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*This is all fiction. Long on story and tension, short on stroke (but better stroke that way.)
There are some notes at the end.*

No-Brain Elaine

Every man has made the same mistake: something catches man's eye, man looks quick, she looks good, man want to fuck, man looks close, man is embarrassed that he wanted to fuck a young girl. It's just one of those things – an understandable mistake.

Less understandable is in knowing that she's young but staring at her anyway – staring with such intensity that you forget you are mowing the grass, let go of the handle, and kill the mower.

Now you have called attention to yourself as you gawk at the gorgeous girl who is less than half your age. You have called attention to yourself, and now an older lady, surely her grandmother, comes out of the house and stares you down the whole time she walks across her lawn and up to your fence. You were just leering at your neighbor's young granddaughter,

Why am I blaming this on you? It happened to me.

I can explain. It's not what it seems.

It's the first time I've been alone in the backyard of my new house - just me and the mower. A simple chain link fence runs along the entire length of my back yard. On the other side is another, larger backyard that belongs to a house on the next street over.

Their yard is pretty big, and it's landscaped in such a way that you would expect small magical creatures to lurk in quantity.

I hadn't seen her during the first two passes with the mower, but on the third pass, all of a sudden, there she is standing in the yard behind mine, and she's only about ten feet from the fence.

I'll plead guilty to the mistaken identity and dirty thoughts, but I should be acquitted on the charge of leering at her. I was not leering; I was staring, and not at her ripe body or her beautiful face, but staring out of concern. The girl appeared to be catatonic... just

standing in the yard, perfectly still, staring at absolutely nothing with a smile fixed to her face. No movement: not her hands, not her eyes, and I began to fear not even her heart.

I was ready to yell to her but the lady came out of the house. The lady didn't seem the least bit concerned about the state of the girl, instead, she only stared at me while crossing the yard.

The most distinguishing feature of the lady was that she looked exactly like an average fifty-five year old lady. She could commit dozens of crimes, and the police would never get a good description. She was shaped similar to a bowling pin, and she either has small breasts, or breasts that had flattened against her chest. Her hair is not curly, but not straight, and it is either black/gray, or gray/black. She's small enough that I could easily kick her ass in a fair fight.

When she walked past the girl and had her back to her, the girl spun around fast and jumped on the lady's back, hugging her neck as she hitched a mostly free ride to the fence where I was standing. The lady stopped right in front of me, and she still wasn't smiling.

"Look, lady... I wasn't even thinking about fucking that girl," is what I wanted to say.

Instead, I smiled to show the lady that I didn't have fangs, nor did I have two heads, which is what she appeared to have ever since the girl jumped on her back.

The older and less stunning of the two heads pointed to the house behind me and asked, "Are you the new owner of the house?"

"I am."

"Will you be living there yourself, or are you going to rent it out?"

She must have realized how rude it was to pry so deep into my personal life, and she quickly apologized for her abruptness.

"I don't mean to be a snoop; I only ask because I'd like to speak to the occupants."

I held out my hand, and said, "That would be me: Peter Doyle... Pete."

Her face softened considerably, and she even managed a slight smile as she shook my hand. "It's good to meet you, Peter; my name is Ruth, and... Elaine, would you get off my back and come say hello?"

To get off Ruth's back, Elaine just straightened her legs and push against the earth. She was a good two or three inches taller than Ruth.

With my hand out, I said, "Hello, Elaine; I'm Pete. It's nice to meet you."

I'm not very knowledgeable about issues of style, but I am near certain that Elaine is dressed unconventional. Her dress was indeed stylish, and was accented with a wide belt. A pair of white socks poked above the heavy black work boots she wore on her feet. Given that the temperature was in the mid eighties, the orange stocking cap on her head was the most unusual thing she wore.

She should have looked ridiculous, but she didn't. It somehow all fit.

She stared at me with a blank, dense expression on her face, and I was thinking that nobody was home. Slowly, she reacted to my greeting and when she finally broke out in a full smile, I could see comprehension behind her eyes. She lightly shook my hand, and took a small curtsy.

Ruth turned to Elaine, and asked, "Can you please get me a glass of water, Honey? I'm very thirsty."

Elaine spun around and walked off to get some water, taking her sweet-ass time doing so.

Ruth didn't wait for Elaine to get completely out of earshot before talking.

"I noticed you looking at her with concern just a minute ago, and I wanted to assure you that she's fine."

"Well, I just wasn't sure..."

Cutting me off, Ruth added, "Neither is she mentally retarded."

She said this defensively, as if I had been pointing my finger and laughing.

"Elaine had an accident about five years ago, and the accident has left her with some brain damage."

"Oh, I'm so sorry to hear that, Ruth; a car accident?"

"Not that kind of accident. She was shot in the head."

I drew an involuntary breath from the shock of hearing the news. "Oh, no! Was it a gang thing?"

I have no idea why I said that, but Ruth shook her head, and said, "I don't believe we have a gang problem here... no; Elaine was shot by her father. It was just one of those things. He shot Elaine's mother, who was my sister, he shot Elaine, and then he turned the gun on himself. Elaine was the only survivor, and that took a miracle from the Lord. It was just one of those things. I used to talk to my sister every day, and she never gave a hint of any problems, so you just never know."

I suck in situations like this. I didn't know what to say other than "My God; what a shame."

"But that's not what I wanted to talk to you about, Peter. I wanted to ask if you have any children. Do you?"

"I don't, Ruth; I've never been married... that I know of."

"The reason I ask is because I'm having a difficult time with Elaine, and I'm worried about her. She's turning inward. She almost never speaks anymore. She would only talk in a whisper or very soft voice after the accident, but about eighteen months ago, I noticed that she was training me to respond to gestures and eye contact. She herself probably didn't realize it, but I'm so in tune with her that she was becoming lazy with her communications. She can hear what is said to her just fine, but it takes a moment for her to formulate a response. Other children tease her about being stupid, and I think that is one of the reasons she has stopped talking. I was going to ask you to explain things to your children, and ask them not to tease her because I'm trying everything I can to encourage her to talk."

"Kids can be cruel," I said.

