

History (this session only):

[ NEW GAME ]

[ Start New Game ]

The game uses an auto-save system, starting a new game will ERASE ALL AUTO-SAVES (but not manual savefiles)! Do You want to start a new game?

[ Skip Tutorial and Prologue ]

Would You like to see a short tutorial going over the basics of the User Interface?

[ Don't take any photos ]

Emily:

Maybe I should test it out? I don't know what the IEEE stuff is for, but a camera? Yeah, I can use a camera.

Emily:

Nah, I got better things to do right now anyway.

Emily:

Well, enough of that. Time to get ready for my first day at school. I should at least take a shower, I guess.

You strip nude and get into the shower.

[ Finish the shower. ]

You fiddle for a moment with the tap, setting the water temperature just right, before washing your whole body.

Emily:

I should probably get dressed for school.

[ Walk around apartment nude. ]

There are a few big towels that came as part of the apartments equipment so You quickly dry yourself up with one of them.

You don't bother with a towel exiting the bathroom, after all you're alone in your very own apartment.

As you step out of the bathroom, you notice for the first time the big window in the corridor. Without curtains nor shutters, it gives a nice view of the building opposite the street...

... it probably also gives a nice view of your body to anyone looking out the window at this particular moment.

Emily:

I can't just wear anything to school, but I don't have many clothes to choose from right now. It's skirt'n'shirt, I guess.

[ Changed clothes to: Bra (white), Panties (white), Shirt (white), School Skirt, 0 ]

Emily:

The public transport system here is something else. Back home it was either walking or hitchin a ride.

Emily:

It's kind of crowded, and the tickets are way too expensive, but since I got my all-routs-bus-pass for free, I can't really complain.

Emily:

And it sure as heck beats walking.

On one of the stops a large group of people rush out of the bus only to be replaced with a different group of people. In the commotion, some guy bumps into you and gives you a creepy smile.

[ Be polite. ]

The Bus Creep:

Sorry, my bad.

Emily:

No harm done and it wasn't your fault anyway.

The guy mumbles something in return, but in the noisy bus you can't quite make out what he's saying and just as you want to ask him to repeat - your phone dings.

You pull out your phone to check it, and as you suspected you got a message...

SMS:

Hi Flavia, its Mom. Got your nr from the cops. Can't call. Write my nr just not as Mrs Rogers, I'm Ms Smith now. -luv

You smile to yourself as you type in a reply. It's quite a relief for you knowing, that if something goes bad, you now have a way to contact your family.

Your SMS:

Thx Mom, got the number. I'm Emily now BTW. Best delete the messages later, I'll do the same.

P.S. 'Ms'? Don't tell Dad :p

You put away your phone just as the bus halts abruptly at your bus stop. The same guy that bumped into you earlier bumps into you again.

The Bus Creep:

Sorry, again...

You just roll your eyes in annoyance and leave the bus before it drives off.

The bus stop is almost exactly in front of your new school, you only manage to take a few steps in that direction before hearing the now familiar voice behind you...

[ Keep going. ]

The Bus Creep:

Hey girl, wait up!

You quicken up your pace, power walking towards the school entrance.

The Bus Creep:

Wait up! I think you dropped your phone!

You slow down to check your belongings and indeed your phone is gone! This gives The Bus Creep enough time to catch up with you.

The Bus Creep:

I saw you drop this when getting off the bus and figured you might want it back.

Emily:

Oh...? Em, so that's why you're following me?

The Bus Creep shrugs and smiles again at you, in his signature creepy way.

The Bus Creep:

Well, yeah. What did you think I was after?

Emily:

Em... I was just... y'know?

Anyways, can I have my phone back, now?

The Bus Creep:

Fine, whatever. You can have it back as soon as you prove to me it's actually your phone.

Emily:

You just said you've seen me drop it!

[ What do you want for it? ]

The Bus Creep:

Yeah, maybe, but just because you dropped it doesn't mean it's yours. Maybe you've stolen it? How am I to know?

Emily:

I get it, just cut to the chase and tell me what you want for it, but if you're after money...

The Bus Creep:

Who said anything about money?

The Bus Creep:

Look, I think we got off on the wrong foot. Let's start over - My name is Ben.

Ben:

You're going to school here, right? Why else would you be going this way? And I'd guess you're senior year, cause you look like senior year to me.

Emily:

Yeah, and if so...?

Ben:

Well, this is also my school, and I'm also senior year, but I haven't seen you around so you must be in a different group.

Ben:

...so I was wondering if you got maths with Professor Fisher, cause he's always using the same tests for all groups, and my group has maths on Fridays.

Emily:

Let me get this straight. You want me to help you cheat on exams?

Ben:

Nah, it's not cheating... think of it as gathering intelligence and I don't need you to get me the answers, just the questions.

Emily:

Sorry, I can't help you. I just got transferred to this school and I've no idea who my teachers are. In fact I'm heading to the principals office and I think I'm running late, so if you..

Ben:

You should tell him you want The D.

Emily:

The what?! I'm not telling him...

Ben:

Nah, nothing like that. The D group, tell him you want to be in the D group.

Emily:

Oh? Really? And why should I do that?

Ben winks and grins at you. His grin is no less creepy than his smile

Ben:

Well, there are three good reasons to be in the D group.

Ben:

One - I'm in the D group and it's always good to have a friend in a new place.

Ben:

Two - we got maths on Fridays and Professor Fisher always uses the same exam sheets for all groups...

Emily:

Right, and the last one...?

Ben:

Ah, you want your phone back, don't you?

Emily:

Wait. You won't give me back my phone unless I'll move into your group?

Ben:

You got it in one! I always like a smart girl, makes things easier. Now you better get going, lessons starts in 15 minutes, the head office is first door on the right.

Emily:

You can't just...

Ben:

See ya in class.

Ben just turns around and walks into the school building, you try to follow him but you lose sight of him when he turns a corner.

Emily:

Son of a peach! He just walked away with my phone.

Helpless to do anything else at the moment, you enter the school and follow Bens directions finding the Headmaster's office without any further incidents. You knock on the door.

Headmaster:

Enter.

You enter the office. Inside it looks like any school office, with the only thing remotley remarkable being its occupant.

A tall, dark skinned man in a well tailored suit smiles at you from behind the desk.

Headmaster:

Good morning, what seems to be the problem, Miss...?

Emily:

Haze, my name is Emily Haze, I'm a new...

Before you can even finish speaking, the man types in something really fast on his keyboard and cuts in after only a quick glance at his computer monitor.

Headmaster:

The new exchange student, right. I was expecting you a bit earlier, I was hoping to give you a quick tour of the school, a bit late for that now, but no harm done.

Headmaster:

My name is Njowga Anikulapo-Kuti, but calling me 'Mr Headmaster' is perfectly acceptable, preferred really. 'Sir' will also do just fine. It saves up on embarrassment for both parties.

The man hands you some printed papers that have been laying on his desk.

Headmaster:

This is your lecture plan and syllabus. There's also a copy of the school statutes - I expect you to read and memorise it. Not knowing the rules is no excuse within these walls.

Headmaster:

I'd really liked this to be a longer conversation, and maybe not so one sided, but I'm afraid your classes begin in a few minutes and that's all the time we got. Any questions miss Haze?

Emily:

Actually - Yes. In what group am I in?

The man hits a few keys on his keyboard again and glances at the screen.

Headmaster:

You have been assigned to the 'B' group.

Emily:

Could I be moved to the 'D' group?

The headmaster makes a puzzled face, scratches his chin and narrows his brow.

Headmaster:

That's a bit unusual. All groups follow the same curriculum, all end classes at the same time, they share most if not all of the same lecturers.

Headmaster:

There are no privileges nor benefits in being in one group over the other. Why would you want to be specifically in the 'D' group?

Emily:

There's someone there that... em, well, there's someone I know there.

Headmaster:

I see. Whom do you know there, if I may ask?

Emily:

His name is Ben.

Headmaster:

Ben? As in Benjamin Henderson? Oh...

The man again types in something on his keyboard, almost immediately the nearby printer starts spewing out pages of printed text.

Headmaster:

In that case THIS is your lecture plan, first class starts in 5 minutes. If you would like to see me after class, feel free to do so. Oh and welcome to Westview Heigh. You'd best be going now miss Haze.

You feel a bit confused as he gives you the freshly printed papers and gently but firmly pushes you out the door.

Emily:

What the fuck was that all about?

You sigh with frustration, but at least finding the classroom where you supposed to have your first lesson is easy enough.

[ Raise Hell ]

As you approach you can see Ben leaning against a wall, talking to some scrawny, shorter guy.

You quicken up your pace, walking right up to him and completely ignoring that he's in a conversation with someone else.

Emily:

Listen here, you fuc...

Ben:

Ah, Emily! Nice that you could make it, here's your phone back. See you later!

He almost pushes the phone into your hands, gives you a little pat on the head and starts walking away.

Emily:

Wait, what? Just like that? And don't you...? Don't WE have class?

Ben:

Yeah, sure you do, but something bubbled up, you might say and I really need to take care of it, like right now.

Ben:

Don't worry, I'll be back for the next class, so you won't miss me much, and Jeff here's gonna hack my record anyway. See ya!

You're left there standing as he walks away, a bit dazed by all the strange things that happened in the last hour.

Jeff:

Trust me on this - You really shouldn't be giving your smartphone to guys like that.

Emily:

Let me guess - you're Jeff?

Jeff:

Yep.

Emily:

Your hobby is to hack peoples school records, and you're giving me advice on what kind of people to avoid?

Jeff:

Hush! Not so loud, it's not a hobby and not everyone needs to know about it.

Emily:

Sorry... and just so you know - I didn't give him the phone. I dropped it, he found it and - eventually- returned it.

Jeff:

'Found it'? Ben? Ha, nice. Pull the other one it got bells on.

Emily:

What do you mean...?

Jeff:

Look. It's a tempered glass screen - if you drop it from like 2 feet it won't so much as crack it will shatter. You'd need a dustpan to pick up all the pieces.

Jeff:

The bezel and body is thin aluminium, electroplated with chrome to give it a premium look.

Jeff:

You could scrape off the finish with a fingernail and probably dent the body with a finger. I've looked at you're phone and it's pristine, no scratch, no damage.

Jeff:

So are you sure you dropped it? Maybe someone bumped into you in a crowded place? Say, like - in an elevator, the subway, a bus maybe?

Emily:

Son of a dog! Found my ass! He fucking stole it from me! And wait a minute... how come you know so much about my phone?

Jeff:

Look. It's not my fault really, and I didn't install the rootkit like he asked and I didn't even know who's phone was it anyway!

