ayame said with a little shudder. “Oooh, I’m so glad it’s over—oh, how did you even know they grab me?”

“Michelle saw you struggling in the hall and came to Econ to get us.”

“Oh, I have to really thank her—oh, my! She doesn’t know what happened to me yet!”

When the girls met Roger in the lunchroom later, they found out that everyone in the entire school actually did know something of what had happened, because a crowd was surrounding him, calling out questions. When the students saw the two girls approach, they made a path allowing them to get to Roger.

“Yes, she was kidnapped and yes, she’s okay now! The MPs and cops arrived and everything got squared away,” Roger called in response to a question.

Another voice: “I heard that they were killed!”

“One guy had a pistol and it went off and hit the other. Then he fell and fractured his skull.”

“Wow,” came a chorus.

“They tried to grab a bunch of kids,” called another.

“I heard about that happening, but don’t know anything else,” Roger responded.

“Oh, there’s the girl who was kidnapped,” another voice shouted as Ayame slid next to Roger. “Did they hurt you? What happened?”

Ayame answered, “Not hurt, scared. Then rescued by my heroes,” she said, pulling Cynthia closer.

The crowd fell silent, then broke into applause.

Cynthia called out, “Those guys came here to take away some students who refused to do the Program. We heard it was to ‘re-educate’ them somehow. I think they were all arrested and maybe will face kidnapping charges.”

Applause and whistles rang out.

“Okay, guys, please give us a chance to eat. Now you know pretty much everything we know—thanks, and keep protecting those Program kids. They really appreciate what you’re all doing, for sure,” Roger said as he turned to Ayame. “Hi, gorgeous. I swear, I don’t want to let you out of my sight. When you went with Cyn I had to restrain myself from following you. But then I realized she could protect you better than I could.”

Cynthia and Ayame laughed at his comment.

“Only if I’m attacked by two, maybe three of them,” Cynthia joked. “Four or more you could handle easy.”

“Sure. Don’t suggest that at the dojo, though. I want to be able to do our swim meets and that’d be tough with a couple of broken bones,” Roger grinned at her.

“Oh, Cindy invited Tom to dinner tonight,” Ayame blurted out.

“Oh, really? Cool. See, I knew you were sweet on him, Cyn. Tom’s a neat guy; very steady and reliable. And a key team member; he’s got a great backstroke.”

Ayame giggled, “That not only thing about his back that is great.”

“What? What do you mean... OH! *Very* funny, Ayame.”

Ayame began laughing into her hands. “Oh, yes. He has such a lovely rear... so nice... ooooh...” she giggled and broke up again as she and Cynthia held onto each other, laughing.

“Okay, okay, guys. Yeah, I guess he’s got a nice body; nothing to be ashamed of there. So I got you gals your lunch, hope you like what I picked.”

“Oh, yes, thanks! Perfect, bro.”

“Thank you, Roger, you’re so thoughtful,” Ayame said gratefully.

They sat and ate lunch while groups of kids streamed past them, offering words of gratitude and thanks for their safe return; handclasps, back pats, and some kisses were exchanged. Everyone included Ayame in the outpouring of warmth the students were showering on the three of them and Roger noticed that her eyes were getting a little teary.

“Ayame, are you okay? Are you crying? Is it a reaction to this morning?”

"Oh, no, my darling. It's all your friends; I'm over... eeehhh, overwhelmed? Yes. In Japan I was always teased, no one would have been this nice to me there. Here I feel... respect? affection? I'm not used to this. They make me feel like I belong."

Cynthia said, "Ayame, sadly a lot of that isn't usual American teen behavior. We know a few of those kids, they're from our base's Marine families and we all share a special bond, like we're related in a way. We've all had common experiences, with parents gone on long deployments and sometimes never coming home, an awful time for all of us when that happens, so when something happens to a Marine family, the others pull together to try to help. That's why this Program resistance is working; the kids are making it happen because they think the Program is wrong and it can hurt kids badly."

Later in the afternoon, as the trio headed to their psych class, Cynthia was recalling their discussion about Ayame's feelings of anxieties when she was threatened with the idea of being forced to be naked.

"We should try to see if Miss Mason can answer that question Roger had about good or bad exposures. Let's ask her if we get the chance; she's been talking about coping strategies so maybe a question like Roger's will fit in," she explained.

Later in the class, Cynthia indeed had the chance to raise that question, because Miss Mason touched on the idea of facing an unpleasant situation instead of avoiding it as a method of coping with possible later feelings of regret for not getting past the unpleasantness and having to face it in the future.

"Miss Mason, would that apply to, like, social phobias too?" Cynthia asked. "Like if someone had been constantly teased about their appearance, so much that they developed an aversion to being noticed and became incredibly shy. Then if something happened where they were constantly reminded, every day, that in a month they would have to give a presentation for a class, would that help them get over the shyness? I read about 'exposure therapy' to help deal with phobias. Would that be a kind of exposure to help the shy person?"

"What an excellent question, Cindy. I believe that doing that would have the opposite effect. Being *told* about having to do an unpleasant thing is not the same as being eased into actually *doing* it. I think the shy person would get even more scared and withdrawn, because it would build up their fears instead of showing them that their fears were unfounded. Coping with unpleasant stimuli involves actually exposing yourself to the stimulus, not just thinking, hearing, or reading about it. You have to *do* it. That's why it's called 'exposure.' Does that answer your question?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am. It seemed like that was how that therapy worked, but I wanted to be sure."

"Yes, and it's a great illustration of how coping strategies work. The mind and body work as a unit, so you not only need to *believe* how you're supposed to feel, your body has to feel the *sensations* that confirm the belief. Class, you see how that is? Very good. Thanks, Cindy. Okay, now let's turn to..."

After class, Ayame ran to Cynthia and hugged her.

"Cindy, thank you! That makes me understand better, what you asked. So I see that to stop more modesty coming, I need to do it, not hear it. Oh, I'm excited again, I need to slow talking down. So what Roger said was

right; both of you are so smart. There *is* a bad kind of exposure and my hearing that I should be in the Program over and over on Monday was bad because it increased my anxiety like Miss Mason said."

Roger had joined them. "Yes, but now you know that you won't be forced into it and Cindy and I will watch over you to be sure you're safe. Are you still doing okay, Ayame, Cyn, you too? No aftereffects from this morning, I hope."

They both said they felt okay, but really tired.

"Rog, I think I'm feeling the emotional impact of this morning. Like I kinda feel flat, you know? I think it's the effect of having to use my brain in classes and I'm still dealing with the emotions of that chase and what happened after. I should be fine. Ayame, are you *really* feeling okay, sweetie?"

"I wanted to come to school to keep my mind off of the morning, yes. And it worked, too. But now maybe I do feel like Cindy says, like I used up my battery. But I don't feel anxious—that's like nervous that something bad will happen; no, I know how that feels and I don't feel it."

They were walking to the front doors of the school. When they went outside, Mary, Tom, Jessica, and Mike were dressing with another naked boy. Cynthia ran up to Tom and kissed him on the cheek.

"Cindy, hi, hey Ayame and Roger, this is Elliott, the last of the Mohicans in this week's Program group."

"Hi Elliott," Roger said, "Say, weren't you supposed to be in Anatomy? You weren't there Monday or today."

"Yeah, yesterday I had an early doctor's appointment and missed the great undressing party. They grabbed me when I came in for the third period and I got forced into this shit. Fuckin' federal Program assholes. So I dropped Anatomy. I'm not makin' a spectacle of myself in that class and none of my other classes need student models."

"So you don't need Anatomy for graduation?" Cynthia asked.

"Nah. I thought it would be an interesting elective, but it has nothing to do with what I want to study in college. I'm either doing history or political science. So instead of Anatomy, I got a special project in history for the term; I'll be doing a senior thesis on the development of democracy in European countries from the Reformation to modern times and I'll get a full class credit for doing it, so I'm cool."

"How's the Program treating you?" Roger said.

"Like I've been chewed up and spit out, to tell you the truth. I hate this crap, so damned demeaning. Like it's educational to have kids walking around naked? I'm learning shit about it; I'm fat, and got bad skin, and clumsy, and bad eyesight... Get comfortable with sex? I'm a guy, a plain average guy, I get dates, so I'm not a leper. Do I need to be a sex object? How am I an educational example for the rest of the students? To teach them to get comfortable with *my* sexuality? I'll suffer my week and be glad it's over, and that's it... damned idiocy..." he said as he waved and walked off.

"The more we talk to kids in the Program, the less I see its value," Roger mused, watching Elliott trudge away. "There's a kid who isn't gorgeous, he's not a hunk, but he doesn't have body image issues either—he accepts who he is—so what benefit will being in the Program give him? Just a bad memory of his last term in school is all."

Tom looked at the retreating Elliott. “Yeah, and think of a plain-Jane girl with a poor body image forced into this crap. Hell, the kind of mental damage that can happen to her! Like you throw someone into the water and expect that’ll force them to learn to swim, but instead they drown. Awful...”

Jessica pulled Ayame and Cynthia away from the boys. “You didn’t see, but I was wearing my shorts today,” she whispered.

“Oh? Your period?” Cynthia said.

“Yeah, started last night. Like clockwork.”

“Did you figure out how to handle the pool?” Cynthia asked.

“For practices I use a mini. Needed to change it twice during this morning’s practice! But the cool water helps with the cramps I get. I might be done by Friday night’s match... I hope.”

Ayame asked, “What did others say in classes when you wore shorts? Didn’t someone complain?”

“A few times. I said it was my monthly time and I had the right to wear protection for my personal health, like the Program book says. After I said that, they left me alone. But it’s so embarrassing to have to explain; I know it’s natural, but everyone needs to know about it? Well, I’m glad I can wear the shorts and wanted to thank you for encouraging me. Gotta go, see you tomorrow maybe.”

The girls rejoined Tom and Roger.

Cynthia asked, “Tom, about dinner. Can you come at 5 p.m.? And please, don’t think you need to bring anything, my mom is fine with what she’s preparing.”

“Sure, Cindy. I’ll see you then and thanks!” He kissed her cheek and walked off to his car.

Ayame looked at Cynthia. “Cindy, he’s such nice boy, yes? You see how he look at you? He likes!”

“Yeah, honey, I think so too. Hey, Roger, what the hell is going on with our lives? It’s like suddenly we’re caught up in a damned adventure story. It’s like we’re in a war zone or something in school! Not only do we need to protect against frontal attacks, we’ve got to defend the flanks too, now.”

“I agree, sis,” Roger sighed. “And I wonder what the hell those thugs were doing this morning. Saying they’re government agents and kidnapping kids? Shit...”

They had no idea how shocking the truth about the attempted kidnapping would be.

Next: The Program’s Terrible Truth

Our heroes learn more shocking things about the kidnapping attempt and gain a new steadfast friend who tries to help with their inhibitions. In school they had discussed phobia therapies. As far as new psychological therapies go, the therapy they choose to use is an interesting and unusual one. We’ll see how our intrepid heroes react; after all, their psych teacher intimated these therapies work. Meanwhile, the

Program continues to create problems for the kids, serious problems. And then comes the real shock: the Program's full power is unveiled—only to be countered by the creativity of the school's students.

Chapter 16 - The Program's Terrible Truth

A few minutes before 5 p.m., the doorbell rang at the twins' house.

"That must be Tom," Cynthia called. "I'll get it! ... hi, Tom, OH!" she exclaimed as Tom handed her a bouquet of flowers. "How pretty!"

"I felt I had to bring a little spring to your home to try to get rid of this morning's unpleasantness," Tom remarked as Cynthia kissed him.

"Thank you, this is so nice. Come meet my mom," she said, pulling Tom with her to the kitchen. "Mom, this is Tom Emerson; he's the guy who helped us chase down the kidnappers."

Sarah came over to him and grasped his hands. "I'm honored to meet you, son..."

Cynthia showed Sarah the flowers and took out a vase for them.

"How lovely, Tom, thank you... and I also want to thank you so much for what you did for our family."

"Thanks, Mrs Denison, but all I did was to..."

Roger interrupted, "Tom, please don't be so modest. If you hadn't followed me like you did, it wouldn't have turned out so good. You did much more than just follow me."

Ayame chimed in, "Yes, Tom, and I'm grateful to you too, so you're outnumbered.... Is that the right word?" she asked Roger.

"Exactly right, sweetie."

Meanwhile, Sgt Denison had just arrived home and came up to Tom.

"Good evening, young man," he said. "Good to see you again, and under much nicer circumstances. Welcome to our home."

"Thanks, sir, and I appreciate your invite."

Sgt Denison continued, "I've seen you swim on my son's team, right? Thought you looked familiar. Do you think the team can repeat winning States this year?"

"Got a shot at it, sir, but our top freestyler graduated last year and he was one of the best swimmers in the state. This'll be a tougher year."

"I see... well, just buckle down and give it your best shot. Say, Sarah, kids, I don't want to put a damper on this evening's festivities by reminding you about what happened this morning, but Sgt Raymers—he's the chief NCO in the investigations unit—wanted to tell me what they found out about the kidnappers. He's supposed to come over at about 6:30 to talk to me but he said you can hear this too if you want."

"Yes, I want," Roger said, and everyone else chimed in to agree.

As they were eating, Sarah asked Tom about his family.

“Well, I’m sort of a military kid,” Tom began. “My dad was a Navy pilot but was killed when I was 11 years old...”

“Oh, sorry...” people around the table said.

“...thanks, it was during one of those Mideastern wars. His aircraft was hit. We were so close and I really miss him terribly. Anyway, my mom is an engineer at the nuclear power plant and she married a man who works there. My step-dad is the security director there; he was an Army colonel who got wounded in action; he retired after he was hurt and eventually got his job here. He’s a really cool guy; my family does lots of things together.”

“Man, I didn’t know your story,” Roger said. “That’s why you’re just like a whole lot of other military family kids I’ve known—even how you are with others, a real team player. It’s why the kids on the team look up to you.”

“Oh, c’mon, Rog, you’re gettin’ carried away,” Tom objected.

Sgt Denison broke in, “Tom, this morning I noticed how you behaved out there with my kids and Ayame. You were disciplined and thoughtful, very mature. So I’m not surprised to hear of your family background. Anyway, what are your educational plans after high school? Following your father in the Navy?”

“No sir, my mother, actually. I want to be an engineer—industrial or mechanical, I think.”

Soon the conversation turned to other topics and the meal was finished. Roger and Cynthia volunteered to clean up from dinner and the others went to the den. Not long after the twins rejoined the rest of the group, Master Sergeant Raymers arrived and Stuart introduced him.

“Hello, sir, oh—I remember you from this morning, right? You were there pretty quickly, I think,” Cynthia exclaimed.

“Very observant, Miss. Yes, I was on North Base when I heard the call and not far away. So the base is involved in the investigation because of a number of factors. First, the kidnapping took place on federal property; next, so many of the families involved have a Marine member and third, most live on base. Usually we’re not involved in civil matters but this situation is kind of unique and potentially dangerous since the federal government seems involved in some way because of this Program thing. But we also have to observe the ‘Posse Comitatus’ Act—you know what that is? Most people don’t. It’s from 1878 and says that the Army and, by extension, the Air Force, since it split off from the Army, cannot be used as a police force to enforce domestic law. The Marines aren’t mentioned in the law but Navy regulations exist that have the same effect.

“Anyway, our MPs are also sworn law enforcement personnel in addition to being military, so we sometimes help the civil authorities in limited ways, and on this occasion, we were asked to assist by the state police. Miss Ayame remembered that her kidnappers had entered an address in their vehicle’s nav system. So a team was designated to go to that address, six MPs, together with state police and a Riverside County sheriff’s team, and a member of the Riverside prosecutor’s office; he had gotten an emergency search warrant.

“We arrived at the site at about 12:40 p.m. It was a building in a suburban office park, a free-standing building with no outside identification. There were three black sedans in the parking area with virtually

opaque rear windows, government plates, identical to the vehicles used by the kidnappers and those men who attempted to abduct the other high-school children. We posted men around the building and then entered. And what we found was incredibly disturbing.

“The outer door was locked. We decided to ring the doorbell rather than break in, but that was a tough decision to make and we lucked out. A woman answered the door for the uniformed state police trooper who was the only visible person to her, but when she opened the door, we secured it and the woman and rushed in to secure the other rooms. There wasn’t any armed opposition, thankfully; we didn’t know what to expect since some of the kidnappers had been armed—two of the others we arrested at the school were carrying.

“We eventually tallied twelve rooms set up like sleeping rooms with two beds each but the windows were blocked off and the doors could be locked from the outside. Another room looked like a doctor’s office with an exam table and medical supplies. Some offices. But the disturbing part was in one larger room, set up like a kind of little gym, we found four blindfolded and naked teens, three girls and a boy; their arms were strapped to their chairs’ arms and their legs were restrained too. They had headphones on them and some kind of hypnotic tape was playing.”

The Denison family and Tom gasped at hearing this and Sgt Denison uttered a cry of outrage, smacking his fist into his palm.

“There were two men in the room watching the children; when we rushed in they tried to resist but they were restrained and arrested. In another room that was set up like a classroom, we found a naked boy and girl; the girl was being forced to take the boy’s penis into her mouth by a man standing behind her, holding her head and trying to push her face into his groin. That man was also arrested.”

Ayame put her face in her hands and began crying. Roger whispered to her, “Want to leave?”

“NO!” she insisted. “Need to hear!”

Raymers went on, “In all cases, the children seemed only partially aware of what was going on; they moved lethargically but did react when they saw us—with a kind of wary relief. We had an ambulance on standby and one of our team had called them in; they had brought a physician with them in case of injuries.

“This is what we learned from records we found and from questioning the people we took into custody, one of whom was actually a psychologist. The place was run by a contractor to what we learned was the district office of the federal Program—the ‘Office of Social Awareness’—and it was set up to do a kind of training for students who refused to participate in their schools’ Program. The doctor who examined the children found that they had been lightly drugged using drugs like amobarbital, scopolamine, and sodium thiopental. Those drugs were found in the exam room.

“The children would be kept naked day and night, made to listen to subliminal suggestion tapes like we observed in that room, and put through sessions of mutual masturbation while being kept very lightly sedated. The drugs that were used are commonly believed to work as ‘truth’ drugs but in reality they simply reduce inhibitions and make the subject more amenable to suggestion. Apparently the objective of the treatment was to break down the children’s resistance to the Program.”

The group sat there silently, stunned by what they were hearing.

“I don’t have to tell you that all of this is highly illegal on many levels—violates a whole slew of laws, and is morally reprehensible as well. What the civil authorities are trying to determine now is who in the federal chain of this agency arranged that contract and who knew what was being done with the children who were kidnapped. Also where their instructions for which children to kidnap came from would be useful to know. Our base’s involvement with the brainwashing part of the case is ending since that’s an entirely a civil matter now; we’re still involved with the kidnapping, though.

“It appears that the law that set up the Program allows officials to ‘detain’ the minor children who don’t cooperate. But clearly the law never anticipated how far these perverts would go in detaining children and basically using them as guinea pigs for brainwashing. It boggles the mind how far they went. And to use a professional—a psychologist!—in such a way. I think those people will have long prison sentences to look forward to.”

Sgt Denison asked, “What about the others that were stopped at the school? What happened with them?”

“Oh yes. We turned them over to the civilian authorities to be charged with attempted kidnapping. There were four student names that the kidnapping group was given, Miss Ayame’s name and three others. Two of the other kidnappers went to one room for a boy on their list but he wasn’t present. Then they went for another student and took her out of the class. The second two pulled the third, another girl, out of her classroom. But the MP patrol saw one of the girls struggling as she was taken out of the building so they called for backup and intervened. That’s how we captured those first two teams.

“The two girls needed to be transported to the hospital. One fought so hard—she actually kicked a kidnapper in the groin—he punched her in the face, so she needed treatment. The other girl was throwing up; they weren’t sure if she had been hit in the abdomen, so they took her for observation.”

“Oh my god,” Sarah groaned. “How awful... You know how they are now?”

“A little better now. The girl who was punched has a nasty bruise on her cheek but she’ll be okay, physically anyway. The other girl was in shock and they gave her light sedation. I heard they’ll keep her overnight but she wasn’t physically injured.”

“Thank God for that,” Sgt Denison exhaled. “I’m so glad that Ayame escaped that torture, as did the other two. Do you think the perverts set up other operations like that elsewhere?”

“No way of knowing yet. The classroom teachers were given an official letter authorizing the children to be removed from class and an envelope to go to the school office. We checked; the envelopes contained a letter from the Program office to be read to the kidnapped children’s parents...”

Sarah interrupted, “Yes, the school secretary read me a letter like that.”

“...so state law enforcement is going to each school running the Program to see who had gotten such letters. They hope to learn more that way.”

Roger looked at Ayame. “No one asked you if you heard those creeps say anything to each other about what they were doing. Did they talk to each other?”

“I didn’t hear too much. Only heard about navigation when they got into car. There was wall with window between front and back, Roger.”

“Say,” Roger said, “what about their cars? I heard they were motor pool. Was there any info about them?”

“Only that they were being used by the contractor under that name, son. But that’s another lead that’s being checked.”

Stuart broke in. “And that office—it was open like you could just walk in and see everything that was going on? When you got in, those rooms where the kids were being held were in the open?”

“Ah, no. The outer office looked like a bookkeeping office setup; nothing suspicious. But there was a security door behind a closet door in the room that led into what we called ‘the dungeon,’” Raymers commented. “Fortunately it was open so the woman didn’t have a chance to warn the others. They must have been waiting for the kidnappers to arrive.”

“Oh, wow... And I guess that no one’s talking, either the kidnappers or the people at that office,” Cynthia commented.

“Not much. The people we arrested at the office site gave us a little information at first but then refused to say anything more.” He laughed. “I suggested that we loosen them up a bit; give them the same treatment as the kids using their own drugs—give ‘em a taste of their own medicine. See how their drugs work on them. But the prosecutor nixed that idea real quick. Real shame he didn’t go for it. They’re also going to question Mr Cirota, he probably has essential information.”

“Yeah, Cirota,” Roger snarled. “I warned him that if anything happened to Ayame, I’d cut off his balls...”

“Roger!” Sarah exclaimed. “You could really get into trouble making threats like that!”

“Yes, ma’am, I know. I apologized to Davis later for what I said. I told him what I did with Cirota. And you know, Cirota didn’t complain about my putting him in a judo hold when I threatened him, I was surprised that he let that slide.”

Cynthia looked at Roger. “Say, I’ll bet he didn’t because he thought that if he tried to discipline you for that, it might interfere with the kidnappings they planned. He probably didn’t want anyone looking closer at how he added Ayame to the Program list. But you told Cirota that if you didn’t nail him, the Marines would, remember?”

“Oh yeah. Man, was I so damned mad! Then I was ashamed about how badly I lost my temper.”

Raymers raised his hand to stop their conversation and everyone turned to look at him.

“We Marines have this covered, son. The abductions were from federal property, remember? The school’s on base land, so the Marines are very involved. Also the law in this state says that if a death occurs when a felony is committed, no matter who dies—whether a perp or victim—then those involved as conspirators can be charged with murder—it’s known as the felony-murder rule. And if Cirota provided those names, it’s very possible he could be charged as a co-conspirator to the felonies of kidnapping and intended sexual assault. I’m sorry that the people who were torturing those kids likely won’t be able to be implicated in this kidnapping, but they face very long prison terms anyway. And since this was a felony committed on federal property, be sure that the JA office will be very involved in the prosecutions. So you’ll get your wish; we’re going to nail Cirota if he’s responsible—so don’t take punishing him into your own hands, okay, son?”

Ayame clutched Roger's hand and he pulled her close.

"Yes, sir, I'm cool," he told Raymers. "I'm glad to see that the base will keep the pressure on the investigation."

"For sure, son," Raymers responded.

The discussion was winding down and the shock of what they heard had dampened the mood considerably. Soon Sgt Raymers was taking his leave.

"I wanted you to hear about all this first-hand. You know how the rumor mill exaggerates stories like this and turns them into wild fantasies. This way you'll know what actually happened and what those attempted kidnappings were supposed to be about. And I'm sorry if the information was disturbing, but now that you know, you can better judge what can happen when government policies like the Program run amuck. You can tell that I'm no fan of it either. And please, keep this info confidential; I'm sure the press will learn about this mess very soon and break the story. Have a good evening; see you at work tomorrow, Stu, my friend."

After Raymers left, the group sat and looked at each other for a while, gathering their thoughts. Stuart was the first to speak.

"To think that something like this was allowed to happen... It's disgusting, treating kids like lab animals, hauling them away, drugging them senseless, and then prostituting them in the name of an educational program that's supposed to help their self-image somehow. My God, what a disaster."

Sarah was sitting next to Ayame, she leaned over and put her arm around her shoulder.

"To think, honey, that they were taking you to that place..." she shivered. "Those poor kids; I hope that they have no bad effects from their experience. And their parents when they find out what happened... awful."

"Aunt Sarah, I too hope they will get help. Maybe the drugs dull the memory of what was done to them. I remember something from a health class about drugs for childbirth and one name was familiar. It made memory forget. I'm so happy I got rescued," Ayame said as she held Roger's hand.

"Makes me wonder if I should become a refuser too," Tom sighed. "That was an awful story."

Stuart looked at him. "Right! So you're doing the Program this week. I heard your comments this morning and was wondering about your wearing that poncho."

"Yeah, Dad, you should have seen my wild-eyed naked driver racing after the bad guys!" Cynthia exclaimed, and related the story about how Tom came to become involved in the chase.

That improved the mood in the room considerably, as the adults tried to visualize the images of a naked boy and clothed girl running down the school hallway, streaking across the parking lot, and then traveling in a car rushing headlong down a county road.

The four teens excused themselves then and went to Roger's room for a quiet chat.

"Cindy, thanks so much for dinner. And the after-dinner entertainment was, I don't know, riveting is the only word I can think of. Damned Program crap. Hey, Ayame, I can see that you did okay hearing what the cops

found at the kidnappers' place. Yesterday you were a basket case over your selection for the Program. You freaked out every time someone said you should be nude but today you seem much better."

"Yes, thank you, Tom. Maybe because I know that I escaped an awful time, I understand now that there is worse that can happen than just hearing words."

Cynthia looked at Tom. "You know, in psych class I asked our teacher about something like that, Tom. Roger and Ayame and I were talking about our nudity fears. So I asked about facing fears, how to cope. The teacher said that if you force yourself to do something you're afraid of doing and see that it didn't hurt you, then when you have to do it the next time, it may be easier to do."

"You mean about being naked in school?" Tom asked.

"That's the first time I felt any panic about being nude," Cynthia continued. "I reacted that way when Roger and I found that we were picked for the Program. When they told us that we had been picked, I freaked out. Now I know that it was panic that I felt. I couldn't stand the idea of having to be in the Program. Later both of us figured that we must have some kind of psych problem since we have such strong negative feelings about being naked like that. Ayame does too, but for a different reason. But you're doing the Program without any real objections. That's why we think your being in it is so brave. We couldn't make ourselves get naked in public like that."

"Cindy, I mentioned before, I'm kind of used to it because I've been going to nudist resorts since I was little. My mom grew up in a nudist family and got my dad, then my step-dad, to try it. My step-dad was really hesitant—actually afraid to get into public nudity, but grew to love it. I bet you guys would, too. It's the absolutely greatest feeling ever, the breeze and sun on your bare skin. My step-dad got used to it slowly—got used to going to nudist resorts with us, that is. I'd love to get you to try. He did it in private, a little at a time."

"How do you mean, private?" Roger asked. Ayame looked very doubtful.

"With no one else being around. Would you consider trying it? Cindy, it would be wonderful if you guys would try. Would you?" Tom asked.

The twins looked at each other and exchanged a silent message. Roger nodded and whispered in Ayame's ear, "Darling, Cindy and I agreed to see what Tom has in mind. Would you go along with us too? For me?"

Ayame squeezed Roger's hand and squeaked, "I think..."

Cynthia looked at Tom intently. "Rog and I have been talking about our nudity hangup. I wonder if my panic was because of the stuff we've heard about the Program. Actually I've been pretty modest since I was little, but I never got all panicked over it. Small steps? That's what our psych teacher said helps to get used to uncomfortable stuff. How would we do it?"

"You'll try? Great! My step-dad needed to get into nudism slowly. Mostly a newbie will just go to a resort, hang out for a few hours wearing a swim suit to get used to the idea, see that the nudity's no big deal and get naked too, but some others need time to get used to it. We can try it at my house—we have a pool and the yard is fenced in; it's totally private. My family sunbathes and swims naked there a lot. You can come over after school; the folks won't be home then and it'd be totally private."

"So when do you think we should try?" Cynthia asked.

"How about if you come tomorrow after school? Can you come then?"

Roger was showering with Tom after swim practice Wednesday morning.

"Tom, after you left, Dad said that stuff about that raid needs to be kept secret, like Raymers told us. Can I have your promise not to repeat it?"

"Roger, I'm not a gossip spreader and there's no one I need to impress with knowing any secrets. I'm cool too, especially if your dad thinks that info is so hot."

"Thanks, Tom, and I'm sure the details will be out in a few days anyway, the way the press manages to dig it out. Say, Cindy was talking to Ayame for half the night. Ayame is really, really uneasy about our nudist trial this afternoon but Cindy convinced her that she could come but she wouldn't need to take her suit off. Is that okay?"

"Oh, sure. No one's being forced; this isn't like the Program, after all."

"Let me tell you why Ayame is so shy about her body. She doesn't like to even appear in a two-piece because she was burned in a fire when she was little..."

Roger continued explaining to Tom why Ayame was modest about exposing her body, about the merciless teasing she had endured.

"Yeah, I can see why she'd think she looked like a freak. But, man, she should definitely come to our resort—she'd see people with scars and plenty of people who aren't very good-looking. One woman comes who had to have her breasts removed. She wasn't at all embarrassed at how she looked. But Ayame can come and be dressed however she wants."

"Good, I'll tell her. See you in front after school?" Roger asked.

"Sure."

All morning during school, the twins and Ayame kept hearing snatches of rumors about Tuesday's kidnapping attempts, but apparently not many solid facts were known. One of the girls was back in school because Ayame heard a student in Civics mention seeing a girl with a bad bruise on her face. It was during their lunch period that they heard a guy talking about seeing MPs handcuffing two men and watching a girl being put into an ambulance. They didn't hear anyone mention the raid on the Program contractor's offices until later, however.

It was right after English that one of the students said she heard during her lunch period that there was some kind of major raid, somehow involving the Program, at a site in Riverside County to their north. The news report contained only speculative coverage since the authorities claimed that because minors were involved, few details could be released. The girl only heard that a number of people had been arrested and

some teens were found who were being held against their will at an office facility and had been hospitalized for observation. No other details could be learned, the girl related.

“Wow,” Cynthia said after she heard the girl’s comments, “they got a lot of that correct, actually. I wonder if we’ll hear anything more or if this’ll get the coverup treatment too.”

“So the press is pretty good at digging out the details of stuff like that,” Roger commented, “and if it’s a hot topic—and the Program is really a hot one—they won’t stop unless they’re forced to do it, you know.”

“Yeah, I guess. I don’t know how much control the feds have over what the press reports, though. They have the press rights of the First Amendment, no? Do you remember that stuff from Civics last year about prior restraint? I don’t think the government has any power to censor news before it comes out unless it’s a national security matter. I think that’s what I heard, right?” Cynthia remarked.

“Ha. I’d like to see the feds try to make the Program into a national security issue. I’ll bet they’re staying up nights trying to work out how to do that, though,” Roger joked. “Anyway, let’s check the news tonight and see if they dug up any more details, okay?”

After school, they went to meet Tom at the school’s entrance. Mary and Jessica were there, and within a few minutes Mike came out, followed by Elliott. Jessica was still wearing shorts and Cynthia and Ayame went to talk to her.

“Jessica, hi,” Cynthia greeted her. “How was today?”

“Not too bad. Wearing the bottoms makes a world of difference. But Cirota pulled me out of class briefly, told me that he was going to make me repeat the week. I told him something like, ‘In your dreams! I didn’t pick this week, you did!’ If they say I need to repeat, I’ll refuse.”

“Good on you. Show ‘em you’re not taking any crap,” Cynthia said approvingly as Tom came up and took her hand.

“Hi, Cindy. Three down, two more to go. That snarky bastard had to get his threats in just now.”

Roger had joined them. “You must mean Cirota. ‘Snarky’ is the word that fits him best.”

“You got it. He was waiting for me after my last class. Told me he was failing me for my Program week for an unexcused absence for several hours on Tuesday. I told him where he could put his failure—my class absence was excused by the principal and he couldn’t override that excuse. I think he was trying to scare me or something. It didn’t work.”

“I wonder how people like him get picked for that position. You’d think they’d want to put supportive, empathic people in Program positions. Not a tyrant wannabe. It would help the kids so much,” Cynthia said.

Elliott was finishing getting dressed. “Hey, you guys hear about a raid on a Program office up north? I was working on my history project in the media lab and saw a report on the news feed.”

“What did you hear happened?” Tom asked.

“So there was this office building where it seems some kids were being held. They didn’t say anything more about the kids, except that they were high-school students and had been taken to the hospital to be checked out. The news said that the people in the office were arrested and being held without bail on suspicion of kidnapping—you think that they might be related to the kidnappers here?”

“Oh my God,” Jessica exclaimed, “you think it’s a kidnapping ring?”

“No—the report said it had to do with the Program, so can the government be involved in kidnapping? I don’t see how. Maybe... um, maybe they weren’t doing what they were supposed to? Like if the kids got injured or something, then maybe that’s why those people could be arrested. There wasn’t much more information, but it makes me worried a little, like what the hell is going on if the Program people can’t be trusted either. This whole fuckin’ screwy deal is bad, I tell ya...” He waved his hand at the school building as he walked off.

The others just stared at his back as he walked away. Then everyone had left except Tom.

“Wow. Elliott is pretty perceptive, you know?” Roger commented.

“What do you mean?” Tom asked. “What did he say that was perceptive?”

“About that raid. He put some things together and came up with close to the correct answer, actually,” Cynthia remarked. “Tom, Roger mentioned to me that he told you what Dad said about that raid. Please promise not to repeat it. Really promise, okay?”

“Cindy, I’ve promised it to Roger and you have my word too.”

“Thanks, Tom. Judging by what Elliott said, the news media will drag out the details soon anyway. Maybe those kids or their parents will speak up.”

“Yeah, Cyn, those poor goddamn kids,” Tom muttered. “Being tortured and brainwashed over that crap. Because they objected to the Program, they get officially kidnapped and brainwashed. I have even less respect for the turds who came up with the whole damned Program abomination. I hope those creeps get locked away for life. Like the sergeant in charge of the investigation said, they should’ve gotten a dose of their own treatment.”

“Ha. Can’t agree with you more,” Roger commented. “Too bad the DA said he couldn’t allow it, though.”

“Yeah, I guess. Well, on a happier note, so you guys wanna follow me home now?” Tom asked. “We can try taking that little step today if you want.”

Cynthia looked at Ayame who shrugged, blushed, and looked down. “It’s okay, sweetie,” Cynthia said, “if you don’t...”

“否定 [*Hitei*: denial], ehh, no, Cindy, is okay to go. I need small step.”

Chapter 17

They walked through Tom's home to the back, passing through a den with a sliding door that opened on the pool deck. Tom carried out a pile of towels with him.

"Okay, this is really nice," Cynthia enthused when she saw the pool. "It's pretty big, too."

"It's actually 75 feet long. A real pool. My sis is a competition swimmer too and the pool is one of the reasons my folks bought this house. I can practice my laps here if I'm careful flip-turning at the shallow end," Tom replied. "If you want, you can put your suits on in the bathroom just inside the slider. I'm going in like this," he said as he pulled off his shirt and shorts. "You've already seen all of me," as he stood there nude, then turned and dove into the water.

Roger looked at Cynthia and a glance flew between them. He sat down on a chaise next to the towels and pulled off his shoes, then his shirt.

"I'm taking this in a bigger step," he grinned at her, and pulled down his shorts and underwear. "But I'm not strutting."

He pulled a towel over his lap, stood as he wrapped it around his waist, then walked to the pool's edge and sat down with his feet in the water. He slid off the towel into the water.

"Coward!" Cynthia taunted and turned to the house, pulling Ayame with her, talking animatedly.

Soon the two emerged in swim suits and jumped into the pool. Roger had been doing some fast free-style laps and as he churned past her, she caught his eye and he slowed to an easy crawl.

"How's naked swimming, bro?" Cynthia asked as she swam next to him.

"Cyn, it's weird. Strange, but nice. The water on my skin is, well, it feels a little sensual."

Tom had swum up to Cynthia and took her hands in his, smiling broadly at her. "Nice. You look good."

"Say, Tom, I can see that swimming nude does slow you down," Roger called.

"Yeah, Rog, right? See what happens when you're trying to swim fast? Try a naked racing dive, I dare you. You'll see how *that* feels! I love being nude in the water, but to compete, the suit is a must. Otherwise skinny-dipping is awesome, though. Hey, c'mon, Cindy, you gotta try it now."

Roger had swum over to Ayame who was paddling around in the shallow end. "Darling, do you want to try slipping out of the suit while you're in the water? I know you've been to *onsen*, but you can't swim in them. No one can easily see you now, either."

"Eehh, Rog, I think maybe. Give me moment to get courage, okay?"

Then Roger noticed that Cynthia was putting her swimsuit bottom on the pool coping next to her top and turned to begin swimming alongside Tom toward the deep end.

"Look, Ayame, look at Cindy."

“Ooooh. Oh, she took it off. If she can, I can!” and Ayame pulled off her top. Then she turned around and slowly lowered her bottoms. “You already saw my body so this is a little okay, darling. So far this is okay.”

“Good for you, sweetie. That’s great.”

She pushed off and began swimming slowly toward the deep end.

“Wow, Ayame, I’m impressed. You did it!” Cynthia exclaimed.

“Yeah,” Tom agreed. “How’s it feel, guys?”

“Eeh, feels funny on the skin when I swim, but nice,” Ayame said softly.

“Yeah,” Cynthia agreed, “it’s really different not being in a suit. It tickles my, um, you know.”

“Well, enjoy the water. It’s also nice in a lake like our resort has but we don’t go to the nude part of San Onofre ocean beach any more; there are some strange characters there at times,” Tom commented.

They swam around and chatted for about fifteen minutes when the sliding door suddenly opened and two people came out of the house.

“Janice!” Tom exclaimed. “We didn’t expect you home till tomorrow.”

One of the girls answered, “We got done early so I decided to come today. This is my suitemate, Carlyn. Sorry to break into your party.”

Meanwhile, Cynthia and Ayame had rushed to the side of the pool to try to hide their nudity.

Tom said, “Guys, that’s my sister Janice. She goes to college in San Diego; she’s a sophomore.”

“Yeah, I brought my friend home for a taste of our lifestyle. I told her that my family were nudists and she couldn’t believe it at first. I convinced her to give it a try.” Janice remarked.

“That’s what we’re doing here! Hell, your timing sucks, sis,” Tom complained. “I was giving them a private nude swimming experience.”

“Well, we can go to my room if you want...” Janice began.

Cynthia interrupted, “Wait, if I’m gonna get used to this, two more girls won’t make any difference, you know, so don’t leave because of me. How about you, Ayame?”

She shook her head slowly. “否 [*Hi’na*: no], is okay.”

Cynthia continued, “I’m Cindy, my brother is Roger, and this is our cousin Ayame.”

The two girls echoed, “Hi.”

Janice looked at Carlyn. “Are you okay with the boys in the pool or do you want to wait?”

“I spent all day working up my courage so I’m not chickening out. I see the girls’ suits on the pool edge, so I’ll do the same,” Carlyn said, looking around. “Where can I change?”

She came out of the house in a suit, slid into the pool, and took her suit off. Meanwhile, Janice had stripped on the pool deck and jumped in. She swam over to Tom and gave him a hug and kiss.

“How’s my favorite brother doing? Dad told me you’re doing that stupid Program business,” she said.

Carlyn came swimming up. “They made him do that awful nonsense? God, am I glad I graduated before that crap began.”

Janice asked Carlyn, “So how’s it feel to be nude in the pool?”

“Need to get used to it, but so far it’s kinda nice, I guess. Tell me again why you like this nudist stuff?”

“Yeah, I’d like to hear that too,” Cynthia chimed in, followed by Roger and endorsed by a little “Me too” from Ayame, who was holding onto Roger as he drifted over to them.

“Okay, class,” Janice grinned at her rapt audience. “Pay attention ‘cause a quiz follows the lecture. I’ve been a nudist since I was little, like Tom, so I never had any qualms about trying it out like our step-dad did. But when I was a teen and other kids my age had body issues, I’d look at all of the body types at the resorts my family went to, everyone was different, and being nude was like no big deal for anyone. The relaxation and recreation are fantastic; when I’m at a resort hanging out nude, I’m at peace both physically and mentally and any concerns of the outside world just kind of disappear. Another thing is the really super social contacts you make—other people are so great. That’s such a wonderful, positive force—the friendships I’ve made are strong and meaningful.

“Another thing is that there’s no social status when you’re nude. No one wears fancy clothes or puts on airs. Everyone tends to be genuine people, they’re accepting, easygoing, and friendly. And like other nudists, I’ve embraced the lifestyle because I love being around people who enjoy lots of simple pleasures while being nude, things like swimming, sunbathing, cooking, playing games, gardening, and just socializing. I think the very best feeling in the world is to lay on a recliner in the sun while a gentle breeze flows over my skin. After you experience that for a few hours, you won’t want to give it up, I think.”

“Sis, you sound like a sales agent for our resort,” Tom joked. “See how good with words she is? But she’s right on. I feel just the same way. And it’s helping me very much with the naked Program in school, even though the dumb Program stresses public sex and not the benefits of nudism. So because of that, the Program is a kind of anti-nudist experience.”

Janice went on, “Yeah, sex has no place in a nudist resort, public sex, anyway. That would get someone banned for life.” She laughed. “Sure, sometimes the guys get a hardon and sometimes the women get wet over the hot guys. And of course there are always some who hook up. Only that’s always in private. But mostly, the fact is that nudism isn't about sex at all. So the Program in school is all about sex stuff?”

“Yeah, but at our school, all the required public sex parts got really toned down, thanks to Cynthia and Roger, actually,” Tom explained. “They began this resistance effort and now most kids are refusing to participate. In my week—that’s this week—there wound up being only five doing it out of the thirty who were selected.”

Tom went on to explain to the girls the obnoxious details of the Program's sexual expectations and how the resistance at the school worked.

Janice asked Tom, "So your friends here all refused to be in the Program but still came here to try out nudism?" She turned to Cynthia. "You're really okay with this?"

"So far..." Cynthia responded.

"Yeah, I thought the Program was giving my lifestyle a bad rep, and they had some issues—kinda like modesty—that I'm trying to help them with," Tom answered.

"So nudie neophytes," Janice called to the others, "how do you guys feel about being nude in the water now?"

A chorus of, "Okay," "Fine," "All right," answered her.

"Hey, are all of you ready for the next step? Leaving the water all bare?" she asked, eyes twinkling.

"Ooooh," came from Carlyn and Ayame.

Ayame splashed over to Roger, who was about ten feet away talking to Tom, and grabbed his arm.

"Darling, ready for another small step?" Roger asked.

"Aayhh, I don't know... I think I try, but hold me? I'm afraid they'll see scars..."

"Ayame, no one really looks that closely—and even if you had huge scars, no one cares at all," Tom reassured her. "I told Roger that there's a woman at my resort who had breast cancer and has scars where her breasts were removed. My stepdad has scars from his wounds too. Nobody will care, my word on that."

Cynthia was talking quietly to Carlyn and then the two of them walked toward the stairs at the shallow end of the pool, and hand in hand, they slowly climbed up the steps and out of the water.

Janice called, "Yes! They did it! Good show, guys; now pull the loungers out of the shade and see how the sun feels on your body. You'll need some sunscreen if you lay out more than a few minutes, remember."

Roger began moving toward the steps and Ayame came hesitantly along; when they reached the bottom step, she grabbed his arms and wrapped them around her body.

"Want like this to hold me," she demanded.

"Sure, darling. Careful so you don't slip."

They climbed the steps. When they reached the deck, Roger slid his hands down Ayame's arms and took hold of her hands, turning her to face him.

"Oh my god," he breathed, "you're an angel. Darling, you're so, so pretty." He crushed her in an embrace. Then he pulled back again. Ayame's face was shining a bright red.

He gazed at her body. She had broad, tapering shoulders and her pert B-cup breasts sat proudly, high on her ivory-skinned chest with prominent nipples atop small brown areolas. Her waist was slim and flared out at

her hips which tapered down to her long and graceful legs. But what caught his eye was her tuft of pubic hair atop her prominent mound. It was black and silky smooth, trimmed into a neat bush that accentuated the bottom of her belly, and he could see a hint of her pussy lips protruding between her thighs. Roger then recalled her modesty over her burn scars.

“Darling, your body is awesome. But where are your scars that you’re afraid people will see? I don’t see...”

She had pulled back further and turned a bit to the right.

“Here... and here are scars,” she pointed.

“Oh. Ah, I see, um, like stretch marks? And some lighter skin patches. But sweetie, they’re almost invisible, you know. I didn’t notice them till you showed them to me. Oh my god, your butt is so cute! Oh, darling, you’ve got a wonderful body. Please, please don’t be ashamed of it. Come, let’s try lying in the sun and I’ll put some lotion on you, okay?”

Ayame jerked in alarm and looked around suddenly. “Errr, the others, I forgot them watching... ayyy, they aren’t staring at me...”

“No, sweetie; Tom is obsessed with Cindy, see the way he’s looking at her, and the two girls are staring at Tom. Well, Carlyn is and Janice is watching both of them. So funny! What a hoot.”

As Tom stood talking to Cynthia, he was indeed devouring her with his eyes, smitten with her tall, athletic figure. He noted how her chest and belly musculature was overlaid with soft, feminine flesh but the underlying muscles were still clearly defined. Her C-cup breasts rode highly over her chest muscles and were spaced widely on her chest with long, erect nipples atop deep pink areolas. And at the bottom of her belly, her red pubes was shaped in a neat landing strip ending at her slit. The muscles of her back were even more apparent and rippled as she moved, and her ass was round, firm, and sported two deep dimples at the top of her butt. He stared, captivated by her figure, and Cynthia noticed his rapt expression as he gazed at her. She blushed under his devouring gaze.

“Tom! You said that nudists never stare!” she admonished him.

“God, I can’t help it,” he sighed. “You’re like one of those Greek goddesses—Diana, I saw the sculpture, so beautiful...”

She giggled, “Oh, please, you’re embarrassing me. You’re no slouch in the looks department either, you know.”

“Yeah, I’ve noticed you looking at me, too,” he grinned and she slapped his shoulder.

“Janice, you didn’t tell me about this kind of stuff going on with nudists,” Carlyn joked. “If that isn’t suggestive behavior, I don’t know what is! But Cindy has the body of an Amazon, so I can see why your brother is so smitten.”

Janice looked at Tom, grinning. “You two have something going on, huh, bro?”

Tom looked at Cynthia. “I’m not sure. Cindy?”

He reached out to her and put his hands on her hips, looking into her eyes. Her body reacted with a tiny shiver and then she melted into him in an embrace. Then they kissed.

“Oooo,” Cynthia exclaimed after a few dozen seconds elapsed. “Yeah, he does like me, I guess,” as she felt Tom’s stiffening erection pressing into her belly.

“Damn treacherous organ,” he muttered. “Down, boy, don’t get me in trouble.”

Janice was laughing now. “Cindy, you should know that macho-man here practically never pops a boner at our resorts, so clearly you’re the cause of this one. And I like it, too. Bro, you’re quite the stud.”

“My god, Jan, cut it out! Today wasn’t anything about sex, you know,” Tom complained as he wrapped a towel around his waist.

But no sooner than he had tucked in the towel, Carlyn tugged at the cloth and it dropped to the deck.

“Hey!” Tom exclaimed.

“Program boys aren’t allowed to cover up,” Carlyn smirked. “I’m enjoying the view.”

“So am I,” Cynthia whispered as she put her hands on Tom’s hips and leaned in to kiss him gently on the lips.

“Wow, Jan, is this what you nudists do? You never told me it was like this,” Carlyn grinned.

“Well, not in public at the resorts. Sure, we play around and tease a bit. But if a guy gets aroused, he needs to cool it. Hey, bro...?” Janice turned because Cynthia had squealed.

Tom had picked her up and was striding to the pool’s edge carrying her.

“Yeah, I need to cool both of us off!” he shouted as he hopped into the water, making a huge splash as Cynthia shrieked in surprise.

Everyone laughed, and Ayame, who was now sitting on a nearby chaise next to Roger and had been watching Tom and the others talking, whispered to him, “He’s such a good looking boy, but I think you look much nicer.”

“And you look just fab, sweetie. Man, I think I could get to like this. I don’t believe it, but I feel really relaxed—maybe because everyone is nude. Maybe this nudism stuff ain’t that bad.”

“Darling, I still need to get, eerrr, more at ease—is that it? Used to being like this. I like how my skin feels in the sun, so Janice was right about that. Just hold me, okay?” Ayame whispered to him.

“Carlyn, so what do you think about your first nudist experience?” Janice asked.

“Not what I expected. I thought it was only gonna be the two of us doing it, but I’ll say that having the others here was... ah... interesting. Yeah. I’m okay, I guess. The two guys are real hunks, too, so that’s nice. And being nude and not getting hit on, that’s cool.” She thought a little more. “So what do I think? It’s not bad, physically, anyway. No more uncomfortable than wearing a thong bikini. And I can feel the breeze and sun much more. I still need to get used to it psychologically, I guess.”

“Well, the next step can really help with that. You want to try doing the resort some time? Go all out? It’s just like this but with a few more people. And fun stuff to do, also,” Janice continued.

“Maybe... I’ll see, okay?”

“Good; now we gotta go to get to the shops I told you about. Hey, guys,” she called to the others, “Carlyn and I have some stuff we need to do, so see ya around, okay? Nice to meet you guys and welcome to the nudist life!”

The others waved farewell. Tom and Cynthia were in the pool, holding each other and having a whispered conversation. As the sliding door closed, Roger pulled Ayame close and kissed her. She looked at his lap.

“Mmmm. That looks so nice. I like how it stands up that way,” she murmured into his mouth.

“Um,” Roger said. “Maybe I need to cool off too. Let’s go,” and he pulled her up and over to the pool and the two of them slid into the water.

“Oh, look at Cindy and Tom,” Ayame breathed as she looked at the other couple.

Tom had been staring into Cynthia’s eyes and then he moved his head close to hers; their lips touched. Their kiss began slowly at first as they became familiar with each other’s taste, but it quickly heated into a flaming passion that overtook them both as their lips rubbed against each other’s. Tom very hesitantly touched Cynthia’s lips with the tip of his tongue and was startled at her eager acceptance of his tongue’s touch as she opened her mouth and met his tongue with her own.

Cynthia felt Tom’s hands gliding over her body, moving over her back, to her hips, down to her ass, stroking, kneading, caressing. She exhaled and shuddered as a hand moved over her breast and tweaked a nipple. Shivering, Cynthia broke the kiss and looked right at Ayame who was watching her, wide-eyed and fascinated by the scene. Cynthia winked at Ayame and resumed kissing Tom.

Roger turned Ayame to face him and put a finger on her lips, then moved his lips to replace his finger.

“Let’s do that too, darling,” he whispered.

They kissed passionately as Roger explored Ayame’s body with his hands, the water shielding from view all the places he stroked and caressed while Ayame’s hands were similarly occupied. Her hand found Roger’s rampant erection.

“*Ehh*. I love how this feels, darling,” she moaned. “It’s so hot, even in the pool water.”

Roger just groaned.

Ayame peered down through the water and a flush of pure desire flooded through her. Roger’s penis was fully hard now and she felt a lump form in her throat as the thought of having that hardness penetrating her body suddenly flashed into her mind. Using both of her hands, she stroked its head and cupped his balls and then squeezed them gently; then she spiraled her hands up and down Roger’s raging hardon.

“Ayam... uuuggghhhhh! Oooowwhh!” Roger grunted and Ayame saw a plume of milky cum erupt from between her fingers, then a second and third glob jetted out, slowly writhing into sinuous ropy tendrils

which then separated into a number of torturous threads that gradually drifted away in the water's currents.

She giggled as Roger grabbed her head and thrust his tongue down her throat as he crushed his groin into hers and mashed their chests together. She felt his hands travel down her back and shivered as they stroked her firm, tight ass. Next she became aware of Roger's traveling fingers, which had reached her slit and found her molten core.

"Uuuhhhh, oooh, Roger, aaaaahhhh," she sighed. "Ahhh, please, careful," she groaned as she let herself go, drifting into the sensations his fingers were producing.

All at once, Roger lifted Ayame up onto the pool coping, spread her legs, and dove into her crotch with his face.

"*Ehh*! What are...! Uunnhhh! Ayyeeeee!" Ayame squealed and grabbed his head, trying to push him away.

But Roger bore in, starting at her clit, lapping at her fiercely and running the flat of his tongue up and down her lips. Then instead of her continuing to try to push his head away, Ayame grunted and pulled him into her, moaning with the sensations Roger's tongue was evoking. His tongue teased her inner lips as she gasped, sighed, and spread her legs farther apart inviting him to penetrate her farther, so he took a finger and twirled it around her little love button while he lashed it with his tongue. Ayame's groans of pleasure were louder now and when Roger's finger traced down her slit and found her sopping wet vagina, she squealed with shock and pleasure as he pushed it into her, through the little opening in her hymen, and wiggled it.

Ayame was now so far lost in sensual overload that her eyes were squeezed shut, her fists were clamped tightly in Roger's hair, and she was moaning continuously. He saw her wince slightly as his finger entered her and she grunted a little "Ow!" but then continued to sigh and moan. Roger could sense that she was almost at the edge and decided to push her over, knowing that she was so far gone that she desperately needed her release. He began to lick her between her lips from her clit to vagina, stroking his tongue in time with his probing digits. Then he put his lips over her clit and sucked on the little nub hard while flicking it with his tongue and she immediately came, her mound pushing into his face with quick jerks of movement, and she uttered a voiceless scream, almost like air whistling from her lungs.

Roger kept gently stroking Ayame's slit and kept his finger slowly moving in her vagina as she rode out her orgasm and then began to climb to another high as Roger increased the intensity of his ministrations. Ayame shuddered and her hips jerked as she panted loudly, pressing herself against his face and hand. She arched her back and pressed hard against him, encouraging him to keep stimulating her dripping pussy. Roger, in turn, was loving it, listening to Ayame's throaty moans and feeling her pulsating vagina. Now his tongue never left her clit and his fingers never left her slit and vagina as he brought her to another shattering climax.

As she tried to focus on catching her breath, she again felt Roger's strong fingers working and his insistent tongue moving as he kept his face between her legs, continuing to gently lick her vulva and upper thighs as she recovered from her second orgasm. He was patient, soothing her gently as she rode out the aftershocks and her body gradually calmed and her rigid muscles relaxed.

Then he pulled Ayame off the edge to him and crushed her in an embrace. She shuddered as the water hit her searing hot sex but wrapped her arms around him and heaved a huge, gasping sigh.

" あなたは私に何をしました？ [*Aah, anata wa watashi ni nani o shimashita?*]" she moaned and shivered in another aftershock.

"What did I do to you? Darling, I showed you how you made me feel when you stroked me. How you made Cindy feel when you did that to her. Was it good?"

"*Aa*. I never... not know how to say. Awesome? So intense. Was it the orgasm? Ahhh, never knew how good! *Aa*, others see?" she jerked away in alarm.

"Don't worry, they're so wrapped up in each other they wouldn't notice a parade passing by..." Roger said, grinning.

Ayame looked over and giggled. Tom was now sitting on the back end of a chaise, leaning forward, and Cynthia was kneeling between his legs, busily giving him an enthusiastic blow job. Tom's eyes were closed and his hands were holding Cynthia's head; he was breathing heavily and moaning with every movement of her head.

Then Cynthia pulled back a bit and started to lick his shaft, running her tongue down its entire length in slow, titillating strokes, while she jacked her hand on the parts that her tongue wasn't licking. She moaned lustfully as she tongued and stroked Tom; then the fingers of her other hand found her clit and stroked around it as she lapped Tom's pole. She finally took Tom into her mouth again and started to suck his prick energetically, her tongue lashing and teasing its underside until Tom thought he would burst and he desperately thrust his hips forward.

"Aaagggg...uuuhhh... cumming, Cindy," he gurgled.

She felt his cock begin to twitch and swell and pulled it out of her mouth just as Tom came; spurts of semen burst from his rigid organ, covering her chin, neck, and naked breasts with pearlescent splashes of cum.

Cynthia giggled to him, "Ooops, I was afraid to swallow the first time, but I promise to practice to get better."

"God, doll, no practice needed! Hell, I never felt anything like that before! You were fantastic!" Tom gasped.

"Yeah, big sis, that looked awesome too," Roger chuckled as he and Ayame walked up to them. "You sure that this nudism stuff isn't an excuse for hot sex?" he asked Tom.

Tom blushed. "C'mon, guy. I didn't mean to get carried away. I kind of noticed that you two were also getting it on, right?"

Ayame squeaked and grabbed Roger's arm, then she giggled.

"Roger only demo for me some Program stuffs," and gave Cynthia a knowing look; then the two of them cracked up.

"Huh?" Tom said blankly.

“You know, like doing one Relief demo, in class for people to watch how done?” Ayame pressed on.

Now Roger, Cynthia, and Ayame were laughing and Tom raised an eyebrow, looking from one to another.

“Oooo-kay. Wanna fill me in?”

So the three of them gave him a brief explanation of their first foray into sexual contact earlier in the week and soon Tom was chuckling along with them.

“That’s quite some story,” he said, after they had laughed at the retelling of the events of their impromptu anatomy lesson. “Say, Ayame, you and Cindy seem to be much more comfortable now. How do you feel?”

Ayame blushed. “Am feeling better. Still little shy, but is feeling not too bad.”

“Yeah, I heard you were shy about your body because of scars, but, my God, Ayame, you’re beautiful! Your body is perfect, man what a shape, and you’re just so pretty. You’d look awesome compared to most people I see at our resorts, you too, Cindy. You’re both really gorgeous girls,” Tom commented.

“*Ehh*? You don’t see scar?” exclaimed Ayame.

“No!” the three spoke at once. “Don’t see anything that looks like scars,” Tom added.

He continued, “Listen. You’re really pretty. I do see some patches of lighter colored skin, but if you think you need to be ashamed of that, you should see some of the people who really have disfigurements—and they aren’t ashamed of how they look. Anyone looking at you won’t see any tiny imperfections. They’ll see an awesome-looking girl.”

“Ah, thank you, Tom,” Ayame breathed and embraced him. “Thank you for saying that. *Ehh*!” She pulled back. “I hugged a naked boy again!”

Everyone laughed and Roger said, “Yeah, and this time you’re naked too.”

She giggled. “It not so bad now, I guess. In a way it feels nice, like this standing here. Um, still a little nervous. I mean, it kind of feels, ehh, natural?” Tom nodded his head vigorously. “Yes, natural, like nothing to hide behind, like showing the scars I was always afraid of, and now I learn today that no one sees them or really cares if they are there. It’s like something different now happens to me and maybe I see myself in another way.”

“That’s it exactly, Ayame. The Program crap at school is all twisted, making nudity into a trial to overcome, like a kind of ordeal. Nudity—and nudism, they’re about beauty, not physical beauty, but inner, natural beauty. The people, they may not be pretty outside, maybe just plain, or fat, or not centerfold models, but it’s their inner beauty that comes out. That’s the ‘natural’ feeling that nudists talk about. You’re doing great now... Do you guys think you might want to go to the resort with me sometime? It’s a super way to unwind and have a fun time.”

“Well, maybe we can talk some more about it?” Cynthia asked. “I had fun here today and feel a little more relaxed, so maybe.”

“Yeah, it was okay,” Roger agreed. “Meeting your sister and her friend and being nude here kinda helped too and I didn’t feel as self-conscious as I thought I’d be. But it’s up to Ayame; I won’t do it if she’s uncomfortable.”

“Err, not sure yet. Was okay today, but I know you boys and see both nude before...” Ayame began.

“Say, how about this? If we do a barbeque this weekend, two of my resort friends live in the area and their girlfriends are nudists too. My parents will be home, but I can ask them to give us some privacy. Then you can meet others our age, still being really private, and see if you feel any differently, okay?” Tom suggested.

Ayame ducked her head in a quick nod and blushed.

“What’s that mean?” Tom asked, confused.

“That was an embarrassed ‘yes,’ Tom,” Cynthia smiled and turned to face Ayame. “Very good, Ayame. I’m so proud of you.”

Ayame looked up at her and broke into a wide smile. “Ooooo. See Cindy had great time nude,” and giggled.

“Huh? What...” Cynthia looked at where Ayame was staring and blushed. “Oh, my. I’m still wearing Tom’s outpouring of affection.” Everyone laughed. “Wow, look, you came a lot, didn’t you, Tom?”

“Oh, God, yeah. Oh man, Cindy, that was the best feeling ever,” he sighed and embraced her again.

Roger tapped Ayame on the shoulder. “Hey, doll, this is where we came in, I think...” and embraced her. They melted into their own kisses.

Tom was kissing Cynthia passionately now and grinding his erect prick into her belly.

“Oh, God, Cindy, I think I’m in love. Oh, man...” he groaned but Cynthia put her finger on his lips.

“Shhh. Don’t say that yet. Not here, not now. Wait till we’re alone somewhere, Tom, I promise. I want to talk and kiss you like this again and see where that leads us.”

“Uuunnh, wow, I’ll hold you to that, doll, just as soon as we’re alone together somewhere.” Tom glanced down and blushed. “Shit. You can see I have a more immediate problem again, what you do to me. I guess you get me so excited.”

She stroked and squeezed his ass cheeks. “Good. I want you to get hot when you think about me.”

Tom groaned again. “It’s a good thing we’re private or else I’d be banned for life with this hot rod I’m sporting again. Maybe the pool will cool me down. Wanna come too?”

“Sure. Let’s go!”

It was two quick hops to the water; they took them hand in hand and the two youngsters threw themselves into the water in a big cannonball jump. Coming up for air, the two turned and paddled back toward the wall and then hauled themselves up on the edge. They sat on the edge and Cynthia glanced down at Tom’s lap; his penis had softened somewhat, although it was still a little tumescent.

Tom looked at Cynthia. “Well, two jobs done.”

“Hmmm? Two?”

“Yeah, my hardon on me and my cum on you,” he sniggered. “Both gone...” He looked down. “Um, well, almost gone, anyway. Jeez, the effect you have on me. I love it, though. Hey, my folks’ll be home in about twenty minutes. Unless you want to stay...”

“Um, that’s okay, sweetie, maybe next time, okay?” Cynthia said.

They got toweled off and dressed, and the twins and Ayame left for home after Cynthia and Tom exchanged another deep kiss.

As they drove off, Roger glanced at Cynthia in the mirror; she was in the back seat. “Hey big sis, you and Tom an item now?”

“Cut that out. I’m older than you and can still take you, you know. Yeah, I’m kinda taken with the lug. He’s a sweet kid, so loving and caring. Did you see how he and his sister got on? You can tell the deep love between them—just like us. Yeah, I think I kinda feel like I’m falling for him, but don’t tell him I said so, okay?”

“Sure, Cyn. You know I don’t gossip. Hey, Ayame, sweetie, you were really awesome being naked like that, you know.”

“Yes, only it was like homework, really,” she grinned.

“Uh oh, I can see it coming. Ayame, you have a wicked sense of humor, you know,” Cynthia giggled. “Homework just how?”

“Yeah, phobia work. This was exposure therapy, not? Small step exposure,” Ayame tittered.

The twins laughed. “Sure was,” Roger agreed. “And I liked doing that homework, too. Especially the extracurricular parts.”

They all laughed at that.

“And I liked those extra parts,” Ayame said in a whisper.

Roger’s cock twitched. “Oh yeah, me too,” he breathed.

Cynthia told her mother as they entered their home about hearing about the news coverage of the raid of the kidnapper’s office.

“Yeah, Cyn, I heard the same thing too. Let’s check the news when it comes on later.”

The news reports had very little additional information. The only new detail that was mentioned was that the teens would be in the hospital for several days and that they were part of the federal Naked in School Program that area schools were beginning to adopt.

“Oh, well, I guess law enforcement is keeping the wraps on this for a bit longer; maybe they’re trying to find out if any federal people were involved in that nasty business,” Sgt Denison mused.

“Dad, what do you think will happen if there are any government employees involved, anyway?” Roger asked.

“No idea. Politics is a dirty word to us in the armed services. We avoid it at all costs,” he grinned.

Later that evening, as they were getting into bed, Ayame spoke hesitantly to Cynthia.

“Errr, Cindy? Um, can I ask you?”

“Sure, sweetie. You’ve had this look all evening, something bugging you. Don’t be afraid to ask.”

“はい [*Hai*]. You with Tom today, you were, um, with his thing? Sucking? Oh, I’m embarrassed... What... um...”

“Oh, sweetie. Do you know what a ‘blow-job’ is? 口内性交 [*kōnaiseikō*] or フェラチ? [*ferachi*]”

“*Ehh*! Oh yes, I didn’t know for certain; I saw in *manga* where girl had face in boy’s crotch but not show any more. Tom was enjoying, right?”

“Oh, yes, and me too. That was such a cool experience—it made me hot and wet! Mmmm.”

“But he pees from there...”

“Sweetie, did you like when Roger licked you? You pee from there too.”

“*Ehh*! はい [*Hai*], was such a good feeling! When I did that to you, it was so good too?”

“God, the best, darling. It feels like that to a boy, too, obviously. Tom was in the pool and he tasted a little bit like the pool at first. So if the boy is clean, there shouldn’t be any taste. Shit, the feeling of that cock in my mouth was awesome! Then he began to leak and it was a lot!” Cynthia said dreamily.

“Leak? What is leak?”

“Did they teach in your health or sex ed class about boys when they get stimulated? Stuff starts to come out, kind of like how our pussies get wet, you know? It’s called pre-cum; I don’t remember the scientific word. I think it’s 慈善 券 [*jizen ken*]... is that right?”

“はい [*Hai*], that is right word, okay, but that's slang. It’s 先走り汁 [*sakibashirijiru*]. But it was nice, doing it for him? You looked like it was enjoying.”

“Oh, yeah. Feeling the hardness of his cock under that silky skin, mmmm, and the sensation of it in my mouth... Aaahhh, I felt such power, such strength at how he seemed fully under my control—like I could get him to do anything I wanted. His manhood was in my mouth; he felt like part of me. I wonder if it’s like that when we make love...” she trailed off.

"*Ehh*? Are you thinking... Cindy, you want him to make love...?"

"Oh, yeah, I think of that a lot. He's soooo dreamy, what a hunk. I don't know if I'll really do it, but it's so nice to imagine what it could be like. And giving him that blow-job was just wonderful... Mmmmm, I'm gonna have nice dreams. Maybe he really is my Prince Valiant..." she sighed. "G'night, sweetie. Hope your dreams are wonderful too."

"Good night, Cindy. Thank you."

Chapter 18

Roger's swim practice on Thursday morning was intense. One of the schools in Friday's swim meet was their strongest competitor and their results against that team would be a good indication of how successful the season would be. So the coach really worked them hard, particularly on trying to avoid any early-start disqualifications.

Roger and Tom had a hurried conversation as they rushed through their showers to get to class.

"Tom, you and Cindy seem to have really hit it off. And hey, your sis is a really cool chick, by the way."

"Thanks, Rog. Yeah, Jan and I are real close. I hated it when she left for college. She was my main support when we lost Dad.... She would come to my room and hold me and soothe me when I woke with nightmares during those first few months, while Mom was so deep in grief that she was dealing with her own feelings," he looked down and then wiped his eyes. "So Jan really pulled me through and I love her to death. And Cindy? She's just wonderful, you know. She's smart, and cool, and funny, and just great to be around. If you're worried about how I'll treat..."

"It's cool, Tom. I'm just happy that she seems happy to be with you. Say, see you after school, okay?" Roger said as he pulled on his shirt, closed his locker, and left.

So it was a tired Roger who trudged into his home room class that morning. He sat down and pulled out his bag of energy bars and drinks and began eating. Ayame leaned over and whispered to him.

"Nothing important in announcements, just your swim meet tomorrow, Roger. Other things not matter."

"Mmmm hmmm," he mumbled.

Several minutes later, the PA system came to life again.

"Your attention, all staff and students," the principal announced. "There is one other announcement now, the details have just been finalized. Tomorrow morning, instead of home room, there will be a special assembly; attendance will be taken as you enter the auditorium so please be sure that you give your name to a teacher as you enter. We have to get everyone in, so please enter the auditorium as soon as you get to school. All freshmen and those sophomores having their home rooms in the E wing, please use the balcony entrances. Seniors use entrance doors E, juniors doors C, and the remaining sophomores doors A. Please use those doors and be orderly. Thank you, and please resume your classes."

"Holy crap," Roger muttered. "What gives? This must be hot stuff for a school-wide assembly like that."

"Yeah," Cynthia remarked. "Maybe there'll be some scuttlebutt about this."

Meanwhile a student had called the teacher's attention. "Any idea what the assembly's about, ma'am?" the student enquired.

"No, sorry, this is the first I've heard, so I'm in the dark about it too," she answered. "Maybe we'll hear more later today."

The morning passed and they heard all sorts of rumors, but no concrete information. None of the teachers had information, or if they did, had been told not to share it. Ayame mentioned to Cynthia that she had seen Tom pass her Civics classroom as she was leaving it and had waved to her; he was walking with a group of guys and they were talking animatedly.

At gym, Roger went to the pool to get some work in on his fly stroke. The coach had recommended an adjustment in Roger's technique that he thought might give him a tiny speed improvement and Roger was keen to practice it so that it would feel more natural.

It was during lunch period that it happened. After they finished eating, Ayame had to use the restroom, so she excused herself and went into the corridor, reminding herself that all girls, even ones not naked, needed to use the boys' room. But when she entered the room, she suddenly was grabbed and pulled all the way into the room while a boy moved to hang a sign on the door and block it.

She tried to scream but the boy who had grabbed her clapped his hand over her mouth.

"Oh, look who we found," the boy sneered. "It's the Denisons' Jap cousin. That's really better than I hoped—let's do this, guys. Hey, Jap girl. We were goin' to get us a girl and have fun with her, since we can't get a naked one in the Program. But you're better. Tell your fuckin' cousins that unless they stop messin' with the Program, we're gonna find you and you'll really learn what it's like to have some real men fuck you till you can't walk, y'hear? And here's a sample of what I mean..."

He tried to pull down her shorts with the hand not covering Ayame's mouth but as he moved to reach for her waistband, she bit down hard on the hand he was holding over her mouth. He jerked it away cursing and Ayame screamed loudly, twisted in his grip, and brought up her knee, slamming it right into his groin. The guy howled and bent over as another kid grabbed Ayame, who turned and raked her nails over his face. The third guy grabbed her and managed to pull her shorts partway down, but he was the one who was keeping the door blocked and suddenly it was forced partly open and two girls started to try to squeeze in through the small opening.

"Get outta here," the kicked guy gasped. "Out!"

He staggered to the open window and slid out, followed by the other two.

"Are you okay?" one of the girls shouted as they worked the door open wider, squeezed in, and then rushed to Ayame.

"はい [*Hai*], okay now, maybe, catch breath." she panted.

"Did they hurt you?" the other asked.

"No, but if you didn't come..." Ayame shuddered.

"What's going on?" a new voice came. It was a male teacher. "What happened?"

Ayame explained.

“Do you know who the boys were? Describe what they were wearing?”

Ayame said she was so terrified that she didn’t actually recall any faces but did notice that the guys were wearing jeans and black polos and one had cowboy boots.

“Damn. That describes about 20 percent of the boys here,” the teacher mused. “Do you need to see the nurse? No? Sure? Well, let’s go to the office and I’ll need you to do an incident report.”