"Some kids are angels, and some, I swear, are born evil. I never used to think that, but that's life. I don't want you to get the idea that Elaine is a fragile flower; she anything but. People all too often make the mistake of thinking she's stupid, too, but she's anything but stupid."

"I could see it in her eyes, Ruth. She struck me as being very nice."

"She is nice, Peter; she's got a heart of gold, and not a mean bone in her body. She's a very happy girl, but so much of it is generated from within, as if she lives in a dream. You saw it: she just stares off and smiles. That's why I am beside myself that she no longer talks. I feel as though I'm losing her to some happy place in her mind. I'm being told now that she should be committed, that she is a danger to herself, and her not talking doesn't help my case that she is doing fine."

Elaine was making her way across the yard carrying a tall glass of ice water. Ruth quickly changed the subject, and made an excuse to break up the powwow. I said goodbye to both, but Elaine walked away without acknowledging. After ten or so steps, she turned and smiled at me, and gave a small wave of her hand.

Poor kid

NASA paid for my move from Virginia to my new digs here in the suburbs of Houston. I had been doing flight safety on unmanned missions, but when a position opened up for manned mission flight safety, I jumped all over it. So confident, was I, that I bought a house instead of a condo. I guess I was trying for a sense of permanency by establishing some roots.

Of course, I never even gave a thought to mowing the lawn under the hot Texas sun. About halfway through mowing the front yard I started thinking what an idiot I was. I'll have to get a mower I can recline on, because this is for fools.

At the edge of the property, I swung the mower around for the next row and was more than a little surprised to see Elaine in my driveway. I mowed my way toward her, but before I got to the driveway, she pointed to my front door and started walking to it. I cut the engine and asked her if I could help her with anything, and then I cursed myself, remembering she didn't talk.

Before I was even on the walkway, she opened my front door, and took one step in. I hurried my pace, but she didn't move, only looking left and right inside the house.

As I got to the front door, she walked into the house and turned right. When I looked in, she had one hand on the banister and her foot on the bottom riser of the staircase to the second floor. She glanced at me when I asked the same dumb question, and then she started climbing. She might walk slowly, but she climbs steps fast. Her boots made a hell of a racket on the hardwood risers and her legs pumped up and down, propelling her up the flight at maximum volume.

I didn't feel like running up the steps, so I just walked up at a normal volume. At the top, I saw she was not interested in either my bedroom or my study, but instead stood at the closed door at the very end of the hall. That room is my guest bedroom. It's completely empty, and that speaks volumes about how many guests I plan on having in the near future.

Elaine looked a little nervous or even frightened when she glanced back at me. I was more curious than put off, and I wore a neutral expression, so I doubt it was me that made her nervous. In fact, she gave me a weak smile as she turned the doorknob and pushed the door halfway opened.

From what I could see, the room appeared to be exactly as I expected – empty. Elaine stepped into the room and did a slow circle until I couldn't see her. When I got to the threshold, she was completing the circle, and even looked behind the door. Finding nothing, she went back to the only unexplored place in the room. She looked at the closet door briefly before sliding it open, and then she stepped inside.

I had a strong impression of Alice in Wonderland as I watched her step into the wall, or so it looked from my angle. The closet can fit her, and that's about it, so when she didn't come right back out, I stepped into the room for a peek.

Curiouser and curiouser

There she was, standing in the closet. She's perhaps five-foot-six, but her boots lift her up an additional inch or so. Both her knees were green and black from kneeling in the grass. Her skin is flawless, and is milky white in the shadows, and slightly sunburned at the peaks. Her breasts are small, but you can tell she is not wearing a bra because there are faint bumps on her bumps. Her cap pushes her hair down all around her head. It's golden colored, about shoulder length, and curls up at the end. Her bangs are long, but parted in a V over her eyes so she can see. Her nose is small and looks European. She has fine, high cheeks, and a sharp chin. Her lips are a little thin, and the top one is shaped beautifully, but I can't tell about the bottom one because it is quivering. Thick lashes frame her gorgeous brown eyes. At the moment, those eyes are staring right at me, and filling up with tears.

I remembered what this room looked like when I first viewed the home. It was a girl's bedroom, but none of the family was at the open house, so I have no idea how old the girl was.

Still, even though I am a rocket scientist, it doesn't take me to see what the problem is.

"Are you looking for your friend?"

She nodded.

Poor girl

"You didn't get to say goodbye?"

Oh, that was real smart. Now the water works are flowing freely, but she is trying valiantly not to cry. No sobbing; only silent tears that fell as fast as she could wipe them away.

I stepped out of the room and walked briskly to my office where I had a box of tissues. She was still in the closet ten seconds later when I returned, but now the sniffles were starting. I held the box into the closet for her, and it took three tissues before she seemed to have it under control.

Again, without thinking, I asked her a question. "What is your friend's name?"

"Cassidy," she whispered back.

My shock must have showed, because she glanced at me, and couldn't suppress a giggle. This was just more emotion, and it started a fresh bout of silent tears, and more tissue plucking.

She slid down the wall, and sat on her ass, looking tired and defeated, and for whatever reason, I sat on the floor myself, several feet outside the closet and off to the side a bit.

I had some good news for her.

In a voice that was far too happy, I said, “When I moved in, the family left me a letter with their new address, and even their new phone number on it. I’ll make a copy of it for you. You and Ruth can call her on the phone, and write letters to her.”

The delay between addressing her and her reaction takes some getting used to. She swung her eyes in my direction, gave me a sad smile, and then looked up at the ceiling.

I shook my head, feeling dumb. “I know; it’s not the same.”

A moment later, she shook her head too. She was still looking up at the ceiling, but then she closed her eyes, and drew her knees to her chest to hug them.

It was impossible not to leer.

She was wearing thong underwear that tapered quickly to a string toward the back. They either did not fit, or were riding wrong, because a whole lot of pink was showing, the string barely covering the lower half of her slit.

I should get up now or at least stop looking

One of her knees fell to the side a bit, and now I can see her slit, too. She’s at least fourteen or fifteen, so she must shave. I have never seen such a lovely shade of pink.

The insides of her thighs are satin white, and I allowed myself to imagine what it would be like to kiss the soft flesh there. I had to look away and think of anything except that, because now I had an erection that my shorts would not conceal very well if I stood up. I ripped my eyes away, and glanced at her face.