Emily:

What...? Boy, you'd better start explaining, else my chat with the Headmaster about hacked records is going to be the least of your problems.

Jeff:

Calm down, nothing happened, ok? Ben popped in out of the blue, like he does, and tells me to unlock some phone. So I did.

Jeff:

We looked at the contacts - empty, we looked at some messages, but there's only like one or two, cryptic as heck, by the way.

Emily:

What else did you do with my phone?

Jeff:

Nothing. Really! Ben wanted me to install a rootkit, but I said it would take some time... and well, than you showed up.

Emily:

What's a 'rootkit'?

Jeff:

You're not very good at computers, eh? Nothing wrong with that, nothing wrong...

Jeff:

It's a computer virus, spyware really. Lets you control a device remotely without the legit user knowing it's even there.

Jeff:

You can read messages, listen in on phone calls, inspect wifi traffic, browse files. You could also turn on and off the camera and mic and record everything even if the device is turned off.

Emily:

But none of that is on my phone, right? It's safe?

Jeff:

As I said, I had no time to fiddle with it, and you got some custom firmware, not the stock OS. No app store, no social media bloatware, browser locked in incognito mode. Kind of looks like a snitch phone.

Emily:

A what phone?

Jeff:

A snitch phone, you know, a phone for snitches... police informants, undercover cops or maybe people in the witness protec...

Emily:

You shut up right now!

Jeff:

Eh...? Oh...! That all makes sense now.

Emily:

You can't tell anyone. You'll get yourself into real trouble, and you'll get me in even worse trouble.

Jeff:

Wow, this is real, is someone trying to kill you or something?

Emily:

Yes... well, maybe? I don't know. But I do know that someone got killed already, and I don't want to be the next one, do you?

Jeff:

If you put it like that - no, I don't want anything to do with it. I've seen nothing, I know nothing, we never had this conversation, I don't even know your name, and I'm not even a hacker by the way.

The school bell rings interrupting your reply and announcing the start of today's lessons. Jeff shrugs and walks into the classroom.

Jeff:

Ah, saved by the bell. See you around, Random New Person That I Never Met Before and I Know Nothing About.

You walk in behind him after a moment and find an empty seat for yourself.

The classes are exactly as you remembered from back when you used to go to school. Long, boring and pointless.

You try to listen and take notes, but you're too distracted, your mind is focused on the events that took place earlier today. You didn't even take stock of who your classmates are and what lecture you're in.

Did Ben steal the phone or did he just find it? What was so important to him that he skipped class this morning? Should I be worried that the guys know I'm not who I say I am?

A firm male voice breaks you out of your stupor.

Biology Teacher:

So who can answer the question? It's simple enough, you all had it last semester, it should be obvious if you paid any attention. Nobody? Fine, I'll just pick a name from the list...

Biology Teacher:

How about... Mister Haze. Oh excuse me, Miss Haze. Emily Haze. Where are you? Please stand up.

You stand up and adjust your skirt. Everyone now is looking at you and you're reminded again why you always hated school.

You have no idea what the question even was, and as you look around the class hoping that someone would give you a hint, you realize that all the people staring at you are male.

[ I don't know the answer. ]

Biology Teacher:

Miss Haze, can you or can you not answer my question?

Biology Teacher:

That is not a satisfactory answer. I realize it is difficult for females of your age to keep your focus in a room full of boys, but I suggest you do give it a try. Sit down.

Biology Teacher:

Now as I was saying... Adenosine 5'-tetrahydrogen triphosphate or simply ATP is often referred to as the molecular unit of currency, and as SOME of you know it's produced mainly in the cells mitochondria...

You feel helpless and humiliated as the lesson continues. Luckily no further incidents happen, and after what seems to be an eternity the bell rings for the lunch break.

You follow everyone out of the classroom and into the cafeteria.

In a matter of moments the space fills up with students of all ages, shapes and sizes. A long line forms in front of the serving area and it looks like most if not all places to sit are taken up.

Ben:

Hey Emily, there you are! You don't mind me calling you Emily, right?

Emily:

That is my name, what else would you call me?

Ben:

I could think of something... maybe something that starts with the letter F?

Emily:

You'd better keep your mouth shut about that, or...

Ben:

Or what? Hmm? How would you stop me? What would you do if I told everyone you're a fraud? Tell the principal? Call the cops? I don't think that would be much help.

Emily:

What do you want from me? Can't you just leave me alone?

Ben:

Hey, no need to be like that. We're friends, I told you that already. I just wanted to talk, but maybe not here - it's a bit crowded and loud.

[ Alright, lets go ]

Ben:

How 'bout I give you a tour of the school, and we can talk as we go. What say you?

Emily:

You're not gonna leave me alone until I agree, right? Alright, lets go.

Ben:

I'm glad you're starting to see things my way. C'mon.

You both walk out of the cafeteria, there are still some people loitering about in the corridors but it's almost calm and quiet compared to what's going on in the dining area.

Ben:

There are 3 floors here, all identical more or less. There's the mess hall on this floor, the library on the second, and you need to get to the bottom to go to the sport area.

Ben:

We can take a peek at the library, but there's nothing fun there, just books.

[ Looks boring ]

Ben points out a door as you pass, you take a look inside. It's a library, filled with rows upon rows of bookshelves.

Emily:

I'm not much of a bookworm, this looks dry, empty and boring.

Ben:

Dry, empty and boring isn't your thing? You're more of a wet, full and excited kind of girl, eh?

Emily:

Wha...?

Ben:

Just kidding, relax a bit will you? C'mon, I'll show you the pool.

Emily:

Are you serious? There's a pool here?

Ben:

Yeah, but we have to sneak around via the lockers to get there. Normally we'd have to change, but I guess you don't have a bikini under your clothes and it's not the best time to go skinny dipping.

You leave the library behind and Ben leads the way to the locker rooms.

Emily:

Wait, is this the boys or the girls locker room?

Ben:

Em... neither? Both, I guess? Someone just goes get a key from the coach and he assigns the locker rooms.

Emily:

That's a strange system...

Ben:

Yeah, well... a few years back Someone installed spy cameras in all girls' changing rooms, so they came up with this stupid scheme.

Ben leads you out of the lockers and into a sports hall and through a back door into the swimming pool area.

Emily:

Wow. This is a full sized, olympic-pool. We are going to have PE in here?

Ben:

Yeah, but not just yet. You can only fit so much people in a pool and there's a lot of students here. Our turn is next month, for now it's team sports or track and field.

Ben:

Lets get out of here, before the lifeguards get back from lunch. They're kind of pissy about people in clothes in here.

You use one of the emergency exits to get out onto the schools stadium. Ben again takes point and leads you to the stands.

Ben:

Nobody comes here much, so we should be able to talk in peace here. So, about the whole phone thing...

Emily:

About the phone you stole from me...?

Ben:

What? No, I didn't steal anything! You dropped it and I returned it.

Emily:

Yeah? Jeff said it's tempered glass, if I'd dropped it it would have cracked.

[ Nothing ]

Ben:

Bullshit. I drop my phone every other week and it's fine. Besides, you dropped it on a bus seat so it didn't get damaged. What else did the little punk say about me?

Emily:

Nothing...

Ben:

You don't want to tell me? Fine, whatever, just know he likes to exaggerate things. I took your phone to him and he unlocked it, that's.

Ben:

I know that was wrong and I shouldn't have. I just wanted to see if you have any pictures on there.

Ben:

I feel bad, and I'm really sorry about all this. That's why I wanted to talk... and also give you this. I know it won't make it up to you, but at least maybe it will make you less mad at me.

Ben gives you a piece of plastic - it's a gift-card voucher for 200\$! That's a lot of money for you, even if you can spend it only in some select shops.

Emily:

You... you should feel bad and... you're giving me 200 bucks? Just like that? Where's the catch?

Ben:

Why would you think there's a catch?

Emily:

Look, I know you for what...? 3 hours? But that's enough time to know that there's a catch.

Ben:

Clever girl. There might be a catch, a tiny one. Not that I think you're dressed bad, but I want you to buy yourself something nice to wear to school tomorrow.

Emily:

Just that? And what if I don't do that? What if I spend it all on bubble gum and cream soda?

Ben:

You won't. It's only valid in a few clothes shops in the mall. But if you won't do this little task of mine, the next one may be less fun...

Emily:

Oh? So that's how you show how sorry you are? You gonna give me daily tasks now...?

Ben:

Ha! Why didn't I think of that? Great idea, daily task - we'll do that.

Emily:

And what if I don't want to play your games?

Ben:

C'mon, don't be like that, we're friends, it'll be fun. But if you don't want to, you don't have to. We can play a different game...

Ben:

Maybe a game of 'Who Wants to Know Where Flavia Rogers is?', eh? I wonder if you're on the run from some Institution or maybe hiding from some criminals?

Ben:

Either way, I bet I could get Jeff to sell your info on the deep web for a few bitcoins.

Emily:

You're a bastard!

[ I guess not ]

Ben:

You think calling me names will make things better or worse for you, hmm? Think about it: I got your phone back, I gave you money and all I'm asking for is for you to wear something nice, does this make me a villain?

Emily:

If you put it like that - I guess not.

Ben:

There you go, it's just a little game. As long as we're friends your secret is safe with me. Now, excuse me, I need to go find Jeff before he does something stupid. See you later.

Ben walks away and you're left alone in the stands. You flip the gift card in your fingers - it's \$200, even if Ben is an asshole, that's a lot of money.

You don't currently have a job and only \$50 in your pocket... Maybe you should just play along? You could just buy a pair of stockings to wear to school for \$10 and use the rest of the money as you like.

Maybe this won't be that bad? Looking back on the situation you found yourself in - it could have been much worse.

You leave the stands and decide to go back into the main school building, after all you still got classes.

There's only one small problem - every door you find is either locked or a one way exit that can only be opened from inside. The chain link fence around the stadium is way too high to climb.

It looks like the only way back is the way you came - via the pool. You head that way, and as you get closer you can hear splashing sounds and the occasional whistle.

The door you used earlier is still unlocked, so you open it ajar and peek inside. There are some students in the pool and more moving about, you even see one guy walking by the pool in his clothes.

You almost step inside when you hear a loud whistle followed by a harsh female voice.

Lifeguard:

Stop! You! No outwear in the pool area!

Student:

But I was just using the short...

Lifeguard:

You very well know the rules. No buts, no excuses! You got yourself detention for the rest of the week.

Student:

But Miss Coach, that's not fair...

Lifeguard:

Keep talking back and it will be two weeks, come here.