Just then Cynthia ran up.

“Ayame! It was you? I heard a girl was attacked in the boys’ room. Roger will be here in a sec. I told him to wait because he couldn’t go into the bathroom—he didn’t want to wait but I told him if I wasn’t right back ... ah, here he is.”

Roger grabbed Ayame. “Are you hurt? Did they hurt you?”

“No, Roger, I bit and kicked one and scratched another and then girls came. Not hurt, just scared.”

“She needs to come to the office for a report,” the teacher said gently.

“We’ll go too,” Roger said firmly.

The three of them set out for the office with the teacher trailing them, carrying the sign and doorstop.

Cynthia asked her if she could describe the guys. Ayame told her what she had told the teacher.

“*Ehh*! Forgot tattoo on one who grab me.”

“What was it? Where?” Cynthia prompted.

“Was like cross on upper arm, like tees crossed.”

“You mean like four ‘T’ letters joined at the base?” Cynthia asked.

“はい [*Hai*], like that.”

“Mmmm. I know I’ve seen that guy. Mean bastard. That’s a Templar cross, I think.”

They had reached the office; the teacher related what he had seen and Ayame dictated her report, including what the guy had threatened. Roger was enraged when he heard the details. Davis had come out while the teacher was talking and when Ayame finished, asked her a few questions.

Then he asked, “So they came in through the window?”

“Maybe. Probably. Nobody outside room say boys were inside.”

“Hmmm. The windows can’t be opened from outside, they put up that stolen school ‘Out of Order’ sign on the door, and used that wedge on the bottom to keep it shut, so they must have planned this for a while and got in earlier to disable the window lock. And the boy has a Templar cross, you think. But you couldn’t identify him otherwise?”

“Ah, no, not.”

“Well, I don’t think we’d be able to take action without a positive identification, then,” he mused. “Let me consult our school’s lawyer about what we can do.”

The three kids walked out of the office and into the hall.

“That’s shitty, the school can’t take action,” Roger growled. “I’m gonna kill them if I catch them.”

Cynthia put her hand on his arm. “Got a better idea, bro. Bet they went to the hangout those scum use, right? That tattoo on one of them. Another’s face is scratched, so we can ID him too. Here’s my plan...”

Less than ten minutes later, Cynthia was striding purposefully toward the bleachers on the football field. As she got closer, she saw some figures moving under the seats; as they saw her approach, they began to move deeper into the shadows. Then she heard a voice.

“Hey, no sweat, it’s just a girl. Hey, gal, wanna join us?”

“Not really,” she answered. “Depends on who you are. I only see three of you under there; I was looking for more guys, the ones who usually hang out here.”

“Hey, we’re who you’re lookin’ for. We hang here all the time. You come to play with us?” the first voice said and the guy appeared from under the seats. He was wearing a black t-shirt with the sleeves cut off and his right upper arm bore a Templar cross.

Cynthia grunted in satisfaction. He was one of them.

“Why don’t your friends wanna come out to play, too?” she called.

Another guy came out and she saw his scratched cheek. Cynthia walked closer.

“I’d like to play a game with you guys. It’s called ‘Tell Me.’ I’d like you to tell me why you attacked a defenseless girl a few minutes ago, okay?”

“Hey—you’re the Denison girl! Yeah, hey, we couldn’t finish the job fuckin’ your cousin like we wanted, but we got you now instead. Hot damn. Gonna get us a piece of ass right now, guys! Don’t let her get away!” the tattooed guy called as he lunged for her.

Cynthia was easily able to dodge his rush, sidestepping him with a straight-arm push as she moved to grab the second kid’s arm, using his momentum to flip him right into the face of the first kid, who had recovered from his headlong rush, had turned and was coming at her from behind. The two went down in a flurry of arms and legs. The third kid stopped his rush at her and looked at her uncertainly.

And was suddenly surrounded by three MPs who appeared from under the stands.

“All right; just hold everything right there,” one MP called. “You three boys, just sit on the ground, now; MOVE!”

Then Roger, Ayame, and one of the gym teachers appeared from under the stands.

“You okay, ma’am?” another MP asked Cynthia as she was straightening her clothes.

“Yes, sir. Phew, one of those jerks stinks! I’m okay, I hope you heard everything.”

“Sure did. Nice way to get a confession, and I like the judo techniques too, miss. They never knew what hit ‘em. Clever to use yourself as bait, I gotta say.”

Meanwhile the other two MPs were snapping cuffs on the three kids.

“Okay, the three of you are under arrest for assault and attempted rape,” one said.

“And suspicion of possessing controlled substances,” the other chimed in. “They had these in their bags back there,” he said, displaying some containers he was holding in a cloth before dropping them into a plastic bag, closing it, and marking its label.

“Miss, can you identify anyone here?” the first MP asked Ayame.

“Errr, the one with the tattoo grabbed me and threatened me. He I kicked. The one with scratches, yes, I know his face. Third one, oh, he too, his cowboy boots I remember with the red design. Yes, was those three,” Ayame confirmed.

“Okay, that’s all we need right now. Miss, we’ll need you to swear out a statement...”

The teacher broke in. “Officer, I just spoke to Mr Davis in the office and he has a signed copy of the incident report. Is that what you need?”

“Ah, yes, that too, but we have our own format. We know MGySgt Denison, so we can get her statement transcript signed by her later when she gets home. Meanwhile, we have a few questions I need to ask before you talk to anyone else. This way we know that no one has suggested something that changes what you recalled, okay, miss, um... Ayame. Right.”

“Yes sir.”

Ayame answered a series of questions about her attack and recalled how the boys had threatened her and what they had told her, speaking her statement into a little recorder.

“We’ll get this transcribed and you can read and sign it later, miss,” the MP said as he put the recorder away.

Meanwhile the three attackers had been led away and a small group of bystanders had gathered. The MP left with a promise to see them later at the Denison home, and then Ayame, Roger, and Cynthia returned to the school with the teacher, who brought them to the office.

When they got there, Davis was waiting.

“Well, once again you Denisons make things happen,” he said ruefully. “But in this case, I guess I need to thank you because it’s so hard to make charges of improper or even criminal behavior stick for students these days. I understand you got a confession that the officers could hear.”

“Yes, sir,” Cynthia said. “When Ayame told me who the creep was, I remembered him—a real braggart and loudmouth. So I figured I could try to lure him into saying something incriminating and I was lucky because he did.”

“But the danger to you...”

“Was really minimal. Roger had gotten the MPs to come and then they got Mr Jones to bring the key to unlock the service gate into the stands area so they could keep out of sight behind the creeps while I was walking out there. I didn’t think anyone would have a weapon, like a knife, but I was watching out for that. Thanks for your concern, though. Our family protects our members. That was my goal and I couldn’t let their threat against Ayame stand. That’s all, sir.”

“Okay, then, and Mr Jones, thanks for doing your part there. I appreciate it.”

Jones waved off the comment and left the office.

“I think you’ll need another late pass now. And please, try, try, to be safe,” Davis intoned as he went back into his office and the secretary filled out their passes.

On their way to their classroom, Roger put his arm around Ayame’s shoulder.

“Darling, I’m impressed at how you fought off those scum. You’re a little fireball, you know.”

“Roger, when kidnappers took me, I was so scared but I think I should have fought them harder. But when those—those ヤクザ [*yakuza*] grabbed me, I got so angry! No way was I going to let them hurt me. I think if Cindy can fight, so can I! I can’t do her things, but I can kick, bite, and scratch, right?”

“Oh, man, doll. I hope you never get that angry at me,” Roger shrank away in mock fright. “Seriously, sweetie, you did great and I’m really impressed.”

“Yeah,” Cynthia chimed in, “you did everything we teach in basic self-defense classes. Use the weapons you have to defend yourself. You did really good.”

“Thank you. I am happy those boys are arrested now,” Ayame declared.

“Oh, crap!” Roger exclaimed. “Damn! I forgot all about asking Davis about the assembly! And we had such a good chance, too. Oh, well...”

They arrived at their English classroom and gave the passes to the teacher, who motioned them to their seats and continued with the lesson. After class, they asked several students if they had heard anything about the mysterious assembly and one girl said she heard a rumor that just had begun circulating that it had something to do with the Program.

No one was able to get any further information in their psych class, and when the final bell rang, the trio left for the front doors and the students who would be dressing there. They found the usual group of Program kids there, Mary, Mike, Jessica, Tom, and Elliott, and were happy to see that they were mostly being ignored by the kids pouring out of the school.

“Hey Jessica, Tom!” Roger called. “Any problems today?”

Jessica was pulling on her shirt. “No fuss today, Roger. But I’m so glad there’s just one more day to get through.”

“Me too,” added Mary. “Then I’m done forever.” she added in relief.

“Hey Roger, how you doing with the adjustment to your fly that Coach suggested?” Jessica asked.

“Practiced it today for maybe 45 minutes today. I think I’ve got the timing now. Tough meet tomorrow, so I don’t want to get too tired before it,” Roger responded.

“I think tomorrow’s practice’ll be light,” Tom observed. “Just enough to keep our muscles warm, probably. Hey guys, til tomorrow, okay? I’m bushed.” He gave Cynthia a light hug and kiss and left.

Chapter 19

As Tom had predicted, Friday morning's practice session was fairly light and the team was dismissed so that they could get to the assembly on time. Roger and Tom walked to the lobby in front of the assembly doors and tried to locate the girls, which they did after a few minutes of searching. They entered the auditorium, gave their names to the teacher at the door, and found some seats together.

When the bell rang, Mr Davis walked onto the stage carrying a microphone and the hum in the room died down to silence.

"Welcome to our special assembly, students and faculty. Usually we announce the topics of our assembly in advance, but in today's case, we were concerned that when you heard the topic, many of you would decide to skip it. We will be covering the Naked in School Program."

There was a loud outcry of dismay in the room and some students began to leave their seats.

"Please stop," he called. "We've locked the doors; no one can exit without an alarm sounding—the alarm will summon the fire department, so please be seated. We are covering information only today and no one will be required to get undressed, if that's of concern to any of you.

"We had attempted to get this informational assembly scheduled for when you first returned to classes after the break, but the non-availability of materials from the government and also major organizational changes in the Office of Social Awareness made that impossible. But now we have the materials we need and also the people available to present this information. First, there's the official Program booklet of rules, copies are being passed out now. All the students who were selected for the Program last week and this week received a copy; now everyone is getting a copy. Please read it and be aware of your responsibilities when you are selected."

Loud hisses sounded from around the room.

"Please stop and listen. Let me remind you that this is a federal Program and we're required to have it at the school, and participation is mandatory for graduation. The first item we'll cover now is the official introductory Program video. Let's start the video now, please."

The lights went down and a movie flashed onto the screen; the title screen said "Office of Social Awareness" and below that, "Introduction to the Naked in School Program." A great sigh sounded throughout the auditorium. The video began with a brief overview of the goals of the Program and explanations by various academics and child psychologists of the results of a number of psychological studies about the benefits of public nudity in school settings. This was a series of talks by boring talking heads; it was interspersed with accounts related by a few people identified as medical professionals who claimed that their own children had been in the Program and had benefitted from the experience. All of the commentators waxed lyrical about the Program, like it was God's gift to the high schooler.

Then the video switched to showing various videoed scenes from a school, including classrooms, hallways, lunchrooms, gyms, lockers, and athletic fields where numbers of naked kids could be seen engaging in normal school activities while a voice-over described the basic rules of the Program.

Next the scene cut to what appeared to be a school auditorium stage and a trim, shapely 19 year-old girl with flowing, fine golden blonde hair, wearing a smart blouse and skirt, strode into view and waved at the camera.

“Hello, everyone. I’m Karen Wagner and I’ve been asked to give you a short introduction to the Program. I’m sorry I can’t be with you in person, but the Office of Social Awareness wanted me to give this message to as many students as possible, and I’m in college and can’t take the time to come to every school. So you’ll need to put up with this electronic version of my visit.”

She began to unbutton her blouse.

“You might possibly know my name, since I was among the first students in the Program, three years ago at my high school, which was the first school to begin the Program. Now I’m a spokesperson for the Program and let me tell you why. At the time I was picked to participate, I was a terribly shy young girl who was absolutely terrified to learn that she was selected to be naked in front of everyone in school.”

She had finished with the buttons and slipped off her blouse.

“And then I was told I would have to let everyone touch me anywhere on my naked body—oh my, that was even more horrible, if possible.”

She undid the waist button of her skirt and it slipped off her hips, leaving her standing there in her bra and panties.

“As you can imagine, in a new Program just starting, pretty much everything had to be invented on the fly and some things didn’t work as they should. First, I was only one of ten naked students in the entire school. So everyone in the whole school, it seems, had their fingers in my pussy by the end of the first day. I was so sore...”

While she was talking, she had unclipped her bra and shrugged it off as she finished the sentence. Her boobs were high and firm, a full C-cup, with dark pink areolas and prominent nipples.

“Also, in our school, girls weren’t partnered with boys like they do in many schools.”

Now she had slipped off her panties, revealing a neatly groomed, attractive blond bush, and her pussy lips could be seen peeking out between her thighs.

“But despite the horrible start of my week, I quickly learned that being in the Program can be fun as well as exciting! It lets you step outside of your boundaries and expands your comfort zone. You see that I stripped for the camera; that was my choice to do on video to demonstrate how your own modesty can be put aside to enjoy a fully sexually liberating experience. I began my Program week challenged by a new and frightening situation—attending school while naked, a very embarrassing and difficult situation to say the least, but I soon found out that it has its rewards as well.”

Karen reached down between her legs and rubbed her clit and her face flushed pink.

“Mmmm. One of those rewards is getting total sexual satisfaction; another is learning about how your body responds to all kinds of sexual situations and stimuli in a protective setting surrounded by your classmates. These are experiences you could never get in dating, unless a gal wants to go on dates with dozens of guys

and possibly risk her personal safety—or for you guys on the Program, to get to do things with large numbers of willing gals."

There were sighs in the room and the sounds of people shifting uncomfortably in their seats could be heard.

"Another of my ideas for this video was to show you just how open and awesome a Program sexual experience can be, so my friend Jason Adams will join me now to show you some of the pleasures that being on the Program can bring."

A young guy, about 19 years old, strode into view. He was of medium height, had an athletic build, and was completely nude, sporting a fat dick, even flaccid it was about six inches long and swung freely as he walked up to Karen.

"Hi, Jason, thanks for joining us," Karen said as she embraced and kissed him. "Say hi to our guests."

Jason turned to the camera. "Hey guys out there. Sorry we can't be with you in person, but I gotta be in class in three hours so the video will have to do, right? Man, you guys are really lucky out there, starting the Program. I was in the first Program group in my own school and I found, as you will, that for a teenager, this experience can be one of the most exciting times in your lives but it can be potentially traumatic too, so let Karen and me help you overcome any of your misgivings. Actually it was very scary for me at first; truthfully, I was frightened out of my mind, but I soon discovered that I could go with the flow and my anxiety just about vanished overnight. Well, right after getting my first blow-job, anyway. That was so awesome!"

Karen giggled. The couple had walked a few feet to their right and stopped in front of an oval divan.

"Everyone, you should approach your first Program experiences with an open mind and with enthusiasm. If you do that, not only will it be an exciting time for your personal growth, it'll be great fun too," he finished as he grasped Karen's hips and lowered her to the seat.

She lay back and spread her thighs widely, placing her hands on her pussy lips and spread them apart as Jason knelt between her thighs, leaned in, and kissed her slit. He pulled back briefly and looked at the camera, smiling.

"This is one of the greatest experiences you can get in the Program, giving your partner pleasure, like giving and getting head, and Karen tastes absolutely delicious..."

He took his hand, moistened his index finger, and began rubbing the finger around her nipples, then moved it down to her slit. The camera zoomed in for a closeup and the juices dribbling from her vagina were clearly visible; Karen was now quite wet. Jason stuck his finger inside her, then put two in, and began running them in and out; the mike picked up a squishing sound as he rapidly finger-fucked her. Karen was moaning and fingering her clit as her vagina was being stroked.

Then Jason dove into her vagina again, licking and sucking on her pussy lips and clit while continuing to finger-fuck her and soon Karen was moaning and thrashing around so much that Jason had to use both his hands to hold her ass still while he busily kept lapping her vulva; then his face stopped over her clit and he did something there.

Suddenly Karen exploded with a high-pitched squeal followed by a loud "*FUCK*" as her back arched and legs went rigid in a huge cum. Her whole body quivered, she heaved a huge sigh and lay back, flat on her back, while Jason rose and then sat next to her, gently fondling her tits. After a few seconds she sat up and pulled Jason into a hug and kiss and then looked at the camera with a broad, heavy-lidded smile.

"Girls, if your guy is as good as Jason here, you gotta keep him! Jason, that was fantastic, so let me reward you now."

Jason swung around, putting his legs over the divan's edge and now his erection could be fully seen; his penis was fairly large, a little over seven inches and quite wide in girth.

Karen pulled his legs forward so his ass was at the edge of the divan and spread them apart. She dropped to her knees between his thighs and stroked his throbbing erection a few times. Then she licked the tip of his cock and his hips jerked up as he gasped in excitement. In the next second, Jason's rock-hard length disappeared inside of Karen's mouth as he grabbed onto the edge of the divan to keep from slipping off from the pleasure.

Karen ran her lips up and down his rigid member, applying suction as she pulled up, and stroking the exposed part of his shaft with her hand. It was mesmerizing to watch the steady motions of her head and hand, up and down, up and down, as she fellated her partner. Jason began bucking his hips to meet her mouth with her every downstroke. A few times Karen tried to go all the way down Jason's pole but didn't quite succeed; she coughed and gagged and then backed off, but then came back for more. It was apparent that Jason's urgency was rapidly increasing as he got closer and closer to bursting. He was now bucking his hips wildly as Karen heroically tried to keep his cock in her mouth.

"Uuunnhhh... I'm gonna cuuummmm," he grunted then, but his warning came too late, because he exploded into her mouth right at the word "cum."

Karen kept sucking and running her hands up and down his shaft, milking his balls out of every last drop they could deliver and it quickly became apparent that these ministrations were too sensitive for Jason to endure, because he forced her off his phallus.

"Gaahhhh... Shit, enough, Karen. Ahhhhh..."

Karen looked up at Jason and grinned. A little dollop of cum was running out of one corner of her mouth and down her chin. She wiped it up with a finger and slurped it into her mouth.

"Mmmmm. You taste good, love," she said with a giggle and got up and sat beside Jason.

The two fell into an embrace and kissed passionately while Jason's dick once again rose and soon stood up rampantly again. Then Karen took it in her hand and gently stroked it as she looked into the camera.

"Okay, kids, now it's your turn to participate. Lose the restraining modesty, drop those confining inhibitions. Your bodies were given to you for you to enjoy and to revel in the pleasure you can give and get while you're participating in the Program. It's a chance you'll never get again, so take advantage of it while you can. And if you can excuse us now, it's time for Jason and me to finish what we started..."

The two lay back on the divan kissing each other as Karen raised her knees and spread her legs, then Jason climbed between them, aiming his once-again rock-hard penis at Karen's bright pink pussy, sliding into it in

a single smooth thrust as the scene faded out. There was a loud, sustained sigh that echoed around the room as the lights came up.

Davis walked back on stage from the wings, followed by two women and a man.

“Okay, after that inspiring introductory video, I’m afraid that in the remainder of this time we won’t have such stimulating visuals,” he joked.

The joke fell flat; the audience was silent, waiting.

“So I’d like to introduce you to our guests, these people are from the regional Program office...”

Loud hisses and catcalls rang out.

“Please, please be polite! On my left is Mrs Barbara Roman, then Mrs Pat Simms, and Mr James Winston. They want to talk to you about the Program and their expectations for our school. Mrs Simms, you wanted to begin?”

“Yes, thank you, Mr Davis,” she began, and it appeared that she was wearing a small wireless microphone. “Because of a major reorganization of the Program office earlier this year, we were unable to get to your school to kick off the Program when it began, and we’ve learned that our not helping you start off was a serious mistake on our part. We know that most of the students who were selected as the first participants have refused to comply with the Program rules and some have even resisted with violence...”

Shouts of outrage rang out in the room, drowning out the rest of her sentence. When Davis restored order, she continued.

“I see that you still seem to be opposed to the principles of the Program and the benefits you may receive from participating...”

Derisive laughter rang out.

“...so I want to have all of you, everyone in this room, know that the federal government will not tolerate any further non-participation...”

The clamor in the room rose to a crescendo, completely drowning her out, and Davis was unsuccessful in quelling the noise for several minutes. Simms turned to Davis and looked at him and he shrugged. She walked over to Winston and whispered in his ear for a few seconds and he rose and walked to the front of the stage, raising his arms. The room gradually quieted.

“I’m sorry you all have such a bad impression of the Program,” he began, “but thanks for quieting down for me. We at the Program office all have your best interests in mind as we manage the Program curriculum...”

More derisive laughter rang out, but was muted this time.

“... and we want every student to be assured that participating will only be beneficial for your own psychological health...”

Suddenly a voice rang out over the speakers.

“So what about the kidnapped kids who were rescued from that office park on Tuesday? How’s their psychological health?”

There were loud cries of agreement from the audience.

“Yeah!” “Tell us!” “What about them?”

Davis picked up his mike. “Who’s that? Who’s using the PA system here?”

Cynthia had grabbed Tom’s hand. “Someone’s hacked the PA system! Sweet!”

Roger chimed in, “Fantastic! What a coup!”

Winston put up his hand. “They were at that place because they were having problems with...”

The voice interrupted, “Who gave the government the right to kidnap kids?”

Davis called, “Backstage! Please turn off that mike!”

Then another amplified voice called, “No more mandatory nudity!”

The students picked that up and turned it into a chant that went on for several minutes.

“No more mandatory nudity! No more mandatory nudity!...”

Meanwhile Davis went backstage and then came out again. He lifted his mike and began speaking but no sound could be heard, so he shouted to backstage again and the room filled with a loud hum, which subsided.

Davis began again, and his voice rang out, “Students, okay, you made your point...”

A third amplified voice broke in, “Why can’t we get information about what other schools and students are doing in the Program? Why the secrecy?”

A new chant broke out. “Stop the secrecy! Stop the secrecy! Stop the secrecy!”

After a minute of that chant, the first voice shouted over the noise, “Ban the touching! Ban the demos!” which resulted in yet another chant, and now everyone in the auditorium was on their feet and the chant had become, “Stop the secrecy! Ban the touching! Ban the demos! Ban the Program!”

This continued for several minutes more while Davis was shouting into his mike, red-faced, trying to restore order. Gradually the noise settled down.

Davis spoke again. “I’m ashamed at your behavior, students. Also, I want to stress that the school has no choice but to have the Program operate here...”

Again he was interrupted by one of the voices. “I’ll get naked in school only if all the teachers and administrators get naked too, and participate in the Program like the students have to. Starting with you guys on the stage right now. So do it!”

Cries of “Yeah!” “Way to go!” “Right on!” rang out.

The first voice then rang out. “Okay, all students. Assembly’s finished. Let’s all leave quietly, no pushing. If the teachers don’t let us out, use the emergency doors. Screw the alarms—if the fire department comes, it’s on them, not you kids. They have no right to imprison us in the room. Quietly, no pushing, walk slowly. No riot, okay?”

Davis began shouting, “No! Stop! You mustn’t leave; we’re not done!”

He was ignored; students began to file out of the room as he continued to call for them to stop.

Tom looked at the kids leaving the auditorium in amazement. “Hell, I can’t believe this,” he said, shaking his head. “Well, shall we follow? Looks like just about everyone is leaving...”

He stopped because a teacher had come up to him. “Mr Davis wants you to come to the front,” the teacher said.

“Shit, what did I do?”

“Um, nothing, as far as I know. He just pointed at you and asked me to get you.”

Roger said, “I’ll go with you, Tom.”

“Me too,” agreed Cynthia.

As the auditorium continued to empty, the four made their way forward, following the teacher. Davis had left the stage and was standing off to the side together with the Program people. When Tom arrived, Davis spoke.

“Son, you’re not in trouble; these people have some questions of a student participating in the Program. But privately, I think, not with the Denisons here.”

“Sir, they stay or I don’t speak,” Tom demurred.

“Ah, it’s okay, Mr Davis,” Simms said. “Young man, we see you’re participating, one of only five of the thirty who were selected this week. Can you tell us why you obeyed the order and the others didn’t?”

“Ma’am, I can only speak for myself. I’m a practicing nudist so the nudity was almost a non-issue. But absolutely, and I say this very emphatically, that if participants had to do those Request things and classroom demos, I would also be a non-participant. Doing the other stuff is real sick,” Tom said disparagingly. “The others? Many of the seniors were over 18, probably. Some others must be from Marine families and wouldn’t do it in any event, like my friends here. No idea about any others.”

“Your friends?” Simms looked at the twins. “You students refused to participate?” she asked them.

“We did indeed, ma’am. It’s against our moral code and also our parents forbade us,” Cynthia said.

“Your parents have no authority in a federal matter in a school program...”

“Ma’am? Parental authority absolutely trumps *everything*. For a kid, there *is* no higher authority,” Roger interrupted. “For all honorable matters, a parent’s directions are the law.”

“But that does violate the federal law,” Winston objected.

Cynthia retorted, “Not going to split hairs, but sounds like you don’t know much about your own law. That law basically only says that the schools have to run the Program and set up your agency to administer it. The lawyer from the Marines who spoke to us said that nowhere in the law does it say that students must strip naked and there’s no punishment mentioned for not doing it. So our refusing only breaks a school rule, maybe, but absolutely not a federal law. The Marine family kids will not participate. And you saw the attitude of the entire student body about how they feel about your Program.”

Winston looked at her. “Marines, huh? Your parents are Marines?”

“My dad. His general ordered Marine families not to allow their children to do the Program and I think no one will disobey. Also many of the seniors are over 18 and are legal adults and have privacy rights. So I don’t think that very many kids in this school will do the Program and the threat of not getting a diploma seems to be a hollow one, so far,” Cynthia responded.

Mrs Roman finally spoke. “Do any of you think there’s anything the Program office can do to change students’ minds? In all of the other schools in the region which have started the Program, we haven’t had such strenuous objections.”

Tom answered. “No, ma’am. Maybe because this school is unique because it’s on base land and has a high percentage of military families with students here. Probably when the other schools in the area which also have students from military families start the Program—the three others near here and the ones in San Diego—you’ll see the same resistance. And part of the kids’ reluctance has been the horror stories spread by the rumor mill about the Program’s humiliation and the sexual excesses. Also your secrecy rules are part of everyone’s dread of the Program, you know.”

Roman looked at Ayame. “You’ve been quiet, miss,” she said. “What about your opinion?”

“Err, am not regular student here, already graduated in Japan,” Ayame stuttered.

Roger broke in, “She’s taking some pre-college classes to improve her English skills and she isn’t subject to the Program. She’s our cousin and is staying with us until she leaves for college.”

“Why can’t she be in the Program?” Roman asked.

“How about being a foreign citizen?” Cynthia snapped. “And not being a matriculated student?”

“Ah, okay,” Roman retreated.

“Yeah, and two of your hired goons abducted her and were killed in the process,” Cynthia pressed on. “You do know about that, I think? And that torture camp you guys were running to brainwash kids? How do you explain that? Your operation is filled with twisted, perverted people. We’ll never be able to trust anything we hear from Program people now, you know.”

“How do you know about...” Simms began but Winston stopped her.

“We know a lot more than you think,” Roger said grimly. “Your goons tried to ‘detain’ us for what they referred to as ‘retraining,’ the same as your dead goons tried to do with our cousin, and that was actually a criminal abduction, not one of your damned so-called ‘detainments.’ So, yeah, you’ve actually declared war on the Marine Corps.”

Winston looked at Roger. “Oh—you—you must be, um, oh, yes, Denison, right? The ones who fought when you were selected to participate?”

“The same,” Cynthia glared at him with a feral smile. “Pleased to meet you, we’re not, by the way. Your agency’s made some powerful enemies in the U.S. armed forces, you know, and I think we’re done talking to you now. It’s leaving a bad taste in my mouth. Why don’t you just clear out and don’t bother us here at the school anymore, okay? I think that after you saw the students’ reaction to your presentation and that porno video, you can see that the Program is all but defunct here. Let’s go, guys.”

The four of them began to walk out of the auditorium. The Program officials stared at their retreating figures as they strode away, reached the doors, and exited. The doors slowly swung shut after they passed through them.

Winston glared at the distant door until it swung shut, then turned to Davis and angrily spoke, “How could you let that presentation get so badly out of control?” he demanded. “How could they take over the PA system like that? Davis, you’re going to have to bring your school into line and ensure that everyone, those two Denison brats included, participates, and I want them in particular to be punished with an extended time in the Program. Fail them, hold them back, I don’t care how you do it; I want them punished.”

“I assure you that what you ask is completely impossible, Mr Winston. First, about the PA system. I assume that some students got into the equipment storage cabinet; many of our classes and clubs have access for plays and such, so lots of people have access to those mikes. The Program is universally hated, as you saw, and there’s nothing I can do to change that. Trying to use physical force is just plain stupid, as your Program rep at the school learned on several occasions; he even got himself arrested. Two of your so-called ‘enforcers’ are facing assault, battery, and attempted kidnapping charges and threatening to use an illegal weapon against a child. Two members of your hired teams were killed in their kidnapping attempt. The Marines are providing the school’s security now, I’ve learned, so nobody’s going to be forced into doing something that they object to doing. And nothing in the Program rules or the law allows us to alter a student’s academic record. So just how do you propose that I do what you ask?” Davis angrily responded.

“Here’s how; this worked in another school where the teachers wouldn’t make sure that the kids stripped. Hire some guards to find and forcibly disrobe the students who refuse to comply and...”

“Didn’t you hear what I just said? You didn’t pay attention. First, with the Marines here, no private security company will send their people anymore. Second, the students already have responded to force with physical force of their own and some guards had to get medical care as a result. The district is now dealing with some lawsuits over those issues. Force will only result in more force, and you’ve already got two of your men facing serious felonies and two were killed. I will not allow any more force to be attempted in my school, is that absolutely clear? You don’t run this school, sir, I do. I did what you requested, I put on this school-wide assembly program. Now I’m done with this nonsense. Our school administration will go through the motions of running the Program, as the law requires, but we will not do anything special or spend any additional funds on student compliance. And anyone from your agency who shows up here intending to use force will be arrested immediately. Is that also clear?”

Suddenly the four heard a distant cheer ring out as a teacher came into the auditorium.

“Mr Davis, your conversation was just broadcast all over the entire school!” he called. “Your mikes are still turned on!”

Davis looked at the teacher, open-mouthed, and then at Winston. Then he grinned. “Your clip-on mikes. I suggest you turn ‘em off and give ‘em to me, all of you, those wireless mikes.”

They did.

“Well, the cat’s really out of the bag now, eh?” Davis said, smiling. “Everyone in the whole school now knows that the Program is basically defunct here, and there’s nothing you feds can do about it. We’ll go through the motions so we’ll be following our legal responsibilities to the letter. If you can come up with reasonable suggestions about ways to get the Program running to your satisfaction, please let me know. But remember, we will not engage in any form of forcible coercion. Period. You can go now; I’m really tired with talking about this and you’re wasting my time now.”

Meanwhile, everyone throughout the entire school, including the Denisons, had been listening raptly to the conversation between Davis and Winston.

After they had left the auditorium after speaking with the Program officials, the Denisons had parted ways with Tom and started to walk to their economics class when they heard the PA speakers in the hall crackle to life, and then the entire conversation between Winston and Davis began. With Davis’ last comment, all the kids who were still remaining in the hall began to cheer loudly and then the audio feed stopped abruptly.

“Holy shit,” Roger breathed. “Freakin’ awesome. Good for Davis. I thought he was one of the baddies. But it looks like he’s maybe neutral, just doing what he needs to do, you think?”

“I wonder how that happened; that was no accident, you know,” Cynthia said slowly. “Yeah, look. While we were talking to them, no sound was coming through the auditorium speakers, right? And when we went into the hall, it wasn’t on those speakers because it sounded like they switched on out here after we went out the doors. Someone was monitoring those mikes and then patched the sound into the school’s PA system. How super cool was that? Maybe the same ones who hacked into the wireless mikes. They need a citation for creativity and bravery!”

Chapter 20

At their study period, the trio heard how the coup was actually accomplished. Don, one of the students who had spoken to them from time to time in study hall, sat down next to them wearing a huge grin.

“Okay, Don, spill it. You got hot info, I can see,” prodded Cynthia.

“Shit, yeah. I won’t say who ‘cause it would be big problems, but some kids know their way around the stage, okay? So yesterday afternoon, this guy was working up in the fly, you know, above the stage? And Davis and Cirota come in with the tech guy who runs the systems, the lighting, audio, all that, okay? And he hears them talking about the assembly next day and finds out it’s about the Program, that there’ll be people using the wireless mikes and showing a video, all that stuff. So okay, he calls his friends when Davis and the others leave and they take a few mikes out and go to the balcony control room and patch the mikes into the sound system from there.”

“Wow,” Roger said. “Cool!”

“It gets better,” Don continued. “In the morning they come in and enable the remote control room override so their mikes’ output can’t be blocked. Then they leave the auditorium and come back in so their names get checked off, then they go back to the control room and to the lighting booths at the front of the balcony, you know, those little enclosures on the sides? Then they wait for the right time to cause that havoc. You saw the results.”

“Yeah, it was great,” Roger grinned. “What about after?”

“So, the best part. One of the guys stayed behind to take down the override and heard the Program people talking through the audio monitor, and realized that they hadn’t shut off their mikes. The auditorium sound system can be connected into the main school PA system so that school-wide announcements can be made from the stage, so he patched the wireless feed into the school PA system. That’s usually done backstage but there’s a duplicate sound board up in the control room. Wicked cool, huh?”

“Just freakin’ awesome,” Cynthia agreed. “Um, you wouldn’t personally know anyone involved with that stunt, now would you? Someone really close?”

He blushed. “Nobody I’d be willing to tell on,” he demurred but looked down as Cynthia fixed him with a steely-eyed gaze.

“Hey, Don, take some advice,” she said. “Don’t play any high-stakes poker, okay? You’d lose,” she grinned. “Your secret is safe with us. But if you tell anyone else, skip all the tech details. That was a give-away, okay? But that was a majorly awesome job, though.”

Roger looked thoughtful. “Something’s bugging me... I know, it’s about Cirota. I wonder where he was, the assembly was his kind of show.”

“Um, Cirota had to be at a prosecutor’s office in Riverside County... uh oh,” Don stammered. “Oh shit.”

Cynthia grinned at him. “Don, you may be a great tech guy, but don’t even *think* of becoming a spy, you hear? So give, what other wisdom did you learn, oh ye fountain of information?”

"Yeah, well, he told Davis that the county prosecutor was talking to all the people involved with providing student names to the regional Program office and he had a subpoena thing for today and couldn't be here. That's all. They didn't talk much, just got the video system checked out and set out the mikes and stuff; then they left."

"And your friends?" Roger asked. "They did great with their comments."

"Just guys I know from the drama club. They're good at changing their voices a little, you know? So their voices couldn't be recognized easily. And a lot of acting calls for ad libbing. I knew they had a meeting Thursday afternoon so I texted one of them and they came running," he grinned. "They couldn't wait, actually."

"Well, find a way to tell them thanks, that they did a super job. The performance of their high-school careers, actually," Roger laughed.

As Don left, they all exchanged high-five salutes.

"Wow, and wow," Cynthia said. "Everyone's really making this anti-Program program work. What did that girl call it? 'Controlled mayhem'?"

"I don't think it was that, Cindy, but controlled mayhem is a great description of what's happened, actually," Roger chuckled.

Ayame had been listening to everything in awed silence. After Don left, she relaxed and slipped her hand into Roger's.

"What do you think about all that stuff, sweetie?" Roger asked her.

"Better than any *manga* story could possibly be, Roger. But I also still can't get rid of sight of that Karen girl in video, how she did sex stuff for video like that. When boy did that to her, I felt how you did it..." She shivered. "Got wet watching them too. Ugh."

"I didn't mean about the video, actually; I meant all the drama after that."

"Errr, that was the *manga* part, like I am living in fantasy. I can't believe all these things happen in real life. The video was the *hentai* part, the perverted one. Program sex like that in classroom? That's perverted. You think maybe Program ends now? What Davis-*san*... Um, what Mr Davis said would do?"

"Well, I assume they'll call people every week like before, but not go chasing after anyone who doesn't show up. Maybe a few will even participate. Time will tell," Cynthia mused. "Davis said they'd 'go through the motions,' after all."

When school ended, the twins and Ayame met Tom at the door and the remaining Program students quickly ran out and began dressing.

Mary was beside herself with joy at the ending of her ordeal and even Elliott had a faint grin as he chortled, "Son of a bitch, all freakin' done!" saluted the school building with his middle finger, shouldered his pack, and marched away.

"All over," sighed Mike. "Damn, now I can relax and enjoy the next three years here without that shit hangin' over me. No school events this weekend for me, Roger—oh, Jessica and Tom, you're on the swim team... wow..."

"No fear, buddy," Tom said. "We're in suits. No skinny-dipping competing for us."

"Well, sorry I won't be there, you know..." Mike said.

"That's cool, kid. We understand." Tom assured him.

Jessica waved, "See you later, guys. Warmups an hour before meet time, right?"

"Yeah," chorused Tom and Roger.

Tom put his arms around Cynthia's waist and kissed her. "Gonna come cheer for me, doll?"

"Actually I cheer for Roger. You can pick up the leftover cheers, though."

Tom made a mock sour-faced expression. "Maybe a tiny little cheer for me, too? I'd ask you for a favor of yours to wear, like the knights of old got from their damsels, but I'm afraid that there's no place for me to wear it in the pool. So a tiny cheer will work instead," he asked plaintively.

Cynthia giggled. "You goof! Of course I'll cheer for you. I'll even give you a hankie of mine and you can wear it, um, next to a favorite part of mine," she blushed.

"Oh, god, no! Do you know how difficult it is to swim with a hard-on?" Tom exclaimed, and chuckled while the others roared with laughter. "I know! Make it a light-weight hankie and I'll wear it under my racing cap! That way you'll be on my mind the whole meet—on my big head, not on the little one below," he finished while trying to keep a straight face.

That got everyone laughing again.

"Wow, Tom, you're really a goofball, but what a great idea, I love it," Cynthia exclaimed when she caught her breath. "So how's it feel to be done with the Program now?"

"Big relief, actually. I was always waiting for the shoe—maybe I should say clothes—to drop." They all chuckled. "But now I can really relax and not worry about what may happen in the next class. Hey, we've got to get going 'cause we need to be back in about three hours."

The teams from the three competing schools assembled at poolside as the swim meet commenced, and all the competitors lined up along the pool's edge as their names were announced to the crowd. Suddenly Cirota appeared and walked to the scorer's table and asked to speak to the official in charge. He came over

and spoke briefly to Cirota, then motioned the coaches from the three schools to join him. Roger drifted closer to try to hear the discussion; Cirota was making no attempt to speak quietly.

“Two students from this school are improperly dressed for the meet,” Cirota exclaimed, and the coaches from the other two schools looked over at the assembled swimmers in confusion.

“Everyone is legal,” one coach said. “There’s nobody in an illegal swimsuit there...”

“That’s the problem; two students mustn’t be wearing any suits, they’re in the Naked in School Program.”

The official looked at Cirota, then at Coach Jerter. “Coach, are your swimmers wearing the appropriate suits for this match?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Okay, then, gentlemen, no more delays. Let’s begin.” He turned toward the pool.

“Wait!” Cirota called. “They can’t swim. They have to be disqualified!”

The official turned back to Cirota. “The matter is settled. Please leave the pool deck or I’ll have you removed by security. Now. And if you attempt to interfere with any future match, I’ll make sure that you’re arrested on the spot; is that clear?”

Roger grinned to himself, went to Tom, and whispered what he had overheard. A whistle blew and the first event was announced.

At the end of the meet, the results were extremely close. When all the points were tallied and checked, it was determined that for the boys’ team, Roger’s school and their close rival had tied in points and the third school trailed significantly. The girls’ team took second place.

In the locker room after the meet, the coach spoke to the team.

“Okay, guys, that’s our toughest competition in the division, but not in the state. So if we’re gonna have a shot at the title this year, we need to improve. In most events, the difference in places today was less than a second, so I know you can pull out the extra effort, so next week, let’s train real hard and try to pick up a second, maybe two, on your heats, okay? This was a good result for the first meet of the season, but now I’m gonna expect some real effort from you all.”

As they were dressing, Roger asked Tom if he had made any plans for his barbeque.

“Oh, hell, I didn’t mention? Damn, can you still come? I clean forgot, so excited about the Program being over. Yeah, is 3 p.m. tomorrow good? That’s when my resort friends will get here.”

“Sure, that’s fine. We were keeping Saturday clear for you, but the distraction of that damn assembly blew it out of my mind. Say, we’ve got a story for you about the assembly, too. Wait till you hear it,” Roger responded.

“Cool, see you tomorrow then; I gotta run to meet my folks now, it’s Mom’s birthday and Dad is taking us out for a late meal for her,” Tom said and left.

A few minutes later, Roger left the locker room; Ayame and Cynthia were waiting.

“Slowpoke,” Ayame grinned at him. “Tom done quicker. He swim quicker too?”

“No way. But he’s still pretty good—damned good backstroker,” Roger allowed.

“Yeah, that was a ‘kiss-and-run’ he just did with me,” Cynthia smiled. “Taking his mom to dinner for her birthday. Well, he did say to come tomorrow at 3. I wonder how it’ll feel being nude with a bunch of other kids our age?”

Ayame frowned. “Not little step, this one bigger step...”

Next: Is the Program Dead?

Finally. The kids get a chance to learn about the Program’s operation in other schools. But before that, they learn how others overcame their innate modesty to embrace the lifestyle of social nudism. Meanwhile, their school tries to make the Program work in the face of student resistance. And their new contact from another school shows them, in detail, what they were missing by not experiencing the full Program in their school. Spring break brings special treats and graduation looms—will they be allowed to graduate?

Chapter 21 - Is the Program Dead?

On Saturday afternoon, Tom answered the door at his home for the twins and Ayame; they had brought some soft drinks and a fruit bowl to share.

“C’mon in guys, hi, Cindy,” Tom greeted them and hugged Cynthia. “Let me introduce my folks.”

They went into the living room and the two adults who were seated there stood up to greet them.

“Cindy and Roger Denison, Ayame, oops...”

“Asano,” she prompted.

“... um, this is my mom, Barbara, and step-dad, Mitchell Kerrey.”

They all shook hands with each other.

Mitchell said, “Tom asked us to give you guys some privacy for your...”

Cynthia interrupted. “Sir, we three discussed that and decided that if you’d like to be here, we wouldn’t mind, if it’s okay with Tom, too.”

“Really?” Tom exclaimed. “Mom, Dad, is that okay with you?”

“Well, sure, if your guests are certain,” Barbara said after Mitchell nodded at her. “We’ll be unobtrusive then, maybe join you for the meal if it’s okay.”

“Sure, ma’am,” Roger said. “And we thought that talking to Mr Kerrey would be helpful for us too.”

“Please call me Mitchell, Roger, all of you, okay? If you’re trying out nudism, part of that is dropping some of the formalities.”

“The others haven’t gotten here yet but I got a text that they’ll be here in fifteen,” Tom said. “You wanna change or whatever?”

The three guests decided to get into their suits, so they changed and went out to the pool. A minute later, Tom appeared nude, and then Mitchell and Barbara walked out wearing light coverups.

“We decided to wait until you kids were comfortable before we adults stripped off,” Barbara explained. “I understand your being hesitant about the nudist lifestyle.”

Cynthia shrugged. “Well, it’s a real effort to overcome a lifetime of modest feelings and the three of us are trying to adjust to this new situation. I think I’ll get in the water now; let’s go, Ayame.”

They got into the pool and Cynthia removed her suit and put it on the pool’s edge. Then the doorbell rang and Tom went to answer it. Meanwhile Roger hopped into the pool and took off his suit too, and soon Tom came back out, followed by four nude kids. They walked over to Tom’s parents and they all hugged each other.

Tom called to the three in the water, “Guys, these are Robin Andrews who’s with Richard Wynn and Ellen Marks and Sam Tymers.” Then he named the trio in the water.

While Tom was introducing his friends, Cynthia examined them as she dealt with her conflicting emotions—a hint of terror flashed into her mind, a desire to hide herself overcame her thoughts and she felt a little dizzy as her entire body was enveloped in a flush. She realized that she was breathing hard and her heart was hammering in her chest. Pushing back firmly against her rising panic, she tried to divert her thoughts by gathering some visual impressions of the naked kids on the pool deck.

Robin was short, a little over five feet tall, with curly black hair, and had a sturdy but not fat figure, with cute, small round breasts, a neatly trimmed bush, and a really curvaceous ass. Her friend Richard was also short; he was stocky with a broad, smiling face, thick biceps, a well-developed chest and six-pack abs, and a bushy black pubic bush that all but concealed his penis and balls. Cynthia realized that with his build, he must lift weights—maybe a wrestler?

Then she turned her attention to Ellen, who was of middling height with platinum blond hair and was as thin as a rail; her chest was almost flat; her little breasts were cone-shaped but she had enormous erect nipples, a shaved mound, and a totally flat ass, while brown-haired Sam was wearing thick glasses and had an average build. He had also shaved his pubic hair; his cock was average in length but was extremely thick and had a very large, plum-like crown. Cynthia realized that she found the sight of their nude bodies captivating and kind of alluring in a way; the girls weren’t fashion-model pretty and the boys weren’t hunks, but their apparent comfort in their nudity projected such a deep inner beauty that she suddenly realized the meaning of Tom’s description of nudist beauty.

Cynthia realized that her breathing was slowing down and while her thoughts and sight remained fixed on the fascinating nude bodies of Tom’s teen friends, she gathered her resolve, screwed up her courage, and climbed out of the water. She went to the four kids and shook their hands.

“Wow, Cindy!” Tom exclaimed. “Way to go!”

As Ellen shook Cynthia’s hand, she said, “Oh Cindy, you’re so pretty. It’s nice to meet you and I’m so happy that Tom invited us today.”

The others also exchanged pleasantries; Roger had also joined them; Cynthia noticed that her twin was also exhibiting signs of extreme anxiety. He hadn’t moved to leave the pool until she had climbed up the pool stairs. Ayame came to the pool edge and reached her hand up to shake the hands of the newcomers as they entered the pool and was complimented by the girls too.

Tom called to his parents, “Mom, Dad? C’mon in too!”

They stood, removed their coverups, and walked down the pool steps into the water. Cynthia immediately noticed a number of large surgical and burn scars on the right side of Mitchell’s body, upper leg, and arm.

Everyone in the pool floated and swam around talking and getting to know each other for the next half hour; Roger spent most of the time with Ayame as she told the others about her coming to the U.S. for college. No one mentioned anything at all about her being the only clothed person in the pool. Soon some of the kids decided to get out and rest in the sun; Ellen and Cynthia lay down in a couple of chaises, then Tom’s parents

got out and returned to their chairs. Tom went into the house and brought out some trays of snacks and drinks.

Ayame whispered to Roger, “Ah, I will do it now. Feel strange as only one with suit.”

She pulled off her swimsuit, grabbed Roger’s hand, and then resolutely waded to the steps and climbed out with him. The others glanced at the couple leaving the pool but immediately returned to their conversations. Ayame drew Roger over to sit next to Tom’s parents.

“Hi, Ayame, Roger.” Mitchell greeted them.

“You’re really very pretty, Ayame,” Barbara said. “Tom told us you were adopted as a little girl and you had been in a fire and were shy about some scars.”

“はい [*Hai*]. Um, yes, Barbara. I was always shy about body because I was teased about burns. But my burns now have almost no showing...” she blushed as she glanced at Mitchell, “and I try to get over modesty, so my thanks for this chance with other people.”

Mitchell gently rested his hand on Ayame’s hand. “Ayame, I really know how you must have felt. I was seriously hurt in an IED attack; I got shrapnel wounds and burns so severe that I had to leave the Army. When I met Barbara and her wonderful kids and fell in love with all of them, I found out that they had this weird lifestyle, one that I couldn’t understand; they liked to be nude outdoors with other people. First, I was really a modest guy even before my injuries. After, I was certain that I looked horrible; hell, I looked horrible to myself.

“Then they all insisted that they wanted me to go to these nudist places with them. It was so damned difficult! I did it slow, just like you’re doing here, but it took me weeks and weeks to get up the nerve to be naked with more than several people at once. So you’re doing way better than I ever did. If you got this far, dear, you’ve already conquered your modesty, you know. Look, see how no one’s paying any attention to how people aren’t wearing suits?”

Ayame and Roger looked around and everyone was either sitting or standing in various groups, talking to each other quietly.

“Yes, Mitchell, I see,” Ayame said. “no one is staring. It is good.”

“It took a long time for me to figure that out, Ayame,” he continued. “I was embarrassed at how I looked. I thought people would be repelled by my appearance or treat me with pity and I couldn’t bear the thought of exposing myself to that—I actually was ashamed of my body! It was awful feeling that way and Barbara and the kids helped me see that nudists aren’t judgmental at all about anyone’s physical appearance. It was a liberating feeling to learn that.”

“Ayame, most people treat Mitchell’s wounds as a badge of honor, actually,” Barbara said. “There are plenty of people at our favorite resort who aren’t good-looking in the Hollywood sense but are beautiful inside. And that’s where beauty really counts, after all. Not that exterior beauty isn’t nice too,” she grinned and nodded at her. “Why don’t you go talk to Tom’s friends? I’m sure that they’d like to tell you about their favorite nudist experiences.”

“Ah, thank you, Barbara and Mitchell,” Ayame said. “You are very nice.”

“Yeah, thanks, too,” Roger said. “I really appreciate your talking to Ayame so frankly. This really helped her a lot, and me too.”

“No problem, kids,” Mitchell grinned, “just go and have fun. Serious talk time is finished.”

The kids got up and walked over to where Tom and Cynthia were talking to Robin and Richard. Ayame hung back a little, trying to use Roger’s body as a shield, but Cynthia moved to her to pull her closer to the group.

“C’mere, darling,” Cynthia whispered, “you don’t have to hide your gorgeous body. Show it off. Doesn’t the air feel good on your skin?”

“Ah, is strange. Confused feelings, like I should hide, but see everyone looks, um, normal?” she replied.

Tom smiled at Ayame. “I think you’re doing just fine, Ayame. Relax and listen to Robin’s story about her first time; she just started it.”

“Yeah, hi, Ayame...” she began.

Then Ellen and Sam joined them; they made a circle of chairs and they all sat.

“I was telling my first-time story, guys.” Robin started again. “So I met Richard in high school when I was a freshman. We went to different middle schools but when we met, we hit it off right away. Anyway, he never told me that his family were nudists. He would be away on lots of weekends but I could never get a straight answer where he went, just that they were family outings. We dated during freshman year and in the summer he was away almost the whole time.

“When we got back to school he was evasive about where he went for the summer. So I guess I threatened him, saying if he wanted to keep secrets like that, maybe we shouldn’t see each other anymore. That’s when he told me he was a nudist and went to camps with his family. I couldn’t believe it. I asked him if he was naked with other people and he said he was and that it was the greatest feeling. Then he asked me if I would go with him one time to try it out; his family was going that weekend. I told him that he was crazy, to look at my body, how fat I was, that I was ugly and people would make fun of me. He took my hands and told me that he himself was no Adonis and no one cares how anyone looks, and besides, he thought I was pretty no matter what I thought about myself.

“He spent the whole week trying to convince me and then told me that if I went, I could keep some clothes on if I wanted. So I reluctantly agreed to go. When we got there, his family had a cabin with three rooms, two bedrooms and a main room that had foldout beds. His parents took a bedroom and Richard, his sisters, and I decided to wait till later to work out where we’d sleep. Then everyone stripped while I went to the bathroom to get into my swimsuit. Wow, when I came out—seeing all that naked skin; it made me blush so hard I got dizzy!

“Anyway, we went to the pool and found a bunch of chairs all together. But I didn’t know where to look! I knew I shouldn’t stare, but wherever I looked there were nude people! All ages, all body types. Many people much fatter than me. And I felt so self-conscious, so exposed, because I was the only one there with clothing—so weird, right? Exposed wearing clothes. I lay down on a chair next to Richard and we just chatted a while and soon I started to get really hot in the sun. His sisters and parents had already gone into the water, so I sat up and looked at the pool and that’s when I noticed the sign that said no suits in the pool. I

asked Richard and he told me that was the rule. Oh my God. I wanted to cool off. So I looked around; nobody was looking in my direction. Was I going to do it?

"I took a deep breath, said a prayer, and closed my eyes. Then I reached behind me and unhooked the clip on the top of my one-piece and wiggled the top down off my chest. I felt my cheeks and chest start to burn like they were on fire. I was panting in a panic and could feel my heart pounding under my boobs. My lips and mouth got dry and my teeth began tingling. I was so sure that everyone in the pool area could see how embarrassed I was. I pulled my towel over my chest to hide my boobs; I so desperately wanted to pull my suit back up again, but I gritted my teeth, trying to steady myself to go through with what I had begun, but I was shaking with embarrassment.

"Richard noticed me sitting there trembling. He reached over and took my hand and told me to open my eyes and look around, and... no one was even looking at me, nobody really cared what I was doing. So I clenched my jaw, stood up slowly, and then pulled my suit down to my hips and slid it off as a wave of dizziness spread over me. I looked around again; no one was staring at my body, not even Richard. He was looking me in the eyes as though nothing was out of the ordinary. It suddenly dawned on me that for him—and for everyone in the area—nothing was anything but ordinary. He whispered to me that I was doing just fine; that I looked great, the worst was over, and I should enjoy how my body felt.

"And then I became aware of a difference around me, because it no longer seemed like I was standing out. I was no longer the only one wearing a suit; I had blended in with the people in the pool area and that actually made me kind of invisible in a way. That thought made me finally able to relax a little. It was like a big weight had just lifted and all my anxieties suddenly seemed so unnecessary. I gave a huge sigh of relief. Richard took my hand and we got into the pool. Even though I still had a few more modesty hurdles to get past, I never looked back after that."

"Wow, that's quite a story," Cynthia breathed. "So you took the leap after only an hour or so; that's amazing."

"It actually seemed to be easier to get naked than remain dressed, Cindy," Robin commented. "I really felt like I was calling attention to myself in the suit. It was funny, really, wearing clothes yet feeling so exposed. Say, Tom told us about your wanting to try out nudism but you felt shy. Is doing this with us helping?"

"Ah, yeah, I don't have that butterflies-inside-me feeling much now—you mentioned your teeth tingling? Yeah, that's what I felt when I first climbed out of this pool naked on Wednesday and walked around nude with Tom. And when you guys first came out to the pool, I almost had a panic attack! So I forced myself to calm down and here I am but I'm still a little on edge, though. I don't know if Tom told you about how I reacted when they told me at school that I'd have to spend a week at school being naked. When I heard that, I panicked and nearly fainted. That was an awful feeling and I later learned that my reaction might have been a phobia panic," Cynthia explained.

"No, he didn't mention that happening—but you had to do the Program? My God, that's awful, Tom did too," Robin shuddered. "That would be too much for me to take and I'm so happy my school won't be starting it till after I'm gone."

"We—Roger and I—actually didn't participate. We refused. They tried to make us do it but we were able to resist. In fact, it looks like the resistance movement against the Program is working so well that the school is gonna stop trying to force anyone into participating. They even tried to convince the students that the

Program is wonderful by showing a porno video yesterday in assembly showing the first girl in the Program, um, Karen Wagner was her name, I think, doing oral sex and getting fucked..."

Ellen broke in. "Wow—Karen Wagner? Damn! She went to my school! Central High back on the east coast! She was a junior and I was a frosh when they started the Program there. That was an awful time for me; I wasn't picked but a friend of mine, another freshman, was in the first group and she freaked out and was sent to the hospital. She came back to school the next day and was forced to be in it for the rest of the week—they gave her tranquilizers and she was a basket case. But because she missed the first day, they were gonna make her do the Program again the following week and she had a nervous breakdown or something when they told her. She was hospitalized for the rest of the school year."

"Holy crap," Tom sighed. "I didn't know about that. So did you have to do the Program there?"

"I escaped, fortunately," Ellen answered. "My family moved out here, to Riverside, in the middle of my sophomore year. And there's no Program at my school here. But the stuff I saw at Central..." she shuddered. "They forced the kids to do all kinds of kinky sex stuff, like domination, tying up, spanking, torture like using nipple clamps and whips, even anal sex. Anything was allowed and even the teachers got into it. And that was in the first year of the Program. I would have killed myself if they made me do those things."

Ayame looked totally appalled. "But you are nudist?" she asked uncertainly. "Still after seeing this?"

"Um, it's hard to explain," Ellen spoke slowly. "Seeing all those naked kids and all that sex going on every day... God, a lot of us girls were wet *all* the time, and many girls who weren't even on the Program were forced by some teachers to get naked too and do sex things... Boys too, but they didn't get as picked on by the teachers as much as the girls did in the first year. So I saw plenty of cocks, with all the blow-jobs and even fucking that was going on. I was lucky in my first freshman term that I didn't have a class like biology or health. I also wangled an excuse out of gym, and I figured out which classes to avoid taking till we moved.

"But having all that sex stuff going on around me every day left an impression on me. It made me—um, desensitized is the word. I got used to being around nudity and when we moved here, I kind of missed it. When I met Sam, I found out that he was a nudist when I showed up at his house unannounced once and found him lying out naked in his backyard. He convinced me to try it out for myself. So here I am, but the effect of the Program on me wasn't good because it made me into a kind of voyeur."

"Er, 'voyeur'?" Ayame asked.

"Yeah, someone who likes to watch others. I love seeing naked boys, but I try not to stare. Much," she giggled.

"Uh, yeah, and she likes watching other stuff too," Sam grinned.

"SAM!" Ellen squealed. "Be polite!"

Ayame wrinkled her forehead. "Err, thought nudism not about sex..."

Sam laughed. "That's the party line. In the daytime, in the open at the resorts, sex is verboten. But after sunset, the real party begins—but still happens only in private and the kids have to be really careful not to get caught. But sex does happen. Like anywhere, actually. No different from textile life at many nightclubs from what I hear."

“What’s ‘textile’ mean?” Cynthia asked and Roger and Ayame nodded too.

“Clothing, as in cloth,” Robin said. “That’s what we nudists call non-nudists. The people who are always dressed.”

“So you mentioned a porno video in school yesterday?” Richard asked. “What was that all about?”

“Your school doesn’t have the Program?” Roger asked.

“No. I think it’ll start there in the fall,” he answered. “I’ll be gone then, which is great.”

Roger continued, “It was a promo for the Program. Started with a bunch of propaganda about why it’s such a great deal for kids and ended with a scene of these two kids—they were in the Program but are in college now—beginning to fuck. It was pretty hot, but all the kids in the auditorium weren’t buying it, judging by their reaction. Then some Program officials got up and began to talk about the Program at our school and this amazing thing happened...”

Roger went on to briefly describe how the assembly ended and how the principal admitted that the resistance movement had basically succeeded in pulling the Program’s teeth.

“Oh, wow, so that’s how that microphone malfunction happened. That’s so cool. Say... I gotta get busy with the food, guys,” Tom broke in.

“Need any help?” Roger asked.

“Help is always welcome,” Tom grinned.

“I’ll help too,” chimed in Cynthia.

The others agreed to lend a hand too, so the crew trooped off to the house, getting their helping assignments from Tom. Soon the fire was going and dishes were being hauled out to a large table at one end of the deck. When the barbequed foods were ready, everyone gathered and began the meal, and the discussion soon turned to the upcoming spring break. All the schools of the region had the same week off, so Tom’s parents invited the Denison twins and Ayame to come to their nudist resort for the break. The other teens had already made plans to be there then too.

Robin was quick to offer her encouragement. “You’ll have a super time, guys. There’s a number of kids our age who come and we have all kinds of things to do, sports, swimming, games, cookouts, dances, it’s great and you’ll love it!” she enthused.

Roger and Cynthia shrugged to each other but Ayame looked dubious.

“Say, we’ll talk it over. We need to check with our folks, too,” Cynthia said. “Can we let you know in a few days?”

“Certainly,” Mitchell said.

“If we can come, we’ll expect to share any costs, sir,” Roger advised Mitchell.

"Well, okay, we were going to treat you. But as first-timers, I'll get you the special intro deal that the place has... Um, wait, you need to be an adult for that..."

"Oh, that'll work. We turn 18 before the break. Is that okay?" Cynthia exclaimed.

"Perfect," Mitchell confirmed.

After dinner and the cleanup, they splashed around in the pool for a while and as the evening grew cooler, retreated to the den to watch a movie on DVD, the still-naked couples cuddling with each other. The three neophyte nudists later agreed that this most pleasant experience was the perfect way to end a very enjoyable day; even Ayame agreed that she didn't feel as self-conscious as she thought she'd be.

On Sunday morning, Roger went to the fitness center's pool early to do laps and lift weights to keep up his muscle tone and Cynthia took Ayame jogging with her, trying to help Ayame gain strength in her hips where she still had some weakness from her old burn injuries.

Tom picked up Cynthia for a mid-day date to go to lunch and see a movie and later returned to her house and joined Roger and Ayame, who were talking as they lounged on the patio behind their house.

"Well, Rog, give any thought to my dad's invite?" Tom asked.

"Yeah, thought about it while I was swimming, I was trying to imagine how I'd feel being naked around a bunch of random strangers," Roger reflected. "Doing that in the school completely repelled me."

Ayame asked, "But was that not because of sex parts required? You said Program was bad for that reason."

"Well, sweetie, you're right—that was a big reason. I felt okay with Tom's friends, even his folks. I know, look. There's a world of difference between hanging out around a pool, or even maybe playing a game or watching a movie and being naked, and doing formal things like going to classes and being in school and having to be naked there. And in school, everyone else is dressed, so the naked ones are out of place. Anything out of place attracts attention. The Program uses that attention to focus on the sexual parts, um, elements, of the kids' nudity. I don't think there was anything sexual about how anyone was behaving at Tom's party, do you?"

"No, but talking was all about naked people and also Program," Ayame objected.

"That was to answer our questions about nudism, sweetie," Cynthia responded. "They were trying to convince us that we'd have fun doing it."

"Yeah," Tom put in. "We were giving you guys the hard sell, is all. Well, we'd really love it if you could join us, and Cindy, even if Roger and Ayame decide not to, maybe you'd..."

She reached up and put a finger on his lips. "Let's see what we come up with, my man. Okay?"

"Sure. Hey, I need to leave, unfortunately. I had a great time, Cindy. Everyone. And yesterday was super, I had so much fun with everyone. See you tomorrow."

Cynthia saw him to the door and kissed him goodbye, then returned to the others.

When she returned, Roger told her, “Hey, I didn’t mention... Sam told me that Ellen keeps in touch with some of her friends at her old Central High School and said he’d ask her to text them that we were looking for info about how other kids were dealing with the Program in their schools.”

“Nice!” Cynthia exclaimed. “Which reminds me, I need to check those forums where I posted our questions, see if anyone responded. So you think Ellen’ll get us some info about the Program there?”

“Sam said maybe Ellen would even put us in touch with some of her friends there. They must have better contacts since they’ve been doing this for three years.”

“Way cool,” Cynthia enthused and Ayame nodded. “Let me go in and check on those forum contacts I made.”

She went inside and Roger got up and sat on Ayame’s chaise. Soon they were embracing and kissing each other.

“Mmmm, this is nice, Roger, but was much nicer yesterday at Tom’s,” Ayame murmured.

“You mean with no clothes, right?” and Roger tweaked her nipple through her top.

Ayame giggled and blushed. “Err, is no sex in nudism, remember,” she chided him.

“But today we’re... um, yeah, textiles, so it’s okay for us now, right?” he joked.

“Oooo. That feels good. Yes, is okay now,” she squirmed against him.

“So you wanna go to the nudist place during break, darling?” he asked.

“I have difficulty in deciding, Roger. But I think maybe, if you do.”

“Yeah, I’m still trying to decide if I could do it. If everyone’s naked, maybe it won’t bother me the way the idea of being naked in school bothers me. Everyone we’ve talked to so far is so enthusiastic about it, so there must be something about nudism... Man, I just can’t decide!”

Cynthia popped her head out the door. “Got some replies, guys. Want to hear about it now?”

“Sure,” Roger called.

“Okay, I’ll get my laptop. One sec.”

Cynthia came out. “Two forums, responses on both. So I contacted the first one and had to prove I was actually a student. There are a number of high schools on military bases and some are even run by the Pentagon. According to the person on this forum, those schools have refused to run the Program at all. He’s kept in touch with a number of students from military families who he went to school with at his dad’s last two postings and a few are in U.S. high schools now but not at any schools that are running the Program yet.

“He was fascinated when I told him how we’re resisting, so he’s spreading that word to the people he knows. So he didn’t have anything for us about how other military kids are dealing with the Program.”

“Ah. That’s interesting, anyway,” Roger said. “You mentioned another contact?”

“Yeah. It was just a request for me that I’d have to prove my identity, like in the other cases, but that person was off line. It said to try between 7 and 8 p.m. later, our local time, because that person’s in the east.”

Later that evening, Cynthia successfully connected with her forum contact, who was a student at a school that had a large number of military-family kids but no Program as yet, but another school in the area had the Program and she knew a few students who attended there. She promised to pass along any questions the twins might have.

“Well, we’re a little further along, I guess,” Roger mused. “Still no hard details. Hey, not that it matters to us, anyway? But I think it’d still be nice to know what’s happening elsewhere.”

“Yes, and new group needs to start tomorrow,” Ayame commented.

“Right. That should be interesting,” Cynthia said.

Chapter 22

After his morning practice and a brief chat with Tom, Roger arrived in his home room classroom as the morning announcements were being broadcast.

"...As usual, your home room teachers have the list of students selected as participants for the Program this week. We ask those whose names are announced to drop off their bags or backpacks in your lockers and come to the conference room. Thank you for your cooperation. Have a good morning."

The teacher read off four names and looked up; the four kids who had been named remained seated, stony-faced.

"You're not cooperating?" the teacher said to no one in particular.

There was a mixture of head-shaking and "no" from the four.

"All right," the teacher sighed. "Carry on..."

"Oh," Ayame whispered. "Maybe no one will do it now."

"Hope so," Cynthia agreed.

On their way to their first class, they didn't encounter anyone participating, and in Anatomy, the teacher had three students on his list; all were clothed. He challenged them. Two were 18 years old.

"I can't be forced to participate against my will," one student responded, "I'm an adult."

The other agreed, and the third student said she was from a military family and wouldn't participate.

After class, Cynthia went to those three students who had stopped to briefly talk to each other and asked if they had gone to that infamous conference room at all; none had. Then they parted ways with Ayame and went to Econ.

After that class, Ayame rushed to find the twins before gym began.

"Michelle got picked!" she panted as she ran up to the twins.

"Oh!" Cynthia exclaimed. "Is she doing it?"

"No! She is refusing and said Cirota-*san* came to her first class to find her, too."

"And...?"

"She said she would not speak to him. He speak and she looked away, she said. Teacher told her she should go into hall to talk and not interrupt class and she told teacher she was staying in class, that she wasn't talking, Cirota was one who talked."

"Ha!" Roger laughed. "Smart girl."

"Yes. So teacher told Cirota to go out."

“Did you have any naked kids in the class, Ayame?” Cynthia asked.

“None.”

Roger went off to the pool then and the others went to gym. When they dressed and appeared in the gym, they didn’t see any naked students there, either. Their activity was stretches and medicine-ball work and Mary was in their group.

“Happy your week is done?” Cynthia asked her.

“Hell, yeah. But guess what I heard? I came to my gym locker early today to get something and I overheard Cirota talking to some gym teachers. He’s loud, you know, so I heard him but couldn’t hear the answers too good. He was trying to get the teachers to agree to make all the gym classes naked, he said other Program schools do that and he wants this one to do it too.”

Ayame blanched.

“What?” Cynthia exclaimed. “They can’t do that! I mean, the teachers just can’t do that on their own, I don’t think.”

“Well, I guess, because I did hear a teacher raise her voice and say something and then ‘...not happening here. Forget it.’”

“Crazy stuff...” Cynthia mused. “What will they think of next?”

“Yeah,” Mary continued, “I heard that at some schools they have naked cheerleaders and they do have naked gym too. One school I know of definitely. I have a cousin who graduated from one in Massachusetts last year and they had started doing that at his school.”

“Damn. But that must be up to the school, not a Program requirement.”

“Yeah. He did say that. So some parents objected and since it wasn’t a Program rule, a lot of kids got out of being in gym while he was there, anyway. They were put in a special group or something.”

“Unbelievable. I’m sure that won’t happen here, especially since the Program is collapsing too. Did you see any naked kids this morning?”

“No, not in the halls either. One kid was called in my home room but it looked like he was absent today,” Mary replied.

The teacher had come over and was glaring at them, then told them to stop chatting and buckle down.

During lunch, the twins learned some more details about the morning’s participation results. They had arrived a little after the rush and went through the line later than usual; when they found a table, they noticed that there was a knot of kids around a girl listening to her talking; then the group began to disperse and they overheard comments like, “Wow,” “Cool,” “No shit,” and similar exclamations. Two of the kids the twins knew sat down at the other end of their table and greeted them.

“So what was that about?” Roger asked.

“Oh, you didn’t hear her? Well, she’s an office aide and was running an errand during home room. She passed the conference room about five minutes after the Program announcement. She said she was curious to see who was there, no one was yet, so she waited and only three kids came to the room after maybe another five minutes. She said two went in but the third said something like ‘If it’s gonna be only a couple of kids, no way am I doing it,’ and he went away.

“She told us that on her way back past the room she heard a girl inside shouting that she wasn’t going to be the only one in the whole school and then she rushed out. So it looks like nobody’s in the Program this week. Cool, huh?”

“Yeah, really. Looks like everyone was encouraged to refuse by hearing Davis on the PA on Friday,” Cynthia commented.

“For sure. I know that if I’m called, no way will I do it either,” their tablemate stated.

In Psychology there were two non-participants; Mason called their names and they told her that they weren’t participating, so the class began normally.

After class, as they passed the front doors, there were no clothing boxes set out there and there were no kids hanging around to watch people getting dressed. The twins looked at each other, grinned, and did a fist-bump.

Tom came out of the building then and looked around, smiling as he realized that there were no clothing boxes. He greeted Cynthia with a kiss and they went off together, while Ayame and Roger left them to go home. Cynthia came home after dinner and Tom stopped in to say hello to her parents; they chatted for a while and then he left.

“So have you kids decided on your nudist vacation yet?” Sarah asked before Cynthia, Roger, and Ayame went to do their homework.

“I think I have, Mom,” Roger answered. “I’m gonna try it ‘cause Ayame said she’d go too.”

“Yeah, same here,” Cynthia said. “I figured that if I can’t go through with shedding the clothes, I can stay dressed, and Tom said no one would care. He told me that maybe I’d get teased at first, but then no one would say a word after that.”

“Well, I had mentioned to you that your dad and I are friends with a couple who are nudists,” Sarah told them. “I saw my friend today in the market and she said that if you go, you’d have a great time. She said she knows Tom’s folks and she plans to be at their resort on spring break too and to look for her if you go. It’s Marsha and Warren Peters, you know them, right?”

“Sure. Wow, didn’t know that about them.”

“Yeah,” Sarah said, “she said nudists don’t advertise that they are to everyone.” She laughed. “Marsha asked me if we wanted to go, too, make it a family outing...”

“Eeeuwww,” Cynthia exclaimed, “Mom! You wouldn’t!”

“And why not?” Sarah grinned. “What’s wrong if we went too? ... No, don’t worry; this isn’t our style, kids. We’re just as happy with our clothes on, okay?”