Fuck...

I thought her eyes were closed, but with her head tilted up, she actually had them narrowed, and was looking down, most likely at me as I stared at her crotch. I pretended I didn’t see anything, and asked her if she would like me to walk her home now.

Her legs fell back to the floor straight out in front of her, and after a pause she whispered “Really?”

I smiled at her, and said, “Of course, really. You don’t think I’d let you walk home alone, do you? Someone has to hold the tissues in case you need a good cry again.”

I watched her reaction come about, first with the corners of her mouth turning up, but eventually a wide grin overtook her whole face, and her eyes got squinty.

My shorts were shrinking back to normal, so I stood up, went to the closet, and extended her a helping hand. She looked at my hand, but fell over sideways, pretending she was going to sleep, but there was a big grin on her face.

“Oh; you decided you are going to take a nap in the closet instead?”

Her eyes moved under her lids before she nodded.”

“I see. Shall I get you a pillow and blanket?”

She nodded again, and smiled without opening her eyes.

I don't know what the hell I was doing, but I played along. What am I going to do, force her out of the closet?

I removed a pillow and a light blanket from the hall closet, and came back. She looked like she really did want to nod off.

“Okay... lift your head so I can put a pillow under it.”

She did.

I opened the blanket up and let it drift down over her. I pulled it down over her legs, and then wrapped it around her legs like a papoose. This made her giggle, but she still kept her eyes closed.

“Do you want me to read you a story?”

I was expecting a nod, but her eyes snapped open instead, and she nodded emphatically while giving me a lascivious grin. What the hell was that about?

She lifted the blanket next to her chest and patted the floor, as if inviting me to lie down under the blanket with her.

The man in me want to fuck you

“No way! I'm not sleeping in a closet. I can't even fit, thank you very much. I'll just be downstairs. Come on down whenever you want me to walk you home, alright?”

She closed her eyes, and nodded with a sleepy smile.

Is she really going to sleep?

I peeked in ten minutes later, and she was sound asleep. I figured I better tell Ruth.

I headed out of the house and started walking, thinking only about kissing those beautiful thighs and wondering about that look she gave me when she patted the floor. I was scaring myself.

Halfway around the block, it dawned on me that I could have just hopped the fence and been to Ruth's and back by now, but as fate would have it, it was a good thing that I didn't because here comes Ruth, rounding the corner of her street. As soon as she saw me, her hands went out to her sides, palms up.

I waved her along, and said, "C'mon. I'll show you."

She caught up to me, and she was a combination of apologetic, angry, and worried, and then started probing me for what Elaine was doing.

"You'll see."

"I'll see what?"

"I'd rather show you."

She was getting pissed. "Are you going to show me a mess? Did she break something?"

"Ruth, she's fine; everything's fine."

"Her best friend... her only friend lived in your house. I didn't like her coming over because they had a couple of boys that were as rotten as can be to Elaine."

"She didn't tell me about the boys, but she told me her friend Cassidy lived here. That's why she came over."

Ruth stopped walking and frowned at me.

"What?"

She continued to frown, and then it dawned on me. "Holy shit, Ruth; I forgot to tell you that Elaine spoke to me. I asked what her friend's name was, and she said, 'Cassidy.'. She whispered it."

"Well she won't speak louder than a whisper, but are you sure she didn't mouth the word, and you might have thought you heard it? She will occasionally do that."

"I don't think so, Ruth; I heard her. Hold on... that doesn't even make sense."

"What doesn't make sense?"

“Why would Elaine mouth a word rather than speak it?”

“I can’t be certain exactly why. I asked her enough times, but it became a battle of wills. She would pick any number of excuses, even blaming me, saying I didn’t listen anyway. It hurts me because all I do is listen to her and dote on her.”

We started walking again while she explained.

“I had to give up my old life and start a new one with her. I took her to see the doctors nearly every day for two years.”

“I can imagine.”

“The worst of it was trying to assess which problems were related to the brain injury, and which were related to the psychological effects of the ordeal. She also saw her mother being killed - she witnessed it.”

“Oh, god...”

Ruth waved her hands in disgust. “Ahh, the doctors didn’t know a damn thing in the end. It’s all guesswork. I raise her by one guiding principle.”

“What’s that,” I asked.

“Help her live as normal and full a life as possible. Sometimes that means the bad with the good. I try to assume that one day she will be healed to something close to normal. The brain can slowly adjust itself. It’s called plasticity.”

“I’ve heard of it, Ruth. Have you seen it at work in Elaine?”

“Oh, yes. She couldn’t even walk at first. She had to relearn everything... or at least everything she was able to. Her injury has some very strange effects that she is powerless to control. If she is holding scissors and is given a piece of paper, she will make cutout hearts or dolls, but if you put a spoon in her other hand, she would just as likely cut her tongue with the scissors as eat the paper. If she is given a left shoe and a right shoe that are different colors, she will put one on, and then try to put the other one on the same foot. It’s pure confusion. She knows something is wrong. I would hate myself at times for letting her struggle, and then when she figured it out, I’d say ‘good girl’, as though she were an idiot.”

We were at my house, and while opening the front door, I said, “Let’s just walk quietly.”

Ruth looked panicked, and asked, “Why? Are we sneaking up on her?”

I gave her a curious look, and said, “Well... we don’t have to sneak; just be quiet.”

We were quiet enough. When we peeked in the closet, Elaine was deep asleep, breathing slow and steady. Ruth was relieved, and it showed.

A thought occurred to me, and I ran to get the camera. I snapped a few pictures, and then Ruth and I walked out of the room.

I pushed open the door to my study and walked in. Ruth followed me in as I sat in front of the computer and plugged the camera in. “Do you have a computer at home, Ruth?”

She didn’t answer me, and when I looked at her, she was staring at my two walls full of books with a look of shock on her face.

“What is it, Ruth?”

She shook her head. “Nothing. I’m... I’m just surprised you keep them all... out like this.”

“All out?”

“Never mind. These look expensive; you might want to keep the door closed.”

I waited for her to explain what that meant. When she didn’t, I just chocked it up to early onset senility.

She was reading my diplomas and then moved on to the awards I so vainly hung on the wall.

