**Emily Abroad**

by imanewb

**Emily Abroad - For What It's Worth**

She felt like she’d been kicked in the gut, a pressure cooker waiting to explode as those two little words repeated endlessly through her thoughts as she despondently watched him stroll away from the galley area without a care in the world.

Pressure building, blackness pressed at the edges of her vision. ‘Worth it…” the words drowned out the shocked gasps and excited whispers as she stiffly trudged her way back towards her seat, oblivious to the everything and everyone around her as she passed through the slowly waking main cabin.

The jeers and taunts edged their way into her consciousness as familiar faces emerged from the seats to crowd around her. ‘Worth… it…’ echoing louder and louder, pulse getting faster with every step as she tried to force her way through. She paused and turned, surrounded by the baying crowd. Hands reached towards her, prodding, poking, grabbing… stopping her from escaping. She thrashed and screamed, desperate to get away, to stop this from happening again as they dragged her to the floor.

Straps appeared, binding her wrists, as the witch led the boy forward, bringing him closer until they knelt before her. Her eyes widened and her mouth ran dry as hands pulled her legs wide apart, cool dampness spread over her as he offered up an old-fashioned razor, “Kiss it,” Betty’s happy voice sounded strange coming from his lips, “and hold still… you don’t want me to slip.p.p.p”

The blade glinted in the sunlight as it drew closer to her kitty, tears fell as she froze in fear as the crowd chanted and cheered with every swipe, with every hint of hair that was removed until she was bald as the day she was born, truly resembling a giant baby.

One hand was released and dropped in her lap. “Do it slut! You know you want to!” the boy’s lips moved to Betty’s words again, “You know what you have to do…”

He looked on, eyes intense and focussed below her waist as she prayed for the ground to open up and swallow her whole. It didn’t happen, of course, it never did. His disgust became clear when her hand started to move. He glanced away, eyes flicking briefly back to hers before reaching out, pressing a dollar over her still damp slit. “Worth it.” he sneered dismissively, turning away from the spectacle that held no more interest for him whatsoever.

Not trusting her voice, she stared daggers at him – willing him to burn on the spot. Burn with the intensity of the shame she felt performing like that as he stole the last of her self-worth. She fought to get free from the grasping hands anew, she’d give him ‘worth it’ when she got out of here, she’d go down there and scratch out his eyes, snap off his dick, do something to make him feel even a fraction of what they’d put her through.

She barely noticed the woman approach as hands clamped down on her. “One, thank you sir,” the response came automatically when the sting registered, the mumbled words and silent tears thrilled the witch, who smiled viciously as she pulled her hand back to deliver another slap to her inner thigh. Hard judgemental eyes roved over her body, her marker etching her verdict over sensitive skin between the slaps, permanently identifying her body’s flaws. The crowd roared its approval, echoing every cutting comment, “Whore, Slut, Dirty baby girl…”

“Oh, it’s like that is it,” the dragon swooped in pushing the witch aside, “a little girl who likes to put on a show. Take her back and strap her in,” she ordered the crowd, “don’t forget the hood, this one’s a biter!”

She was lifted high in the air, limbs spread exposing every secret she once had. Her captors dragged her back to the lounge and dropped her on the bar. Straps crossed her arms, legs, chest… she wasn’t going anywhere. The last thing she saw before the soft material of the hood slipped over her head, blocking out her view and muffling her screams, was a group of giggling flight attendants moving towards her, rubber gloves and scrubbing brushes in hand.

Emily Jane jerked awake biting back a scream. She was rigid with terror and drenched in sweat, wrapped up tightly in the grip of her blankets and safety belts she clawed at her neck, struggling to breathe in her mounting panic as she fought her way free of her bindings. She shuddered at the rapidly fading memory of her latest nightmare, shaken by its intensity but relieved it was ‘only’ a dream.