“Yeah,” Denison grinned. “It’s definitely not on my bucket list, but if you kids want to try it, well, you gotta make up your own minds about things that you enjoy. But you know not to make a big deal about it, right? We’re still in a pretty conservative military establishment here.”

“Sure, Dad,” Roger said.

They left for their rooms to do their work. While Roger was working, he got a text from Sam. It said that Ellen would be in touch with him soon about her Central High School contacts. After he finished his work, he and Ayame spent the rest of the evening together just chatting and being close.

The following day, Tuesday, turned out to be an absolutely normal school day with no drama or any unexpected events. At practice, Roger told Tom about their deciding to go to the resort and Tom was delighted to hear that, saying that he’d let his dad know so that he could make the reservations.

At home that afternoon, however, the twins’ mom had some interesting news.

“Say,” she said, “you’ll be interested in this letter from your school,” handing Cynthia the document when the kids got home.

Cynthia began to read out loud.

> Dear Parents:
>
> This letter is being sent to all parents and guardians of students who have not yet participated in the Naked in School Program. As a result of unplanned circumstances, our methods of selecting participants for each week needs to be modified to allow the Program to operate in the manner mandated by the federal government’s rules. To assist us, we would be grateful for your cooperation. Many parents have allowed their students to refuse to participate in the Program and that is interfering with the school’s ability to assure that students receive the educational, psychological, and social benefits that the Program provides.
>
> We understand that many of you believe that you have the right to refuse to allow your child to participate and we of the school administration assure you that you do not have the right to dictate which of the school’s curriculum modules in which your child must participate. However, we realize that this is a very sensitive and volatile issue among many parents, so we would like to assess the level of future compliance the school may expect from your family if your student is selected to participate.
>
> Please complete the attached form and return it to the school using the enclosed reply envelope. And we would appreciate your returning it by Friday. Many thanks for your cooperation.
>
> Sincerely,
> Mr George Davis
> Principal

“And the form asks whether the parent or guardian agrees to allow their student to participate, and this is interesting, whether the student, if he or she’s picked, will agree to participate. Wow,” Cynthia finished.

“Wow indeed,” Roger said. “Looks like they’re trying to keep from having weeks with zero kids participating, like this one, by finding some kids who’ll get naked.”

“So your kids’ resistance movement is working?” Sarah asked.

“Oh, yeah, big time,” Cynthia enthused. “No one’s naked this week at all.”

“Good for you!” Sarah responded. “And no consequences yet?”

“So far none, but we’ll see what happens come graduation. They threatened that if kids refused, they wouldn’t graduate.”

Roger grinned, “Say, there’s a cool thought... look, in the time left before school ends, they can only select a little more than half of the seniors to do the Program. Except for Tom and a couple of others, I think hardly any seniors’ve done the Program. So if most of the remaining seniors don’t participate, and if they don’t allow them to go to graduation, maybe only half of the senior class’ll be there.”

“Right,” Cynthia agreed. She laughed. “So maybe we should have our own private ceremony...”

“Hey, hold that thought,” Sarah said. “Mention it to Dad this evening, okay? So how should Dad and I answer the letter?” she laughed. “Any doubts about what we’ll say?”

“None at all, Mom,” Roger grinned.

“Yeah, not at all and our birthday is in less than two weeks, too. Then we could refuse as adults,” Cynthia commented.

Later, when the family was eating dinner, Cynthia mentioned her comment about the possibility of half of the senior class not being able to attend the graduation ceremony because they had refused to do the Program. Her dad grinned at her.

“Yeah. You’re not the first one to think of that happening, kid. For a change, you got beat on an idea. Col Masterson mentioned that his daughter was unhappy about possibly not having a graduation ceremony to attend, so he did some checking and found out that the school prepares a list and releases it on the third week of April, of all the students who will be eligible to walk at graduation. That’s when we’ll know if they are going to exclude the kids who didn’t do the Program. If they’re to be excluded, the colonel said he’d set up an alternate ceremony at the base and invite the entire senior class to do it here, and do it real big—you know how we Marines love to do big ceremonies,” he laughed.

“Neat!” both twins chorused.

Ayame wore a curious expression. “What is ‘walk at graduation’?” she asked.

“It means to take part in a graduation, like to walk across the stage and shake hands and get the diploma,” Roger replied. “But they don’t give you the diploma then; they mail it out later. You just get a folder case to

keep it in," he explained. "So yeah, the graduation wouldn't have to be done at the school... Wow, I like that idea."

Somewhat later, Roger and Ayame were watching TV and Cynthia was working on her computer, when Roger's phone signaled a text message. He picked it up and read it.

"Oh, good," he told Ayame. "It's from Ellen. Let's tell Cindy this."

They went to her room.

"Cindy, got a text from Ellen. She said her friend at Central can talk now and she's on video IM now with her. Here's her alias. Let's see if we can get her."

Cynthia pinged the alias and the reply asked her to try again in ten minutes. Ten minutes later they were in contact.

"Hey, is that Cindy?" the teen on the monitor screen asked.

"Yeah; let me adjust the webcam so you can see my brother and cousin," Cynthia answered. "That's Roger and Ayame."

"Hey, I see you all now. Hi, I'm Roberta. Ellen was in my school in my freshman and part of sophomore year. She told me you're looking for info on the Program in other schools."

"That's right. It just came to our school and there's nothing on the web about other people's Program experiences," Cynthia answered.

"Yeah, I know. Central was the first school to have it so we kids were blind-sided. One of our graduates is famous, though. She's become a spokesman for the Program—Karen Wagner, ever hear of her?"

"Shit, yeah," Cynthia responded. "She was in a porno video they showed at our school last week as a Program intro, so we saw her and a guy doing everything—a BJ, cunt-licking, even fucking."

"Hell, if that's all the video showed her doing, that's tame compared to everything she did. She gave a speech when she finished her Program week and said she fucked maybe twenty boys and did anal sex with a bunch too during her week. Hey, she wrote up a journal of her time in the Program, too—it's on a website called "Naked In School Collection"—if the feds haven't shut that down—but in her account she didn't say anything about the boys who were also naked that week. There were a few who were. Shit, Karen wrote in her journal that she did all kinds of perverted junk and was proud of it!"

"Oh, wow. Ellen told us that in her classes they had bondage and sadism stuff too."

"Shit, yeah, but that got stopped. We had a weird biology teacher who loved to teach her classes nude and she demonstrated bondage and S&M toys and used them on the kids too. Lots of times she made kids who weren't even on the Program strip in class and do kinky stuff with each other. I was in her class as a soph but I told her right up front that I wouldn't do any of that crap. I guess because I'm a big girl—I'm 6 feet tall and weigh about 180 pounds and play goalie in my girls' hockey league here—that she wasn't interested in making me into a spectacle, so I got out of doing any shit. Besides, if she tried something, I could crush her. Anyway, she's not here anymore. The federal Program office hired her."

“Really? No wonder the Program has the rep of being perverted, if someone like her’s involved,” Roger put in. “Were there any changes after she left? And did you have to do the Program?”

“Well, all kinds of sex in the classrooms kept happening,” Roberta continued. “They still only pick three kids from each class each week, and we have a big school, so up to now I’ve been lucky and haven’t been picked. One of the new things they began doing was to make videos of the classroom participations and they were put on the school website in a pay-per-view area—this was the idea of one of the degenerate school board members as a fund-raiser for the school. Students got access for free, but you could see everyone’s faces; there was no privacy at all. It was just kiddie-porn. It got taken down after a term but I saved some of the videos. I wanted to save them as visual proof of how bad the Program could get. Say, you wanted to know how some kids were dealing with the Program? Well, I’ve got copies of those videos on my web file-storage service. I’ll give you the access info to my shared-file area so you can see for yourselves—but promise you won’t share my cloud-storage address and don’t send the videos to anyone else.”

“Wow, thanks, and we certainly promise not to give anyone your details,” Cynthia said. “But how do people react to the Program? What happens if a kid refuses to participate?”

“Maybe Ellen told you about one of our friends. She was picked as a freshman—when it started in the first group, with Karen Wagner, actually. She got hysterics and was sent to the hospital. They drugged her and sent her back to school the next day and she was sedated for the rest of the week; she looked and walked around like a zombie. Then the next Monday, she found out she’d have to repeat the entire week and totally lost it. She was out of school for the entire term. When she came back, she had to repeat the freshman term but she’s changed. It’s awful; she’s scared of her shadow, she’s always in a daze, and will only speak a word or two if you talk to her. They have her in some special ed classes and one of my teachers said she must have developed a kind of autism.”

“Oh, that’s terrible!” Cynthia exclaimed.

“Yeah, if someone refuses to strip, the school has a couple of guards who hold the kid and forcibly do it. I know of two times when a boy actually fought them; one time the boy hit a guard with a chair. I think the guard got a broken shoulder. My boyfriend told me about the other time; it happened last term when he got picked to do the Program. A junior boy didn’t come when they called his name, so two guards went after him and dragged him into the office. He broke away from them and tried to get away, throwing books and even chairs at them; one chair broke a computer, then he toppled over a cabinet and almost got out but someone finally grabbed him. When they began trying to pull off his clothes, he kicked one in the head, got loose again and went berserk trying to escape the room; he tore it apart—he completely trashed it. He escaped then and ran out of the school before they could catch him. He hasn’t come back to school.”

“Holy crap,” Roger breathed.

“That was the worst resistance I know of. The office was in shambles. The school tried to have the parents pay restitution and there’re lawsuits still pending over that. I heard that a lot of kids do go through the Program taking anxiety drugs, though, and I’ve actually seen so many kids sleeping in class because they take too much. I think that about half of the kids who’re forced to do the Program really hate it. The other half seem to tolerate doing it, but only a few kids, like Karen, really get off on their Program experience.”

“Who takes it worse? Boys or girls?” Cynthia wanted to know.

“Shit, I can’t answer that... maybe it’s about even. What I can tell you, though, is that whatever the Program is supposed to do scientifically, all the so-called experts got it all wrong. It’s supposed to make kids more—secure, I don’t know—comfortable? with themselves, right? Does it do away with kids’ modesty? Well, I’ve seen shy little girls soldier through their week, just keeping to themselves as best as possible, and afterwards go back to being the same shy, modest little girls. Boys too. And I’ve seen gregarious, outgoing extroverted kids, both girls and boys, doing the Program and winding up as scared, anxious introverts. You never know what can happen to someone psychologically if they’re forced to do something that’s repellant to them. I think that something must snap inside them,” Roberta finished.

“Can’t kids get exempt, like if they have issues that a doctor says will cause harm if they have to be in the Program?” Cynthia asked.

“Maybe, but if it’s possible, it must be terribly difficult to get exempted,” Roberta answered. “The Program rules booklet that we’ve been given say you can request it, but I never heard of someone being exempt. Maybe there are some but they’re sworn to secrecy. Hey, I gotta sign off now, but I know some kids who did the Program and might be willing to chat about how they felt about it,” Roberta added. “Can they use this IM alias?”

“Sure! That would be awesome, and thanks so much—good luck too!” Cynthia said as they signed off.

“Hey, let’s grab those video files before she changes her mind,” Roger prompted. “Sounds like the Program at her school is pretty bad if the kids have such awful experiences. I’m so glad we started our resistance to it here.”

Cynthia brought up the file-storage site on her browser, located the video files Roberta mentioned, and saved them to her system, and as an afterthought, saved copies to her own web-storage area too.

“So ya wanna watch them now?” she inquired.

They agreed to look at one of the files for now; it was labeled “Classroom Relief Session 3.” Cynthia started the video player.

The scene opened with two naked kids walking to the front of a classroom. They looked young for being freshmen, less than fourteen years old; even though the girl was short and looked very young, she was chesty with C-cup breasts that stood out from her chest with hardly any sag. Her pubis was clean-shaven. The boy was about four inches taller and was quite thin; the hair around his erect cock was quite sparse. Both were blushing furiously. From the camera movements, it was apparent that the camera was being hand-held.

“Do either of you need Relief?” the teacher asked.

It was quite apparent that the boy was seriously in need of some attention; his five-inch rod was reddish-purple in color and was pulsing with his heartbeat.

“Yes!” they chorused. “I want Evan!” “I want Jody!” they exclaimed simultaneously.

“Well, I guess you can do each other if you’re quick,” the teacher cautioned.

“You sure, Jody?” Evan asked.

“Very.”

“But we have only five minutes if you want me to get you off too,” Evan said uncertainly.

“I’ll bet I can get you to cum in 90 seconds,” she challenged. “And I’m so wet you can get me to cum quick too.”

“Okay, let’s go for it!”

Evan slumped onto the chair and braced his arms on its armrests as Jody knelt between his legs and bent over his groin. As her tongue swept up his rigid shaft from his balls to crown, his breath hissed in surprise. Her eyes flicked up and sparkled with anticipation.

“Guess you liked that?”

“Gaaahh. You need to ask?”

“No, probably not. Okay, stud. Time for the main event!”

She closed her lips over his hardness and moved them down, holding her tongue firmly against the underside of his phallus. Evan watched in amazement as Jody’s head kept moving down the shaft and a long involuntary moan escaped his lips. Then his cock hit the back of her throat and Jody choked, her gag reflex forcing her head back a few inches, but her lips never came off his member. Next she switched to moving her head up and down in a regular rhythm while her hand stroked the exposed part of his prick.

Now Jody’s head was bobbing rapidly up and down, her pursed lips making a tight ring about his cock as her head moved, and Evan’s ass was wiggling and squirming on the chair, his face was bright red, and he was panting and groaning with the sensations that were quickly overtaking his consciousness. His head began thrashing from side to side and his hips, which were barely resting on the edge of the seat, were making rapid fucking jerks into Jody’s mouth; the viewer could easily see that his climax was quickly building.

Suddenly he reached forward and grabbed Jody’s head. She glanced up at him but didn’t change the cadence of her movements.

“Uuunnnnggg... gettin’ close, gonna blow... aahhhh....” he moaned.

Jody managed to increase her hand motions and from the loud slurping sounds that could be heard, added some sucking stimulation to her oral ravishing of Evan’s cock. He screwed his eyes shut, clearly abandoning himself to the stimulation he was receiving. Then Jody took her index finger and poked it into the side of her mouth without stopping her sucking, and then thrust it into Evan’s asshole.

“Yaaaaaggggghhhh!” he screeched. “Aaaaaggghhhh! Uuuunnhhhh....” he let go with a gargling moan and he went totally rigid as a bolt of cum surged through his prick and burst into Jody’s waiting mouth.

She gave a little choke and gulped and swallowed; then he unleashed a second jet of cum and she coughed and swallowed again, and then she held her head still but kept pumping her hand slowly as Evan came in three or four additional but less intense spurts, which slowed to a series of dribbles as Evan’s pelvis kept twitching in aftershocks.

Jody kept her tongue and hand busy and the viewer could see the effects on Evan; his face bore an expression of exquisite agony as he came down from his super-sensitive state.

About fifteen seconds later, Evan groaned, “Gaaahhhh! Enough! Too... uunnhh... much!” and tried to shove her head off his inflamed but still rampant manhood.

Jody swirled her tongue over his glans for the last time and pulled away; his cock slipped out of her mouth with a slurping sound. Blushing now, she grinned up at him.

“Told you it’d be quick!”

“Ulp! That was, oh my god! Woooo. Okay, your turn.” he gasped and shakily stood up.

They switched positions and Evan leaned forward and stuck his face into Jody’s groin.

He breathed in deeply, seemingly savoring her pungent scent; then he took his tongue and swept up Jody’s vulva from her asshole to her clit. She hissed in response, and shivered and moaned, so he did it again and got the same response.

The viewer could see how Jody responded as he ran his tongue along the fold between her pussy lips and thigh, back and forth, then he moved back through her slit, probing his tongue deeply between her pussy lips. Then he nibbled gently with his lips and teeth at her clitoral hood, letting his teeth pull gently at the flesh above her little nub. Jody’s hips were gyrating with the sensations she was experiencing and she was groaning continuously.

The trio watched intently as the camera view moved around, zooming and shifting to capture all of Evan’s actions. He began to vary the rhythm of his tonguing and nibbling; Jody’s gasping and moaning encouraging him to linger in certain spots. Now Jody’s breathing quickened and with her fingers in his hair, she tried to steer his head to places that gave her the most intense sensations. Soon she was panting hard as her excitement rose to a fever pitch.

Suddenly Evan swept the flat of his tongue directly over her clit and Jody’s hips spasmed as she gasped, tightening her fingers in his hair. She heaved another gasp as his tongue circled around her clit and then he pursed his lips over it and began thrashing it with the tip of his tongue. Jody responded with a strangled screech, her face frozen in a rictus of overwhelming sensation while her legs splayed straight out and only Evan’s face kept her from sliding off the chair. As she came, the viewers could see her belly muscles rippling and heaving, and a great flush spread over her chest and tits. While she was still wracked in orgasm, Evan kept his tongue flicking over her clit and it immediately triggered another spasm and Jody began pushing weakly at his head to get him to stop; she was too breathless to speak.

“Aaaaa... oohhhh.... pant... s- s- stop... noo... pant... nooo... moo-ore... ooohhh... pant... Eeehhh!” she moaned.

The teacher clapped her hands. “Okay, it’s five minutes, it’s time,” as the classroom erupted in loud applause and cheers.

Evan gently assisted Jody to her feet and helped her as they both wobbled to a desk near the middle of the room, Evan’s still-rigid dick pointing the way. The camera followed them and the viewers could hear her speak breathlessly.

“God ... Evan, that was aahh... fuckin’ awesome, ooohhh, wow...”

The video faded out.

Roger and Cynthia leaned back in their chairs and both sucked in great breaths of air; they had hardly been breathing as they watched.

“Oh, fuck,” Roger moaned. “That was awesomely hot. Shit, that happened in a school classroom in front of dozens of kids, too. How the hell could they do that?”

Ayame was still staring at the blank video player screen. “School makes porno movies. Roberta says they sell them too. Maybe is mistake to go to college in U.S. Unless for degree in porno movie making?” she joked.

“Damn, how could those kids concentrate on the class after such a session? Did you see how they both wobbled to their desks after?” Cynthia asked, shaking her head.

“Other kids in class too,” Ayame interjected. “Saw boys with pants down and rubbing selves under desks and some girls with tops up and pinching boobs too, did you see at end?”

“Yeah—and this is supposed to happen in most classes; the first few minutes of any class is for that Relief session. How does anyone concentrate after such a scene?” Roger said. “Um, that was too intense for me to watch another one like that, guys. I’ve got a real problem now.”

Ayame giggled, “Poor sweet boy. I would offer help but I not need new demo practice session tonight, so sorry. Not in Program tonight. Need my sleep now.” She mimed a yawn, leaned back, and closed her eyes.

The other two laughed.

“Okay, I get the hint. I’m leaving. Say, don’t stay up and practice with each other; I’ll be awfully jealous if I find out...”

“Out!” Cynthia commanded. “Do whatever you need yourself, sorry for any inconvenience.”

Both girls giggled and Roger left the room.

After he took care of some pressing business, Roger went to bed.

Chapter 23

The remaining days of the week passed normally; nothing happened in school that involved the Program. The news reports about the raid on the kidnappers revealed some additional details, but none that the Denisons didn't already know. Journalists had uncovered the fact that drugs had been used on the captured teens and that information alone was the source of a considerable amount of additional anti-Program sentiment among the kids at school.

The Denisons had made a few more forum contacts and heard mixed messages about a few different schools which had the Program. They learned of cases that ranged from an attempted suicide in one high school to another school where most students had generally accepted the Program with fewer problems that other schools were having. But they only were able to get general information about five schools before any additional leads dried up.

The Friday swimming meet was a success for both of the teams; the boys' and girls' teams took first place and Tom set a pool record in his backstroke event.

On Saturday, the four, Roger and Ayame, and Cynthia and Tom, went out on a double date. After dinner and a movie, they returned to Tom's house.

Cynthia was talking about whether she should keep trying to get more forum leads when Roger broke in.

"Say, remember that Roberta said some kids in her school who did the Program might chat with us?"

"Roberta?" Tom asked.

"Yeah, friend of Ellen. She put us in touch, from her old high school," Cynthia said. "Oh, hey, we never watched those other videos. Tom, she gave us some Program videos from her school. You won't believe how freakin' hot the first one we watched was."

"What was it about?"

"A Relief session, in front of a whole fuckin' classroom of kids. I wonder what the others show..." Cynthia mused. "Hey, the files are on my web storage. You guys wanna look at one now?"

They got Tom's computer and Cynthia downloaded the file labeled "HSR Session 1." Tom started the file playing and they sat back in anticipation.

The first image showed the titles, "Human Sexual Response" and "Performing Sexual Intercourse, Session 1." Then a text box was displayed.

> This class introduces our freshman Health and Sexuality pupils to the basic forms of lovemaking including foreplay and consummating their erotic experience with full intercourse. During the term, each Program pupil pair will be required to demonstrate his and her mastery of at least one form of sexual intercourse; additional credit will be given for demonstrating the ability to use different positions and successfully completing their sexual activity. This is defined for boys as ejaculating inside the girl's vagina and for girls it is achieving an orgasm. In this video, taken in our first class in this series, freshman pupils Danny and Lily are required to demonstrate their sexual proficiency.

(*Note to viewer: Pupils participating in this video series are at least 14 years old.*)

Tom looked at the others. “My God,” he breathed. “Is this for real?”

The text faded out and was replaced with a view of a classroom. In place of desks, there were mats on the floor all over the room; in the front of the room there was a low platform and some kids were moving a few mats onto the platform so that its height was about a foot off the floor. Then kids began entering the room; a number of them were naked.

A teacher appeared and called, “Ok Danny, Lily, it’s time for your demo today.”

Two kids hesitantly approached the front. They looked so little, so immature.

“What are we doing today?” Lily asked, her voice quavering nervously.

“I’ll tell you in a second, Lily. Now I need you to pose for the camera.”

Lily was about five feet tall, brown hair, virtually flat-chested; her breasts were barely golf-ball sized swellings but they were crowned with fairly large areolas and prominent nipples; the only sign of her puberty was the curly dark brown hair on her mons. The teacher asked her to turn around, revealing her cute little bubble butt ass.

“Danny, I need you to show your body for the video too,” the teacher commanded.

Blushing, the boy slowly turned around; he was about five feet three inches tall and had black hair. He was as thin as a rail, with a dainty circumcised two-inch flaccid cock, but his ass was quite prominent since he was so thin. His pubis was dusted with a faint sprinkling of fine black hair and his tight little balls seemed to be about the size of marbles. He had the appearance of a little boy, pre-pubescent, actually.

The teacher looked Lily over critically. “That dark hair has to go,” he stated. “I want the class to see your sex organs clearly and shaving it will help with the videoing and projecting on the overhead screen. The class has to be able to see the closeup views of your vulva as you have intercourse with Danny.”

“Oh, no!” she shrieked, “Not that! I can’t do that demo! Please don’t make me do it! I don’t want to do intercourse! I’m a virgin!”

“You know from the class syllabus that this is mandatory, Lily. If you don’t cooperate, we’ll need to have some students hold you and it’ll be a lot worse then.”

She broke down crying and Danny came over to her and held her gently in his arms, stroking her back and letting her cry on his shoulder. After a minute she let Danny lead her to the mats on the little platform. She sat down and he gently lowered her shoulders to the mat. The teacher reappeared carrying some clippers, scissors, shaving gear, and towels.

“Danny, would you like to help Lily get ready?”

“Um, I guess... Lily, I really, really like you, you’ve known me since third grade, and I’d never hurt you so please, my sweet little girl, let me do this with you? I always wanted to ask you to be my girlfriend but I was scared you wouldn’t want me. I hate doing this to you too but we’re being forced, you know.” he whispered.

She sniffled and gave a tiny nod, then her body was wracked with a huge shiver and her tears began to flow again.

Danny's gaze seemed to linger on the vision of her little body splayed out before him, savoring it—Lily's thighs were now spread wide in innocent surrender, a flush suffused her tiny, rose-tipped breasts, and her cheeks blushed pink with embarrassment as Danny approached her with the clippers. After less than five minutes, and with the help of another girl in the classroom whom the watchers saw was also nude, Lily was smoothly shaven and washed clean. She now truly looked like a little girl.

"Okay, kids, now please begin demonstrating what you learned about erotic foreplay," the teacher instructed.

Danny moved his head to Lily's lips and they gently kissed and then their kisses became harder, more insistent, as Lily began to lose herself in her sensations as their naked bodies slid against each other. Danny's lips then traveled down to her neck, then shoulders, as his hands roved over her body, kneading her tiny breast bumps and stroking her ass. His kisses reached the upper part of her chest and then he began licking and nibbling on a nipple as he gently stroked her slit. The watchers could hear Lily's first sighs of pleasure as they watched her tremble slightly.

The teacher spoke then, "Lily, you need to be more active, dear, try stroking Danny's penis now."

Lily tentatively reached and fumbled a bit before grasping Danny's cock and slowly began to move her hand up and down while Danny groaned a little and moved his hips to increase the friction. Now the viewers could see how Lily's nipples had become quite hard before Danny's teeth gently closed on one and pulled it away from her chest, stretching it out before it released, causing Lily to gasp from the sensation as his teasing, nibbling, and pulling continued.

Lily was no longer ignoring Danny's cock and balls, but apparently he wanted more contact because he took her hand and forced it to move faster. That was all it took as Lily then began to fondle him in earnest and was now using both her hands to explore this unfamiliar sexual territory.

Danny's hands were busy at Lily's slit and suddenly she gasped as his hand slipped lower and lightly touched the folds over her clit. He kept rubbing lower, around to her ass, and she tensed up when his fingers moved between the cheeks of her ass and briefly slid across her asshole.

Meanwhile, the rapt viewers noticed that Danny's little flaccid dick had engorged to a respectable three to four inches and its cute little swollen bulbous helmet was now an angry shade of purple. Danny gave a little cry of pent-up lust, reared up, and slid down to Lily's snatch and buried his face between her legs. She squealed and jerked as the camera zoomed in on Danny's tongue as it lapped around her little clit. While he was licking her, he took his index finger and started to fumble for her vagina.

Then he found it and tried to push his finger in. Lily jerked and shrieked in pain.

"Yaaahhh! Ow! You're too dry!"

"Sorry," he breathed and wet his finger and tried again.

This time he pushed it in a little and Lily squirmed and tried twisting away, but her discomfort seemed to be much less. Then Danny began sucking on Lily's clit and she stiffened and her hips jerked in what seemed like a little orgasm.

The teacher then called, "She's ready now, Danny. Penetrate her now."

The camera zoomed in on Lily's face; it was flushed with sexual arousal. Her eyes were tightly closed and she was thrashing her head back and forth in sensory overload. Danny put his hands under her knees and pushed them up and back so that her thighs were almost against her chest. He had her body positioned totally open now and the camera revealed that her clit was engorged and protruding well past its hood, her juices were soaking her entire vulva and even running down over her asshole, and her pussy lips were puffy and spread widely open, exposing her inner lips.

Danny slotted his rampant tool at her opening, and with his hand, moved its angry head up and down inside her pussy lips, picking up the copious juices that were pooling there. Then he tried to slowly advance it but immediately stopped; he had met the obstruction of her hymen and Lily winced in pain and whimpered.

"OW! Please... oh, hurts... please... don't hurt me..."

Danny flushed and then moved his hands to her nipples and gave each rock-hard nub a sharp squeeze; Lily gasped and bucked her hips at the painful stimulus as Danny suddenly thrust his pelvis forward, forcing his tool quickly through her pussy lips and shattering her cherry, then sliding deeply into her.

"Yeeehhh! Ayyeeeee! Oh, stings!" she shrieked. "Uuuuhh! Oh, stop, please stop!" she wailed as his organ penetrated into her completely and his little balls came to rest against her pelvis.

Danny paused all movement, whispering, "Are you okay, lover?"

He leaned forward and kissed her clenched mouth. Her eyes opened and they were filled with tears which began streaming down her face.

"Aaahhh, stings, but ... oh! I'm stuffed! You're splitting me! No, please don't move!"

Danny had wiggled his ass a little, trying to adjust his legs. He shifted again.

"NO! Don't move till I say. I feel so stuffed, like you're almost in my throat!" she groaned.

Danny moved his head down, seeking Lily's lips once more, and they kissed and sucked each other's tongues for a minute; then Lily squirmed her hips a little.

"Maybe try now, Danny. Not too bad now," she whispered.

Danny pulled his ass back a bit and then pushed forward, watching Lily's face carefully for signs of pain. Lily's eyes were closed again, but her face was relaxed now and the corners of her lips began to curl up in a very tiny smile.

Danny pulled back a further distance; almost the full length of his cock was exposed now and it was shiny with their secretions and coated with streaks of bright-red blood; pinkish fluids were also running out of their joined sexes and down her crack, over her asshole. Danny then began to move inside Lily, withdrawing

his rod slowly and then reversing into quick, full penetrations, and after about a minute or two of this motion, Lily began to move her pelvis in a matching rhythm. The watchers could now see Danny's little cock, shining with her blood-tinted, thick vaginal lubricant, as it moved in and out of Lily's tiny vagina, and they could hear the lovers panting and groaning as their passion grew.

Suddenly Lily shuddered and gasped, "Faster... aahhh... fuck me faster..."

Hearing that, Danny leaned forward, rested his body on the underside of Lily's thighs, reached down and grabbed her ass, and really began fucking into her in earnest. He gritted his teeth as he began driving his rampant erection into her with total abandon, clenching his ass cheeks each time his pubis crushed into Lily's groin. The moist sounds of their flesh slapping together reverberated in the room as their genitals came together on each violent thrust.

Lily was now chanting, "Fuck, fuck, fuck, harder, fuck, fuck, faster..." with each panting of her breath, and Danny was groaning in a matching rhythm.

Then Danny's body took total control of his movements and his hips began pistoning in and out like a machine, he pounded his cock into her as he raised himself over her body, supporting himself on his thin arms and pounded his searing tool deep into Lily's body. He glanced down at where he was joined with his lover and watched as his bloody, shiny shaft plowed in and out and pinkish foam was forced out of her vagina on every stroke.

Danny was now gritting his teeth and growling like an animal as the watchers saw the cadence of his thrusts begin to change. They realized he was very close to cumming, when Lily screamed.

"Aaaahhhhhh.... yahhhhhhhh! Cumming..." she shouted, and her body froze.

Danny moaned loudly and his hips slowed their wild thrusting, and then through clenched jaws he groaned, "Uggggg, sweetheart... cumming.... cumming in your cunt!"

Danny's ass cheeks flexed and he thrust forward hard, burying his cock as deep as he could in Lily's tight vagina. The watchers gazed, amazed, as they saw a sweat break out all over Danny's skin as his body looked like his penis was spurting his first shot of thick hot semen into Lily's vagina.

"Uhhh... ughhhhh..." he groaned. And almost immediately, his second spasm began.

"Ahhh, I feel it... cum... cum for me, lover," Lily wailed.

"Yaaahhh... ghaaaa... uhhh... I love.... uuuhhnnn..." he moaned, as a second powerful convulsion rolled through his groin and another blast of hot semen launched into Lily's pussy.

Danny thrust into Lily again and again as pulse after pulse of hot cum spurted from his burning cock, pumping Lily's vagina full of his viscous essence. Gradually Danny's ass cheeks stopped clenching and it was clear that he was no longer producing any more semen to ejaculate, but his pelvis was still being wracked with aftershocks.

Danny's breathing was now coming in short gasps as he released Lily's thighs, allowing them to fall to the mat, and he moved into her open arms, trying to stifle his little giggles of sexual release.

He was able to gasp, “Oh god, darling, Lily... sweet angel lover, I think I love you... oh baby...”

As he whispered to her, he nuzzled into her neck and stroked her breasts.

Lily was crying softly, gazing into Danny’s eyes, and he looked at her in concern.

“Oh, baby, are you okay? God, I didn’t hurt...”

“Shhh, it’s okay. It was wonderful, darling, my lover. It was so good for me too...” she sighed.

Tears flowed from her eyes as she took Danny’s face in her hands, gently covering his face and lips with tiny kisses.

“I never knew loving could be like this, my wonderful boy, you were so good to me. I always liked you; you’re a nice boy... I think I love you too and you made my first time feel so good,” Lily murmured as she stroked Danny’s cock lovingly.

The camera pulled back from the closeup and then panned across the room, showing that many of the students had paired off; some were actually fucking each other in various poses on their mats, while others were engaged in all kinds of other sexual activities.

Then the view panned back to the lovers on the platform; Danny’s cock was again impaled in Lily’s inflamed vagina and the two were joyously and wantonly rutting, crying to each other in their passion.

The scene faded to the closing title, “Sexual Education Productions, Central High School. Naked in School Program.”

The four watching teens were gasping as the video ended.

“Holy fuck,” Tom gasped. “That’s what we missed by resisting the Program? I can’t believe that something like that could happen at any goddamn school!”

“Oh, that poor, poor girl!” Cynthia moaned. “The humiliation! And losing her virginity in front of a whole class—being forced! That was rape, really! Their Program actually required that raping and forced sexual molestation. How awful! And so young, too—they were over fourteen?—they didn’t even look like they were even thirteen yet. I’m so glad we stopped that from happening here.” There were tears in her eyes.

Ayame’s face was frozen in shock and tears were streaming down her cheeks. “Ahh, this much worse than kidnapped and drugged kids. These still just children. Because people in trust allow it to happen, not protect smaller children. What would parents do to stop it? How can parents protect their child? So bad...”

Roger hugged Ayame. “Well, Roberta said these videos were from two-three years ago. Maybe they don’t do that anymore. It was from when they first began the Program and they let everything get crazy, maybe... I hope...”

“Yeah, maybe,” Tom said, angrily. “But I really hope that nothing like that is allowed to happen here, ever. Sure, all that sex was hot. But think of how the kids are affected. Remember what Ellen said about getting used to seeing all that sex? Um, desensitized, she called it? And now she thinks she likes to watch. That’s not healthy, I’m sure.”

Ayame was staring at the blank screen and then began to speak quietly.

“Girl so little, so young; boy too. But seemed to be truly love there. What if the ones are picked who aren’t attracted? What if boy really hurt her instead of making feel good? How is this kind of demo good for students? But seeing their loving was touching. Very hot too.”

“Yeah, Ayame, but what happened after their passion died down? Did they still feel the same about each other?” Cynthia reflected. “Maybe the girl got reservations or resentment about how she lost her cherry—the sex was forced, after all. You never know what could happen after something like that, and a person’s life can be forever changed.”

“It’d be interesting to find out if anything is different at that school now,” Tom said. “You mentioned that Roberta said she’d try to find some others who will talk to you, right?”

“Yeah,” Roger said. “But I don’t understand why we’re so interested in finding out more stuff about other Programs, after all, we don’t have to worry about that ever again.”

“You just watcher, like Ellen, a... um, voy-are? Watch other people, see what they do, have sex,” Ayame said wryly.

“‘Voyeur’ is the word. Maybe we are, actually, Ayame,” Cynthia mused. “Or maybe we’re just trying to learn about all the bad crap we narrowly escaped from having to do. Shit, this mental stuff—the psych stuff—is so damn complicated.”

Eventually they all agreed that they would continue to try to gather further details about the Program from other schools, and soon the twins and Ayame left for home.

After the third Program week of school, the four teens had become almost inseparable, keeping company after school and on weekend dates. Ayame had scheduled meetings with the college representatives for her two final choice schools during the following school week, but her mind was virtually made up that her final choice would be Avery, the school that Roger and Cynthia planned to attend.

That Monday evening, Cynthia came to Tom’s house for dinner; he had invited her for a solo evening. After a pleasant dinner with Tom and his folks, the teens went to his den to chat a bit; Tom had told her that he wanted to speak to her about something important. As soon as they sat down together, Cynthia cleared her throat nervously.

“Tom, I’ve also been wanting to talk to you about something important—about us—about our future together. You know, every time I’ve asked you what college you’ll be attending you get a bit evasive. But the two of us are getting kinda attached, you know, romantically,” Cynthia said carefully. “Um, it’s sort of a cliche, but here it is: what’re your intentions toward me? I like you lots, but if we’re gonna be going to schools on the opposite sides of the country...”

Tom put his finger on Cynthia’s lips. “Yeah, doll, I know. I wasn’t trying to be evasive, I just really didn’t have my plans set. Mom was hoping that I’d go to her alma mater for engineering and I had almost committed to go there, but I had a few other offers too. It turns out that the best school for the kind of engineering I want, of the colleges that I’ve been accepted at, isn’t my mom’s school; I wanted to see if I could afford the better

program at that other college. Then I met you, sweetie, and that made up my mind. And just today I got a letter from the best school's financial aid office giving us a plan that my folks and I can afford. That college just happens to be Georgia Polytech University in Atlanta, so I'll be going to college right next door to yours!"

"Eeeeee!" Cynthia squealed and wrapped Tom in a hug. "Oh my God, we can stay together!"

"Oh, yeah, darling, I was praying for this but I didn't want to get your hopes up in case it didn't work. That's why I was kinda evasive. When I got home and read that letter, I couldn't wait for you to come so I could tell you. I'm afraid I've fallen for you really hard, you know," he murmured and they kissed passionately.

"Wow," Cynthia said, "we'll all be together, the four of us. How exciting..."

Two more weeks passed; it was now the week before spring break. Roger's swim team had done well in their weekly meets and led their region by a few points, but their coach kept pressing the team for improvement; he was pushing everyone on the team to attempt to better their times by at least one second each week.

The Program had settled down so that participation had become solely voluntary and a few brave kids were spending their week being naked in the Program; their reasons for cooperating were parental pressure and concern about the graduation threat. The kids were not subjected to any abuse because a number of self-appointed, dedicated kids were usually close by to deflect any unwanted attention.

One evening, Roger got a text from Tom; his dad needed some details about Ayame for the nudist resort's registration. Roger went to his sister's room and knocked.

"Sis? Got a question for Ayame."

"Um, hang on, Rog, one sec.... Okay, come in."

He walked in and the girls were propped up in Cynthia's bed, covered by a blanket.

"Um, Ayame, Mitchell needs a copy of your passport," he explained. "Some other stuff too, for the resort pre-registration, you know."

Ayame leaned forward, pointing to the desk. "Top left drawer..." she began, and the blanket fell forward, exposing her tits. "Eeep!" she exclaimed.

Roger noticed that her chest was flushed.

"Um, you guys weren't..." he began.

"Hey, bub," Cynthia scolded. "Don't look, don't even ask."

"Oh, c'mon," Roger soothed, and sat down on the side of the bed next to Ayame. "Let's see..."

He took the blanket and with a twitch of his wrist, flipped it off of the girls. They both were lying there nude and gasped at being uncovered.

“Hey!” Cynthia cried. Ayame squealed.

“Mmmm, very nice,” Roger said approvingly. “And what were we doing before I knocked?”

Ayame blushed. “Eerrr, only a little Program practice... Cindy good teacher...” she giggled.

Cynthia’s face and upper body flushed a deeper pink. “Um, stop staring! You pervert, don’t smile like that!”

“I’m looking at one of the prettiest sights possible, and I can’t smile?” Roger grinned. “So is this session a review of that Japanese anatomy lesson we did or is it, um, exploring new territory?” he smirked.

“Shut up, bro. And put your tongue back in your mouth, looks like you’re panting. Now be a nice boy and leave, Ayame and I have unfinished business.”

“Yes, Cindy said we needed some girl time because I looked sad, feel a little homesick,” Ayame said.

“Oh, sweetie, don’t be sad,” Roger exclaimed and leaned down to kiss her. “Isn’t this an unusual way to cheer someone up, though, Cyn? Not that I’m objecting, you understand.”

“Ah, well, things got a bit carried away, you know, when I held Ayame to comfort her. I got this jolt of passion, I needed to kiss her, um, kinda like that time we first did it? It was so nice, so Ayame and I, we, well, it’s so good together... But we’re not lezzies! We just love each other and love our touching...”

“And that was fuckin’ awesome hot that time, too, and now I’ve got this problem,” Roger muttered and leaned down and kissed Ayame again and this time his hand found her naked breast.

She reached her arms up and held his head as they kissed, and Cynthia moaned loudly, reached over, and began stroking the erect nipple of her other breast. Then she slid down the bed, pushed Ayame’s legs apart, and began kissing and licking her slit while Roger fondled Ayame’s breasts and tweaked her nipples. Under the dual assault, Ayame began twisting and groaning in lust and her body bucked in a little orgasm. She broke her kiss with Roger and sat up, then moved over to lay on top of Cynthia and attacked her vulva, pressing her face deeply between Cynthia’s thighs.

This exposed her own ass and slit to Roger’s hungry gaze so he leaned over and buried his face in Ayame’s crotch and began to lick and suck her from the tiny rosebud of her asshole to the hood over her clit. Then he wet a finger and carefully wiggled it into her vagina, carefully pushing it through the little hole in her hymen, and began to gently finger-fuck her while he lashed around her clit with his tongue. Then he heard his sister gasp and groan in her own orgasm, so he redoubled his attention on Ayame’s sex organs. Within a minute her body tensed, her back arched, and she came, pushing her pelvis into his face. She flopped down on the bed between Cynthia and Roger, gasping for breath.

“Ooohhh, so nice, so nice when two are doing...” Ayame sighed deeply.

“Shit, bro,” Cynthia gasped, “that was fuckin’ hot. Too bad you’re my brother...” she said, watching Ayame’s hand, which had pulled down Roger’s shorts and fished out his rampant penis. “That cock is just gorgeous...” she moaned. “Mmmmmm...”

Ayame began stroking it up and down and swiping her palm over its purple head after every few strokes. Roger’s face was bright red and he was panting with desire as Ayame crushed her lips against his as she kept

pumping. Within a half minute, Roger was growling and huffing, his balls were boiling and the pressure in his groin was growing painful. Suddenly a spark flew as Ayame twisted her hand a tiny bit on a downstroke and the pressure boiling behind Roger's nuts released, a bolt of burning sensation seared through his iron-hard rod and a rope of cum shot out of it, landing on his t-shirt near his neckline. This was followed by several more volleys until the spasms in his pelvis subsided.

Cynthia watched Ayame's hand-job in fascination, slowly rubbing her clit all the while. When her brother's spasms ended, she tentatively reached over and gathered some of his cum on her finger and sucked it off in her mouth.

"Mmmmm," she said appraisingly, "like Tom's, but different too. Nice, though."

Roger looked at her in shock. "Shit, sis—what the hell?" he panted.

"Don't get any ideas, bub. Not happening; I was just curious, that's all." She chuckled. "Call it Program curiosity."

Roger sighed and his body shivered as his aroused state began to settle.

"Crap, that was so fuckin' hot I couldn't stand it! I came so hard I thought my brains were gonna come outta the end of my cock," he groaned. "The two of you are goddamn awesome; you're the sexiest bitches who ever existed. Tell me, do you have these love-ins often? Can you invite me?"

"Um, hee, hee," Ayame giggled, "not often enough. This only times three. Somehow we got horny a little tonight. Also felt little homesick and Cindy was giving comfort, then carried away. She's like loving sister to me."

Roger snuggled with the two girls for a while longer; then he got the materials Mitchell had requested and returned to his room to scan and email the copies to Tom.

Later in the week, Cynthia finally connected with some kids who Roberta told them might be willing to share their Program experiences. They told her that they'd get back in touch after their own spring break, which coincided with the twins'.

Then the week of their spring break arrived.

Chapter 24

Early Saturday morning, the twins and Ayame left home for Tom's house; they were going to ride to the nudist resort with his family. After they reached his house, they took their bags and went to the door; Barbara greeted them.

"So, ready for your first real nudist experience, kids?" she smiled at them. She looked at their bags. "Hmmm, those look kinda full... just what did you pack?"

They looked at their bags.

"Ah, stuff for a week... Toiletries and things, some undies, changes of clothes..." Cynthia began.

"Um," Barbara interrupted. "You do know that this is a *nudist* place, right? *Clothes*? Hmmm?"

Cynthia gulped. "Well, we thought... um, eating out, going out of the resort..."

"Ah, Tom didn't tell you. This place is totally self-contained. Got its own restaurant, snack bar, even a little shop that carries necessities. All kinds of sports and exercise facilities. For just a week, no one finds the need to go off site. So let's go through your stuff and you can leave the unnecessary junk here."

After they all quickly repacked, they loaded their bags into the Kelley's SUV and locked up the house.

The four teens piled into the SUV for the ride to the resort and as they drove to the camp, Mitchell explained to his guests what to expect. After about forty minutes, the SUV slowed for a turn and the twins noticed a sign pointing to the right that read, "Palm Tree Acres." The vehicle turned at the sign and traveled about a half mile and then stopped at a gate marked with the sign, "Palm Tree Acres Naturist Resort — Members Only." As the SUV pulled up to the gate, Roger noticed Ayame's hands; she was biting her knuckles and looked really nervous.

Roger whispered, "Easy, okay, angel? It's fine, just relax."

"Eehh, just being naked with you and Tom and other boys was embarrassed! But now, all new strangers?" she murmured. Then she sighed and smiled. "Ah, will be okay, I try."

But Roger's pulse had quickened too and he felt his breathing speeding up. Ayame grinned at him and took his hand.

"Ooooo. Roger nervous too. Not fooling me, darling," she giggled.

"Caught me, sweetie. Actually, I don't give a rip about the guys seeing me—hey, I'm used to gym and all that stuff by now. But it's seeing the random girls and women, God, that's different. I'm afraid I'll have a hard-on the entire time!"

At the gate, Mitchell had pushed a card into a reader box on a nearby post and the gate slowly rolled aside. They drove in about 500 feet along a hedge-lined lane and came to a small building marked "Office"; Mitchell pulled into the little parking area next to it.

"Okay, Roger, Cindy, Ayame, you guys need to finish registering as guests now so bring your IDs," he said.

They went into the office and completed their emailed pre-registration forms while Mitchell chatted with the man, who came out from behind the counter, naked except for sandals. He greeted the kids and told them to enjoy their stay and to contact him if they had any questions which Mitchell or Barbara couldn't answer. Then he walked out with the group and welcomed Barbara and Tom, pointing to the lane that led to the cabins they had rented. Mitchell returned to the vehicle, backed out of the parking spot, and guided the SUV down the indicated drive.

They passed an area filled with camper trailers; a pool complex; a shower area where two young girls were showering in the open; a tennis court; a long low building; then a bathhouse where they could see showers, also in the open; then another RV and camper site area. The lane turned sharply and a large lake with a beach could be seen to the left and a large building that looked like a clubhouse to the right, and the lane ended at a cluster of smaller buildings. The SUV pulled up next to one of those.

"Well, guys, here we are. We've got the cabins on the left and right of the car," Mitchell announced.

Cynthia glanced at Tom and grimaced slightly. "Well, here goes nothing..." she said nervously. "I hope this is worth it."

Tom took her hand. "We'll make it be worth it, doll. Relax and enjoy, okay?"

Ayame was looking around uncertainly as she climbed out of the car and they all fetched their bags from the back of the SUV. Mitchell pointed to the cabin on the right.

"That one is the bigger cabin; it's got one large room and sleeping for four. It's for you guys. Barbara and I are in the other one."

Roger started for the cabin and then stopped. "Um, we don't have keys..."

Tom, Mitchell, and Barbara chuckled.

Barbara grinned, "Think about it. What's to steal? And if you did, how would you hide it?"

Everyone cracked up at that comment.

Mitchell smiled at them. "It's not locked, but if you need to lock it, we can get keys at the office."

The teens went to the cabin door and after they entered, they checked out the room. It had a tiny kitchenette, two queen beds, a table with four chairs, a love seat, and a pair of reclining chairs. Another door led to a little bathroom. It had a sink, a toilet, but no shower. They placed their bags on the beds and looked around. There were screened windows all around the cabin and all were open, but the room was still quite warm. There didn't appear to be any air conditioning, but there was a large ceiling fan, so Tom pulled the cord that hung from the fan.

"Whew, guys, it's kinda hot here, maybe circulating some air'll cool it down. But there's more than one way to keep cool, y'know," he grinned as he pulled off his shirt and dropped his shorts, getting nude in a flash.

Ayame was staring at the beds. "Errr, we sleep together?"

Cynthia looked at Tom, who shrugged. “Well, I guess you boys’ll take one bed and we girls the other. Maybe we can discuss it later?” she said hesitantly.

Tom cleared his throat nervously. “Er, um, okay, then, maybe we should get ready to go to the pool? I thought I saw some kids that I know there. We can see what the activities are today.”

Cynthia looked at Roger and grimaced. “Well, bro, we’re here for the experience, right? This is just a challenge, like learning a new judo throw. Ya gotta just jump in and do it, do the steps, and then you’ve got the moves down. Hmmm?”

“It figures you’d have a sports way of saying that we need to get with the program, Cyn. Oops, forget that word. We left the Program behind, right?” Roger smiled at her.

“いや [*Iya*: no], can never leave Program behind. I think Program happens here too. What Sam told about Ellen,” Ayame giggled and blushed. “He say Ellen likes to watch, too. Maybe if Cindy shows Ellen those videos, will cure her watching?”

The other three kids looked at Ayame in amusement.

“Hey, angel, are you implying...” Roger started.

“Hee hee. I just say that naked all the time makes all kinds of chances for practicing Program sex. If happens in high school, why not at camp?” she said as she put her hands on her hips and cocked her head, challenging anyone to disagree.

“Err, so, time’s a-wastin’,” Tom reminded everyone. “Who’s coming with—oops, yeah, we can’t forget the sun screen, guys. Even if you wear suits.”

“Ah, I don’t wear suit, I think,” Ayame said carefully. “Will feel so out of place and make people stare, like Robin told. Not want people to stare,” she explained, shrugging as Roger looked at her in awe.

“Hell, darling, if you get nude, I gotta do it too. Good for you!” Roger exclaimed.

The three stared at each other for five seconds, waiting for someone to start; then clothing began to come off. Quickly the three of them got undressed and stood there naked, looking at each other appraisingly.

Tom had been rubbing sun screen on his body while the girls undressed, trying not to appear to be watching; then Cynthia went to him and took the bottle.

“Let me do that. Then you do me, okay?” she murmured.

“Uh? Oh! Sure!” Tom exclaimed.

Soon Ayame was rubbing sun block on Roger, giggling as she gently coated his ass and between his thighs with the lotion and listened to him groan as his member twitched. Then Roger grabbed the bottle away and started smoothing the liquid on her body, making her squeal with laughter as he covered her curvaceous ass with feathery caresses, dipping his fingers into the crack between her cheeks.

“Don’t get too carried away, kids,” Barbara laughed from the door as she peeked in. “Save the games for later...” she chuckled. “See you guys at the pool!”

Cynthia gasped, “Oh my God! What did your mother mean by that crack?”

Tom’s face flushed bright red. “Um, well, mmm, I don’t know...”

“I think you do, bub. Spill it!” Cynthia demanded.

“Can I whisper it...”

“Nope. Say it for all. Ayame wants to hear too.”

“I do? Hee hee. Will it damage my morals?” Ayame snickered.

“Um, well, last year there was this girl, she was a freshman, I met her when we arrived and the first day I was hanging with her and we took turns rubbing sun screen on each other all day long. I got a huge boner each time and she’d try to rub it to tease me. Dad saw that a few times and told us to cool it. But the girl was driving me wild. Later, at dark, we went to the beach and were... well... it was getting kinda hot between us and we got caught ... again... um, well. Mom and Dad were walking along the shore. Mom said we looked cute but needed to be careful, then she giggled and they walked away, but then other people came near and that killed the mood.” Tom admitted.

“So did you get to fuck her?” Cynthia prodded.

“Ah, no! And the girl’s family was on vacation from Texas and had to leave the following day. Otherwise, um, who knows if... ah... Well! It was a little fling for a day, yeah, like Ayame said... Stuff does happen, but it’s not only about nudism. I know there’re all kinds of temptations. But Cindy, I promise that those things don’t happen all the time.” Tom protested. “And I’m still a virgin...” he whispered to her.

“So your mom basically said we can mess around if we want, huh?” Cynthia challenged. “Well, we *are* over 18, right?”

“*Ehh*? Not me, yet,” Ayame squeaked. “But if no one knows...” and she leaned against Roger and looked up at him dreamily.

They all laughed and finished coating each other with the sun screen. They grabbed their towels, Ayame wrapped hers securely around her body, and hand in hand, they marched off into the world of social nudism.

They didn’t go directly to the pool area; Tom led them around past some of the important locations, like the bath/shower house, clubhouse—which had a nice restaurant inside—and sports area, which had tennis courts, ball fields, and equipment for all sorts of games.

He passed a number of people whom he knew and made introductions and the newcomers were overwhelmed by the enthusiastic welcomes they received. Roger had to keep reminding himself to keep his eyes above everyone’s necklines; he was astonished when he realized that this seemed to be harder to do with the men he met.

“Hey, Tom,” he whispered at one point, “why the hell do I keep wanting to look at guys’ packages? Hell, I’m not gay!”

“Nah,” Tom remarked. “No problem. It’s not that you’re scoping out guys more than gals, it’s that you’re more conscious of doing it is all, I think. Just relax and it won’t happen that much after a bit; you’ll see.”

During their walking tour, nudity—theirs and everyone else’s—started to become unremarkable. The novelty of seeing so much bare flesh was quickly gone and much of the twins’ modesty began to fade—they were getting used to the idea that nudity was the normal state and clothing was out of place. Still, Roger continued to deal with his desire to check out all the varieties of tits and asses and pubes he saw, and he still was annoyed by the temptation to stare at the men’s and boys’ cocks, balls, and asses too. But he was vastly amused when he noticed that Cynthia’s gazes revealed that she, too, was doing exactly the same thing, but in reverse; she was scoping out the men’s and boys’ attributes but giving the women and girls quick appraising glances too.

They finally made their way to the pool area, which consisted of a splash pool, one with four 25-yard swimming lanes, a T-shaped pool for general swimming with a water slide on one end and a diving area in the other, and two heated whirlpool spas.

People were lying around on lounge chairs sunning themselves and some were sitting or standing in groups talking. A mixed-age group of naked kids was playing on the water slide in the larger swimming pool, there were some pre-teen kids in the pool splashing each other and howling in laughter, several older teens of both sexes hanging onto little air-filled floats chatting, and beyond the pool area they saw a small group playing volleyball.

They met Tom’s folks at poolside and were introduced to several more of the adults’ friends. Tom indicated the kids he thought he knew in the pool.

“Hey, I’m gonna say hi to those kids; I think I know them but haven’t seen them since last year. Come on in too and I’ll introduce you,” he called to the other three. Cynthia turned to go with him but Ayame took Roger’s hand. She still had her towel wrapped firmly around her.

“Um, going to take off towel. Anyone stares?” she whispered, looking down, afraid to look around.

“No, darling. No one’s looking; no one really cares about what you do—unless you start doing jumping jacks or handstands, that is.”

“Oh, you silly!” she exclaimed. “Um, here goes...”

She dropped the towel on her chair, scurried to the edge of the pool, and quickly slipped into the water. The two swam over to Tom who introduced them to his friends; they chatted for a while before organizing a water volleyball game. It turned out that Ayame was quite good at the game with really fast reflexes, a nice jump, and a wicked spike. Roger was amazed and totally delighted when several times she leapt out of the pool to chase down a wayward ball and returned to the water, her cute tits jiggling provocatively as she daintily ran back to the pool’s edge.

Grumbling stomachs soon got the group out of the pool and they all trooped off to the snack bar, nude, to get lunch. After lunch, Tom decided to take the others to the beach at the lake. On the walk there, Roger couldn’t

help stealing furtive looks at Ayame's beautiful nudity; it was a captivating sight for him, enthralling and seductive. It brought back memories of his oral sex with her and her stroking his cock, unwanted memories that popped into his head like vignettes—his mouth on her clit, his hands cupping her buttocks, her hand sliding over his dick, her fingers stroking his balls—he valiantly tried to banish these thoughts because they were making his cock engorge and he was determined not to be seen walking around the place trying to hide a rampant erection.

Roger noticed that Ayame was stealing furtive glances at his crotch and ass whenever she had the chance; when she noticed that he was aware of her attention, her eyes would flick up to meet his and her lips would curl in a knowing smile of approval. On several occasions she even winked at him and that made Roger wonder if her privates were moistening in arousal. That thought threatened to overwhelm Roger's fragile control of his own arousal.

He had to change what he was thinking about! He began rehearsing in his mind the judo matches he had fought in back in January, going over the moves of his opponents and each of his countermoves and then thought of his attacks and how they had been parried. He began to feel the stiffening of his cock begin to recede. And in this way, by diverting his thoughts into mundane channels, Roger finally began to manage his ability to remain flaccid, despite the constant stimulation of being naked and of seeing Ayame, his sister, and other men and women of all ages, nude.

When they reached the beach, they noticed a beach volleyball game in progress; the players included a widely disparate group of ages, from a girl with long, blonde hair who Roger guessed to be about fourteen or so, to a white-haired, bearded guy whose skin was so tanned it was bronze colored and who had to be in his seventies or even older. After being cajoled by the players to join their game, the four agreed and played for a while and once again Ayame showed her prowess in the game and blushed profusely at the many compliments she was given. They took a dip in the lake after playing for a while and then rested, lying on their towels in the sun.

The teens finally made their way back to the pool area as the sun was beginning to dip below the tree line. The Kerreys, Tom's parents, were there and were talking to another couple; they greeted the kids and asked how their day had been. The kids told them about all of their activities and then Barbara told them to shower and meet them back at the cabin to get ready for dinner.

As Roger was helping Ayame in the shower—there was no overtly erotic play since the showers were totally in the open—his thoughts returned to the day's events. Walking around the resort had really been an eye-opening experience; he judged that there was probably a hundred eighty people or more at the resort, most of whom were the Kerreys' age or older. As far as younger people, there appeared to be more children than teens, he had counted about fourteen teens and seen perhaps about thirty youngsters.

The four of them went to dinner with the Kerreys at the resort's restaurant and the twins and Ayame mentioned how weird it felt to be sitting naked in a restaurant and being served by a naked waitress.

Mitchell laughed. "Hell, you kids seem to be taking this so normally! I was so freaked out my first time at the resort... and my first time eating in here was surreal, I mean, a normal restaurant but everyone naked? But eventually I got used to it all."

They all enjoyed their dinner choices and then stopped in the community room where a bingo game was being organized. The adults decided to participate and Tom took the others to an adjoining room which

contained a number of video games. Some of the teens from the pool earlier were playing so they joined them. Soon the conversation turned to school. Two of the girls went to high school in Long Beach and a girl and boy went to one in Pomona. The Program had just come to the school in Pomona and Long Beach had it for the past year and a half.

Cynthia asked if anyone had been picked for the Program in their school. One of the Long Beach girls, Jenny, said she had been.

"What happened, Jenny? How was it?" Cynthia asked. "It just came to our school and we've been trying to find out what happens at other schools."

"Oh, it was really bad—I don't wanna discuss it."

"Really? Oh, too bad—I mean too bad it was a bad experience. I don't want to make things worse for you by gloating or anything, but Roger and I were selected in our first group and we refused to take part," Cynthia continued.

"How the hell did you do that?" A bunch of similar questions came from a number of kids.

They crowded around Cynthia to listen. So she gave a quick synopsis of their being selected, how they resisted and how the movement they started was picked up by others until, by the third week, the school couldn't get even a single student to participate.

"Lots of seniors were able to get out of the Program because they were over 18 and none of the kids from our Marine families were willing to participate. Now there's a few kids a week who're doing it voluntarily; the school's giving extra credit in gym and health class for them."

"How does that work?" someone asked.

"If you do a week's Program, you don't have to take gym for one term and you get an 'A' for gym for the term. Or you can pick to get a one-grade-letter boost on each exam in all health classes for your entire school time. Obviously this was designed to get a lot of freshmen and sophomores to decide to participate early on in their high school years. But our school effectively has no Reasonable Requests or Relief," she explained. "The principal agreed to let each Program kid decide if he or she would agree to do something—you know, if a girl asks a guy to spread his ass cheeks—the guy can refuse, or people can refuse all kinds of touching too. So no one even bothers asking anymore. And no one gets to class aroused, so there's no need for Relief either, so they eliminated that."

"Wow," came the sigh from everyone.

"Yeah, but can the teachers use the kids for classroom sex demos still?" another teen wanted to know.

"Sure, but most obnoxious kinds of classroom demos aren't done; there are only certain demos that are permitted now and they're really tame compared to what we've heard from a few kids we've found who told us about their schools," Cynthia answered.

Then she noticed that Jenny's eyes were tearing up.

“Oh, my God, Jenny—did I say something? I’m so sorry, I didn’t mean to hurt you,” Cynthia exclaimed and hugged her.

She sniffled. “Obnoxious classroom demo, yeah, right,” she said bitterly.

“Shit, did they make you do something?” the Pomona girl, Marcy, exclaimed.

“Yeah. Maybe it’s okay to tell you guys. I still get bad dreams. Um, well...”

Jenny took a deep breath and shuddered. Then her face took on a look of determination and she began.

“I got picked last May, in the last full week of the school year, and I was a sophomore. Since I’ve been a nudist all my life, I figured I could handle that part. My boyfriend told me he’d keep me safe from those Requests and that worked too—I wasn’t bothered by them a whole lot. Since it was the end of the term, most of the class demo topics were old hat and the teachers had stopped repeating them; after a while it seemed like they were only doing them to humiliate each crop of new Program kids.

“When our health class teacher went on maternity leave at the beginning of May they brought in subs; the first one was only there a week, then another one for the next two weeks. That one was a pervert, someone said she was a bull dyke. She was nasty and domineering. Then came my Program week and I was the first Program student she had gotten in her class and she went hog-wild.

“She came into the classroom one day with a sports bag and began pulling these things out. She called me up and asked me to take the things she handed me and to put them on the table in front of the room. She held up each item and told us the names. Let’s see, I think I remember these because they got used on me... um, dildos, butt plugs, nipple clamps...”

“Holy shit,” rang out.

“...ah, handcuffs, whips, collars, harnesses, ball gags, um, can’t think of the others now.”

“You mean she really used them on you?” Marcy exclaimed. “You know Ellen? She’s Sam’s friend? She told me that something like that happened in her old school.”

“Yeah, she used them on me; I know Ellen but not her story. The teacher told the class that she was gonna use this part of the health class to teach about what some people found to be sexually stimulating. She told the class that sadism, masochism—you know, S&M, and bondage, and domination all can contribute to sexual arousal and she would teach us about those topics and demonstrate the use of those things. I couldn’t believe it and cried that I wasn’t doing that stuff with those things and turned to run out. She grabbed my arm, pushed me into a chair, and handcuffed my wrist to the chair!

“Then she took the harness and collar and put them on me and took a leash and tied it to a table leg and snapped the other end on the collar. Next she put a strap on my wrist and hooked it to a loop on one side of the harness, then took off the handcuff and strapped up my other wrist. I couldn’t move my arms at all. She was explaining each thing as she did it and why they were used, like the collar and harness and straps were for domination play and I needed to be taught a lesson in discipline. Next she took the nipple clamps and screwed them onto my nipples explaining that this was a S&M toy. God, did that hurt. I shrieked and yelled for her to take them off, so she put that ball gag in my mouth.

“I think I fainted then because the next thing I remember is lying on my back on the table and she was trying to push a dildo into my vagina. I was a virgin and it hurt terribly; I kicked at her hard and the dildo went flying. She got really angry then and said I needed to be disciplined even more and that was what the whips were for. I was in real pain in my crotch—and my ass felt so strange—so I couldn’t resist when she turned me over on the table and held my legs down. My arms were still hooked to the harness.

“Then she began lashing my rear with a whip! It stung something awful but I couldn’t cry—I could hardly breathe—with that thing in my mouth. When I clenched my ass from the pain, I felt this weird pressure there and realized she must have put that butt plug in there. I think I was about to pass out again when another teacher came into the room and stopped her. Then a few more teachers came and they untied me; when the clamps came off it hurt way, way more than when she put them on. Then they took me to the nurse. I found out later that a kid had slipped out of the room and gone for help.

“My God, how awful was that!” Marcy exclaimed and everyone agreed, shaken out of their shock when she spoke. “Crap, that was way worse than what Ellen said happened in her school. What did they do then? Did she get in trouble?”

“I had to be back in school the next day, or else I’d have to repeat the week in the fall, and found out then that she was gone. A kid told me that the principal came and took her to his office. My folks sued the school and they also tried to get her charged with rape, sexual assault, sexual battery, I don’t know, lots of things, but legal stuff takes forever and we don’t know when we’ll hear about that. We’re still waiting for her criminal trial.”

“Jenny, I’m sorry I made you relive that awful experience,” Cynthia apologized. “Did you try to let people know what happened to you—what was happening with that kind of Program abuse?”

“My parents called some newspapers and TV stations. A few sent reporters, but then we heard that their lawyers wouldn’t let them carry any story about what happened. They said it was a minor’s privacy issue and they could get in big trouble if they did a story. So my folks tried to set up a blog and wrote the story on that, but in two days we got a message that the blog violated some kind of web terms or something; when we looked, the blog was gone.”

The mood among the group was really changed now. Everyone began giving her all kinds of expressions of care and encouragement and wishes for her continued recovery. She mentioned that her therapist had told her that her talking about her experience would help in her recovery and she thanked the group for their concern and support. Soon Jenny and her friend excused themselves, saying that they were tired, and left for their trailers.

Marcy’s friend Jonas suggested that the remaining teens go for a soak in a hot tub, but the clubhouse hot tubs were all filled to capacity, so they went off to the pool area to the spas there. They found them unoccupied, so the kids jumped in. They began talking about Jenny’s terrible experience and complained about how the worst part of the Program frequently seemed to involve the adults in charge. The talk drifted to other topics then and soon the couples had paired off and were embracing and kissing each other; wandering hands began to stroke receptive bodies. Some of the kids began gasping and moaning when suddenly a group of adults arrived at the gate.

“Shit,” Jonas muttered.

“Double shit,” agreed Marcy.

“Hi, kids,” an adult called as they walked up, “room to join you?”

“Yeah, we’re just gettin’ ready to leave,” Jonas answered. “Y’know what’s the time?”

“Um, about half past ten, I think.”

“Thanks,” he answered as they trooped out the gate. “Say,” he said to the others as they walked away, “there’s this little gazebo near our trailer off one of the trails. It’s pretty secluded. Wanna go there now?”

The others agreed to go and when they arrived, it was empty, so the kids sat on the benches and began talking, making tentative plans to meet for the following day.

Roger observed that he felt weird not having his cell phone with him all the time because he had no place to carry it and the others laughed, saying that he’d probably get used to it but some of the adults could be seen carrying their phones around using belts or pouches hanging from neck loops. Eventually everyone decided that the night was over and the group broke up.

When they returned to their cabin for the night, Ayame looked at Cynthia, who winked back.

“Okay, is now a decision time for beds to use,” Ayame smirked. “Girls, we decide to sleep together. Boys, sleep in other bed.”

Tom and Roger first glanced at each other and then averted their gaze.

The teens stop at a gazebo to continue their chat

Roger said, “Er, I think I’ll sleep on a recliner...”

“Oh, please!” Cynthia burst out laughing. “Tom, would you object to sharing a bed with me? Without anything sexual implied, that is?”

“Oh my God, Cindy, you need to ask?” he retorted.

“So is settled, Tom and Cindy in one bed, me in other, and Roger in recliner; okay,

done." Ayame quipped, stifling a grin.

"Um... is changing minds allowed?" Roger ventured.

"Sure. Change always okay!" Ayame snickered.

"Well, then I'd be okay sharing a bed with Tom..." he started, and the other three stared at him, open mouthed.

When they saw his wide grin, three pillows simultaneously flew at him from all sides and everyone laughed.

Roger took Ayame in his arms. "I'd be delighted to share a bed with you, angel."

"Awwww..." Tom and Cynthia chorused.

"Now not sure is okay. Recliner still available," Ayame mock-pouted.

Roger grabbed Ayame by the hips as he sat down, drew her face-down over his lap, and spanked her little round ass twice.

"Eeeep! Stop!" she squealed.

"That was for being cheeky, darling. You set us boys up for that whole 'who sleeps where' thing, right? I'll bet you and Cindy had already decided the sleeping arrangements," Roger challenged.

"Oooo. He too smart. But maybe I need more spanks because I did bad thing," Ayame giggled.

Roger gave her ass an additional whack, sat her on his leg, and then wrapped her in an embrace.

"I love you, my darling," he whispered into her ear.

"Mmmmm, I do too," she murmured.

The room was still fairly warm so they took the blankets off the beds, deciding to only use top sheets. Then the four trooped over to the nearby bath house for showers and their evening ablutions and returned for the night.

Roger climbed into the bed with Ayame. He snuggled close to her and whispered in her ear, "This is so nice... I'll miss this when the week's over, darling."

She sighed and he leaned over her and kissed her lips. Ayame turned her body to Roger and they embraced and began passionately kissing. She opened her mouth and they ran their tongues together.

Roger moved his head down under the sheet and suckled on her right nipple and felt her hand reach for his cock. Then Ayame pushed the sheet off their bodies as Roger slid his fingers to her slit and started rubbing her clit while she moaned loudly. He slid his finger down further and pressed it into her tight, hot hole and with the base of his thumb, rubbed her little button. He felt her hips moving back and forth urgently and her vulva getting even wetter and it seemed the whole area was becoming hotter too. Continuing to suck and nibble on her tit, Roger kept his thumb gently stroking around her clit; then he pressed down on the skin right above it and jiggled it hard.

Ayame's body went rigid; she gasped as the air rushed out of her lungs in a long moan as her right hand clutched his cock. While she was panting, trying to regain her breath after her orgasm, Roger kept fingering her twat with his forefinger and continued to enjoy the feeling of her engorged nipple in his mouth as he sucked and lapped it tenderly with his tongue.

"Was that good?" he whispered in her ear.

With a tiny sigh, Ayame breathed, "Oooo, so nice."

Then they became aware of sounds coming from the other bed. In the dim light of the moon which was pouring into the cabin through all of the open windows, they could make out the shapes of Cynthia and Tom on the nearby bed. Tom was on his back and Cynthia had moved to crouch between his legs.

They watched as she took Tom's prick into her mouth, tightening her lips over its head, and they could see her head slide down until his prick must have hit the back of her throat because they heard her cough at her gag reflex. She backed off quickly.

"Khagkh!" she choked. "No deep-throating yet, stud," she whispered to him.

Now knowing just how far she dared take his organ, she began to bob her head up and down.

"Gaahhh..." Tom grunted. "Mmmm, love your tongue on my cockhead like that!"

Tom had been highly aroused all day, seeing the lovely Cynthia naked, not to mention the luscious Ayame. A thought flashed into his mind, a visual image of him fucking Cynthia, and his erection gave a huge lurch and swelled even more. Cynthia felt it as her head moved and hummed an approving sound; the vibrations in her mouth drove any imagery from Tom's mind and he abandoned himself to the sensations that Cynthia was producing with her mouth and tongue.

"Ahhhh... aaaawful cloooo...se," he managed to gasp, his voice cracking.

Cynthia glanced up at him and felt his prick twitch again. She took her hand, wrapped it around his shaft and pumped it as her head bobbed urgently, then she pulled her head back, opened her mouth, and swabbed the bottom of his cockhead, its most sensitive point, all over her tongue and he lurched and came.

"Uuuugghhh!" he gasped as a hot jet of semen hit the back of her throat, and then another.

Coughing, she pulled her head away and his next spurt hit her on the chin, followed by another. His orgasm was slowing now and his cum began oozing out over her hand. Carefully, she used her tongue to collect the semen in her mouth, testing its taste. It was actually bland, she decided, not unpleasant, so she swallowed it and licked off the semen from her hand.

"Told you I'd take it in the mouth next time, sweetie," she whispered lovingly.

Tom watched in amazement as she licked her fingers clean again and pulled her down to a passionate kiss and embrace, murmuring softly to each other.

Meanwhile, in the other bed, Roger and Ayame heard Tom's whisper, "Ooohh, geez, is that what it tastes like? Oh, fuck, I adore you, my angel!"