“NASA. You work for NASA?”

“Yes, but don’t feel bad; they pay better now. I hardly ever miss meals anymore.”

“So you are a real live rocket scientist...”

“Ever since I was a kid, I wanted to be one. You can imagine my disappointment when I found out all stuff I had to learn.”

She was back at the books and pulled one out from the shelf. “This one almost sounds pornographic – Vibratory Modes and Excitation.”

I laughed. “I never thought about it like that. I guess it does.”

The pictures were scanned in, and I asked Ruth if she had an email account. She thought she might have one, that it came with the Internet, but she didn’t know what it was. Instead, I loaded some glossy paper in the printer, and started a print.

“I almost hate to wake her,” Ruth said. “She’s the world’s champion insomniac.”

“Then let her sleep. I’m going to make some iced tea; would you like a glass?”

“Well... a glass sounds good, but we are keeping you from your Saturday. I really should wake her.”

“My Saturday? Ruth, mowing my lawn is the highlight of my whole weekend.”

We went downstairs to the dining room, and I offered Ruth a seat at the table. I stepped into the connecting kitchen and filled a kettle. I carried it to the stove, and popped a flame under it. Walking back to the dining room table, I said, “I felt so bad for her... standing in the closet, trying her hardest not to cry...”

Ruth gave me a kind look, and said, “Just so you don’t think I’m cruel, I did tell her that Cassidy was moving. I told her several times, but references to time have little meaning to her. I’m sure that’s what is interfering with her sleep.”

“Really? That must be odd... difficult.”

“It’s all odd, Peter. She likes music, she can snap her fingers to a beat, but if you ask her to guess when one minute has passed, she says ‘now’ about ten seconds later, and a good deal of that time is her getting ready to answer. The bright spot is that she has infinite patience.”

“Wow! Yeah... that would be tough if she was impatient and had no sense of time. She’d probably be one angry Indian.”

“Anger is an emotion that she’s not capable of displaying. I’ve tried to get her mad, but I usually end up making myself mad.”

I was finding this discussion fascinating. “Is she just indifferent?”

“What she is, Peter, is a walking contradiction. Yes; she’s indifferent about some things – such as being scolded, but she’s extremely passionate about other things – such as stepping on a bug. I have to kill ants in my house when she is not looking, and I have to pick up their little carcasses and put them down the drain.”

I laughed at that, but then thought about something. “She must be very sensitive to violence.”

“She is extremely sensitive to violence. She sees no humor in the Three Stooges; none at all. That was one of the first things they evaluated. They needed to determine if she was a possible threat to herself and others. Some of the questions they asked her... it was horrid. I was so mad at them, but they said it was important to find out if she thought that

drowning a baby would be an acceptable way to get it to stop crying. When you hear it put like that...”

“Did you worry about her behavior, Ruth?”

“Constantly, at first. I’d wonder if she was going to snap, or have a breakdown, or... do something that would get herself committed. They warned me about that. If her brain injury resulted in violent behavior, then they would institutionalize her.”

“Shit, Ruth; I can’t even imagine the worrying you must do.”

“That’s the funny thing, Peter; she’s such a great kid that I got to the point where I’d laugh at the doctors whenever they warned me about something dire, and asked me to watch out for whatever. They spent too much time on her psychological state and not enough time on figuring out how to teach her to read and write. Everything was fascinating to them. They would run a test and have her name the letters of the alphabet, and she would name them all, and make their sounds. Then they would show her a word like ‘cat’, and ask her to sound it out, and she would say ‘hospital’. To them, that was fascinating, but it was never a clue. Whenever I asked for a firm prognosis or diagnosis, the stock answer was always, ‘only time will tell’. Her prognosis had a range: she might be perfectly normal some day, or she might deteriorate and need to be institutionalized. What does that sound like to you, Peter?”

“It sounds like my own prognosis. And yours... everyone’s...”

“Do you know when we finally stopped going to the doctors?”

“When?”

“One day Elaine didn’t want to go to therapy. She asked me if I could go for her, and if they asked about her mother getting shot, I was to tell them that it sure was too bad, and that it was too bad her father shot himself, too. I realized there was nothing more they could do. Psychologically, she was fine... or as fine as they were going to make her. Ironically, they agreed.”

I shook my head in wonder. “It makes you wonder how much longer they would have had her go if you didn’t mention it.”

“Why do you think that is, Peter?”

The kettle started to whistle, and I flew out of my chair before it woke Elaine. From the kitchen, I answered, “Insurance? They are getting paid...”

Standing in the archway, Ruth said, “That’s the obvious explanation, and that’s what I thought for two years. When I realized Elaine had stopped talking... that it was not a

phase... I called the doctor and proceeded to rip him a new one for letting her stop going in the first place.”

I nodded. “You were transferring your own guilt.”

“Damn right I was. I was playing the ‘what-if’ game. They’ve played it so long they don’t dare take chances anymore. They don’t like playing the game. I believe they kept her in therapy longer than they should have because they didn’t want to listen to me blame them for everything later on.”

“So what is it, Ruth? Her talking...”

“Now you know what it feels like, Peter. You want an explanation but the fact is, there is none.”

“There’s got to be one, Ruth.”

“Okay, here’s a simple one: she’s obviously self conscious about her accident, and that’s why she wears her hats. She may also have come to believe that talking is another giveaway, and in her desire to be accepted as normal, she stopped talking.”

I nodded. “Like bulimia. She’ll stop doing what she thinks is making her an outcast.”

“Or how about this one, Peter: she is withdrawing from a world that moves too fast for her, a world that has no time to wait for her answers, a world that is cruel to her. She can’t compete in this world, or so she might think, so she lives in a world of her own construction. Do you want me to go on, Peter? There are many more theories, and you can pick your favorite one, but it won’t mean anything.”

“So they have ruled out anything physical.”

“Well, yes. You haven’t heard her laugh.”

“I heard her giggle.”

“She laughs, too. She rolls on the floor, slaps her knee, and roars laughter at times, so it’s not like her vocal cords don’t work, and she whispers just fine, too.”