The student comes over, dragging his feet to where the lifeguard is, she in turn starts to ask him questions about his name and group and fills out some form.

[ Strip to your underwear ]

This might be the only occasion you have, the lifeguard seems distracted, but probably not distracted enough if you go in in your clothes.

You underwear almost looks like a white bikini and it's only a short walk by the pool to get into the locker rooms and back to the main building. You figure it's worth a shot.

You take of your clothes and wrap them up in a bundle that almost looks like a rolled up towel, at least from a distance. You enter the pool area and start casually walking in the direction of the locker rooms.

You're halfway there when you hear the piercing whistle again.

Lifeguard:

Stop! You there, white bikini...

Emily:

Who? Me?

Lifeguard:

Yes, You. Shower before entering the pool area, you know the rules. Hit the showers, now!

She points to the showers off by the side of the pool and you realize you don't have much choice. You drop the bundle of clothes on a towel someone else left on the floor and step under the shower.

The water starts pouring on you automatically. You manage to keep you head out of the stream but your underwear gets soaked.

Your underwear may have looked like swimwear, but unfortunately it is not made to be water resistant. The white fabric clings to your skin and turns almost transparent.

You try to cover up as good as you can, you pick up your clothes and someone else's towel and again head to the exit.

You feel as if everyone is looking at you, but when you look around nobody seems to notice or care. You quicken up your pace to get out of this situation as fast as you can. Then the whistle blows again.

Lifeguard:

No running near the pool!

Being called out by the lifeguard was enough to make you the centre of attention. You slow down and try to walk casually, even though your heart is pumping like crazy and you really want to run.

As you finally get to the locker room exit you can hear a snippet of a conversation behind you.

Boy:

Did ya see her nipples?

Other Boy:

Wha..? No...

Boy:

Dude, you're such a loser.

Other Boy:

Fuck you! You're the loser, I was staring at her pussy.

Your cheeks burn and your heart keeps beating like crazy, lucky for you the locker room is empty, so you can take off your wet underwear and dry yourself with the stolen towel.

At least your skirt survived the pool indecent without getting wet, your shirt got a bit dishevelled but you can still wear it, your panties and bra however are soaking wet.

You get dressed and look at yourself in the nearby mirror.

Nobody will be able to tell if you're wearing panties or not, but the lack of a bra may be noticeable. Worst of all the more you look at your reflection the more obvious it becomes.

You nipples get hard and poke through the fabric of your shirt, you feel wetness between you thighs that has nothing to do with the wet panties you had on.

[ Masturbate to calm down ]

You can try to deny it, but deep down you know well that this brief exposure got you very excited and the prospect of going to class with no panties and no bra excites you even more.

You move fast and without thinking much. You drop you skirt and pull of your shirt getting down on the floor on the stolen towel.

You move your hand to rub against your pussy. Your slick, moist slit feels good beneath your fingers.

You bite down on your lip, trying not to moan, but still a sound of pleasure escapes your lips.

But it's the thought of someone hearing you or just accidentality walking in on you, that excites you more than you fingers ever could.

You close your eyes feeling the climax getting closer. You realise you didn't lock any door, you didn't check the shower area, someone could be watching you and you wouldn't even know.

You're breathing hard as you start to orgasm, the world around you becomes fuzzy and wonderful as you lose yourself, your fingers working frantically, sliding in and out of your pussy as you try to make that feeling last.

You gasp and tremble when you suddenly hear the noise of a door opening and closing, followed by the sound of bare feet on wet tiles.

Boy:

You sure she went in here?

Other Boy:

Yeah, how many times do I need to tell you? She went in here. If you'd get out of the pool faster she'd still be here.

Boy:

Fuck You, I couldn't get out with a boner...

Other Boy:

Oh shut up, lets check the showers, she still might be here.

Boy:

You think she'll give me a blowjob?

Other Boy:

She will, just keep your camera app ready.

You feel more than a little panicked. You put on your clothes as fast and as silent as you can, hoping you can manage it before the boys get here.

Buttoning up your blouse as you go, you rush out the door leaving your wet underwear behind. You made it out without being found, but you doubt you'll see your bra and panties ever again.

You take a few deep breaths and head back to class.

It takes a bit of time before you manage to find your way to the next class, but you make it before the break is over.

You seem to recognize some of the students that you had class with before but you don't feel like chatting with any of them right now, so you keep your distance.

One of your classmates makes brief eye contact with you at a distance. He smiles and invites you to come over with a hand gesture. You smile back, but shake your head not really wanting to talk.

He frowns a little and simply comes over himself.

Student:

Hi, you're the girl, I mean the new girl... Emma?

Emily:

It's Emily.

Student:

Oh, sorry Emily, I'm Lenard. I know it's none of my business - but is everything alright?

Emily:

Yeah, just a tough first day in a new place, new school, you know how it's like.

Lenard:

Right. So nobody is giving you trouble? I mean except Houghton, but he's just an asshat, don't worry about him.

Emily:

Em.. who's Houghton?

Lenard:

The biology professor.

Emily:

Oh, that guy. Let me guess - he's strict but fair?

Lenard:

What? Old Houghton? No, not even close. Like I said - he's an asshat. Unfortunately we got a few of them around, like Jeff and Ben. I've seen you with them, you're sure they not making problems...?

Emily:

Why would you think they are making any problems?

Lenard:

Like I said, I've seen you around them, and then you show up looking a bit, emm... stressed out.

You self consciously look down at your clothes. Your nipples poke through the thin, white fabric of your shirt, but you don't really feel that embarrassed about it.

You notice Lenard following your gaze, his eyes travel down your body, lingering for a uncomfortable moment on your curves and exposed bits, before he manages to speak again.

Lenard:

Not... not that I mind, mind you. You look great in fact.

Emily:

Thanks. I just got a bit lost, couldn't find my way back from the stadium and I got into a bit of an adventure on my way back.

Lenard:

Stadium, hmm? I think I can guess how it went - someone told you about the pool shortcut?

Emily:

Yep.

Lenard:

And you've met Red Hot Lana on your way out?

Emily:

Red Hot...? Em, would that be the swimming instructor?

Lenard:

Exactly right. Just don't call her that to her face if you value your freedom. I can imagine how it went - so how much detention you got?

Emily:

I didn't get any, but I may have lost a bit of clothing in the process..

Lenard:

Wow, you're something else alright, I'd love to hear the full story. Maybe we could hang out after school some day? Got any plans for the weekend?

Emily:

You mean... like a date?

[ Sure, I'd love to ]

Lenard:

Well, if you want to put it like that, I guess we can make it a date.

Emily:

Yeah, sounds like fun, lets make it a date. But don't ask me where to go, I literally don't know anything about the city, oh and... not any expensive places, alright?

Lenard:

Don't you worry about it, I won't make you pay for anything. We can work it all out via the phone - can I get your number?

You finish exchanging numbers just as the bell rings announcing the start of even more boring classes.

The afternoon classes would be just as dull as the ones in the morning, if it wasn't for your wardrobe malfunction.

As the lessons start you find yourself pressing your things together and nervously looking around, as if everyone knew your sitting in class without panties.

From time to time you notice some of your classmates staring at you, but most look away as soon as you make eye contact.

It dawns on you as the lectures go on, that the guys in class aren't trying to peek under you skirt but are only ogling at your chest.

While you might hate to admit that you kind of like the attention, you're definitely relieved when the bell announcing the end of class rings.

Students pile out from every classroom forming a tight crowd in the corridor. Everyone is trying to move forward and in effect nobody is. You're stuck in the crowd of people.

You feel someone's hand grabbing your ass. You slap it away and try to turn around to see who the jerk was, but there's not enough room and with everyone trying to push forward you can't be sure who it was. Maybe it was just an accident.

It takes way longer than you'd like, but eventually you find your way to the exit and get out of the school building.

You have the rest of the day free. Going home to change seems like a good idea, but you could also go shopping or just explore the city.

You enter the shopping mall.

[ Inquire about the gift card ]

There are several storeys of shops, kiosks, and boutiques. What do you want to do?

Right next to the entrance there's a small stand where someone is selling gift cards, the logo on the stand is the same as the one on the card you got from Ben.

Emily:

Excuse me, I got this card and I'm not even sure if it's still valid or if it's even real. Could you help me out?

Salesgirl:

Yes, of course, let me just scan in the code... There we are.

Salesgirl:

Yes, the card is valid, total balance is \$200, the card has not been activated and once it is activated you'll have one day to make any number of purchases in the select shops.

[ Yes ]

Salesgirl:

Would you like me to activate the card?

Salesgirl:

You can now use it at any of the clothing shops here, the card will be valid till midnight. Remember to try on any clothes you buy, shops don't accept returns once you step out of the store. Happy shopping!

[ Shop for clothes ]

There are several storeys of shops, kiosks, and boutiques. What do you want to do?

[ Shirts'R'Us ]

You walk around the mall looking at the displays. There are several shops you could visit.

[ Changed clothes to: School Skirt, T-Shirt (white, low), 5 ]

[ Other shops... ]

You walk around the mall looking at the displays. There are several shops you could visit.

[ Hot Couture ]

Some of the shops have little in terms of display, but their owners seem to be very much into pink, red and gold for some reason.

[ Changed clothes to: T-Shirt (white, low), School Skirt (no belt), 6 ]

[ Ribbon & Lace ]

Some of the shops have little in terms of display, but their owners seem to be very much into pink, red and gold for some reason.

[ Changed clothes to: T-Shirt (white, low), School Skirt (no belt), Bra (pink), Panties (pink), 1 ]

[ Done shopping. ]

Some of the shops have little in terms of display, but their owners seem to be very much into pink, red and gold for some reason.

[ Leave ]

There are several storeys of shops, kiosks, and boutiques. What do you want to do?

The city is too big to explore on foot, so you make good use of your bus-pass. You get into the first available bus and get out on a random stop.

There's nothing special about this neighbourhood, blocks of flats and ground floor businesses, the only odd one out is a knockoff fast food bar.

You notice there's a 'Now Hering' sign in the window. You think about getting a 'Soob of the Day' for a moment but if they make food as well as they spell...

Since you're looking for a job, it might be a good idea to remember about this place anyway.

You get into the first available bus and get out on a random stop.

You found a park. It's full of big, green trees and well kept alleys. You can see a pond and a building complex hidden between the plants. It looks a bit fake-Greek or maybe fake-Roman, probably build in the last 10 years.

You get into the first available bus and get out on a random stop.

You find yourself in a posh neighbourhood, people are dressed better, the buildings are well maintained, and everything looks expensive.