Roger had been nuzzling Ayame's right nipple; at Tom's words, he nibbled it and flicked it with the tip of his tongue. She giggled and pushed Roger's head away from her breast and pressed him onto his back; she reared up over his groin and engulfed the head of his cock in her own mouth.

"Oh my God, darling," Roger gasped. "Oh, it's good... uuunnhhh..."

Ayame giggled again and swabbed her tongue over his crown and then slurped it into her mouth, licking it energetically. Roger heaved a great sigh as he luxuriated in the feeling of her mouth as her tongue swirled around the head of his dick. He jumped as her tongue flicked over the bottom of the glans. Then she pulled herself up and slid between his spread thighs and again took Roger's prick into her mouth, running her tongue down its underside, sucking on it slightly.

Roger grunted at the stimulation as Ayame began teasing his shaft and its head by giving it tiny, quick licks. She was fascinated by the contrasting texture on her tongue of the cock's head and the skin on the shaft, and alternated sucking, licking and rubbing her lips over his engorged mushroom head. Roger encouraged her to continue her oral ministrations by running his fingers through her hair and holding her face against his groin. Then she decided she was ready to take him all the way in, at least as far as she could handle.

Ayame plunged her head down his shaft and got it about two-thirds in when she choked; she pulled up and tried again, coughing again when his cock hit the back of her throat.

"I try deeper another time," she whispered apologetically, and took him partway into her mouth again, licking her way around its inflamed head.

She backed off, took a breath, then slid her lips tightly around the coronal rim and rubbed her lips back and forth over the rim a number of times while sucking and licking. Roger's hips lurched and he groaned in appreciation. Her mouth slipped as far down his shaft as she could take it and her tongue caressed his cock's soft, satiny flesh as she bobbed up and down on his thick member. Roger was now making guttural groans between his gasps and pants for breath.

Up and down she sucked him. She could feel his hips twisting and writhing in ecstasy as he held onto her head while his back was arching on the bed, his face frozen in a rictus of pleasure. Roger's moaning and bucking were becoming louder and more frenzied and the thrusting of his hips was growing more intense. She sensed he was going to cum very soon so she returned to fucking the rim of his cockhead with the tight circle of her lips and lashing its sensitive underside with the tip of her tongue.

"Uuugghhh... gonna... uuuhhh... blow...." Roger groaned as he tried to fuck into her mouth.

Ayame felt the underside of his shaft swell and suddenly realized Roger was beginning to cum.

"Gaaahhh," he erupted and unleashed a huge blast of cum as Ayame frantically tried to move her mouth off his fountaining member. Part of his cum shot into her mouth and the rest hit her on the lips, nose, and cheek. Another bolt sprayed across her forehead and over her closed eyelids. Roger gasped as a third, fourth, and fifth glob spurted, a little more weakly, onto her chin and neck.

She shivered as she tentatively tested the taste of the cum in her mouth and decided that its texture was odd and the flavor was musky and a tiny bit salty. That was when she decided that eating cum had to be an acquired taste.

Roger was still panting and gasping from his intense orgasm and reached for her.

“Um, need to wipe...” she whispered. “All over face, ugh.”

Ayame slipped out of bed, ran to the bathroom and washed her face and neck, then returned to bed with a damp cloth and cleaned Roger up too.

Roger enfolded her in his arms. “Oh, God, that was the best ever, darling, thank you for a wonderful treat. I never knew a blow-job could be so intense. I love you so much...”

“Ahh, maybe next time I try swallow it all, cleanup easier,” she giggled.

The next minute they were both asleep.

Chapter 25

In the morning, Barbara's voice boomed over their beds. "Come on, kids, time to get up!"

Tom groaned, pulling Cynthia closer to him, "Oh, Mom, we're tired."

"I'll bet you're tired. You guys slept together so I'll bet you're tired, huh? Got a workout last night?"

Tom sat up. "Um, we just snuggled, Mom. We didn't do what you're thinking."

"And how d'you know what I'm thinking, eh? What's that white crusty stuff in Cindy's hair?"

"Mmmm, just a tiny gift from Tom..." Cynthia giggled.

"Okay, guys. I'm teasing, but keep it cool while you're in public, okay? We want to spend the entire week here without getting kicked out. Breakfast time, so we'll meet you in the restaurant. Be quick."

She left, laughing.

Cynthia rubbed her pussy against Tom's belly, and said in mock shock, "Oh my. Something's come between us... wonder what it could be?"

"Just gotta go pee. Let me out of bed." Tom mumbled.

She grinned. "We could do something else to take care of that, you know!"

He groaned, "God, don't tempt me. Last night was... oh God..."

He stood up next to the bed and Cynthia pressed his cock down, watching in amusement as it sprang back up, slapping against his belly. She chuckled.

"Go relieve that thing, stud," she smirked. "You don't want it leading the way when we walk out of here."

"No shit," Tom muttered.

Meanwhile Roger had disentangled himself from Ayame and waited to take care of his own bladder pressure problems.

The four got washed up and left for breakfast. After eating, they decided to just walk around and see the sights around the resort. Tom expected his friends from his home barbeque party to arrive later in the day. During their walk through the resort, they saw boys and girls playing tag, shrieking as they tried to evade each other; pre-teen girls sunbathing; children climbing on a jungle-gym and riding on a whirly-round; adolescent boys tossing Frisbees, throwing footballs, and flying kites; men and women playing tennis, horse-shoes, shuffleboard, bocce, and badminton; and families and couples strolling on the trails or along the lake shore; all nude, with everyone engaging in all kinds of active pursuits while their breasts bounced and jiggled and their cocks and balls swayed and flopped before them.

They strolled along palm-lined paths, past multicolored flowerbeds and rock gardens, past elaborate RVs and pop-up trailers, past additional bathhouses, and finally circled back to the resort's swimming pool

complex. It was approaching mid-morning now and the pool was busiest only in the shallow end where naked kids were doing cannonballs off the deck, dunking one another, tossing large balls, and playing tag. The deep end was occupied by a few preteen kids floating around on inflatable rafts and tubes, while an occasional diver plunged into the pool from one of the diving boards or rode down the water slides.

Ayame decided she wanted to try the low diving board; she had learned to dive in school in Japan and now, as she explained to Roger, she felt less self-conscious about her nudity now and wanted to show him that she did actually have some athletic ability.

Climbing onto the lowest board, a height of about three feet over the pool's surface, Ayame walked out to its end. Roger watched her closely, delighting in the loveliness of her figure. Her breasts rode high on her chest, they were perfectly shaped orbs capped by her erect nipples rising from the centers of their puffy areolas. Her well defined ribcage rested over her firm and tight tummy; it was mostly flat overall but had a very slight, enchanting roundness beginning above her navel down to her pubis. Her waist was slim and her hips were boyish but nicely curved, and the twin globes of her buttocks jutted out behind her hips in a sleek, firm, and tight arc. Her hips flowed gently into her long and shapely legs. Her pubic area was covered by a neat thatch of jet-black, silky smooth hair that hid the cleft of her sex. Her skin had a beige cast to its ivory color but probably by the end of the week, it would begin to develop a nice tan.

Roger forced himself to stop admiring her body and just watch her dive. Tom and Cynthia swam up next to Roger to watch also.

Cynthia murmured, "My God, she's got an awesome figure. What a beauty!"

"Yeah," Tom choked. "Really..."

Ayame took a few light bounces at the board's end to test its spring, then retreated back to the fixed end, turned, and took a few bouncing steps back to the end of the board, ending with a leap almost eighteen inches into the air. Coming down on the board, her feet hit at the board's end, her momentum and weight pressing the board downward as she bent her knees to control her drop. As the board sprung back up, she used its momentum to assist her vertical leap, came down hard on its end, and was instantly catapulted up into the air, gracefully soaring upward and away from the board as her body folded at her waist into a perfect vee and her fingers touched her toes. As she approached the water's surface, her body had straightened and with her arms extended, she cleaved the water's surface in a virtually splashless entry.

Then her head popped up out of the water near the pool's edge, water streaming down her head and shoulders and her wet hair covering her lovely face. She whipped her head around, water and hair flying, and looked at where Roger was treading water, watching her. She smiled.

From all around the pool came cheers and applause and Roger swam over to her.

"Shit! That was gorgeous, darling, a perfect dive! I know how the low board dives are tough to do, the timing's so quick."

"Ah, it felt good. Can't do complicated dives but simple ones okay. I try one dive with tuck."

She went back to the board and did a forward dive with a tuck and somersault, entering the water with her feet, and received another round of applause. Ayame's head popped out of the water and stroked over to Cynthia, who grabbed and hugged her.

"You belong on the diving team, sweetie," Cynthia stated.

"Oh, couldn't. Some required dives I can't do too well and I don't like high board. Did belly-flop once and makes me nervous now. But little dives are fun."

Then Ayame showed that she knew how to do several other dives, including one in the pike position and several doing various twists and somersaults. After her seventh dive, Tom's friends showed up at poolside and the entire group of older teens spent some time playing water volleyball before breaking for lunch.

Robin, Richard, Ellen, and Sam sat with the four kids at the snack bar.

"Well, what do you think of Palm Tree Acres, Cindy?" Robin asked.

"Wow, it's not quite what I expected," she replied. "I thought I'd be bored and scared of exposing my body. But it turned out to be the opposite."

She looked at Ayame. "What about you, Ayame? What do you think of it here?"

"It's like in Bible," she said with a serious expression, "like Garden of Eden, everyone naked. Like Eden, even see snakes here, but no apple tree, just palms, no fig leaves," she finished evilly.

The other kids stared at her in astonishment as they absorbed what she meant and then practically fell off their chairs in laughter. Ellen, however, had an uncertain look.

"Ellen, don't you see?" Sam said, trying to catch his breath. "Eden—nude—snake?"

They cracked up again.

"Um," she said, "Snake in the Garden of Eden—oh my God! Wow," she laughed. "Yeah, every guy's got a trouser snake. And the fig leaves too. Hell, Ayame, you're really funny, you know?"

That evening, the resort held a cookout at a pavilion on the lakeshore. The resort provided the cooks and the food while the guests provided the appetites. This was a weekly event, a resort-wide promotion that was held to encourage all of the guests to mix and meet each other. The teens enjoyed the food and got to meet several new families who had arrived with older teenaged members and the older kids gravitated together; there were eighteen, all told, six boys and twelve girls.

They chose up sides and the kids began a quick and spirited game of beach volleyball while the adults were content to sit out the game and just watch the kids knock themselves out; other people were lounging on floats on the lake or chatting in groups, and then a campfire was lit and everyone got a chance to roast some s'mores. As darkness fell, there was a brief but loud fireworks display and that ended the lakeshore activities for the evening, but it wasn't the end of the night.

After the fireworks display, a band began to play at the clubhouse social hall for dancing and the twins and Ayame were fascinated at seeing all the interesting ways the various parts of people's bodies, those that are normally concealed, can wiggle, woggle, jiggle, and sway as they danced. And they were delighted by the sensations that nude flesh on flesh produces during a slow dance. After a while, both boys were having serious problems with controlling their arousal, so they pulled the girls out of the hall.

"Can't go back in," Roger mumbled, "can't keep control anymore."

His cock was standing at three-quarters mast and quite swollen. Tom was also in the same state and was flushed with sensory overload.

Ayame whispered to Cynthia and then the two girls took the boys' hands, leading them into a dark space between some bushes.

"What..." Tom began as he felt Cynthia's mouth engulf his organ. "Woooo..."

Ayame had already wet her hand with saliva and began stroking Roger's meat. Then she knelt and copied Cynthia. Within two minutes, the boys were groaning out their orgasms as the girls directed their spendings to fertilize the nearby shrubbery.

"Okay, stud," Cynthia said triumphantly, "that should hold you for maybe another hour, right?" Then she giggled.

"Aaaahh... man, yeah, that was so good..." Tom sighed.

Roger groaned in agreement and pulled Ayame up for a kiss. They returned to the dance, refreshed, renewed, and content. And soft.

When the dance ended forty minutes later, the boys were starting to become aroused again, but the girls seemed to ignore it this time, grabbing up their towels and leading the boys to the shower house near their cabin. When they arrived, they set to work washing the boys, paying close attention to the most sensitive areas of their bodies. The boys returned the favor, and as they walked back to their cabin, both Tom and Roger were again sporting impressive erections. The fact that Ayame and Cynthia were leading them along by their cocks undoubtedly helped in maintaining their aroused condition; fortunately it was dark; the path was lit only by the bright moonlight.

When they reached the cabin, the girls threw themselves into the boys' arms and they began a session of sensuous kissing as they stumbled to their beds. Falling onto their own bed, Roger and Ayame rolled around in a passionate embrace, rubbing and sliding their nude bodies against each other.

Ayame groaned, "My darling, I want now to be made woman. Want you inside me. Hurry!"

She rolled onto her back and spread her legs apart, and pulled on Roger's hands, guiding him to kneel between them. He got into position over her and took his rampant cock in his right hand and stroked its head against her slit.

"Ahhh, darling, my love, you sure?" he whispered. "Oh! I can't! I don't have any protection!"

"Ah, love, had Shot..."

“Really? When was that? You said...”

“Was when you rescued me from kidnapping, Cindy and I go to nurse before lunch. She wanted Shot and talked me to get it too. She knew I was hot for you, darling. Now even more hot, so time to do this now!”

She looked down at where he was holding his cock in position, ready to impale her.

“Oh, yes, now, I need you... now... aaah, so hot...” Ayame sighed and wriggled her hips, trying to push herself down onto his throbbing organ.

She watched intently as Roger slowly advanced the head of his cock between her lips and moved it up and down, covering its crown with her copious secretions which were seeping out of her vagina. He pressed in and she groaned as her tight opening began to expand around his crown. Then he immediately felt the resistance of her cherry.

Roger moaned as he felt the pressure of his thrust building on his cockhead, so wet, hot, and tight, he gasped as he tried not to give in to the desire to cum for a second time in an hour or so. He gulped in a shuddering breath and concentrated on not moving until the feeling of urgency passed.

Ayame moaned and moved her legs around Roger’s and pulled, urging him to continue.

“Unnnnhhh... now... do it....” she whispered. “Oowww... hurt...” she twisted her hips a bit.

Then Roger exhaled with a huff and sucked in another breath as he repositioned his rampant tool and firmly pressed it into her virgin opening, now feeling the stretching sensation on his cock dissolve as he suddenly lunged forward all the way in until their pubes met, taking her virginity in one swift, awesome stroke. He was dimly aware of Ayame’s sharp gasping cry at losing her virginity.

“Ghyaahhhh! Eeehhh... wait... do- don’t...” she stammered.

Roger breathed in a shuddering voice, “Oh shit, you feel so good!”

His senses were reeling; her blow job had been fantastic but this... holy shit, he thought, this was incredible! His cock was *inside* a real live pussy and he was fucking! Holy shit! Then reality snapped him back and he looked down at her face; her eyes were closed and a tear was rolling out of the corner of one eye.

“Oh, darling, are you okay?” he gasped in consternation.

“It... it hurt... oww, oh, stings... ahhh... so full. Not to move yet...” she whimpered, her eyes screwed shut and her brow furrowed in pain.

Roger stared down at her face in concern; then her eyes opened and sparkled with unshed tears and a little bit of awe at what had just happened. Her mouth was partly open and the tip of her tongue was just peeking through her lips.

“You okay, better now, lover?” he asked gently.

She nodded slowly, her awed expression becoming even more apparent.

“Oooohhh. Okay now, maybe, so... so... well, different, feel so full... you split me, so stuffed. Oh, but feels nice starting now.”

As she said that, her vagina muscles rippled and clenched on Roger’s erection and Ayame squeaked and giggled as a big smile spread over her face and she tentatively rocked her hips.

Then she laughed, “Oh nice, oh, feel so good... real good!” She pushed her groin up into Roger’s and their pubic bones mashed together. “Oooohh! Aaahhh! Yes! More!”

Roger lowered his body down onto hers and sought her open mouth with his and they kissed, while he began to thrust his hips back and forth. Both of them started moaning softly as Ayame began to push herself back against his shaft. Roger’s passions began to build rapidly as his senses luxuriated in the feelings generated by his cock, sheathed inside her tight, hot twat, as it glided back and forth through her secretion-slicked channel. Ayame then began moving her pelvis in synchrony with his, and as they moved together, their pace rapidly quickened, and after a few minutes, their pelvises were hammering into each other forcefully and noisily as she cried out into his neck, her body shaking violently under him.

Dimly, Roger became aware of grunts and cries emanating from the other bed and his sister’s voice crying in passion, coupled with a rhythmic pounding sound. He grinned to himself as he realized that four virgins were losing their cherries in that room, before his own lust once again transported him to a different level of consciousness.

The two were now grunting, moaning, and panting in their mutual efforts to achieve blissful release and Roger, changing the tempo and angle of his thrusts, reared his body up on his arms and, in the dim light in the room, stared down at Ayame’s gloriously wanton expression. Her face and chest were flushed with passion, her shapely little tits were jiggling and shaking, and he noticed how the muscles of her cute tummy undulated in time with each of his pounding thrusts. Then, as he began plunging even deeper into her, his cock began sliding closer to her clit, stimulating it to a fever pitch and suddenly her neck arched, her mouth flew open wide, her whole body stiffened, and she gasped a sharp, passionate cry as the muscles around her tight, hot pussy clamped down hard on his cock and she wailed in ecstacy.

“Uuunnhhh,” he grunted, as he thought, “Shit, so this is what it feels like when a woman cums on your cock! Wow, her pussy—it’s like a vise!”

“Aaayyyyyeeeee! Aaaaahhhhh.....” she cried and her vagina spasmed and clutched as her hips shook and twitched.

Roger was only able to take two more strokes before he felt a burning sensation begin to radiate from behind his balls, near his asshole, and tear up through his groin; a searing fire shot through his iron-hard organ as an incredible pressure tried to force his semen through his cock, which was being squeezed so tightly by Ayame’s convulsing love channel that it was throttling anything from getting through. The pent-up force of his churning semen finally burst through his cock with an exquisite pain and erupted from its tip, the hot rope of cum squirting into her convulsing vagina.

And that was instantly followed by another wave of sexual heat that seared through Roger’s balls and cock, but this time it felt even hotter, a lance of heat tearing through his groin and burning down the length of his penis. A third wave engulfed his being, this time so intense that his entire consciousness was pulled inside his engorged sex organ as it discharged another bolt of his essence into its welcoming receptacle, Ayame’s

tight, clutching pussy. Roger's being had now shrunk to a tiny point centered in his cock as his groin continued to thrust and pulse; his burning spasms continued even after his balls had emptied and his still hard penis cramped in pure sexual pain. Never in his life had Roger ever felt a climax like this. Never, ever before.

He collapsed in exhaustion on top of Ayame and their mouths locked together in passion while the pulses of her muscles stimulated a few more spasms from his organ as her tight vagina squeezed and twitched. Ayame sighed and held Roger's cheeks in her hands as she licked his tongue, lips, nose, and chin with delight.

"Aaaahhh, 恋しい [*koishii*], my darling, my dear love, that was... aaahhh..." she sighed and thrust her tongue into his mouth again. "Aaaahhh, so good... Umm, you're getting heavy..." she grunted.

She wriggled as Roger raised his body a little and suddenly, with a squishing splat, Ayame's tiny vagina expelled his dick. She shuddered and giggled as another aftershock rolled through her body. Roger rolled off to her side and she looked down at his body. Then her eyes grew wide and she sniggered.

"Ooooo! My darling is still hard! Was that not enough?" she snorted softly.

She reached down and slipped her hand around his cock, which, although it wasn't fully hard, was still quite firm. She took two strokes and it quickly began to fill with blood again. With a lustful grunt, Ayame pushed Roger onto his back and climbed over his hips, guiding his once-again rock-hard cock into her sopping pussy. She sunk down, gleefully impaling herself fully on it, and exhaled in a satisfied sigh as her vagina bottomed out.

The two froze their movements then as they heard Cynthia's loud shuddering wail of completion, followed a dozen seconds later by a series of heavy grunts as Tom filled Cynthia's vagina with his own steaming essence. They glanced over, and in the moonlight filtering into the cabin, saw Tom's upper body collapse onto Cynthia as she enfolded her arms around his back, whispering, "Aaaahhhh, my lover, that was wonderful..." and their heads moved together and began kissing.

Then Ayame began to gyrate her hips around and rock them back and forth, attempting to grind her clit into his pubis as Roger reached up and fondled her breasts gently and tweaked her nipples. She increased her rocking and added a little up and down movement, placing her hands over his, forcing him to squeeze her boobs hard. The expression on Ayame's face turned from one of intense concentration as she swivelled and rocked her hips, to one of passion and lust, and her movements became erratic and random. Her head lolled, whipped, and jerked around as she tried to grind her body further onto Roger's pole. He pulled her upper body down to his chest, drew up his knees, and began rapidly thrusting his cock into her slick, wet love channel, pounding into her with sharp, rapid strokes.

Roger grunted in renewed lust and stepped up his thrusting into her soaking-wet pussy while Ayame resumed rocking her hips on his shaft. After a few more minutes of their grinding their pelvises together, Roger pivoted his hips just a little, changing his angle of penetration, and something felt a little different on the crown of his cock—he realized that its tip must be rubbing against her G-spot. Ayame instantly shot upright on his shaft and gasped as softly as she could. Roger reached up and captured her perfect tits, massaging them hard as she started to shake above him.

All at once, Ayame's vagina snapped down on Roger's cock like a grasping fist and her body stiffened; her hands dug into his shoulders as she wailed in a long sobbing cry, and her pussy began to undulate as her pelvis twitched and jerked.

"Yaaahhhhhh... oooohhhhh! 恋しい [*Koishii*]... Aaaaahhhh... イク ！ [*iku*: I'm cumming!] ... Ahhh ... please not stopping!"

Her entire body started to shake and convulse and then Rogerconsider tryingconsider tryings cock erupted once again as an intense emission of male essence burst into her vagina for the second time that night. Ayame shrieked softly again as she felt Roger's rod twitch once more and again and yet again as he flooded her vagina with his semen until his weakening pulses became dry.

Ayame dropped down on Roger and kissed him fiercely as she tried to silence herself by stuffing her tongue down his throat. Roger couldn't believe how wildly her pussy was moving on him as she screamed into his mouth. Ayame's climax finally ended and she lay there, gasping and shuddering on his chest, her pussy spasming rapidly around his cock.

After about two minutes and innumerable soft kisses all over his face, she panted, "Aaahhh, 恋しい [*koishii*], what you do to me?"

"My wonderful darling, I gave you all my love," Roger panted.

Ayame continued to rest on Roger's chest for several minutes as they struggled to regain their breath; sweat was pouring off of both of them as their labored breathing slowed. Roger's hands gently stroked her flanks and the globes of her ass as she began to purr like a contented kitten. Soon Roger's shrinking cock was again ejected from Ayame's tight twat, this time there was a slurping sound as it popped out and Ayame shivered as she felt a trickle of mixed cum and pussy secretions run down her slit and over her clit; the ticking sensation triggered another round of aftershocks that forced more fluids out, so she rolled off Roger and stuffed a handful of sheet into her crotch, and then turned to embrace him. The two fell asleep in each other's arms.

Just before dawn, Ayame awoke and slipped off into the bathroom and washed away the remnants of their lovemaking and tried to see if she could tell if her pussy looked any different. Then she returned to bed and Roger groaned, turned, and felt for her. She wrapped her arms around him and he sighed in contentment and fell deeper into sleep.

In the morning, Barbara came to wake them again.

"All right, up and at 'em, guys," she commanded, and grinned at the four moaning kids as they roused. "Kept busy last night, did you?"

"Um, what do you mean, Mom?" Tom grumbled.

"Nothing; just that you guys kept this side of the resort up listening to your wailings..."

"*Ehh*?" Ayame squeaked and blushed, hiding her face in her hands. "Ahh, so sorry..."

“Hey, don’t worry. It happens, and nobody makes a fuss over people doing stuff in private. After all, sex is natural too, but in private. At least among nudists; your school’s Program people have other ideas, and that’s pretty disgusting, I think. Anyway, I assume you kids are protected, right?”

The kids all nodded, but guiltily.

“Okay, no problem. I hope you had a good time, and judging from the sounds, I’m sure you did,” she said and walked out laughing. “Wash up and hurry for breakfast...” her voice called as she walked away.

Cynthia pulled Ayame out of bed. Ayame’s face was beet red in embarrassment.

“Let’s run for a shower—I need one bad now and let the guys have the bathroom,” Cynthia told her.

They left for the showers.

“Um, Roger and I heard you so you must have heard us,” Ayame said quietly as they walked. “Ooo, so embarrassed...”

“Well, yeah, but I was busy with my own lover. God, it was sooo good...”

“Roger too. When we shower, can you look at my, um, crotch? I’m embarrassed if someone can see I had sex,” Ayame whispered. “It felt so good to me, too, and he was wonderful. I was so hot for him after dance, couldn’t wait, and he was so big and hard, felt like split in half when he was in me!” she giggled. “Heard Tom and you, make such horny sounds! So Tom was good to you?”

“Oh, Tom was incredible, Ayame, last night was everything I dreamed about, with a boy who was both gentle and loving,” she replied. “And what we did is kinda burned into my memory, it felt soooo marvelous. God, I’m getting wet again just thinking of it! Let me see, when we got back to the cabin, we kissed, then he scooped me off my feet, carried me to the bed, and laid me down on it. Then he grabbed a pillow and put it under my hips and then dove into my snatch and began eating me out. He must have been going for ten minutes and brought me to two orgasms!

“I couldn’t wait any more; I had to feel him inside my pussy. His cock looks so delicious, it tastes and feels just awesome in my mouth, so I just had to have it in my pussy so I could squeeze it with my entire body, you know? I had to make love to his cock with my entire body. So I pulled the pillow away and told him to put it into me, just get on top and stick it in.

“So Tom got between my thighs, grabbed his wonderful cock, scooted forward, and pushed it down to the bottom of my slit. He was shaking, I guess he was nervous, and he missed the target. I think I giggled, but I reached down and helped him guide the thing to where it belonged.” She giggled and sighed. “He notched the head right at my snatch’s opening and pressed in a little and I winced because it was a stretchy, stinging, burning feeling...”

“Aaaahhh, me too, it was just that way, felt same...” Ayame said dreamily.

“Yeah, and he pushed a little more. Wow, then you know how the head of his cock’s got this thick, blunt head, kinda like a mushroom? Well, it pressed only up into my vaj lips and I felt like my body was being torn up from below. He was pressed right up hard against my cherry and I gasped and felt him stop. Then he looked down at me with a worried look because he couldn’t push any further and just said, ‘Cindy?’

“I think I groaned something like he had found the proof that I was still cherry, and told him to go ahead but to be careful and stop if I asked. So he pressed forward again, gently, and I was wincing as he was stretching my hymen; I could feel it kind of giving, like the pain when you peel a bandage off too slow while it pulls all the hairs off, you know? But suddenly I got this big stab of pain, like once when I got a bad wasp sting, and the pain kind of spread all over my lower belly, so I must have gasped kinda loud. He stopped again and looked at me and I remember trying to keep myself from trying to curl up into a little ball to stop that burning, stinging feeling. You know, it really hurt, but it also had this weird erotic feeling about it.

“I told him to just hold it for a moment ‘cause of the pain and till I got used to his size inside me. I was gripping tightly onto Tom’s biceps—did you see he’s got these bruises there today? Anyway, he felt so, so huge! But I wanted him deeper, so I told him to go all the way in then, but do it slowly. He pushed again, but that pressure-pain began again and I squeaked, so instead of pushing in, he pulled back almost all the way and then pressed back in—I felt this sliding sensation and then bang! I felt his balls plop right up against my ass; he was as deep inside me as he could get. Shit, I felt like he was stuffing my entire belly! And almost all that burning pain was gone. He pulled back an inch and then pushed back; it felt awesome and I told him so.

“Then I told him that I needed him to just fuck me; that feeling when he moved in me—I felt the ridge of his crown move inside me—that feeling was filling me with lust and I needed to feel it more. God, I’m dripping wet now, telling you this...”

They had finished their showers and the boys had just arrived at the showers.

“Hey guys, meet you back at the cabin when you’re done and then breakfast,” Cynthia said as they left. She continued her story as they walked back.

“Um, let’s see, so we had just started to fuck then... Um, Tom started to move; first he wiggled his hips a little. I think he was adjusting where his knees were. Then he pulled back until he almost popped out, then he pushed back. The pressure of his dick running through my pussy was just gorgeous and he muttered about how super-tight I felt to him. I needed to feel him closer so I brought my legs up and hooked my heels together behind his ass. I told him I wanted him deeper inside me, I wanted to feel him forcing that wonderful cock deep inside. When he pulled back, it left this empty feeling, but his pushing back in made me feel stuffed again. It was so fuckin’ wonderful. I know I was really juicin’ up down there ‘cause I could hear slurping and squelching and sucking sounds every time he pulled out and then came back into my pussy.

“After a few minutes, he really began pounding me, thrusting really hard and fast, and I just stopped thinking and let go and floated with the wonderful sensations his cock was giving me. Then I started to feel that tingling I get, like a spring winding up, and it made me want Tom in me deeper, so I wrapped my legs around his back and pulled my groin into his and pushed up into him as he stroked down. I moaned at him to fuck me faster, to fuck me harder, and I really began to thrust back at him with my hips, pulling on his back, pulling him into me as he thrust. I was really getting lost in the sensations as I felt myself getting close, the spring was winding still tighter and tighter.

“Tom was gasping for breath now. I felt his sweat pouring off him as he picked up the tempo of his pounding and the sweat between our chests made our upper bodies slippery; that was erotic too as I felt my nipples slipping around his wet chest. And my climax kept building, it was coming closer and closer. Then Tom slowed for a couple of thrusts, took a shuddering breath, and launched into me with a couple of huge thrusts and wham! I was hit with this monster wave of sheer force that just came bursting out of nowhere and I blanked out for an instant; then I felt my whole belly seize up; my pussy clamped down on Tom’s cock, and

that wash of energy spread from my vaj all the way up to my forehead. Then I felt this rippling shudder run right through me and I choked back a scream."

"Um, heard you when you came, Cindy. Not all that quiet..."

"Oh my God, when Barbara told us that, I could've just died. But my cum triggered Tom's because suddenly his thrusts became wild random spasms and I could feel his cum pulsing into my body, over and over, and his gasps and groans sounded so erotic, so fuckin' sexy. I was still getting spasms and my pussy was still twitching and I couldn't catch my breath. My arms and legs felt dead and I realized that I was still locked onto Tom with all my strength. You know, those judo muscles work super great for sex?"

She chuckled.

"Anyway, I relaxed and let go of my grip and he gave me this grateful look; then he eased himself off me and pushed up on his arms. He was still panting but that became deep breaths as he stared down into my eyes, then he leaned down and kissed me and told me how much he loved me. I hugged him and told him I felt the same. Then I became aware that his cock was still buried in my vaj! So I bore down on my muscles there and pumped them a few times and Tom's eyes rolled and he gasped. And, God, I felt the thing start to grow again, right inside of me—it was crazy awesome!

"Then you know what he did? He started the fucking motion again, slower this time, and I just hung on and enjoyed the ride. This time it was slower, no urgency, no insistence on climaxing, just enjoying all the wonderful sensations, our bodies moving gently together, sliding and slipping. I never realized what 'making love' really was until then—I always thought that it was the same as fucking, but shit, they're nothing alike! It was another amazing experience, lying there joined with your lover and moving gently together, kissing and caressing while joined in one intimate union. We fell asleep like that, joined together, and I only woke up when I felt him slide out of me some time later in the night."

"Aaah, that's so hot... I'll tell you what happened with Roger..."

Ayame gave a brief description of her own lovemaking session and asked Cynthia to look to see if she noticed any difference in her vulva.

"See? Feels swollen, like everything sticking out. I'll be so embarrassed if someone can see that I had sex," she explained.

Cynthia bent down and looked. "Well, it's a lot puffier there but unless someone stares—and knows what you looked like before—no one can tell. Besides, that puffiness, I'm sure that'll go away after being in the pool for a while, you know. So you're okay. I'm very sensitive down there myself and can feel my pussy lips when I walk, so it must be because of the first time. Ahhh, that was so stunning... ahhhh..."

The boys trotted in and grabbed fresh towels and the four headed off for breakfast.

For the rest of their stay at the resort, they did all kinds of activities, but one that became a favorite was playing "Marco Polo" in both the pool and the lake. Ayame, her modesty now virtually overcome, was persuaded to show off her diving skills and a number of people convinced her to try to teach them how to do some of the dives she had done. Tom and Roger used the lap pool twice a day to practice, trying to keep up

their competition edge. Tom had the idea that he and Roger should try racing each other too, but they both quickly found, again, that trying to race nude was impractical; the lack of a proper suit was a real impediment to effective practice.

Roger also took Tom's challenge and tried to do a regular competition racing dive while nude, launching himself out over the water, his body and head in a streamlined position and his head tucked for the first couple of seconds while kicking ferociously before breaking the surface. That's what he tried to do, anyway. Since the natural curve of Roger's body as it speared into the water concentrated much of the water's impact around his hips, the result was like getting hit in the groin with a large, stiff board, and his body curled up with the pain as his dive momentum carried him under the water. Now he knew exactly how Tom had felt when he had tried his own dive when he was in the Program.

The third morning, Roger found that he had two pairs of Speedos tucked into an inner pocket of his sports bag and asked Tom if he thought that the resort would waive their rule about suits in the pool and let them practice and race wearing the suits. Tom got permission, with the provision that the boys would do their races as a resort event each day, and they agreed. Then Ayame was drafted to perform some dives as part of the daily race event, this turned into a show that became one of the highlight events of the week. The popularity of that daily show quickly led the resort owners to make a swim race and diving competition part of the resort's standard program of activities.

Packing up after lunch on Sunday—the really small amount of stuff that had to be packed, anyway—and their spring break week ending, they all felt sad to be leaving the resort. The twins and Ayame all told Tom how grateful they were for his pushing them into going and agreed that they enjoyed the experience and had a wonderful time. During the ride back home, the conversation turned to the last few weeks of the school year.

"So you think you'll get to go to the graduation ceremony?" Tom asked.

"Probably not," Cynthia said. "Davis told us on several occasions that because we refused to participate, we wouldn't graduate, and I suppose that meant we wouldn't be allowed to walk either."

"Yeah, and Ayame won't be graduating with us either since she already graduated in Japan," Roger added. "But Dad told us that there's some kind of plan to have the Marine kids do their own graduation that the brass is getting set up. He said that they'd probably invite other kids to participate, too, so we'll see. You know, we'll also have to check on our final transcripts, make sure we can get them. Jeez, I hate getting back to our real life...."

"Well, I'm looking forward to college now," Cynthia commented. "Now all this high school drama feels so has-been. Hey, we've been so wrapped up with Program crap and then this nudist week that we never really talked about our summer plans. Our dad's being reassigned, I think I mentioned to you. So my folks'll probably be at his new base before college starts. Then we'll all be in Atlanta together."

Mitchell spoke from the front. "Yeah, kids, let me break in. Sorry for eavesdropping..."

"Okay, Dad, not a problem," Tom interrupted. "We're not talking about anything private."

"Yeah, okay," Mitchell went on. "It occurred to your mom and me that you guys could save big time if you could get an off-campus apartment together. I checked Tom's college's site last night and compared the

housing costs with rentals in the area and if you doubled up and shared rooms, you might save a third or even half of your room costs; that's for each of you."

"Oh, hey, that's a super idea," Roger commented. "We'll check with our folks to see what they think; thanks for the suggestion."

Chapter 26

When they got home late Sunday evening, Stuart told them that his reassignment to Lejeune had been finalized and his report date was set for between June 25 and July 8.

“You three will be in college in the fall so we won’t need that large of a house,” Sarah said. “Dad’s reporting around July 1 and I’ll be closing our house here in July and moving our effects that last week. Do you know when you can move in at your school?”

“Yeah, that’s something we planned to discuss, Mom, Dad. I told you Tom’s going there too. We’d like to share an apartment, some kind of rental; it could save us a really huge amount on housing costs—maybe as much as a third, Mitchell thought—and Tom’s folks already said it was okay,” Roger said.

“Well, that might work; I like the economics. But consider this. Your living in a rental might affect your getting into a fraternity or sorority, you know; sometimes you need to live in their house for a year,” their dad commented.

“Yeah, maybe, but I’m not that much interested in sororities,” Cynthia said. “They’re fine for lots of people but I’m not social in that kind of way, I think.”

“Me neither,” Roger agreed.

In school the following day, Roger and Tom had their usual early-morning swim practice and workout and left the locker room for home room. The morning announcements welcomed the students and staff back to school, and then Davis turned to the Program.

“Beginning this week we’ll announce the names of the students in the Program instead of furnishing the lists to your teachers. We’re doing this because we have so few participants. This week there are six.”

He then read their names.

“I’m sure you six know the drill about disrobing, but unless we change the procedure again, what we want you to do is to go to the main entry; the clothing boxes are there, and disrobe there. Don’t go to the conference room. As usual, your clothing boxes will be outside the main doors after school. We made this change because you are all voluntary participants and this procedure seemed to be the most efficient. Thank you for participating, and everyone, have a pleasant day, full of learning new things.”

Cynthia and Roger looked at each other and mouthed, “Wow.”

In their economics class, a messenger arrived after class started, bearing a note for Cynthia and Roger to see their guidance counselor. The twins left class and went to her office; she asked them to be seated.

“Normally I talk to students individually. In your case, what I need to cover is identical and since you’re twins, I assume that you’ll discuss this together anyway. So, do either of you object to meeting like this?”

“No,” they both agreed.

“This is the time when we make the final determinations for graduation. Both of you have excellent scholastic records and have helped the school win titles in state high-school sports competitions. You’ve even won international titles. In terms of graduating, you have both earned the required credits that the state mandates for a high-school degree, plus completion of college advanced placement courses. I know you both have college plans and have received scholarship offers. So there’s nothing academically to discuss, really.

“But Mr Davis has asked me to formally let you know, and has given me letters to your parents to this effect, that your not participating in the Naked in School Program precludes your attending the school’s graduation ceremony. He states that your titles and accomplishments in sports will not be recognized before the graduating senior class, and he also has instructed the school’s registrar to freeze your transcripts. He’s making one final offer; that is, if you agree to participate in the Program next week, he will withdraw those limitations. Understand?”

“Yes ma’am,” Cynthia said while Roger nodded. She went on, “Roger and I have already figured that those exact things would happen. We didn’t expect that we’d get a second-chance offer, though, but our answer is still the same. We’re not doing the Program under any conditions.”

“Your college will require a final transcript, you know,” the counselor cautioned.

“Yes, and we’re dealing with that situation too,” Roger said. “We’ve been in touch with the admissions office and told them about the situation over the Program. So they know that there might be a problem getting the transcript. But they told us not to be overly concerned.”

“Well, then, that’s all I have; here are the letters I mentioned,” she said, handing them two envelopes.

On the way back to their class, the two discussed what they had heard.

“So looks like they’re contacting all the seniors about graduating now and probably everyone will get the same second-chance offer,” Cynthia reflected. “I wonder if anyone will give in this time.”

Roger began thinking aloud. “Hard to say... I’ve heard some kids talking about not going to graduation and saying that they didn’t really care. And there’s that alternate graduation, too. Say, here’s a thought. If there are about 500 seniors and, um, 16 full weeks in the term when they could run the Program, and... let’s see, 18 kids—except the first week. That’s maybe a little over half, right? Around 280? Yeah. I don’t think many seniors participated—maybe three? four? Tom, um, Dennis, and Elliott. Oh, Melanie. That’s it, four, right?”

Cynthia nodded.

“So that would mean that virtually everyone at graduation would be those who *never* got picked for it! Isn’t that totally weird? Every other senior we spoke to wasn’t doing it or dropped out, like those girls who were over 18. So if they allowed every senior to attend graduation, only those three others would have done the Program along with Tom—he’d and they’d be kinda unique.”

“Damn straight Tom’s unique!” Cynthia snorted. “Yeah—kinda makes denying graduation unfair, right? If half of the students were never even picked? Like a reverse lottery, you win if your ticket *doesn’t* come up. Crazy.”

"Hey, kids," Sarah said to the teens when they arrived home after school. "I heard on the news today more about that kidnapping investigation. Just a headline, but at 6 o'clock there'll be coverage."

During dinner the twins told their parents about their meeting with the counselor and Denison read the letters they had brought home.

"I'm gonna show these to Col Masterson. If they're going through the kids in alpha order, then 'D' comes before 'M' and he might not know yet," Denison commented. "Any other seniors talk about being told this?"

"Yeah, Dad, there was a real buzz about it at lunch. One of the kids mentioned the possibility of that alternate graduation ceremony, too, so the word's getting out about that," Roger answered.

After dinner the family gathered to watch. The station's reporters had dug up a lot of details. They had learned that the contractor company involved, the one that had employed the kidnappers, was legitimate. It appeared that only the Riverside County operation was a rogue one. Two federal officials had been implicated as being involved in directing the raided Riverside office. Extensive equipment and facilities for video recording, editing, and duplication had been found in one of the rooms in the office building, and many DVDs had been seized that showed teens engaged in all kinds of sexual activities.

The report went on, showing video clips of the office building, inside room layouts, and various background sets and props that had been found. It went on to explain how children had been taken from schools by men using federal identifications, brought to that office facility, were kept sedated for a few days while being psychologically manipulated, and then coerced or forced to perform for the videos. Basically, people in that office were running a behavior-modification and child-porn production operation. Twenty-two children had been involved, in total, from eight local area high schools; seven of them were over 18 years old and their detainments were being treated as kidnappings. All of the children were now receiving appropriate medical care and counseling. However, at no point did the report mention or even suggest that any of the officials were connected with the Program.

"What an f-ing mess!" Denison burst out. "What kind of crap is that? That whole thing was because of the Program and they don't mention it?"

"Yeah, Dad, they must have learned that the Program was involved when they investigated. Maybe the government gagged them on that detail, stopped them from talking about that point. They couldn't have gotten as much info as they did without having some government cooperation, I guess," Cynthia said.

That report was virtually the only topic of discussion at school on the following day among the students. At lunch, the twins heard a discussion at a neighboring table.

"So how was what they did different from how they wanted to video our school's classroom sex demos when the Program started? If that raid found child porn, how come the school's videos wouldn't be the same, anyway?"

"You're fuckin' right on, Jan. Shit, am I glad we stopped that crap," another voice said.

A third chimed in, "Yeah, the only diff was that they did that shit to make money. Here it was supposed to goddamn educate us? My ass it was. I'll bet the damn school district planned to sell what they taped to the top bidder."

Cynthia whispered to Roger, “Wow, just listen to them. Talk about yet another real gut-punch for the Program...”

The following day, the scuttlebutt circulating around the school was that a few of the seniors had relented and accepted Davis’ second offer for them to do the Program, but after hearing the latest news report about the kidnapper incident, the rumor went, everyone who had changed their minds changed them back again. The connection between the raided office and the Program, even though it was never mentioned in the media, was foremost in everyone’s minds.

A few days later, Cynthia got an email from Roberta when she arrived home. Roberta had another contact for Cynthia from Central High School, a sophomore named Diane Walker. In her email, she said that Diane preferred to talk by video chat and gave her texting address for Cynthia to contact her. Cynthia contacted her and arranged a video call at about 9 p.m. her time, so at around 6 p.m. the trio sat down for the chat.

Cynthia began, “Hi, this is Cindy Denison, is that Diane? Roberta’s contact?”

“Yep, hi there. No one calls me Diane, it’s Dee, Dee Walker. Roberta said you wanted to hear about the Program at my school?”

“Yeah, and this is my brother Roger and cousin Ayame.”

“Hi, guys. Yeah, I’ve been in the Program here, even had kind of a version of it in middle school—in sex ed.”

“Really? Wow. Middle school too? Well, it just started up here...”

Cynthia went on to give a synopsis of what had happened in her school.

“...so now, our school has a Program but it’s just limping along and hardly anyone’s doing it,” she concluded.

“Well, my experience’s been totally different. I’m loving it, but there are still a lot of kids here who really hate it but no one’s come out and head-on opposed it like you guys did. My older brother Carl was in the first group with Karen Wagner—Roberta said you know about her—and he and his girlfriend came to my middle school and taught sex ed to my class one year and that was fuckin’ hot, hot, hot. I love being naked, but I’ve got some friends who are really up tight about it, though.

“It’s mandatory in our school to do it when you’re called and we have all of that regular Reasonable Request stuff and teachers love to call on us and do these weird things involving our bodies. My favorite was when my brother Carl’s math teacher asked his class to calculate the volume of Carl’s cock while he had a hardon. He’s got a really nice one, by the way. Anyway, the class had to come up with the formulas for the volume of an irregular cylinder for his shaft and a parabolic solid for its head and calculate the answers. The teacher measured his cock for the class and the next day they had to give their solutions. Well, one kid, he hated Carl for some reason, was called to the board to write his solution out and made a decimal mistake and came up with his cockhead as being almost ten ounces in volume. That’s a little less than the size of a softball!” she chuckled. “Shit, that kid was embarrassed! Say, if you want to read stuff about Carl’s Program, he wrote up his experiences in a journal as a class project. Some guy named PeregrinF’s got it archived with the name ‘Carl Naked in School’ on an erotic story site. It’s written like fiction so the feds kinda ignore the story and let it stay on the web.”

Roger asked her, “So did you have any negative experiences?”

“Well, yeah. In high school. First, I wasn’t selected in the usual way. I was put in as a punishment. For defending a friend who was having a really bad time. And I had a horrible time with the perverted Program official at our school, the one who punished me. Seems that all Program officials are perverts, but this one’s gotta be the worst, he preyed on the kids and was a rapist too. So it wasn’t all a bed of roses. Still, I had a fun time, all things considered. Still am, in fact.”

“What’s your overall take, then, Dee? Is the Program good or bad?” Cynthia probed.

“Hmmm. I’m no expert in psych, of course. I think if it’s kept light-hearted, it can be okay for a lot of kids. There are plenty who simply can’t deal with it and you never know who they are. I guess I was really lucky because I just love nudity and that kinda makes me see the whole business through, um, rose-colored glasses, right? So it can be good or bad. And it can be good *and* bad! How’s that for a definite answer?” she giggled.

They continued to discuss other details, mainly answering Dee’s questions about happenings at Cynthia’s school and about their missing their graduation ceremony. Dee felt very bad about that for them; she was recalling the good time Carl had at his own graduation. Dee was particularly interested in how all the kids had banded together to protect the first group of Program kids during that initial week, and Roger explained how the core of that movement originated with the kids of Marine families, who just decided to act cooperatively—and, of course, it was a chance to rebel against authority for a good cause. Hell, even their parents supported their rebellion, so how cool was that?

Before they broke contact, Cynthia and the others agreed to try to keep in touch with Dee even after they graduated; they were taken with her wit, sense of humor, and positive outlook on life, and were interested in seeing how her high school future would develop.

The boys’ swim team won their regional competition, with Tom setting a competition record in backstroke and Roger in breast, and the girls tied for first place. It was now two weeks before graduation and it was clear that the school administration was not backing down; the graduation ceremony would be held without the participation of the seniors who had refused to do the Program. Some of the Marine parents had asked the JA legal office to intervene and get an injunction against the school, but most parents felt that the alternate graduation ceremony would be much less confrontational.

Some of the effects of the school’s denial had more unfair effects on a few students, such as the Denisons, of course, whose sports accomplishments would not get recognized. But Roger and Cynthia were surprised when they heard about one girl’s plight.

One morning in study hall, a senior that the twins knew fairly well stopped at their table.

“Hey, did you hear? Valerie was supposed to be the valedictorian; she’s got a four-point cum, number one in the class, but she refused to be in the Program, so they took that away from her.”

“Valerie Jennings? Wow. She got into Harvard. She’s president of student council and the captain of the softball squad... shit. Who’re they replacing her with?” Roger asked.

“Don’t know her name, but she’s fifth or sixth in the class. About a three-point-seven or eight, I heard, and no extracurricular stuff. She hadn’t even been selected to do the Program. Valerie’s parents are up in arms,” the boy answered.

“Her mom’s a Marine, right?” wondered Cynthia.

“Yeah, she’s an NCO in the intelligence unit and her dad’s an author. Writes novels.”

“Yeah, that sucks for her,” Roger commented. “It’s so unfair that neither one was in the Program and the kid with the lower cum gets to have that honor. I wonder how the alternate ceremony will work—maybe Valerie can be in that.”

Actually a lot of planning and preparation had been going into that alternate graduation. The school’s graduation day was scheduled for Wednesday, June 10. It was to be held in the school’s stadium because the auditorium was too small to accommodate the students and all their guests. The Marine parade field would be the perfect venue to hold their own graduation ceremony, the planners decided, and the planning went forward with a vengeance.

The Marines planning the event arranged for the speaker to be the president of one of the colleges in California; the base’s Marine band would provide the music, some prominent state political figures promised to come—they were offered a few short speaking slots—and the diploma holders, each containing a certificate commemorating the occasion, would be presented by Major General Markus, the base’s commanding general, and the admiral commanding the Naval Air Forces in San Diego. It helped that the organizers could offer personalized air transport to the dignitaries using Naval aircraft; the trips could be logged as required training sorties.

The base photography service would provide photos of each graduate receiving the diploma, and a portrait photo of each graduate standing before the U.S. Flag, Marine Corps flag, and state flag would be taken. The proper numbers of caps and gowns were determined and ordered.

The graduates would file past an honor guard of Marines and sailors as they walked to the platform to receive their congratulations, the planners decided. To recognize the graduating students who had received academic honors and sports achievements, the organizers had plaques and certificates prepared to present. The valedictorian would be given the opportunity to give her address, too. There was a discussion about having a gun salute for the graduates, but most of the planners felt that doing that would be over the top. Finally, the decision was made to invite the entire senior class and their guests, not only the students of the Marine families.

There was some debate about extending the invitation to the teachers and exactly when the ceremony should be held: before, during, or following the scheduled school graduation. Eventually the decision was made not to upstage the school event; doing this might be construed as being vindictive and petty. So the Marine ceremony would follow the school’s, on Thursday, and that teachers would also be invited.

When school officials got wind of the alternate plans, consternation reigned. The school district tried to intervene with the Marine base to stop their plans and were unsuccessful and so was a request to the Pentagon and to the state’s senators. The district was told that the Marines had the right to honor their students’ families, it was a matter of esprit de corps and not an event that civilians could interfere with. If

the school planned to exclude students from participating in the school's ceremony, the Marines had the right to conduct their own.

The state swim championship competition was scheduled to occur two weekends before graduation and the teams' standings statewide were in a virtual three-way tie for both the boys' and girls' teams. Both Tom and Roger had continued their practice of racing against other that they had begun at the nudist resort, with Tom challenging Roger to do better in backstroke and Roger forcing Tom to better his butterfly times. The biggest weakness of the boys' team was their individual medley performance, and those two strokes can be the key to a successful meet.

The coach had the teams also concentrate on their building stamina and the best fly performances can be delivered if the swimmer can limit the need to lift his or her head to breathe. Roger could swim a complete pool length on a single breath and Tom was close to being able to do that too.

The training and practice paid off and Roger's team won the state meet for the second year while the girls took second place. Several state records were set; Roger took the state fly record, Tom tied the backstroke record, and Roger's team set the team medley relay record.

Graduation day—the school's graduation day, that is—was a bright, warm day, and the fears of the school administration were well-founded; fewer than 100 students showed up and more than a score left when they saw how few were present. Even the music was affected by the thinned ranks of the combined band/orchestra since the seniors weren't present. But the ceremony, normally attended by about 500 students and 1500 guests, barely had 10 percent of that number present.

The ceremony the following day, however, made the previous day's embarrassment worse; it was extremely well attended. Even a number of students who had attended the previous day's event at the school had decided to take part in the full ceremony early enough for them to get gowns and have their certificates prepared. Everyone was recognized for their achievements; speeches were given, everyone was wowed by the honor guards and other special details of the ceremony. Marines do ceremonies very, very well. It was a very satisfied group of graduates who left the parade grounds that afternoon and the Marines even got a fair number of inquiries about signing up.

With their memorable graduation ceremony, the high school careers of Cynthia and Roger Denison came to a rousing, if unconventional, end. Now they could put their high-school years behind them and concentrate on college. At last they could forget about the Naked in School Program.

Or could they, really?

Next: No More Program: College Begins

Not so fast... Are the twins fated to be bedeviled by the Program, even in college? The experience gives Cynthia a new resolve, fueled by Roger's Internet discovery. The twins find themselves drawn more and

more into the Program, more than they ever had been while in high school and they find their experiences to be alarming. But then some new actors appear on the scene, two people who will give new life and purpose to the twins' anti-Program wishes.

Part Two: The College Years

Chapter 1 - No More Program: College Begins

The first few days following graduation passed very quickly. There were a few final minor things to do at the school, like cleaning out lockers, turning in their last books, and bidding farewell to their coaches. However, one of the more essential parts of graduating was getting their final transcripts to be sent to their college. But as the now ungraduated graduates found, getting their final transcripts was being blocked by the school, as Davis had warned he would do. There even was a sign posted outside the office that read, "Students who refused Program participation will not receive a transcript."

The Marine JA office was ready to move on this problem, and during the week following the graduation ceremonies, the JA office requested a meeting between the school district's officials and a group of Marine parents; many of the parents of the high-school students who were being denied transcripts were members of the senior officer and NCO ranks and they attended in semi-dress uniform. At the meeting, Capt Donelley, the assistant judge advocate representing the Marine families, presented his arguments.

"This is the situation, for you ladies and gentlemen representing the school district. Under the state education law, any student who has met the academic requirements established by law for graduation, and who has not been expelled from school for cause, is automatically entitled to graduate on completing the required credits and achieving the required minimum grade-point average. That's point one.

"Next, state education law does not recognize any federal requirement or prerequisite involving any academic or non-academic activity that can affect a student's right to become a high school graduate. Third, any graduation requirement imposed on any student cannot be applied selectively to one group of students and exclude other students. If a graduation requirement exists, it must apply to all students equally, not to a randomly chosen subset of students. Your school is failing to observe those three legal requirements.

"It's possible that the consequences of not receiving an official statement of their graduation may not have any effect on some of our students, but it obviously greatly affects those students who need documentation of graduation for college admission as well as for other purposes. It's also very possible that some consequences of your withholding official transcripts could be economic in nature. This means that by withholding them, the district is creating an injury to these students, and the district is violating state law by not fulfilling the school's duty to provide an education to these students by withholding the evidence that this education was received. Part of providing that education is the formal acknowledgment that the student successfully completed the education. And because the parents of virtually every student affected will be moving out of the state within a year or two as the service member is reassigned, it would make future resolution so much more difficult without incurring great expense.

"The next step that my office will take on behalf of these parents seated here, who represent all of our clients, will be to obtain a court injunction to compel the district to issue official transcripts to each student that clearly shows that, in every case, they have met their requirements for graduation. We will also explore the possibility of seeking damages, compensatory definitely, and punitive if possible. I've approached you in this informal manner so that you may avoid the costs, time, and bad publicity of an injunction and the large number of lawsuits we would file. Some two hundred fifty plus, I believe."

The school's attorney responded that the matter wasn't under the school's control as the federal Program office required the school to withhold graduation from students who failed to participate.

"That requirement, sir, is neither under the authority of that federal office—Social Awareness, I believe, nor does any such requirement exist in the enabling legislation that established that federal office. It's an operational policy of that office to require schools to use the threat of non-graduation in an attempt to compel student participation, but in this state, at least, the state's education laws take precedence over any procedure that the federal government might attempt to impose. If you had consulted the federal law itself instead of going solely by the Program's policy guidebook, you would have seen that there is no provision in it that mandates that graduation is to be withheld for non-participation. That requirement is simply a policy of the Office of Social Awareness and is rendered void by this state's laws. And consider that we would seek our injunction and sue in a state court, since it is state law that the school district has violated."

There were a few more objections raised by the school's officials but all were easily dismissed, and then Capt Donelley finished his statement.

"We will give you one week to issue the students' official transcripts. We aren't asking for their diploma certificates. You could interpret that the Program rule about not graduating means that it applies to the withholding of the students' diplomas, although if you choose to provide those, I'm sure that my clients will be pleased to receive them. If these families do not receive the certified transcripts, properly annotated that all requirements for graduation have been met, we will move on to the next step: court proceedings. Consider the costs of having to respond to over 250 lawsuits."

After the twins' high school alternate graduation, the Denison family turned their attention to their upcoming moves—the adults to Denison's next post at Camp Lejeune Marine base and the teens to their college. About ten days after their alternate graduation ceremony, the mail brought certified copies of the twins' transcripts. Everyone was amused to see that they were stamped, "Met all state graduation requirements; no diploma issued."

"Look, they had to have a special stamp made for that," Denison snorted when he read it.

A few days before the end of June, Tom and Mitchell, his step-father, together with Roger, flew to Atlanta to look at some prospective rentals near their campuses. Roger's dad would be leaving himself in two days to report to his new assignment, so Roger's family got together with Tom's for a farewell dinner several evenings before their departures. Finding a suitable apartment with two bedrooms and a usable kitchen proved to be more difficult than they had anticipated, however, but after three days of looking at prospective apartments, they found a very tiny one, about 600 square feet, within two miles of both campuses. It was clean, had limited furnishings, but was very cramped. After consulting with Cynthia and Ayame, and showing the place to them by video, they agreed to lease it. As Mitchell had predicted, their housing costs would be significantly lower than if they had used university housing.

Once the arrangements were finalized, the three returned to California and Roger pitched in with his sister and Ayame to pack the family's house. It was a complicated job; there were three separate destinations for their household goods. Stuart's and Sarah's possessions comprised the largest amount. The twins' furniture and other possessions that they didn't need in college would go to storage near their parents' new home,

and the things that they would take with them to college was in the third group. Sarah, a veteran of many prior moves, organized the packing like a master.

The teens were undecided about how they would travel to Atlanta. Roger and Cynthia shared a car and Sarah didn't want to house a third car at her new home; Tom had a car himself and wanted to have it in Atlanta. They discussed driving in two cars, but then decided to ship one car and the four would drive there in Tom's, which was larger and newer. Then came moving day and the day of parting; Sarah was to fly out to North Carolina, shipping her own car, and the four teens left on their cross-country drive.

Their trip from southern California to Atlanta was uneventful; the teens took their time and even visited a few touristy sights during their trip east. Keeping in touch with their parents was simple too, and soon the twins were even able to have video chats with the Denisons in their new base housing. They made tentative plans to visit Camp Lejeune during their first holiday break, provided any sports competition conflicts didn't occur to interfere with the plans.

Because of their scholarships, Roger and Cynthia had to arrive ten days before regular freshman registration for pre-season orientation, training, and making up their class schedules so that competition, practices, and training sessions would not interfere with academics. Since Tom and Ayame didn't have anything official to do during those ten days, they got elected to unpack, set up the apartment, run various errands, and retrieve the twins' car from the transport company.

Tom was in the industrial and facilities engineering program at Georgia Polytech and Ayame was in the pre-med program at Avery; the two schools were a little over five miles apart. Cynthia was considering a degree in education but was also interested in educational psychology, while Roger wanted to work with young people as a psychologist. From their apartment, it was an easy bike ride to either campus and convenient public transportation was also available so they wouldn't need their cars for daily travel to campus. Class registration came, classes began, and soon they settled into a routine.

Since the twins had advanced class standing, they were entering their freshman year with a class standing between upper freshman and sophomore levels, so they were permitted to take several education prerequisite classes including a class called "Introduction to Principles of Education." The course's focus, according to the syllabus the twins had read, was to explore issues in schools and education through both student-centered classroom activities and by observing each of a series of elementary school classes, middle school classes, and a high-school humanities class and a science class. They were to write reports on their observations and in student-led discussions, they were to develop ideas for designing and implementing curriculum for the classes they observed, considering how those classes met standards of education, used methods of instruction, taught using different media, and assessed student progress, all based on their classroom observations. The university had a lab school, plus had access to two charter schools and two public high schools where the observations would take place.

After the first few sessions of that class, Roger was talking to Cynthia about it.

"Man, this is really advanced for an introductory class," he remarked. "There's stuff there that the prof will have to cover—like he speaks about 'standards of education' as if we know what that means."

"Yeah," Cynthia responded. "He did say that he expected us to work out what we thought the standards should be as we do our observations and discussions. We're supposed to be analytical and develop a

framework on which to base standards. I guess that's why this class is a 'gateway' class; it's supposed to see if the students are equipped to go on to the more difficult classes in ed."

"We've gotta get used to learning in a whole different way," he sighed. "No more learning only out of books, yeah, that's what we were told, but facing it now is a real experience. Say, looks like our sports seasons almost overlap. We start training for real next week and competition finals are at the end of March; your basketball is the same."

"Yeah, it'll be hard to go to each other's games and meets," she agreed. "Well, at least the schedules don't interfere with classes too badly. And another responsibility is that we're supposed to mentor a high school team as an assistant coach, but that comes next year—as a second year on the team, fortunately."

"Oh yeah, the men's team does the same thing. We're supposed to coach swimming starting next year too. That'll be cool."

The following Tuesday, Cynthia got home after a day that involved her observation of her assigned high-school class.

"Hi guys, guess what? I had my first observation in class today for our Intro to Ed class, and they're running the damn Program in the high school. Bunches of naked kids in class, sex in the halls, masturbating in class—you know, Relief, all that shit," she moaned. "I thought I was done with that crap."

She put her head in her hands.

"Goddamn," Roger sighed. "Yeah, so how can we develop any meaningful educational standards with that garbage interfering with the kids in the school, anyway? We stopped that stuff from happening in our high school, but it's gotta affect how the kids learn."

"Well, it sure as hell had an effect in the class I observed. I'm assigned to observe a science class, it's sophomore biology, and it was sex—pure sex. Today the boy and girl—such young kids—had to demonstrate sexual response and they were made to stimulate each other until they came. They were scared, reluctant as hell, and totally embarrassed. I couldn't watch; I had to leave the room. It wasn't that they were doing anything physically harmful—I would have stopped them if I saw that—it was just awfully humiliating for them. That poor girl was crying. I had to speak to the teacher afterwards as part of my observation and I told him that I thought that doing that was totally obscene and perverted. He was surprised and asked me if I wasn't aware of the Program and how teachers have to use the naked kids as teaching props.

"I told him I was and then explained how we had virtually shut it down at our school and he was *really* surprised at that. Then he told me that he noticed how his students' overall performance had declined from before the Program started and how many kids weren't concentrating in class, but all teachers were required to follow the Program curriculum and it left very few options to deviate from the planned lessons. Roger, I don't know... We changed things at our school; how can we change the whole damned country now?"

“Hey, that reminds me, I wonder how that Tenth Amendment challenge is doing?” Roger commented. “I think I still have Capt Donelley’s email, I’ll shoot him a question about it.”

Later Roger reported: “So I sent an email; we’ll see if he gets back to us. But listen, you know what I found? A whole damned website devoted to the Program and kids can write up their experiences on a forum and tell about problems and stuff that’s happening in their schools! You gotta see this!”

All three of the teens hurried the six steps to Roger’s cramped bedroom and crowded around his computer.

“How are they keeping that site up?” Tom wondered. “The feds have shut down every other site up till now.”

“There’s a blog on the site. One of the entries says what they are doing to stay on line. Look, it’s here. They’re doing this tech stuff with proxy servers and hiding the location of the computer system that has the website on it. I didn’t think that anyone could hide a server on the web—I thought if you know its address, you can find it.”

“Normally that’s true,” Tom mused. “But this is really clever, how they set it up—they’re doing it like the way the dark web works. There’s gotta be an organization behind this; it’s way too sophisticated for one or two people to run.”

“But look at the forum here, and those articles they call ‘First Person’ stories,” Roger went on. “I read a few and some are just awful. I saw two that mention suicides that were almost certainly because of the Program at those schools, and lots of kids talk about kids they know who were hospitalized. A number on anxiety drugs, like, um, Sandra? Remember her? And Dee mentioned kids on drugs at Central too. Before I got you in here, I scanned through several pages of these posts and none says anything good about the Program in their school—stands to reason, I guess, though.”

“Say, I wonder if the info here might be a good source for our Intro to Ed class,” Cynthia exclaimed. “If we’re supposed to cover educational standards—turn the tables on the Program by exposing its negative effect in achieving effective classroom management, meeting learning expectations, crap like that. If I can get the high school teachers to give me or show me pre- and post-Program class grades... Yeah, that’d be really cool. Maybe we could use the forum there to see if the kids who write those posts could get similar info from their schools. Wow, that could turn into a kind of study, right? Hey, let’s do it! This is the kind of thing we were trying to do in the spring but were stymied because we couldn’t find contacts.”

“Damn, the people who set this up are geniuses,” Roger said reverently, as he paged through the forum posts. “See, we can categorize the kinds of problems by setting up search filters like this...” he demonstrated, “and see the posts that show up. These are all about forced humiliation. Let’s try forced sex... Okay, see, there are these. Man, this is really powerful. We need some kind of plan, though, or else we’re not going to have coherent results. Let’s figure out what this study is supposed to do, okay? Shit, I can’t move... you guys gotta get out so I can get off the damned bed!”

“Bring the laptop out here,” Tom called from the kitchen table. “At least we’ve got four chairs here. We need more room,” he groaned.

Ayame and Tom were fascinated with the idea of gathering grade data and volunteered to help with that work; Tom said he had made friends with a few students at his school who were strongly anti-Program, one

whose sister had been raped when she was in the Program, and he thought they would want to help with anything that could show the social damage that the Program was causing.

That evening, the group came up with a plan to collect, as best as they could, information on two elements that the website could help in collecting. First, quantitative data on class performance would be sought. They realized that this information could be made up, but they decided that their message asking for the information would stress the fact that providing false data would be detrimental to the survey and do severe harm to its veracity. Second, a list of adverse social and psychological consequences as reported in the forum posts would be compiled, showing the frequency of reports of these occurrences.

Tom texted his friends with a brief summary and said he'd talk to them about the project the next day.

The following day, Roger and Cynthia mentioned their survey to a few friends who were in their Intro to Ed class; they were very interested in it too and at lunch, the twins filled them in on the project.

"You know I just began observing at Merritt High," Cynthia told their friends.

"Yeah, after lunch I need to start my high-school rotation," Rhonda replied. "And they have the Program—my high school hadn't started it yet. I heard what you said about the bio class you were in. No shit, they made the kids do that to each other?"

"Yeah. I was hurtin' for those kids, too. That's what this survey's about—how it disrupts classes and learning," Cynthia responded.

"Well, I guess I'll see it first-hand in a half hour," Rhonda said, and then Cynthia got a text from Tom.

"*mt u @ mitchs w/group about pgm 4pm?*" referring to Mitch's Coffee House, a popular college hangout that they frequented. She replied, "*c u then*."

Rhonda and two others from their group said that they were able to go and would meet the others there. The twins arrived a little after 4 p.m. and found a group of six, four girls and two guys, talking to Tom, and after they joined the group, three more guys arrived, followed by Rhonda and the others.

Tom looked around. "I think this is everyone who's interested in this project from Polytech."

"And also from Avery," Cynthia added. "There were two more gals interested in helping but couldn't make it, so I'll fill them in. Let's introduce ourselves."

When Rhonda introduced herself, she mentioned that she had just come from Merritt High School and had observed a psych class there, and four kids in the class were naked and in the Program.

"The teacher started the class and told them that there wouldn't be a Relief time because of the topic of that lesson. Then he ordered the entire class to strip naked! A number refused, so he gave them an ultimatum, if they didn't get naked, they would get zeros for participation for the whole week. Still three girls and two boys refused, so he gave them detention slips and sent them to the assistant principal.

"Then he looked at me—and told me that even though I was an observer, he needed one more girl because there was an extra boy in the class, so I had to strip too! I answered, 'In your dreams. I'm not one of your students.' He shrugged and paired up the students by boy and girl and paired that extra boy with me. He had

all of the kids push the desks aside and form a circle in the empty space, standing boy-girl. I came up and stood there, not in the circle, but just outside it, and the boy stood next to me.

“Then he had each girl around the circle count off and he said that he’d refer to each girl-boy pair by their number. He explained that the project was to demonstrate the differences in response to sexual stimulation and the first step was for the boy to fondle his paired girl’s nipples! I instantly returned to my seat at the back of the room and sat, even though the teacher tried to get me to join in. The boy didn’t know what to do and looked around like he was lost. The teacher didn’t seem to know either, but then he told the kid to find a girl and fondle her other tit.

“After a couple of minutes, the girls were asked what they felt in stimulation on a scale of 1–5, none to maximum. Then the boys were asked to turn to the girl on his other side, and that girl was to fondle the boys’ nipples. The teacher repeated this, every two minutes, and progressed, alternating the boy-girl pairs, to sucking nipples, fingering pussies and cocks and then to pussy-licking and blow jobs! When it came to the fingering parts, many girls balked, but at the oral parts, though, lots of kids just flat-out refused and the teacher just had them do the fingering with the other partner. And that lonesome boy was truly the odd-man-out.

“The teacher was keeping the couples’ scores on the board and I couldn’t make out head or tail what the numbers meant—it all looked so random. A few of the boys spouted but the teacher didn’t give much time, so when the class ended, lots of the boys had to dress still sporting hardons, shit, the complaints, and the moaning, and grousing! So after the class I asked the teacher what the lesson objective was supposed to be. He was evasive and said that it demonstrated how sexual excitement progressed according to how directly the sexual organs were stimulated.

“So I pointed to the numbers on the board and asked him to show me, using those numbers, how that the lesson objective was met. He looked at them and tried to find some relationship but couldn’t, and then came up with a lame excuse that the kids weren’t truthful in reporting their amount of stimulation! I had to laugh at that! I told him that this was a hare-brained excuse of a psych lesson and challenged him to prove to me otherwise; at that point I didn’t fuckin’ care what kind of report about me he was goin’ to send to our prof. I had taken a photo of the numbers on the board and with my notes from that session, I’m gonna skewer that particular lesson in my report about it. That’s why I’m so interested in what Cindy and Roger are trying to do.”

Roger looked around at the others who had been raptly listening to Rhonda.

“Cindy and I really feel that the Program is causing some terrible damage. Not only psychological damage to an unknown number of vulnerable kids, but damage to the learning settings in school. How can a bunch of horny kids—walking around being sexually stimulated all day—and then get lessons like Rhonda saw in that class—be expected to learn anything? So that’s what this stuff we’re trying to do is all about. The effect of the Program on kids’ learning and on any mental and social problems it causes.”

The project was discussed and thoughts and suggestions were offered, hammered out, and finalized, and after about 90 minutes, an overall plan was developed. Several people would work the forum and post requests on it, offer advice for how to get teacher cooperation to get grade data, and contact the website’s operators through its internal messaging function to explain their project, hoping that they would blog about it.

Another, larger group, the Polytech kids, would sift through the forum postings and categorize the various kinds of Program problems mentioned in the posts, separating them into first-hand and second-hand accounts. Everyone exchanged contact information, and one of the girls in Tom's group offered to set up a private, password-accessible site in her college webspace with a database to collect the results.

That evening Roger found an email from Capt Donelley.

"Donelley replied, guys. He had good news and bad news, naturally. First, the good. Riverside County is holding Cirota on charges of second-degree murder; he had provided Ayame's name to the kidnappers after having added her name to the Program list. Since she was not eligible to be in the Program, her kidnapping wasn't what they called a 'Program detainment,' and since he ordered her to be removed from the school, he's a kidnapping accomplice. Also, two of the kids they rescued from the torture office were over 18, so those people who were running that place don't have the Program law to protect them from kidnapping charges in addition to all the other charges against them. Their trials are set for January and Cirota's is a few months later."

"Way cool," Tom pumped his fist. "Good to see justice working for once. So what's the bad news?"

