

... FIVE 17 YEAR OLD GIRLS,
ONE BOARDING SCHOOL,
A LOT OF **WEIRD** CAN
HAPPEN...



THE MONTE CHICKS

Will You Kiss Me?

Tatenda Charles Munyuki

BOOK #02

THE MONTE CHICKS

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Darling Kind Publishing

THE MONTE CHICKS: Sex and Death

All the characters in this book have no existence outside the imagination of the author, and have no relation whatsoever to anyone bearing the same name or names. They are not even distantly inspired by any individual known or unknown to the author, and all the incidents are pure invention.

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One

Teachers, teachers, on patrol, who is the naughtiest girl of them all? It seemed like something unreal, a deepness so crude, so specific. Keysh thought the school had gone insane.

Will You Kiss Me? Those were the exact words of the form four student to the teacher. It could have been interesting if the teacher was male. The teacher was a student teacher and very female.

To think of it, these form fours weren't as controversial as *they* were. They couldn't even begin to imagine what her stream was like. They were however following in their footsteps, Keysh thought giggling.

Commercial subjects were easy, Chemistry was not. She had the weirdest combination in the history of the school. She now was doing Accounts, Mathematics, and Chemistry. She knew she had underestimated Mrs Gumede's influence, and had been caught too relaxed.

After the method of using Mutsa had failed to work as quickly as she wanted, Mrs Gumede had gone all guns blazing to Mrs Marimo, the Headmistress. She had made her case as fiercely as someone who had a huge reputation at the school.

Keysh had been very surprised to be called to the Head's office. At first, she had thought it had to do with the drugs that had possibly killed the general worker. She was so troubled, confused and on the defensive that she didn't know what had hit her.

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The Head was surprised too to see Keysh looking so vulnerable. Had the girl changed, all that adolescent energy phased off with becoming a senior? The girl was definitely one of the most intelligent students to ever be at the school, and possibly the smartest of them all basically because of her character, what she was rumoured to be and the way she handled things. There had been a lot of talk about her returning to the school, most teachers, mainly the old ladies, against the idea of taking her back. The male teachers liked Keysh, they wanted her back. The deciding vote of the staff that had brought Keysh back at the school was the most shocking of them all. The Headmistress had been stunned when of all teachers, Mrs Gumede approved of Keysh returning to Monte.

‘You can do whatever subjects you want Keisha, but one of them has to be Chemistry,’ she told Keisha.

Keisha had stared at her surprised. This wasn’t like the Head, being diplomatic. Perhaps she was too shaken by having one of the general workers dying and him having been new. ‘Why Chemistry Mam? I cannot do Chemistry Mam. I chose not to do Chemistry because I am not capable, and it’s too difficult.’

The Head had grinned at her. ‘We both very well know that that’s not the truth Keisha. That’s not the reason you don’t want to do the subject.’

Keisha studied her and knew arguing and avoiding the truth would be silly than resourceful. ‘And I am sure you very well know my history with

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Mrs Gumede Mam. I cannot be in her class, and not start a fire that will burn us both.'

Mrs Marimo smiled this time. She liked the way Keysh was with words. 'I know, but let me tell you as straight as it is. You wouldn't be back at Monte if it wasn't because of Mrs Gumede. She wanted you back, you and Mutsa were non-negotiable as far as the recruitment was concerned.'

Keysh had been so baffled, the next thing she knew was agreeing and later having to decide to drop Mrs Sadza's Economics.

Will You Kiss Me? That was what every student at Monte was talking about. The student who had said it was suspended for a week.

'Ms Mano, welcome to my class,' Mrs Gumede said frowning at Keysh. She didn't show how happy she was to have this notorious girl in her Chemistry class, and she surely wasn't going to let Keysh see it. 'I am sure you can wash your head off the economics jumble you had filled your mind with to do what matters.'

The new students at Monte who were in the A level Chemistry class stared at Keysh. They had heard various rumours about the girl, quite a lot they didn't believe. *Who was this girl for real?* They all thought curiously.

'Am glad you could have me Mam. I hope I won't be what you called me last year,' Keysh said grinning. 'A pathetic overzealous rascal, was it?'

The class couldn't help laughing. Mutsa only managed a grin. She was almost happy, truly

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relieved that Keysh was now in the class. That would mean less pressure on her and more eyes on Keysh. It was also good not to be the only Monte chick in the Chem class. It was no secret Advanced Level Chem was going to be a pain in the ass. Enduring the pain with someone as smart as Keysh was definitely an advantage to her. Then she could shortcut the learning process.