Her heart slowly calmed as she focussed on her breathing and the engine’s drone, willing the panic to pass. Biting her lip, she glanced around hoping nobody had witnessed her night terror, dreading the pitying or knowing glances she expected to see. For once, however, luck was on her side - the cabin was quiet, only the occasional snore and rumble of her stomach disturbed the stillness. She sighed; trays of food lay on her suite’s table, doubtlessly cold, but it was better than going hungry… or having a repeat of her last food finding foray.

She winced as her butt landed on the plus leather seat ready to eat. The thin, damp material of the pyjamas she’d found she was unexpectedly wearing offered little protection to her sensitive rear end. She needed a shower in the worst way, but the thought of emerging from her luxurious little bubble was almost enough to renew her panic attack. No that, she thought, and anything else that involved going back out there would have to wait until they’d landed, if she never saw any of these people again it’d be too soon.

No sooner had she thought this than a sharp rap on the screen door preceded the ‘dragon lady’ herself entering unbidden, shattering her plans to remain hidden. Emily backed away from the door, landing in a tangled mess on the bed. She tucked herself in the corner as the woman scanned the area, trembling as a million panicked thoughts rushed through her mind.

Apparently satisfied, the woman tossed a small bundle at Emily’s feet, drew in a deep breath and stood there impatiently, waiting for Emily to do what? She sighed, looking at Emily directly for the first time since entering the suite, “You should get dressed,” she said, nodding at the bundle by Emily’s feet, “we’re landing in an hour, go, get ready.”

Emily hesitated until the woman turned away from her to collect the now empty food trays, before stumbling to her feet. She bit her lip nervously, tuning out the woman’s commentary as she tried to summon the courage to strip off the damp pyjamas and slip on those wonderful, body covering clothes. To be completely covered for the first time in who knew how many hours.

Glancing once more at the woman going about her business, Emily bit the bullet and all but ripped off the sticky garments from her body. Reaching into the pile, she picked up the silky high-cut briefs, staring at them before pressing them to her cheek, marvelling at how soft they felt whilst wondering how they’d feel against her sore posterior.

“…did the best we can, hope they fit…” the woman was saying as she turned, the indignant huff passing her lips drawing Emily’s eyes up to her stern face. Emily froze statue still, her whole body flushed as she pictured what this must look like to the older woman. Tears fell as she waited for the rebuke she was certain was coming her way.

“The bathroom…” the woman muttered, “for pity’s sake… you change in the bathroom…”

“Stop!” the commanding tone halted Emily before she could step into the aisle. She’d grabbed the bundle of clothes and rushed for the door unthinking, desperate to avoid the punishment she feared was coming her way, “just get dressed already…”

Emily Jane looked down mind whirling, had she really been about to run out into the aisle bare butt naked? She shook as she realised that yes, yes she was about to do just that. Why, she wondered, would she do that to herself?

Distracted by her thoughts, she dressed gratefully. Not caring, for once, that she remained under the older woman’s scrutiny, only panicking once, and only then until the pantyhose snugged tight, holding the slightly too large panties in place.

“It’s all clean,” the woman recited as Emily dressed, “a nice lady in gave up her daughter’s tights, but the rest came from the cabin crew…”

She rebuilt her emotional armour with each layer as it went on, running her hands appreciatively over the collection of donated garments. A silky cream shirt that fell just under her butt replaced that stupid pink T-shirt, a pleated black skirt ended at her knees, topped with a fine wine-red sweater. She felt like a million dollars!

“Not bad,” the woman observed, “Now, you didn’t hear this from me,” she added with a conspiratorial wink, “but you might want to take a look at in your bag… once I’ve left!”

Emily sat in the empty suite as the plane prepared to land, smiling as she read the note again. She’d handed the phone to the flight attendant with a cheery ‘found this’, as she swept through the cabin making sure everyone had their seats upright and everything properly stowed.

Worth it, she’d thought, as every picture, video and sound file had permanently disappeared from the phone and its cloud backup. Worth it indeed.