I thought about that, and tried to find flaw in the reasoning. That’s what I do for a living: I try to think of the improbable and plan for its eventuality. There are a lot of things that can go wrong sending a pile of expensive and complicated machinery on a rendezvous with another planet. It gets in your bones to where nothing is taken for granted.

“I don’t mean to sound cynical; Peter, but I get so few answers from the doctors. The worst part is they won’t listen to what I think. I live with her and know her better than myself, but they listen politely, and then ignore what I say.”

“Ruth... there’s a reason they do that, and it has nothing to do with you personally.”

“Well I’d like to know what the hell the reason is, then.”

“It’s because of bias. The brain tries to operate on facts. If there is something that we don’t understand, we ask questions or try to discover the answer either by asking a trusted source such as a person or book, or we try deduction. Deductive reasoning is the preferred way of learning. There is another type of reasoning that we do, and that’s inductive reasoning, and it can be very destructive. If the brain doesn’t have the answer to something, it tries to get it. If it can’t, it doesn’t simply stop working and go into hibernation, waiting for an answer so it can proceed. Instead, what it does is make up the answer. It picks something that sounds reasonable, but may not have any basis in fact.”

“Peter, I’m not making stuff up to tell the doctor.”

“That you know of.”

She looked genuinely offended. “What does that mean?”

“I’ll give you an example: a woman has dinner on the table and starts to become annoyed when her husband isn’t home on time. He’s always home at 5:00pm, so where is he? She is mildly concerned. Another twenty minutes goes by, and now she is getting pissed off. She’s not only cussing him, but she might even be cussing one or two of his female coworkers that are probably sleeping with him at that very moment. Then she might dial back her anger and remember that he’s never fooled around on her before, and she’s being silly. Then she hears a traffic update on the news, and they mention a terrible car crash on the freeway. It’s the same road that her husband drives on, and now she begins to worry that he’s the one who was in the accident. She only needs to look at his empty plate, and the food getting cold to see that he’s not there and it’s not like him to be late. It must be something terrible.”

I finished making the tea, and brought it back to the table, and we both sat.

“Twenty minutes later, she’s out of her mind, and he walks through the door. She asked him where he’s been, and he says that he was stuck in traffic from a bad crash.”

“So are you suggesting that I’m not seeing the obvious?”

“I haven’t got to the important part yet, Ruth. The problem is, every once in a while some woman is correct, and her husband is killed. If you ask her how she knew, she will say that she just knew, implying she had some special insight. What she will not say is that she took a guess, and statistically, she hit the jackpot. Doctors are trained to avoid cognitive bias because it can do more harm than good. Taking someone’s word as final is a shortcut, and in medicine, shortcuts kill. It’s not personal with them; they are trained to not listen. They only want to hear symptoms, not a diagnosis.”

I felt a slight vibration, like someone walking on carpet. A few seconds later, I heard the loud clomping of boots coming down the stairs – a lot slower than they went up.

Elaine peeked into the dining room and beamed us a smile. She walked up to Ruth and mimed that she had been crying, and then pointed at me and hugged herself. I hadn't touched her, and I was ready to jump up and call her a liar and say that she showed me her snatch, but Ruth said, "You were crying, and Peter made you feel better? That was very nice of him, wasn't it?"

All sleepy-eyed and adorable, she nodded her head, and blushed.

"You were sleeping so well, that I didn't want to wake you."

Elaine looked down at her chest, grabbed her tits, and stuck her chest out to Ruth. Ruth laughed and looked at me with embarrassment.

"She has it in her head that her breasts grow when she sleeps."

"Go back to bed, and I'll be up later," is what I wanted to say.

Turning back to Elaine, Ruth said, "We've talked about this. You don't need to discuss your breasts or anything else you cover up in front of others."

Elaine dismissed her with a frown, and then pointed to her tits while looking at me.

"Yes, he knows you have breasts but he might not feel comfortable talking about them." Ruth turned to me and shook her head. "She's too honest for her own good sometimes."

Ruth got up and said they should get going, and then she thanked me again and again for the both of them. Walking out the door, Ruth said, "Falling asleep on his floor like that Elaine... he's probably going to get some strong locks for his house and hope we never come back."

"Nonsense, Ruth. I enjoyed the company, and I'm glad someone used the closet floor. You are welcome any time. In fact, now that I've got the kitchen unpacked, I was planning on cooking a nice dinner tomorrow, and it would be nice to have some company. Would you two ladies care to have dinner here tomorrow?"

Surprisingly, Ruth thought about it for a moment. "Tomorrow's Sunday. We go to church tomorrow. Some people think funny things..."

Well what the fuck did she think I was doing? Does she think I'm trying for a threesome with an old lady and a kid missing half her brain? I was ready to rescind my offer when Ruth made the bold decision to accept.

“Great! Is 5:00pm okay?”

“That would be perfect. That’s about the time we normally eat.”

I could only assume that dinner was fine with Elaine because she had her back to me when I made my offer and when Ruth accepted. When Ruth started walking toward the street Elaine followed without looking or saying goodbye.

I felt bad. I just met her, but I found myself rooting for her to be well. Hello’s and goodbye’s is a good sign.

Just as I thought that, Elaine turned and gave me a small wave and a big smile.

Atta girl.

I decided to keep it simple so I roasted a chicken. I didn’t want any church people gossiping that I was seducing women with baked stuffed lobster and chocolate cheesecake.

Everything was under control, but at 4:30, the phone rang. I picked it up and said hello.

“You don’t know the trouble you caused, mister!”

“Ruth?”

“I can only talk for a second. I know how you scientist types are, and don’t always notice things, but Elaine’s been getting ready since, I think, six in the morning. I’ve been driving her around all day shopping, and if I didn’t know better, I’d say right now she’s impatient. So... thank you for that at least, but Peter? If you forget to tell her how pretty she is tonight, she’s liable to take up violence too.”

I laughed, and she waited for me to stop laughing before saying, “Don’t tell her the same way you’d tell your sister; tell her... you know. She needs to hear it from someone other than me. Here she comes...” Ruth stopped whispering, and spoke. “So I’m calling you Peter, to tell you that we are leaving right now and we will be there shortly.”

She hung up before I could say anything.