"The bad news, his office has dropped the constitutional question. He had contacted the ACLU in LA; they were interested in the idea but they've got a lot of other fish to fry, he says, and they weren't sure if they could put any of their limited resources into a challenge that would likely go to the Supreme Court. He said that he can't do anything from the JA office because the instructions from his chief is that the Marines don't want to be involved in pushing a constitutional issue. He wishes us luck and says it's a great idea and we should try to find a champion to take on the challenge."

"Well, it's another thing we'll just have to do ourselves," Cynthia grinned. "Us against the whole country, right? Lousy odds. That's the Marine challenge, Dad always says. When the odds are impossible, a true Marine finds a way to get the job done. Improvise, adapt, and overcome! So let's do it!"

What the twins weren't expecting was how quickly another challenge would find them.

Chapter 2

That Friday, in their Intro to Ed class, Professor Martins began the lecture with some remarks about the students' reports on their classroom observations.

"The reports you've done so far for your elementary and middle-school class observations are fairly good; but in most cases they lack the full details that you need to support your conclusions. You need to show your thought processes that led you from your observations to your conclusions. Don't assume that your reader can make the connections that you think are obvious. This is important in the future when you need to write a proposal. Connect all the dots, okay?

"Now there were a number of real problems with your high-school observation reports. Obviously you saw that at our two high schools where you're observing, that they're running the Naked in School Program. Show of hands, class, how many of you had the Program running in your high school?"

About half of the students in the class raised their hands.

"Again, how many of you were selected and actually participated in the Program?"

Only eight of the forty-two students in the class raised their hands.

"Okay, then. The problems with your high-school observation reports, for the four students who have observed in the high schools so far, is that you've ignored the additional objectives that the Program imposes on the lesson plan for those classes. This shows that you don't fully understand two things. First, how the Program's objectives need to be integrated into the teaching of the lesson, and second, the effect of being in the Program on the participating students.

"Our faculty has been considering this situation and since the Program will be running in all high schools in the country by next fall, it's essential that you students—you presumably intend to become teachers—that you fully understand those two instructional principles that the Program curriculum imposes. So the School of Ed expects that you students will obtain the required experience in dealing with the Program and the best way is through a first-hand exposure to it, and I mean that literally. Beginning at next class meeting on Monday, and for the remainder of the semester, these classes, lectures, and presentations, will be conducted with you students being naked, and your high-school observations shall be conducted naked as well."

There were loud gasps in the room and shouts of "NO!"

"Also, like in the high schools, we're developing a way for each of you to spend a week in your college classes naked as well, but this is much more logistically challenging to do..."

He was cut off by a number of shouts of objection and a loud clamoring by people trying to ask questions.

"I'm not answering any questions here. This will turn the class into a shouting match. If you have questions, please email them to me..."

Cynthia stood up. "Sir, this is not a question, it's a statement."

"Please sit down..."

"I will not sit. *You* will listen, sir," Cynthia declared as she strode to the front, suddenly radiating an aura of command and authority. "And I mean to speak and will be heard. My comments are for both the class and for you too, sir, and you will *not* interfere, is that completely clear? You may try to fail me for this, but I will expect you to listen, and *listen well*."

Roger had risen too and joined his sister at the front of the room. "Listen to us both, in fact," he added.

Cynthia continued in a louder voice, "Roger and I had been chosen last year to participate in high school for that Program abomination and we *totally* refused to cooperate; first, we are morally opposed to the idea of nudity in public. Second, its effects on the kids who participate have been demonstrably bad in enough cases so as to call its so-called benefits into question. Third, its effects on student learning are as yet undefined but appear to be uniformly negative.

"Now, as far as your requiring us to be naked in this class, both Roger and I categorically refuse. How many of you students will willingly strip for the prof here?"

Everyone in the room wore a stony expression and shaking heads indicated the negative.

"None? Just what I thought. So, Professor Martins, no way am I a lawyer, but I know my rights. First, as an adult, I cannot be deprived of my right for privacy in my person for any reason. My body is private and will remain clothed. Second, if you intend to try to enforce this stupid new rule of yours by using threats of lowering our grades or even failing in the course, I believe that's called coercion—even extortion, and I think that using coercion to compel a person to provide sexual favors, and maybe even to force a person to remove his or her clothes, is a felony, a criminal sexual offense. At least I recall something like that way back when I took a civics class."

"But this is a class requirement..." Martins tried to interject.

Roger broke in, "Whatever rules the university comes up with, those rules have to follow civil law. You can't make up requirements which violate the law, and extortion happens to be illegal."

Cynthia took up the argument. "Here's what I think. Professor, if you don't drop your class nudity nonsense, for the next class meeting, I'll bring a police officer with me. Then when you order a student to strip, the student will say..." she pointed to the class... "class, what will you say?"

"NO!" came the roar.

"Then if you make any statement of coercion or otherwise try to force the issue, I will ask the officer to arrest you for a felonious sexual assault," Cynthia continued. "And possibly also arrest your chairman or dean or whomever told you that you had to use coercive threats."

She turned to the class again. "Guys, Roger and I kind of led a resistance in our high school against the Program and basically got it totally stopped there. Our school couldn't fail anyone or punish anyone because everyone stood firm and they would have had to punish everyone—the entire school. Are we all together in our refusal here?"

"YES!" they shouted.

Professor Martins had no idea what to do to regain control of his class. Nothing like this had ever happened before; he came to class, where he was indisputably in charge; he spoke, students listened respectfully. He ordered that things be done, things were done. Nothing in his academic career had prepared him for the way that these two students had seized control of his classroom, just like that! By nature, he was a mild, non-confrontational person, and his mind was whirling! How could he reassert control?

"Wait!" he cried. "Please, wait; listen to me. At the curriculum meeting where this was discussed, none of us had any idea that there would be such dismay over incorporating the Program objectives into this class. The faculty felt that most of you had experienced the Program, you had become familiar with public nudity, and now you would learn about its operation from the teacher's point of view."

Cynthia interrupted again. "None of you has ever taught in high schools, I bet. Right?"

"No, but..."

"Having just been through high school, and then after my high school observations, and talking to some others who've observed at those schools for this class, and talking to the teachers who had to run the Program in their classrooms, there's a damned *huge* gap between the way those classes *should* perform and the way those classes *actually* perform. Unless you've tried to work with materials like the Program curriculum and its lesson plans seem to have, at least as I understand them, and you try to apply them to the real classroom world with kids whose upbringing and personal morals totally oppose everything that the Program stands for, you'd see how this poses an almost impossible situation for the teacher. I've seen it happen over and over again."

"Let me break in here," Roger said. "As Cindy said, we saw how the Program curriculum failed over and over—in every class. Whenever we asked to have the educational objective explained, that is, the objective of something that the Program required a teacher to do, the answer was always that it was in the required Program curriculum, that they had to follow that curriculum, and some teachers even implied to us that there actually was no valid objective given in the materials that they had to use."

Cynthia resumed. "I know we hijacked your class. We come from a Marine background, you know; our dad is a career Marine, and your announcement just took us by surprise—a surprise attack, if you will. So we responded with a counter-attack, a full beach invasion, to continue that metaphor, which is how the Marines respond when attacked. We mean no disrespect, actually, but we intend that your class nudity nonsense *will absolutely not happen*. In fact, my brother and I and a group of other students—including those from another college—are beginning to do a survey, a project to try to see what we can learn about the true academic effects of the Program on high-school education. A few of the people in this class are working with us and we were kind of planning to include some of the results in our weekly reports for this class."

Now this was an idea that Prof Martins could wrap his mind around. He thought he knew about classroom management; now he wasn't so sure about that. But he certainly knew how to do studies. And a couple of sophomore students were proposing—hmmm, they were sophomores, weren't they? This was a sophomore-level class—they were proposing to undertake a study of such tremendous scope and, indeed, importance, independently? With what resources? How could they collect data? Sophomores, working alone, came up with this while his doctoral candidates were doing research studies on trivial things like the best novels to use to teach 19th century English lit? He had to know more about this!

Martins stuttered, "Um, well, okay, now I think I see... Ah, yes, well, that makes sense now, Miss...?"

“Denison, Cynthia Denison, sir.”

“Ah, thank you. Yes, Miss Denison, your observation report; now it makes much more sense. You really need to learn to connect those dots, you know. Yes, I see your point now and this is an interesting insight; the children’s learning experience, we know, is greatly affected by the learning environment and environmental distractions play a significant role in impeding learning. What your report also mentioned is that loss of focus on educational objectives—wait, that was in another student’s report, wasn’t it? Well, that is also a significant impediment. I must learn more about this study you intend to work on. You say students from other colleges too? My goodness.”

“Um, sir?” Roger said. “Just one other.”

“Well, be that as it may. A student-initiated study of such scope? Ah! Oh, class, about my initial, um, well, er, the naked part. I see that I will need to discuss this in much more detail with the department curriculum committee; there seem to be facts of which we were unaware. The class shall continue as it’s been without change. Now I need to learn more about this study that Mr and Miss Denison mentioned. So if you aren’t involved in their project, you may be dismissed, and any of you who are involved may stay if you want. Thank you.”

There was a smattering of applause and many of the kids who were leaving fist-bumped with the twins or slapped their backs as they left.

“I hope that you would share with me what your study objectives are, your data sources, and how you intend to process the data sets you assemble,” Martins said to the small group that remained. “I take it that this is the group that’s involved?”

“Yes, sir,” Cynthia responded. “There’s also a group from Georgia Polytech. Some are doing data collection and some web-based technical support.”

“Ah, I see... You sure you’re sophomores? You’re incredibly self-assured, young lady.”

“Actually, Roger and I are freshmen. This is our first term.”

“Really? Impressive. I’m burning with curiosity about this project of yours. My research interests lie in development of effective educational objectives and producing curricula to achieve those objectives. In reviewing the Program objectives and then its curriculum, I can discern no connection between the two, but there appears to be no way to study this as a model because of federal refusal to provide any data for such a study. Yet you are embarking on this project, so you obviously have found a way to collect data.”

“Well, a possible way; we hope this works...” Cynthia went on to describe the website that Roger had found and how they had intended, using its forum, to ask for information to be solicited from teachers.

“This is quite unique, I must say,” Martins commented. “A student-initiated study just for the purpose of gaining knowledge. How truly refreshing! My colleagues will be very impressed. Tell me, would you permit me to advise you on some of the elements of your data-gathering? That appears to be the weakest part of your project plan; the way you intend to solicit data from students on the forum to get data from their teachers. It could lead to, well, um, fudging the numbers, shall we say? You would not have what we call a ‘clean data set.’”

“Yeah, we actually wrestled with how to deal with that problem,” Rhonda offered. “So we decided to say up-front that making up the numbers would damage the study more than if it were never done.”

“Good point, and quite accurate,” Martins agreed. “Perhaps I may help in that matter. If you agree, I believe that I can enlist a number of faculty at education schools around the country; I know many excellent people from a number of schools who all have a good relationship with many of their former students, some of whom now teach in high schools. Now I can’t promise much here, because I know that the federal government has gagged teachers under the threat of prosecution, but from what you say, this website is protected from government interference somehow.”

Roger nodded. “Its operators appear to have that problem solved.”

“That’s good then. I propose that I contact my remote colleagues and have them ask their teacher contacts to use that website forum to anonymously post their data. Further, I can work with you to show you the kinds of information you’d need to get to evaluate the differences between pre-Program and post-Program grades and evaluate it in a statistically valid manner. I think that if their anonymity can be guaranteed, you’d get clean data without having to go through student intermediaries. Does this sound satisfactory to you?”

The members of Cynthia’s group happily agreed and expressed their thanks.

“Again, thank you very much, sir,” Roger said for the group. “How do you want to arrange this cooperation?”

“Well, why don’t we call it a class project? You’ll recall that the syllabus mentions a final paper that summarizes the objectives you studied as they are developed in the classes you observed. I think that if you slightly reorient your approach in your study as you described it earlier, it would fit my course quite well. And we can use my office hours to meet to plan and evaluate the study’s progress. But we’re leaving out your colleagues from Polytech.”

“We can keep them filled in and they’re doing the more qualitative part of this, anyway, sir,” Cynthia remarked. “They’re compiling descriptive materials, not the statistical data. But the piece you’re helping with was the most troublesome and we really appreciate it.”

“Yes, well, I was startled at how swiftly you just took over my class—your metaphor was very astute, young lady; it did feel like an invasion. Two people only, but still... Tell me, is that what Marines teach their children?”

Cynthia laughed. “Well, sir, I have no way of comparing how I was raised with how other kids are raised, really, but I guess my brother and I kind of model our behavior on our dad. He’s a no-nonsense guy, direct and forceful, and it gives him this natural air of authority that people automatically obey.”

“Well, I certainly felt that from you, I must say. How you just took over. Do you give lessons in doing that, by any chance?” He laughed. “I suppose I should be annoyed, or even angry. But actually you taught me a real lesson, Miss Denison. Two of them. Don’t ever take your students for granted, which I’m afraid I’ve been prone to do, and that a teacher should always keep an open mind and consider the student’s point of view. If you’d like to come to my office at 3:30 for my class office hours time, we can plan the data-gathering; will that work?”

They agreed to meet then, those students who were available at that time. Then they left the classroom. As they passed out of earshot of the room, Roger spoke.

“Wow, Cindy! That was fuckin’ awesome the way you used your command voice to take control of the class there. You were really channeling Dad, right?”

“Hee, hee,” she giggled, “Uh, uh. Not Dad. Mom. A Marine mom’s command mode. An NCO’s command promises only severe pain. A Marine mom’s command promises instant death!”

They all laughed at her comment as Roger, grinning, gave her a little side hug, and said, “*Oo-rah!*”

Cynthia chuckled, “Very appropriate, Rog. With the Marines’ battle cry, we’re off to war!”

The group broke up laughing and went their various ways.

Chapter 3

When Cynthia got back to the apartment after basketball practice late that afternoon, she discovered Tom and Roger hard at work sifting through the Program website forum posts, categorizing the kinds of descriptions of kids' reported adverse effects and copying the results to their own database files on the Polytech server.

"Wow, why all that frantic activity? That stuff'll be there; there's no need to get it copied off..." she began.

Roger looked up. "We've got a possible problem and maybe a change of plans. Tom heard that the feds found the server and will have this site shut down before Monday. So we're trying to find the hottest stuff and get it saved before the site goes away."

"Maybe the TV news'll have something," Tom said as he got up and embraced and kissed her. "Hi, lover, missed you lots today."

While they ate, the news came on and the three kids turned their attention to the report when they heard the word "Program" mentioned.

"...Program, which you've heard about unless you've been living under a rock for the past two or three years. Don has this tidbit of titillating national news."

"Thanks, Jean, but for once this news about the Program isn't titillating. The Office of Social Awareness, the federal agency which runs the Naked in School Program, announced this afternoon that they have become aware of what they term an 'illegal pirate website' which is providing inaccurate, false, misleading, and sensational information about the Program's operation in schools around the country. Our network sources report that the Social Awareness office has contacted every high school, asking that each school administration inform its students that if the student accesses what they refer to as that 'illegal' website, they are committing a federal crime and they promise to arrest and prosecute all students who visit it. They have also assured school officials that the site will be shut down before Monday, and all contributors to the site will be identified and punished.

"The tech people at our studio have been trying to find the site for the past four days, when we first heard about it, and we still can't locate it, Jean, so it's unclear if the feds have been any more successful than our tech people."

"Don, do we know if the government can carry out those threats, then?"

"We asked that question of Dr Morris Johnson, chair of the Department of Information Technology at Georgia Polytechnic. Here's what he had to say in an interview this afternoon."

> "Dr Johnson, I'm Don Ferris of WAPM News, thanks for speaking with us. You heard about the government's claim about the Program website they refer to as a 'pirate' site. We can't locate where it is physically—geographically—located."
>
> "Don, that's right. The site operators have used technological tools to mask the site's location; it's quite sophisticated, really, and implies that the resources of a large technical organization were used to set that operation up."

"How is that even possible? Doesn't the user of every website have to register—it's with ICANN, right? Internet Corporation for Assigned Names and Numbers?"

"True, Don, for all private-sector websites. And this is one of those. But to register the site, the operator's used shell corporation names and addresses. There are actually physical offices at the registered addresses but it seems that no one is physically present at those locations, but it's been set up following all the rules despite that. I'm aware of some internet security firms who are very interested in talking with the people who set up that operation."

"Then, sir, do you think that the government can make good on its promise to shut the site down?"

"Well, I don't see how. The server's certainly not in the U.S. But that leaves the rest of the world for the feds to search; even if they found the country where the server is located, they'd have to bring diplomatic pressure to bear—but I'd bet that with an operation this sophisticated, they've got it mirrored—that means a duplicate server—elsewhere, in another country, as a backup, and the sophistication of this operation implies that they could move their servers around at will. So, no, I believe that shutting them down is a hollow threat."

"Thank you for those fascinating details, Dr Johnson."

"Glad I could help, Don."

"So you see, Jean, that this website is probably immune from government interference, and now if you would like some real titillation, and have a strong stomach to boot, you too can see what the government is all in a snit about. Just visit the site and begin reading, but you've been warned. Don't blame WAPM if what you read horrifies you. Here's a screen-shot of the home page, it's in a blog format, and the current blog article is about this very government shut-down threat. And that's our national news."

"Holy shit," Tom breathed. "I guess we can stand down, right? Wow, that's so cool! Stick it in the eye, you feds! Crap, the more I work on these damned stories of what's happened to these kids, the sicker I get. I owe the two of you big time for what you kept out of our school, guys."

"Yes, I do too," Ayame said; she had come in when the news program was almost over. "Hello, darling," she greeted Roger with a hug and kiss. "Hee, hee, cute how you all huddle over TV."

"Well, look, Ayame," Tom groused. "See how little space there is here? Can't turn around without banging into someone. Lucky we're such great friends."

"Yeah, we really need to find a larger place," Cynthia sighed. "But we're stuck here till the summer when the lease is up. Oh, well. Yeah, there's no rush to copy all that stuff now, so relax."

"Well, that gives us a little time to play this weekend, right?" Tom asked with a twinkle in his eye.

"Uh, oh," Cynthia said as she looked at him. "I know he's got something up his sleeve when he gets that look..."

"I was just thinking, while it's still warm, and while our class load is still reasonable, we could go somewhere and catch a few rays of sunlight," Tom went on.

“You mean at a nudist place,” Cynthia finished for him.

“Well, why not? You enjoyed it the last few times when we squeezed in those last visits during this summer.”

“Where did you find a place?” Roger asked.

“Only about an hour-and-a-half away, actually. And the daily grounds fees are great for college students; we just need our student IDs. We can even stay overnight. It’s free if we bring our own tents but there are rentals on site that are pretty cheap too.”

“Did you meet someone who told you about the place?” Cynthia asked. “Some cute girl?” she asked, with an evil expression.

“Yeah, this naked girl came up to me in the cafeteria and told me that I looked like I was a nudist and she had just the camp for me,” he joked. “You’re the one who gets to fraternize with all those naked kids all the time now, not me. I’m getting lonely for some nice nude flesh.”

“So I’m not good enough for you every night anymore, bub?” Cynthia mock-scowled.

“Oh, my god. You damn near wear it out every night and you know it, Cyn,” Tom gasped.

Ayame giggled, “Yes, and you keep us up too. You must learn to keep quiet.”

Cynthia looked at her and laughed. “Sweetie, Tom and I get off just listening to you gasp and moan and cry. Listening to the two of you making love is the fuckin’ sexiest thing I’ve ever heard,” she snickered, while Ayame blushed and hid her face in her hands.

Their visit to the local resort that weekend was memorable and they met two other student couples who were enrolled at Avery.

Monday began the new basketball and swimming intensified training regimen and the twins had to be at the athletic complex early each morning for talks, exercise, and meals with their teams. They would have limited time each day during the season, and they would receive their assignments and course work through their academic liaisons when games took them away from campus for more than a day.

Monday afternoon, as Cynthia was getting ready to leave Merritt High after observing another class where the Program had again played a prominent part of the lesson, she was musing about her discussion with the teacher after the class about the validity of an educational objective that expected a girl to allow a classroom full of boys to feel the texture of the inside her vagina and to try to locate her G-spot. She had to intervene in that lesson, pointing out to an incredibly grateful girl and a highly annoyed teacher that, according to the Program rules, any penetration of the body had to be completely voluntary. She pointed out that a boy’s finger was just as improper of a penetrating object as a pencil or even a boy’s penis.

After the class was over, the teacher threatened to report her interference and told Cynthia that he would make a request not to let her observe in that class again. After speaking to the teacher, Cynthia left the classroom and began walking down a corridor leading to the staff parking area when she heard muted sounds of distress coming from behind a closed door. It was apparently an art classroom and seemed empty

when she peeked through the window in the door and then she heard a muffled squeal from inside and faint cries of “Stop! stop!”

Cynthia pulled the door open and saw the source of the cries. Hidden from view from the door and beyond a room divider, there were two boys, naked from their waists down, struggling with a naked girl, trying to hold her down on a divan while one was trying to climb on top of her. She had a makeshift gag tied around her face but it had been pushed askew during her struggles and she was calling for help now, as she rolled, twisted, and kicked at the boy who was trying to mount her.

Cynthia yelled at them to stop and they both reared up and looked at her amazed. They were big guys, Cynthia realized, well over 200 pounds, maybe football players. The two grinned evilly at her.

“Ah, fresh meat,” the closer one said. “You hold that one and I’ll grab this little morsel.”

He stalked closer to her and Cynthia assumed a defensive posture. “Come no closer, bub. You do, and you’ll wake up in the hospital.”

“Yeah, sure, gal. I don’t see the backup army you’d need to stop me. Come to me, my pretty,” he said as he rushed at her to grab her.

His momentum was all that Cynthia needed to lift that large amount of weight. She grabbed his outstretched arm, twisted around as she pulled his arm over her shoulder and levered his bulk onto her back and bent over, and pulled down hard as he hit the floor on his back. Hit it hard, with no pad to break his fall. As his arm twisted, Cynthia felt something give, she felt it pop and he shrieked in pain.

“*Ah*,” she thought, “*dislocated shoulder. He’ll be out*.”

The other boy was staring openmouthed at his mate lying on the floor and released his hold on the girl.

“Go get help!” Cynthia yelled at her and startled, she jumped up and ran out as Cynthia advanced on the other guy.

“Let’s you and me play now, okay?” she snarled at him through clenched teeth. “You like to play with defenseless girls? Try me. Come on...”

The guy was stupid. He came. He reached for her and she grabbed him in a judo hold, kicked his legs out from under him, and came down on top, putting him into a choke hold. In competition, it’s a totally illegal hold, but it’s extremely effective as it completely immobilizes the opponent. She increased the choke on him.

“You were trying to rape her. You kidnapped her, gagged her, and were goin’ to rape her, right?”

“Leggo...” he tried to gasp. “Can’d breazee...”

“Hmmm, should I go all the way? Let you suffocate?” She pulled harder. “Make you suffer like that poor girl? Maybe I’ll just break your neck.”

“Noooo...” he moaned. “sdaaaahp...”

Just then a teacher ran into the room. “What’s... OH!”

Cynthia spoke evenly, “Caught them trying to rape a girl. That one’s out. This one’ll be out in a few seconds,” she said as she pulled her hold a little tighter, then released it, and with the heel of her hand, clipped him hard in the jaw, snapping his head back.

She stood up. “He’s out, probably fifteen-twenty minutes, I’d guess.”

“Holy shit, what did you do?” the teacher exclaimed. “Those guys are on the football defensive line. You took them both?”

“Pussycats. Try to rape a little girl, get what you deserve. Say, isn’t the punishment for assaulting a Program participant a mandatory prison term? It was in California.”

Then a cop came into the room, the school resource officer, followed by the principal, and then the girl, escorted by the nurse and wrapped in a blanket. She was shivering. She ran up to Cynthia, grabbed her, and began crying.

“Ohmygod, thank you, thank you, thank you... OH! You were observing in one of my classes! Oh, how can I ever thank you? Those guys—they said they raped another girl last week and got away with it, they had alibis from football team members... Oh, thank you...”

Cynthia turned to the principal. “Sir, you in charge here?”

“I’m Principal Leeds. Thanks for stopping that attack.”

“Well, Mr Leeds, you’ve got a real problem here. Your damned Program is out of control if this is happening. I suggest you let the police try to see if they can find the students who gave the false alibis, I think they’d be accessories to a crime, right?”

The cop had cuffed one of the guys on the floor and stood up.

“Accessories to rape. Same penalty as rape, actually, with the Program,” he told Cynthia.

Five minutes later, a crew arrived with ambulance gurneys and began working on them. As Cynthia thought, the first one had a shoulder dislocation, they thought a possible fractured pelvis too, and the second had a concussion.

The officer asked the girl to ID the boys and he took the cloth that had been used as a gag and bagged and labeled it. Then another cop came in.

He spoke to the first officer and then went over to Cynthia, pulled out a recorder, and asked for her statement. She told him, briefly and unemotionally, how she had come upon the assault and immobilized the boys.

“Damn, miss, they both probably weigh more than double your weight. What the hell did you use? Injuries to the shoulder, pelvis, and a concussion? On damned football players?”

“Judo, that’s all. I did warn them...”

“Oh, she did!” the girl cried. “She told them that when they woke up it would be in the hospital! I couldn’t believe what she did—that guy tried to grab her and she just threw him like he weighed nothing and he was out cold!”

The teacher spoke up then. “When I came in, she had the second guy in some kind of hold on the floor and he could barely move. That huge pile of muscle and a little girl holding him down and he couldn’t do a damned thing about it. Then she got up, clipped him on the jaw, and he was out, just like that.”

The two cops stared at Cynthia in awe. “Shit, miss, they taught us a little judo stuff in the academy, but to do this to guys twice as big—and two of them; goddamn, hope I don’t get on your bad side,” one commented. “Okay, we have your statement; I’ll need your contact info for the DA and we’ll see where it goes next. Meanwhile, we’ll need to see about those kids who gave the rape alibis. Thanks, Miss Denison.”

The girl was still holding onto Cynthia, so she put her arm around her.

“C’mon, let’s go to the nurse’s office. Did they hurt you, like physically? Did he penetrate you at all?” she asked as she walked the girl out with the nurse trailing behind.

She was still crying. “No, he didn’t stick it in. I feel some bruises. This was my first day in the Program and I was so scared and then this happened...”

Cynthia spent another half hour comforting the girl in the nurse’s office and then her parents arrived to take her away; the police wanted her checked out at the hospital but she wanted her parents to take her. They spent some time gratefully thanking Cynthia. The girl’s father was an attorney, a partner at a fairly large legal practice in Atlanta, and he gave Cynthia his card.

“We owe you big time, my dear,” he told her, “so if you need any legal services, please, please, let me help you with them, you hear? Janice says you’re her hero and that makes you our hero too.”

Chapter 4

The following day, after their Intro to Ed class ended, Prof Martins stopped Cynthia; he wanted to speak to her.

"So, Miss Denison, I hear from your Merritt High School observing class teacher that you are disrupting his class, and then I hear from Principal Leeds that we have to send more students like you; you stopped a rape from happening. Whatever am I to make of this?"

"Sir, that the damned Program is all eff-ed up, you'll excuse me. In the biology class, that damned teacher was trying to have the boys feel inside the girl's vagina—dirty fingers, no gloves, whatever—to try to feel her G-spot, plus she's a virgin, and the Program rules specifically say that participants don't have to permit penetration. The teacher didn't care, and the poor girl was so out of her mind scared and so intimidated that she couldn't defend herself. Hell, if she got an internal infection, it could wreck her entire life, and the teacher just didn't give a damn. I called him on it after the class, asked him how that fulfilled a Program objective, and he just blew me off.

"And the attempted rape incident, that was an example of improper supervision and coddling of football team members. The thugs involved apparently had raped a girl the previous week and got away with it; the administration apparently was trying to bury the incident because I found out that they didn't report it to the police, they just accepted an alibi given by the thugs' friends. Both incidents were Program failures. You see why my little group is trying to fight back? This is just so evil, it needs to stop."

"Ah, well, I wonder if you should continue in that biology class..."

"Well, sir, if you let the principal know that you prefer that I stick with it, then the teacher couldn't object, right?"

"Certainly, you're quite correct. If that's what you want, then."

"I feel like I'm that class's protector now, in some way, I think," Cynthia mused. "Yeah, I'll stick it out."

After Cynthia left class, Roger caught up with her. He had been talking with some of the Program study group about the responses they had begun to get from Prof Martins' contacts. Because of their team practices and games, the twins had delegated most of the coordination of the data collection to the others in their class.

"Cyn, looks like there'll be a good response from Martins' contacts. Almost everyone who he contacted wanted to help get the data from the high-school teachers they'd kept in touch with," he told her. "Hey, you know my high-school observation assignment starts tomorrow."

"What school?"

"Parkside. Not Merritt."

"Well, I sure hope their version of the Program is more humane. The way they treat the kids at Merritt...." Cynthia mused.

"We'll see. Their principal wants to meet me first. Did you have to talk to Merritt's?" he asked.

"No. And I should have asked to see him, in retrospect. I would have told him about our high school's version of the Program and told him that I wouldn't stand by if I saw something harmful going on."

"Yeah, and that's just what I plan to do, sis. Say, Tom said he'd pick me up at Parkside after my class observation tomorrow. I'm riding there with someone else and Tom said he'd wait in the staff lot for me and then we're meeting with the Polytech group on our study project. You've got practice again later, right? So do I, so see ya later, okay?"

"Wait!" Cynthia called. "Text from Tom. He says there was an incredible TV news report about the Program—a major blowup happened!"

"Cyn—we're near the Comm Arts Building—let's get over there and look at their TV news feed!"

They dashed over to the building and had to push their way in; the place was mobbed. Everyone was shouting about a major Program scandal and after a few minutes, a voice spoke over the announcement speakers.

"We'll replay the tape from the press conference from Attorney General Minner's office that aired earlier today. There will be a full report on the six p.m. news. Here is that report."

> "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 ..."

There were some more details mentioned but the crowd noise drowned it out until someone shouted "QUIET" and they could hear again.

> "...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."

The hubbub rose again but again was hushed.

> "...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..."

Once again the racket rose to drown out the speakers and soon it was clear that the statement had ended. People were shouting at each other incredulously as they realized the import of the news. Even though

many had missed hearing parts of the broadcast, it was clear that the Program office had been subverted into a criminal enterprise, it was being used to kidnap children for some kind of sex-slave ring.

Cynthia grabbed Roger. “Oh my god,” she exclaimed. “The kidnappers at our school... Ayame... my god...” she began.

“Yeah, maybe, but probably not, you know? That was a private contractor—they were brainwashing the kids, making child porn, but not keeping them, right? So that was a little different. But the same idea. Maybe the rings had some connection but maybe not. It’s worth a mention, though. Maybe I’ll email Capt Donelley later and suggest it; he’d know who to pass that along to.”

“Shit, one thing, then another, just keeps coming,” Cynthia groaned. “Say, maybe this’ll kill the Program now? I hope?”

“Cyn, there are enough entrenched interests involved that I doubt it’ll die that easily,” Roger said bluntly. “Say, what I bet’ll happen is the stranglehold on information will be broken and doing stuff like our study will be much easier. Also if they break up the Program agency, then the federal mandatory rules will probably get changed. Could see lots of changes.”

“Yeah. We’ll watch the news tonight to hear the full report, that’s for sure.”

The following day, Roger met with the principal of Parkside High, Dr Hughes.

“Mr Denison, I find it useful to meet with our observing college students to set some ground rules for our expectations of you, for you to learn some background about our classes, and for you to ask any questions that might have occurred to you.”

“Yes, sir, go ahead.”

Hughes went over some basic information about the classes in his school, mentioned that the Program was operating in the school, and ended with a cautionary note.

“You might feel the urge to become involved in the class or interrupt in some way but I’ll caution you up front that you are not to involve yourself in the class at all. You are an observer only, is that completely clear?”

“It’s clear, sir. I want to hear the rest of your orientation. But a burning question I have is about the Program itself. In light of yesterday’s news, are you stopping it?”

“We don’t plan any changes until we hear from the state education department, so no, there’ll be no changes so far.”

“Okay, thanks, please go on, but I need to tell you that I have my own expectations to discuss after you finish.”

“Oh, really? You have expectations of us?”

“Of course, sir. I’m here to learn. Isn’t it a fundamental expectation that by my observing the teaching here, that expectation would be met? That’s an example, okay?” Roger responded.

“Well then. Here’s some information about the two classes that you’ll be observing in...” Hughes continued.

When he finished, he asked if Roger had any questions. Roger told him that his primary concern was getting what he needed for his course, that was seeing how the high school class objectives were met through the material presented in the daily lessons.

“But, sir, the biggest problem I’ve seen, both in my own high school and what I’ve heard about in other schools, is the conflicting objectives imposed by the Program on the class’s teaching objectives. I’ve seen that frequently the Program ones supplant the primary objectives of the class and that impedes learning. I’m interested in seeing how your school deals with those conflicting objectives. Of course, all that may soon change, but for now it’s an important matter.”

“That’s a thoughtful issue. The best I can say is that the feds mandate the Program curriculum and the teachers try their best to incorporate it into their lesson plans.”

“And some teachers do that better than others, obviously, just as some teachers are more competent than others, you could finish, right?” Roger asked.

“Certainly. But you mentioned your own expectations?”

“I did. I’m adamantly opposed to the Program, its basic idea and the way it’s been run everywhere I’m familiar with. I opposed it in my high school and even helped in almost stopping it from running. Practically no one in the school participated...”

“Impossible! The feds mandated...”

“Sir, let me finish. I assure you we stopped it. The entire student body stood firm. After the first week, the very few kids who were in the Program did it totally voluntarily and we had zero occurrences of things like Reasonable Requests, Relief, and virtually no use of students as human experimental objects.”

“I don’t see how...”

“Simple. Everyone just refused. There were a few cases of attempts at forced compliance, but the students matched force with greater force, so to avoid severe injuries, forced coercion was dropped very quickly. Other coercive threats were also ignored, so the administration had no choice but to give in and accept the limits that the students would accept.”

“Fascinating... so how does this apply here?” Hughes asked.

“Simple. I’ll be observing, of course. But if I see something happening in class that will result in a personal injury—any harm to a child, or a violation of a Program rule, I will move to stop it. I will tolerate, perhaps, a little embarrassment, but much less will I tolerate egregious humiliation, and anything that has the potential for injury I will stop immediately.”

“But things like that don’t...”

“Sir, please. You don’t see what happens in classes; I’ve spoken to people who have. Here’s an example of what the Program does that has the potential for causing injury—not physical injury, but severe injury nonetheless. Do you record classroom demonstrations that show sexual activity among students?”

“Well, that’s part of the Program. Certainly.”

“I assume for so-called ‘instructional purposes.’ What happens to those recordings—the ones that show the kids engaging in sex acts? Think of the effect on the kids’ lives if these recordings surface after those kids grow up. The psychological or even economic effects for those kids in the recordings.”

“The files are wiped after the term, or any DVDs are shredded.”

“But what prevents bootleg copies from being made?”

“We actually have an AV system in place that prevents that. The recordings are digital, saved on a dedicated system, and it takes two people to access those files. The system is not connected to our school’s intranet and the only way to see the files is to play them to a monitor or connect an external copying device right at that server. I’m comfortable with that level of security, actually.”

“Good, you did think about that issue,” Roger replied. “But I hope you understand my concerns. There are some teachers who get carried away with the Program and take things too far.”

“Is that all, then? Okay, it’s been a interesting conversation, Mr Denison, and I hope you profit from your observations at our school.”

“Thank you, sir. Looking forward to it.”

Roger’s science class observation was to be in Health and Psychology. As he walked around the school, he noticed a fairly large number of naked kids. He stopped into the gym to watch a class in progress and again saw a significant number of naked students engaged in the activities. He had about fifteen minutes before his class began, so he stopped in the teacher’s break room; two teachers were having coffee. He introduced himself and, curious, he asked about the unexpectedly large number of naked kids he had seen.

One of the teachers responded, laughing, “It is surprising, yeah, but the Program here is said to be ‘kinder, gentler,’ than what it’s like in other places. We’ve had our share of extremely reluctant kids, of course, but the school gives certain incentives for naked participation, even for kids not on the Program. The naked kids get different kinds of incentives and extra time to ‘blow off steam,’ if you get my euphemism, okay? So many more kids get naked, just for the perks.”

“You mean they can get academic perks? They can slack off and use nudity to raise their grades?” Roger asked, incredulously.

“Not really directly,” the other teacher said. “But they get class participation credits and credits for doing things like modeling for art and photography or in science classes—that way it’s voluntary and no one is forced into doing something they really object to. The first year we had the Program, they picked really popular and well-known kids to do it first, and those kids kind of bonded and made their experience into a kind of competition. They gave each other points for doing some outrageous things, actually, and the principal decided to adopt some of their ideas. The good part is that Dr Hughes’ changes resulted in the Program not being a source of student unrest like it is in a lot of other schools I’ve heard about. And the

students put their own twist on it, so that the kids who participate compete for titles like 'Hottest Gal' or 'Studliest Guy,' things like that. So expect to see some wild things while you're here."

"So what about the ones on the Program who don't like the idea? Are they forced to do stuff they object to?" Roger asked.

"Not exactly forced, but there's a kind of peer pressure, actually. The Program kids who do get more involved get special attention by the kids who've already done the Program. They're accepted into their exclusive group where they're treated as kinds of heroes for their putting themselves out there. It's become a status symbol to be in that group and some kids even go naked before they're selected, just to become part of it, so teachers never lack for demo volunteers. So to answer your question, yes, the Program students are expected to volunteer and are encouraged and rewarded for it, but they're not forced."

"Wow, this is really different from any of the other schools I heard about," Roger commented.

"Yeah, it is, but it's not a utopia either. We've had our share of student psychological problems; there are still plenty of kids who strenuously object to participating. For them, they have a really traumatic experience and I've had kids who've had hysteric episodes. Never know who it'll happen to, so that's the bad part."

Then Roger went off to observe the health class. He arrived early and went into the room, looked around in alarm and then at the board.

"Shit," he said to himself, "what a day to pick..."

The room was set up with a three-inch pad covering a low platform, about six feet square, in the center of the room, and mats were arranged in a circle around the platform. On the board was written, "Sexuality Practical: Coital Methods and Variations."

Then the teacher came in, saw Roger, and went over to him.

"You're observing today? Well, you'll have a lot to see; this is a sophomore class and it's a practical course that covers sexual intercourse," she said. "Oh, I'm Rebecca Saunders and you're Roger Denison? Nice meeting you. This class is one of two Program electives; sophomores must take one or the other elective. Class participation is voluntary for this one; the other class is on digital and oral sex and student participation in that class is required. For this class, students taking the class sign up as volunteer models and others in the class can join in the demo too. We get volunteer models from other grades in this class too. Oh, and these classes are conducted with everyone in the room being naked, so get yourself ready for when the children arrive."

"Ah, Miss Saunders, sorry, no nudity for me."

"Oh? But it's required... You have to be naked so the class will accept your being here..."

"Dr Hughes stressed to me that I was not to get involved in any class that I observed. They'll just have to ignore me."

"I'll need to check to see if you can stay. I need to call him."

"Go right ahead. But whatever he says, I will not disrobe under any circumstances."

She used the classroom's phone and at the end of her call, Roger heard her say, "Well, if he's not naked, that might bother some of the students, but if you say so, it's okay, I guess."

She hung up and told him, "He said you need to stay in the back and keep quiet."

Roger watched, incredulous, as the events began to unfold. The students began to come in and began stripping—that is, those who were wearing clothes. About half of them were already naked. Then he watched in amazement as the teacher stripped too!

"Wow, she's a doll," he thought. "Nice rack, shaved pussy, great figure."

The kids all sat down on their mats ringing the platform and Saunders gave a short introduction.

"Okay, students, today's models are going to show us the basic intercourse positions, and after that, any of you students here may come up and try some of the positions yourselves."

One of the girls in the class raised her hand and Saunders called on her.

"Why is that guy here in the back still wearing clothes?" she asked as the other kids nodded. "Isn't everyone supposed to be naked here?"

Saunders shrugged and replied, "Dr Hughes told me that he's a college student class observer and isn't allowed to participate. So that's why he's still clothed."

As she was speaking, a guy carrying a professional video camera came in, set the camera down on a table, and pulled a large flat-screen monitor into position. Roger was completely amazed that the class's nudity requirement even extended to the tech guy because when the screen was in place, he shed his clothes as he shot a disapproving glare at Roger. Now naked, the guy picked up his camera, turned it on, set some controls, and the camera's view appeared on the large video screen.

"*Is this a totally weird scene or what?*" Roger thought as he watched, now feeling even more uncomfortable than before. "*I just hate this crap.*"

"We're using this camera to show closeup views of the models' sexual organs as our models copulate," Saunders explained, as the tech finished setting up. "Our first models are Billy and Nora, you kids can come up here now. They're modeling for us for extra participation credit. First they'll do some foreplay and then they'll have intercourse."

Two naked kids stood up from where they were seated and as the girl climbed onto the mat on the platform and sat down; the boy went to stand in front of her. Roger thought that they looked perhaps fifteen.

"*Makes sense; they're sophomores*," he mused.

"You may begin," Saunders told them and Billy stepped up onto the mat; his two-inch cock was a little tumescent but still soft.

Nora crouched in front of him and, with a single long lick, ran the flat of her tongue along the entire length of his cock, which began to rise to become almost five inches in length. Then she flicked the tip of her tongue underneath its crown, making it jump and twitch with each lick of her tongue. Then she crouched lower,

brought her mouth down to the base of his cock, and ran her lips and tongue along the crinkled skin of his ballsack all the way back behind his low-hanging balls to his asshole.

"*Fuck*," Roger moaned silently, "*that looks so hot and look how the camera's view is right in there! And that camera guy's got a hardon too!*"

Roger could see that Billy's balls were actually resting on top of Nora's nose as his cock throbbed against her forehead. Nora pulled back and sucked one of Billy's testicles into her mouth and the camera picked up the image of his precum leaking onto her forehead while his cock was twitching in time with his heartbeat. Nora sucked on one ball and then the other, back and forth, and Billy's legs began shaking as she finally pulled her mouth off his balls, leaving them wet, glistening with her saliva.

Then she sucked his rod into her mouth and Billy groaned and gasped as Nora ran her mouth up and down his shaft. When she pulled her mouth off it and its wet purple head appeared, she lashed it with her tongue and plunged down onto it again. Then Billy pushed her away from him.

"I gotta fuck you now," he gasped.

He grabbed her waist and pulled her down on the mat, kneeling between her spread thighs. Nora gasped in surprise when he looped his arms behind her knees and rolled her body back. The camera showed how that opened her vagina fully to Billy's rock-hard cock and Roger watched as Billy moved his hips over Nora's and sank himself all the way into her, deep into her pussy until their groins met, and Nora gave a little squeal. Her hands were lightly resting on Billy's shoulders as his pelvis began to move, first slowly and steadily into her, but then he picked up his speed and began pounding into her over and over and over.

He leaned down to her chest and started sucking on her nipples and she began making a sexy cooing sounds as he sucked one and then the other tit.

"Shit, Nora, you're so fuckin' tight!" he moaned.

"Ah, Billy, give it to me! Fuck me hard! Shoot your sperm in me!" she gasped back.

The camera zoomed in on her face and chest and the kids watching the screen could tell she was getting really close; her face was all screwed up and a big flush was spreading over her tits.

Then Billy gasped, "Shit, you're squeezin' me..."

It seemed to the watchers that her pussy must have clamped down on his cock because Billy changed the angle of his thrusts and it appeared like her hips were being dragged back and forth by his thrusts. They could see how the flesh around his cock was getting pressed into her, each time he plowed in, and pulled out as his cock slid out, while his balls made wet slapping sounds each time they hit her ass.

Nora started whimpering loudly, urging Billy to pound her harder and he really began slamming his hips straight up and down into her wide-open vagina with total abandon and that stimulation pushed her straight over the edge because she threw her legs into a wide vee and her hips shot up.

She screamed, "Oh fuck, I'm cumming.... god damned cumming... aaahhhh!"

Billy shuddered and gasped, "Oh, shit... me toooo...."

Nora grabbed Billy's head and pulled him down, kissing him hard with plenty of tongue action. Billy took a few more thrusts and shouted as his pelvis jerked and bucked while he pumped a bunch of pulses of cum into her snatch. Nora's body was shaking under him with each of the blasts and it appeared that his cock was bottoming out inside her on every thrust.

They lay there gasping for breath, trying to kiss, and saying how much they loved each other; soon Billy pulled back as the camera zoomed in and captured the image of a big glob of cum and secretions oozing out of Nora's inflamed pussy.

Saunders brought some damp towels and the kids wiped themselves.

"Shit," Roger gasped to himself, "I can see Saunders' slit and it's all red and puffy—she must have been fingering herself!"

"Class, our next pair of intercourse models are Ryan and Jill and they are freshmen. Jill is still a virgin and she's kindly volunteered to have her virginity taken here for the extra modeling credit plus special participation credits. Our models for this intercourse position don't need foreplay since they've been getting ready for this session in the back room, so Ryan has prepared Jill for us."

Saunders walked to a door in the corner of the room and opened it. "We're ready now," she spoke into the doorway. "Doggy pose as we discussed."

Jill walked haltingly out of the back room. She was flushed pink from head to toe. A tiny girl, maybe fourteen years old only, she had little perky A-cup tits, a cute little pooched roundness to her tummy, and a faint dusting of fine brown hair on her mound. She walked to the platform, climbed onto it, knelt onto her hands and knees, spread her legs a little wider than her shoulders, and then bent down, resting her weight on her elbows on the pad. Her back arched down, thrusting her cute little bubble butt up high to expose her slit, which was drooling with secretions. Ryan had trotted after her like the eager little boy that he was, with his rigid four-inch pecker bouncing as he followed her. It was cute cock, it curled in a little arc jutting out from a little blonde bush at its base.

"Ryan, I need you badly," Jill whispered to him as she looked back over her shoulder.

"Wait," Saunders told her. "First we need to show the class your intact hymen; do like I showed you, okay?"

Jill groaned, but used her fingers to spread her labia apart as the camera's view zoomed in, displaying her vaginal portal in detail. Roger could see that her hymen seemed to almost fully obscure the passage it hid.

He thought, "*Damn, that's gonna hurt her—poor kid!*"

When Saunders told the two children to continue, Jill released her hold on her labia and sighed as she watched Ryan drop to his knees behind her and knee-walk in until he was pressed against her crotch from behind. Using the tips of his fingers, he guided his little cock-head up against the cushy, swollen lips shyly covering her pussy's opening. Reaching around and groaning with lust, Jill used her right hand to try to guide him inside.

"Push," she breathed. "Do it fast, I need it so bad..."

The class watched breathlessly as Ryan tensed his ass muscles, grabbed her hips, and thrust forward. She screamed in pain and he pulled back, and pulling her hips swiftly into his groin, he thrust all the way forward again, piercing her hymen and plunging all the way into her channel, completely filling her dripping vagina until his balls slapped against her clit. She shrieked again and yelled at him to stop, but the force of his thrust and the shock of her being completely filled made her fall flat onto the pad with a sudden slapping sound. Her eyes were screwed tightly closed and her face was frozen in a grimace as she rode out the pain lancing through her pelvis. Her torso and her legs trembled as she fought to keep her ass arched into Ryan's groin.

"Ryan... wait... stings, ooohhh..." she moaned. "Ooohh... that really hurt..." After half a minute she started to wiggle her ass a little. "Okay, try moving... but be careful..."

Ryan pulled back; bright red streaks appeared on his cock and then a little blood bubbled out and dripped out onto the mat as he pushed back in and Jill gasped again.

"Ahhh, just fuck me slow now. It's a little better..." she managed to groan breathily.

Her fingers were clutching at the stitching on the mat.

Ryan began pushing his hips back and forth, his thighs were slapping loudly against her bubble butt and his little balls were bouncing against her slit. The two of them were gasping and moaning as Ryan picked up the pace and began fucking her hard. Faster and faster he thrust, his cock was making slurping and squelching noises as he pounded in and out of her tiny hole, and the camera captured the view of a bright pink froth that began bubbling out from where their bodies were joined.

Jill was making a rhythmic squealing gasp with each of Ryan's strokes and managed to arch her torso back up off the mat. Pushing onto her hands now, her palms dug into the mat as she bucked her hips back forcefully to meet each of Ryan's lunges. The two of them were now fucking with total abandon and Jill's whimpers began to develop into urgent demands for release. As the slapping of their bodies grew faster and faster, a light sheen of perspiration began to appear on their bodies. Jill's head lifted and dropped in rhythm with each thrust of Ryan's hips, emphasizing their sawing motions.

Jill's pinkish secretions were still bubbling out of her tight vagina and were now streaming down her thighs and dripping off Ryan's balls. She began howling, demanding her body to give her a release from her pent-up lust. Ryan reached under her, found her clit with his fingers, and began to rapidly thrum them over the sensitive organ as he pounded into her with jackhammer thrusts. Suddenly Jill's body stiffened in response.

"Ahhhh... Oh, oh, that's.... aaahhhh... cumming... ahhhggg ohhhh eeeeaaahhh!" she wailed.

Ryan gasped in a shuddering exhalation as he pounded into her in a few final thrusts and then his cum surged out of him as gush after gush of pink-tinted milky jism was squeezed out around Ryan's cock as his ass cheeks clenched with each spasm. The stimulation of the sensation of pulse after pulse of warmth jetting into her pushed Jill into another series of powerful orgasms. She cried out loudly as her body spasmed and shook again and she collapsed onto the mat, totally spent and satiated. Ryan's cock pulled out and a pink froth oozed out of Jill's no longer virgin love canal. He dropped down beside her, pressing his body against hers as they basked in the afterglow of their release.

Roger tore his eyes off of the spectacle and looked around; a number of kids had paired up on their mats; there were several boy-girl couples locked in passionate embraces, one girl was sitting on a boy's hips, riding her partner's cock with great abandon, while another pair were still involved in a vigorous copulation of their own.

Saunders brought Ryan and Jill some towels to clean up, but Roger couldn't stand the sexual tension any longer; the sights, sounds, and odors were overwhelming his senses.

Saunders was beginning to introduce another couple when Roger approached her and whispered that he had to leave. She grabbed his wrist.

"Stay! Get your clothes off! I need you! Please!" she whispered urgently. "We can show the class how it looks when adults fuck!"

Roger could smell her arousal and pulled away.

"I can't! Gotta go!" and he ran out.

He ran for the staff parking area where he was to meet Tom. As he left the building, he noticed a van parked in the corner of the service drive area and something about its location looked strange. It had pulled up over the curb, quite close to the building, and he suddenly realized that it was parked almost directly outside the classroom where he had been observing. There were a number of objects that looked like antennas projecting out of the side of the van on the building side. The back of the van was facing in his direction, so under cover of the nearby dumpster container, he crept closer.

He was able to come up alongside the van and peek inside. What he saw was startling; inside the vehicle there was what appeared to be a video studio with a number of monitors and he could see the classroom he had just left on two monitors with images of the children on the platform engaging in intercourse while other monitors showed scenes within the room of the other students engaged in sexual activities as well.

"Shit," he thought, "it's another child-porn operation!" He backed away carefully. "What the fuck do I do?" he wondered, and looked around.

He noticed that the service drive passed between two buildings and realized that he could block the van inside the service area if he had a car and parked it crossways in the entrance driveway. He pulled out his phone and called 911, reporting a crime in progress, and then tried calling Tom. Tom answered; he was actually nearing the school.

"Tom, listen. Stop at the service drive entrance. I'll meet you there. Do NOT go into the staff lot. See you."

He snuck out of the service area, ran around the front, and met Tom at the drive entrance.

"Tom, you gotta stop up the drive with your car so a van can't get out. There's a child porn operation going on here and we've gotta stop it!"

"Oh boy, here we go again," Tom muttered. "At least this time I'm dressed! Okay, I see what you mean... let me get into position."

He maneuvered his car and blocked the drive just as the people in the van noticed the activity. Roger told him to get out, take the keys, and run out to the front to meet the cops. As he ran down the entrance drive, the van started up, backed out off the curb, and approached Tom's car; then it stopped and a guy jumped out.

"What the hell are you kids doing? Get that car out of there!" he yelled.

Roger yelled back, "We're stuck! It won't start!"

The guy ran up and looked inside. "Where are the fuckin' keys?" he snarled.

"Must have dropped them under the car when we got out," Roger replied.

The guy dropped, looking under the car.

"Okay, kid, that's it. Quit fuckin' around; gimme the damn keys!"

"I guess my friend must have taken them when he went to meet the tow truck. I don't have them."

The guy tried to see where Tom went and then turned to Roger.

"Okay, kid, here's what you'll do. Call him fuckin' now and get him back here or I'll break your skull, okay?"

"Sorry, that's not happening. I'm waiting for the tow truck."

The guy growled a curse and charged at Roger. With the predictable results, a very messy shoulder throw, messy because the guy landed on his back on rough, gravelly pavement, lacerating his back fairly extensively. The van's driver leaped out at seeing his partner go down and ran toward Roger. He was brandishing a knife.

"You shithead, you're gonna pay for that..." he snarled as he came at Roger.

Roger noticed movement in the drive out of the corner of his eye, so he leaped away from his knife-wielding assailant and glanced in that direction. It was a police car. Roger backed away and dodged as the man came at him again.

"Police! Drop the knife!" came the shout.

The guy made another pass at Roger; this time giving Roger the opening he needed, and Roger took him in a hip throw. The knife went flying. Roger turned to the cops and put up his arms.

"Thanks, officers," he called.

The two cops advanced carefully, pistols drawn but pointed down.

"Don't move, just stay there, keep your hands up, and tell us what's going on," one said from about fifteen feet away.

The two men on the ground were beginning to move and the second cop told them to stay put.

“Those two were filming sex scenes from inside the school. They’ve got a video studio in that van,” Roger explained.

“He’s a liar,” one of them gasped. “We’re video techs and were working on a project here.”

“Just look at what they’ve recorded, officer. I was in the school, in a sex-ed class, and there was a camera person in there working for the school. The recordings the school does are all supposed to be confidential, that’s what the principal told me, and aren’t supposed to be copied. These guys are using some kind of wireless to break the school’s privacy controls. I’ll bet there are accomplices inside, maybe even that camera guy.”

Someone must have notified the school because Dr Hughes appeared just then. Roger repeated his discovery to Hughes, who looked totally shocked.

“See what I mean, Dr Hughes? How the Program gets out of control, and how stuff you think can never happen can happen right under your nose? Do you think Miss Saunders is aware of what’s going on, that she’s being recorded nude and her class is being broadcast outside? Or other classes are getting videos made of them? Did you know that her classroom has all kinds of cameras set up inside, also? I saw that the van had numerous views of the classroom from various angles.”

Eventually the police were able to put together a coherent story. Within a half hour, a police technician confirmed that the recordings in the van contained video images from the classroom where Roger had been observing, plus videos taken in other classrooms as well. The videos had been transmitted using high-quality radio equipment which had been integrated into the school’s video system, and the school’s two AV technologists appeared to be involved, but apparently none of the teachers were. There were many hidden cameras located in various rooms in the school, including the locker rooms and shower areas. And Roger learned that there were a number of other people involved in the operation as well; Parkside High was not the only high school that had been infiltrated, as he eventually found out.

By the time Roger got finished with the police and detectives, had given multiple statements, and spoken to Dr Hughes, Miss Saunders, the school district’s attorney, and assorted others, his extreme sexual high had totally abated. Tom had hung around and, although he had seen virtually nothing, did back up several of Roger’s assertions; besides, Roger was glad for his support. Eventually they got to go home.

Whereupon Roger found that he had become a minor celebrity. Apparently one of the people with whom he had spoken was a reporter.

“College athlete thwarts child-porn ring. Details at eleven,” Cynthia quoted when Roger dragged in, followed by Tom. “What the hell happened, anyway, bro?”

Roger gave the others a summary of his afternoon at Parkside.

“Damn, that was so fuckin’ hot... If I had stayed another minute I think I would’ve cum in my pants without even touching myself—a private sex show, it was, and crap, dangerous as hell! Now I know exactly what Ellen meant when she said the Program made a voyeur out of her. I was so damned turned on by *watching* all that sex, and shit, it was hotter than hell! Those kids will get hooked on that and will want more, and that’ll feed the demand for more porn, not to even mention child porn. Damn, how the hell do I write up *this* observation for class?”

“Didn’t the Program debacle make the principal want to stop it?” Cynthia asked.

“Nah, Hughes said they’d keep it unless he heard differently about it from the state. Oh yeah. I was thinking about the differences with the way the Program turned out here—how the kids accept it. They’re actually paid for complying, you know? Extra credits, points for doing sexual activities, like that little girl who had her cherry busted. She did it for participation points. Isn’t that really just the same as prostitution? Can you reward someone for sex without it either being coercive or being a form of prostitution? The more I think about this, the worse it seems, even in a school where the kids have sort of accepted the Program.”

Later they watched the news and Roger told them he thought the story was fair and didn’t sensationalize his role; he had simply discovered the videos being made and reported it. He was relieved that nothing had been mentioned about how he and Tom had thwarted the van’s escape. The news report did provide some additional details; virtually everyone in the ring had been located and arrested and warrants for two remaining people, minor figures in the operation, had been issued.

With the news of the Program scandal, the twins’ class study group had expected that the activity in the Program website forum would fall off and that it would affect their ability to continue to get information about student performance. They were quite surprised and relieved to learn that the opposite was occurring; now the site had become the go-to place for all Program information nationally; it was becoming a clearinghouse for reports about what was happening in virtually every state. With the collapse of the Office of Social Awareness, its staffing gone and its functions absorbed into the federal Department of Education, users of the forum were braver in giving more personal information, now that they felt that they couldn’t be identified, let alone located. Apparently the continuing interest in the site was because most states and schools had decided to keep running the Program, although under local control. Bureaucratic inertia is difficult to overcome.

The site’s operators had noticed that teachers were beginning to contribute their own stories and saw that information about student performance under the Program was appearing. The operators wrote several blogs about the latter and even set up a teacher’s section to accommodate posts from them. However, the identity of the site’s operators and the location of its server remained closely-held secrets.

The twins’ group study therefore progressed without interruption. Prof Martins had suggested significant improvements to the survey questions that the group had first prepared. They had planned that it would simply consist of an aggregate of students’ grades in the same course pre- and post-Program. Martins recommended that other information about the nature of the Program be included with the objective data, subjective information like a scale indicating the degree of compulsion used in enforcing participation, the level of student tolerance from extreme opposition to full acceptance, the teacher’s observed assessment of the amount of humiliation the students were subjected to, and similar qualitative measures that would indicate the general level of student trauma produced by the Program.

Martins cautioned the group that their project in his class could at best be a preliminary study since it would have limited data and not much time existed in the class’s term for the data to be fully evaluated. He also cautioned them that there were research standards that would have to be met for any study that involved the use of sociological data, including a review of the study methods which had to be conducted by an impartial university review committee. He suggested that if they wanted to continue the study after they completed his class, with the possibility of the group publishing their conclusions in a scholarly journal, that

he could arrange the necessary review; they agreed, deciding that they were willing to see what a complete study would reveal.

The twins' athletic schedule limited the amount of time that they had available to participate but they were involved in many of the meetings where the data was being analyzed and Cynthia took a lead role in writing the discussion and conclusions. Then, when it was time for the students' class projects to be submitted, the group had produced a preliminary analysis that was based on student performance data from thirty-eight different classes from that number of different high schools. They had categorized the objective data by what they called a "Program Severity Index" based on the stringency of student compulsion and other negative factors the teachers had identified. They were startled to see that there was little correlation between the "severity" of the Program's operational stringency and the decrease in student grades; in all cases the drop-off averaged about 11 percentage points—equivalent in most schools to a full letter grade: a "B" before the Program began became a "C" under the Program, on the average. Clearly their preliminary results showed that the Program produced significant damage to the students' academic performance.

After the class's term was over, Prof Martins agreed to continue to advise the group as he began guiding them in learning how to produce a proper report of a research study and the group spent their spring semester in continuing the work as their time permitted. They eventually collected data from 487 classes and stopped when Martins told them that this number of classes would provide enough data that statistical accuracy could be achieved. The final report concluded that the national average decline in grades for students in schools running the Program was 9.8 percentage points.

The other information being collected, that being the personal reports about problems the Program caused that the Polytech group had worked on, was also assembled into a report; it was published as a white paper in a featured posting on the anti-Program information website. The paper contained a summary of the different kinds of results, both positive and adverse, reported on forum posts, ranging from stories showing positive consequences to the most adverse, the reports that implied that the Program was the cause of three suicides.

The news media picked up the stories of these studies in late spring and they caused an immediate national sensation; coverage and the ensuing discussions only lasted two days, however, before the next major news story broke and people's attention turned elsewhere.

Then the spring term ended and the four friends spent the early part of their vacation visiting their parents; Tom visited his parents in California with Cynthia; Ayame flew with Roger to Japan for a week to see her parents; and the four spent some time with the Denisons at Camp Lejeune.

Chapter 5

"So your mom's job in Atlanta is permanent?" Kevin Coris asked.

He was listening to Denise Robert's phone conversation; she had just said good-bye to her mother.

"Yeah, sweetie, she's being promoted to an upper management position. And this affects us, now. She wants to sell our house and buy one in Atlanta. You know, we've been thinking of going to college in Atlanta since we've got those great college offers and the best ones were in Atlanta. I know that you could go to college anywhere you want, but living apart from Mom these last six months, well, I miss her lots. And she misses us."

"You know, darling, that there's nothing that ties you here now; me neither, especially since Aunt Helene met Ryan and she's talking seriously about moving in with him. I told her to go for it; she shouldn't be concerned about me or where I'll live when she sells her house. Would you like to go to Atlanta and finish high school there?"

"Oh, darling! Thank you!" she cried and hugged him. "That would be super."

"The idea of moving away really appeals; you know how I'm so uncomfortable with how we've gotten all involved with helping the kids do the damn Program and I can't stand the idea of doing that for another whole year. But remember about what I said about the possibility that you'd have to do the Program in Atlanta, if they don't accept your completing it here."

"I know, sweetie. But the idea isn't as terrifying to me now; besides, if I don't want to do it, you'll get me out of it, right? Using your superpowers?" she giggled.

"Well, sure. With what I know now, there's no way anyone could force you to do it now. And we'll need to be sure we keep our advanced standing for college, but I'm positive that we can make sure that we can. Okay, call her back and tell her what we decided. You and I can pack up the house—your mom won't have to travel here to help—and if she agrees, I can ask Bob to handle the sale too. We can move right after school ends; is that okay?"

"Yes! Yes!" She was already dialing.

About a week later, when Kevin returned home, he found a letter from the State Department; when he opened it, he was amazed. He looked up as Denise came into the room.

"Denise! Look, I got this letter—it's from State, and see, it's signed by the Secretary of State. She asks me if I would participate in this high school scholar exchange program in South Korea for three months this fall—actually beginning in mid-August. They selected students who had achieved some form of honor in their schools or communities, and she says with my presidential commendation, my mother's career, and my knowledge of Korea and the language, that I was one of their top choices."

"Wow, that's quite an honor! You gonna say yes?"

"Well, that's up to you—would you go with me? I wouldn't want to be apart, and I'm sure that with your background, they'd let you go too. The president gave you that award, after all."

“Well, what could I do if I went? I don’t know...”

“Sweetie, I don’t know myself what we’d supposed to do. I guess they’ll tell us. There’s a phone number to call, so I’ll call tomorrow. You’re really good with languages—“A”s in Spanish for two years, so why not take a crash course in Korean—we’ll try to find one in Atlanta, and I’ll speak to you only in Korean too. I’ll bet you can pick up a little by then.”

“Well, okay, I suppose. I don’t want to lose my advanced standing for college credit, though.”

“Yeah, there’s an attachment with the letter and looks like they’ve thought about that. It says we’d be taking classes that will be matched to our senior high school programs so that we’d fit right in when we returned. Their high-school program is really intense; way more rigorous than here, ‘cause the kids have to take these comprehensive exams to get into good universities. If we go there, we wouldn’t lose any ground. It’s great prep for college study, I was told when I lived there.”

“Let’s see what they tell you when you call, then, and I’ll decide. Meanwhile, we’ve got to get back to packing. And I need to call Mom and see how her house-hunting is going.” she replied.

Later, Denise reported on her conversation with her mother.

“So she’s found this place; it just came on the market. It’s a two-story Victorian on the north side of Atlanta, close to a local high school and not far from Avery University, but it’s over a hundred years old and needs work. She was interested in it because we’d be living there and it was the only reasonable house she saw that has a nice kitchen and living area and has the bedroom space she wants. She has the idea that when we moved away, she could rent some bedrooms to college kids since it’s close to several of the colleges there. It’s got five bedrooms and three baths and the second floor has a kind of a large sitting room, she said, and the second floor actually has two stairways going up to it. She had a co-worker who knows about construction look at it and he told her it’s a great deal, so she put a deposit on it.”

“Wow, ok—hmmm, a big house. Say, how’d you like to drive down there tomorrow for the weekend? We can pack like demons to make up for that time, but I’ve got the germ of an idea. I’ll tell you after I think about it some more, okay?” Kevin asked.

That weekend they drove to Atlanta, leaving right after school. Kevin, Denise, and her mom Kasey, went to see the house on Saturday. There were three bedrooms on the first floor, a living room, formal dining room, a very large family room which had been turned into a den, a library, kitchen and attached breakfast room, and covered porches outside on three sides. The second floor had two bedrooms which opened into a large sitting room between them, a large bathroom, and the back stairway led to an outside entryway behind a utility room off the kitchen. The property had a three-car detached garage.

“You know,” Kevin said as he walked around, “this reminds me of some of the old colonial-era houses we had in Jakarta. Many of them were kinda like this. What some people did was make them into two-family houses and the second floor here is big enough for that. Kasey, see if you can find a good architect to take a look and see what would need to be done to make an apartment on the second floor, and fix up anything that needs work in the whole house. Let me know what they estimate for the cost of the work. I can help you pay for the work, too, and if you rent the upstairs, I’ll bet that some improvements may be tax deductions.”

“Kevin, that’s sweet, but you don’t have to spend your money for that...” Kasey began.

"That's okay, I want to do it, and you know the money's not a problem. This is for you and Denise. Think of this as a kind of retirement investment; you've been like family to me and I'm so grateful for that."

Denise hugged him. "You're so wonderful, darling, thank you. Oh, tell Mom what you heard about Korea!"

"Oh, yeah—so I called—Denise told you everything so far, right? I spoke to this woman who told me what the kids on this 'mission,' she called it, like a diplomatic mission, I guess, would be doing. We'd be going to various schools in Seoul and some other cities, taking classes matched to our own senior year program, and meeting with the local kids. Lots of kids in South Korea know English, a little anyway, but you know I read and speak Korean. The classes we will be taking are designed to be for advanced students who are learning English, so they'll be mostly in English. We're supposed to answer questions about student life and family life in the States and in general, let the kids know what American kids think about, you know, events, their country, stuff like that. There's an orientation meeting when school ends and another one a few days before we leave for Seoul."

"And Denise will be going, she told me," Kasey commented.

"Yeah. She's gonna take a crash course in Korean. It's not needed for the kids going, but that way she'd be hugely popular, being able to speak with the kids there, they'd absolutely love it. Whenever I spoke Korean, and me being a Westerner, everyone thought how great that was; it showed that I was really interested in them and they appreciated it."

"Where do you stay?" Kasey asked.

"That's cool too. With the family of a high school kid. And the kid goes with us when we go to the other schools, like our mentor and host. So we build these relationships. I know the diplomatic staff at the embassy there and one family was close friends of my folks. It'll be great seeing them again. And maybe I can get to see my old *sahyun*, my taekwondo teacher."

The two returned home when the weekend was over, and during the following days, they let the high school know that they would be moving after the end of the term and continued planning their moving to Atlanta. They also looked into finding a Korean language class and located a private school in Atlanta that offered summer language courses; she could take an elementary Korean class there. Soon the house was packed, all but the essentials, and Denise heard from her mom about the remodeling plans. The house was vacant and the work on the first floor could be completed during June; the second floor would take until mid-August or possibly later, but since it was being converted into a separate apartment, the first floor would not be affected and could be occupied.

They had decided to move to Atlanta as soon as school finished for the year, so they picked up all of their records, academic, medical, and financial; closed the utility accounts on the house; and changed their address with the postal service. Then the two paid a visit to Bob Charlesworth to bid farewell. He told them about a law firm in Atlanta with which his firm had a close relationship and he gave Kevin the contact information. After stopping to visit Aunt Helene, taking her to dinner, and wishing her luck, the two returned to Denise's home for the last time to spend the night, leaving the following morning.

Kasey Roberts' new home would be ready to be occupied in four weeks, so Kevin and Denise decided to rent a room in an extended-stay motel for the month while they ran their errands to set up their new life in

Atlanta. Their first stop was the high school that was nearest to the new home. They went to the school office.

"Damn," Kevin muttered to Denise, "here I am again. Registering at yet *ANOTHER* damn school—I've lost count." He chuckled. "At least I know I'm not gonna get drafted into the Program right now, anyway. This place is dead; no Program here now."

"Yeah, darling, me neither, and I have my hero to protect me, anyway."

After looking through their papers, the secretary gave them some forms to complete and told them to wait if they had time; she would see if a counselor was around to talk to them. If not, they could make an appointment. A counselor was available, so she directed them to her office, telling them to bring the forms they had completed.

"Hi there," the woman said when they knocked. "I'm Mrs Joyson. And you are?"

They introduced themselves.

"We just moved from North Carolina," Denise explained. "My mom got a job here earlier this year but I stayed to finish junior year there. We plan to go to Avery, we've both been accepted."

"Really. That's a little early, isn't it? May I see your transcripts?" She scanned through them. "Ah, both of you have a lot of advanced standing credits, okay. I can see that the university had a good basis to accept you. Excellent records, both of you."

"Thank you," they responded.

"But of course we've got a complication for you," Kevin grinned.

"Uh, oh, that's a word I don't like."

"Not too bad. See, Denise and I've been selected by the State Department and the Department of Education for a mission to South Korea this fall, for three months, returning mid November. We're supposed to represent U.S. high schools and take classes and visit in a number of schools while there."

"Oh, my, really? Ah, you must have some federal connections somehow?"

"Well, they selected kids based on stuff like community and school service," he said. "Also, my mom was a ranking official in State, so that might have been a factor."

"I see... So your parents just moved to Atlanta recently too."

"Um, no, ma'am. They died in a terrorist bombing in Indonesia about a year ago..."

"Oh, I'm so sorry... But surely you have a guardian then?"

"Thanks. But no guardian. See, one of those papers is a decree of emancipation as a legal adult. Anyway, State has this mission curriculum they gave us. It's designed to fit into our high school senior year, and it's the classes we'll be taking in Korea. They told us that if we follow this curriculum for our first term, we'd fit

in when we come back and not lose any ground. And those classes won't affect our advanced standing, then we could do the more advanced classes in the spring, right?"

"Let's see, okay, let me compare this with your transcripts and our fall classes..."

She studied the papers for a few minutes, making notes. Then she looked up, smiling.

"Well, it all fits in; I don't see any problems here. Your federal friends did their homework well, it seems. So when exactly would you return?" They told her the date. "Okay, let's build your year's schedule now. I assume you want me to assign your classes together?"

They did.

"All right. Your fall Korean program matches up pretty well with the classes here, so to get grades in our fall classes, you'll need to either take make-up exams for what you missed or submit a Korean score for the corresponding class work together with a copy of the test." She laughed then. "In English, please."

"Sure," Kevin acknowledged.

She went on, "So your transcripts have these suggested A-P classes for you to take in the senior year. We can schedule them in the spring. Are you sure you want to have that workload in your last term? Lots of students want to slack off then, and colleges don't really look at those classes, unless, of course, you've been conditionally admitted. Not the case here."