**Emily Abroad - Welcome To The Jungle**

Emily Jane walked through the airport with a bounce in her step. She’d been the last passenger off the plane, airline policy for unaccompanied minors apparently – as was the bubbly escort she’d been palmed off on, so managed to avoid any awkward encounters. The flight had been an ordeal, in more ways than one, but she couldn’t help but feel good now and, if she was honest, more than a little bit smug.

She’d done it; got away from everyone for her fresh start and, whether he knew it yet, had taught an insufferable little bastard an important life lesson. She was a little disappointed she wouldn’t get to see his face when he realised what’d been done but maybe, she conceded, that was for the best… there was no telling how he might react, and if he knew she was responsible, ooh boy…

Not even the long wait in the baggage hall for their flight’s bags to start appearing managed to wipe the smile from her face. It only took a few nervous glances at the other passengers for her to realise they weren’t paying her any attention, perhaps they were too focussed on finding their bags, or maybe they simply didn’t recognise her in her fancy new outfit. Whatever, she thought, as she chatted amiably with her escort, she was just happy they were leaving her alone.

The conveyor eventually kicked into motion as luggage started to appear from the bowels of the Earth. The crowd starting to thin as bags were collected, just one or two people at first, then more and more until only a few stragglers remained. Her smile faded in time with her excitement, until a dour looking Emily Jane stood alone with her escort, the belt having ground to a halt, a solitary bag sitting uncollected having completed several laps.

“Well,” the escort spoke for the first time in several minutes, prodding Emily Jane into motion, “perhaps your bags ended up on the wrong belt, it happens… either way, it’s not the end of the world, right?”

Emily looked at her forlornly, it might not be the end of the world as far as she was concerned, but it was a major hiccup in her plans – nice as these clothes were, she hoped they wouldn’t be all she had to wear until she got her uniform.

“Nada,” her guide continued as they strolled amongst the luggage belts, “looks like they’ve gone for a walk… but hey, look on the bright side, they’ll comp you for some new gear to tide you over, and you’ll need a bigger bag for everything when your stuff eventually catches up with you. But for now,” she continued with a massive eyeroll, “you have some forms to fill in… fun!”

For the record, Emily Jane did not think the forms were fun. And by the time she’d finished filling in the fifth one (a separate form for each bag? Really?) her escort was getting antsy too. By the time they reached customs & immigration, the hall was practically deserted, her lack of luggage raised a few eyebrows until the paperwork was examined, she was soon passed through with a few sympathetic glances.

A few scant minutes later Emily Jane stood in her first foreign country, looking at a couple of curious teens and a stern-faced woman who’d been sent to collect her.

“You’re late, not an auspicious start,” the woman announced officiously, while she examined the girl in front of her, “I am your program coordinator, my name is Ms. Sinclair, you may call me Ms. Sinclair, or Ma’am now…” she paused as her eyebrows pinched in confusion, “where are your belongings?”

It wasn’t the friendliest of greetings, and so very formal, not at all like the teachers back at her middle school. Nevertheless, Emily Jane could relate, she didn’t like being kept waiting either.

“This is it,” she said, holding up her carry on, “for now, they’ve lost everything else so, yeah, I’ll need to do some shop…”

“Very well,” the coordinator waved her hand interrupting Emily Jane’s explanation, “we shall see what can be arranged. I can complete the formalities in the car but, for now, let us make haste.”

Ms. Sinclair introduced the teens as Mr. & Miss. Richards – Alex and Amy as she’d later find out, as they walked through the parking garage towards a large boxy vehicle.

“Stop gawking Ms. Chambers,” Ms. Sinclair complained when she froze in front of the sliding door, “it’s most unbecoming.” Unbecoming or not, Emily Jane couldn’t help it. Car was far too small a word for what she’d was seeing. Two rows of what she could only think of as sofas were arranged around a tastefully lit dark wooden table.