I was in the middle of making the gravy and carefully melting a cheese sauce for the steamed cauliflower and I hadn’t noticed them come up the driveway. The doorbell rang at 5:00pm on the dot. I had enough sense to turn down the gas on the gravy and cheese sauce, and quickly ran my hands under the faucet. I shook them dry as I walked to the door. I had dressed neat, but I made one concession: I wore my black work boots.

They say it's not polite to stare, but when I opened the door, I was stunned speechless. Ruth probably thought I was laying it on thick, but I could not rip my eyes away from Elaine. I didn't even try to rip them away, but instead said, "Hi Ruth. Who is your new friend? I'd really like to meet her."

Elaine still had on black boots, but these ones laced up to her knees and looked soft. She wore a cap again, but tonight it was white angora. Underneath her cap, however, her shoulder-length blond hair was luxuriously curled. She wore a charcoal gray skirt with a slit almost to the top, and she had one knee kinked which opened the slit for maximum viewing of a perfect leg. She wore a simple white top with the front laces undone, and she must have been wearing a support bra to boost her small cleavage up to an eye-popping level. She stared into my eyes, and while smiling, she blinked one slow blink, fanning her long lashes at me.

"You are absolutely stunning, Elaine. I think you are the most beautiful girl I've ever seen."

I looked at Ruth, and said, "I can't help it; I have to kiss her lips."

"Oh, you do?"

"Just watch."

With that, I held her head, pulled her close, and kissed her lips. Out of deference to Ruth, I broke off the kiss after just a second, but I could have stood on my steps kissing her all night. That might sound bad, but it's the truth.

After breaking off the kiss, her eyes were unfocused, and she had a dopey grin on her face. After a few seconds, she turned to Ruth, and sighed deep. Ruth looked so happy that I thought she was going to start crying.

"Don't you have something for him, Elaine?"

Elaine just smiled away at Ruth until the question hit her. She leaned back a little, and swung her arm out in front of her. She was holding a six-pack of imported beer in brown, sweaty bottles.

"Beer? Just for me?"

"Now wait a minute," said Ruth. "We were counting on you sharing that beer."

"And Ruth, you look lovely tonight. I don't understand... you were worried about what the church ladies might think, but then you dressed up, and Elaine looks like a Saint Pauli Girl, and then you two saunter up the street lugging beer to the new single guy. What will people think?"

“Oh, screw them,” she said, and then turned to Elaine, who looked a bit uneasy. “You want to know what a Saint Pauli Girl is, don’t you?”

Elaine nodded her head, and Ruth said, “A Saint Pauli Girl is a very pretty girl... from Germany, and we’ll leave it at that.”

We went inside and I invited them to sit down while I gave a quick stir of the sauces. Then I got some beer glasses and a bottle opener. At the table, I popped one, two, and waited for Ruth to stop me from popping a third, but she said it was fine.

“Elaine likes beer. It’s one of our dirty little secrets, isn’t girl? Not too often, and not too many because she’s a cheap drunk.”

Elaine turned her head slowly to look at me, and gave me a shy smile and slowly nodded her head.

I handed each a full glass, and we toasted. “Here’s to kissing pretty girls,” I said.

We all took a pull of beer, and I got up to shut off the stove and begin serving. The kitchen and the dining are only separated by a counter, and while I was draining the cauliflower, I heard Ruth say in a low voice to Elaine, “What’s that Honey? Do you mean the kiss? I bet it was nice, lucky girl. I’m so happy for you. He sure thought you were beautiful. You’ll find someone your own age, and he’ll think you are beautiful too. Oh yes you will.”

When I started hauling grub from the kitchen, Ruth jumped up to help but I waived her down and told her to enjoy. When I finally sat, Ruth said, “Thank you Father for this blessing, amen.”

A chicken is a simple thing to cook, and when done right, it can be the tastiest meal there is. This one was about as good as I’ve made. A time-lapsed film of dinner would have made humans look savage. I though Elaine was going to start licking the bowl of cauliflower and cheese sauce after she wiped it out.

It took all my will not to stare at Elaine during dinner. I had to steal quick glances, and I think she busted me on every one.

I ended up doing most of the talking while we ate because Ruth basically interrogated me about my life.

They had tipped their glasses empty before mine was even half gone, so I downed the rest, and asked if anyone wanted anything to drink.

“Are you having another beer, Peter? I have one if you are.”

I asked Elaine if she was having another. She nodded, and then quickly looked at Ruth for permission.

“It’s up to you, Honey, but tell him.”

I was learning to time her. I didn’t look at her right away expecting her to communicate. I counted one-Mississippi, up to three, and then I’d look at her.

“I’ll have one, please,” said Elaine, and then she turned red.

I didn’t make a big deal out of it, only saying, “Three beers, coming up,” but I was really happy to hear her talk.

When I came back with the beers, Elaine was looking down, and Ruth was leaned over looking into her face and holding her hand. Both were smiling.

“Did you know, Peter, that beer actually has the opposite effect on Elaine? She doesn’t drift away. She stays right here, alert. She’ll get silly, though, but I love her silly... hey, get it? I love her silly. That was funny.”

“I think someone else gets silly, too. What do you think, Elaine?” She looked puzzled but I pointed at Ruth and she smiled and nodded.”

While drinking the next beer, a rhythm developed in the talk which allowed Elaine to get in on the conversation, and she began to feel at ease. I’d ask her a question, such as, “What do you like to do?” and she would look at Ruth, and mime something. Then Ruth would answer, “She likes gardening and trying to grow plants that are tough to grow. She’s very good at it.”

Some questions she answered directly. “Do you like music?”

“Yes,” she whispered, and Ruth held up crossed fingers.

Elaine also teased me on one question. I asked her if she would show me the difficult-to-grow plants if I went to her house. She shook her head no, and I’m certain my face showed my surprise.

“Well, why not?”

“It’s dark,” she whispered, and then she winked at me.

“Ruth told me you had a sense of humor. She told me that while you slept on the floor. Do you sleep on the floor at your house, too?”

She nodded her head, and then said, “Out. Outside. I sleep in the dirt.”

“Ruth makes you sleep in the dirt? She’s not nice like I am? Does she bring you a pillow and blanket?”

Three-Mississippi

She nodded her head, and with a sly grin, she said, “Better.”