Chiky's plan to unfriend Keysh didn't go as planned, for many reasons that was. For a start, she was still confused, having thoughts on her cousin. *What had Nasty done to the general worker that was so bad to have him end up being dead after having sex?* That confusion was only worsened when Keysh suddenly left the Economics class to do Chemistry. It was not news to those who had been at Monte that Mrs Gumede hated Keysh.

It was also stunning to actually see Keysh going to a class she had vowed not to be part of. Keysh hadn't told her anything, but just that she had changed her mind and thought Mrs Gumede was tolerable than Mrs Sadza.

She knew this wasn't the truth and with the vibe Keysh had had in Mrs Sadza's class, Chiky found herself frustrated by herself for actually missing having Keysh in the class. She knew she had to unfriend Keysh sooner than later, because the air was saturated with trouble. Her mind returned to Nasty.

Will You Kiss Me? That was what the form four student had said. It was obviously just a burst of

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mischievous, of being notorious, but then how many teachers had Nasty actually kissed the previous year? Nobody kissed and tell, but Nasty was too much of a grandstanding bitch not to. Nasty had never got expelled and Chiky felt like the notorious form four being suspended was too harsh. These form fours of that year weren't close to the way they were the previous year.

‘Where is that friend of your Ms Chikowore?’

Chiky woke up to see Mrs Sadza staring at her. She raised her eyebrows. ‘She is now doing Chemistry,’ she simply said.

Mrs Sadza scoffed, rubbing the board vigorously. ‘I wouldn't be surprised if I hear she is doing Arts subjects next week. Seriously, what do you see in that girl Ms Chikowore?’

Chiky felt very uncomfortable from this question. She was probably Mrs Sadza's favourite student, mainly because since form four, she had aced every test and exam she had given them. Chiky came from parents who were influential business people, thus many assumed that was where she got the natural ability to be good at commercial subjects, the reason she was actually doing commercial subjects at A level. As such, Mrs Sadza treated her with respect and could openly speak her mind with her, something Chiky wasn't comfortable with at times. ‘Everyone has a good side to them Mam,’ she responded without thinking.

‘So you mean to say she is a bad girl?’ Mrs Sadza grinned at her.

Chiky inwardly cursed herself. ‘Everyone has a

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bad side to them as well Mam,' she said, her attention suddenly going to Nasty. Never had Nasty ever looked so lost. *Was there a good side at all to Anastasia?*

Nasty barely heard what Mrs Sadza was saying to Chiky. *Had she used protection?* She thought, miles away. Of course, she always used protection. She wasn't naive enough not to. She had used protection with the general worker. But was that all? She could barely remember much, but the way the general worker had made love to her like a porn star.

Was protection enough? She thought again. She nearly went crazy with worry. Nearby the school, there was the Mission's Hospital. She decided to leave unnoticed that weekend, get tested. There was no telling what had really killed the general worker. It was not possible to fully trust these doctors nowadays, especially with many of the professionals now working for money more than the love of the job. She had to be sure, she had to get tested. Her attention suddenly went to Chiky. Chiky quickly looked away. She frowned. The ever so judging cousin sister of hers.

Ivy was a bit worried because the girls in her Physics class of ten were not originally from Monte. They were nine, and the majority of them had learnt at a sister school called St Dominics. They weren't that friendly and she could sense an almost bully or raw kind of persona from them. They ignored her most of the time and she began to rethink her choice of doing Physics.

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That Friday morning, during an experiment on current flow, a tray of bulbs was accidentally misplaced and the end result was it dropping to the surface and breaking, all, but one bulb.

Mr Tembo wasn't famous for his short temper. In fact, when he got angry, he was a loud grouchy old man. In the previous years, he used to curse a lot, until the Brothers had intervened.

'What the bloody hell happened here?' He said, staring at the broken bulbs on the floor. The other students who hadn't seen him angry before looked at him stunned and scared. 'Who made this mess?'

'It was her,' one of the girls called Edith said. All eyes went to where she was pointing.

Ivy glared. 'What the fu-'

'You were the one asking for more light bulbs,' Edith said quickly, looking very determined.