A countertop ran along the rear partition with a screen larger than the one she had in her living room sitting on it, image frozen on an introduction screen displaying a ‘Welcome to Rosemount Academy’ in a curly font she didn’t recognise.

“Come along now,” Ms. Sinclair chided, as Amy ‘helped’ her climb into the back of the van, “be seated, we have a fair amount to go through, with regrettably little time until we arrive, drinks,” she continued without looking up, “please Mr. Richards.”

A bottle of chilled water was pressed into Emily’s hand as she as the coordinator continued to talk. Non-stop. For what felt like hours to the excited girl. She was handed a diary that “had to be completed no less than twice weekly”; a fancy tablet that would apparently “link only to the school’s network, facilitating rapid transition between settings by obviating the need to repeatedly exchange materials” (whatever that meant); and, finally, a large bag emblazoned with the same crest shown on the screen containing a complete uniform.

“If there are no questions so far,” Ms. Sinclair concluded, “then I suggest we play the headmaster’s welcome message after which you should familiarise yourself with the documents; rules, policies and such, which you will find on your tablet’s home screen.”

No questions Emily thought? She only had, like a million of them, but the woman’s tone made it clear that she wasn’t actually offering the opportunity for them to be asked. No, as soon as her lips pressed together, the lights dimmed and the screen sprung into life.

“Welcome to the first day of the rest of your life…” The gravelly voice droned on espousing the ‘exciting opportunity’ being presented only to a very select few at their ‘prestigious non-traditional educational establishment’, one that employed a ‘holistic approach to the development of young minds’ centred around an ethos of ‘personal responsibility and peer mentoring’.

Jesus, Emily Jane scoffed quietly to herself, trying to get past the guy’s accent and meaningless, to her, jargonish. Do they all, she wondered, talk like that or is it just a ‘teacher thing’?

“No time like the present,” the headmaster’s smiling face hadn’t even finished fading from the screen before Ms. Sinclair was talking, again, “we have about twenty minutes until you have to be ready, sufficient I’d wager to garner an overview of the program requirements and expectations. You may begin.”

“Read girl,” Ms. Sinclair sighed, when Emily stared at her at her uncomprehending, “quietly, you’ll have plenty of time for chatter later, for now learn what it means to be a Rosemount girl.”

Emily Jane blushed under the woman’s stern gaze (doesn’t she ever smile?), fiddling with her tablet until the screen lit up. It took her a couple of minutes, but she was soon following the instructions to secure and personalise the device – something that had to be completed before it’d let her access any of its contents.

“It’s time, ladies and gentlemen,” Ms Sinclair suddenly announced, drawing Emily’s attention away from the tablet and the ‘pressing issue’ of choosing a lock screen background image. Just how much time had she wasted, she wondered, making her tablet look pretty instead of getting on with what she was supposed to have been doing?

She stopped wondering a few moments later, staring wide-eyed as the teens pulled out little travel cases and, without missing a beat in their conversation, nonchalantly started pulling off their clothes.

She watched in stunned silence, waiting for anybody to say something to make this make sense, as they stood. They’d soon stripped down to their underwear, stacking their carefully folded garments on the seats behind them. Emily let out a little ‘eep’ sound when Amy’s hand drifted towards her bra clasp, incredulous that she looked like she was about to…

Three heads turned as one, the inscrutable expression fixed on Ms. Sinclair’s face didn’t waver as she made a ‘get on with it’ motion with her hand before turning disinterested back to her tablet, the teens just looked on curiously. Nobody moved, Amy's hand hovered behind her back while Emily sat frozen to the spot, bordering on the edge of panic.

Surely they couldn’t mean for her to strip off here, in front of these almost complete strangers? Why on Earth would they want her to do something like that?? Concern flashed across the older girl’s face as Emily began to hyperventilate, she closed the distance between them, dropping into the seat to wrap Emily in a tight hug.