“Oh, she is? She’s nicer than me? Why?”

She said, “She reads me a story,” and then she laughed out loud and looked at me for just one second with twinkling, mischievous eyes, and I swear I got a boner when she did.

Ruth looked mortified, and I couldn’t understand why.

I thought she was making a joke about the fact that I didn’t read her a story. I decided to let Ruth in on the joke, or so I thought.

“I kidded her, Ruth, after getting the pillow and blanket. I asked her if she wanted me to read her a story, and she said yes, but I... told her that I couldn’t fit in the closet.”

Elaine was looking at Ruth, and she laughed again and nodded her head. Ruth’s mouth fell open and she just stared at Elaine. I didn’t understand what was so funny or embarrassing about all this. I asked, and Ruth told me to mind my own business, but Elaine was tugging on her sleeve and pointing at me. She leaned her whole upper body over the table and got right under Ruth’s face while smiling and point emphatically at me.

Ruth caved in, and agreed to tell me. Elaine kneeled on her chair and rested all her weight on the table in front of Ruth, and Ruth started rubbing her back. Elaine turned her head to look at me, and Ruth began the story.

“Reading has a significant meaning in our house, and... the meaning has changed... quite a bit this last year or so.”

“What kind of meaning,” I asked in innocence while staring at Elaine staring at me. She lowered her head down onto the table and openly studied me while Ruth rubbed her back.

“Elaine used to be quite a reader before the accident, and we picked up where she left off, with the only change being that I’d do the reading. She still loved stories, and she followed right along.”

“Okay. I’m with you.”

“Well, see how she is right now, having me rub her back? From the first day Elaine came to live with me, she has always been affectionate. It’s one of the things I love about her, and reading a story was something that we both looked forward to, because I had a chance to snuggle with her, and she is one hell of a snuggler.”

I smiled at Elaine, and for just a second, I took in the scene before me and let my mind run with it. The way she was posed, kneeling on the chair with her ass high in the air and her skirt falling forward from the slit up the side. I imagined staring into those beautiful brown eyes up close as I ran my fingers through her golden curls, and touching her soft cheeks while she lay beside me just as she is lying on the table.

This thought was so powerful that I had to swallow the lump in my throat and force myself to look at Ruth.

“That can’t be the end,” I said.

Ruth quickly said, “The end. It wasn’t a very good story,” but Elaine started shaking her head.

“Alright, but this is embarrassing. You’re going to think we’re bad.”

“Too late, so you might as well tell me.”

“Well, about two years ago, she wanted a story but she was sick of the ones we had... it had been a while since we stocked up on new books... so she brought me the book off my nightstand. It was a romance novel.”

She waited for a reaction, and I just said, “So? Don’t girls her age read romance novels?”

“Peter! Have you ever read a romance novel?”

I laughed when they both started fanning themselves.

Ruth continued. “I wasn’t going to read it to her, but something had been bothering me... let me back up a little...”

“Okay.”

“Elaine’s accident has left her with certain vulnerabilities. She’s a very trusting soul, and she’s... a lovely girl, and there is danger in the world. I talked to Elaine about the birds and the bees because she was thirteen then, and bodies change. I and the doctors felt it was important for another reason, and that was to warn Elaine of the dangers on predators because, like I said, she was very trusting, and that would be very obvious to any stranger she might come across.”

“That’s sounds like a smart thing to do.”

“Yes, but I told her about all the bad things that men could do to her. I used fear as a guide, which is something I loathe to do because it’s too easy to use. She was already

battling demons, and the last thing I wanted to do was add to the list. I didn't want her fearing... all men at all times. Do you understand what I mean?"

"Of course I do. I think that was very wise thinking."

"So I looked at the book, and thought maybe it would be... useful... for learning about romantic relationships. I read that first book to her heavily edited, and it went well... except for the fact that she was now hooked on these stories."

I smiled and nodded my head, and still didn't see where this was going.

"The next book didn't go so well."

"Why not?" I asked.

Ruth looked down affectionately at Elaine, and said, "Because she's so smart. I didn't get away with all the editing that I did in the first book. She became so engrossed in these stories that she was constantly asking about details. She also had an uncanny ability to know when I skipped something and that would make things worse, because then I would not only have to drag us through that part, but I'd have to explain why I skipped it. Elaine doesn't like lies. They confuse her. They make no sense to her – it's one of the things that the doctors were quite fascinated about. She doesn't see the point in lying. It's false information, and that doesn't jive with her new... binary brain. She simplifies things to black and white, and lying has many shades of gray, but distilled to black and white, lying is bad."

Elaine was perfectly still, but she was hanging on every word as she stared at me.

I looked at Elaine, and said, "I'd love to experience your perception." After five Mississippi's, I figured my statement went over her head, but then she shook her head a little bit at me.

"Yes. Well as I said, she was at an age when bodies change. In the process of discovering her new body, she discovered a certain... truth – a binary truth. Binary truths come in two flavors: good and bad. If something felt good, then it's not bad, but... good. Do you understand what I'm getting at without having to spell it out?"

"Do you mean masturbation?"

Ruth feigned surprise. "Boy, they don't hire dummies at NASA, do they?"

"Okay, so she discovered the same truth we all did..."

"No, she didn't."

"But you just said..."

“I know what I just said, and I’m telling you she learned something different... or rather, she didn’t learn one part that we learned, and that was guilt... or shame.”

I looked down at the table and thought about that for a moment. “What does that mean, Ruth? I can’t even... that’s almost too good to be true.”

“Well, you’re on to something, Peter. When I’m reading to her, and I feel her... rubbing on my leg, I have to tell you... its kind of creepy. I tried to ignore it, thinking maybe it was my imagination, and it didn’t mean what I thought it meant. She’s too sweet to do something like that, but there is no logic behind that thought.”

I laughed, and said, “Because everybody does it. It’s natural.”

“And the ones who don’t are liars, but it’s usually done in private. So this act of reading, which used to represent physical closeness, now represented arousal and even romance. In her binary world, it was something good but it didn’t have any moral baggage tied to it. There was no sense of shame in the act...”

“Wow! Especially since you were reading about the very thing that she was... supposed to be ashamed of, and the whole point of the book is to... suggest...”