There's a little coffee shop on one of the corners. You're not sure if you can afford even looking at it - there's a special offer today - 'just' \$19.99 for an espresso.

You also notice a poster in the door with the words 'Join Our Team Today'. You'll probably not buy coffee here anytime soon, but maybe you could get a job?

You get into the first available bus and get out on a random stop.

The bus stop is on a bit of elevation, so when you get out, you can clearly see the ocean in the distance.

After crossing a street and going around some buildings, you find yourself on a public beach. This is definitely a place you will remember.

You get into the first available bus and get out on a random stop.

You didn't really look where you are when getting off the bus. That was a mistake. You can only describe this part of the city as a slum.

Most buildings look rundown or abandoned, graffiti cover the walls, the streets are littered with trash and broken glass. You step back into the bus before it drives off leaving you here.

You get into the first available bus and get out on a random stop.

When you get off the bus and look around, one particular building stands like a sore thumb. Among the gray, dull buildings there's one painted hot pink.

You're not exactly sure if it's a candy shop, brothel or nightclub - either way it's closed at this time of day.

You get into the first available bus and get out on a random stop.

You've never been to a real spa, so the big neon sign draws your attention. You peek inside out of curiosity, but all you see is a reception and a '\$\$\$ Work \$\$\$' poster, they might be looking for staff.

You get into the first available bus and get out on a random stop.

The thing that drew your attention to the pub was the big 'Help Wanted' sign. Unfortunately it's closed at this time of day, maybe you should check it out later?

Your phone starts to ring as you get near to your new flat. You look at the screen but all it shows is 'Unidentified Caller'. Your gut feeling tells you it might be important, so you pick up.

Emily:

Hello?

Sgt. Novak:

This is Sergeant Novak speaking, listen carefully - if you're not alone say 'Sorry, wrong number' and hang up, if you're not alone and in any danger say 'Not interested' and hang up.

Emily:

Huh? Is this a prank? No, wait, you're with the police, right?

You hear a loud sigh through the handset and what sounds a bit like someone smacking their forehead with an open palm.

Sgt. Novak:

I presume you're alone and not in any trouble, right?

Emily:

Yeah, I'm alone, just getting back home.

Sgt. Novak:

So you're on the street now? Go inside, we'll talk once you're in the apartment. I'll wait, don't hang up.

Emily:

Ok, I'm inside. What's with all the James Bond nonsense?

Sgt. Novak:

Procedures. You should remember this from the briefing, if you'd said 'Not interested' there'd be a patrol car at your location within minutes.

Emily:

There was a briefing? I didn't have no briefing, I just got put in a car and some fat guy with a stupid moustache drove me here.

Sgt. Novak:

Yeah, I was that guy...

Emily:

Ooops. Sorry.

Sgt. Novak:

No matter, I guess it all got a bit messy, your cover story kind of sus, but it's better than protective custody.

Emily:

Protective custody?

Sgt. Novak:

Yes, you're lucky you look about the right age for school, if it wasn't for that, we'd have to lock you up in a women's prison for your own safety.

Emily:

So, you don't have a million secret identities waiting?

Sgt. Novak:

Not with our budget, so don't blow your cover cause we don't have any spare... and about that. That's why I'm calling anyway. Everything fine? No problems so far?

Emily:

Yes! No! It's fine! Everything fine, no problems whatsoever!

Sgt. Novak:

Huh, really? Well, if you say so... You'll probably go looking for a job, if you haven't already, and well, I'm sorry to have to say this, but you can't get anything too good.

Emily:

Why is that?

Sgt. Novak:

You'd need a CV for a proper job, and don't even think about writing a fake one, you really don't want anyone snooping in your background. The paperwork is kind of flimsy.

Sgt. Novak:

Look for a job in the 'grey area', like in a bar, cleaning or as a waitress. Some place where you don't need qualifications and with an employer that won't bother with taxes and insurance.

Sgt. Novak:

I know a guy that may help, if you can't find anything by the end of the week. But it'd be best if you managed this on your own, ok?

Emily:

I'll try my best.

Sgt. Novak:

Great, that's all I needed to know. Stay out of trouble and everything will be fine. I'll call again by the end of the week. Goodbye.

You end the call and sigh. You couldn't tell the cops that your cover is already blown, not if they want to put you behind bars - even if it's for protection.

You're not willing to give up this apartment, the opportunity for a better life, and all of it. Not because of two assholes like Ben and Jeff. You can handle them, right? What's the worst thing they could do...?

[ To the bedroom ]

You're alone in your apartment. Where would you like to go now?

[ Do homework ]

You're in your bedroom. What would you like to do?

You sit by the desk, take out your books and try to do some homework.

Doing homework is boring. Boring and stupid. You keep doing pointless exercises, but your answers are usually wrong. You give up after an hour or two.

[ To the bedroom ]

You're alone in your apartment. Where would you like to go now?

[ Rest ]

You're in your bedroom. What would you like to do?

You don't feel like doing anything right now, so you lay down on your bed naked, because you're alone anyway, and naked always feels more comfortable.

You didn't mean to go to sleep, you just closed your eyes for a minute or two... and woke up two hours later.

[ Rest ]

You're in your bedroom. What would you like to do?

You don't feel like doing anything right now, so you lay down on your bed naked, because you're alone anyway, and naked always feels more comfortable.

You didn't mean to go to sleep, you just closed your eyes for a minute or two... and woke up two hours later.

[ Rest ]

You're in your bedroom. What would you like to do?

You feel tired, it's getting late and your bed is starting to look more and more comfortable the longer you look.

You decide to sleep nude, after all there's nobody else here, you don't have any pyjamas, and you actually like being nude.

You lay down and close your eyes. You don't bother covering up - the night is hot and so is your body.

You try to go to sleep, but the events of the past day replay in your mind keeping you awake... and aroused. All the embarrassing, exciting, terrible and wonderful things that happened..

You can't really help yourself, your hands drift down your body, over your breasts, down your belly and between your thighs.

You rub your slit with your fingers vigorously for a good couple of minutes, before you find just the right spot and pace to reach your peak.

Reaching climax you let out a loud moan, not caring if anyone can hear you or not.

You feel much calmer after satisfying yourself and you quickly drift off to sleep.

...

You feel well rested and relaxed when the Sun shining through the window wakes you up in the morning. Good thing you don't have any curtains else you might have overslept.

You lay in your bed for some time, just enjoying how big and comfortable it is, you'd probably go back to sleep if it wasn't a school day.

The thought of school both terrifies and excites you. Ben wanted you to dress up for him today, to buy and wear 'something nice', but he didn't exactly say what he meant by that.

On one hand you would like nothing better than to kick him in the balls and maybe knock out a few teeth just for good measure. On the other...

...the thought of going to school dressed in the most provocative clothes you can find kind of excites you.

On your own, you probably wouldn't be brave enough to do anything like that, but now that you don't have much choice...

You stretch one more time before finally getting out of bed.

[ Get dressed ]

Time to get ready for school.

[ Changed clothes to: T-Shirt (white, low), School Skirt (no belt), 6 ]

[ Go out ]

Time to get ready for school.

Your trip to school is uneventful, you arrive 15 minutes before the lessons start and make your way into the building.

You go to the classroom where your first lesson is meant to be, Ben is already waiting there and he approaches as soon as he sees you.

He stops a few paces away and looks you up and down, then makes a double take. A wide grin forms on his face and a noticeable bulge at about crotch height.

Emily:

Hi Ben, got someone's phone in your pocket or are you just happy to see me?

[ Do you like it? ]

Ben:

Hi, of course I'm happy. Who wouldn't be seeing you dressed like that? And I think you're happy as well. You enjoy the extra attention, the way people look at you, right? Tell me if I'm wrong.

Emily:

I doesn't matter if I like it or not, it matters if you like it. So? Did I pass your test? Is it 'nice' enough for you?

Ben:

I like that you got your priorities right, as for your outfit... It's a good start, I guess, can't really say without seeing all of it. You mind showing me what you got beneath?

Emily:

What? Here and now?

[ Lets make this quick ]

Ben:

I like the way you think, but maybe lets step into an empty classroom first, hmm?

Emily:

Oh, I'm gonna regret this so much...

Fine. Let's make it quick, just keep your hands to yourself or I swear I'll knock your teeth out.

You both enter a empty classroom, Ben locks the door behind you.

Ben:

We should have some privacy here. Now, take off your shirt and your skirt and let me see your underwear.

Emily:

Em... Ben? I'm... ah, I'm not... I'm not wearing any underwear.

Ben:

I'm impressed girl, was this your plan from the start or did it just happen? Ah, never mind that, lessons start in a moment, so do what you came here for. Strip.

You blush hearing his words. You know he's right, you had every opportunity to avoid this, and yet you choose to be here and now you will strip for him.

You slowly and reluctantly unbutton your shirt, you feel your excitement rising as you reach the last button.

You decide not to drag it on and just let it happen. You slide your shirt off your shoulders and let it fall to the floor.

Next you undo your belt buckle and wiggle out of your skirt. Your skirt slides down your legs and joins the shirt on the floor.

When you look at Ben you can see him nodding his head and grinning in satisfaction. You can also notice the bulge in his pants.

[ Turn around ]

Ben:

You look perfect like that. Could you turn around for me?

You feel excited but also vulnerable and exposed. You turn around at his request, seeing it as an opportunity to hide your naked body.

But then you remember - it's Ben, he wouldn't ask anything of you if he didn't have something in mind.

Emily:

Why did you ask me to turn around?

You turn slightly when you hear his footsteps. He stops right behind you and discreetly moves a strand of your hair aside, carefully as not to touch your skin.

You can almost feel the warmth of his hand as he moves it near your buttocks, but without ever making contact.

You tremble slightly in anticipation of the touch that never comes. You told him you'd hit him if he tried to touch you - and now you feel like hitting him because he won't.

After an agonizing moment, Ben whispers into your ear.

Ben:

I asked just to see if you would obey. And you did. I had a task for you in mind for tomorrow but you somehow managed to ruin my plans.

Ben:

I'm not angry about that, in fact you can ruin my plans like that any time. If I'd knew you'd be so... eager, I'd think of a reward for you.

Ben:

I'll give you a free pass for tomorrow. Wear what you like, do what you like. I ask for nothing. No strings attached. You can get dressed now, class start in a minute. See you there.

Ben walks out of the classroom. For a moment you fear he's going to leave the door wide open, but he slips out and closes it behind him not letting anyone else peek in on you.

You sigh knowing that Ben is right again. You need to get dressed. Fast.