“You’re coddling her,” Alex said flatly as he pulled on a clean pair of navy boxers, “c’mon already, don’t get yourself in trouble for her…”

His voice trailed off as he worked the buttons a crisp white shirt. Emily tried not to look, her mind desperately wanting to flee while her eyes watched spellbound, a mixture of excitement and horror holding her in place as Alex finished dressing himself.

“Don’t say,” he said with a resigned air as he reached in and unhooked Amy’s bra, “that I never do anything for you sis.”

“And you,” he said turning to Emily, “need to put your bloody uniform on, we haven’t got all day you know!”

Now that got a reaction from Emily. Her mind whirled as she freaked out, Amy was his sister, and he was what? Undressing her? And he wanted her to do the same? Her panic spiked when he pulled Amy away from her.

“You will keep your hands to yourself Mr. Richards,” Ms Sinclair finally interjected, “Miss Richards, get dressed. She can change herself or,” she continued ominously, “the proctors can do it for her when we arrive.”

**Emily Abroad - No Good Deed**

“Come on Emily Jane,” Amy wheedled as she finished tucking her polo shirt into her skirt’s hem, “you don’t want to get in to trouble do you?”

"What’s the problem,” Alex asked at the same time, patting her leg encouragingly, “you ain’t got anything we haven’t seen before…”

Emily Jane flinched back from his hand, shaking her head numbly. No, she thought, she didn’t want any trouble, but she couldn’t face undressing in front of these near strangers. She was barely coping with what had happened back on the plane, only keeping a lid on her emotions from the knowledge that she’d never see those people again but here, knowing that she’d probably be seeing the siblings frequently over the next six months… or worse, she gulped back a gasp at the unwelcome thought, every day if they were from her host family, no, that would be too much.

“Fine,” he dragged out, “I’ll turn my back, see, not even looking…”

“Mr. Richards!” Ms. Sinclair snapped, “If you can’t be civil, be silent.”

Amy rolled her eyes at her brother, knowing full well he’d said something stupid, loud enough for Ms. S to hear him too… the idiot. She’d have to ask him what it was later when they found out how much trouble he was in but, for now, she was just glad his voice hadn’t carried to the clearly frightened younger girl.

“Yeah, ignore him,” she said, leaning into Emily Jane conspiratorially, “he’s as dense as lead at times. But he’s not wrong, you really don’t want the proctors ‘helping you’ when we get there… Can you manage, or do you need a hand?”

Decision eventually made, Emily Jane took a deep breath and looked away, unwilling to watch Amy watching her. “One step at a time,” she mumbled to herself, adrenalin surging as she reached for the first button on her shirt. Her shaking hands just wouldn’t cooperate properly, sweaty fingers repeatedly slipped from the brass button, leaving it still stubbornly fastened after a couple of minutes that’d felt like hours to the nervous girl. She wanted to scream out her frustration, she’d been doing this for herself for years, yet here she was about to be reduced to asking someone help her undress.

“I n…n…need,” Emily Jane stuttered out, “C…can y…you…” She just looked at the slightly older girl pleadingly, unable to finish the sentence.

Casting a nervous glance at Ms. Sinclair, Alex chuckled ruefully to himself, cursing his luck as he listened to the girls. The school, he figured, was going to eat the new kid alive… She simply didn’t have what it took to make it at Rosemount. Not that he’d take any pleasure from watching her crash and burn, he actually felt quite sorry for her… it just wasn’t his problem to fix.

But his sister. She was busy making it his problem. She’d taken a liking to the girl for some reason, was getting invested in her. At this rate she’d be taking the girl home and asking if they could keep her for Christmas!

Emily Jane wouldn’t be the first stray his sister had adopted nor, he grumbled, would she be the last… merely the biggest… and he, he’d just have to go along with it, help keep his sister happy or suffer the consequences.