"Kevin and I decided we wanted to start college at a sophomore level. Avery offered that option to us if we took this program; that's why we're cramming in everything we can. And Kevin told me that the Korean high school classes are very rigorous. Besides, working hard like that is a great prep for college work, isn't it?" Denise smiled.

"I wish more of you kids had that attitude," Joyson commented. "Make my life tons easier. Okay, then, the forms you have need to get your parents'... err, well, Denise's parent's signature, that is; about Kevin's..."

"Ma'am, I can sign my own, actually. I know it's unusual and gave the folks at my last school fits, but it's absolutely legal. Here, they're already signed."

She accepted the sheets, scanning them doubtfully.

"Okay, but I will need to check anyway."

"Understood. Ah, are there any other surprises at this school? Other forms to do?" he asked.

"Such as? I don't understand," Joyson said, perplexed.

"When I met with the counselor at my last school—I had just arrived in the U.S. to begin high school—she had forms for the Naked in School Program. I know you have it here, it was on your website."

"Yes, that's true. But your transcripts show that you completed the Program participation requirements in your former school. So I didn't bother with going over that part of your requirements here."

"Okay, thanks. Do we need to do anything before school starts?" Kevin asked. "We leave for Korea on August 8, so we won't be around during orientation."

"No, I don't think so. If we need something more, we'll contact you before then, okay? Just come to the office to let them know you're back when you return. Really nice meeting you and enjoy your Korea, um, mission? Good luck."

They took their leave and went off on their next errand, discussing what Joyson had told them.

Their new home was ready to be occupied in mid-July, and the second floor unit would be ready in mid-August. Kevin used the contact information Bob Charlesworth had given him and he and Denise met with the attorney. Bob had arranged to cover Kevin's legal expenses from his retainer, he learned from his new attorney, Joshua Habers.

"Bob apparently wants to keep you as a client, Kevin, so he's given me your account as a local client and I'm to bill your expenses to his firm. Now you mentioned a lease agreement?"

"Yes, sir. Denise's mother has a two-family house and wants to lease the separate apartment in it. We were thinking of students; not a family. There are two bedrooms, kitchen, and living/dining room on the second floor. One bath and room to park two cars."

"Do you have the permits and zoning issues taken care of?"

"Yes, sir. The architect who did the plans took care of that and the contractor's getting all the inspections done as he works."

"Excellent. How large is this unit, and what kinds of tenants will you accept? Denise, I'm sure your mom doesn't want to deal with loud parties."

"Oh my, no. We were thinking of two students, maybe graduates. And the apartment is about 1250 square feet," she replied.

"That's fairly large. You could have two in a bedroom. Would that be acceptable?"

"Possibly, it depends on the people, I guess. My mom would decide because Kevin and I will be in Korea when the apartment's finished. It'll be done by August 15 to 20."

"That's cutting it close for student rentals. You might want to advertise mid-July to beginning of August, but you probably can't show the place then, right?"

"The contractor told Mom that people could see it after the first week of August, actually," Denise said.

"Well, then, let me put together a lease agreement. We can handle the credit and background checks and I strongly suggest you have those done, even if you don't want me to do them."

"We do, yes, that's important," Kevin agreed.

Their advertisement drew a lot of callers and Kevin and Denise helped Kasey Roberts screen the applicants. During the first week of August they had interviewed eleven possible tenants and had decided against them for one or another reason. There were five more possibilities, but the two teens had to get ready to leave for their trip; Kasey said she would have no problem interviewing the remaining few, several of whom appeared to be very promising. Then Kevin and Denise left for Korea.

Denise had attended the crash Korean language course from mid June to the end of July; Kevin kept his promise and spoke to her mostly in Korean during that time, so by the end of the six weeks she could carry on a basic conversation and understand much of the dialog in several Korean movies that the language school gave her to work with. They thought that it was very unlikely that any of the other students in the mission would know Korean, and their written materials clearly indicated that most of the classes they would attend would be in English and any written instructional materials would be provided in English too.

The three months that Kevin and Denise spent in South Korea went very quickly. Besides having a wonderful educational experience and meeting many very enthusiastic Korean teens, the two made fast friends with the girl who served as their student host. She and her family were very sad when the visit ended. The other U.S. students in the mission were a highly varied bunch but were all intelligent, social, and supportive of each other; Kevin's and Denise's knowledge of Korean made them the go-to people for some funny translation problems while Kevin was a fount of knowledge for the group about Korean social customs.

He did get to visit with the embassy's chargé's family and see his former Korean taekwondo master—who presented him with an adult's fourth-degree belt, saying that he expected Kevin to work hard to earn it. Kevin's "Aunt" Janet flew to Seoul from Jakarta to see Kevin too and they had a wonderful visit; she was delighted to meet Denise. It had been a highly successful and enjoyable experience, everyone agreed at their farewell dinner before they left Seoul on their respective flights back to the United States, and they all vowed to stay in touch. Kevin and Denise were booked on a non-stop back to Atlanta but none of the others were on their flight.

It was a very tired and terribly jet-lagged duo who arrived in Atlanta in the mid-morning of November 15 after an almost 14-hour flight, traveling eastbound. Fortunately it was Thursday, so after they cleared customs and arrived home at around 3 p.m., they figured that they could sleep as much as they needed to on Friday and by Monday they could be rested for school.

When Denise's mom got home in the evening, the two crawled out to meet her and to eat a light meal; they talked briefly about their trip but then excused themselves to get some more rest. On Friday, they got up, feeling a little better. Kevin wondered why, after his flight to the U.S. about a year-and-a-half ago, he hadn't gotten so badly jet-lagged and suddenly realized how smart Aunt Janet had been when she had told him how to prepare his body for the trip.

"*Oh, well*," he thought, "*next time I'll remember*."

On Friday morning, Kevin checked his car over and then brought it to a service shop to have it serviced since it hadn't been used much; Kasey had driven it to work once each week so that it would get a little use. Then he returned home where he and Denise spent a few hours getting ready for school on Monday, checking the syllabuses of their classes and trying to see where they would fit into the schedule. They had the reports from their Korean school of the completed work that would go to their teachers and figured that they could catch up on any recent missed assignments. Then it was nap time.

It was a much-refreshed pair who greeted Denise's mother that evening.

"Man, you kids were like zombies last evening," she commented after she came in.

Denise had already started making dinner.

"Yeah. It hit us hard, but the last few days in Korea had us hopping and we didn't get much time to rest," Denise said. "There were so many last-minute things they had us doing, and we had several big assignments all due by Monday and we left Wednesday morning. Those last days were a whirlwind."

"So you didn't get to meet our tenants today, I assume," Kasey said.

"Oh! Completely forgot. Yeah, you had emailed us about them and then we got busy with school and stuff in Korea—totally forgot all about it. Funny how you forget some things. So how are they? Working out okay?" Denise asked.

"Oh, they're great. Really nice kids; you'll like them lots. They're usually home by now, but it's Friday, so maybe there's a school activity or something. They're on some sports teams, so they're not here on some weekends."

"Maybe we'll see them this weekend, then," Denise said. "We're not gonna stay up much longer. My body still thinks it's morning," she sighed and yawned. "So glad we've got the weekend to recover before we have to start school again..."

Denise had no inkling about what she and Kevin would discover about their school.

Next: Friendships Forged; Forces Joined

The "Four Musketeers" are now quickly becoming six as the kids discover all of the things they share in common. As students in their new school, Kevin and Denise are once again faced with the Program, but don't have the history of their high school junior year to have to emulate. Now Kevin gets his chance, with Denise's able assistance, to deal with the Program from Kevin's favored position—that of strength. And Kevin and Denise now have strong allies who can help. Allies who also offer to introduce them to social nudism.

Chapter 6 - Friendships Forged; Forces Joined

On Saturday morning, Kevin rousted Denise out for a morning run.

“Hey, up and at ‘em,” he whispered in her ear as he shook her. “We’ve got to get back into shape.”

“Go ‘way,” she muttered. “Still tired...”

“Hey, you need to get your circulation going. Be good for you.”

“Aahhh, okay, but a short run today, okay?”

“Sure. We’ll start with some stretching.”

Their home was near a park, so the two jogged to it and ran around one of the paths, soon returning to the house. As they arrived, they saw two people emerge from the back of their house.

“Hi there,” Kevin called. “You’re living here, right?”

“Yeah,” the guy answered. “You must be Kasey’s son?”

Kevin grinned. “Honorary son. I’m Kevin Coris and this is Denise Roberts, Kasey’s daughter. We’re back from the Far East.”

“That’s right, Kasey told us you’d be getting home around now. I’m Roger Denison and this is Ayame Asano, my girlfriend. Really nice finally meeting you. Say, we’ve got an errand to run but we’ll be back in two hours. My sister and her boyfriend should be home by then too, she was at an away basketball game. Will you be home? We can all meet then if you want.”

“Sure. Lookin’ forward to it.”

Late that morning, Roger and Ayame, together with the two others, knocked on the front door and Denise welcomed them in.

“Hi again, guys,” Roger greeted her. “This is my sister, Cindy, and Tom Emerson. Cyn, Tom, you’ve heard about Kevin and Denise from Kasey.”

Denise invited them into the living room and they all found seats.

“We were so lucky to find this rental,” Cynthia said. “This house and the apartment are just wonderful and your mom is so sweet. Wow, did she ever give us the third-degree when we came for our interview. She was a little concerned about our relationship,” she giggled. “The four of us—she saw how close we are.”

“Yeah, I can see it now, too,” Denise said. “Oh! Your hair! You guys must be twins!” she exclaimed, looking from Cynthia to Roger.

“Guilty as charged,” Roger grinned. “And Ayame is our cousin, too. Tom’s the odd man out.”

“Not in my book, bub,” Cynthia growled at him. “Actually Ayame was adopted by our aunt and uncle; they live in Japan and adopted her when she was a child,” she commented to Denise.

"And we've become more than cousins," Roger smiled, "so your mom wanted to unravel all of our relationships. She now knows almost as much about us as my parents know," he laughed. "We passed, happily. She didn't tell us much about you guys, though; she said we'd have to meet you to find out."

"Well, there's not a lot to say," Denise began. "I grew up in North Carolina, in the Triangle. Went to school there and moved here after Mom got transferred to Atlanta. Kevin is the one with the story; he's the world traveler."

"I suppose. Yeah, I was born in Indonesia and spent my childhood living all over the Far East. My mom was a diplomat and my dad ran an NGO—non-governmental organization—to provide health and other services to needy people. I came to the States at the start of my junior year because my folks wanted me to go to college here."

"So you're living away from them all this time?" Tom asked.

"Um, well, they died in a bombing a month before I came here last year. I don't have any siblings, either."

"Oh!" the four guests exclaimed and offered their sympathies.

He briefly explained about his parents' loss in the terrorist attack and finished, "Yeah, it was such a shock, obviously, and I terribly miss them still... Ayame? Are you crying?" Kevin asked in concern.

"Ah, sorry, yes, I remember my parents and others... I too lost my family..." she sniffed.

Roger hugged her and she dabbed at her eyes.

"Ayame's whole family died in a fire—you were six, darling? Yeah, her entire family, but somehow she survived. My aunt and uncle adopted her. I've known her since she was seven and we've lived in Japan during two of my dad's tours there, so we grew very close. Dad's in the Marines," Roger explained.

"Wow," Kevin sighed. "We've got lots in common... Well, after that shock—losing my parents, and the culture shock of coming to the States, then on the first day in school, I get hit with this idiocy, the Naked in School nonsense. That's where I met Denise. She was called to the office and I was registering—I had just arrived in the office—and got pulled into it because the kid who had been selected had moved away."

"Yeah, and you know what Kevin did?" Denise exclaimed. "He saved my ass. He rescued me from having to do the Program...."

"He what?" four voices interrupted.

"He got you out of it? Holy shit, this I gotta hear," Roger said, excitedly.

"Yeah," Denise went on. "The Program official guy, he was a real thug, he was gonna grab Kevin to strip him and Kevin just threw him on the floor, jumped on him, and forced him to let all the kids in the office go out..."

"Goddamn," Cynthia exclaimed, "you're damned straight we've got things in common. Holy shit. You guys must be our soul brothers. That's exactly what we did. We got called to our school's conference room where they sprung the news on us. Roger and I, well, we know judo, and we fought off five of them. There were two

gym teachers, two hired guards, and the Program guy; they tried to grab us but we kept throwing them till they had enough..."

"Wow, Denise," Kevin cried, "listen... remember in those very first forum posts—those kids—twins—who fought off being forced? It was you guys! Someone wrote up your story and put it on our website. Yeah, it was in one of the first bunches of posts that the site got and I remember how closely it matched to what happened with me."

"Um... You said '*our* website,'" Cynthia looked at Kevin sharply. "Care to elaborate?"

"Ahh, I slipped. Uh oh. Well, maybe it won't matter, after all, we're on the same side, right? Anti-Program?"

"Very," chorused the twins.

"Okay, yeah, that site—it was kinda my idea..."

Denise interrupted. "Hell, Kevin, you did everything for that website but build the damned computer it runs on!"

"Oh, c'mon, Denise. There was our whole team..."

The other four were staring, mouths agape, unable to speak.

"Yeah, and that team did everything you told them to do. You even got your Indonesian contacts to set up the hardware and layers of security..."

"I just asked how those problems—the government finding the server—could be solved..."

The four guests were watching the discussion in wide-eyed awe.

"Whatever. You also broke up that child-trafficking operation; Kevin, you're too damned modest! Guys, Kevin got the Presidential Medal of Freedom for the stuff he did, and he never talks about it."

Cynthia finally gathered her wits. "Holy shit. Un-fuckin'-believable. You're the kid in those news reports. Single-handedly brought down the entire damned Program organization. Here we were, trying to figure out how to kill it from within, and you clobber it right at the top! We gotta talk a lot more, goddamn it, much more, about this. Let me start with what we've been trying to do..."

The four college students began to explain how their Program resistance movement began in the conference room of their high school less than two years earlier.

Kevin interrupted, "There's another thing in common. You guys know judo...?"

Ayame interrupted, smiling. "Think it's more than '*know* judo.' Both international champions, won medals in Japan. Cindy best in world, is gold medal. Roger is bronze."

"Damn—I'm just third *dan* in taekwondo," Kevin grinned. "Remind me not to pick a fight with you guys."

"Say, taekwondo uses lots of judo moves," Roger put in. "We've gotta compare sometimes."

“Hey, let’s not get distracted,” Cynthia warned. “So our school had lots of students from Marine families and the culture of the military, especially of the Marines, is personal honor; the Program was a direct threat to our honor, our families’ honor, and that could affect the Marine too. So that was at the root of our resistance...”

She continued her explanation, covering their activities all the way through her study group’s report of the Program’s effect on student performance.

“That’s very impressive, Cindy,” Denise said when Cynthia had finished. “In a way, it does much more than what Kevin was able to do. You know, Kevin was being reactive. He was responding to threats that came his way, one after another. First, he protected me from the Program. Then he found a way to protect the other kids in our school from the worst effects of participating. While he was looking for some kind of information to help protect others, he discovered that child-sex ring that had infiltrated the Program.

“You guys were being proactive. Instead of just reacting to events, you got out in front of them and forced them into directions where you could manage them. Even your study—that’s an example of being proactive too; gathering information and using it to prove a point. In a way, while Kevin was always in a defensive mode, you guys took on the Program with a frontal attack!” Denise finished.

Roger laughed. “You know, we’ve joked a lot about our Program resistance being like a battle—or maybe a war; I think it’s because of our Marine background that we think of it that way. You know what they say: the best defense is a good offense. We just brought Marine tactics to bear on the Program threat. We recruited our troops, marshaled our forces, and stormed the beaches. Taking no prisoners either, by the way. We’ve heard that the kids in our old high school are keeping up the good fight, too, and our resistance model’s spread to some of the other schools in the area—mostly those that have a lot of military families. California has a number of large military bases.”

“Wow, your way was so much better than the route I took,” Kevin mused. “You kept your ideals and still resisted. And even got others to join in. I tried to change the way the Program worked so the kids having to do it wouldn’t freak out. But there’s one thing that I really, really regret having done and that was against everything I believed in, too.”

“Really? What was it?” Tom asked. “Look at everything you accomplished.”

“Well, just like you guys, I really objected to the public sex in school. I even told the principal that the Program was a government sanctioned form of sexual molestation and rape. I hated the public nudity too because it singled out kids for sexual exploitation and humiliation. So I tried to fix those problems and the way I did came out ass-backwards. See, I had the feelings of those poor, scared kids in mind. Denise was out-of-her-mind terrified when she came into that office the first day and it made me almost physically ill to see her that way. And seeing the fear in those other kids’ eyes hurt me too. I guess I’m very sensitive to people’s feelings...”

Denise had wrapped her arm around him and nodded her head forcefully when he said that.

“...so when I saw the kids in distress, I reacted to protect them. And I’m not happy with the result, because I just turned their bad experience into one that they seemed to enjoy. I gave no regard to the morality of what I was doing; I had abandoned all of my personal morals in the way I reacted to their distress. Instead of resisting, I took the easy way and showed them that it was okay to get naked and okay to do sex acts in

public. God, I'm so embarrassed to think about what Denise and I did to help those kids, and by doing it, we actually helped the Program. We helped the kids with their fear and humiliation, true. But how? By replacing it with damned exhibitionism, that's how! I guess I just wasn't strong enough to resist the siren call of sex. And it changed Denise too; she became a bit of an exhibitionist."

"Well, yeah, I guess I did," Denise agreed. "But I felt safe doing that—I had your support and besides, I knew lots of the kids in my school and wasn't threatened by them, I think. But, darling, all the kids we helped were so grateful for what we did; they all looked up to you like someone to emulate. Didn't that make you feel better about it?" she asked.

"How can something be both right and wrong at the same time?" Kevin groaned. "That's what's bothering me. I wanted to set a standard for moral behavior. I wanted to help others, too. That's the dilemma, satisfying both of those things. But as a social experiment for personal development, it looks like the Program is shaping up to be a complete failure."

"And how it's run is so random, too," Cynthia observed. "Last year Rog and I took an Intro to Ed course, that's where we did that study, by the way, and we observed in two different high schools. There was no resemblance at all between the Programs in the two schools."

She gave a quick summary, supplemented with some comments from Roger.

When Kevin and Denise heard Cynthia mention Merritt High School, they both came to full attention with a jolt.

Denise exclaimed, "Merritt? You were observing there and that crap was going on? That's the school where we're going! Oh, shit."

"Both Cindy and I are student-coaching there, too; the coaching is a service project of our sports teams," Roger said. "Cindy's on Avery's basketball team and I'm on the swim team."

"And I'm a couch potato," grinned Tom. "I do keep up my swimming, though."

"And I'm their official cheering section," laughed Ayame.

"Hey, Ayame plays a mean game of volleyball and she's quite a diver too," added Cynthia. "Tom and Roger were on our high school's swim team and they won the state meet two years running."

"And Cindy was on basketball team, won in state for two years, too," Ayame continued the bragging for the twins.

"I guess we're outmatched there, then," Kevin said. "I didn't do organized sports in high school in Korea; I did taekwondo, but I did a lot of swimming, running too. And Denise—I guess it never came up, sweetie, did you do any sports before we met?"

"No; you did get me started in running, though. And taekwondo too."

"Kevin, I do see you've got a swimmer's build. You never competed?" Roger asked.

“Nothing formal... just against others in my schools. All my schools didn’t have enough kids to make a team. And the athletic kids go to schools where they can compete, but as an embassy brat, the security limited me to go to schools where it was safe and those were small.”

“Would you consider working out with the high-school team?” Roger continued. “We’re just getting started this week. Had a few sessions last week but those were just stretching and limbering sessions. We start early morning on Tuesday. You can show me what you can do then.”

“Well, okay, you’d be there regularly?”

“Sure. There’s a teacher, he’s the nominal coach, but they made me the actual coach because of my experience. The teacher is actually the soccer coach, filling in since they don’t have anyone who was actually a swimmer,” Roger said.

“Um, I’d like to know more about the Program stuff Cindy mentioned,” Denise interrupted. “That makes me kinda nervous. I got carried away last year at our old school but I felt, you know, safe there—the principal was a tough guy but he became one of Kevin’s best fans there. Kevin has this way of persuading adults and he talked our principal into making the Program tolerable. What you said, Cindy, kinda scares me.”

“Kevin, you guys were in the Program in your old school so they won’t make you do it again,” Cynthia said. “Kids who did the Program in their old schools were told they wouldn’t have to repeat it here; that’s what I’ve heard. So, Denise, just try to ignore anything that might bother you, but you should be okay.”

Denise looked doubtful. “We know they won’t try to make us repeat it; the counselor told us that. But we had this nasty, awful man who was the Program official at our school. He made things so bad for the kids—forced me too... He got arrested, but seeing all that nasty stuff...”

“There aren’t any more federal Program people in the schools here after the shakeup,” Cynthia said. “So the way it runs is up to local rules, I think. Now one of the assistant principals is in charge at Merritt. The other schools do that too, I think, and there are no federal rules anymore.”

“Say, Cyn, old Mr Thomas retired end of last month, right?” Roger asked. “They’re hiring a new assistant principal, I heard.”

“Yeah, that’s what I heard,” Cynthia said. “The new guy will probably take over what Thomas was doing. So Kevin, tell us a little more about your fantastic website. It’s wicked awesome that one kid could thwart the resources of an entire country like you did. Apparently you hid the server so well that no one knew where it was.”

“Oh, I just had great help. Knew the right people. And the kids at my school were great; a couple were absolute tech wizards.”

“It looks so professional, though, not like a lot of blogs high schoolers have,” Tom put in.

“Yeah, we were kinda lucky; there were kids who were good at design and also good writers who volunteered. And kids who knew how to get publicity out, too. I said it was really a team effort.”

“So now that you’ve moved away, are you gonna get out of the anti-Program movement? Will the website fade away?” Tom asked.

"Tom, you know, I had intended to stay in North Carolina till I graduated. But with Denise's mom in Atlanta, and Denise wanting to move, I realized that I didn't want to do my senior year at my old school because I'd just get dragged back into supporting the Program the way Denise and I had been doing—making it fun for the kids who were participating. I hated being torn by conflicting feelings, objecting to the whole idea behind the Program while helping the kids enjoy participating in it. So by moving away, I no longer had to keep up the facade of supporting it. And the website isn't going away. I set up a kind of little foundation to keep it running as long as the Program is around."

"Um, let me get this straight. *You* set up a 'little' foundation? Just you?" Cynthia asked, incredulously.

"I had legal help. I don't talk about it, but my folks left me some money," Kevin said quietly. "But I still want to do what I can to stop the Program. There's still the problem of the federal control over its being run in schools—the federal curriculum itself, 'cause it looks like the states just took the thing over to run themselves since that Program law is still in effect," he commented.

"Um, Cindy had idea..." Ayame started, "Cindy, can I tell him?"

"Sure."

"Cindy thought of the Tenth Amendment. I learned in Civics last year that education is for states, not federal. Cindy told her lawyer that the Program is against state's rights and can be challenged." Ayame finished.

"Wow—yeah! Shit, that's super! And no one thought of that before? What did your lawyer do about it?" Kevin exclaimed.

"Well, nothing. He's a Marine JA officer. Told me that the Marines won't pursue a constitutional challenge," Cynthia responded. "He said I'm on my own."

"Fuck that," Kevin responded excitedly. "I'm gonna let my lawyer know. He'll love this one and I know he'll take it on. Is that okay with you? It's your idea, after all."

"Sure, that'd be great. However it gets done is fine with me—with all of us," she commented. "Hey, all this talk about the Program is getting to me. Let's change the subject. So guys, what do you want to know about Merritt, or even Avery? Denise, your mom said you'll be going there for college," Cynthia asked.

So the conversation turned away from the Program and concentrated on the high school's classes and teachers, based on what the twins had heard about the school from students in their Intro to Ed course and from their student coaching there. They also told Kevin and Denise about their college experiences and Tom and Ayame chimed in with their own viewpoints.

They were still at it when Kasey returned to the house in mid-afternoon and found the six of them talking animatedly, so she asked everyone if they'd like to have dinner together and they agreed. After dinner, Cynthia invited Kevin and Denise upstairs to their apartment to see the photos of their Marine base graduation.

"You don't see something like this very much—it's kinda unique, a military high-school graduation ceremony," she said as she pulled a photo album off a shelf. "There was a Marine general and a Navy admiral handing out graduation certificates. Beats a high-school principal in my book."

“Look, it’s a real photo album,” Denise remarked as Cynthia opened the book.

“Sure—most people keep their photos in the cloud and look at them on their phones,” Cynthia responded. “I do that too, but I picked up the album habit from my mom; she likes to look at whole pages at a time and have larger photos also. And so do I. So here’s the graduation.”

“Wow, there’s an honor guard too,” Kevin remarked, looking at the photos. “Like I saw at diplomatic receptions at our embassies. Those Marines who were attached to us were some really cool guys, too. One of them took an interest in me when I was learning karate in Japan—I was just twelve, I think. He even let me use him as a punching dummy.”

“Ah, you live in Japan too?” Ayame asked.

“Oh, yeah. And Hong Kong and Thailand too. Um, 私も日本語を少し話すよ、あやめ [*Watashi mo nihongo o sukoshi hanasu yo, Ayame.*]”

“Hee, hee... おかしいね、君はイギリス訛りで話すんだね！[*Okashī ne, kimi wa Igirisu namari de hanasu nda ne!*]” she responded.

Roger and Cynthia laughed, but Tom and Denise looked at each other and shrugged.

“So what was that all about?” Tom asked.

“Yeah, this is way cool. Our new friend also speaks Japanese,” Cynthia grinned. “Like another thing we have in common. Kevin said, ‘I speak a little Japanese too, Ayame,’ and she answered, ‘It’s funny, you speak it with a British accent.’”

“Yeah, I know that I do,” Kevin said. “I learned to speak it in elementary school and *Sensai* was British and most of the kids were from the American and British embassies. There were some Australians and Canadians too. I’m way rusty, though. My Korean is much better. Denise knows some Korean, too.”

“Yeah, whatever a six-week crash course can teach,” she objected, looking up from the photos.

“Well, you *could* communicate okay, you know. I thought you did pretty good and the Korean kids just *adored* you for your ability to speak their language,” Kevin assured her.

Denise had been leafing idly through Cynthia’s photo album. She flipped the page.

“Oh!” she exclaimed. “My goodness—oh, my...”

Cynthia leaned over and looked, then laughed.

“Ha. Denise found our photos from the resort, guys. Hey, honey, it’s okay to look,” she told Denise.

“Resort? These are at a resort? You guys go to nudist resorts? Oh, my...” she said, staring at the photos.

“Tom introduced us—long story. He was in the Program and actually completed it; he was used to the nudity so he just went along with doing it. But at our school, with the way we got the Program stopped, there was zero sex and humiliation. No groping, no sex demos, no relief, no public stripping. But Cyn and I—

Ayame too—we had major problems not only with the sexual parts of the Program but also its public nudity requirement and Tom really pushed us to try to get over our nudity phobias. So we tried it out and actually had fun. See, look at those pictures of Ayame on the board and in mid-dive," Roger explained. "She's good."

"Oh, also, how beautiful," Denise breathed. "Ayame, you're gorgeous."

"Ah, thank you, Denise."

"Um, do you guys still go?" Denise asked haltingly.

"Hey, darling," Kevin broke in, "are you actually interested in that? You still have your exhibitionist bright-red kimono?"

"Ha! You kept yours too!" Denise chortled. "Admit it, you had fun too!"

"Hmmm. Another sexy story appears here, I sense," Ayame prompted, smirking.

Denise grinned at her. "This was from when we were first helping some really terrified frosh and sophomore girls who had to strip. Kevin had this idea to get them to remove their clothes along with him, item by item, and make it like a game; then he invented this nude full-body greeting embrace and all the kids in the Program really got into that. So his idea worked but kinda backfired."

"Backfired big time," Kevin remarked. "I thought it would be a one-time thing, but when we met those girls in the lunchroom later, they insisted on repeat hugs—with Denise and me naked—and I just couldn't refuse. It would have absolutely broken their hearts, I could sense, and undone what we had done earlier to help them. So we had to undress. And that happened again, later in the day."

"But people thought we were in the Program too and Kevin and I were getting Requests, so I came up with the idea of clothes we could remove quickly," Denise continued. "I had seen a kimono in a shop. They were red and came in a size that would fit Kevin too."

"So Denise bought them and sprung the idea on me," Kevin went on. "Shit, she was so hot in that kimono. I'm not ashamed that I was proud that she was my girlfriend. So the two of us played at being exhibitionists for the damned Program for our junior year—that's a big part of my discomfort, you know. And why I'm glad we left there."

"So tell me," Tom said, "are you guys interested in nudism—the social kind, that is—at all?"

"I don't have any particular problem with nudity," Kevin commented. "When I was growing up in Japan, my family went to the *onsens* a lot—the coed family ones too, so it was no big deal. In Korea we went to the 찜질방 [*jjimjilbang*], like a bathhouse-resort. Going to those was an experience. What's the attraction about a nudist place?"

Tom explained the kinds of activities which were featured at all the clubs and resorts he had gone to and told them about the kinds of people who enjoy the lifestyle.

"So you think you'd be interested?" he finished.

“Maybe,” Denise said slowly. She looked at Cynthia. “You got over your inhibitions to do that? And you wouldn’t do it in school?”

“It was like two different worlds, Denise,” she answered. “You know in school, since you did the Program yourself, that you’re nude while most everyone else isn’t. So you immediately stand out; your nudity calls everyone’s attention to you.”

“It’s right,” Ayame interrupted. “I saw how at the resorts that nobody stares at the others. In school everyone stares at the naked kids.”

“Tom had to ease the rest of us into getting comfortable with being naked outdoors,” Roger put in. “I’d think that with your school experience, you’d have no problem at all.”

“But, um, what about... ah...” Kevin started.

“Erections. Yeah. Every newbie guy asks that,” Tom grinned. “You’d be surprised at how that’s not such a big deal. It happens; you carry a towel with you everywhere—you use it to sit on. Either wrap the towel around you or jump in the pool. Nobody even cares. You don’t march around showing it off, though, that’s offensive. So are you guys interested? We actually were planning to go next weekend. The temps still should be in the upper 70s.”

“Kevin? You want to?” Denise asked.

“Sure, darling, I’m game,” he answered.

“Tom? Can we tell you tomorrow?” she asked.

Chapter 7

Monday was their first day attending their new school and Kevin and Denise got to the office early, bringing their Korean school records. As they expected, they were sent to Mrs Joyson, their counselor.

“Welcome back,” she said. “Was the trip everything you expected?”

“It was better than our best expectations, Mrs Joyson,” Denise told her. “The classwork was intense, but the whole experience was awesome.”

Kevin nodded his agreement.

“That’s excellent, nice to hear you had a productive time.” She reviewed their Korean transcripts and their files. “Okay, guys, it looks like you’re all set. I’ll send a copy of your class reports to your teachers so they can enter these grades. You’ve got your schedules. I gave your teachers a memo about you back in September, but let me give you these notes anyway in case they forgot that you’d be coming in the middle of the term.”

Then they went off to their home-room classroom. The teacher took their notes and greeted them and then the two began to talk to some of the entering students, those who were social enough or curious enough to take notice of two new people. Their home room, it seemed, was composed of seniors only.

Soon the announcements came on, and then a list of names was read.

“Oh, no! Oh, shit,” a girl exclaimed, and began to cry.

“Damn!” a boy muttered.

Denise looked at the two. “Program?” she asked of no one in particular.

“Yeah,” a few kids around her answered.

Denise got up and went to the girl. Kevin looked, went to the boy, and brought him to Denise and the girl.

“You’re scared,” Denise stated.

“I can’t do this!” she sobbed.

Kevin whispered in Denise’s ear, “Honey, she’s almost like you were—look, she’s shaking. We have to help them, but let’s do it the right way this time now, okay?”

Denise nodded and took the girl’s hands.

“You really don’t have to do it, you know. Just don’t go. You too,” she said, looking at the boy.

“What do you mean? They make us!” the boy exclaimed.

The teacher came over to them. “You need to go to the office now,” she said.

Kevin said, “We’ll go with them part way... we need to tell them something.”

"Well, okay, but then come right back..."

The four went into the hall and Kevin told them to follow him. He led them to the hall near the office as he watched more kids walking reluctantly toward the office door.

"Hey, all you guys! Come here before you go in, okay?" Kevin called. They gathered around. "Do they physically force you to strip in there if you don't do it?"

One of the guys answered, "No, the principal threatens with extra time in the Program and you can't graduate."

"The Program is changing, you know," Kevin continued. "You can get away with refusing. Just don't go in. Hey, if you're over 18, you're an adult—you don't have to strip then, at all. They can't use physical force. We heard that from some college students who successfully ran a school-wide Program resistance last year in California. If everyone refuses, like at that school, then the Program will die out, you know. Anyone over 18?"

A few were, including the two from Kevin's classroom.

"You guys don't have to participate at all, then," Denise told them. "If you're brave enough to participate, then go ahead and do it. But if you're *REALLY* super brave, you can resist and won't have to endure all this humiliation by turning around and going back to your classrooms. And you'll be supporting all the kids who'll get called after you, too. Say this mantra: *Just say no!*"

They were all staring at her, open-mouthed.

"Wow, are you for real?" one teen asked.

"Very real. Listen, we have proof that the Program is bad for learning. We saw a study done at Avery University from last year that showed that doing the Program drops student grades a lot," Kevin explained. "So you'd be helping yourselves and lots of other students if you refuse and it catches on. So be really brave; it's a whole lot harder than just submitting—much, much harder than giving in to them. It's passive resistance, and it's really hard to do, but it causes revolutions."

Denise went on. "We've got to get back to class, but remember, *Just say no!*"

She and Kevin turned and walked away; their two classmates rushed to catch up behind them.

"Holy shit," the guy breathed. "Hey, I'm Tony Mathers—this is Audrey Birch. Yeah, we're both 18, and wow, this is exciting! Oh, look at that, no one is going in!"

The kids who had come to the office area were beginning to scatter, heading back to their classrooms.

"We're gonna be in deep shit over this, but I don't really give an F," Audrey muttered. "I was so scared I almost peed myself."

Denise took her arm. "Gal, just stand up for your rights. They can't force you. And as an adult, you have the adult right of privacy, even overruling your parents' approval for your being in the Program. The others—the younger ones—will have a tougher time, so they'll need your support. Tell your friends what's happening and the *Just say no* movement will take off."

They had reached their room, so the four entered.

“What?” the teacher said, startled. “Tony, Audrey—you’re supposed to be in the Program.”

“No,” Audrey replied. “We’re not gonna participate. We’re in the *Just say no!* movement.”

The class tittered and began chattering when the speakers came to life.

“Students, five minutes ago we announced the names of the week’s Program participants. You must come to the office at once. Those students are ...”

“What do you mean, ‘just say no’?” the teacher asked when the names were read again.

“It means we’re not doing the Program,” Tony said. “We’re 18 and can’t be forced to strip.”

The teacher looked at them and then at Kevin and Denise. “You had something to do with this, I’m certain.”

Denise looked at her. “Yes, ma’am. We simply told them that they have personal rights and refusal to walk around naked is one of those rights. What they decide to do, then, is their choice, but Kevin and I feel they made the proper choice.”

The classroom erupted in cheers and a number of kids got out of their seats to talk to Kevin, Denise, Tony, and Audrey. The teacher shrugged and, since the bell would ring in a few minutes, decided to just let events play out. Home room was that kind of period, after all, when students organized their day and generally interacted quietly together.

Kevin and Denise found that they shared many classes with Audrey and Tony, who were both incredibly grateful to them for intervening when they had been called to participate. When the four reached their first class and Kevin and Denise gave that teacher their notes, the teacher was ready for them and gave them packets of work and assignments for work that was due that week. Then the bell rang to start the period. About ten minutes into the class, a man walked in and called for Audrey and Tony.

Tony asked, “Yes, I’m here, what is it?”

“You were to report to the office. You and Miss Birch. Come now,” he said.

“We’re not participating. We’re over 18 and we refuse,” Tony answered.

“You can’t refuse...”

“Sir? We certainly can refuse,” Audrey interrupted. “We are not participating. We have the legal right not to as adults.”

“I order you to come with me,” he responded.

“And if we go, what’s the purpose of going with you?” Tony asked.

“The purpose is that you are to go into the Program, and there’s now an additional penalty week added too,” he said, louder.

“Well, I’m not going anywhere then...” Tony began.

The teacher interrupted. “Mr Winters, please. I need to continue this class. Apparently they won’t go, so you’ll have to find some other way to convince them. Please?”

“I’ll be contacting your parents over this, then. You’ll hear from me soon,” Winters said and left the room.

A few hours later, while at lunch, Kevin heard that Winters, who was an assistant principal, had visited a number of classrooms, while another person, a vice principal, had gone to other rooms, all trying to get the called students to participate. Kevin and Denise saw a few naked kids at a table in the lunchroom’s corner, so they went over.

“Hi, we chickened out,” one guy said as they came up.

A girl chimed in, “Yeah, my parents wouldn’t like my going against what the school says. There’s about five or six of us, but the others I know about—we don’t like doing this, but I’m gonna try. I spoke to four so far and we’re not gonna allow those Requests and we’re not gonna let teachers use us for any humiliating demos either. And if they try punishing us with additional time, they can go take a hike! So we’re doing the lite version of refusing, I guess,” she finished.

“Well, that works—that’s really a good way of refusing, too,” Denise commented. “We just want to get the word out and however people can refuse, even if it’s just a little, will be super. It takes a lot of effort and courage to start something like this, so don’t feel that you aren’t helping too.”

The naked kids smiled and the girl who had spoken said, “Jeez, thank you! Thank you for the encouragement—I thought I was a failure at resisting...”

“Oh, no! Never think that,” Denise told her. “Any push-back, even tiny amounts, is important. You as one person, doing a little, is as important as a bunch doing a lot, ‘cause a bunch of small efforts can move mountains, just remember.”

“Wow. That’s powerful,” one of the boys said.

Everyone in the little group thanked Denise for her words.

The next period, Denise and Kevin were called to the office.

“Well, here we go,” Kevin said as they walked to the office. “They probably figured out who started this movement.”

They were shown to a room and when they walked in, Mr Winters was seated behind the desk.

“You are Kevin Coris and Denise Roberts? Okay, I’m Mr Winters, the assistant principal. Please sit. I’ve learned that you two are behind this refusal to participate in the Program. Is that true?”

“Sir, Denise and I are opposed to the whole idea—the Program objectives are invalid and are damaging to students, both psychologically and academically, and that damage has been demonstrated in some recent published studies. All we did was to tell the students what their individual rights are. We told them that they had the choice to participate or not; that they couldn’t be forced if they chose not to do it.”

"So you *are* behind this idea. I want you to tell them that they have to participate."

"Ah, sir? How can I order them to do something? I have no right to order anyone to do anything. What we did was to provide information. We didn't order them to resist. That was the individual student's choice."

"I'll put you in the Program..."

"Sir, that just won't happen. And the same goes for any suspension threats or graduation threats. Please don't make them. I won't make any threats to you, but if you are considering any retaliation against me, or Denise, please consult with your school's lawyer first. It'll save you enormous headaches. I'm not threatening, but this is an area where I know my rights for my education; you don't want to push me into legal action."

"I checked your records and saw that you both completed the Program in your prior high school; why are you so opposed?" Winters asked.

"It's on moral and philosophical grounds, first," Kevin responded. "I did participate, very reluctantly, and did it completely on my own terms, actually. But I saw the effect on kids who weren't as mature or psychologically secure as I was and I learned about the great damage it causes to a significant number of people. Then I saw an academic study that gives convincing evidence that the Program causes a decrease in school grade performance. Grades go down in schools that start the Program. So there's a whole bunch of reasons to be opposed to it."

Denise broke in, "We're not going to do anything overtly opposing the Program, like leading demonstrations or organizing movements or stuff like that. But we won't be muzzled; we will tell people what we think about the problems that the Program causes."

"You know that if you disobey a direct order not to talk about the Program, that's insubordination, and you can be suspended, even expelled?" Winters said.

"Providing information is what a school is all about," Kevin retorted. "I don't think you'd try to do that. You're trying to blame us for those students using the information that they learned from us. That's like, well, let's say that I suggest that there's no need for you to stop at stop signs when there's no traffic around. There'd be no reason to stop. But you get a ticket. Would I be responsible for your not stopping and getting the fine? No, not stopping was your choice. But that example was about a traffic law, a valid law. There's a law that created the Program, but that law only requires schools to run it and set up an agency to set the rules. All of the rules that the agency wrote aren't actually in the law. It's really complicated; my lawyer explained this once, but those rules actually don't have the force of law. And with the demise of the agency that oversaw the Program, all enforcement is now local. So the students have a basis for resisting participating."

"If the government is no longer making schools run the Program, which is what it seems," said Denise, "then why are the schools continuing to do it?"

"The rules are on the books. As long as the state keeps that rule, we will follow it," Winters responded. "I'm finished with you and I'll be in touch with your parents about your insubordination. We'll have them come in to discuss this and you'll see the punishment your own resistance will earn. Please return to your classes."

At home later on Monday, Kevin and Denise spoke to the twins about their day of suggesting resistance and the twins gave them some advice about the various tactics they had used in their old school.

“Kevin, approach this like a military campaign,” Cynthia suggested. “If you want to stay in the background, then find some kids who could discreetly organize the protection squads to keep the participants safe during class changes, like they did at our school. Keep them away from Reasonable Requests. Tell them how to interfere with class demos. Have the word spread as ideas to follow, not as instructions from you guys.”

“Yeah, and if there aren’t enough people to screen the naked kids, then have them have the kid as a Reasonable Request to do a non-sexual thing as they go to the next class. They could ignore an unwanted Request if they’re already doing another one,” Roger pointed out.

“And there’re other military tactics you need to keep in mind,” Cynthia mentioned. “One is flanking moves. Sometimes an enemy comes at you from an unexpected direction. You need to be able to anticipate that and have a defensive move prepared. And another is to never run short of ammunition. Be sure your supply chain is always operating. Good logistics wins wars. In this kind of battle, you’re fighting the school officials, but you’re also fighting the rules. So you need to know the rules cold and your ammunition is your legal resources—knowledge of the rules.”

“Yeah, that’s actually what we did in our old school, in fact,” Kevin agreed. “We won most of our battles by using the rules; we turned their interpretation to favor our side. My lawyer helped a lot with that. In fact, maybe Denise and I should have legal backup ready...” he mused. “I think I’ll email Mr Habers and let him know of this potential problem. He’s my lawyer here.”

“Habers... hmmm, name’s familiar,” Cynthia mused. “Wonder why.”

Kevin decided to let Habers know of the possible suspension threat that Winters had implied he would use as a punishment, so he sent Habers a detailed account of his meeting with the assistant principal, asking if the school could indeed suspend him for talking to others about their Program participation. He stressed that he wasn’t overtly agitating for noncompliance and that he thought he had the right to talk to others about the facts that he had learned about the Program’s problems.

When Kasey Roberts returned home that evening, she told Denise that she had gotten a call from Mr Winters late in the afternoon.

“He told me that you were refusing his orders to stop talking to the other students about your objections to the Program. He also wanted me to come in for a conference with him; he wants me to order you to obey his requests and wants to discuss the appropriate punishment for your interference with the Program today. I asked him if he was actually being serious. Did he think that he had the right to tell you that you couldn’t talk to other students? I asked if he was familiar with the First Amendment and that schools, particularly, couldn’t limit personal speech among students. He pointed out that they could and pointed to the student newspaper as his example, saying the school could veto anything the students wanted to say in it. I told him the two things were totally different issues, and I wasn’t wasting my precious time in meeting with him; that you had my permission to talk to whomever you wanted about any topic. He wasn’t happy. At all. He harrumphed and sputtered and then said I’d be hearing further.”

"Oh, Mom, thanks," Denise said and hugged her. "I wonder what he'll try next."

Tom had come to the door while Kasey was talking and overheard part of what she said.

"Yeah, speech in a newspaper is different from speech in person. I learned that way back in high-school Civics. A school paper, even in high school, is considered to be an official publication of the school if it uses any school resources at all, even a dime's worth, so the courts have held that a high school can censor the articles in the paper," Tom explained.

"Too bad," Kevin agreed, "I knew that, but it would be so cool if we could get something anti-Program into the paper."

"Uh oh... destructive brainstorm in progress," Tom grinned evilly. "You wanna try? Got an idea. C'mon upstairs; we'll see. ... Oh, I came to see you to find out if you decided to come with us this weekend, 'cause if you do, I need to pre-register you," he said as they climbed the stairs. "You can tell me in a sec. I need to text this guy; he's in my industrial engineering program. His dad owns this printing company and they print a lot of the local newspapers, school papers too. He was telling me how the papers send the paper set-ups electronically and how they can be hacked and have articles changed. Apparently the big papers try to protect against that but he said the school ones don't bother.... Okay, sent," Tom said and put down his phone. "So, d'you want to go?"

"Yeah, we decided yes. Do we need to do anything special?" Denise asked.

"I know they want IDs. You're both under 18, right? So I'll need to find out about permission stuff, but... ah, a text... okay, Jim says to call him. I'll find out what permission you need, okay? Let's call Jim."

Tom called. Jim was intrigued with the idea of substituting an anti-Program article for another in the student paper. While they were talking, the twins came in and listened to the conversation.

"So you know that timing's a huge part of success, right?" Jim asked. "You've got less than an hour usually between the time the file arrives and when it queues for printing. You'd have to hit that window, grab a copy of the file, do the edit, and send it back as an overwrite. You need to have the editing program too, the files are in Quark. I can get a copy of that, and an access key."

"Won't you get in trouble?" Kevin asked. "I don't want anyone to get..."

"Hey, kid, not to worry. My sister had to do the Program last year and had real bad problems with it; my dad said he'd do anything to kick back at the Program. I'll tell him about this; he'll just love it. And he can fix it so it looks like it came from the school that way, like after a school official approved the file. Ha, it'll look like the article was put in by an administrator."

"Hey, thanks, Jim," Tom said.

"Well, thank *you*, for the chance to get a shot back at the Program!" Jim replied.

Roger and Cynthia agreed to help, and plans began to take shape for writing an article about how the students could organize an anti-Program movement.

Chapter 8

Early the following day, Kevin went to the pool with Roger. When they arrived and walked out onto the deck, there was a bunch of kids milling around and talking to a teacher. Roger walked up.

“All right, everyone—what gives? You need to get suited up, we’ve gotta start.” he called.

The teacher walked up. “That’s the point, Roger. Mr Winters—the new assistant principal—is making some changes in the high-school sports rules. He wants gym classes and the teams to be working naked, said it’s part of how he’s going to run the Program here.”

“Well, Ralph, not this team, okay? Competition swimming doesn’t work naked. I know; I tried it. It kills the times and it also ruins the swimmers’ rhythms and strokes. And it would destroy any chance for anyone here to improve their skills.” He turned to the students. “Okay, everyone, get your suits on and hustle. I want everyone on the deck in five minutes. Move!”

One of the kids called, “Mr Howard said we’d have to be naked—but we can wear our racing suits, right, Coach?”

“Right!”

“Super!” many of the kids cheered.

Roger nodded at Kevin, who went to get ready too.

“Who’s that who came in with you?” Mr Howard asked.

“A new guy; just started here. He’s done some racing, Japan or Korea maybe. Has the right physique and I asked him to show me what he could do. Say, Ralph, what’s this shit about nudity all about, anyway? You gotta have your soccer team naked too?”

“That’s what Winters wants. He’s browbeaten some of the coaches, but Bendenton, you know, football, told him to shove it up his ass. He said no moron plays football naked.”

“Well, same with swimming, same with soccer—is this guy for real? Just don’t listen to him, he’s an idiot.”

The team was coming out of the locker rooms. They lined up at the starting blocks.

“Okay, now, in lanes one through eight, I want...” he called out eight names, “100 meters freestyle. We’ll be timing you. Give it everything. Mark... GO!”

Roger and Ralph Howard were timing the swimmers and one of the student trainers was assisting. In the second heat, he asked Kevin to swim. After the freestyle heats he had the team do the backstroke and checked their times.

“Okay, guys, rest a bit. Let me look at your times....” He pulled Kevin over. “Hey, this isn’t too bad, Kevin. You’ve tied in fourth in freestyle and were fifth in backstroke. All these kids’ve competed at least one year before this, so you’ve got a real good chance of boosting your times. You need some work on your flip turn; that looked a bit shaky.”

"Okay, but my breast and fly are pretty bad, you know," Kevin said. "I always had trouble with the breast stroke because you're supposed to breathe at every stroke and the bobbing slows me down."

"Yeah, it slows everyone down; that's a dumb rule.... Okay guys, butterfly now. Same order, group one. Mark... GO!"

Roger ran them through the butterfly and breast strokes and while they were swimming the breast laps, Winters came in, seemingly looking for Howard, who wasn't on the deck just then. He looked around for a minute, then went over to Roger, red-faced, and tried to get his attention. Roger shook his head and put his hand up, eyes intent on his timing device, then Winters grabbed his arm and tried to pull Roger around to face him. With his free hand, Roger took Winters' wrist, pulled it away, and squeezed it hard. Very hard. Winters yelled and backed away. The swimmers began hitting the pads and Roger checked the times and looked up at Winters.

"Never, repeat, never try that again. I don't know who you are and don't really care, but never, ever interrupt a practice like that, you understand? And never lay your hand on me either. Now who the hell are you and what do you want?" Roger growled at the man who was standing there, clutching his wrist.

"I'll see that you're fired. Today," Winters huffed.

Roger grinned. "Dock my pay, too, okay? You can't fire me; I'm a volunteer. You must be the assistant principal who's causing all the uproar, right? I'm Roger Denison and the student coach. Pleased to meet you. And what is it that you so urgently wanted that you tried to interfere with my practice session?"

"I want you gone. Right now," he answered.

"Um. Sorry—that's not happening. My appointment was made by the district school board. Do they report to you also?"

"Well," Winters responded, "we'll see how long..."

"Excuse me," Roger interrupted and began to turn away. "I'm running a practice and we've got limited time..."

Winters made to grab his shoulder. Roger turned back. "Guy, I warned you—touch me again and you'll be sucking water in that pool quicker than you'd believe, got that? ... Guys enough rest, first group, wind sprints for five minutes, freestyle. As many laps as you can. Go!"

He turned back to Winters as Howard returned and walked up to them. "I really don't want to be rude, but it seems you need lessons in polite behavior, Mr Winters. So far I haven't been impressed with your competence and I expect to be treated like a professional, not a child. Okay? Now, you came in here for a reason. May I know what it is?"

"I came to see the coach..." he began.

Mr Howard spoke up. "Mr Denison *is* the coach. I'm just the staff observer. He's in charge here."

"He must be a college student, then. A college student can't be in charge..." Winters began.

“He is. No one else is qualified to coach swimming.”

“I’m still waiting, Mr Winters. Or, better, you could leave. I need to get back to the team,” Roger said mildly.

“I’ll be back when your practice ends,” Winters huffed.

“Be my guest, sir.”

Roger beckoned Kevin over; Kevin wore a giant smirk on his face.

“Now you’ve met the asshole. What did you think?” Kevin asked.

“Asshole? Assholes keep better company than that one. Okay, you’re not awful in fly, you actually were third; I’m surprised. But I couldn’t see your stroke technique to see if it’s legal. But breast, you were like twelfth or something. You never got up a good stroke cadence.”

“Yeah, I have to remember to bob and breathe. I’ve got good breath capacity and tend to hold it and I know you can’t do that in the breast stroke.”

“Okay, Kevin, why don’t you do the wind sprints with the second group now and we’ll talk afterwards, okay?”

After practice wound down, Roger gave the team some final instructions, told them to come again Wednesday morning, and sent them to shower. Kevin stayed behind and just then Winters appeared, so Roger sent him to the showers too.

“Don’t want him to recognize you, okay? Complicate matters.”

Kevin agreed and went off to the locker room.

“So, Mr Winters, how can I help you?” Roger asked.

“Apparently I’m stuck with you. The board has a contract with the university,” Winters said.

“Okay. And?”

“So I had given instructions that teams have to be naked,” Winters continued. “This one isn’t.”

“That’s what I heard—nude competitions. Not happening, however. My team’ll swim nude when the football team plays nude—and I mean completely, no pads, helmet, cleats. Same exact uniform. Okay? And the football coach has agreed to that, I assume?”

“No, he...”

“And neither will we. Anything else, sir?”

“But you don’t need the same protection in the water...”

“Sir, I’m not going to argue. What I said is how it’s gonna be. I know swimming; I know coaching swimming; naked swimmers are not competitive swimmers. Period. Are we clear on that? Now, was there anything else?”

“I’ll have you talk to Principal Leeds about this,” Winters said.

“Fine. Right now? I have maybe ten minutes. Otherwise I need to get back to the university and won’t be back till early tomorrow.”

“I don’t know if he can see you now,” Winters said.

“Okay, then let Mr Howard know. He can tell me tomorrow morning. If Leeds wants to see me, I have a few minutes after tomorrow’s practice. I gotta run, bye.”

Roger went to the locker room.

“Kevin, I don’t have much time and neither do you—your class starts in about five minutes. Let’s talk about the swimming when we get home later, okay? Great. See ya!”

During home room, Kevin got a summons to the office. He turned to Denise.

“This crap is looking familiar—office visits every day, just like last year. I don’t expect any federal agents this time, though,” he said.

“But be careful!” she urged.

Winters wanted to see him.

“Mr Coris, I tried to contact your parents. Are you aware there’s no contact information for them in your records?”

“Yes, sir, I am,” he sighed. “How much of my file materials did you read?”

“The registration form, emergency contact form—you listed Denise Roberts on that; you can’t do that—she’s another student. Also it appears that it’s your signature—what looks like your signature—on all the forms. You can’t do that either, I could suspend you for forgery,” Winters said.

“Oh, sir, if you did that, you’d be greatly embarrassed at what would happen, I think,” Kevin said with a feral grin. “You really don’t want to try that—you must have my file there... yes, that’s mine. I recognize the envelope sticking out. So. Want to try to suspend me now, or read my file first?”

“What do you mean? You’re really an impertinent youngster, you know?”

“Sir, I treat with respect those who earn it by treating me with respect. So far you’ve treated me like a child, even a servant of yours would get more respect. Please read my file; then you’ll have the answers you want.”

Winters paged through the sheets, then opened the envelope and extracted a page. He looked it over.

“What’s this legal thing with all the stamps? Ah, a declaration of emancipation? What’s that?”

“It says I’m a legal adult. Even though I’m not 18 yet, that says that I can sign any legal document as a fully responsible adult. No adult has to sign for me. Which is why I signed my forms.”

“But why wouldn’t your parents sign? And why is there no contact information?”

“You didn’t finish reading the last few pages.”

Winters looked down and flipped through the last two sheets. Then he looked up.

“Sorry about your parents. You have no guardian?”

“Legal adult. Didn’t need a guardian. Is that all, sir? I need to get back to classes.”

“Ah, I needed to talk with... er, about your non-cooperation... how to get you to stop the opposition to the Program.”

“Yes, there is that. Same as I told you yesterday, sir. I won’t take direct action against you, but I will let the students know about the Program’s evils.”

“The school has various ways of punishing students who fail to follow their rules, you know,” Winters warned.

“Please let me know which rules are being broken, then...”

“Not following my orders...”

“Excuse me. The ones that are written. In the student handbook. Not those that are verbal and have no formal basis in the school’s written rules of behavior. It seems to me that those rules are the only ones that can be enforced by a school punishment.”

“Talking back to a staff member is in the rules.”

“Please. Please don’t imply that you are calling this conversation ‘talking back.’ May I go?”

“Go. But you’ll hear from me further.”

On the way back to his classroom, Kevin got a text from Habers. It asked him to call him that afternoon.

During the class changes, Kevin and Denise tried to see if they could see any naked participants but didn’t see any until lunch; there were four at one of the tables, and as they approached, several kids got up to block them from coming close.

“Hey, Alan, they’re good,” one of the naked kids called. “Come sit here? I’m Jon. These are Valery, Marcy, and Sam. Val and I are sophomores and the others are juniors. There are two others this week, both of them are frosh. Your idea of doing that screening maneuver for us when we’re in the halls, in here too, is really working great, so thanks. So far no one’s gotten one of those Reasonable Requests—so that’s fantastic for us.”

“It wasn’t our idea, actually,” Denise said, “it was from our college friends. They used it at their school. We just passed the idea along.”

"Any problems so far?" Kevin asked.

"No big ones. None of the four of us have classes where a demo would be a problem..." Valery started but stopped when a girl walked up.

"Fancy finding you here!" Cynthia said gaily, as Kevin spun around.

"Cindy!"

Denise had already jumped up with a little squeal and hugged her.

"Hey, guys, this is one of those college kids I mentioned," Denise said. "Cindy, what brings you here?"

"Girls' b-ball coach, remember? Got a team meeting after this period, so I thought I'd catch you. What's up, and I see Kevin's filling these poor kids' heads up with lies."

"Lies?" Marcy said, confused.

"Yeah, Kevin loves to regale everyone with stories about how great the Program is," she said with a smirk.

"Yeah, I almost had them convinced, and you had to come and spoil it," Kevin moaned.

"Seriously, did he tell you about this super-secret anti-Program movement?" she whispered theatrically.

"Well, he and Denise did try to convince us not to do the Program but we chickened out. About maybe twelve others are resisting," Marcy answered.

"Well, you're doing great," Cynthia said. "There are ways of resisting from within too. My boyfriend in high school was in the Program yet he was one of the major figures in our resistance. So don't think of yourselves as 'chickening out,' okay? What you're doing is just as brave as those who are refusing to participate."

"You know? That's just what Denise told us outside the office when we were called yesterday." Sam replied.

"Yeah, that's because we read it in the same script!" Cynthia laughed. "Seriously, at our high school we got everyone together and kept a united front. Like the Marines. My dad is a Marine and he says the best way to win is to work together as a team; you stay together and you'll win together. So if you find something to unite around, do it. Denise told me the slogan '*Just say no!*' That's as good a rallying cry as any, so go with it. Hey, I gotta run—good luck, guys!"

"Wow, that's one damn cool chick," Sam said admiringly as Cynthia rushed out.

"Sure is—and so's her twin, um, he's a guy, and really cool too," Denise said.

"Yeah, and shit, did he whomp up on Winters at swim practice today," Kevin exclaimed. "Took him down like a little kid—gave him a damned tongue lashing and sent him away with his tail dragging. If he learned that ass-kicking from his dad, I'd hate getting on his dad's bad side. He was just like a Marine drill sergeant. It was awesome to see."

"Hey, Kevin, you know where we were just about a year ago, right?" Denise giggled.

“Um, holy shit, yeah... this is quite a change,” he grinned.

“Change? From what?” Valerie asked.

“Last year at around this time we were in a lunchroom sitting with some naked kids then too,” Denise explained, “although we were a kind of support team for them, and wound up doing stuff with them, Kevin did anyway, right in the lunchroom.”

“No shit?” Jon said. “So why are you so anti now?”

“We were anti then, too,” Kevin said. “But the kids we were trying to help—it was pitiful; the girls were so frightened. We tried to make it easier for them and got sorta carried away and they did too. I felt bad about it later. That’s another bad thing about this nudity stuff. If you mix the nudity with eroticism the way the Program does, it screws with your moral compass. That’s why I oppose it. I was right in the middle of it all and it lured me into doing stuff that after I cooled off, it embarrassed me. Tell me, any of you, have you been erotically stimulated these last two days?”

“No...” “Are you kidding?...” “Turned off, actually...” they muttered.

“So the parts that are meant to be erotic—the touching, posing, overt sexual elements—if those are removed, then it’s just the nudity, see? And nudity alone is not erotic, normally. Mix that with the embarrassment of being naked in a place where everyone else is clothed seems to me to be anti-erotic. So the Program fails again. You can’t force someone to learn about their sexuality by forcing them into an artificial situation. Someone once said that it’s like throwing a person into a river and expecting him to learn to swim, just because he’s in the water,” Kevin finished.

Kevin phoned Habers as soon as he returned home.

“Kevin, are you in trouble at the school?” Habers asked when he got on the line.

“Not yet, sir,” he replied. “It’s just the same as I told you in my email, so far. I’ve been talking to students about the problems that the Program causes, Denise is too, and telling them about how I’ve heard of resistance movements against it at other schools. The assistant principal keeps implying that he wants to punish us, maybe even suspend us, for just that talking.”

“And you haven’t done anything that could be viewed as a direct challenge, like organizing a protest?”

“No, sir. We’ve told the kids stuff, only facts—nothing made up, and let them decide for themselves if they want to refuse to participate,” Kevin answered.

“Good. I have an iron in that fire, too. My daughter was almost raped at your high school last year while she was in the Program. I couldn’t force the school to exempt her, so I’m behind any student-originated movement to resist the Program. Here’s what I’ll do. A friend of mine is a circuit-court judge who has jurisdiction in this county. He’s also very much against the Program. If they do give you a suspension order, just leave, don’t argue, but contact me right away. I’ll have a restraining order back to the school inside the hour and a notice of a permanent injunction against their taking retributive actions against you for your free

speech activities in the school within the week. If they try anything else to punish you, other than a suspension, let me know and I'll figure out the proper response."

"Thanks so much, sir," Kevin acknowledged. "That's a relief and Denise will be thrilled too. I'll let you know if anything happens."

Then Kevin noticed that he had received an email from Bob Charlesworth. He was reading it when Denise came in.

"Say, darling, I spoke to Habers and not to worry, if Winters tries suspending either of us, he'll intervene immediately to get us back into school."

"That's cool," she answered.

"And I gotta let Cindy know—Bob is taking up this Tenth Amendment challenge. He's working with the ACLU in—um, let's see, fourth and eleventh districts, and they've already requested a declaratory judgment in those federal courts. He says this gets the ball rolling to stop any federal requirement for having the schools run the Program. He sends his compliments to Cindy for thinking of this, too."

"Fourth and eleventh districts? What's that mean?"

"Um. It's a big area, east coast, Maryland to Alabama, he says."

"Hey, look, sweetie, Roger's home. I just saw his car."

"Ah. I gotta talk to him about my swimming today. I'm not sure I want to actually compete on his team, but I sure liked the workout he gave us."

Kevin called to Roger as he came up to the house and they sat on the porch while they discussed Kevin's swimming.

"Yeah, Kevin, you could work out with the team if that's all you want to do, but you could even compete in some meets—you could swim in the events where your times are competitive. Individual and team events too, you know," Roger commented.

"Let's see how my week goes, okay? I liked the exercise—hey, I was more alert in classes today too, so the exercise got my blood going, I guess. Say, here comes Cindy and Tom; I got some real news for her—and you."

Cynthia came up onto the porch.

"Say guys, what's up?" she asked.

"Kevin and I were talking about swimming. He'll be working out with the team so we'll be riding in together in the mornings. Also he said he's got news for us," Roger said.

"Yeah, Cyn, I heard from my N.C. lawyer, Bob Charlesworth. He's taking up your constitutional challenge and already filed the papers."

"Awesome!" the others exclaimed.

"And you know how a-hole Winters has been threatening Denise and me with suspension?" Kevin went on. "Well, I spoke to my lawyer here, Joshua Habers his name is, he's really anti-Program; he told me his daughter was almost raped while she was on the Program. So he'll send an injunction and something else to the school immediately to cancel it if Winters tries."

"Habers... hmm, I know I heard that name..." Cynthia mused. "Oh, my god... Kevin, you know who that is? He's the father of the girl I saved from being raped last year in your school! Small world, wow. I don't believe it; how did you find him?"

"Bob—Bob Charlesworth. He recommended Habers' firm since they've worked together on some cases, is what Bob told me."

"Hey, if you tell him that I'm part of your Merritt anti-Program group, I bet he'll work twice as hard for you," Cynthia smiled.

Tom had been talking on his cell phone, then he came up on the porch.

"Just spoke to Jim," Tom said. "Everything's ready for the great news article switch. The newspaper sends the file late Thursday evening; it's queued for printing by 10 p.m., printed overnight, and delivered early Friday morning. So our window is between 7 and 9 p.m. He said we should have our copy ready, 500 words max. That would fit where the front-page main story goes. Can we do that?"

Cynthia looked at Kevin.

"Um, sure," Kevin said. "How 'bout we base it on your resistance model, Cyn? Several levels of non-compliance. First level, *Just say no*. That's not participating at all. Next, limited participation, with help from others who will shield them from being harassed. Then refusal to take part in humiliating classroom demos. Why not tell kids who participate to simply ignore the stupid opposite-sex rule about restroom use for Program people so they'll have their privacy if they want? And same thing about the locker room and shower situation, too. Remember all those forum stories about the biggest source of rapes involved girls in the boys' showers. And begin the article with info about why the Program is so bad, Cindy's study results, and finally, the possible consequences and punishments the school can impose and how to counter those threats."

"Hey, that sounds pretty good, right, Cyn?" Roger exclaimed. "Kevin, why don't you write that up and we'll all look at it, okay? We can make it like a guide so the kids who get called next Monday have some idea of their options. And point out that there's no formal organization being done; that the resistance movement is simply a general kind of civil disobedience and if enough kids take part, the school's options for retaliation become greatly reduced."

They all agreed that this was a good plan.

Kevin grinned at the twins. "Geez, guys, you're some hot team. This is going down like a real military campaign—now we have a propaganda arm, too!"

Cynthia smiled back humorlessly. “Yeah. They want a fight? They’ll get a fight. We Marine kids know how to fight. Kids—need help? Call in the kids from the U.S. Marines! We know how to improvise, adapt, and overcome! *Oo-rah!*”

Roger high-fived her and grinning, repeated, “*Oo-rah!*”

Chapter 9

The following morning, Wednesday, Roger found out that Mr Leeds did indeed want to see him, so after the swim team practice, he went to the principal's office.

"Good morning, Mr Denison," Leeds began. "I've heard from Mr Winters that he's had some problems with you; you hurt his wrist and you've disobeyed his requests."

"Yes, sir, I did do those things. Did he tell you the entire sequence of events?"

"He told me that when he was trying to speak with you, you ignored him. He tried to get your attention by taking hold of your arm. He also is in charge of the Program here, and you were refusing to implement some of the Program rules."

"Ah, okay," Roger answered, "first. He grabbed my arm and pulled it. I was holding a timer in that hand; I was timing a practice race heat and watching the swimmers to check their techniques—cadence, stroke, that stuff. He interrupted me. He ignored my request to wait, so I removed his hand. I'm fairly strong; I may have used a bit too much pressure, but my concentration was elsewhere. Tell me, sir, if he were to try that with the football coach—let's say he was watching the team run a complex play—and Mr Winters came up and tried to stick his face into the coach's, what would have happened?"

"Ha. He'd be flat on his rear," Leeds said, smiling. "I see. Same thing, right?"

"Yes, sir. We have so little time for practice; every moment is precious. I couldn't stop the racers' heat; they were doing a timed swim and that would have wrecked the morning's practice schedule. As an administrator, he should have known that. Maybe he does now, I hope."

"Yes, and the other matter?" Leeds asked.

"Okay, he expects the teams to play naked. That's totally absurd. First, it's not in the Program—other than as a suggested enhancement that schools can add as an option—and it's absolutely insane to expect that sports be played without using the proper equipment. Every athletic sport requires the proper equipment and swimming and diving is no exception; even though the athletes seem virtually naked, the suits we wear are vital for protecting sensitive body parts as well as streamlining the body for proper performance. Try a naked racing dive, sir. I did, just once, and I still hurt after about three or four hours."

"Mr Winters said that the ancient Greek athletes..."

Roger put up his hand. "Nothing like today's sports, sir. The Greeks never had swimming competitions anyway, so he can't use that as an example. But even when naked, they used some protection. From their artwork, we can even see that sometimes the Greeks tied their penises up in certain cases, so we actually don't know just how much they used protective gear. Try running a race with your cock flopping. After a while, it'll start hurting. Also, the Greek artwork is just artwork. Greek art also shows naked troops in battle. I'm certain that never happened, naked soldiers in battle, so it's possible that a lot of the naked Greek art is artistic license, even though there are also written references by ancient writers about naked Greek sports. But many of those works were actually by Roman writers from hundreds of years later. So using Greek art as a reason to require naked modern sports is not only stupid, it also shows a total ignorance of history. Was that what you wanted to see me about, sir? Those two issues?"

"Yes, basically. All the other coaches are up in arms about their teams, and the gym teachers are hesitant to try to enforce gym nudity."

"You could have a real student rebellion if you tried that. I've heard that there's already some kind of resistance being shown by some students in their participating in the Program," Roger commented.

"Yes, that's happening now and seems to be spreading. Mr Winters tells me that he's found the source of the resistance and will be suspending the students involved."

"Tell me, sir, is that a wise move? Seems to me the result could be martyring them; then they'll become the symbol of the resistance," Roger said.

"That's a good insight, son. He insists that it's an appropriate step, though, based on how a lot of other schools have dealt with similar problems. He's not made up his mind completely yet, so I'll mention your comment to him. Well, that's all I have. We'll let these matters drop now, and I don't believe that these issues will cause any further disagreement."

"Okay, sir; thanks. Call me if you need to talk again; I generally can meet after morning practices. Have a good day..."

Roger left and called Cynthia as soon as he got out of the school.

"Hey, Cyn," he said when she answered, "just spoke to Leeds and he said Winters is on the verge of suspending Kevin, maybe Denise too. If you see them at lunch—you're going then? Okay, then tell them what I heard. See ya in classes later, sis."

Kevin's day in school was routine; Cynthia did stop into the lunchroom, and speaking to him privately, relayed Roger's message.

"I guess he didn't want to text you that, or send an email. Roger's always been very security conscious over sending private stuff electronically," she explained.

Then they went back to the lunch table, which had become an unofficial Program hangout.

"So any Program incidents today?" Cynthia inquired.

"No, but this is kinda gettin' to be a pain," Valerie complained. "I'm cold. I sit in class, shivering now; I can't pay attention. I don't know what'll happen with the kids who have to do this in the winter."

"In our North Carolina school they had to raise the heat in the classrooms," Denise said. "Then the clothed kids complained that the warmth was making them drowsy. Nobody was happy."

"Well, tomorrow I'm bringing a coverup," Valerie declared. "I can't afford to catch a cold and miss classes."

Cynthia leaned over and whispered in Kevin's ear, "Another item for the article."

He nodded. Then Cynthia had to leave.

By Thursday afternoon, Kevin's article was ready. It contained an outline of the Program's proven shortcomings, showing how its objectives could not possibly be met, and citing the psychological damage suffered by many students. It gave the statistics of the adverse impact on average student grades suffered by students in schools where the Program ran, and mentioned the problems students experienced while participating. Then it explained the suggested resistance tactics and how all students could send a message to the school by taking part—those selected for the Program by refusing to participate, and others who could support and protect those who were compelled, for one reason or another, to participate. It mentioned the need to take advantage of personal protection, such as against becoming chilled, or for girls, protection during their menses.

With Jim's—and probably his father's—assistance, the substitute article was inserted into the uploaded file for the student paper. It was placed in the head story spot on page one with the headline, "Students Resist Naked Program."

Kevin and Denise could hardly wait for Friday morning. It was a half-day of school; there was no swim practice and the morning dawned overcast and chilly. The two arrived at the school, planning to see how the Program kids were going to deal with undressing in the chilly morning air.

They didn't undress outside; when the kids arrived, they simply bypassed the clothing boxes and went to their lockers where they stripped, leaving their clothes in their lockers. Then the two followed the group escorting the Program kids to the commons area to get their copies of the newspaper.

There it was, the article shouted from the front page with its bold, screaming headline. The newspaper was an immediate sensation and copies went flying out of the newspaper boxes. Soon some teachers appeared, curious about the commotion. Finally Leeds strode in, saw a paper, and turned bright red. He tried to confiscate copies and then attempted to grab the boxes of newspapers, but kids just hustled the extra copies away, and Leeds returned to his office carrying only a handful of copies.