[ Changed clothes to: T-Shirt (white, low), School Skirt (no belt), 6 ]

You finish dressing just as the bell rings, a moment later someone opens the door and you classmates walk in. You only now realise this is the same classroom where your next class takes place.

The lessons start and you again find yourself doodling aimlessly in your notebook as one of the teachers drones on about some long dead king who started a war by marrying the wrong cousin or something.

Thankfully it only last so long and when the bell rings you pile out of the classroom with all the other students.

The Headmaster approaches you as soon as you get out into the corridor.

Headmaster:

Miss Haze, a moment please.

Emily:

Yes, em, Sir. Anything wrong?

Headmaster:

Actually yes. There is a problem with the documentation I revived from your school.

Emily:

What's wrong with them? Am I being expelled?

Headmaster:

No, nothing like that. There's just one document missing, or someone wrote in the wrong date. Nothing that can't be fixed.

Headmaster:

You see your last medical examination report is from 3 years ago, so either someone didn't attach the most recent copy or put in the wrong date. Things like that happen.

Headmaster:

I'm afraid I can not let you attend PE if your medical record is out of date. Accidents do happen and I will not have another law lawsuit.

Emily:

So.. I don't have to attend PE tomorrow?

Headmaster:

No, no, we can't let a clerical mistake hinder your education, or physical education as it might be the case here.

Headmaster:

Requesting the right copy from your old school would take at least a week, you would miss lessons - we won't be having any of that.

Headmaster:

Please report to the school nurse, the examination will only take a moment and we will have your records in order in no time.

Emily:

There's no way around it, is it? Alright, I 'll go after...

Headmaster:

No Miss Haze, I already informed the faculty members, so you need not worry about being late to your next class. The infirmary is the third door on your right, please go there now.

Emily:

Yes Mister Headmaster.

You sigh and go knock on the door he pointed out. A male voice coming from inside yells 'Enter!' and that's what you do - you enter the schools nurse office.

The interior of the office is almost as you'd expect it - sterile white walls and dysentery green furniture, the thing that stands out is the nurse.

Your gaze moves up his body. You can't help but notice the well defined muscle hiding under his loose fitting uniform, the carefully trimmed facial hair and the nonchalant smile on his handsome face.

Nurse:

Yes? What's wrong?

Emily:

Huh?

Nurse:

Please state the nature of the medical emergency.

Emily:

Huh, emergency? Oh, sorry, I was just...

I'm actually looking for the school nurse.

Nurse:

Well, you came to the right place. How can I help you?

Emily:

You're the school nurse!?

Nurse:

Yeah, have been for the last six years. Name's Hank but most kids just call me Doc, despite me telling them I'm not technically a medical doctor. I'm guessing you're new here.

Emily:

Yes, I'm new. The principal told me to come here, because some paperwork is missing.

Doc Hank:

Ah, right. Nothing to worry about. I just need to test your eyesight, weigh you, measure your height, check if you have a pulse.

Doc Hank:

Basic stuff like that. No needles, no invasive testing. Are you comfortable with this?

Emily:

You mean I can say 'no'?

Doc Hank:

Yes, at any time, but you also need to have your paperwork in order to attend school. Kind of a Catch 22.

Emily:

Alright, I get it. Let's get this over with.

Doc Hank:

Great! I'll let you strip here in peace, I'll be right back.

Emily:

Em...?

Hank gives you a charming smile and walks over to the adjacent room, closing the door behind him.

You're alone in the nurses office. The Doc told you to strip, but did he mean for you to strip naked or just to your underwear?

[ Changed clothes to: 30 ]

You hear a short knock from the door where Doc went.

Doc Hank:

Are you ready? Can I come in?

Emily:

Yes, I'm ready.

Doc enters, looks you up and down and quickly turns around.

Doc Hank:

Sorry. My bad. I thought you said you're ready.

Emily:

I did say I'm ready.

Doc turns around again, you can see a bit of color on his cheeks which makes him look even more attractive.

Doc Hank:

Well, if you feel comfortable like that - I'm the last person to complain, you'd think I'd get used to it by now.

Emily:

What do you mean?

Doc Hank:

Girls striping naked like that, happens more than I'd like to admit. Usually it's some sort of dare or a lost bet. Did I guess right?

Emily:

Yeah... something like that.

Doc Hank:

Alright, please step on the scales...

You follow his instructions stepping onto the scales, reading letters of a chart and letting him take your measure.

You try to act cool despite your nudity, but the blush on your cheeks and hardening nipples probably give away the true state you're in.

Doc in turn acts mostly professional during the examination, but you can occasionally see his gaze wondering around your exposed body when he thinks you're not looking.

Doc Hank:

Very nice, you're almost there... I mean, we're nearly done.

He takes of the stethoscope from his shoulder and softly presses the chestpiece to your skin.

You inhale sharply feeling the cold metal brush against your erect nipple.

Doc Hank:

Sorry, I know it's a bit cold. Now exhale.

You let out your breath slowly, as he moves the chestpiece across your breast. You can feel his other hand moving down your back and stopping on your buttocks.

Doc Hank:

Try to calm down, your pulse is elevated and it makes things harder for me. I'll help you relax, just breath in, and out, deep breaths, nice and slow.

You do as he directs, breathing in and out as he gently cups your butt in his hand. It sort of helps you to calm down, relax, but it also makes you feel more horny each time you inhale.

You're startled by the sudden loud banging at the door.

Student:

Doc! Doc!

Doc Hank:

Ah, for fuc... Not now! I have a patient here!

Student:

But Doc, he fell down the stairs and broke his head. There's like blood coming from him and I think I can see the brains through the hole!

Doc Hank:

Sorry, this looks bad, I need to check it.

Emily:

Oh? Yeah, right, I'll just get dressed real quick.

Doc Hank:

Sorry, no time for that, just.. em.. just stand behind the screen here.

You're left without options and you hide behind the privacy screen as Doc rushes to open the door. You can't see what's happening but you can hear everything.

Doc Hank:

Alright, get him in here, help him sit. I see. Ok, head wounds always bleed a lot. How many fingers am I holding up? How did you get hurt?

Injured Student:

Two? I fell down the stairs, asshole tripped me!

Student:

I didn't do anythin', he fell down cause he's a loser.

Doc Hank:

Alright already, knock it off. It's not that bad. I don't think you have a concussion, but you need to go to the hospital anyway.

Doc Hank:

But first we need to stop the bleeding and probably stitch it, we'll do it in the other room.

Student:

So Doc... you got it under control, right? I can go now?

Doc Hank:

No. Wait here, you'll walk him back when I'm done. You'll make sure he won't fall down any more stairs on his way.

You can hear there's a bit of commotion as Doc and the student help the injured to the next room. You hear the door opening and closing and you're not sure if you're alone now or not.

Student:

You're not very good at hiding are you? You know I can see your feet from under the screen right?

Emily:

I wasn't hiding.

Student:

Well if you're not hiding - why don't you come out and say hi?

Emily:

I'm not exactly dressed here, y'know?

Student:

Now I know.

Emily:

Can you just hand me my clothes? They still should be on the chair there.

Student:

Yeah, sure...

You can hear his footsteps and a moment later you see his legs on the other side of the screen.

But instead of giving you your clothes you see his hand holding a phone peeking from under the screen.

The lamp on the phone flashes as he takes a photo of you, but before he can pull his hand back, you grab his phone and yank it out of his hands.

Student:

Hey! Gib it back!

Emily:

Get back or I'll fucking smash it on the floor!

Student:

Alright, alright, I'm backing up, ok? Cool? Just a prank dude.

Emily:

Get out and wait by the door! I'll call you back when I get dressed and delete the photo.

Student:

No way! You'll break my phone as soon as I go, gib it back!

Emily:

Fine. Say goodbye to your phone.

Student:

You smash my phone and I... I... I'll fucking throw your clothes out the window!!!

You hear clothes rustling and the sound of a window being open.

Emily:

Hold up, ok, we'll trade. Your phone for my clothes. Deal?

Student:

Deal, but you come to me, I'm not moving away from the window until I got my smartphone back.

Emily:

I'm not dressed! Remember? That's why I wanted my clothes!!

[ Come out and trade ]

Student:

Should have thought about that before stealing my phone, bitch. I'm counting to three and your skirt flies out the window. One!

Emily:

Ok, stop, I'm coming out.

You step out from behind the screen, not even trying to cover up.

You hold out one hand, keeping his phone in the other because you expect him to do something stupid, but as soon as you see the expression on his face you're certain he's no longer thinking about anything much.

He's just standing there with his mouth open, holding your clothes in a bundle under his arm. His eyes roaming all over your naked body.

Student:

Wow! You're hot!

Emily:

Thanks. I guess?

Can I have my clothes back now?

Student:

Clothes? Oh these clothes? Yeah, sure, here.

He gives you back your clothes and grabs his phone from your hand. It's almost funny to see how he tries to check if his phone is ok while staring at your exposed body.

Student:

Aw, fuck! The photo's all blurry! Can't see shit!

Emily:

Well serves you right for being an asshole.

You step back behind the privacy screen.

[ Ok, but just one. ]

Student:

No, don't go, wait! Can I take another picture? Just one! Pleeeease!

Emily:

Well... Just one. But not my face and you have to swear you won't show it to anyone. Deal?

Student:

Deal!

You feel excited again when you go out to the middle of the room, and pose for the picture.

Emily:

Just remember - take the picture so that my face is no visible and no showing the pic to friends!

Student:

Yeah, sure, no problem, you got my word.

He snaps the picture, but before you can check if he took it as you asked, the door behind you opens and you can hear Doc talking with the injured student. You step back behind the screen.

Doc Hank:

Glad you waited for your friend, not stop playing with your phone and help him outside and wait with him until the ambulance comes.

Student:

But Doc, can't you do it? You're the doctor after all.

Doc Hank:

Well some friend you are... No, I can't go, still got a patient here waiting if you didn't notice. You OK there Emily?

Emily:

Yeah, just getting a bit cold here Doc.

Doc Hank:

Almost done here, sorry for the delay...

Now you two - get going and I won't ask about how one of you fell down the stairs. Git!

Student:

Alright already, I'm going, I'm going...

The two students leave and you're left alone with Doc Hank again.

Doc Hank:

Sorry about all that, now lets get back to what we where doing, what do we have left... Weight? Check. Height? Check.

Sight? Check. Heart? Check. Lungs? Check... Oh.

Emily:

'Oh'? Something wrong?

Doc Hank:

No, no, everything's fine. It's just that, well, we got all the test done. You could have left earlier, sorry about that.