'I only asked for one,' Ivy scowled at her. 'I didn't carry the whole tray. Trish there had it.'

'You are lying, it was you!' Trish voiced out. She was huge, in many ways fat. It was hard to actually estimate her size.

She had amazingly long hair, very light in complexion, a cunning pair of eyes and a huge bust. Her friends teased her calling her *Milky*.

Ivy had never tried it out. Somehow Milky must have been the girl you feared at her previous school. If Milky had been at least a quarter off her size, she could have looked very pretty.

Ivy challengingly stared back. 'I am not lying, I did not break anything.'

'Yes you did, even Jane here saw you,' Trish

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moved a little over, puffing her bust out, hands on her huge butt. She gestured one hand at slim and wide eyed Janet. Janet looked unsure, but eventually nodded.

‘Are you girls crazy?’ Ivy’s temper got the best of her. ‘What the hell are you trying to do?’ She asked, although she was already smart enough to know that they were ganging up on her. As someone who usually had the protection of her so called odd friends, the feeling of being ganged upon was foreign to her.

‘Quiet girls! I have to put this on the record. Let me get the assistant and record book,’ Mr Tembo said frowning and left the lab for his nearby office.

The girls were left alone, Ivy glaring at the girls.

‘That was not cool at all,’ Ivy said, trembling with anger. ‘Is that what you did at the Dominics?’

‘Silly girl, you have to learn to take one for the team,’ Trish said laughing. Her friends laughed as well.

This only made Ivy angrier. She advanced forward and Trish was more than welcome to the challenge. Ivy knew that there was nothing she could do to this fat idiot.

‘What? What?’ Trish taunted her.

Ivy thought about it once, and then finally turned. She didn’t need this.

‘Just what I thought. Typical soft Monte Chicken!’

Ivy turned so quickly she nearly tripped herself. ‘Get used to it you fat cow, you are now a Monte Chicken too. Sorry, I meant Monte Cow.’

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The only thing Ivy remembered was being knocked over, seeing stars and blurry vision.

Two

Hell broke loose that break time at Monte Carron Mission's school grounds. Upon hearing what had happened to Ivy during breakfast in the hall, Nasty and friends prowled the grounds searching for Trish and her friends.

Somehow aware of this, Trish and friends were nowhere to be found. Dealing with small Ivy was one thing, dealing with her whole bunch of friends who were rumoured to have a reputation of being crazy and wild was another. They didn't want to discover just how true this was.

Keysh used her vast influence of networks over the school to spread the word, that as original Monte Chicks, they didn't tolerate bullying from students who were new to the school and were going to teach these bullies a lesson.

Trish found Keysh and Mutsa waiting for her that afternoon's Chemistry's double period. She wasn't scared of them and showed them as such.

Keysh was on her in a flash. 'So you are the fat cow that thinks she can go around beating people?' She said standing in front of her.

Mutsa put on a serious face, but deep down she felt scared. Trish was indeed huge, huge enough to deal with the skinny two of them with ease. The only reason she was there was because she knew she had to be there. The girls would do the same for her if she had been the one given a black eye. She hoped Gums would take her time arriving at the lab for the lesson.

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‘Call me a fat cow again and I will show you what kind of a fat cow I can really be twig,’ Trish advanced menacingly.

Keysh didn’t even move. She looked so calm and determined. ‘Will you kiss me?’

Trish stared at her confused. ‘What?’

‘I said will you kiss my black ass? You look like you can do that you fat lesbian,’ Keysh said.

Trish lunged at her, with her eyes burning. Keysh deftly moved aside, angling into her to a bench where a dish of water was. Trish lost her balance and tumbled into it.

The dish heaved and drenched her top with water. So fierce with anger, Trish took the dish and hit Keysh with it. Keysh was forced sideways, trying to duck another attack.

Mutsa stood there, unsure whether to join in or not. She could see Trish’s friends standing at the side, waiting. They would surely join in too if she did. But then Keysh was being massacred. She had to act.

Keysh found her opening and tripped Trish. Trish felt onto the table, with the dish clattering into a tray of glass tubes and pipettes. The whole tray fell to the floor, the glassware in it breaking.

Trish was so shocked. She stopped short, breathing heavily.

‘What in the world is going on here?’

The students turned to see Mrs Gumede with nothing, but shock and bewilderment on her face. Her eyes went straight to Keysh and Keysh shrugged. This was exactly the start she didn’t need

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in Mrs Gumede's class. This was trouble.