Emily Jane held her breath, shuddering with every movement of Amy’s fingers as she worked her way down from her neck to her navel, her blush slowly spreading as the gap widened and the edges of her nearly non-existent breasts peeked out. Amy paused, frowning as her eyes flicked between Emily’s face and her skirt… Emily Jane flinched back in the seat, it was bad enough that she’d let the girl help with the shirt’s buttons, but now she’d have to be an active participant in her own stripping.

Casting a nervous glance to Alex and Ms. Sinclair she crossed her arms over her chest, pulling the shirt back together as she rose on trembling legs. Fear rising with the bile in her stomach as the memories of the last time a girl had stripped her rising unbidden. A soft moan passed her lips as Amy knelt, swiftly snapped the skirt’s clasp and worked the material downwards methodically, slowly baring everything a good girl kept secret.

Amy’s tugging stopped, the skirt and everything else bunched around Emily’s thighs. Amy’s ragged exhale blew warm air over her exposed kitty. Emily Jane’s face paled, her whole body shaking as she realised what the other girl must be staring at. She couldn’t look, didn’t want to know what she was making of the artwork they’d so kindly daubed over her bare mons.

“Henna?” Amy enquired breathily.

Emily Jane couldn’t find her voice, could barely nod her head in response.

Shaking hands pressed into her hips, turning her, baring the other half of the design to the curious girl’s eyes.

“Ms. Sinclair…” Amy’s voice sounded loud in Emily’s ears, “umm…”

Amy could feel the older woman's eyes roving over her exposed skin, immensely grateful that it was only her butt she was displaying, fearing she'd end up blubbering like a baby if she ordered her to turn around.

“Looks faded,” the woman calmly announced, “should be gone in a few weeks… one demerit a week until it is.”

Emily Jane didn’t like the way both teens drew in their breath at that announcement, didn’t understand just what the proclamation would mean and, right then, didn’t really care. No, all she wanted to do was get this over with, wrap herself in the armour of her new school uniform and never take it off again.

‘Henna?’ Alex thought, intensely curious, his legs twitching as he fought the urge to turn around – kinda cool but why risk it knowing she was coming here? He was shocked out of his musing moments later by a piercing cry. Giving up on any pretence of appearing gentlemanly, he whipped round ready for trouble.

Emily Jane shrieked again when she saw the boy spin round, she lifted one hand from her crotch to cover her chest as she backed into the soft leather seat, face frantically looking between his sister and the scrap of fabric she held in front of her.

“Umm, Ms. Sinclair, we have another problem,” Amy announced entirely redundantly; the administrator was already climbing out of her seat, face screwed up in annoyance as she glanced between the girls.

“It, err, doesn’t fit,” Amy continued, responding to the unspoken command - Anyone with eyes could see the shirt she held up was at best half the size it needed to be, “I was trying to help, you know, explain the uniform policy and, well, that...” she finished weakly, pointing at the girl curled up in a ball atop the leather seat, two hands futilely trying to hide three parts of her body.

Amy shot her brother a concerned glance when the administrator wordlessly snatched the too small shirt, returned to her seat and started furiously tapping away on her tablet.

A moment passed, and another before she looked up again, a mote of confusion passing across her face.

“Aren’t,” she asked seemingly randomly, “personal responsibility and peer support key tenets of our school philosophy?” She waited for the teens wary glances to return to her, giving their answer with a quick bob of the head before she continued in a chilly tone, “And uniform compliance remains a matter delegated to the student council?”

“So,” she continued in much the same tone following another pair of shallow nods, “can either of you explain why you’re standing there doing nothing to resolve the issue when something has very clearly gone awry with Miss Chambers uniform?”

The siblings recognising the rhetorical question for the thinly disguised order it truly was, looked at each other, each hoping desperately the other might have some idea as the only adult present dismissed them and returned to stabbing at her tablet.

“We can’t let her walk round like that…” Amy was the first to break the awkward silence.

Well, they could, he thought, for a millisecond or two… until his sister’s eyes hardened. Yeah, she knew him far too well and she wasn’t the least bit impressed by that idea.