Doc Hank:

You can get dressed now. I'll fill out the forms and drop them off at Njowgas office later, so remember to take a sports outfit tomorrow - no wiggling out of PE.

Emily:

Well it was more fun than geography or whatever else I've missed.

[ Changed clothes to: T-Shirt (white, low), School Skirt (no belt), 6 ]

Doc Hank:

Feel free to drop in when you have any health problems, and watch your step on the stairs especially around boys. Till next time.

Emily:

Yeah, see ya Doc.

You step out from the office into the empty corridor. There are still a few minutes left till the end of the lessons, but there's no point going back to class now.

You wander around alone for some time, feeling bored you decide to check out the student notice board.

There's not much interesting there, people selling old handbook, offering private lessons and looking for lost items. But there's also a job announcement for a babysitter - \$50 per evening, nice.

You tear off the babysitter flyer and take it with you. It's not a perfect job, but the money is ok and it's good to have options in case you can't find anything else.

The bell rings and students pile out of every classroom, it's the lunch break.

You go into the cafeteria, it's already getting crowded but you still might be able to find a free seat if you hurry.

Lenard:

Hey Emily, how's it going?

Emily:

Hi, not bad I guess, just looking for a place to sit right now.

Lenard:

Same here. How bout we work together? You'll find us a place to sit and I'll get some food, hmm?

Emily:

Yeah, OK. How much is lunch here anyway?

[ Sweets ]

Lenard:

My treat, don't worry about it, just tell me what you want. Veggies? Meat? Something sweet?

Emily:

I think I'll just skip to the desert, if you don't mind.

Lenard:

Why should I mind? I like it when girls skip right to the fun part... em... of dinner. I'll go get the food, shall I? You find us some seats.

He gives you a cheerful smile and a playful wink and walks towards the buffet.

You look around for a good place to sit down and eventually spot a free table, a bit to the side but with some comfortably looking seats.

You sit down, but you don't have to wait long because Lenard comes along with the food a moment later.

He puts the tray with the food on the table, throws his backpack on the opposite seat and sits down besides you.

The seat is a bit narrow for two people to sit side by side, so you end up with your leg pressed against his.

Lenard:

I'm back, and I got the food. You're comfy? Or do you want me to give you more space?

Emily:

No, it's fine, I don't mind.

Lenard:

I got you some Berries and Cream

Emily:

Great, thanks... why are you smiling like that? Am I missing something?

Lenard:

Y'know... Berries and Cream? Berries and cream, I'm a little... ah, never mind. It's not that funny if I sing it aloud.

[ Use your mouth ]

He picks up one of the strawberries and holds it out for you.

You lean forward and grab the strawberry with your lips. Lenard smiles with satisfaction and pulls his hand back a bit only to gently push it forward again.

You play along sucking on the fruit in a suggestive manner. You close your eyes and let him slide the strawberry between your lips.

When he pulls his hand back you press your lips together and give the strawberry a little parting kiss before letting it go.

Lenard takes a bite out of the strawberry you've just been sucking on.

Emily:

Hey, that's mine!

Lenard:

Sharing is caring, besides - I can't let you eat the berries without cream.

He dips a finger in the cream, scoops up a little bit and moves his hand to your lips.

You open your mouth and stick out your tongue and he touches his cream covered finger to it.

You can taste the mix of the salty sweat on his skin with the sweetness of the cream. You wrap your lips around his finger and suck on it letting out a soft moan.

Lenard:

You're really good at this. Had a lot of experience?

You release his finger after a moment.

Emily:

Yeah. I had strawberries and cream before.

Lenard:

Ha! That's exactly what I had in mind.

The cafeteria gets noisy as more and more students file in, soon it's too loud to speak comfortably, so both of you focus on the food. Mostly on the food.

Lenard shifts a bit in his seat, but because you sit so close to each other his movements cause you skirt to move up your things.

His eyes move to the exposed skin of your legs and he smiles at you.

[ I'm not complaining ]

Lenard:

Still comfortable? I can move to the other side if you want me to...

Emily:

I'm not complaining. It is a bit tight, but I like it like that.

He moves his hand onto your thighs, slowly shifting your skirt higher and higher. You feel warmth in your belly and your cheeks turn red, but you don't want him to stop.

Lenard:

Well, if you say you like it... just say when to stop, if you're not feeling ready.

Emily:

It's not that... I just, em, I'm not wearing anything under the skirt.

Lenard:

Naughty girl.

He first looks around to check if anyone is paying any attention to what you two are doing, then he slips his hand beneath your skirt.

His hand moves across your inner thigh and onto your pubic mound, his fingers finding your pussy lips and the tiny pearl between them.

You let out an involuntary moan and bite down on your lip. You know you could stop him with a gesture or a word, but instead you spread your legs a bit more.

Lenard nods his head and smiles with approval, his fingers expertly rubbing against your clit. You're not sure if you can keep yourself under control if he continues like that.

Lenard:

You have a very lovely pussy, soft and moist just like your lips. It will be hard, deciding what I like better.

Emily:

Lenard... I... I'm... oh...

He smiles at you again and pulls his hand back leaving you excited and wanting more.

Lenard:

Hush babe, all in good time.

Emily:

Why did you stop? That's cruel and unusual punishment.

Lenard:

Class start again soon and I don't like to be rushed, besides it's just a bit too crowded here. But don't worry, we'll pick up where we left next time.

He gathers up the dishes onto the tray once your done and gets up.

Lenard:

I'll go return it, thanks for keeping me company, I'll see you later in class.

You get back to class when the bell rings, your classmates move inside with dread and defeat on their faces. Someone moans out 'Chemistry. Why us?'

At first you don't really understand why the other students complain about the lecture, it's just as boring as all the other lectures.

The Professor explains some reactions and starts scribbling an equation on the blackboard. You don't understand any of it, you just try to copy it into your notebook as fast as you can.

When the teacher runs out of space on the blackboard he just wipes it all clean ignoring the moans of protests coming from the students that didn't manage to copy all of it.

Ben:

Meh, it's bullshit, wouldn't work anyway.

The classroom is suddenly silent as everyone turns to look at Ben. Including the professor.

Chemistry Teacher:

What did you say, young man?

Ben:

Um, nothing.

Chemistry Teacher:

That's not what I heard. You think I made an error? You think my equation is no good? You think you know more than I do?

Chemistry Teacher:

I've been teaching this for 13 years, but if you think you know better - let's hear it.

Ben:

I mean the equation is good, it's just wouldn't work in real life.

Chemistry Teacher:

Oh? Really? Is that so?

Ben:

Yeah, a solution like that has a high activation energy, even with a heating mantle it would take too long, solvent would evaporate before any of it reacted.

Chemistry Teacher:

Wrong! Adding concentrated sulfuric acid would raise the temperature...

Ben:

...above the boiling temperature of the solution and splashing hot acid is so much fun. It can't be done practically without a catalyst.

Chemistry Teacher:

And how would you know that?

Ben:

I've been... I've seen it made on the internet. NileRed had a video about it.

Chemistry Teacher:

You get an F, this is Chemistry not some backyard science! Now as I was saying...

The teacher continues writing on the blackboard and all of you continue struggling to keep up.

Except Ben. He pulls out his phone and spends the rest of the lesson scrolling through messages.

You sigh with relief when the lesson finally ends. You noticed the chemistry teacher stopped Ben before he could exit.

You feel a bit of satisfaction seeing Ben in trouble even if you had nothing to do with it.

You move through the crowded corridor wanting to finally go home, but again just as the day before it takes a while before you manage to exit the building.

You step outside feeling really glad to be able to finally go home.

[ Go inside ]

The bar is open and looking as inviting as it always has been.

You step inside. There's no-one there except the one employee behind the counter.

[ Ask about work ]

Soobway Guy:

What can I do you for today?

Emily:

Hi. I've seen the poster in the window. It says 'now hering' and I'm wondering did you mean 'herring' y'know - like the fish, or 'hiring' as in a job?

Soobway Guy:

Don't know bout the fish, we got only Genuine Tuna-ish Paste. I'll ask the manager bout the other kind...

He takes a deep breath and without moving an inch starts to yell at the top of his voice.

Soobway Guy:

AY BOSS! THERE A GIRL HERE ARSKING ABOUT SOME FISH!

Soobway Boss:

TELL ER IT'S GLUTEN-FREE-TUNA!

Soobway Guy:

NAH! THE OTHER KIND OF FISH, THE HIRING!

Sooubway Boss:

WE DON'T HAVE NO HERRING!

Sooubway Boss:

WAIT! HIRING? LIKE A JOB?

Sooubway Guy:

YA!

Sooubway Boss:

IS SHE HOT OR ANOTHER LANDWHALE?

Sooubway Guy:

YA! SHE HOT!

Emily:

AND SHE CAN HEAR YOU!

Sooubway Boss:

SHIT. SEND HER OVER!

Sooubway Guy:

The manager will see you now.

He points to a door leading to the back, and despite your better judgement you go into the back of the bar.

The label on the door reads 'mananger'. You sniff the air, but all you can smell is onion with a hint of tuna-substitute. Whatever they are smoking - it doesn't smell like pot.

You knock on the door and someone inside says 'enter' so that's what you do.

The inside of the office probably has seen better day, but it's fitting, because the manager has also probably seen better days.

The short, overweight, balding man in a cheap, putrid green suit smiles at you. His beady, little eyes running up and down your body.

Sooubway Boss:

Welcome, please sit down... or maybe don't - that chair might break. Maybe just stand there, hmm? Should be safer.

Sooubway Boss:

You're looking for a job. Is that right? Because I have one. A job, that is. Paid in real money!

Emily:

Yes? I mean - yes, I was asking about the job. But first - what do you mean 'real money'?

Sooubway Boss:

SooubCoin of course! It's a crypt that I've invested a lot of my -well, technically someone else's - money. It will be worth a fortune one day.

Sooubway Boss:

But the job I'm offering has nothing to do with that. It's about sandwiches, it will be perfect for you. Because you're a woman.

Emily:

Because I'm a woman?

Sooubway Boss:

Exactly! Because women are natural at making sandwiches. Interested? Ah? Ah?

Emily:

I don't really think I'll fit in...

Sooubway Boss:

You're sure? 15 bucks an hour plus tips, free lunch, flexible work hours?

Emily:

\$15 per hour? In real money, not some monopoly-dodge-coin?

Sooubway Boss:

Yes, exactly right. I know it's like cutting my own throat, but that's the deal.

Emily:

I guess I can give it a go. When can I start?

Sooubway Boss:

You will need a uniform first. Let me take your measures and I should be able to get one from the warehouse by tomorrow.