During home room, Leeds announced over the PA system that the article had somehow been placed into the paper and that all students were ordered to ignore it, they were told to turn in their copies of the newspaper on pain of unspecified punishment, and that the Program would be continuing in the following week with no changes. He also promised that the parties who had sabotaged the newspaper would be punished.

But before the home room period was even over, news of the article, and copies of its text too, had already gone viral; kids had made photos of the article and posted the images on social media; mainstream news blogs were picking up the story and before the morning was over, several TV and radio news crews had arrived at the school, attempting to get details and people to interview. Gradually, news of the resistance movement began spreading, even outside of the Atlanta area.

The kids in Denise and Kevin's home room were bursting with excitement over the article; then the student who had taken the attendance report to the office returned with additional news.

"Guess what I heard? Leeds was raking Winters over the coals. It seems Winters was the last person to have opened and looked at the newspaper layout before it went to the printers and he had okayed it for printing. So Leeds told him that he either must have missed the Program article or thought it was okay to be printed that way! No one on the paper staff said they knew about it and the newspaper's computers were clean—there wasn't any trace of that article. Hot damn!"

Kids were still on their phones checking social media sites and following the progress of the news as the bell rang.

During their next class, Kevin and Denise were paged to the office.

Kevin grinned at Denise. “This is the new normal, just like our junior year. No day is complete without getting paged to the office. Watch—we’re suspended. I brought my little recorder along just in case. If I’m right, it’ll be very useful.”

Winters wanted to see them.

“Mr Coris, Miss Roberts. I’ve verified that the two of you were behind the Program resistance movement and I’m certain that you’re also responsible for that newspaper article, although I have no idea how you could have managed sabotaging the paper. But because of your vocal resistence, I still hold you responsible for it. So as of right now, you’re suspended for a week pending my request to the school board to have you expelled.”

“Sir, we have the right to speak in our defense...” Kevin began.

“You don’t; you have nothing to say in your defense.”

“We also have the right to see a written copy of the offense for which we’re being suspended,” Kevin continued.

“I don’t have to give you anything. You will leave the school within ten minutes or I will have you charged with trespassing.”

“Okay, Denise, let’s go,” Kevin said, and they left, stopping back at their classroom to get their bags.

Kevin announced to the class, “We’ve been suspended by Winters for something—he won’t tell us what, but we think it’s because we’ve been talking to people about the Program. What do you guys think of that? Conviction with no evidence presented or any trial? We’ll be back soon, though.”

They left while the class broke up into an uproar and it was several minutes before the teacher could regain control of her class.

The two went to Kevin’s car from where he phoned Habers. His secretary told Kevin that he was in court but that he had already arranged for the temporary restraining order; she just needed to make a phone call to have it released. Kevin told her he was emailing Habers the audio clip from his verbal suspension order from Winters. About fifteen minutes later she called back.

“The TRO has just been faxed to your school; you can return now.”

Kevin thanked her, grinned at Denise, and they started back into the school. “Back into the fray, huh?” he said. “We’d better stop in the office to get a late pass.”

When they walked into the office and asked for passes, Leeds came out.

“You were suspended...” he began.

The secretary picked up a sheet.

“It’s a restraining order for them to return. Just came in.”

Leeds took it and read it. “Well, I guess you’re back in school. Shortest suspension on record,” he shrugged.

While they were getting their passes, they heard Leeds talking about them on the phone, to Winters, they figured. Leeds sounded quite angry.

Later, at lunch, the two were mobbed. As Roger had predicted, they had become minor martyrs in the anti-Program cause and most of the kids who tried to talk to them vowed that they’d never participate in the Program no matter what the threats. Some kids wanted to know how they could help in the anti-Program movement in other ways. It was at this moment that Cynthia appeared.

“Hey, guys, quiet for a sec!” Kevin called. Everyone fell silent. “I want to introduce one of the architects of the original anti-Program movement in the country. This is Cynthia Denison and she and her brother started the first movement in her school two years ago.”

Enthusiastic applause.

“This was in California, and her resistance was supported by her family, which happens to be a U.S. Marine family and the Marines helped Cindy and her school’s students in their resistance. Denise and I heard about how the kids in that school had successfully managed to all but gut the Program in that school, so we encouraged a lot of the kids here to do the same. That’s why they tried to suspend us, for talking about the Program. We learned that the best way to defend ourselves as students, to defend our rights as individuals, was to go on the offense, like the Marines do. When there’s a threat, they attack it before it causes them damage. So like the Marines, we’ll attack to protect our rights. *Just say no!*”

Everyone took up the chant, and *Just say no! Just say no! Just say no!* rang out in the lunchroom for about a minute. Then they broke into applause again.

Kevin spoke again, “So come Monday, everyone stands together, united, right?”

“Yes!” rang out.

It was an excited group of students that left the lunchroom when the bell rang, spreading the word throughout the school about the fully mature resistance.

When Kevin left school later, he had a message to call Habers, so he called back.

“Kevin, I didn’t have a chance to tell you that I certainly recall Cynthia and what she did for my daughter. I’m so delighted that you’re her friend and that I can help you. That audio file you sent was fantastic; your assistant principal broke state law in the way he tried to suspend you so I’d like to prepare a lawsuit against the school district on your and Denise’s behalf. We can meet to discuss it some time next week if you’re agreeable.”

Kevin was.

So they arranged a time to meet the following week.

When Kevin and Denise arrived home after the half-day of school, the others were getting ready to drive to the resort. The weekend weather was promising to be warmer with expected highs in the upper 70s. The four college students were very eager to learn about the reaction to the newspaper article and about the resistance in general, so on their trip south, Kevin and Denise related all of the day's events.

"So they have no idea at all how the article got into the paper?" Tom asked.

"Someone heard that Leeds had the newspaper computers searched and didn't find anything. Also, it seems that Leeds thinks that Winters was the last person to see the file," Denise said.

"Probably it won't occur to anyone that the file was changed after it went to the printer," Kevin observed. "Because everything in it seemed to apply to Merritt, maybe they won't think of outside tampering. After all, who else would care, except someone at Merritt?"

"Denise and Kevin are minor celebrities now," Cynthia remarked. "They were surrounded by admirers when I found them at lunch—everyone was asking them about their suspension."

"Yeah, I told Leeds that would happen," Roger commented. "Winters is really a loose cannon; someday he'll get into trouble."

"Already happening," Kevin remarked. "Habers wants to talk to me and Denise about suing them. He said Winters broke a few laws when he suspended us."

"Cool!" Roger and Cynthia exclaimed.

"I don't like the guy," Roger said. "Neither do the other coaches, I heard."

"Yeah, they don't," Cynthia agreed. "When he told the girls' b-ball coach about his nudity idea for the team, she laughed in his face, told him he was a jerk, and sent him away."

"So what's this place like, Tom?" Denise asked.

"It's pretty typical, I guess. Camping and RV sites, cabins, clubhouse, pools, sports facilities. There's a lake, too, and boats there. A lodge for events. That kind of stuff."

"Who goes there? I mean, the people? I'm trying to picture the kinds of people who'd want to be nude with other people," she clarified.

"You'd be surprised—all kinds of people are nudists. Doctors, politicians, clergy, professors, farmers, office workers, students, shopkeepers, anyone. They all love the lifestyle; you'll see," he answered.

After they arrived at the resort at 3:40 in the afternoon and registered, Tom drove to their cabin. It consisted of a large single room which contained four full-size beds, a bunk bed, a kitchenette with a table and eight chairs, and a sofa. A door off of the room opened to a bathroom with a shower stall.

"Say, it's still warm, we have a little time before supper—want to hit the pool?" Tom asked.

“Sure, but let’s get the food into the ‘fridge first,” Cynthia said.

They brought the food in, got the bed linens out of a cabinet and fixed up the beds, and then turned to each other expectantly.

“Hey, I just realized—even though it seems we’ve known Denise and Kevin forever, it’s only been a week. And with all the talk about the Naked in School Program, do you realize that we’ve never seen them nude, nor them us? Except in those pictures?” Cynthia grinned. “So it’s time for the grand unveiling!”

The others chuckled and began shedding their clothes and quickly all were nude.

Ayame, still modestly self-conscious, had turned away from the others as she undressed, but now fully naked, she turned and saw Denise.

“Aaahhh, oh my...” Ayame gasped as she looked at her. “Oh, so stunning! Denise is—oh my, how beautiful!”

Denise, eyes grown wide at the unexpected compliment, flushed, the glow rapidly spreading over her entire body.

“Oh, Ayame, thanks—but you’re very beautiful too, you know,” she demurred.

Then Denise noticed Tom and Roger. They were staring at her, mouths hanging open. Kevin was grinning widely as he took in the tableau.

Roger was the first to gather his thoughts.

“Ayame is right, Denise. My God, you’re the most gorgeous creature I’ve ever seen! Ayame, I’m sorry, I think you’re so beautiful; you know that. But goddamn, Denise, wow!”

Denise laughed. “Well, hey, you’re really embarrassing me by staring. And you’d better lose those hardons, you two, if you want to walk outside!”

Both boys were now sporting partial erections; they looked down at themselves in dismay.

“Shit,” Tom said. “Sorry, Cyn. I...”

“Hey, buster,” Cynthia interrupted, “it’s okay. You have the right to admire her. Hell, I think she’s gorgeous too. She’s got this kind of internal magnetism that just feels compelling—like an aura? That’s a big part of how she looks, I think. Hey, Kevin, wow, you’re a hellofa specimen yourself, you know. Shit, two super-hot bodies.”

“Thanks, guys. You should have seen what happened at our old school when she wore that kimono we told you about. She was like the Pied Piper... there was a line of boys trailing behind her wherever she went. Yeah, I’m really proud of her and can’t believe how lucky I am that she likes me.”

Denise went to him and wrapped him in an embrace.

“More than ‘like’ you, darling. I love you so, so much, you know.”

“Awww,” the others said, only partly sarcastically.

“I could say ‘get a room,’ but here we are in one... want to stay here while we go to the pool?” Cynthia kidded them.

“Okay, okay,” Kevin pouted. “Let’s just go, okay? Anything to stop the teasing. I think the four of you look awesome too; shit, you have such athletic bodies—Cindy looks like an Amazon, like the warrior queens on those romance paperbacks. And Ayame is like a doll, wow, what a cutie!”

Ayame giggled. “Kevin is so nice, but the staring is enough now! Let’s go out so he has others to stare at besides me!”

They all left for the pool, empty now as the other guests had all left to get ready for dinner, so the six splashed around for a while. Then they returned to the cabin and they all pitched in to make dinner, steaks barbecued on the grill outside the cabin and veggies prepared on the stove inside. After dinner, Tom suggested that they go to the beach at the lake and watch the sun go down.

“Last time we were here, we saw that,” he told Kevin and Denise. “It was really pretty—so romantic, too.”

Grabbing a few blankets, they walked the short distance to the beach.

“Hey, guys, the water’s still pretty warm,” Roger called after he went to the edge to test it. “I’m gonna swim out to the raft.”

He strode into the lake and began swimming and was joined by the others. They reached the raft and climbed up onto it; then they lay down on its padded surface.

“This is so nice, so peaceful,” murmured Denise after a while. “But I’m getting a little chilly.”

“C’mere, darling,” Kevin said. “Hold me and we’ll get warm.”

They embraced and then began kissing and the other two couples followed suit. Soon the three couples were kissing and caressing each other’s bodies; the boys’ rampant cocks were being fondled by their lovers while the boys were fingering soaking wet pussies.

“Ahh,” Ayame breathed. “Maybe we should go back to the beach? Sun is setting...”

The others looked up.

“Let’s go,” Cynthia called and dove into the lake, followed by the others.

They swam back to the shore and went to their blankets. Sitting closely together, sharing their body heat, the six watched the skies turn from blue to violet to indigo as the sun slowly sunk below the horizon.

“So pretty,” Ayame sighed as the beach was enveloped in shadows. “Eee! Roger, tickles!”

“What he do?” murmured Cynthia.

“Tweaked nipple,” giggled Ayame.

“C’mere, darling,” Roger groaned and pulled Ayame down onto the blanket.

“Aaahhh,” she sighed, as Roger fastened his lips to hers and they began kissing passionately.

Meanwhile, Kevin was embracing Denise as they sat on the blanket with her head resting on his shoulder. Then she turned her head and kissed him ever so gently on the lips, slipping the tip of her tongue between his lips and sliding it in and out in the most suggestive way. Kevin moved his hand to her breasts, stroking and rubbing her nipples, and then dropped it to her mons and began to rub his fingers up and down her already soaking labia, matching his strokes to the rhythm of her tongue.

Soon she pulled him down with her to lie side by side on the blanket. They explored each other’s mouths with their tongues and each other’s bodies with their hands. Kevin felt his cock throbbing, pushing hard against Denise’s hip. He was lying very close to Ayame now; their entire bodies were rubbing together. Suddenly he felt Ayame’s hand brush over his groin and lightly caress his cock; he now had both Denise’s and Ayame’s hands stroking his rampant erection.

“Aaaahh, Ayame...” he groaned.

She giggled. “Sexy one, Kevin, such pretty cock... touching is nice,” she breathed, then turned slightly away and resumed kissing Roger while Kevin redoubled his efforts in lashing Denise’s mouth and lips with his tongue.

Denise, now in sole possession of his tool, teased him, “Show me what else you can do with that talented tongue,” she murmured into Kevin’s ear.

As she lay back and moved her legs apart, he rolled onto his knees and buried his nose in her vulva and inhaled the intoxicating scent of her passion. His tongue snaked its way into her moist, sweet-scented folds and began lapping up her juices. Denise began making little mewling sounds of passion as she held his head and pushed her sex into his face. Then Kevin began sucking on the hood of her clit, teasing it with the tip of his tongue, and he felt it slowly begin to peek out of its hiding place. His ministrations brought on a more passion-filled and urgent response as the first of several orgasms rushed over Denise.

“Aaahhhggg... Come on up here, Kevin! I need you inside me right now. I want as much of this beautiful cock as possible inside me for as long as you can keep it hard.”

Still holding his face in her hands, Denise pulled Kevin up on top of her body, bringing his pulsing organ in line with her hungry love channel. She reached down between her thighs and took it in her hand, rubbing its inflamed head between her lust-engorged labia and lubricating it with the slippery secretions that were flowing out of her body. Then she slotted its head into the opening of her vagina.

“Now, lover. I want it now, push,” she moaned and Kevin slid slowly in. “Oh, god, darling... Uuuhhh... you feel bigger than ever! Uuuhhh! You’re stretching me! Ahhh, too big, go slowly!” she gasped.

Kevin felt the extremely strong pressure that her vagina was exerting; it was truly a snug fit and he had to ease in and out several times before he was finally able to sink his cock totally inside her. Then Kevin became aware of Ayame’s leg and flank rubbing on him; he glanced to the side and saw her riding on Roger’s cock, pounding up and down on him. She noticed Kevin’s look and with an evil grin, leaned back and reached between Kevin’s thighs and stroked his balls.

“Uunnnnhhhh!” Kevin exclaimed as he jerked forward, eliciting a squeal from Denise.

Ayame caressed his balls several more times and then ran her hand up and down inside the crack of his ass and over his asshole, causing Kevin to buck hard into Denise again as she gasped with each thrust. Then Ayame turned her full attention back to Roger, dropping forward onto his chest and kissing him lustfully.

Kevin was luxuriating in the feeling of his cock as he slid in and out of Denise's warm, receptive body; her vagina was gripping him harder than ever before and the sensations were making his entire body shiver in lust.

"Damn, Denise," he gasped, "I've never felt anything this wonderful! Oh, I adore you, oh my god, so fantastic..." he moaned at the exquisite sensations that were making him feel a little light-headed.

Denise was breathing deeply and making rapturous sounds with every one of Kevin's thrusts into her velvety tightness. Then Kevin began to pick up his speed, but Denise pushed up on his chest, stopping him.

"Aaaahh, lover, I need to be on top. Please let me? Lay on your back, Kevin."

Wiggling his body in between Ayame's, now on her back, and Denise's, Kevin stretched out on the blanket with his cock standing rampantly upright. As Denise straddled his waist and guided him into her opening, Ayame reached over to Denise and stroked her tit and tweaked her nipple, giggling with mirth. Denise gasped and jerked at Ayame's touch, plunging her hips down on Kevin's cock and impaling herself so deeply that he stretched the far end of her love canal and hit her cervix.

"Waaggguuuuhhh," she cried. "Ohmygod! Wooooo!"

Then she took a few tentative up-and-down movements, gyrated her hips once, and sighed.

"Ahhhh, so nice, so filled. You just lie still now and let me do the work, lover."

Taking his hands, she brought them to her breasts, encouraging him to massage them gently and tease the nipples. Then she began to slowly ease herself up and down on Kevin's shaft, gyrating her hips in small circles and squeezing his cock with her vaginal muscles. She watched his face intently and periodically stopped her movements when she saw that Kevin's passion threatened to overcome his control.

Kevin watched Denise and reveled in seeing her excitement and enjoyment build; it was obvious from her deep, shuddering breaths, her flared nostrils, and the deepening color on her chest and face that he could just make out in the dim light of dusk. Denise slowly and passionately allowed her lovemaking to build to a peak, then she pitched forward onto his chest and began whipping her pelvis up and down on his cock. Suddenly she stiffened and her mouth opened in an almost voiceless scream.

"Eeeeeehhhhh.... ahhhhhhhh!"

Kevin was overcome with lust and passion and pushed Denise up and off him, twisted her around onto her back, and sunk himself back into her hot channel. Raising himself up on his arms, he looked down at the joining of their bodies and reveled at the sight of his cock riding in and out of her body. Now he began pounding into her with all the energy he could muster while she pushed her hips up into him, meeting his every thrust. Within a minute, they both exploded with an intensity that was beyond anything that they had ever experienced before.

Kevin collapsed onto his back in exhaustion and Denise snuggled against him, lying her head on his chest while their breathing returned to normal.

“Shit, was that so fuckin’ hot,” came Cynthia’s whisper. “My god, I practically creamed just watching you two... That was the hottest sex I’ve ever seen.”

Ayame giggled, “They made me orgasm by just watching! Denise turns me on so much!”

Roger groaned, “Hell, what happened to me? I just lost all control. Ayame, that was the hottest sex I’ve ever had! It felt like my whole being was just a cock plowing into a cunt!”

Kevin drew a shuddering breath. “Ahhhh, guys, it’s Denise... She has that effect; she radiates sexuality and lust when she gets going. She once made me cum without ever touching my cock.”

“Damn, whatever,” Tom groaned. “I never came that hard! I thought my brains were gonna come out of my cock this time. Wow...”’

“See, Denise, I told you, remember? You’re a sex machine,” Kevin chuckled. “And I felt like I was fucking a virgin, too! What the hell did you do?”

Denise sighed, “Ahhhh, it felt like you stuck a baseball bat in there, lover. It was splitting me apart but it felt so damned good. I don’t know what happened; maybe it was the cold lake water. Also, being so close to all of you—our bodies were touching and all the sexy sounds—I think I’m in love with all of you... Oh, my god, what did I say? I meant...”

“Shhhh, lover, I think we all feel the same way. We all made an intellectual connection soon after we met; then tonight we made an emotional—maybe even a sexual connection,” Kevin said softly.

“Yes, we did that,” Ayame agreed, “I even touched both in their sexes and it made me have an orgasm hard too,” she tittered.

“Well, I hope you can wait to go to up to the cabin,” Tom sighed. “I think my legs are a bit too unsteady to walk just now.”

The others laughed and agreed. But after about ten minutes of quiet conversation and gentle petting, the group began to get chilled, so they rose unsteadily, gathered up their blankets, and walked back to the cabin. After showering and a little hygene, they were fast asleep within minutes of lying down.

Chapter 10

The next morning, Ayame was the first to awaken and as she lay there thinking about the previous evening, she reached down and began to idly caress Roger's cock, which was exhibiting its typical morning stiffness. Then, with a sigh of lust renewed, she slurped it into her mouth. Roger woke under the onslaught of the intense feelings Ayame's mouth was producing. It didn't take very long before Roger was filling her mouth with his love juices and Ayame fell into his embrace as they kissed passionately.

"Ah, lover, you swallowed this time," Roger sighed. "I guess I'll eventually get used to my taste. What a nice way to wake up. Thank you."

There were now groans and sighs coming from the two other beds.

"Sleepies!" Ayame called. "We can go to clubhouse for breakfast. I'll be right out," she said as she ducked into the bathroom.

Soon the group was off for breakfast.

"Last night was crazy awesome," Cynthia remarked as they were eating. "What a turn-on that was; we were lying there, skin to skin, and this wave of passion just flowed over me—like suddenly I'm drowning in lust. And I was outside—in public, in a group of people, but the sex felt so, so right, like it was so perfect."

"I loved the feeling too," Roger agreed, "like knowing that you all could see me, see me having sex, and it felt so right. I felt that I was sharing in a wonderful experience and wanted, no, needed, to have you experience that with me. So how is this different from the Program, then? Weird... That's public sex too; it's supposed to get everyone involved and break down barriers of modesty and inhibitions, right?"

"I think it's the impersonal nature of the Program. One size fits all," Denise mused. "Everyone has to go at the fastest possible pace—forced to run before they learn to crawl, I think. Also, there's no love, no trust, like I feel so strongly from you guys, for the participants. You have to be alone in your nudity—that sets you apart. You're forced to allow others to touch you wherever they want. And all the exposure can be very humiliating."

"I think Denise got it right," Tom said. "When I was in the Program, I felt totally isolated, even though those kids were kind of shielding me. And my nudity never embarrassed me before, but in school, it was embarrassing. I was so fuckin' happy I wasn't forced to do any of the sex acts. That would have made me sick, I think."

"So we're agreed? The resistance goes on?" Kevin asked.

"Yes!" five voices replied.

After breakfast, they went out to see if there was anyone their age to meet and they found a group of older teens and young adults playing volleyball, so they joined in. Again Ayame exhibited her prowess at the game; her quick reflexes and her wicked spike were the games' highlights. Denise was amazed at how high she could leap.

"Ah, I think I anticipate where the ball will be," Ayame explained. "It seems like height, maybe, but I try to hit the ball at the right time, as it drops, so it's easy to hit to open places on the other side."

After a few games, they joined the older teens in the pool as they chatted. Of course, as several were in high school, the topic of discussion soon turned to the Program.

“You guys from Atlanta?” a girl asked. “Say, you must have heard about the article in that student paper—about the kids refusing to do the Program.”

“Yeah, that was actually in my school,” Denise replied. “We were already having some kids resist being in the Program when the article was printed. I can’t wait to Monday to see what happens.”

“Well, that news was a big deal at our school. They announced over the speakers late in the day that everyone was expected to participate on Monday if they got called. Right, like they will. Everyone I heard said that they won’t do it. So we’ll see.”

“Anyone of you in the Program yet?” Kevin asked.

No one had been.

“Most of us come from schools that just started it this fall,” a boy explained. “A kid I know had to do it two weeks ago. He hated it; he has a little cock and the other kids were making fun of him. He wouldn’t let anyone touch him and got into trouble over that; they were gonna make him repeat the week. He didn’t come to school all last week, and I tried to call him but his mom said he wasn’t talking to anyone. So I wonder what’s going on with him.”

“Yeah, I’ve heard stories about stuff like that happening,” Cynthia remarked. “Kids can be so cruel that way. They tease girls who have little boobs the same way, but it’s much worse for a guy ‘cause it’s assumed that a small cock means they could be gay or something.”

Lunch time was now here, so the group broke up as the six decided to go to the snack bar and the others had to meet their families for the meal. After lunch, Denise decided she wanted to take a stroll on a trail that led into a wooded area near the lake and got Kevin to go with her.

“Kevin, this is so awesome, don’t you think?” she asked as they walked. “Feeling the air and the sun on my skin—I can’t believe how nice it feels. And Tom was right; the people we met have been so pleasant and welcoming. What do you think?”

“I have to agree, darling. It’s been fun, and the others—the twins and their friends—are so cool. In a week they feel like true family; I’m so glad we met them. And what they’ve done for us with the anti-Program stuff. Incredible.”

“Hey, look, paddleboats!” Denise called. “Want to try?”

“Sweet! Yeah, let’s!”

They got a boat and paddled around the lake for an hour or so. After they returned the boat and headed away from the lake, Denise noticed a kiosk near the entrance to the beach swimming area.

“Let’s see what those posters say.... Oh, Kevin, look,” she said as they read the bulletin board, “a class on tantric massage. Remember the one we had on tantric yoga?”

“Damn, how could I ever forget?”

“My God, that was so hot—I mean after I got over my shock at what was going on. I wonder what the massage version is like. Tee, hee. We’re already nude so that part won’t be any problem like it was last time,” she commented. “You wanna try the class, darling?”

“I’m game. Shit, that yoga turned you into a real tiger, sweetie. If this class is anything like that, I’m all for it!”

“Let’s see if the others want to go,” Denise said.

“Let me read the description—see if there’s any other info—ah, the sign-up is in the office and there’s a sheet of pre-class instructions available there,” Kevin remarked.

They met the other four at the pool.

“Hey guys, there’s a tantric sensual massage class after dinner today. Denise and I took a tantric yoga class and thought it was fantastic. We still do those yoga positions and it’s really crazy, so hot. We’re gonna sign up if there are openings still available. Want to try it?” Kevin asked.

“Tantric massage?” Tom asked. “Yeah, they sometimes had that at my resort back home but I never went—I was too young, my folks said. I heard that people liked it—some did, anyway. Cyn, want to go?”

“Let me talk to Denise first, okay? Ayame? How about you and Roger? Interested?” Cynthia answered.

“Aah, I’ll talk to Denise too. Not sure.”

The three girls walked off by themselves and disappeared for about fifteen minutes. Tom picked up his bottle of sun screen.

“Hey, I’m almost out. I need to run to the cabin to get more. Be right back,” he called to the others.

When Tom returned, the girls were playing on the water slide while Kevin and Roger were watching them with amusement.

“I love to watch how their tits jiggle when they do that,” Roger grinned as he followed Cynthia’s trip down the slide with his eyes.

“Yeah, it’s so cool,” Kevin agreed. “I really like this—it’s so liberating, so natural.”

Tom walked up. “So what’s the deal for this evening? They decide?”

“Yeah,” Roger said, “Ayame agreed too, so the girls signed us up for the massage class; it’s at 7 o’clock this evening. In the lodge, right?”

“Yep. There’s an instruction sheet,” Kevin said. “We need to provide our own bottles of oil and we can get that at the resort’s shop. There’s instructions about shaving, too.”

“Oh?” Tom asked. “Well, I shaved this morning—I guess I can freshen up...”

“No, dummy. The girls,” Kevin grinned. “The instructions say for the best sensual results, their vulvas need to be clean-shaven. Denise wants me to do her. Wow.”

“Oh!” Roger exclaimed. “Ayame has a cute little bush down there. I wonder if she knows.”

“Did you see her giggling and blushing when they got back here from signing up? They were reading that sheet, Roger. I’ll bet they were talking about it,” Kevin smirked.

The girls came running up.

“We’re going to the shop to pick out our oils for tonight. You guys don’t have to come,” Denise said, and the three sauntered away, tittering.

“God,” moaned Tom, staring at their twitching little butts as they walked away, “I need to cool off. Right fuckin’ now!”

His cock was at half mast and rapidly rising as he strode to the pool’s edge and leaped in, immediately followed by Kevin and Roger.

“Shit,” Roger groaned. “My cock is like an iron bar. Wow!”

“See how that tantra works?” Kevin grinned. “All you have to do is mention it and whammo! Instant hardon. Tonight should be great, you’ll see.”

After dinner, Cynthia announced, “We need to get ready for the massage now, so let’s get the shaving stuff.”

The three boys looked at each other and grinned.

“Kevin, you ready?” Denise asked.

“Yeah, but what...”

“It’s okay, stud,” Cynthia interrupted. “I’ll help you. Oh look at her, nice, you just have to touch her up. My god, Denise, you’re got such a pretty little pussy! Kevin, put the warm towel on her for a minute.... Now spread the shaving gel all around her pussy... Denise, stop squirming! Okay... wait a bit, and now shave her carefully, just the stubble and stray hairs. Spread her lips, watch it around her clit. Just do all those little hairs, there below her vagina.”

Denise was wiggling her hips and groaning with frustration as Kevin fingered her vulva.

Cynthia continued, “Now the warm rinse and see if there’s any more—right over there, a little stubble. Now it’s ready for the fun. It’s important to be really smooth, so you need to test your work with your tongue.”

“Really? Wow!”

Kevin dove into her pussy and began licking; almost immediately Denise’s hips began jerking into his face and she started to whimper and pant. Then Kevin lapped at her clit with a flat tongue and sucked on it; her legs went rigid and she squealed.

“Uuuhhnnn... ooohhh, that was so fuckin’ good...” she sighed. “Wow, was that nice.”

She sat up and grabbed Kevin in a passionate kiss.

Ayame was watching in fascination as Cynthia turned on her.

“Your turn, darling. Who did you decide on, Roger or me?” she asked.

“Errr, both? Can it be both?” she whispered as her whole body broke out in a flush.

“Certainly! Lie back now and spread ‘em. We’re not gonna do your bush, it’s so cute like it is, honey,” she said. “We’re gonna clean you up from your clit to your asshole, though.”

“*Ehh*? Okay...” she squeaked.

“Hmm, first some scissors; need to trim the hair close. Roger, want to do the honors?”

The other four crowded in, watching the action.

“Goddamn, this is so hot,” Tom moaned.

Roger finished clipping her hairs and then Cynthia told him to apply the warm cloth. Next she took the gel and spread it over Ayame’s vulva.

“Let me start the shaving, Rog; I’ll do her lips and you can finish up.”

Cynthia used her thumb and index finger to spread Ayame’s lips and hold them stretched as she glided the razor over them, leaving glistening smooth skin in its wake. She shaved both lips and around Ayame’s love button, then handed the razor to Roger.

“Let’s use the warm towel again and then you can put a little more gel on her, Rog.”

He did, watching Ayame’s cute face screwed up in passion, and then began to hesitatingly apply the razor and slowly shaved off the remaining hairs from her entire vulva.

“Wash her off and test your work now,” Cynthia commanded.

Roger swabbed off the gel, rinsed the area, and then lapped at her pussy, laving her clit with the tip of his tongue, and finally sat up, pronouncing the whole area quite smooth. Then he pinched her clit as he blew on it and Ayame squealed and jerked in a little cum.

“Eeeeee! Ahhh, my darling, that was nice...” she sighed.

“Let me check your work too, bro, not that I don’t trust you,” Cynthia grinned, and took his place between her legs. She used her tongue and fingers to quickly bring Ayame to another shuddering orgasm. “You did good, bro, she’s nice and clean.”

Then everyone turned on Cynthia.

“Hold it, guys... I’m already done—I touched myself up this morning...” she began as the others pushed her down flat on the bed.

“I need to check that to make certain,” Tom announced as he applied his tongue to her nether parts.

He came up for air after he brought Cynthia to a squealing, squirming, shuddering climax, and rendered his verdict.

“I felt a few missed places, so let’s touch her up, guys.”

Ayame and Denise took over and quickly finished the job, bringing Cynthia to another little cum in the process.

“Oh my god...” Cynthia breathed. “Do we really need a sensual massage after that session?”

The other girls laughed, but the boys looked down at their rampant cocks in dismay.

“Hey, it’s tantra, you know,” Denise reminded them. “It’s supposed to get your erotic energies at a peak. Waiting’ll be good for you.”

The boys just groaned.

About ten minutes later they had to leave for the lodge and the boys’ cocks had mostly subsided. On the walk there, the older four asked Kevin and Denise if they had any idea about what would happen in the class.

“Well, we do know we’ll be nude for it,” Denise giggled. “At the tantric yoga class we went to last year we had no idea that it was supposed to be held in the nude. And tantra is all about withholding, um, restraining your desires, so I guess we’ll get a little frustrated. I really don’t know. Maybe we’ll be surprised.”

They would be *really* surprised.

Next: Program’s Shortcomings: It All Makes Sense

The six kids learn about the true path to sensuality, trust, and respect, as they realized how the Program’s design failed to achieve its goals wherever it was tried. Back at the high school again, school officials try to repair the damage that the resistance has done to the Program. But the forces of resistance have been mobilized and only await some triggering events to fully unleash them.

Chapter 11 - Program's Shortcomings: It All Makes Sense

The group entered the room where the class was meeting. It was filled with mats arranged in a circle ringing a mat in the center and many pillows were strewn around, covering the mats. There was a fireplace with a fire going and the room was comfortably warm; there were numerous candles flickering around the room and the scent of incense filled the air. A gentle oriental melody completed the room's ambience. Four more couples arrived; they were in their forties, the kids figured.

Then another couple entered. They made a striking pair; the man was about six feet two inches tall with a lean but muscular build, large pecs and bulging biceps and thighs. His cock was long and thin and untrimmed. His partner was tiny; she had a waiflike appearance. She was a little less than five feet tall and had widely-spaced B-cup breasts but large, prominent nipples, a tiny waist, and deeply incised dimples topping a round, almost globular ass. They both were smoothly shaven, their skin was a golden bronze in color, and they walked lightly, almost floating into the room.

"Hello, everyone," the woman greeted the class in a lilting, musical voice, "welcome. I'm Amelia and my partner is Amir and this evening we'll introduce you to the wonders of tantric massage. There are containers of warm water near the fireplace; each couple get one, it's to warm up your massage oil, so put your oil bottles in them and bring them to your mats and sit. This class involves direct contact with your partner's sexual organs; that's what tantra is all about, so if this makes you uncomfortable, you may leave. Everyone's comfortable? Excellent.

"First, let me quote from an ancient text, about 1700 years old, called the *Chandogya Upanishad*.

> Man, verily, O Gautama, is a sacrificial fire. In this case the open mouth is the fuel, the breath is the smoke, the tongue its flame, the eye its embers, and the ear its sparks. In this fire the gods offer food as libation; out of that offering arises the semen.
>
> Woman, verily, O Gautama, is a sacrificial fire. In this case the lips of her vulva is the fuel, the hair around them is the smoke, the temple of love its flame, the insertion its embers, and the pleasure its sparks. In this fire the gods offer semen as libation; from this arises the fetus.

"My friends, our bodies are reservoirs of energies and the surface of the body possesses a network of foci, reflex points, at which these energies may be activated and stimulated; that is one of the purposes of massage. These energy foci, according to ancient Indian and Chinese medicine, are nerve centers the Indians called *chakras*. The most powerful lies at the base of the spine; coiled there rests an awesome energy called *kundalini*. This energy can be activated in several ways, particularly by lovemaking. According to the ancient texts, the psychic energy of *kundalini* is so strong that it can be mobilized in a person's striving for salvation—or *nirvana*, a goal that they called *moksha*, which refers to the release from *samsara*, the cycle of life and death.

"The idea that underlies tantra comes from the ancient Chinese and their contemporaries in India, who believed that lovemaking was one of the most direct paths to achieve spiritual bliss. And the secret to being able to fulfill that bliss was through the conservation of precious semen. Couples achieved this by maintaining their passions almost at the point of orgasm, but never reaching it. By doing this, vital energies are reabsorbed back into the body and flow into the *chakras* where they can build to enormous levels; the ancients even believed that they could obtain occult powers in this way. Now I don't expect that after this evening's session you'll be able to perform magic, but I do hope that you'll find your experiences in this class

will *be* magical. Also, as you will see as we progress, I soon will be unable to talk to you intelligibly, so Amir will take over at the proper time."

There was a quiet tittering from the group.

"So we begin. Tantra is the secret of the union between Shiva, the consciousness, representing the masculine principle, and Shakti, the activating power and energy, representing the feminine one," Amelia went on.

"A key element of tantra is the massage, which is best done using warm oils and essences, so keep your oils close to you because you'll need plenty as the class continues. In performing this ritual, Shiva and Shakti pamper one another; their bodies come into close contact and achieve togetherness. A tranquil and warm environment is important so that the participants are relaxed and comfortable; that's why our room is warm and candle-lit.

"First, I want Shakti, the women, to sit on your mat cross-legged. Now Shiva, the men, you'll sit closely behind your Shakti so that your chest touches her back; Shakti, lean slightly back into your Shiva while your Shiva wraps his arms around you, his arms under your arms, and Shiva, with your palms, gently and lightly hold your hands on Shakti's breasts, holding them firmly but gently. You should be sitting like Amir and I am doing. Both of you, close your eyes and listen for your partner's heartbeat and Shakti, turn your consciousness to Shiva's hands and his chest against your back and for the next several minutes, lose yourself in their warmth and in the sensations they are creating....

"Okay, then, we continue," Amir picked up the topic after a minute or two. His voice was soft and resonant. "Hands are a very sensuous part of the human body and are often poorly treated in everyday life. That's why we usually begin the massage with the hands. Shiva, take some oil and moisten your hands; then take the back of your partner's left hand in your left hand and using both hands, spread the oil slowly over it. Rub each of her fingers and press and massage her palm and the back of her hand, using slow and deliberate movements. Never rush through any part of a massage. All throughout the hands there are numerous reflex points; you'll want to stimulate these and promote fluid circulation as well as energy flows.... Now repeat this using her other hand. Do this for some minutes...

"When you finish with her hands, slide your hands up her arms to her shoulders, as I'm doing, and then stroke your hands over her torso, down her sides, to her tummy, and up to her chest and breasts, around and down again, painting the entire front of her body with your aromatic oil. Keep this up, moving slowly, for several minutes....

"Now we move to the next technique. Wet your hands with oil again and Shakti, lean forward a bit; Shiva, begin to massage her back as you did her front: beginning at her shoulders, down her spine, and up her sides, slowly and firmly. Repeat, changing direction, keeping your movements deliberate and firm. Make sure to cover her entire back, pressing firmly with your fingers. Do this for a few minutes...."

Murmuring sighs and moans began to be heard as the men stroked their partners' backs.

Cynthia gasped and shivered as Tom caressed her shoulders, gently pressing his fingers into her muscles. "Ahhhh, lover, sooooo goood..."

"Now we move to the foot massage. Shiva, slide around Shakti and place her legs over your lap like this.... Now here, you use the same stroking methods as you did with the hands. Using more oil, rub each toe, the

sole and top of her foot, ankle, and Achilles' tendon using as much pressure as Shakti feels comfortable with. Move slowly and sensuously. The feet also contain many reflex points and here it's important for you to know that each foot mirrors the entire body; parts of the foot correspond to the head, the heart, all the other internal organs, as well as the sexual organs.... After a few minutes, move to her other foot."

Denise had her eyes closed; her mouth was partly open and she was beginning to shudder in deep breaths. And Ayame was sighing in pleasure as Roger stroked and kneaded her feet and Achilles' tendon area. Sounds of deep breathing and satisfied murmurs could be heard over the quiet music.

"Now we're ready for the full body massage. Shakti, you'll now lie on your front on the mat, placing a pillow under your hips and another under your breasts, and Shiva, kneel over your partner's feet and begin with her legs. Apply your oil to your hands—don't pour it directly on her skin—and then stroke your hands over large areas of her legs at a time by moving them from her feet up to her buttocks, going up on the outsides of her legs, and then down on the insides, up and down, until the skin is fully wet with oil. Use slow, gliding movements, all the way up and then down. Watch how I massage my Shakti's legs, running my hands up her legs to her buttocks, around and over them, and back down again, matching my hands' movements to the contours of her body. Pay attention to the inside of her thighs, especially close to where they meet her torso, but don't touch her sex there yet. Remember to keep your hands wet with oil."

Roger groaned when his hands glided over the firm, rounded cheeks of Ayame's butt, whose soft globes thrust sensuously up from her hips and back and curved sharply down to meet the tops of her thighs. He felt his erection growing as he slid his oiled hands over her smooth flesh and soon his cock was a rigid, throbbing rod. He glanced at his two friends, to his left and right, and saw that they were in a similar state. He suppressed a groan as his cock twitched at the sight of the other girls' asses as the boys' hands glided over their smooth curves.

"Now turn your attention to Shakti's buttocks. The buttocks are a major erogenous part of the body. Since they are all muscle, you can press into them deeply, but it's important to alternate your pressure from a firm force for a deep massage, to light caresses for a sensual effect. Stroke her buttocks, moving up and around their outside and return down, pressing into the crease between them. Continue massaging her buttocks for a few minutes, slowly and lovingly kneading, stroking, and pressing into Shakti's muscles."

As the three boys began to concentrate on massaging the girls' butts, they became even more relaxed and began to coo in delight. Roger could hear that Ayame's sighs sounded like she was purring like a kitten. "*A little sex kitten*," he grinned to himself.

"Now we turn our attention to the back. Kneel over your Shakti, with your knees spanning her thighs. Taking more oil, we begin with a figure-eight motion commencing from her shoulders, diagonally across her lower spine to the opposite buttock, over her bottom and around to the other side, and then up across her back to the opposite shoulder; then repeat, going around and around. Your speed and pressure should be varied, but never move very fast. Move in steady, loving, and sensuous strokes. After a few minutes, change direction and be sure you make your strokes so that they cover her entire back. This figure-eight motion forges a connection between the many energy points in her back, creating a balance between her body's *ying* and *yang* .... and continue this for a while.

"Now massage her spine, making a small spiral motion of your hands as you move them down her back from her neck to her pelvis, pressing in as much as Shakti feels comfortable with. You must massage the spinal muscles—not the bony spinal processes—avoid pressure on those bumps along the spine. This swirling

motion opens and stimulates one of the main meridians of energy flow in the body and begins to open the doors to mobilize the *kundalini* force. Use your fingers to press in, or your thumbs for greater pressure.... Continue....

"At this point, you can increase the seduction of your Shakti by stroking her back lovingly, passionately, sensuously, leaning forward and allowing your chest to touch and rub lightly along her back. Kiss her neck, her ear, her back between her shoulder blades. Keep your hands moving gently too, and move them around her sides to caress the sides of her breasts. Then return to your back massage."

As Roger leaned forward and kissed Ayame's neck, she shuddered with a tiny cum as she felt a rush of fluids flow from her vagina and trickle over her clit. Roger felt her little shiver and realized that he had made her cum as he slid on her back.

"I love you, my darling," he breathed in her ear.

"Mmmmmm..." she sighed.

"Now we move to Shakti's *ying* side, her front. Shakti, turn over now and lie with your legs spread, hips on a pillow, while your Shiva kneels between your thighs."

The women languorously began to rise slightly and roll over, many keeping their eyes still closed, and settled on their backs.

Amir went on, "Shiva, taking a liberal amount of oil on your hands, spread it all over her body from her shoulders to her knees, again using the figure-eight motion, but alternating—reverse your motion from one side to the other. Stroke down from her right shoulder, over her right breast, cross over her tummy, and inside her left thigh down to her knee. Then up the outside and front of her left thigh, across her mons to the outside of her right thigh, down to her knee, up the inside of the thigh, across her tummy and over her left breast to her left shoulder. Then reverse, as I'm doing....

"Notice that you're including Shakti's erogenous zones in your ministrations, her breasts and pubic area. You can slow a little over those areas and add a little jiggle to your stroke to tease her a bit.... And you can now allow your massage to become increasingly sensuous; stimulate her nipples and mons, using small gyrating motions over her breasts and mons.... Do a kind of mini-massage over her mons, pressing into its padded fleshiness and indirectly stimulate her clitoris...."

The level of sighs and groans had reached an unmistakable pitch and the scent of sexual arousal had begun to fill the room.

After a while he continued, "Now move your attention to the outer lips of Shakti's vulva, and using your thumbs and index fingers, carefully and slowly rub the lips gently along their length from the clitoral hood to the vagina. Using plenty of oil, gently massage them up and down, holding the entire lip between your fingers, not just their outer edges.... After a few dozen strokes, move to her inner lips and repeat using the same technique. Be sure to use smooth, sensuous movements and subtle pressure. You want to gently stimulate her sex to allow the energy forces of her genitals to begin to cycle freely.... Alternate now between massaging her outer lips and stroking up outside them and down in the area between them and her inner lips, always keeping a light pressure and gentle movements....

All three girls were groaning in passion now, eyes heavy-lidded, as they tried to watch their partners' fingers as their sexes were stimulated and teased by the slow, rhythmic stroking.

"Now you can take the balls of your thumbs and use them to make tiny circles around her lips over the opening of her vagina; then move up to the clitoral hood and make the tiny circles there, pressing lightly. Move up and down, letting your fingers make love to her precious jewel of womanhood.... Now here's another technique you can do: with the back of the forefingers of both hands, press them in between her outer and inner lips and slide them up and down, pushing them lightly into her perineum, up and down. This is only a caress; only use the lightest of pressure.... Keep moving your fingers up and down between her inner and outer lips.... Now move to her clitoris and gently stroke and tease it, tailoring your pressure and speed to your Shakti's response as her lust builds."

Cynthia moaned as she felt her juices or the oils or both, running out of her slit and trickling across her little rosebud; the feeling was driving her to the heights of passion; her head was whirling and her hips were pushing insistently into Tom's fingers.

"Don't try to keep stimulating her clitoris, pay attention to her entire vulva; you're gradually building her passion, not looking to give her an orgasm. As her passion rises, allow your middle finger to gently penetrate into her essence. Do this very slowly and carefully as you lovingly penetrate her most private part, her *yoni*. You should not see this action as being sexual; rather, you should view what you are now doing as a worshiping of Shakti's femininity, treating the center of her being with adoration and respect.... Stroke your finger slowly in and out of Shakti's *yoni*, slowly rotating your hand as you do. Let your finger make love to Shakti's essence while you use the thumb of your other hand to gently stimulate over her clitoral hood. Don't rub the clitoris directly; direct stimulation is far too intense for most women. You are now beginning to directly mobilize Shakti's *kundalini* energies, so move your fingers with love and passion."

Denise had suppressed a tiny cry as Kevin's finger slipped into her vagina and began to slide and twist; its rubbing against her inside walls was causing a pressure to begin to build in her groin, in her chest, and behind her eyes. She tried to relax her body completely and ride through the waves of sensation that were now washing through her body; her entire being was concentrated on the digit that was embedded in her body and eliciting the most incredible waves of pleasure.

"Back your finger out of her *yoni* and stroke her lips and over her clitoris; then penetrate her again, moving slowly and rhythmically. Make small finger movements inside her *yoni*; rub its walls and press lightly around, gently stimulating her inner being.... Using the flat of your thumb, circle it gently over her clitoris, always watching your Shakti's face to see which movements please her the most. Let your fingers slowly glide in and out and circle around, letting them mobilize and stimulate the energies of her *kundalini* and lower *chakrahs*."

The moans were now quite loud. Kevin was willing himself to keep concentrating on Denise's body and ignore the state of his own lust; his cock was now pulsing in time with his pounding heart. He saw Denise's eyes were closed and her face placid, but her hands were balled into fists, clenching the pillow under her hips.

"Now turn your hand so that your middle finger remains in Shakti's *yoni* and let the fingers on either side glide along inside her lips as you move your hand up and down and your middle finger moves in and out of her. Stimulate her clitoris with the thumb of your other hand as you do this movement, sensuously and lovingly. For many Shaktis, this part of the massage can be the most intense and stimulating.... Remember to

keep a gentle and sensuous rhythm as you do this *chakrah* massage. By not rushing, you will heighten your Shakti's lustful feelings as your own passions build to the highest possible levels. Remember that to achieve the greatest reward for worshiping your Shakti's femininity, you must withhold your own need for release, restrain your own lust so that you may serve your partner with your adoration. Let your finger slide in and out, let your fingers and thumb rub her lips and clitoris. Stroke her *yoni* with passion and gentleness and let the energy of her lower *chakrahs* build and flow."

Ayame's face was screwed into a grimace of lust as she tried to ride out the maddening sensations of the incredible tension that were building in her groin. She was having a hard time controlling the movements of her pelvis as she tried to press herself hard into Roger's fingers to precipitate the release she yearned for so greatly.

"You are watching to see when Shakti has climbed to an apex of passion, when she has become completely centered and her lust has built to its peak; this is when you, her Shiva, can glide your body over Shakti, covering hers with yours, while you lave her body and face with your kisses. This is the proper time for when *maithuna* may begin; it's the ultimate objective of our massage ritual. *Maithuna* is the most important of the five *makara*; it's the goal that the ritual of tantra seeks: the sexual union of Shiva and Shakti. As Shiva glides over Shakti, you will allow your erect *lingam* to seek its berth in her *yoni* and become fully enveloped in its loving sheath as the two of you finally join your bodies and lips in your shared passion."

With audible gasps of relief, all of the men in the room did just that. Their pent-up passions had reached such a fever pitch that quickly, eight iron-hard cocks, Amir's too, sunk smoothly and deeply into eight hot and needy love channels, all of which were desperately yearning for the sensation of being filled. Eight female throats gasped, then sighed with delight, at the sensation of their beings finally being filled as their lovers' tongues sought their own in passion-filled kisses.

After about two minutes of hearing no sound in the room other than grunts and sighs and the wet slapping of flesh on flesh, Amir's voice floated over the group again.

"But you don't have to consummate your union in this position; many couples much prefer engaging their passions in the *yab-yum* position, where Shiva sits either diamond-legged or cross-legged in the lotus position, and Shakti sits on his lap, facing him, wrapping her legs around his waist, and pressing the soles of her feet together. This keeps the energy of her lower *chakrahs* cycling around her pelvic area. Try to do this now."

As cocks were withdrawn from needy pussies, sighs rang out, to be replaced by the sounds of moving bodies as members of the group tried to assume this new position. This was easy for Kevin and Denise since they had learned it in their tantric yoga class, so they quickly repositioned themselves and resumed their passionate lovemaking. Others in the group eventually figured out how their parts needed to fit together again and soon the sounds of passion once more filled the room.

"Next, both of you will lean back, and placing your hands flat on the floor a foot behind you, try swinging your bodies side to side, keeping your groins interlocked and pressed together. Use your arms to stabilize your upper bodies and Shiva, raise your buttocks slightly up off the mat. See how that movement stimulates Shakti's clitoris? Working your pelvis in ways like this truly energizes and summons your *kundalini* energy. Amelia mentioned that it's one of the strongest of the energies in the body and this is a good way to release it."

This was a little difficult to get at first, but soon the group was engaged in trying this new position. Roger glanced over at his friends; on one side, Cynthia was riding on Tom's cock with abandon, trying to screw her pussy into his groin with all the strength she could muster; a deep red flush had spread over her chest and she was gasping with passion and exertion.

On his other side, Kevin and Denise, who had mastered the variants of the *yab-yum* position, were joyfully sliding their pelvises together, riding each other to a mutual climax. Denise's face was radiant with delight and ecstacy and Roger could feel waves of lust flowing from her. Gradually the couples in the room achieved their releases with grunts, sighs, and even a few muffled screams; the room's sounds now were only the panting of exhausted people trying to restore their normal breathing.

Amir spoke again. "This has shown you how to use some of the skills of tantra; it's meant to be enjoyable—it's a rich and joyful experience shared by a woman and a man. Of course you can use any positions you might want to try; experiment to see which positions you find most rewarding and stimulating. Use your imagination. Lose your inhibitions. Tantra is all about respect and love between its participants, satisfying and pleasuring each other, and sharing your eroticism and sexual joy."

Amelia looked around the room and smiled at seeing all of the sated expressions. In her musical voice, she resumed the class.

"The tantras of love have many expressions. Bodies touch and separate. Hands and tongues tease and caress. Groins lock together and move apart in passion. Breaths alternate between violent gasps and gentle sighs. Minds and spirits focus in attention and drift in pleasure. The wise teach that physical pleasure is not the sole destination of lovemaking. Think of your sexualities as a concert being played on two instruments, a duet of harmonies, each partner complementing the other's melody. Like evocative music, your touching should stir your emotions and quicken your senses, until the melodies you are making with your bodies dissolve into the music's rhythm and finally only the rhythm itself remains.

"This is the rhythm of your heart, your spirit, and your being; it's the rhythm of caring, respect, and love for each other. It's the rhythm of the pounding of your hearts as you reach your sexual peak and the rhythm of your breathing as you return to awareness after your climax. And it's the rhythm of the silence that follows as you hold your lover in your arms.

"Thanks for coming to our class and we hope you will enjoy what you learned here," she said. "There are wipes for your use in the boxes near the door; there are a few stacks of towels to use if your own towel is now too wet. And remember, Shakti can please her Shiva by massaging him using the same techniques; we're sure you'll quickly figure out how to modify your methods for stimulating the *lingam* in place of the *yoni*. Enjoy your evenings!"

Chapter 12

Everyone began to disentangle themselves from their lovers, bodies sliding against each other, as the various couples tried to sit up. The four older couples glanced at the younger ones, and then averting their eyes in embarrassment, collected themselves and quickly made for the door. The three younger couples watched them hurriedly leave, bemused at their abrupt departure.

“Aahhh, that was so incredible,” sighed Ayame. “My pussy still tingles. Ooohh! I’m leaking! Roger, bad boy! Oohh, get wipes!”

Denise had already scurried over to the boxes of wipes and was holding a fistful in her crotch.

“Oh... my... God, Kevin! Frikin’ awesome! OH!” Denise gasped and bent over suddenly. “Shit. I just had another little cum... aaahhh. Oh, I’m sloshing, woooo.”

Tom was trying to help Cynthia stand up.

“Ummm, not yet, lover... my legs... still a little wobbly. Shit, that was so fuckin’ intense! I couldn’t think... I was just a ball of sensation. Wow...”

They all staggered to their feet and slowly left the lodge as Amelia and Amir watched, smiling.

Cynthia looked at the backs of the four older couples as they were walking away in the distance.

“Wow, did you see how embarrassed those guys seemed? Hmm, maybe the Program does help a little; I kinda enjoyed the idea that they could see us making love, I think. God, I don’t know... this is all so damned confusing. Shit, that Program stuff just fucks with your mind! Like Ellen’s voyeurism. Mmmm, Tom, when we get back to the cabin, I want more of what you were doing... shit, I could get addicted...” she sighed.

When they got back to their cabin, the three couples locked themselves in another round of passionate embraces.

Ayame sunk down to the floor, pulling Roger with her.

“Want to try that *yab-yum* thing again, 恋しい [*koishii*],” she panted. “Kevin, you do it so good, show me how!”

“Um, let’s get some padding on the floor first—oh, how about using the pads from the lounge chairs outside!”

Cynthia ran out and carried them in.

“Okay, I sit in a lotus like this and Denise straddles my legs and drops to sit in my lap, see? Try that.”

Roger sat and Ayame tried to get into position but was having trouble.

“I know,” Denise said. “Roger, you should guide her down—let me show you how.”

Denise straddled Roger's legs, placed his hands on her hips, and sunk down into his lap. Then with an evil smile, she thrust her hips forward into his groin, trapping his erection between their bellies and began rubbing her clit on its underside, riding up and down against it. Roger groaned loudly.

"Oh my god, Denise."

He seized her ass and pulled her hard against his groin as Denise grabbed his face, turned it toward hers, leaned in, mashed her lips into his, and stuck her tongue into his mouth. The two embraced tightly as she stroked herself against his rampant organ. Since her own lust from the session hadn't been fully sated, the pressure from Roger's cock gave her a small orgasm and a wave of lust flowed out from her. Then she reluctantly pulled away and stood up. Roger gasped for air.

"Holy shit, Denise, oh! Wow! Oh fuck! Fuck, that was hot!"

"Kevin, show Ayame what she should do now, so she can do it right," Denise panted, her face and chest flushed with passion.

Kevin held Ayame's hips and guided her down into his lap, being careful to keep his cock away from her vulva. A look of disappointment came over her face as she sat on his lap and didn't feel his erection against her.

"No good... I want to feel what Denise felt," she complained. "Put your cock closer."

With that, Kevin rotated his hips forward and with his left hand, pulled his cock up against his belly and with his right hand, pulled Ayame's ass into his groin. Denise was standing right behind Ayame watching them, so he pressed against her, pushing her back until her shoulders rested against Denise's legs; then with his hands on her hips, he began raising and lowering her so that her clit and entire vulva were sliding against his cock.

Ayame gasped at the intense sensation and looked down at Kevin's groin.

"Oooooo, oh this is so good... Roger, look... you need to see! Aaahhhh..."

Ayame pulled herself forward and sucked Kevin's lips into her mouth in a lust-filled kiss as she gyrated her hips on Kevin's rigid tool. Kevin pulled back then and Ayame reluctantly climbed off him.

Meanwhile, Tom and Cynthia had been sitting next to the other two and Tom was copying with Cynthia what Kevin was demonstrating with Ayame. Denise glanced over at them and spoke approvingly.

Tom and Cynthia enjoy the yab-yum pose while the others watch

“Yeah, Tom, that’s it; perfect; you guys got it. That’s how Kevin and I first learned that, the clit-rubbing, before he took my cherry. That was so awesome then; I get the shivers remembering it. Oh, fuck, Kevin, I need you inside me so bad!”

Ayame had already mounted Roger’s lap; now she was trying out the clit stimulation that Kevin had just showed her and was rocking on Roger’s cock, panting in passion as she slid her vulva up and down on the underside of his cock.

Denise swung her legs over Kevin’s and sunk down onto him, impaling her pussy deeply onto his raging hardon. She began riding on Kevin’s cock; Kevin cupped her ass with his palms, helping her rise and fall, while she thrust her hips forward, mashing her clit into his pubic bone. Suddenly she stiffened and wrapped her arms around him in a crushing embrace.

“Yaaaahhhggghh!” she screeched as her pussy muscles clamped down hard on Kevin’s organ, setting off his own orgasm.

“Ghhhhaaaahhh!” he cried in counterpoint to her scream.

Tom and Cynthia were lost in their own world; Cynthia was gently riding Tom’s cock, moving up and down and gyrating her hips slowly while the two held each other, crushed together, her breasts sliding up and down slowly on his chest and their mouths were busily working together, sucking each other’s faces, nibbling each other’s lips, and tongues lashing and entwining.

Ayame had now gotten Roger's cock into her own needy vagina and, leaning back with her palms resting on the mat behind her, began swinging her hips up and down, pushing the head of his cock against her G-spot as it ran in and out of her love tunnel. The sweat was pouring off of the two of them and Ayame was panting and mewling in passionate excitement. Roger couldn't see anything but Ayame's toned stomach and the underside of her tits as she pressed herself desperately into his groin seeking her release. Suddenly her pussy seemed to tighten around his cock; it clamped down hard and Roger began to experience an almost sucking, dragging sensation as her pussy plunged and twisted on his throbbing organ.

Roger's hands had moved reflexively to cup the cheeks of Ayame's ass, pulling and pushing her against him as she used his cock to massage the insides of her vagina. Then her eyes rolled back until Roger could only see white as he felt a pulsing, rippling pressure begin to build along the length of his cock inside of her. Ayame's mouth worked as if she were trying to speak but no words came out. She heaved herself forward and grabbed Roger's upper arms with her clenching hands as she voiced a little scream and then started shuddering. The spasms wracking her body went on and on as her nails dug into his biceps.

Ayame mashed her chest against Roger and he could feel her nipples dragging against his chest as each of her spasmodic thrusts drove her hips forward and back, plowing her vagina with his erection. Roger continued to clutch her ass, holding on hard to keep Ayame from flying off of him; her hips were gyrating so wildly. Ayame began to babble in fragmented Japanese, nonsensical sounds and little yelps, her body spasming as her long orgasm continued to tear through her body and her pussy rippled on Roger's dick. All at once her muscles snapped down hard in a huge spasm and he lost any control he was trying to keep; with a howl, he shot a pulsing blast of cum deep inside her pussy. Ayame squealed as she felt the warmth flood her insides and her vagina clamped down on him again as Roger shot another pulse of cum, followed by a third and fourth.

Ayame groaned as her body continued to shiver in spasms in response to each pulse of cum, and then she went completely limp, her pussy continuing to twitch on Roger's cock, which slid out of her love tunnel with a slurping sound. As he gasped for breath, he carefully laid her back on the pad and checked her breathing.

Denise looked at Ayame in alarm. "Is she...?"

"It's okay, she just passed out," Roger panted. "She just had the mother of all orgasms—it just went on and on!"

Then Ayame shuddered slightly and her eyes fluttered.

"Aahhh? Ah, oh, oh... what happened?"

"It's okay, darling, you just fainted. Feel okay?" Roger whispered.

"Ahhhhh... yes, oh so good... best ever feeling, oh my... okay now, feel exhausted... I love you so, Roger," she sighed as he wrapped his arms gently around her.

"Shit, was she wound up," Cynthia breathed. "Tom gave me the most exquisite cum ever; I love this position—I'm totally hooked now," she sighed. "Is Ayame okay? Fuck, was that intense!"

Roger's breathing was almost back to normal.

“Shit. Ayame just went wild on me. Her cunt grabbed my cock so hard I thought she was gonna pull it out by its roots... and Denise—you’re fuckin’ dangerous, you know. When you pulled that stunt on me, I felt like I wanted to run outside and howl at the moon! I think Ayame must have caught a little of that lust you projected; I’ve never seen her get so fired up.”

“Denise does do that,” Kevin agreed. “Denise, shit, when you get going, man, nobody’s safe. Remember that kid in our history class? You gave him a hand job and told me later that he came the biggest gusher you’d ever seen.”

“C’mon, guys, I’m totally beat,” Cynthia sighed. “Too fuckin’ tired to shower—I’m gonna just clean up my sopping pussy. Leave the damn mats, let’s just hit the sack.”

The girls staggered into the bathroom and Tom said to the other guys, “Got an idea—let’s move the beds together, okay?”

When the girls came out, they looked at the room and giggled.

“Oh, I like that!” Ayame exclaimed. “All sleep together, what fun!”

And they did. But all were asleep within two minutes of their turning off the lights.

On Sunday morning they all slept longer than usual and woke up in a tangle of limbs. After a round of mutual hugging, they took turns in the shower and soon stumbled out to go to breakfast.

“That was quite a night,” Denise offered. “Tom, I thought you said that nudism isn’t about sex, but it seems that’s all we’ve been doing.”

“Yeah, well, it’s the company, I guess,” he answered. “You guys are crazy awesome; damn, I’ve never been so turned on.”

“You know, that tantric massage class—that was really something,” Cynthia commented. “It added this whole new dimension to love. What we did, my God, the sheer beauty, the sensuality, the, the *wonder* of it all... maybe that’s why the Program is so bad. The Program is a hollow version of having a person learn about his sexuality. There’s no feeling, no emotion, no *humanity* in it at all. It’s all about getting everyone else’s rocks off and does nothing for the participant other than make him or her the object of other kids’ lust.

“What we saw in that massage class—it turns everything about forced sexuality completely around. In the class, it was all about worshiping the body of your partner, burying your own urges to give the other person pleasure. It was absolutely wonderful; I’ve never felt so desired as when Tom was giving me his love. The stuff that they want kids to do in the Program—that disgusts me and I’m even more opposed to it, now that I’ve seen how a true erotic, sensual ritual like we saw in the massage class can work.”

“Yeah, I’ve never felt as relaxed before as I do today,” Denise said. “I feel like my body has unwound; I realize that I’ve been tense during the last few weeks and now I feel so, so free, my soul feels like it’s floating. What a wonderful feeling, and it’s gotta be because of that class.”

“All sleeping together in same bed was nice, too,” Ayame said. “Comforting. When I was little, my cousins and sisters all slept together with me; it was so good...”

“Yeah, and it kept up the intimacy we shared from earlier,” Roger agreed. “I’ll miss that when we get home.”

Denise stopped walking suddenly and the others halted too.

“What?” Cynthia asked.

“Wow. Idea. You guys are like family—how about making the house a clothing-optional area? And we can open up the front stairway to your apartment, too... What d’you think?” Denise exclaimed.

“How about your mom?” Tom asked. “Won’t she object?”

“I doubt it; she’s very open about that. I doubt she’d join in, but I’m sure she’d have no problem.”

“We can think about that, Denise,” Cynthia said. “Sounds cool; I kinda like the idea.”

They spent the rest of the day playing volleyball, swimming, sunning, and just hanging out with some of the other kids who were at the resort. All too soon, the day ended, and they left on the trip back home.

Chapter 13

On Monday, Kevin rode with Roger for early-morning swim practice; Kevin was spending much of his practice time building his endurance with wind sprints and improving his breast stroke. The first competitions were not to begin until December and Kevin hadn't yet decided whether he wanted to compete.

"You can decide last minute, you know," Roger had told him. "You *are* making steady improvement, you know. Say, if your times on freestyle and back consistently reach number three, I'll be really pushing you to consider it, though."

Kevin got to his home room classroom just as the morning's announcements began. After the general announcements, the principal continued with a warning.

"Students, in light of the unauthorized article in last week's newspaper, I want to assure you that there will be no change whatever in the Program and how it runs at Merritt. Soon I'll announce the names of this week's participants and I fully expect that you will cooperate. If you do not cooperate, you will not graduate when the time comes. The punishment for resisting will be two days of additional time in the Program for every day you resist; we may also consider suspension. I'll read the names of the participating students now; when your name is called, please come to the office."

He read the names; one of the students named was in the classroom. When his name was called, he sat up straight and then his face assumed a determined expression.

"Mr Jeffers, you were called," the teacher pointed out.

"Yeah, but I'm not going anywhere," he responded. "Not doing the Program."

Soon the student who delivered the attendance report returned to the classroom.

"Guess what? Nobody showed up at the office—no one! Isn't that sweet?" he reported.

Several minutes later, Leeds used the PA again to call for the week's chosen participants to go to the office and repeated some of the consequences of not complying. Meanwhile, a few kids had been checking the social media.

"Look at all the reports on Facepage," one said excitedly, "the resistance is at a lot of schools now; there are posts from different schools that say that lots of kids are refusing!"

"Sweet!" "Cool!" "Way to go!" rang out.

The class-change bell rang several minutes later; it was during the next class that a message arrived requesting that Kevin and Denise report to the office.

"Ah, well..." Denise sighed as they walked there. "What is it today, I wonder?"

"No idea," Kevin replied.

Mr Leeds wanted to talk to them. After he invited them to sit, he began.

“Mr Winters had suspended you Friday because he holds the two of you responsible for the refusal of the students to take part in the Program. It’s clear that this all began as soon as you started school after your three months in that Korea program. But only a few minutes after you were suspended, we received a court order requiring us to drop the suspension. It’s as if you were prepared for it, how, I don’t know. Care to tell me?”

“Not really, sir,” Kevin said.

“Another thing. I’ve checked with your former school in North Carolina and learned that you actually helped the school make the Program a major success there. May I ask what’s going on?”

“We helped in our old school mainly because we didn’t know anything better,” Denise began. “Because of the awful things that had happened the previous term, most of the kids were terribly scared. Kevin and I got selected for it, too, even though we had medical exemption reasons for not doing it, but Kevin found a way for us to participate but still keep the exemptions in place, and we were able to complete our week wearing protective clothing.”

“You mean that you completed the Program wearing clothes?” Leeds asked incredulously.

Denise replied, “We did, and the federal Program officials gave us a signed approval for how our exemption would work with us wearing clothes. But still, we saw things happen that really disturbed us.”

Kevin went on, “We explained our position to Mr Winters. We told him we object to the Program on moral and philosophical grounds. I was opposed to it from the beginning but helped out only to support some truly terrified kids. As Denise said, our opposition is because of the effect the Program has on kids who can’t deal with the psychological pressure it causes. During the last year, from a website that collected information about kids’ Program experiences, we learned about the great harm it caused to quite a few students. And then a study came out last spring that gives confirming evidence that academic performance is harmed when a school runs the Program—all of the students’ grades go down as an average. Plenty of reasons to be opposed to it, in my book.”

“Mr Winters also had asked you to announce to the school that you’re withdrawing your opposition to the Program,” Leeds went on.

“He did, but we’re not doing that,” Denise responded. “We’re simply one voice among many who’re against the Program. We didn’t tell anyone that they had to refuse to participate.”

“So you won’t work with our school the way you did with your former school,” Leeds said flatly.

“That’s correct, sir,” Kevin agreed. “I’m actually sorry I had gotten involved in doing that. I found out that what we did caused more harm than good, actually. So we won’t be able to help at Merritt.”

“And do you know who substituted the anti-Program article in last week’s paper?” Leeds asked.

“You mean it wasn’t written by anyone from the newspaper staff?” Denise asked. “That’s weird. I don’t even know how that publishing stuff works.”

“No, we can’t identify anyone in the school who did it,” Leeds answered. “Well, that’s all I wanted to talk to you about. I was hoping you’d have a change of heart.”

"No..." both answered.

"Get your passes then, and back to class. Good-bye," he dismissed them.

On the way back to class, Kevin grinned at Denise.

"Good one, sweetie. How you evaded his direct question about the article."

"Yeah, I learned how to do that from a master—you!"

That evening at home, Kevin and Denise were visiting in the upstairs apartment and chatting with Ayame and Roger when Cynthia and Tom rushed in, excited about the news reports that had been appearing about the Program.

"See the headline in the *Atlanta Sentinel*? 'USA Schools' Naked Programs are Stripped'!" Tom chortled. "Wow, what an awesome headline!"

"Yeah, and the article is pretty damned good, too!" Cynthia exclaimed. "Listen:

> Already reeling from its ignominious scandal last fall, today the federal Naked in School Program was handed yet another major setback, this time at the hands of its intended victims, the students themselves. In a viral campaign that has rapidly spread through the USA, high-school students throughout the nation turned the tables on school administrators, and instead of being forced to strip naked to go to classes, the students stripped the schools of their Program participants, willing or otherwise.
>
> The resistance movement against the Program seems to have arisen recently in a local high school in Atlanta; last Friday the Merritt High School's *Monitor* published an article detailing many of the Program's ills and suggesting methods the students could use to defy the school's requirement to participate. Within minutes of the newspaper's release, copies of the article began appearing on blogs and social media sites, and students around the USA took notice.
>
> Merritt High School is not the only high school in the USA to have mounted an anti-Program campaign; student resistance movements have appeared at a few other schools as well but those movements have stayed in their local communities. It appears that the resistance in those schools have mostly worked because those schools draw from a large population of military families and most military parents seem to have supported the Program resistance at their school. However, today's national examples of Program opposition are the first cases of the movement getting such widespread attention.
>
> The *Sentinal* has asked officials at Merritt High School to comment on the Program resistance and to make the author of the anti-Program article available to be interviewed but our requests have been unsuccessful. When the Naked in School Program was operating in Merritt...

"The article goes on to talk about how the kids were picked, how the Program worked, and stuff like that," Cynthia finished.

“That’s so cool,” Kevin exclaimed. “So the resistance that’s finally working is the one that’s using the techniques you guys developed with the Marines—it’s an offensive campaign...”

“Yeah, taking the battle to the foe,” Cynthia broke in, “that’s how the Marines fight and win. Well, we’ve got the Program beaten down pretty well. Now even the media seems to be on the anti-Program side.”

“Got an idea,” Tom said.

“Hey, your last one was super, Tom, so what did you think of now?” Roger asked.

“Well, at Polytech there’s this student-run journal; it’s called *American Civics*, and it carries essays and studies about contemporary issues in society and government. You know the study on student grades that Cindy and Roger did for their Ed class in the spring? And how my group did the parallel survey of the kinds of problems kids in the Program faced? We could take the white paper we posted on Kevin’s anti-Program website and turn it into a sociological article and I bet they’d publish it. We could highlight the social problems that the Program causes—rape, child porn, exploitation by teachers, sexual abuse, psychological damage—stories about all those things were in the forum. The stuff the journal prints is opinion-based, so we can use anecdotal information.”

“Wow,” Kevin remarked, “that sounds really good, Tom. When the media gets their hands on that, they’ll have a field day and it’ll make even more damage for the Program.”

“Good; I’ll look for the data for the stuff we did and see who wants to help turn it into an article.”

“Say, to change the subject,” Cynthia put in, “I like how you can come upstairs so easily now.”

“Yep,” Denise agreed, “and you’re always welcome to come down to visit, too. I haven’t asked Mom about the nudity yet, though—of course there’s nothing stopping you guys from being nude up here anytime you want.”