In the hall, the senior girls' section with the lower sixes was quiet at dinner that evening. Most eyes went to where Mutsa and her friends sat. There was small talk, mostly from the curious ones.

'She was expelled, just like that?' Chiky couldn't believe it.

Mutsa nodded. 'We were at the office when the Head expelled her. She didn't even complain, just frowned and gave us wicked stares,' she told them.

'I thought she would be suspended or something,' Ivy said, still not believing Trish had actually broken the record of being the fastest student to be expelled after being at the school for only two weeks. Her statement to the Head had been the main reason Trish was expelled. Somehow she couldn't help feeling guilty. *Was it all her fault?* Father Robin had told her otherwise, even scolding her for not having reported Trish sooner.

'After assaulting two students, from different classes on the same day, Mrs Marimo said she didn't tolerate such devilish behaviour at her school.' Keysh said. She felt pleased of herself. People like Trish were like poison to her school. The school owed her one. 'One good thing for you though, is no one will mess with you now in Physics,' she said smiling weakly at Ivy.

Ivy weakly smiled back. Her eyes suddenly glimpsed at her Physics classmates. They were very quiet, eating as fast as they could to leave the hall. They had been forced to tell the truth by the Head,

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and had ended up losing their leader and in turn getting stern warnings not to repeat such behaviour. Ivy knew she was now very alone in the Physics class. No one would want to associate with her again after all this.

'I am not at all looking forward to our next Chem lessons,' Mutsa said grumbling. Mrs Gumede had had a lot to say to Keysh and Mutsa, all of it not pleasant.

'You just couldn't do it, could you? Just couldn't spend at least a week, just a week without making me go nuts could you Ms Mano? *Uri mben yerudzii nbai musikana ive?* Are you addicted to trouble, trouble, trouble?' Mutsa mimicked Mrs Gumede's gestures and voice. The girls around her laughed.

'Well, I didn't plan for that to happen, did I? Yet she thinks I plan these things,' Keysh said defending herself. Convincing the Head that she was innocent was a headache. Lucky for her, she had Ivy's story to back her and Trish's friends as witnesses after being forced to confess. She was sure no other student had been in the Headmistress's office more than her, either for something good or bad.

Nasty was grateful that the hospital was first class, thus when she was told to return to collect her results the next day, she was not as nervous than if she was to be told to return days later, which for her would be the next weekend because of school.

The doctor who took her blood didn't even look surprised seeing someone of her age coming in

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for a test. Nasty somehow knew that he must have met people younger than her. It was after all not really odd nowadays. It was almost normal.

Back at school, Chiky asked where she had been, and she didn't even have the strength to lie. She told her the truth. Chiky did of course look surprised as she felt. She however didn't ask more questions about it. She had learnt to expect anything as far as Nasty was concerned.

That Saturday came with its own bang. Ten form fours sneaked out of the school and went to some nearby party. Their biggest mistake was of course getting caught. They were returned to the school, all drunk, many of them throwing up. It all had the definition of peer pressure stained on it.

'What is it with this stream?' Keysh said disgusted.

'They are all so reckless,' Nasty said.

'Sounds ironic coming from you,' Chiky said frowning at her.

Nasty frowned back. 'What I mean, how stupid can they get? They go *kwaBashama* and expect not to get caught when Bashama is actually the friend of the Head and supplies the school with food weekly. We weren't that reckless.'

'That was because we had Keysh,' Mutsa said. Keysh had been the difference between getting caught or not. Keysh seemed like she knew everything back then and she did.

'Aren't you sweet?' Keysh grinned at her. 'Will you kiss me, and now this? They surely aren't messing around these Os.'

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'I am surprised you didn't go to that party too,' Ivy said. She too had been to parties the previous year. It hadn't been by choice, but the peer pressure back then was unavoidable and extremely powerful to resist. Sister Pauline's death the previous year had also been as a result of this.

'Since we didn't have a Chem lesson, because of Keisha Mano, as Mrs Gumede so crudely put it, she gave us like lots of work to do solo before Monday's test. Imagine that,' Keysh said not looking too happy about it.

'I can definitely do more than imagine,' Mutsa groaned. She wondered if this was like some sort of punishment from the ever pissed Gums.