He picks up a tape measure from his desk and moves to stand next to you. He looks to the tape and back to you with a frown on his face.

[ Strip naked ]

Sooubway Boss:

Eh... no, this ain't gonna work. You need to take the top off, and well, I guess the bottom as well.

You decided to give him a bit more than he bargained for. You blush a little and try to hide your mischievous smile as you start to undress.

You strip naked and wait casually at the middle of the room with your hands on your hips. The man stands there staring at you with his mouth open.

Emily:

Well? Didn't you want to take measurements?

Soobway Boss:

Who? Me? Oh, right!

He crouches down and wraps the measuring tape around your waist. He fiddles with the tape for a moment, adjusts and tightens it.

He moves the tape lower, sliding it over your butt and hips and stopping at your thighs to take another measure.

He puts his hand between your legs trying to wrap the tape around your thigh and doing so bumps into your crotch a few times.

Soobway Boss:

My bad.

He stands up and attempts to wrap the tape around your chest... by putting his hand on your breast.

He manages to get it under control after a few tries, but he keeps moving the tape back and forth, both his fingers and the tape rubbing time and again against your nipples.

The tape twists up and he has to slide his hand across your chest one more time before eventually taking a measure he's satisfied with.

Sooubway Boss:

There, all done, and it didn't hurt at all, right? I will have your uniform ready by tomorrow - so, see you tomorrow.

[ Changed clothes to: Jeans, Oversized T-Shirt, 6 ]

You leave the office after adjusting you clothes and go out via the dining area.

Sooubway Guy:

Enjoy your meal, and please come again!

[ Go inside ]

The pub looks closed at this time of the day, but peeking in through the window you can see someone inside.

The door is open and you walk inside. The person standing behind the bar noticed you right away.

Bartender:

Oi, chav! There's a sign there, innit? Says 'closed', means we're closed, so bugger off.

Emily:

Actually it says 'Help Wanted'.

Bartender:

Oh? Sorry bout that, guv. You're here for the job?

Emily:

Yeah, I might be. Depends on what the job is, and what's the pay.

Bartender:

Well I got two for ya. First one is simple and hard, second one - tricky, but easy.

Emily:

Is there one that doesn't involve solving puzzles?

Bartender:

Keep your hair on, I got the hint. I got a wee bit more traffic here than I expected. Need someone to tidy the place up before I open in the evenings.

Bartender:

Or if you're up for it - serve some drinks. But fair warning - last waitresses quit on me, cause the sods buzzin' in here get kinda rowdy.

Emily:

Rowdy?

Bartender:

Aye, if you can't take a slap on the cheeks or three, it ain't for you.

Emily:

And what's the pay?

Bartender:

Thing is... with all them taxes, and fees and insurance, dental...

Emily:

What if we cut down on the red tape?

Bartender:

In that case, \$25 for cleaning the place up, just as long as it's clean by 8 o'clock, don't care how long it takes you.

Bartender:

Fiver per hour if you want the waitress gig, work from 8 till midnight, but you get to keep all tips.

Emily:

Just \$5 per hour? That's not very much, can't you make it at least \$7.50?

Bartender:

That's the deal, but a bird like you can probably get \$100 in tips every night.

[ \$25 for cleaning? Deal. ]

Bartender:

If you want the cleaning job - well you can start right away. You wanna serve drinks - come back in the evening, but dressed for the job. Got it?

Emily:

Yeah, I need the cash. 25 buck for cleaning this place up? Alright, where's the mop and bucket?

Bartender:

Aye, now we're talking. First empty the ashtrays, clean the tables, wipe the counter, polish the mirror, mop the floor - the bucket is over there...

You pick up the mop and bucket and begin tidying the place up, starting from the floor.

The job isn't exactly fun, but at least you get paid. Cleaning the tables and floors is easy, you just wipe it down with a wet rag or mop and it's done.

Cleaning the toilets is even less fun, especially the piss stains half way up the wall...

You're done after about 3 hours of work. The bartender hands you out the 25 dollars in cash and you leave regretting every decision in your life that lead you to this place.

There are still a lot of buses driving around so you just pick one at random and get of a few stops later.

You saw the neon sign before getting off the bus, but you could not quite see what it says. Now you know it's a giant gym, closed for the night apparently.

It's dark when you get home. The street is only illuminated by a lone streetlamp, but nights in the city are never really that dark, so you don't have much trouble finding your way to your apartment.

[ To the bedroom ]

You're alone in your apartment. Where would you like to go now?

[ Rest ]

You're in your bedroom. What would you like to do?

You feel tired, it's getting late and your bed is starting to look more and more comfortable the longer you look.

You decide to sleep nude, after all there's nobody else here, you don't have any pyjamas, and you actually like being nude.

You lay down and close your eyes. You don't bother covering up - the night is hot and so is your body.

You try to go to sleep, but the events of the past day replay in your mind keeping you awake... and aroused. All the embarrassing, exciting, terrible and wonderful things that happened..

You can't really help yourself, your hands drift down your body, over your breasts, down your belly and between your thighs.

You rub your slit with your fingers vigorously for a good couple of minutes, before you find just the right spot and pace to reach your peak.

Reaching climax you let out a loud moan, not caring if anyone can hear you or not.

You feel much calmer after satisfying yourself and you quickly drift off to sleep.

...

The Sun is already high in the sky when you wake up. You check the clock on your phone, but you still have plenty of time to get ready for school.

You lay in bed for a while longer, but you can't go back to sleep, so you eventually stretch and get up.

Emily:

Time to get up. What day is it today anyway? Thursday? Wednesday? I think it's Wednesday - so PE today, I guess it's better than history.

Emily:

Ben didn't give me a task for today. Not after what I pulled off yesterday. Maybe I should surprise him somehow anyway...? Or maybe not - he's an ass after all.

[ Get dressed ]

Time to get ready for school.

[ Changed clothes to: Shirt (white, messy), School Skirt (no belt), 7 ]

[ Go to school ]

Time to get ready for school.

The bus today is especially crowded. You have to push some people aside to even get in.

You can't reach any handles nor rails so when the bus starts moving you lose your balance and bump into the people around you.

The same thing happens when the bus stops. You almost fall over but this time the two nearest passengers grab you before you collapse.

Emily:

Um. Thanks, and sorry.

Passenger:

No problem, I don't mind.

Other Passenger:

Always nice when a hot girl falls for you. Am I right, or am I right?

Emily:

Ok? You can let go of me now. I think I'll manage not to trip on my own.

One of the men slide his hands a bit further up your body, almost but not quite cupping your breast. The other one noticed that and in turn moved his hands lower to your midriff.

[ Let them grope you ]

Passenger:

Oh, it's really no problem. I could hold on to you for a little bit longer.

Emily:

Well... um, ok.

One of them squeezes your breast through your shirt, the other moves his hand between your legs.

Passenger:

Naughty girl. Not wearing a bra to school? What if someone accidentally pulled your shirt down?

Other Passenger:

I don't think that's the only thing the little minx is not wearing.

Emily:

Wait guys, that's enough, there's people around.

Passenger:

Nobody will know, besides - isn't it more fun that way?

Emily:

Maybe...

Other Passenger:

I think you should grab on to something, y'know - so you won't fall over.

[ Play along ]

The passenger grabs your wrist and moves your hand to his crotch.

You use your fingers to feel out both men. It's no surprise both of them get hard in response to your touch. They in turn unbutton your shirt exposing your breast.

You feel a mix of fear and excitement as you look around - but all the other passengers have their back turned to you, and the men groping you obscure the view from the other side.

Emily:

Guys - my stop is next, I got to go.

Passenger:

Ah dang! Well, it was fun while it lasted. See you next time jailbait.

Emily:

Hey, I am over 18...

Other Passenger:

Sure you are.

You adjust your clothes, push your way to the exit and leave the bus once it stops in front of your school.

You join the other students walking into the school building. You notice some of them staring at you when they think you're not looking.

[ Go to vending machine ]

You find your way through the school corridors to where your first lessons are. There are some people from your group already waiting there.

You walk over to the vending machine looking to buy some snacks. You throw in some coins into the slot, but nothing happens.

You try pressing some buttons, and hit the machine on the side.

Nothing continues to happen.

Emily:

Ahh! Stupid machine!

Jeff:

Hi, having problems with this old junk?

Emily:

Yeah. It stole my money.

Jeff looks around and steps closer to the vending machine. He pulls out something that looks like a pen, but you can't see exactly what he's doing.

Jeff:

I got you, just tell me if you see any of the snakes coming.

Emily:

Snapes?

Jeff:

Yeah, teachers.

Emily:

Got it. Coast is clear so far.

There's a clicking sound and Jeff opens a little panel on the front of the machine, reaches inside and apparently flips a switch.

Jeff:

Ok, what do you want?

Emily:

Chocolate bar, and that one with the nuts, and the one with caramel, and some chips, make that two packs, and a soda, beef jerky, gummy worms.

Jeff pushes the buttons and not only does the machine dispense the snacks without asking for any money, at the end it spits out the money you put in in the first place.

Emily:

Thanks for that, you know - maybe you're not so bad after all.

Jeff:

Yeah... Um... I kind of felt bad for the whole - you know. Thing. Phone and all.

Emily:

I think the word you're looking for is 'sorry'.

Jeff:

Sorry. Anyway, if you want to hang out, play some games, or study for the test...

Emily:

Test? But we don't have any tests yet, right?

Jeff:

Not counting the trigonometry on Friday, no.

Emily:

Like this Friday? Fuck.

[ We can study together ]

Jeff:

It's just basic trig, nothing hard. If you need some help...

Emily:

If you're offering - we could study together. And by 'study' I mean you teaching me just enough not to fail, hmm?

Jeff:

Alright, I think I can do that. After school, today?

Emily:

Great! At your place?

Jeff:

Um, my place? You mean like my home? No, I don't think that's a great idea - how about your place?

Jeff looks visibly uncomfortable when you mentioned his home, and you know exactly how it feels to be ashamed of where you live. You also never invited anyone home in your old life.

Emily:

My place it is, then.

You give Jeff your home address and you both go to class once the bell rings.

You go into the classroom with the rest of your group and find a free seat.

The morning class is just as boring as all the other classes. Luckily you have your stash of free snacks and they provide enough entertainment for you not to fall asleep.

You go out of the classroom when the bell ring and Ben almost immediately walks up to you.

Ben:

Ready for Physical Education? Got your sports outfit I hope? Wouldn't want to go out into to field with your bare ass, hmm?

Emily:

...and what if I don't have a sports outfit?