“Y’know? It feels funny thinking about that now.” Roger reflected. “While we were in a nudist environment, talking about being nude at home felt so right. Now that we’re here, the idea seems a little strange. Let’s think some more about it, okay?”

They all agreed to discuss further whether they wanted to bring a nudist lifestyle into their home life.

Chapter 14

Tuesday turned out to be a normal day at school; Kevin and Denise were relieved that they were not called to the office during the day. They found out that only two students from the week's chosen Program group had been persuaded to participate, but when they arrived at the school's front entrance to get dressed after school on Monday and saw that they were the only students participating, they vowed not to continue. So as of Tuesday morning there wasn't anyone participating in the Program.

After school, Kevin and Denise went to Habers' office to discuss the ideas he wanted to propose for their lawsuit.

"Before we continue down this path and spend any more time developing a lawsuit, I'll need your concurrence. Here's the picture: The high school, with the assistant principal as its agent, in suspending you last week, violated the part of the state education act that deals with suspensions. First, unless the student's offense was violent in nature, no suspension can become effective without a hearing during which the student is informed of his specific offense and, before it becomes effective, he has the right to present information in his defense. Second, the suspension has to be in writing and list the specific rule or rules that the student had broken.

"Mr Winters did neither of those required steps. You were suspended without being informed of the reason and received no written notice. Next, if we make the assumption that you were suspended for engaging in simple speech, like informing your fellow students about your opinions of the Program, then that's an improper use of the school's sanctioning powers. It's a misuse of authority.

"I'd like to see the authorities in your school squirm. I pulled my daughter out after what happened to her last year and I blame them for improper supervision. I sent her to a private school, but there wasn't much I could do legally against the school. So here's what I propose. On your behalf, we prepare a lawsuit that asks for $250,000 in compensatory damages for each of you based on potential diminished future earnings that can result from a black mark in your academic record; the fact exists that your suspension has been publically noted in the social media so it cannot be expunged by the school. Second, we'll seek a $500,000 award each in punitive damages to assure that the school district will follow the law and proper procedure in the future. This incident wasn't an accidental breaking of the law, it was a deliberate and wilful disregard.

"With all of the adverse publicity that the Program has been getting, I'm certain we'd get a favorable jury verdict; it's possible, however, that the judge could lower the amounts or that the amounts could be changed on appeal. So part of the legal strategy is considering what you'd accept in a negotiated settlement. Sound good so far?"

"Yes, sir—although I don't really need the money..." Kevin began.

"Son, it's not about the money. It's the message, and the message only hits home when money is involved. I can come up with some options for an out-of-court settlement and we can go from there. You can think of what you'd like instead of money, too, and let me know."

"Sure, that sounds good—how's your daughter doing now?" Kevin asked.

"Much better. I didn't let her go back to school to finish her Program week; she was absolutely terrified. The next week when she went back, they said she'd have to repeat the week and then do an additional one as a

damned penalty. She called home in panic and her mother picked her up from school. That's when we switched her schools. She's still getting nightmares, but she's almost back to being like herself again."

'You know, sir, I was almost raped just before I started high school." Denise said. "They refused my medical exemption request and Kevin saved me from having to do the Program. If you think it would help your daughter, I can talk with her about what I learned as I recovered from that experience. I could visit her; maybe Cindy would come too."

"What a nice suggestion, Denise," he answered. "I'll ask her; I'm sure she'd love seeing Cindy again, too. Kevin, here are the forms to sign to move the suit forward; Denise, these are for your mom to sign on your behalf. Okay, guys, I guess we're done. Call me if you think of anything I've missed."

The two teens left his office and returned home.

"What do you think about a settlement?" Denise asked Kevin.

"I've got a few ideas. Let's discuss it after we get our work done, okay?"

It was now after the Thanksgiving holidays. During the holiday break, Roger, Cynthia, and Ayame had traveled to North Carolina to visit the twins' parents at Camp Lejeune; Tom had decided to stay in Atlanta to work on the journal article project and he spent an enjoyable Thanksgiving with Kevin, Denise, and her mother. Several days after classes resumed, Habers contacted Kevin.

"I'm about to file the lawsuit later this week, Kevin, but I'd like to send the papers to your school district's superintendent; they'll most likely ask for a meeting to discuss the suit. If they do, when would it be convenient for you and Denise?"

They settled on a few possible meeting times in the following week.

"I'll let you know the meeting time if I hear from their lawyer, then. If anyone from the school tries to talk to either of you before the meeting, please refer them to me—don't say anything at all, okay?" Habers said.

"Got it, sir."

Then on Friday, Kevin got a call from Bob Charlesworth.

"Hey, Kevin, how's it going? Great news; our filings in both federal district courts were granted; and in a big way, too."

"Wow, that's great news!" Kevin exclaimed. "What did they say?"

"Basically they declared that the law that established the Program was unconstitutional in several areas. First, Congress couldn't dictate a mandatory curriculum to the states; that was what your friend Cynthia Denison had realized. Only the states have the right to decide the curricula that their schools must follow, so the federal mandatory aspect of having schools run the Program is eliminated.

"Next, they took up the Ninth and Fourteenth Amendment question. Both courts followed the Supreme Court's reasoning that the Fifth Amendment doesn't give minors in the Program any personal privacy rights because minors don't have full privacy rights under the Fifth Amendment. But that requirement can't be federally mandated for schools, since they had just ruled that the Tenth Amendment applies; however, if states independently decided to require the Program in schools, states could theoretically require nudity. But they agreed with our argument that states are constrained from mandating the nudity, because of the individual personal rights granted by the Ninth Amendment, since that amendment applies to state law as well as federal law."

"I'm not sure I understand how the Ninth Amendment applies, Bob. I don't remember ever really learning about what it's for—how does it apply?"

"Lots of people haven't heard much about it; it's rarely used in constitutional arguments because it's so general but that's why we used it here; it was perfect for our filing. Let me explain:

"The Ninth Amendment doesn't have a long history of being used. It wasn't addressed by the Supreme Court in their decisions until the late 1940s. That's when the Ninth and Tenth Amendments were invoked in a case that permitted any person to act to express his own political views, even if he worked for the government. That decision extended the freedom of speech granted by the First Amendment. The first use of the Ninth Amendment for a privacy matter came in 1965; in that case, a law prohibiting the use of contraceptives was thrown out as being an infringement of the right of marital privacy.

"One justice wrote something to the effect that the Ninth Amendment demonstrates that the authors of the Constitution believed that fundamental personal rights exist which are not expressly named in the first eight amendments. The Ninth Amendment was included by the Founders to explicitly state that the list of rights included in the other amendments was not a complete list; many other unspecified rights could exist.

"The problem with the Fifth Amendment being used to support a ruling that minors have no privacy in their person, and therefore the government can force their nudity in a government program, stems from the actual wording of the amendment. Its wording, 'No person shall ... be deprived of life, liberty, or property ... nor shall private property be taken for public use,' is completely adult-centric, since a minor has no legal control over his person nor can he legally own property; those rights are vested in his guardian. That's why the Supreme Court allowed the federal Program law to stand and said that in the absence of a parent being present, the school could assume the guardianship role and require the student's nudity.

"Our position was that the Ninth Amendment denies to the government, state or federal, any control over any individual's physical body, and applies whether the individual is an adult or a minor, because no adult-centric language is used. The Ninth Amendment has no basis in property ownership or custodial rights in the way the Fifth Amendment was interpreted. And our legal team had cited many instances of legal precedent, showing that the Ninth Amendment has a direct application to the nudity requirement of the Program. So do you understand our approach now?"

"Oh, yes, that was good, going after the nudity aspect together with the states-rights issue," Kevin remarked.

Charlesworth continued, "So what's left after this decision is that the feds can issue curriculum guidelines to the states and those guidelines can be followed or ignored by the states. And the states can run a version of the Program but nudity can't be required of the participants. This decision applies to these two federal districts only, but it gives an extremely powerful precedent for other court districts to follow."

"That means that it's okay for schools to have the Program but the kids can't be forced to be naked," Kevin clarified.

"Precisely," Charlesworth said. "The decision is being released today but it'll take a few days for the legal people at the schools to digest it and figure out what they should do. Also, my sense is that with virtually no popular support for keeping the Program, these decisions are really unlikely to be appealed. The decisions are based on a clear reading of those amendments and prior decisions involving privacy which cited those amendments, cases that were closely similar in their facts."

"Wow, that's fantastic, Bob, thanks so much for what you did," Kevin said.

"Glad I could help, son, so how are things doing there? Joshua's told me that you've been keeping him busy too, but are you okay with the school now?"

"Yes, sir, ever since they tried to suspend us it's been quiet, thankfully, and hardly anyone at the school is actually in the Program, so our little resistance movement is working."

"Yeah, and it's spread to here, too, you know, anti-Program news is in all the papers and on TV too," Charlesworth laughed. "Well, keep up the good work and stay out of trouble, you hear?"

"Sure—and thanks again."

Kevin could hardly wait to tell the others about the good news; they were overjoyed on hearing it.

"Wow," Roger smiled, "this calls for a celebration, right? It's Friday, so let's party!"

The group spent the evening at their favorite hangout with their friends, celebrating yet another victory over the evil Program.

The meeting with the school district officials took place the following Wednesday afternoon. News of the decisions of the federal courts had spread widely over the weekend and on Monday morning, when the selected Program student names were read in school, no one answered the summons to participate.

Habers had told Kevin and Denise that along with Mr Leeds, the district superintendent, several school board members, and the school's attorney would be present. When they arrived and after the introductions, the superintendent began the conference.

"The school district received the copy of your lawsuit filing, Mr Habers, and we believe that our officials have done nothing to warrant your appalling charges against us. And the compensation you're requesting is outrageous. The school suspended the pupils for violations of school policy, including improper behavior and failure to follow the directions of a staff member."

Habers responded, "From the copy of the papers you received—which I've filed with the court on behalf of my clients, Miss Roberts and Mr Coris, we contend that they were improperly suspended and now suffer from damage to their scholastic record. Our position in this matter is clearly defined."

"Very clearly," their lawyer responded. "We disagree that the suspension was improper and obviously you realize that you're asking for a huge amount of money—a million-and-a-half dollars; this is well beyond the financial resources of any school district."

Habers looked across the table at the attorney and the others.

"Yes, I'm fully aware that the lawsuit is requesting a lot of money. But your assistant principal should have thought of the consequences of breaking the law and damaging my clients, whose future could be impacted by his willful and negligent actions. You are aware that if this suit goes to trial, with the weight of evidence against you and the current negative public perception of the Program, you have no chance that your defense will prevail."

"That amount of money may cause a jury to think twice about an award of that size," the superintendent said. "Also, we doubt that the damage to these students is that severe. We can expunge the suspensions from their records."

"But you can't expunge the public record in social media. We don't know what kind of future damage that information will cause. It could prevent either or both of my clients from getting a job or a security clearance too; who knows how much damage could result. I'm being conservative in my estimate; the punitive damages are because of your assistant principal's reckless actions in not following state law and proper school procedures," Habers went on. "You've probably read the transcript of the recording which shows how he summarily and illegally suspended my clients; we can play that recording in court; think of how jury members would react to such callous disregard for the rights of two pupils."

The school's lawyer spoke. "We'd like to come to an agreement to settle this without a trial. We'd like to ask that you accept an out-of-court settlement of $50,000 for each of the injured parties and that details of the agreement be kept confidential."

"I've discussed the possibility of settling before trial with my clients, including the minimum offer they will accept. We completely reject the small sum you offer in compensation for such great damage; it offends my clients' sensibilities and does nothing to address their embarrassment at being suspended, and ignores any future economic and reputational damage.

"However, in view of the financial resources of the school district, we'll make the following counteroffer. First, we will sign a settlement agreement which provides to both of my clients the funds to pay the costs of a full four-year college degree, tuition and fees, room, and board for each of them in a university in this state; second, Merritt High School will completely end all student requirements for participation in the Naked in School Program; third, no student who has refused to participate in the Program will be prevented from graduating nor will his or her official transcript be withheld; fourth, no official transcript of a Program non-participant will mention the Program in any way; and fifth, the employment of Mr Winters in this district will be ended. And there will be no confidentiality agreement.

"We will not negotiate these terms any further, so now it's your choice, ladies and gentlemen, whether you want to face a jury over this matter or accept our generous settlement offer. The financial part of the settlement would not have to be paid in a lump sum; it can be paid in yearly increments. You can contact my office before Friday at 5 p.m. with your answer."

"Isn't running the Program a state requirement now?" the superintendent asked his lawyer.

"Everything's in total confusion at the state education department now," was the response. "Even if it remains a state requirement, it appears that you can't mandate any nudity. I've called them and was told that schools should keep the status quo until you hear further. So if any students volunteer to be nude, I suppose you can run the Program. Otherwise, you can't force them." He turned to Habers. "Mr Habers, clearly we're trying to figure out how we're supposed to continue the Program. We need to discuss this matter and your offer before we can answer, so yes, we'll contact you by five on Friday."

They left the meeting a few minutes later and heard the group breaking out in a heated discussion after the door closed behind them.

"Kevin, Denise, they may try to pressure you to relent on the settlement terms. They may try to appeal to your school loyalty or try to convince you how the financial costs of the settlement can affect the school's ability to provide a good education. Just be polite but don't say anything other than referring them to me."

That evening after dinner, Kasey Roberts received a phone call. When she finished speaking, she called Denise.

"Honey, that was the school superintendent. I'll give you just one guess what he called about."

"Yeah, Mom, tough one. Say, isn't there some kind of rule that says people in lawsuits aren't supposed to talk to each other? That only the lawyers are supposed to talk?"

"I don't think there's a rule like that. I think it's customary, because one person may say something he shouldn't. Anyway, he called because I wasn't at your conference and technically I'm the party to the suit, not you, right? He wanted to tell me what the financial consequences to the school would be and asked me to reconsider."

"And...?"

"Ha. I asked him if he was a gambling man, since he had to make a choice between a known payment and possibly a significantly larger one. He didn't seem to be very happy."

"Good news, Cyn," Tom called when he got home. "The journal accepted our article prospectus—that reserves a place for it in the next issue. They told us how many pages we can have for it."

"Sweet, when's the next issue coming out?" Cynthia asked.

"The deadline for our article is December 15 and it'll be out around March 31."

"How far along is it?" she asked.

"Well, it's actually written but it's much too long. We have to cut it. That shouldn't be a big problem since we can cut it in the sections that quote Program victims' testimonials. That'll reduce the impact of the article but they have a website where we can post the testimonials as an appendix to the article."

"Well, that's just as good, I guess," Cynthia remarked. "Everyone is on the web now anyway, so lots of people would see the appendix."

“Yeah, we figured that. The theme we worked up was the social damage that the Program has caused, based on 37,482 forum posts in seven categories.”

“Shit—I can’t believe someone actually read over 37,000 posts!” Cynthia exclaimed, amazed.

“No, of course not,” he grinned. “We used filtering to sort the posts. There were over 110,000 posts, actually, so the two-thirds we didn’t include didn’t fit any social problem category we chose. We had suicides and attempts, assaults and rapes, hospitalizations or extended treatment for psych reasons, need for medical treatment of injuries, usage of medications for emotional support, teacher and staff maltreatment of Program students, and arrests or other legal action for other Program problems. Then we discussed how the Program was implicated in each of those seven areas with some examples.”

“How does the 37,000 figure enter the article?” Cynthia asked.

“So take the suicide and attempt category. We found 14 cases mentioned with enough detail to be believable. Three suicides and eleven attempts. For psych hospitalizations or treatments, we found um, let’s see, here: 6,247 cases...”

“Holy shit! That many?”

“Yeah, we were surprised too. The medical treatment category was big too. Many girls got internal injuries or infections, even reported reactions to the Shot, so that was significant, it’s 9,873 cases. Everything is in there, like a sports injury because of no protective gear, that sort of thing too.”

“Were there a lot of rapes?” she asked.

“That was harder to fish out from just the sexual assaults, sweetie. There were 632 actual prosecutions for rape mentioned. But the assault complaints were the biggest category. That was 13,588 cases. There were hundreds in that number that could have been rapes but the person who wrote it up didn’t mention if the assault was charged as a rape. And there were over a thousand reports of kids having to take psych drugs while doing the Program. The other reasons had fewer cases. Then we compared these cases to the numbers in the general population. It’s great with the CDC being right next door to us here in Atlanta because they helped with that info. They have this super epidemiology department that keeps all kinds of data on injuries in the population.”

“And I’m assuming that the problems in Program schools is greater than in the population as a whole,” Cynthia stated.

“Got it in one. Rape was something like ten to fifteen times the national incidence depending on how the reports of those assaults are counted. The psych problems in the teen age group were about fifty times as great. The suicide rate was tough to figure because there were many more teen suicides than three in the past two years but only three reports appeared in the forum, so we couldn’t draw any conclusions there. Medical problems were also very high compared to the national average. So this report will be a huge indictment of the social cost of the Program in terms of dollars, for medical care and legal costs, plus the psychological costs to Program participants.”

“Wow—fantastic job, Tom. Can’t wait to see the media’s reaction when that’s published,” Cynthia exclaimed.

"You know, Cyn, you and Rog motivated me—actually everyone at Polytech—on that study. When we first began this project last year, you guys were saying that we needed to handle doing the project like a military campaign and you used military unit structures as an example for us to organize our work. It was your interest in how we were doing and your enthusiasm that pushed everyone to do their best."

"Well, thank you, Tom. In other words, you're saying that our bitching about your progress and all of our other hounding of you guys didn't bother you all that much," she grinned.

"Well, there was that.... Now that you mention it, your um, 'pep talks' were memorable, anyway..." he laughed. "Well, it's almost done and we'll have a great product, I think."

"Sure looks that way. You gotta tell Rog about this, ok? He'll be back from his swim meet tomorrow."

The winter holidays were almost upon the six friends. The twins and Ayame planned to spend it at Camp Lejeune with the twins' parents and Ayame's parents would be visiting from Japan for Christmas week. Tom was torn between wanting to be with Cynthia and visiting home, but the day before Tom was to buy his plane tickets, his step-father called him.

"Say, son, you haven't bought your tickets yet, have you?" he asked.

"No, sir. What's up?"

"Mom and I have a great opportunity, possibly. There are two major positions opening at the Brunswick Nuclear Plant near Wilmington in North Carolina. Your mom was recommended for the head of the engineering division and I'm being recruited for plant manager. We've both been interviewed and were just offered the jobs, but we're still deciding. We're supposed to visit there again right after the new year, but Mom and I sort of figured that you'd want to be with Cindy for at least part of the holidays. Are we right?"

"Well, I really want to see you guys..."

"Yeah, I know what love is like, son. She's a wonderful person. What we're gonna do is go early and look around the area, spend time, and see if we like it—so we've made reservations in Wilmington beginning December 22 through January 8. We'll be only an hour away from Lejeune, so you can visit us and also be with Cindy. How's that?"

"Oh my god, Dad... Awesome! Cindy—all three—and Ayame's parents too—are staying at a guest house at Lejeune 'cause the Denisons' house is too small for all of them. Let me talk to the others and we'll figure out all the details. This is so awesome! Talk soon, send my love to Mom, love ya."

Both of the twins were at away competitions and Ayame was at the library studying, so Tom sent Cynthia a text telling her that his parents would be in North Carolina for the holidays too. A few hours later, he got a call from Cynthia, who was very excited.

"Wow, Tom, it's for real? Your folks may be moving east, too?"

"Yeah, darling—they just need to decide if they like the area. They'll be in Wilmington in a hotel, so I guess I need to figure out where I can stay, with them or..."

“Hold it; I’ll call my dad. Let’s see what he can do. I’ll call back soon.”

About an hour later, Cynthia called him back.

“It’s great when your dad is in charge of everything... Okay, here’s what Dad can set up. Your folks don’t have to stay at a hotel there unless they want. Dad can arrange for them to have guest lodging there, and your dad is retired Army? Yes? Even better. It won’t cost them anything, well, food.... But my folks want to invite yours for Christmas dinner and you all can meet Ayame’s parents, too, they’re way cool. Her dad’s an engineer too so you and your mom will have a great time talking to him. See if your folks like that idea. They can stay for the week or longer if they want. And there’s room for you to stay with us too.”

“Way cool, sweetie, wow. This is just incredible. Okay, I’ll let them know.”

Tom called his stepfather back and told him of the offer; he was delighted with the news.

“Oh, sure, that’s much better than what we’d planned,” he told Tom. “How long are you planning to stay with Cindy, then?”

“Well, they were returning on January 2. So I guess that’s how long.”

“We need to meet with the plant people beginning on January 3. And you said that Stuart can get the lodging for that whole week?”

“Yes sir, even longer if you want. But yes, that week is fine,” Tom said.

While Tom was talking, Denise had come upstairs and heard Tom talking about being with Cynthia. She signaled to him that she had news.

“Just a sec, Dad, Denise wants to say something to me.... What’s up, honey?”

“Kevin and I just arranged with Roger to visit there too, for New Year’s Eve. We’re having dinner with everyone. Roger said he heard your folks were going—they’re invited for New Year’s too.”

“Say Dad,” Tom resumed his call, “looks like there’ll be everyone there for New Year’s and you guys are invited too. Would that work?”

“Sure. We’d love to meet your new friends. Let me see if I have Stuart and Sarah’s info—yes, here it is. I’ll call them tomorrow and set up the details. Thanks, son, this should be a great holiday. Bye.”

“Bye, Dad. See you really soon now! ... Say, Denise, how’d it go at your lawyer’s?”

“Well, it’s done; the settlement contract was all signed; it just needs to go to the judge to be approved for the lawsuit to be dismissed as settled. Mr Habers said that’s a formality.”

“And you got everything you wanted?” Tom asked.

“Not quite. We got the tuition, the whole financial part. We couldn’t tell the school not to run the Program or to fire Winters, but they won’t keep kids who refused to participate from graduating. So out of the six things

we wanted, we got four. Including four years free college—and at Avery! Kevin is using his share to set up a little scholarship fund, too."

"That's great; now you can relax and enjoy your last high-school term. Looks like the forced nudity is all gone now—at Merritt, anyway, right?" Tom asked.

"Yep, it's voluntary. They're coming up with what they're calling 'incentives' for kids to participate. They're trying to get underclassmen to volunteer to be naked by giving credit for one term of gym if they're in the Program. There are other things too, but none will raise a grade, at least. But it's still a payoff, you know? Paying the kids to get naked. Why is that so damned important, anyway? Why can't they just let the Program die off?"

"Maybe they will, Denise, after our article gets published in a few months."

"Well, I hope so. I gotta get my homework done; see ya tomorrow, big boy," Denise grinned.

"Yeah, see ya, doll."

Chapter 15

On December 30, Kevin and Denise drove up to Camp Lejeune to meet their friends and their families. Tom's, Ayame's, and the twins' parents, together with their children, had spent a very pleasant Christmas together and Tom's and Ayame's parents had hit it off, having a number of things in common. Now all the families would meet Kevin and Denise, about whom their children had spoken many times.

Tom's parents had been happy to get to see the twins' parents again; they had gotten together a few times in California before Stuart's reassignment and Mitchell and Stuart enjoyed trading stories about their military experiences; of course they both upheld the traditional rivalry between Marines and Army—arguing about which service was better. And Barbara Emerson, Tom's mother, was delighted to have a fellow engineer with whom to trade stories since Richard Carter, Ayame's adoptive father, was an electrical engineer. And Sarah had a wonderful time catching up with her sister Ellen.

Sgt Denison had arranged a celebratory dinner and party for New Year's Eve at the base club and the entire group assembled. Kevin and Denise had spent the earlier part of the day with their friends so the dinner would be the first time they would meet their friends' parents. They entered the club and could immediately pick out Stuart as the twins' father; his red hair was the giveaway.

"'Evening, sir," Kevin greeted him as he walked up. "I'm Kevin Coris and this is my girlfriend, Denise Roberts."

"So pleased to finally meet you, Kevin, Denise," Stuart answered. "My kids talk about you all the time so it's nice to finally place the faces with the names. Let me introduce you to the others."

Ellen was looking at Kevin. "Coris... Coris. Kevin, there's a foundation based in the Far East by that name. Is there any connection?"

"Oh, yes, that's my father's foundation," Kevin answered. "How'd you know of it?"

"My work," Ellen responded. "I'm the Japan representative of the U.S.-Japan Association and work with NGOs in the Far East. The Coris Foundation does a little work in Japan."

"Oh, yes, I remember.... There was a small office in Tokyo when I lived in Japan," Kevin responded. "I guess it's still there."

"It is; do you have anything to do with it? I heard that you were in Korea in the fall—was that about your parents' foundation?"

"No, it was something else."

Kevin went on to explain and mentioned his parents' fate and how the foundation was currently being operated.

"So I don't have anything to do with it currently, although its director wants me to get more involved after I graduate from college. I do keep in touch, though, and the people I know who work there have been pretty helpful to me in some important projects."

Cynthia tossed her head. “Yeah, this kid is absolutely incredible, Aunt Ellen. Kevin, it’s safe; all these people are on our side—want to tell them more?”

“Um, Cindy? I don’t like a lot of people knowing...”

“It’s okay, Kevin,” Cynthia said. “These are all close family...”

“If Kevin is uncomfortable, Cindy...” Stuart began.

“It’s okay, sir. It’s only my natural caution. What she’s referring to is how I had the idea for the website about that Naked in School Program business that I got swept up in when I arrived in the States for my high school junior year last year. My foundation contacts helped set up the web server so it would be difficult to find.”

“He means impossible,” Tom put in. “The government, media, and bunches of security companies all tried and none could find it.”

“Yes, and it led to the collapse of the Program, too,” Roger added. “Kevin and Denise did more for exposing the Program’s problems than anyone else.”

“Um, I disagree, Roger,” Kevin argued. “Your own military-style campaign against the Program in high school and Cindy’s legal ideas did more for crippling it so it can’t work now.”

“But most of that success would have been impossible without your website,” Cynthia rejoined.

“Hey, guys, cool it,” Denise grinned as the adults were listening to the byplay, amused. “The twins love using these military metaphors, so let me go for one—so what happened was a two-pronged offense, one directed against the command structure and the other against the operational element, right?”

“Goddamn, that’s brilliant,” Stuart roared in delight. “Denise, wow, you fit right in. Can I adopt you?”

“Sure, sir, your kids feel like my siblings anyway. It’s only been a few months but I’ve come to think like them, I guess,” she answered.

“So how is that anti-Program business working?” Sarah asked. “I remember way back, almost two years ago when we were in Tokyo and the twins won their judo medals, how we found out that the Program was to start, and how anti-Program they were back then, just at the idea.”

“Well, in our Atlanta high school, Kevin and I started a Program resistance and the twins helped us model it after their own resistance. Then Tom was able to help us get an article about it in the school paper,” Denise said.

“Oh, yes... Tom mentioned that,” Barbara commented.

Denise went on, “But the greatest argument against the Program was Cindy’s study where it showed the bad effect on student performance.”

“Roger and Tom were involved in that too, Denise,” Cynthia put in. “And Tom’s group has an article coming out that shows the damaging social effects that the Program has on society. That’s coming out in a few months.”

“Well, and damaging for the children, too—I can’t help thinking of what happened to Ayame and how Roger and Tom saved her last year,” Ellen said as Richard nodded in agreement. “I simply cannot imagine a government operation that would allow kidnapping and brainwashing of children like they were doing. Richard, tell them about the letter from the secretary of State we just got.”

“Right. First, a little background. You’ve heard about the feds’ settlement with the kids who were kidnapped by that sex ring? That the government’s paying for four years of college or equivalent, plus psych counseling for them? Good. Well, that teen brainwashing scandal that Ayame was involved with wasn’t included, and the feds were arguing that since the criminals were free-lancing and weren’t federal employees, that the government wasn’t responsible. So Ellen and I had joined a class-action suit on that issue and just recently heard that the feds were going to settle with the same offer and Ayame’s college will be paid for by the goverment.

“And damn, you know that the kidnapping incident with Ayame caused a firestorm with the Japanese government. When they found out, apparently Prince Hirokawa summoned the U.S. ambassador and officially reamed his ass over what the feds did to Ayame. A federal employee had vindictively targeted her, singling her out for that kidnapping, despite the fact that she wasn’t eligible for Program selection. We were told that the Prince was very angry and demanded that the U.S. government make proper apologies and restitution. Soon after that, Ellen and I got a letter of apology from the Prince and somewhat after that, we got an apology letter from the secretary of Education; that’s where the Office of Social Awareness was moved to. Now the letter Ellen mentioned just came. We haven’t told anyone about this yet, but the government’s restitution for Ayame is an additional four-year college stipend. Ayame can use it to go to med school.”

The whole group applauded that news.

“But it looks like the Program is just fading away—it’s defunct but people don’t know that yet. The entire idea of nudity in schools was just plain stupid,” Richard concluded.

“I agree, and I think of how the Program offices were taken over by a criminal gang—one would believe that this could only happen in fiction, but here it actually happened,” Sarah said. “And Cindy told me that you, Kevin, discovered that sex ring—just amazing!”

“Kevin got the Medal of Freedom from the president for that,” Denise offered.

“She’s being modest too,” Kevin smiled. “President Gerston gave Denise the Presidential Citizens Medal for her work, as well.”

“Well, it seems that our children are models for public service achievement,” Stuart said. “Already they’ve done more than most people do in a lifetime.” He raised his glass. “Let’s have a toast to the further success of the kids and to the complete demise of the Program.”

“Hear, hear,” was the reply.

“Say, Dad,” Cynthia said after everyone had sipped their drinks. “What about the Program at the high school here? Did you do anything about it?”

"Ha," Stuart answered. "Our high school is on the base and it's actually run by the DoD. So I'll give you one guess about the Program here."

"Nada, zip, zilch. That's three guesses. Any of them correct?" she grinned.

"Yep. Seems the question of running the Program here never even came up... I heard that it was never considered at all—the materials that were mailed to the school from the Program agency were recycled without even being opened and people from the regional Program office were turned away at the gate. That's what I was told. There's a mandatory dress code policy at the base schools, too. The policy says something about its promoting a safe, positive learning environment and keeping standards of health and decency. We know just how well the Program does that."

"I wish our old school were like that," Roger said. "Life would have been so much easier..."

"Don't say that—I wouldn't have known how wonderful Tom was if the Program hadn't thrown us together, even though it did it indirectly," Cynthia objected.

"There is that... well, I guess it's one of those clouds and silver linings things," Roger admitted.

Gradually the conversation turned away from Program matters to talk about some of their future plans. Tom's parents were fairly certain that they'd accept the jobs at the nearby nuclear power plant.

"What does your daughter think?" Sarah asked. "She's in college in San Diego, right?"

"She told us to go for it," Barbara answered. "She's got a serious love interest there now; he's graduating in May and is staying in the area to study law. And she's doing very well in a journalism program."

"They all grow up," Ellen said. "Look at my daughter. When I sent her with you almost two years ago, Sarah, she seemed to be a little girl still. Now she's truly a young woman. And Richard is close to when he can retire, too. He can get a pension from his company; we can move to the States, and he's still young enough to do some private consulting—maybe helping Japanese companies work with their U.S. suppliers and markets."

"It would be wonderful to have you closer to us, Ellen," Sarah commented.

After dinner grew to a close, the group left the restaurant and went to the club where the New Year's celebration would continue with entertainment and dancing into the night.

When Kevin and Denise returned to school after the holidays, instead of the Monday morning announcement of the names of the students to participate in the Program, their teacher gave a handout to everyone and told them that it described the revised Program.

Participation was now optional; students were encouraged to volunteer. If they did, their participation would count for one term of gym. The only touching of participants was to be what the person allowed. Students could be used as classroom models if they consented and no coercion by teachers was permitted.

Kevin stared at the sheet and then looked at Denise with a baffled expression.

“Huh,” he said. “What’s the point? Why are they bothering; all this does is it makes the school into a clothing-optional facility. Can something like this have any educational benefit at all?”

“Beats me,” Denise answered. “Roger and the others will be interested to hear about this, I think.”

Meanwhile, Roger and Cynthia were getting their own surprise. They were in an education course called “Modern Education Principles.” The course ran for the full academic year, fall and spring. At their first post-holiday class meeting, the same day that Kevin and Denise were learning about the way the Program had changed, their professor was describing the projects that the class would be doing for the rest of the course.

“These projects, there are six of them, all are in the category of ‘Issues in Modern Education.’ Some have to do with curriculum and some with classroom practices. Three are at middle-school level and three deal with high-school issues. The projects will require you to work in teams of five to six students and your projects will be randomly assigned. However, you may choose who you want to work with on your team. Each of these project issues concerns a current problem in contemporary education practice; you will develop a proposal and write it up in publication format and submit it to me. After I critique it, you will make a presentation of your project to the entire class, and then take it to your assigned cooperating high school or middle school and you’ll have five class sessions to implement your project. Take a few minutes now to choose your team members.”

Cynthia formed her group and in addition to Roger, two of its members were their friends who had worked on the Program report the previous year, Rhonda and Alan.

“All right, are your groups ready and none is larger then six? Okay. One member from each group, please come here and take one of the envelopes out of the box on the table. Then return to your group; when you’re back, open the envelope. The sheet shows the project you’ve selected and on the index card, please write the names of your group members and give the cards to me.”

Cynthia’s group opened the envelope and read the sheet. It read, “Issue: The Naked in School Program fails to meet its stated educational objectives. Design a curriculum for at least three classes, corresponding class objectives, and classroom procedures to better align the Program with its stated objectives. Then demonstrate how your solution would work in class sessions at Merritt High School.”

Cynthia stared at the sheet openmouthed. Then she looked up and raised her hand.

“Dr Miller, this project has to do with the Naked in School Program, but the Program is all but gone in high schools now. I don’t even know if any objectives even exist anymore, since it seems that each school is doing what it wants. Is the Program even an education issue anymore?”

“Oh, yes, the Program is changing, isn’t it?” he answered. “However, those projects were designed last fall before all of the changes to the Program began happening. Well, the curriculum committee has designed the projects; we’ve arranged with the schools to allow them to accommodate these project sessions, and there isn’t another issue to replace it. Use the objectives as they were before the changes were made.”

“But, sir, would that be valid?” Roger commented. “We wouldn’t be solving a current issue, right? It looks like the Program will be gone from schools within a year if things continue as they’ve been going. Oh, another thing—our demonstration of the project to this class. Where the Program is concerned, wouldn’t

that need to have nudity? We're not going to be demonstrating anything that requires nudity, just so you know."

Miller gave him a hard look. "I expect that these projects, all of them, to be a fully realistic implementation of your team's project solution when you demonstrate them in their actual classroom settings. Do what you need to do to make certain that your classroom solutions fully meet the objectives of this exercise," he replied. "Take five minutes to arrange when your group will begin meeting to work on your project. Then we'll need to get back to our class material."

Roger turned to the others. "Well, this is crap. We're not into the nudity, right? How about we start with the old objectives and put a twist on it for the new legalities..."

Cynthia interrupted, "Hey, have an idea; this may work out. It probably isn't as bad as it seems. Let's arrange some times we can all meet, okay? Then I'll explain what I have in mind, but bring your own ideas too."

Cynthia and Roger's group met later in the Education Library to discuss their project.

"I've got the germ of an idea but I need to get it into some rational form," Cynthia began. "But first, anybody have your own thoughts?"

"What are the local schools doing now?" Rhonda asked. "Parkside is still doing their student popularity games, I heard, but a friend of mine who's observing classes there told me that most of the kids who were willing to do stuff have already been through the Program and new kids aren't volunteering anymore. This week no one is doing the Program there."

"Same at Merritt; there's just about no one doing the Program. It's optional and no one volunteered this week," Roger offered. "Anyone hear about the other local schools?"

"My sister's a soph in North High," Alan put in. "It's got a lot of kids from the Air Force base there who've refused to be in the Program. She said it's basically defunct in her school now."

Jesse, another member of the group, made a suggestion. "Can we look at that anti-Program website and see if people have been writing about their schools?"

"Good idea," Roger said. "Let's look."

They found dozens of reports about the fate of the Program at many schools on the website; some told about how their schools were desperately attempting to keep the old Program operating but failing while others spoke about how their schools had eliminated it.

"See? This is really a dead issue, I think," Roger said. "But I have a strong feeling that Miller won't back down, though, so looks like we'll have to work with what we've got. We need the old, original Program objectives. Where can we find official Program info, anyway? The government's Program website was taken down when the Department of Education took over what was left of the Program and their website has nothing about it."

"How about my asking at the service desk?" Rhonda suggested. "They know about how to find all kinds of things. I'll find out; be right back."

She came back with a folder and showed it to the group.

“Look, they gave me copies of Program rules booklets from a bunch of high schools in the area,” Rhonda explained. “They were planning to scan them to put on line but with the Program in such flux, doing that’s now a low priority. Anyway, see, these all give the same basic objective, let me read, it’s to ‘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.’ It goes on to say that the result is that the student’s ‘sexual tensions will be diminished.’ How can we use that crap? That’s really not a true educational objective. It’s more of a statement of principles, right?”

“Not objectives as they taught us, anyway,” Cynthia agreed. “We’ll have to put those principles into objective form, right? Let’s see... there are three parts... um, first, objectives need to clearly state what the student will know or be able to do when they finish the unit. Two, you have to be able to observe and measure the instruction’s outcomes, and three, the objective has to contain action verbs that describe behaviors which can be measured. Oh, and focus on the learner. Actually, that’s the only thing that those principles do—focuses on the student.”

“Hey, let me look at my notes about objectives,” Jesse said. “Here, it’s a list of action verbs that mustn’t be used in writing educational objectives: Learn, know, have, appreciate, behave, understand, become. Look at how many of those improper verbs are used in that booklet paragraph.”

“Obviously that booklet wasn’t written by an educator,” Rhonda complained. “Maybe by a shrink, yeah, it’s really psychobabble. Nothing where outcomes can be measured.”

“Okay, but it’s what we’ve got,” Cynthia replied. “So the way we need to work is to use those principles; let’s see how to generalize them: comfort with self, treatment of others, learning a skill, and a standard of behavior. Four elements. None of them mentions or even implies nudity—public nudity, anyway. So for our project, we’ll do a frontal attack on the nudity part by designing a curriculum that addresses those four elements and see whether the nudity requirement of the Program is even necessary. Make sense?”

“Then we need to use them to build classes around—three classes?” Jesse asked.

“Yeah, I guess we’ll need to figure out which classes to use—ones that the Program elements apply to, I suppose,” Alan agreed.

Cynthia summarized for them, “So we take those four elements and use them to construct curricula for classes. We’ll need to decide which typical high-school classes will work for our purposes.”

Soon they had a working plan developed and the meeting ended soon after that. During the next few meetings, the group members wrestled with the problem of trying to determine, for a social curriculum which was disappearing from all of the country’s high schools, what kinds of instructional materials and procedures were appropriate for the three classes that they were going to model. Their appeal to the instructor to assign another topic was to no avail; college professors are notoriously inflexible once their courses have been developed. Their group found an easy solution, however. They would simply return to how the courses were taught pre-Program!

The group had chosen three courses: psychology, biology, and health. For the biology class, the "comfortable with body" part would be applicable and would use realistic plastic models of both genders to demonstrate human anatomy. Health included sexual education, so that class would be taught using the standard videos and models that were used in pre-Program years.

Psychology was the most interesting class to redesign, as it encompassed sexuality, relationships with others, controlling one's emotions, and experiencing mature and moral behavior.

"Actually my idea here also is related to sex ed as well as psych," Cynthia remarked at one meeting. "The biggest failing of the Program curriculum is the fact that it forces a participant to be naked among a large population of clothed people. This singles out that person, it objectifies him or her. Unless there's a culture of respect, where people's individual rights are honored, some kids would want to take advantage of the situation and abuse the naked kid. And that's what happened in the Program, as we found in the studies we made from that website's forum posts."

Rhonda was nodding. "If we take that second so-called objective of, let's see how it's worded, 'treat others in natural balance as both individual people and sexual beings,' it's the 'treating others' part that's a key to achieving that goal, right? We need to think of how to incorporate the regard for others in how our classes work."

"Cindy and I had a real-life demo of something like that, actually," Roger mused. "We escaped having to do the Program in our school, you heard about how we did that. But you guys know our friend Tom—he worked on that anti-Program ed project last spring. He also introduced us to social nudism. The difference between how nudity works in the Program and in nudism as a social lifestyle is huge. The obvious difference is that everyone is nude, but if someone isn't, like a newcomer, it's no big deal.

"Also, the amount of respect people show for each other, even among people who've never met before, is amazing. So in a nudist environment, everyone's on equal footing—in terms of clothes, anyway, and no one stands out. It's being different that causes the problems that the Program kids have. I learned in my psych class that among most animal species, the individual who stands out as being different from the group tends to become an outcast or even gets attacked; humans tend to have the same reaction. I think it's really difficult to treat other people—the words are 'in natural balance'—in a balanced way if they are really different, and being the only nude person among clothed people is an extremely unbalanced situation," he concluded.

"So we need to get back to these classes," Cynthia continued. "We need to bring back balance and equality among the students in the classes we're designing. The other piece is respect, that's respect for the person as an individual and as a member of the group. We took this class in tantric massage which taught all about how to give one's partner total attention, we saw that the greatest strengths in relationships are built when others are treated with respect, when their own feelings are put before your own. In the Program, kids are thrown together without their having any chance to build a culture of mutual respect. How about this? Perhaps a class in tantric massage should be a high school requirement? Wow, what a thought! Hmmm, maybe we could use the ideas which underlie tantra to demonstrate the care and respect that the art is designed to develop between two people."

"Sure, why not do that?" Jesse asked. "As part of our psych class. Maybe, for students in a committed relationship, they could watch a video on tantric massage, and even do it? You're all grinning at me. I don't mean nude, doing it like while wearing a swim suit or something. Even students who're too shy or otherwise

hesitant to work that closely with a partner could simply view the videos and learn about relationships by watching how caring partners treat each other."

Alan was nodding his head vigorously. "Yeah, Cindy, I think you're onto something there..."

Cynthia raised her hand. "Hey guys, it seems to me that the psych class—no, actually maybe the health one for first-term frosh—should have a major part where they learn about forming trusting relationships between people. I think that having the kids do some kind of massage with others in the class, even over their clothing, and learn what it feels like to make another person relaxed and at ease, would be a great idea. That would work to fulfill all of the objectives, wouldn't it?"

"Great idea, Cindy," Alan said. "So we should model a frosh health class then?"

"Let's consider that," Roger said. "So we've kinda agreed that the nudity part of the Program is the greatest barrier to achieving interpersonal respect; it destroys the ability to achieve the, I quote, 'natural balance as both individual people and sexual beings' that the Program was designed to do, but it's had the opposite effect of what the so-called experts thought the nudity would do. Seems to me, though, that they were correct in one respect, and that's that contact between two people—touch—is the most powerful builder of relationships. Cindy will kill me because I always go to Marine metaphors—hey, Cyn, don't make faces at me 'cause you know that you do it too. In the combat obstacles courses and in other combat training, even in hand-to-hand combat, I've seen how the men come to care for each other stronger than brothers. The men are always in close physical contact and the trust it builds is enormous. There are plenty of stories of how some have even died to protect their comrades. It looks like Jesse and Alan like Cindy's idea of trying to use personal touching in helping kids build relationships. We need to figure out how that would really work in a class. Let's see how we can put those ideas into these classes."

Chapter 16

"Hey, guess what happened today," Tom called when he arrived home after classes one day in early April. "Media event of the year, so far."

"Hi, darling," Cynthia hugged him in greeting. "What are you so excited about?"

"That journal article we did. The students who run the journal had reporters looking for them today—they wanted interviews with the article's authors. You know, the seven of us who put the research together and wrote it up. At first I thought I'd keep in the background but the journal's editor talked me—all of us—into giving an interview."

"Really? Who was the interview with?"

"Several local TV stations. It'll be on at six, they said."

"Cool!" Roger had come in. "So that article must have made a splash."

"Looks like it, since they wanted to talk to us. They asked us a bunch of questions and the kids who run the journal did it like a news conference."

Later they watched the news. The piece was introduced by the local anchorperson.

> "In local news today, WAGZ learned about an article in the latest issue of a student journal published by Georgia Polytech, *American Civics*, which came out four days ago. The journal carries articles written by students which discuss current social issues and problems in American culture. An article in the current issue caught our attention as it is a study of the social problems that the Naked in School Program has caused in the country.
>
> "Here to tell us about the article and its authors is our education reporter, Julian Sommers. Julian, why is this article causing such great interest?"
>
> "Thanks, Robyn. Georgia Polytech isn't a university noted for its expertise in sociological research; it's one of the top technical and engineering schools in the country and not a source of important social research. Also, a student-run journal like *American Civics* isn't the place where one would look to find important sociological studies either. But both the college and the journal have jumped into the sociological spotlight with this paper which describes some startling details that add to the woes of the Naked in School Program, one of the most controversial education programs ever begun in the U.S. education system.
>
> "Last year we reported on the effect of the Program on student academic performance; that was a study also completed by students, but at Avery University, and that study showed that average student performance declined by a full grade after their high school implemented the Program. The study that was published this week shows that the problems caused by the Program aren't limited to the high schools and student grades, they affect society in many ways too, some of them economically, and the effect is uniformly bad.
>
> "Polytech allowed us to interview some of the authors of the study, those who could be reached in the limited time we had available. The authors are all students and it's significant that all are engineering

or computer science students. In other words, the work was all completed on their own and not as part of a course. We met with Thomas Emerson, Dale Masters, George Ulrey, Abbey Castile, and Sandra Toomey. Co-authors who weren't able to be at the interview were Janice Bowers and Herbert Simpson. The co-authors conducted a group interview because they took time out of their busy days to meet with the media and we edited the interview to capture the most important parts.

Media representative: "Mr Thomas Emerson, you were the lead author?"

Emerson: "Yes, sir, more like the organizer and shepherd. Everyone did important work."

Media: "Why did you write the article? If it wasn't for a class or any academic credit, why did you all spend so much time?"

Masters: "I'll answer that one. I'm Dale Masters. My sister was sexually assaulted while in the Program and I noticed that assaults associated with the Program seemed to be common. Tom had been working with a group of students at Avery on a study there about academic performance and he suggested that a group here at Polytech might do a parallel one on social issues. I was happy to join him. The others had similar reasons for being anti-Program."

Media: "You mentioned sexual assaults were common. How common?"

Toomey: "Sandra Toomey. I worked on those data. We had some 37,500 reports to work from; obviously these were anecdotal self-reports, but the sheer numbers probably balances out exaggerations. This wasn't a true 'scientific' study—it was a kind of retrospective survey study. What we found was that the occurrence of rapes among students in the Program ranged between ten to fifteen times greater than the general population and over fifty times greater in the same demographic, that is, high-school students. Lesser sexual assaults were also about eighty times greater in that demographic. The number was 13,588 assaults described in about 37,500 postings."

Media: "That's an awfully large number. Could you verify any of those cases?"

Toomey: "No, that's the limitation of the data we had to work with. But if you assume that if even as much as half of the reports were exaggerations, it still wouldn't change the fact that the Program seems to be responsible for a significant number of assaults."

Media: "The study mentions economic impact too."

Emerson: "That's correct. Many victims of assaults needed medical care. There were over 6,000 cases of psychological trauma reported and about 10,000 cases of physical injuries; and both of those kinds of injuries needed medical care. These were not injuries from assaults, but from other causes like being forced to play sports while nude or trauma or infections caused by the sexual molestation that the Program forces its participants to endure. Then we found numerous cases of students being put on anxiety meds to get them through their Program week. So those are some of the kinds of medical issues and they all carry significant price tags. And we need to add to medical costs the legal costs to society of having to prosecute those who broke the law, or costs to parents who had to sue for their child's injuries—and defending all those accused, too. In the time we had to write this work up, we had no way of quantifying those costs, but they are surely high."

Media: "Psychological problems were one of the issues we associated with the Program from its beginnings. You mention that in the paper too."

Emerson: "Yes, the data supported that assumption also. Reported psychological problems among high schoolers in the Program were about fifty-five times greater than the matched demographic in the general population."

Media: "We also had reports of suicides among teens having increased."

Ulrey: "I'm George Ulrey. I spent a lot of time working on that issue but we couldn't draw any conclusions since only three reports of suicides appeared in the postings we analyzed. But the national data we got from the CDC showed that there were many more teen suicides than those three during the past two years. We did notice that the suicide rate among teens went from about 11 per 100,000 in the year before the Program began anywhere, to about 15 per 100,000 starting in the year after the Program was rolled out. That's a circumstantial association, though, but it implies a 35 percent increase in teen suicides."

Media: "You mentioned the CDC. How were they involved?"

Castile: "Yes. I researched the CDC data—ah, I'm Abbey Castile; they were extremely helpful in getting us epidemiological data matched by demographic for the closest categories we could get to theirs. And Janice and Herb were our data-crunchers. They were the ones who pored over the 37,500 reports to filter out the problem categories we analyzed. Their work was a key for the article."

Media: "How representative do you think the student reports on which you based your data are, in terms of total numbers? I'm asking what fraction of the students of these high schools wrote about their experiences?"

Castile: "That was fascinating. Let's see, in rough numbers, there were something like 15 million public high school students in about 26,400 public high schools. Private schools didn't have the Program. Based on the numbers of student Program participants each week, we calculated that about 45 percent of the entire national high school population took part in a Program week over the study period. The rest were never in the Program, they escaped high school without ever having to do it. And of the students who participated, 1.6 percent of them wrote some kind of report on the website where this information was collected. We could analyze only about a third of those responses, those were the reports of an incident that fell into one of the seven social problem categories we had identified. So all of the negative information about the Program comes from a tiny number of responses. Which implies that a much larger number of students must have been affected, since it's well known that voluntary responses to polls and such only represent a very small number of potential responses."

Media: "So what did you conclude about the Program after you analyzed all of those reports?"

Emerson: "Who wants to answer that one?"

Toomey: "Sure, I'll do it. We believe that our article clearly shows that the Program has resulted in a huge economic cost to the country in terms of dollars spent for medical care and legal costs, plus a huge social cost in terms of health, educational, and psychological harm to Program participants."

Emerson: "So we urge that people read the article for themselves; it's on line on the Polytech website. They were kind enough to put a link to it on the home page."

Media: "Thank you, then, all of you, for your fascinating work and for talking with us this afternoon."

"Well, that was how the press conference went, Robyn. We spoke to some of the officials at Polytech; apparently they were totally unaware of the study that these students were doing, but they were absolutely delighted with how professionally it was performed, and of course they're thrilled with the public attention their university is getting as a result."

"Thanks, Julian. We understand that people are flocking to Polytech's website to read the study, so if the site is slow, be patient. It should be interesting to see how supporters of the Program react to this latest attack on its educational value. And in other local news..."

"Oh... my... God!" Cynthia exclaimed. "You were totally brilliant, Tom... and the others... freakin' awesome! Can I touch you? Seriously, this has to be the final nail in the Program's coffin." She hugged him. "You're a genius; I think I'll keep you."

"Well, that was all your idea, Cyn. You and Rog set it up. You were talking about attacks using flanking moves. Hitting them with student resistance was a frontal attack, but your also going after the basic idea underpinning the Program—what did you say the Marines called that? Going after their logistics, destroying the reserves. Wiping out their ability to counterattack. Shit, stop me—I'm getting carried away with the metaphors, aren't I?"

"No, no, Tom, I love it!" Roger said. "We've gotta make you an honorary Marine kid, you know."

"Well, I'm not at all far, right? My dad was a Navy pilot and my step-dad was Army," Tom grinned.

"Well, bub, we'll accept the Navy bit, but don't try to make me accept that Army is equal to Marine, ok?" Cynthia growled.

"So you gonna do the evening talk show rounds now that you're famous?" Roger kidded.

"Shit, I just want to get back to my real school work. That article did take a lot of work, and the others did a super job, too. Hell, after the interview, the head of the Humanities Department asked our group if any of us wanted to change majors—he said he could offer economics, sociology, even poly sci. Someone said they were nominating the paper for some kind of award. I just hope the fuss dies down soon."

The fuss didn't die down, at least not in the media nor in the public at large. Within a week of the media coverage of the article, parents all around the country were descending on their children's high schools demanding that their running the Program be terminated, while political commentators of all persuasions were clamoring for its elimination. Lawmakers were scrambling to introduce bills for its end and state governors were considering issuing executive orders to prevent schools from running it.

Several weeks after the Program had virtually collapsed all around the country, Cynthia's and Roger's education team was required to demonstrate their team's class project at Merritt High, in an anticlimactic series of high-school classes.

The team had finalized the ideas that they had developed into the outlines of their three classes. The class objectives emphasized relationship building and developing personal regard and respect for others, and was designed to be presented mainly in the high school's psychology and health classes. The team had also come up with an auxiliary module to be presented in the physical education classes. In all of these classes, touching was to be encouraged as a powerful form of non-verbal communication and part of the health curriculum would include lessons in basic, non-erotic massage techniques which could be used for both relaxation and relationship building.

They took the classroom modules they had developed to Merritt High, and Denise and Kevin were recruited to help in the classes as peer demonstrators—their prior experience as Program helpers in their former high school plus their experience with tantric yoga and massage made them a natural choice.

Since this class was taking place during the final month of the school year, Cynthia's team had chosen students from the fall term's incoming freshman class—the middle schoolers who would become the freshmen. Permission to do this was granted because, as Roger pointed out, all of the students in the current health class had been together for the entire year; they knew each other very well, and the team's curriculum was designed to show relationship building among a group of students whose members didn't know each other very well. Since the high school drew its students from a number of middle schools, many of the incoming students wouldn't know each other, so they got permission to work with the eighth graders.

Cynthia's group set up their health class and PE class as a workshop for the week after solving some logistical details about when and where the class would be held.

Soon the first day of the workshop arrived and the students filed into the room. Cynthia's team was there with the Merritt Health teacher who was acting as a monitor/chaperone.

"Okay, students," Cynthia announced as the kids entered and looked around, confused at seeing gym mats instead of desks and chairs. "Please go to a mat and sit down, six people to a mat."

There was the predictable shuffling and muttering as the kids tried to sort themselves into groups, friends trying to stay together.

"Now I notice that most mats are segregated by gender," Cynthia smiled at the group. "Most of you wanted to sit near someone whom you knew and were comfortable with, correct?"

Murmurs of assent came from around the room.

Roger then spoke. "Soon you'll be in high school, and in high school you'll be making all kinds of new friends and learning about social and school relationships. In this class we'll begin to show you a little about making connections with the people who'll become your new friends. Everyone, move into a circle on your mats facing inward. Now hold hands with those on each side of you. In the next several minutes, tell your friends your name, age, and your middle school."

After they had finished doing that, Rhonda walked into the center of the group of mats. "Now you all got a card with a number on it when you came in. Look up—see the number on the sign hanging over each mat? Get up and go to your numbered mat...."

When they got there, she went on, “Hey, isn’t that interesting! How did that happen—equal numbers of girls and boys on each mat!”

There were titters at Rhonda’s comment and the children glanced bashfully at everyone other than the kids on their own mat.

Rhonda went on, “You can sit, now. Girls, move to sit across from a boy on your mat. Sit closer, everyone, because you’ll take each other’s hands in your own, and look at your new friend. Or maybe this is even an old friend. Now introduce yourselves as you did on the first mat and this time tell your friend something about yourself, like a sibling or a pet or a favorite music group.”

After a minute of murmuring sounds, Rhonda resumed.

“Now, close your eyes and keeping them closed, both of you, girls first, take your partner’s hands in yours and touch them all over, get to know how your friend’s hands feel. Touch them over their palms, the backs, and the fingers, as much as you want, and try to memorize how they feel.”

The team watched as the girls did as she had commanded. The girls were stroking their hands over the boys’ hands, over their palms, fingers, and backs, and then running their fingers over the boys’ hands, letting them play lightly over wrists and palms. They were pleased to hear little sighs of pleasure from the children as they did this.

“Okay now, boys, take your girl’s hands and do the same, keeping your eyes closed.”

The teacher slipped up to Cynthia during this exercise.

“What’s this about?” she whispered.

“Something I remembered from drama classes. An old theater trick; it loosens up two people who don’t know each other very well for when they have to do a scene where they have to kiss or be intimate,” Cynthia whispered back. “It makes people feel very close—the hands are really a pretty erogenous organ, actually.”

Three minutes passed, and Rhonda spoke again. “Now, with your eyes still closed, tell your partner something about what you noticed about them; boys go first. What did you notice about the girl whose hands you are holding? What she’s wearing, about her hair, how her hands feel... No peeking! ... Next, it’s the girls’ turn now.”

After a few minutes, Cynthia picked up the instructions. “Okay, now that everyone is an old friend...” Laughter. “...let me introduce Kevin and Denise, they’re seniors here, and will help us with some of the things we’ll be doing. They’re going to sit on the mat here and I want you guys to copy how they’re sitting.”

Kevin and Denise sat facing each other, cross-legged, knees touching.

Roger now spoke. “Now, people, watch how they’re placing their arms. Hands on your friend’s shoulders and arms touching along their lengths. Sit closer if you need to. Close your eyes and listen to your friend’s breathing for a minute.... Now, without opening your eyes, I want each boy to tell his new friend what he thinks the scariest part of high school will be. You can whisper, and even though I know that there’s nothing that can really scare a boy, right?” Giggles. “...that there’s something about high school that has you, well, just a bit *concerned*, okay? Girls, remember, this is a total secret, okay?”

“Yeah...” “Sure.” “Whatever...” were heard.

Cynthia continued, “Okay, girls, tell your friend something to make him feel better, more confident, how you can help him, or why he shouldn’t be concerned.... Good, now switch roles and girls, tell your friend about something about high school that you might find scary.... And boys, now, tell her how you can help her.”

The session continued, with the touching contact between the students getting increasingly intimate; finally, the girls were sitting between the boys’ legs, their backs resting against the boys’ chests and heads leaning together, while they held each other’s hands and were asked to whisper to each other the happiest thing that ever happened to them.

There were some reluctant kids who resisted close contact; Kevin and Denise sat with them, held them gently, and softly urged them to relax and let themselves be touched by another child. Denise’s special gift of emotional projection and Kevin’s calm confidence soon worked to make even the most shy child respond.

Then the partners were shuffled and it was poignant to see how the first pairs had made a real connection and were reluctant to be separated.

“Yeah, we know, guys,” Cynthia said with a sad expression, “we’re being meanies. But you need more than one friend in high school, you know...” Laughter. “Of course, you will always have a special friend, and if you’re super lucky, even more than one special friend. So let’s meet your new new friend now....”

The workshop continued in this fashion, managing to get a third pairing in before time ran out. The following day was the PE element, and Roger and Cynthia had taken ideas drawn from Marine combat confidence training, where teams of four students worked together to solve and assist each other in overcoming various physical obstacles, and brought adaptations of those exercises to the gym and athletic field.

On the third day, the touching contact was supplemented by introduction of the idea of “trust” in both a verbal and tactile context, and the children were encouraged to share minor secrets with their partners and engage in some role-playing to demonstrate how damaging gossip and rumor-mongering can be to trusting relationships. Kevin and Denise demonstrated the idea of tactile trust by enacting a PG-rated petting scene, with Denise explaining the limits of her trust of Kevin’s actions. Thursday’s PE course had a few more difficult physical problems and used teams of two to solve them.

On Friday, the class covered massage techniques. The students had been asked to wear gym clothes or even wear swim suits under their clothes if they felt comfortable going that far. The Avery team was gratified to see that virtually everyone had chosen the swim-suit option because they all peeled off their outer clothes for the class. Two girls didn’t, but when they saw what everyone else was wearing, they were regretful they hadn’t worn suits too. But Roger was prepared; as the Merritt swim coach, he had a number of girls’ swim suits available and the grateful girls were able to change into them.

Roger and Cynthia led the students through what they had learned in the tantra massage class, less the overtly sexual elements. They allowed the kids to choose their partners for the first massage round, but mixed up the pairs for the second and third rounds. Each massage session ended with the person who performed the massage lightly resting on his or her partner’s chest, heads together while they embraced, and the massage recipients were asked to whisper in their partner’s ear what they liked best about the massage. Kevin and Denise had demonstrated the various techniques on each other, and close to the end of

the class, caused a real sensation when they demonstrated the *yab-yum* posture and its variants while Cynthia made it very clear that this technique was for those in committed relationships and demonstrated the culmination of trust, respect, and affection.

The sessions had been videoed using discreetly positioned cameras, and various education faculty from Avery as well as the Merritt faculty and administration viewed the recordings. After the week's workshop, the children who had participated were interviewed about their experience and they were bubbling with enthusiasm; many had made very close friends and none wanted the classes to end. From the students' perspective, the class was a resounding success.

Reports from the workshop student's middle schools the following week were similarly glowing. Teachers reported that their students showed an unusual degree of trust and respect among themselves and many demonstrated a remarkable amount of affection for most of their peers.

The high-school teaching staff members were astounded at how well the students had responded. After the Merritt Health and Psychology teachers had done their one-on-one interviews with the student participants, they met with Cynthia's team, members of the Merritt administration, and several Avery education school faculty. The Health teacher who had monitored the workshop, Miss Davis, gave the group her impressions.

"I'm actually speechless about what I observed and even more so after interviewing those kids," Davis told the group. "But I can't be speechless now—I have to say something, don't I? That was simply astounding. Let me see—yeah, there was one thing that almost all the kids mentioned to me that kind of sticks out. You guys had an early question—something about what there was about high school that was the most scary. In our interviews, almost all the kids remembered that particular question and told me that there was no doubt, it was the Program; they were scared to death about it and were overjoyed that it was no longer happening. They told me that they would have done anything to avoid being in the Program. Their biggest fears all had to do with how they'd fit in; how they'd be accepted by others. And they were so scared that if they had to be naked, they'd be, well, exposed, okay? But fitting in was still the big, scary thing about high school. Almost every kid mentioned that.

"But then, they said that after the classes went on—and this was amazing, since almost every one of them said something like this—that they learned to trust the others in their class and got to know them very well by being so close to them in a non-threatening way, that when the massage part happened on the last day, everyone felt so comfortable about taking their clothes off and having other kids touch them and massage them, that it made them feel really good. A few kids actually told me that they had gotten to feel so good about their bodies that they might have even gotten nude if they were asked, but some said that they were very happy that they weren't asked."

Davis went on. "When I asked what had changed for them; why were they scared at first but accepting at the end, they all told me that they felt so comfortable with the others; everyone was trusting and respectful; they were concerned about how each other felt, and actually had enjoyed the touching intimacy they had experienced. And especially enjoyed the working together as teams doing physical things that were challenging puzzles to solve. Some were very tearful that they wouldn't get to see their new friends again as a group until high school starts in the fall; many had made very close friends and planned to try to see each other during the summer."

Mr Jordan, the psychology teacher, had several observations too. "I saw in the videos that a number of kids had difficulty at first with the close touching exercises. That's a common issue that psychologists deal with

and can imply difficulties in forming intimate relationships as well as other problems. One of the issues that the original Program was supposed to address was to overcome such matters; get kids to accept touching, intimate touching, and address other things like modesty, and create an environment where trusting relationships would form between the children. We now know how badly the Program failed at doing those things and in retrospect I can see why.

"But your methods aren't at all new, you know. It was in the 1960s, actually, sessions kind of like what you did were known as 'encounter groups' and I think it was in 1967 that a guy named Paul Bindrim started workshops with the participants being nude and sessions included role-playing involving various experiences and they did touching exercises too. This kind of naked psychotherapy eventually faded away until its proponents brought it back—and we know its reincarnation as the Naked in School Program."

Everyone, especially those members of Cynthia's group, was amazed at hearing that.

"Yes, it's true. That's the root of the Program. The psychologists who've been its champion are those who studied the naked psychotherapies of the 1960–70 era. I was curious, so I checked out their backgrounds. Anyway, getting back to the kids here and the touching. What Cynthia's group did, using Kevin and Denise to work with the reluctant kids individually, was as insightful as it was effective. I don't know what kind of magic Denise has, but her ability to get those kids to respond to her was simply awesome. There's about a dozen of them who love her dearly now, and Kevin was equally great with the boys. He turned their shyness and uncertainty to a willingness to be open to doing the class activities. We teachers need to talk to those two to get some pointers.

"So the major goal of the Program was to have the children overcome their natural modesty and reservations about interacting with others. The techniques we saw demonstrated by Cynthia's team showed conclusively that by allowing the children to form bonds of trust and respect in a natural way, the result is that using the techniques they developed can far surpass anything the Program had ever achieved. And we saw the results in such a short time, too. Think about how effective using these techniques could be if they're used for an entire term. We need to adopt this curriculum for the fall and see how some of the ideas can be used in all of the classes, not only in Health."

Cynthia looked over at Roger and they exchanged glances; then she looked at Rhonda, who nodded.

"Our team found something we never expected when we were working with the kids," Cynthia said thoughtfully. "Roger and I were adamantly opposed to the Program from day one and our objections were based on the moral codes we were raised under. We set out to prove that the Program was completely evil and I think we were successful doing that—but we've since learned that it wasn't the Program itself that was inherently evil; it was almost always the way the Program was implemented that made it so. For example, we saw that at Parkside High, they ran a version of it that the kids mostly accepted and apparently even enjoyed doing parts of the Program. And at that school, student average grades didn't suffer as badly as they did in the national average.

"Also, our assistants, Kevin and Denise, provided some essential insights into ways of helping kids work through their own psychological and social problems in dealing with unpleasant situations. And our team noticed, while we were working with the kids, how as they grew in their trust, respect, and understanding for each other, how their modesty kind of melted away among themselves. During the massage part, some of them asked if they could take off their swim suits—they said that wearing any clothing was uncomfortable and didn't feel right.

"We were blown away at that! It meant that our central assumption, the idea that nudity itself in the school was wrong, was fundamentally incorrect. What we learned from the kids in the workshop showed us that possibly our curriculum, which was supposed to be a solution to the question of how to instill respect among student peers and create a well adjusted adult, could be enhanced or supplemented. If we allowed the students to explore the limits of their own comfort in their interactions with each other in carefully controlled settings, we might get even better results. And these interactions wouldn't necessarily preclude nudity—our students made it very clear that some of them would be comfortable being nude within their group."

Rhonda continued. "Yeah, and that wasn't expected at all. I experienced a class at this school last year; it was the first high school class that I ever observed in my ed program. And it was the weirdest class; the teacher forced the entire class to get naked and immediately do sexual things to each other. The students were embarrassed and humiliated, and afterward they were angry and resentful. But as juniors, most knew their classmates very well; but did they *truly* know them? They didn't, not enough so that they had developed a relationship based on trust and respect."

She went on, "So when I was helping in this workshop, I was amazed that the kids actually *wanted* to be more intimate with each other. I asked the kids very discreetly if their desires stemmed from sexual impulses and they all emphatically denied that; the sense I got was that the touching exercises just felt all wrong being done over clothing. That the kids felt that an important part of the bonding experience was missing. So Cindy suggested to our team that our curriculum could be supplemented with the idea of optional nudity in controlled conditions."

"Yes," Cynthia resumed her comments. "We need to think about Rhonda's observation some more. And from what we heard back from the middle schools, where the kids in the workshop were treating their classmates who didn't attend with almost the same trust as those that did—that suggests another model for teaching the freshman health class over the first term or full year. Don't keep the same students in all the classes. Shuffle the class enrollments so that within the first month or two, try to get every student into classes with as many new people as possible. So instead of creating bonds among the kids in single classes, everyone in the whole freshman class gets the opportunity to become close to everyone else."

The Merritt teachers began excitedly discussing Cynthia's suggestion and pulled Mr Leeds into their brief conversation.

After a few minutes of talking among themselves, Mr Jordan commented to the entire group, "I think I know what Rhonda was talking about in the class she observed. I heard about some of the things my predecessor did in his psych classes last year. And I agree with Cynthia that most of the problems with the Program—many of them, anyway—resulted from excesses by teachers and administrators, not to mention the Program office itself. But I really like Cynthia's idea, and I'd love it if she and her group would work with us to develop these classes for next term. Is it possible for them to get academic credit for such a project from Avery?"

The Avery education faculty assured Jordan that this would be arranged, provided that the school would commit to following through so that Cynthia's team's work could be written up as a study in curriculum development. Mr Leeds assured both the Avery group and his teachers that the Merritt administration would commit to include the curriculum that Cynthia's team would develop into their classes for the following term.

Meanwhile Cynthia had been in an earnest discussion with her team members. Then she spoke to the group.

"Rhonda and Jesse told the others in our team that they noticed something about the massage session and Alan agrees, based on what he saw, too. Rhonda said that she noticed that the kids sensed that something in the bonding experience was missing. I felt something lacking, too, and maybe it's this: when I had my first massage experience—it was in a group session, in fact—I felt a connection to the others in my massage group that I had never felt before. We were friends before that session, but afterwards I felt I had a real emotional connection to them. But I was totally amazed that some of the students in our workshop told us that they might be willing for some of the massage parts to be while they were naked! And some even asked if they could take off their suits right then! This was from kids who said that they'd be scared about being in the Program, too.

"So there was something else happening in the workshop, something we don't quite understand yet. We're going to have to look into the idea that extraordinary levels of trust can be developed in the bonding exercises we had the kids do. I think we must have broken through some social barriers in some way. You know, when I was introduced to social nudism, I saw pretty quickly that interacting with others while naked breaks down all kinds of social barriers; everyone's exactly equal, and that tends to foster trust among the group. Hell, I never thought I'd say this, but I guess there's something about the damned Program that kind of makes sense now. Maybe nudity has a place here, but not forced nudity.

"It looks like our curriculum could be supplemented with the idea of optional nudity in controlled conditions. We won't be saying in the final report that nudity has no place in this curriculum. It actually might have a place, but if nudity is allowed as part of the curriculum, it needs to be judiciously implemented with its use stemming naturally as an outgrowth of the students' development of trust among themselves. We'll need to tweak our curriculum to allow the nudity when it's educationally justified. Since it's apparent that adult society in this country as a whole has become generally accepting of more nudity in public, just like in Europe, maybe this is the wave of the future. We'll find out if this possibility is true after a whole class goes through a year's participation."

Cynthia's professor and the Avery education faculty, who had become involved in assessing the team's project, had been highly impressed at its results during the week's workshop; they suggested—demanded, actually, that the project be worked up to be submitted as a paper to a major education journal. The team's grade for their project? An A-plus.

Cynthia's team spent part of the summer working on the revised curriculum and, during the course of the fall term, they monitored its effects on the students in the new freshman class. Although some adjustments needed to be made to various elements of the curriculum and to certain classroom procedures, everyone involved was gratified with its successes in meeting virtually all of the curriculum objectives. After the term was over, enough data had been collected to allow the full study to be written up.

In their journal paper, Cynthia and Roger made certain to point out that in using this curriculum, all of the objectives of the Naked in School Program could be fulfilled, indeed, surpassed, without the need for nudity, mandatory or otherwise, and that the use of nudity in helping teens develop into socially well adjusted adulthood was only an option, and not an essential one, of their curriculum. Schools could choose to use the nudity component to supplement the core curriculum when its use would enhance the students' socialization experience. The curriculum they developed for the Merritt High School classes was subsequently widely adopted nationally and became known as the "Avery-Denison Program."

Thus ended the social experiment that brought forced nudity, together with the creation of an environment that tried to change society's moral codes, to the nation's secondary schools in an attempt to make teens more open about their bodies and sexuality. It was ended at the hands of some of its intended victims: a few determined students, who were thrust unwillingly into a situation where their deep-rooted moral code was challenged. They fought against almost insurmountable odds to preserve their personal honor, fighting back against the forces of authority by mobilizing every weapon at their disposal. Our heroes had learned how to defend their honor, battling the toughest of odds, from the best school of fighting tactics—the U.S. Marine Corps.

In the end, it was the Naked in School Program versus the Marines. Did you have any doubt at all which would be the ultimate victor?

The End