Sunday came and church was compulsory. Although a register wasn't marked to check if anybody was missing, the girls knew they couldn't skip it. They were all well known to be noticed if somehow absent.

Keysh had missed a service once and she hadn't repeated it again. She had spent the whole week working at the pig stys. Although it had been profitable for her in a sense, selling drugs to the workers there using proxies, she had despised the place, the smell. She had vowed never to return there again.

Sunday was possibly the only day of the week they could really relax. It was a day when you could watch TV in the entertainment hall, go out in the fields to play sport, sleep all day or anything except leave the school premises, unless you had a very

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good reason for it.

Keysh and crew were very familiar with the security people at the school to leave the school without a pass. The security people needed something once or twice and Keysh always had what they were looking for. Keysh had so much influence at the school that Nasty often wondered why she didn't use it too often.

Keysh knew why. Too much flaunting of power was never a good thing. It made everyone see your weaknesses and her Mum had taught her better than that.

Ivy went to see Father Robin after the service. Father Robin's office was so comfy and welcoming, not to mention with a lot of windows. Father Robin was about seventy plus years old, the oldest and wisest person at the Mission.

He was also the school counsellor with a PhD in some kind of psychology degree. Ivy didn't know much about him, but that at some point in his life, he had been married and had children. He never talked much about himself and Ivy was mostly curious. He was indeed a mystery to solve.

She felt Father Rob's eyes on her. She smiled weakly. She knew he was staring at her black eye.

'Courtesy of Ms Kondo I heard?' Father Rob said, smiling back.

Ivy nodded. 'I don't know why she did it.'

'She did say you called her a fat cow,' Father Rob said. He handed over a cup of tea with honey and a plate of choco-biscuits. Many students visited his office for this main reason. He spoiled the

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students with sweet goodies, they called him *Sweet Robin*.

‘She had lied to the teacher that I did something I didn’t do, she and her friends,’ Ivy said defensively.

‘And yet you did call her a fat cow,’ Father Rob said smiling, now sitting in his huge chair, which looked to be fixed far from the student’s sofa. ‘Why would you call her that?’

‘I guess I was somehow very angry. I don’t like bullies.’

‘Well Ms Mabika, I don’t think anyone likes bullies, not even bullies themselves.’

Ivy stared at him confused. ‘So why do they bully others? I don’t understand that at all.’

Father Rob nodded his head slowly, as if in thought. ‘Sometimes when we feel like we need to be someone, belong to something, we tend to do things that we don’t even think of ourselves as capable, to feel wanted, to belong or to be recognized.’

Three

Chiky wasn't sure, but she could spot the difference. Nasty was herself again. Knowing Nasty to have visited the hospital that Sunday to collect her results, she knew all was well in the Nasty World.

All was indeed well in the world of Nasty. Her results had been HIV negative and she couldn't be more relieved. She had indeed used protection and perhaps the general worker had died safe. All was good.

All was not good with the O levels. The Head had given the prefects more authority and sterner rules were enforced at the beginning of that week. Mrs Marimo felt like the school was slipping from her control, with what had happened the previous week.

The week was strenuous, but manageable. The following week was however another story. It was only a week toward the Easter holiday, meaning the close of the term. The lower sixes felt the heat and felt like they had spent a year at school, though only a few weeks.

'It seems like you girls have developed a habit of being constantly naughty to degrees I have never thought possible,' the Head said with a look of disgust. 'What is really going on with you girls, seriously? Are you possessed by some demonic forces?'

The whole assembly responded with silence. The form ones upfront could really sense her unrest and anger.

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‘What stupidity do we have to deal with this week? Now we have girls thinking they are some kind of artists, and are silly enough to go around using markers to write or draw on the walls. I have never seen so much silliness. What is wrong with you form fours?’

This did instantly get a response that was loud and so brief, like a wave. It came from the section of all form fours, the rebellious stream by tradition.

It was nothing new to the Headmistress and she just frowned. ‘I see no other immature rascals going around the school, writing up things such as Monte Chickens, YMCMB, The Church Mafia and...seriously, where is this all coming from?’

More angry murmurs came from the form fours’ section. Nearby prefects walked closer, to catch one in the act. They stared back at them challengingly, promising retaliation if approached. The prefects did think twice about it.

‘Tendekai? Can you please explain why you form fours are going around the school, messing up the walls with markers?’ Mrs Marimo shouted.