Ben:

Oh no you don't. You're not weaselling out that easy. C'mon.

He grabs your wrists and drags you off.

Emily:

Wait, I was just asking...

Ben:

This is the Lost and Found, if you don't have...

Emily:

Eeeww! No way I'm wearing someone's old sweaty shirt!

Ben:

They wash it and put in in the locker here, see?

Ben opens one of the lockers, and pulls out some clothes. You reluctantly come over and check if any of it would fit you.

Emily:

This is all men's stuff, thanks, but I think I'll skip.

Ben:

Yeah, whatever. Take a sweatshirt if you need, the gray one should fit you, just make sure I see your ass in the lockers.

Emily:

Ok, you go on, I'll catch up.

[ Change in locker room ]

Ben walks away and you're left alone once again. You could do as he wanted and strip in front of everybody in your class, or you could change right here, but that would make him mad.

You find your classmates waiting in front of one of the locker rooms. Most don't seem very happy and one of them grumbles 'Here comes Sarge' and you turn to look.

A big, muscled guy, with a whistle hanging around his neck strolls through the corridor and stops in front of your group.

Coach:

Alright Ladies, track and field today. You got five minutes to change, last one on the field gets to run an extra lap. Move it!

The coach gives out a key and all the boys rush into the locker room, he than looks over to you and scratches his chin.

Coach:

What are you doing here? D group is all boys, last time I checked.

Emily:

I'm new, a transfer student.

Coach:

Oh. Wish someone would tell me this things. The lockers are on rotations, I don't have one free right now, but maybe...

Emily:

It's okay coach, I don't think the boys will mind.

The coach looks you up and down, scratches his chin again and shrugs.

Coach:

I'm sure they won't. If it's fine by you, it's fine by me. If anyone asks me - I'll tell em I thought you where a boy. With all the RGBQT or whatever you just might be. Who am I to tell?

Emily:

RGB..? Did you mean LGB...?

Coach:

Last one on the field gets to run an extra lap! Move it! Move it!

You go into the locker room. Most of the guys are already changed but as far as you can tell none of them went out into the stadium. It looks like they are waiting for something. Or someone.

Everyone seems to be looking at you as you make your way to a corner of the room.

Someone:

Harry up girl, or Sarge gonna make us do push-ups again.

The locker room becomes suddenly quiet as you start to undress. You don't even try to hide or act modest, you just let your skirt slide to the floor exposing your bare ass and pussy.

You know you could just quickly change into your sports outfit, letting them just see the bare minimum, but instead you choose to strip naked.

Ben:

Hey! What did I tell you about the phone?

Someone:

C'mon, just one pic! How come you get to do what you want with her and I can't?

Ben:

Cause I make the rules here. Don't like it? Get the fuck out, or shut up. And you, Emily - get dressed, will ya? Sarge gonna get ballistic if this takes any longer.

[ Changed clothes to: Sweatshirt, 9 ]

You get dressed and go out into the stadium. You're the first one out, probably because all the boys need a minute or two to cool down after the little show you gave them...

Coach:

Congratulations, you made it out alive. 5 laps warm-up, go.

You sight and start running.

You never had problems with sport and despite not doing any exercises lately, you're still in pretty good shape.

The boys from your class finally come out of the changing room and join you on the track. Some try to catch up to you or overtake you, but each time you speed up just enough to stay ahead.

You finish your five laps and then run two more, just because everyone else was still running and you figured you'd rather just run a lap or two more than let coach invent something new just for you.

You and the guys in your class run, jump, stretch and throw different objects for the next half an hour or so. It's actually the most fun you had during any classes so far.

By the end of PE most of your classmates look like they've run a marathon, but you feel fine, you could probably run 10 more laps and still feel great.

Coach:

Alright ladies, show is over, hit the showers. You! New Girl - a word please.

Emily:

Yes coach? Did I do something wrong?

Coach:

No. You did good, better than these lazy ass motherf... students. In fact - you're in great shape, you'd do great in the cheer squad.

Emily:

You mean like a cheerleader?

Coach:

Yeah. You wouldn't have to deal with these guys, you'd go for a training with the rest of the girls.

Emily:

Okay, sign me up!

Coach:

Not so fast. I can recommend you, but it's the teams that decides who gets to be a cheerleader.

Emily:

The teams? Not the cheerleaders?

Coach:

Cheerleaders are one of the teams, but we have a basketball team and a football team, each team gets 10 votes, you need 15 to get into the cheer squad.

Emily:

Oh. So it's a popularity contest? I'm new here, I don't know anyone, probably nobody's gonna vote for me.

Coach:

Give it a try, there isn't that much competition. The boys will like you because you're pretty and the girls will like you because you're fit.

Emily:

Thanks? So there's a try-out or something like that?

Coach:

Yes, there's one every week until there are enough girls on the team. Every Thursday during the lunch break.

Emily:

So, tomorrow? Okay, I'll give it a try.

Coach:

Great, I'll let them know. The boys should be out of the showers by now, so you can go now.

Emily:

Oh? Oh. So that's why you wanted me to stay a moment. Thanks.

Coach:

Yeah, yeah, just don't go telling people I'm giving favours or getting soft. Go.

You enter the showers area and it looks quiet and empty. You can hear the water dripping somewhere and some voices coming from the next door locker room.

You quickly strip and go into one of the showers hoping that none of the guys will go looking for you.

You turn on the water and for a moment forget about everything, it feels so good and relaxing.

With your back turned and the water splashing loudly on the tiles you can't see nor hear when someone enters the showers area.

The telltale flash of light of someone taking a picture makes you turn around.

[ Pose for them ]

Most, if not all, of your classmates are standing behind you, some of them with their phones pointed in your direction.

Everyone's looking at you, but you don't mind, in fact you kind of like it.

You stand on your tiptoes, bend your leg just slightly, push out your butt and try to look sexy.

Ben:

Turn around, give everyone a good look.

There's a low cheer from the boys as you slowly turn around. You feel excited, your cheeks blush but with the water still pouring down your that's all the symptoms your classmates can see.

There are goosebumps on your skin, your nipples are hard and the moisture between your legs is just partly due to the water flowing down your body.

There's another flash of light as someone takes one more picture.

Emily:

Had enough? Can I get dressed now?

Everybody:

NO!!!

Ben:

I think the boys here want to take a better look at your pussy. C'mon, you don't want to disappoint them now, do you?

You get down on your hands and knees, pushing out your butt and exposing your pussy.

The boys move closer, there's one more flash as someone takes a picture.

Someone:

Spread your pussy!

You put your hand on your ass and pull your cheek to one side exposing your pussy even more.

Emily:

Can I get dressed now?

Someone:

Let's fuck her!

Someone Else:

Yeah! Bitch wants it! We gonna gangbang her or take turns fucking her?

Ben:

Shut it, all of you! Nobody's banging her... well, unless she wants that. Emily? You wanna get fucked by this lot? right here and now?

Emily:

Um... no?

Ben:

Right. Everybody out.

The guys mumble and shuffle their feet as they leave, but nobody outright protest. Ben is the last one to leave, he gives you a little wink just before he goes.

Emily:

Thanks.

You expected everyone to still be in the locker room, but it's empty by the time you get out of the showers.

You check your belongings, but nothing is missing, there are no holes cut into your shirt. The key to the door is still in the lock, you turn it so that nobody can walk in on you.

You expected something bad to happen, but all seems quiet. You strip and get dressed for the last lessons of the day.

[ Changed clothes to: Shirt (white), School Skirt, 5 ]

You feel a bit light-headed after all what happened during the last hour. It takes you most of the break just to get to where your next lesson is.

Your classmates grin at you and give you Knowing Looks each time you make eye contact with any of them. Luckily you don't have to avoid their looks for long as the bell and you all get into the classroom.

You take your seat and try to listen to the lecture. The teacher talks about the amount of iron mined and steel produced during the last decade in some eastern European country.

You can't even tell if it's geography, economics, history or some other subject. Even you know you could check all this stupid data on the internet if you needed to.

Isn't steel and iron the same thing anyway? Wasn't Slovenia or Slovakia the name of the made up place in one of the Marvel movies? Who care about any of this?

You close your eyes just for a moment...

The sound of the bell wakes you up. You sigh with relief and pack your things. School's over for today.

Jeff:

Hey Emily, you still want to study together?

Emily:

I wouldn't say 'want' but, yeah - I need your help if I'm to pass.

Jeff:

Right. I'll need to come home to pick up study materials, um, can we meet at your place in say an hour?

Emily:

Yes, sure. Thanks for doing this for me. See you in an hour or so.

You leave the classroom and squeeze your way through the crowded corridor. You can hear a bit of a conversation behind you as you go.

Someone:

That girl? No way!

Someone Else:

I'm telling you - all of it.

Someone:

No. Fucking. Way. You're full of shit.

Someone Else:

Wanna see the recording...?

You walk out of the school building and head for the bus stop. You again feel as if everyone is watching you, pointing fingers at you when you're not looking.

You hate to admit it - but you kind of like the attention. It almost makes you feel like a celebrity.

[ Take a shower ]

The bus trip and walk home is uneventful. All and all it takes you no more than a quarter of an hour - that leaves you a fair bit of time before Jeff comes over.

You go to the bathroom intent on taking a quick shower, but the bathtub seems more fun. You have plenty of time after all, so why not?

You turn on the hot water and take off your clothes while the bathtub fills up.

You get into the bathtub and relax for a moment... or maybe a few moments. The water is pleasantly hot, the soap smells of lavender and both combined make your skin slippery and fun.

When the doorbell rings you're still soaking in the bathtub idly sliding your hands up and down your body. You sigh and get up.

Emily:

I'm coming, just a minute!!

You don't dry yourself, you just wrap a towel around you. The towel slips down on your still wet and soapy skin and clings to your body, but you go to answer the door anyway.

Emily:

Sorry, I went to take a shower and lost track of time.

Jeff looks you up and down, his gaze stops at about you chest height where your towel slipped, exposing part of your breast.

Jeff:

Um... okay? You know, your...um. I can wait a bit, it's fine, take your time. Not that I mind!

Emily:

Ooops, sorry. Wait here, I'll put on some clothes real quick.

Jeff:

You can stay like this...

Emily:

You'd wish! Wait here for a moment, I'll be right back.

You go to the bedroom and open the drawer with your clothes to pick out an outfit.

[ Changed clothes to: Jeans, Oversized T-Shirt, Bra (pink), Panties (pink), 1 ]

Emily:

Okay, we can start now. I don't have a study room, so, um... welcome to my bedroom.

Jeff:

Right, let's get started - what do you know about the sine function?