“OK…” he said slowly, making it up as he went along, “you’re about her size, a bit bigger maybe… so if we can get her inside… yeah, maybe, that might work… look,” he said, peeling off his blazer with a glint in his eye, “I have a cunning plan…”

It was, Amy thought, possibly his worst ever impression of that Bald Derek, or whatever, guy from the old British sitcom he loved... but the plan, if you could call it that, might actually work.

“Emily… Emily Jane!” Amy shouted, giving up on the gently, gently approach, “Look at me now!”

Emily Jane’s head snapped round to her newest tormentor. It had, she thought sullenly, been just like the last time… tricked out of her clothes, mocked, humiliated… at least they hadn’t touched her, yet… but it looked like that might be about to change.

“Good, now listen to me,” Amy continued more softly, not liking the look in the girl’s eyes, “I know you’re scared, but we have an idea… if it works, and we think it will,” she added hurriedly, “you won’t get in any more trouble, you’d like that, right?”

Something in the girl’s eyes told Emily Jane that she wasn’t going to like this plan any better than walking around in the nude, but what choice did she have? Amy’d told her about the uniform rule while stripping her… ‘only items from the approved uniform list may be worn on campus’. She was trapped, and they all knew it, it was go along with whatever scheme these two had cooked up, or head out naked. Some choice… it's not like they’d let her hide here in the car forever.

Forcing a reassuring smile onto her face, Amy continued, voice soft and soothing, “The thing is… the rule says only approved uniform, right… they don’t say it has to be the whole uniform.”

Emily Jane squared her shoulders and raised her chin, trying to ignore the way her stomach felt like it was filled with butterflies and one particularly vicious wasp as that statement sunk in. Like a bull in the ring, her eyes tracked the movement of Alex’s blazer as he swung it back and forth, and Amy’s meaning became all too clear.

Amy’d left that hanging a moment, rushing ahead when she saw Emily glancing at her brother’s blazer, “Yeah, so if you wear that,” she said, nodding at it as if the Emily didn’t already know what she was talking about, “you’ll be covered, mostly… more than you are at the moment anyway. We can go inside while the staff sort out this little mishap…”

Emily Jane closed her eyes for her second, resigned and trying to hold on to her composure. She held out her hand for the blazer, stood and slipped it on.

The silk lining felt strange against her bare skin, or maybe she was just hypersensitive right now. That didn’t seem important though. She was only interested in what it covered. It was long on her, which was good, it fell below her butt, if only just… she’d have to be very careful sitting anywhere, and definitely wouldn’t be able to bend over if she wanted to avoid flashing anyone.

Yeah, it was long on her, which was bad… the deep vee of the neckline dropped dangerously low, exposing far more than she was comfortable with. Looking down, Emily almost burst into tears when she saw what little cleavage she had was out for anyone who cared to look to see.

Emily Jane tried to put a brave face on it, not wanting to think how long she might have to walk around like this thanks to some cockamamie rule that the school, apparently, wouldn’t bend on in even the direst of circumstances. “Thanks,” she stuttered out with a sniff, “beats going to class with bare arsed I guess… how long…”

She didn’t get to finish her questions, the siblings interrupted her simultaneously, again…

“Are you nucking futs????” Amy all but yelled in her face, “you’ll be coming to my dorm to borrow some clothes!”

“Now that I’d pay to see…” Alex joked, “but you already gave it away for free!”

Alex’s snide comment threw Emily Jane back into a wild panic… OMG, she thought, they knew, she didn’t know how but they knew… They had to know, why else would he…

She looked between them, angry, hurt and confused… the look on his face didn’t match his harsh words. Amy snorted, and then they were both laughing, smiling at her. She realised he’d been joking, probably trying to break the tension, and then Amy’s words registered. Emily Jane crashed into the girl hugging her for all her worth, happy tears in her eyes… the promise of clothes chasing most of those butterflies from her stomach, life was looking up again.