In the crowd, Tendekai screwed her face. She was known as that year’s Keysh, mainly because of her frequent visits to the Head’s office since she was in the second form.

Keysh had of course heard of her, but never actually seen her as to match her with a name. She was curious enough to see the face behind the name. She was forever stunned. The girl was of medium height and very pretty. It was so hard to believe she was the Tendekai. She looked too confident for

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Keysh's liking.

'It's not us Mam, we don't do graffiti despite our recent proclivities,' Tendekai shouted back. The other form fours hummed in agreement. 'I believe we all know that The Church Mafia existed before I even started wearing a wonder bra.' There was laughter in the crowd.

'I don't believe you-' and the end result was the prefects struggling to pull many mischief makers from it.

Tendekai and crew ended up at the Headmistress's office.

'I think I had underestimated these form fours, they are absolutely crazy,' Keysh said to the others. They were sitting in a free class during a free period. Only Ivy was not around, attending Physics' class.

'And I thought we were crazy,' Nasty put in. 'With the rate they are currently going at, they might just make records.'

'Unless someone actually dies as well, I don't think they will ever be the best of us,' Chiky said with a frown. This brought grimness on the other faces.

The door to the class suddenly opened. Tendekai and team walked in. They looked around. At the far corner, talking in whispers were three students. Tendekai and her team walked over and stood over them. Then a sudden argument arose, a bag pulled up. From it, fell a couple of mercury pens. Tendekai's team rained fire on the lower six. Tendekai was nowhere to be seen. Keysh and her friends watched as the lower six was beaten. They

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knew she was new, possibly a former St Dominics student. She grabbed her bag and was chased out of the class.

There was a string of silence as things calmed down. 'Wow, wow, wow,' Mutsa said, stunned to the bone. 'Are you bloody kidding me? What was that?'

'These kids are insane,' Keysh said shaking her head. 'They are out of control.'

'I can only wonder what they will do when they discover what The Church Mafia is,' Chiky said.

Worry developed by each thought that came into their heads. It was the development of some rather nasty days to come, they all thought.

BOOK #03

THE MONTE CHICKS

The Church Mafia

Tatenda Charles Munyuki

...Things get weird real fast, as the skirt measuring contest emerges. The juniors try to show the new seniors that they are more superior.

Chaos develops at the school as a war develops between the Form Fours and the Lower Sixes. The Church Mafia are forced to protect themselves, to do all things possible to stay relevant.

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BOOK #04

THE MONTE CHICKS

The Pink Prison

Tatenda Charles Munyuki

...The aftermath of a rather weird week full of the unexpected, the fights, the verbal abuses, the expulsions, the confusions and the emojis of unrest.

The Headmistress of Monte Carron is left with a void within her mind-set as she tries to make sense of what has been happening at her school. Should it become like a prison for it to become disciplined? The school has never been so sorted, the students so possessed.

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BOOK #05

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Memories of Yesterday

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The series takes a detour to reveal what happened a year ago, what happened during the time when everything was near normal and the particular moment everything changed in the lives of the five girls and the school as a whole.

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Mutsa

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...Who is Mutsa Ndagona?

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Ivy

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...Who is Ivy Mabika

We get to discover a little about Ivy as an individual, where she came from and how she can differentiate herself from the other four girls....

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Chiky

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...Who is Faith Chikowore?

We get to discover a little about Chiky as an individual, where she came from and how she can differentiate herself from the other four girls....

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BOOK #09

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Nasty

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...Who is Anastasia Gonda?

We get to discover a little about Nasty as an individual, where she came from and how she can differentiate herself from the other four girls....

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BOOK #10

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Keysh

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...Who is Keisha Mano?

We get to discover a little about Keysh as an individual, where she came from and how she can differentiate herself from the other five girls....

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BOOK #11

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Back to School

Tatenda Charles Munyuki

...It's back at Monte

After rather a curious holiday for the five girls, they return to school to continue their academic life.

They all struggle to get back their position of balm, try to figure out their social identities at the school. It seems like the previous term really did a number on them..

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Jivy finds life as an Old returning Girl at Monte quite difficult as the New Students who have joined the school aren't so friendly. This only complicates things as the NEW seniors try to establish their character in order to cement their identities at the school, as quickly as possible. It's survival of the fittest as Keysh and the girls discover that their so called reign at the school isn't going to continue as easy as a Kiss!!

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