“The whole point of the book, Peter, is to get all hot and bothered. Everything reinforced what she was doing as something good...”

“It is good,” whispered Elaine.

“Go ahead, Peter; convince her that masturbation is bad. This is a test for you.”

Once again, I was deep in thought about something I’ve never thought about, and this was a tricky problem. I said, “Well, I can think of lies and scare tactics on why it’s bad. Hairy palms... do girls get hairy palms, too?”

Ruth shook her head. “No; that only afflicts boys. We don’t use our palms.”

I continued into the minefield. “Masturbation is bad because... you... will...” I shook my head in defeat. “I can’t think of anything that isn’t a lie.”

“That’s the same conclusion that I came to. Remember... the only reason it is a problem in this case is because she feels no shame or reason to hide her activity. It’s my embarrassment that is unreasonable to her, but she is perfectly fine with a compromise. That too is reasonable to her.”

“What do you mean, compromise?”

“Well... she could have her own collection of books in the privacy of her own room if she left my leg alone, and now you know way too much.”

There was a lull in the conversation, and when I looked at Elaine, she was still staring at me, but her eyes looked glazed. “Someone is getting sleepy.”

Ruth gave a startled cry when she saw it was after 10:00pm. “You have to work tomorrow. We should get going. Are you ready to go, dear?”

Elaine shook her head no.

“You’re not. Are you going to sleep in Peter’s closet again?”

Elaine sat back in the chair, and looked at me with arched eyebrows, and this made me feel very uncomfortable. “You can’t sleep in the closet. You’ll get a sore back.”

Ruth piped right up. “No. She’s not sleeping in the closet. We have to go home.”

“Actually... does coffee keep you up? I was thinking that a cup of coffee sounds good before I walk you ladies home. My coffee maker is fast.”

“I’ll have a half a cup, I suppose.”

“Cool beans.”

I set the maker going, and then ran upstairs to get my camera. When I went back down, only Ruth was at the table, and I saw past the kitchen that the bathroom door was closed. I looked at Ruth, and said, “I almost forgot; I’d like to get a couple of pictures before you go.”

“Darn. I’m not sure that is going to work, Peter. Elaine is afraid to have her picture taken. I didn’t say anything yesterday because she was asleep, but this is a battle you will lose.”

“Oh. That’s too bad. I can get a picture of you, though.”

I didn’t wait for an answer; I just aimed and clicked off a shot. I heard the sink shut off, and the door open behind me, and I gave Ruth a little shake of my head to let her know I wasn’t going to mess with Elaine.

When she came into the dining room, I had Ruth’s picture in the viewfinder, and walked toward Elaine with the viewfinder pointed toward her. When she realized I was holding a camera, she jumped as if I were holding a handful of snakes.

“I’m not going to take your picture, Honey.”

Did I just call her Honey?

“I took a picture of Ruth. Look.”

Elaine had to crane her neck to see it while keeping her body as far away from the camera as she could. She kept looking back and forth between Ruth and her picture. After doing this a few times, she seemed satisfied with something and took a step closer for a better look. Then she took one more, and was leaning right up against me, staring down at the viewfinder.

Her presence was intoxicating, and that caught me by surprise. We were doing nothing wrong... at worst, she was flirting a little. Touching like this in front of Ruth made me self-conscious, but... I couldn't move away from her. My skin was electrified where she was touching me, and I leaned into her ever so slightly.

“Do you know how to use a camera, Elaine?”

She shook her head.

“There is a very simple way to use it. Watch... I'll turn it on... and you see the little screen light up... and see this dial up here? Make sure it is turned to the little camera symbol like it is now, and then just aim where you want to take a picture. See how the screen changes as I aim the camera? Well that's what the picture will look like when you press this button.”

I pressed the button, and took another picture of Ruth. I didn't need to look at her to tell she was silently laughing. I held out the camera for her. “Do you want to try it?”

She backed a step away from me, and shook her head while waving her hands. I opened up the strap and hung the camera around her neck.

“Here. You take the camera home and take some pictures of your flowers, and Ruth, and whatever you want. When it can't take any more pictures... when it's full, bring it back to me and I'll see how you did, and show you how to take even better pictures. Would you do that, please?”

Elaine's mouth was open when she looked at Ruth for guidance.

“Peter, that looks like an expensive camera. I'd feel terrible if something happened to it.”

“Well then you would be the only one, because I've been thinking about getting a new camera anyway. It's not that great of a camera.”

Wanting to see if she was smiling or not, I risked a glance at Elaine, and damn if she didn't snap my picture. I tried to turn the camera to see the shot, but she has extraordinary reflexes, and twisted out of the way easily. She looked into the viewfinder and barked out

a loud laugh. Then she stepped past me and tried to hand Ruth the camera, but she forgot it was around her neck. She ended up dragging herself to Ruth.

After they had a good laugh, Ruth excused herself, and I heard the coffee maker wrapping up business. Elaine watched Ruth go through the kitchen and for a second, I thought she would chase after her. Instead, as soon as she heard the door close, she held the viewfinder toward me so I could see myself looking stupid.

She held it out in front of me but walked to my right side, and she didn't stop until her crotch was against my hip and her breasts between my upper-arm. Moving my arm to her back was the most natural thing in the world. Either she started pressing against me harder, or I was hugging her tighter. There was nothing heated about this, but it was undeniably sexual. We didn't grope, but I was aroused. It felt good just to be near her, to be in contact with her.

She forgot she was supposed to be holding the camera out for me to see. When I could no longer see the viewfinder at the angle she had turned the camera, I turned my head to the right to look at her.

She had her forehead resting on my shoulder, just soaking it up. I turned and put my other arm around her, and hugged her close. She looked up at me with unfocused eyes, and we kissed.

It was the best kiss I've ever had. There was nothing sloppy about it, and no tongues, just me pulling on her lower lip with both of mine, and she pulling on my upper lip with hers. You'd think we had lots of practice together.

I heard the toilet flush, but waited for her to react. A second later, she pulled away from me and fixed me with her kind eyes. "Thank you," she whispered.

I was at a loss for words, and just shook my head at her. I heard Ruth come out of the bathroom, and I said to Elaine, "Here, try one more picture of me, but hold the camera on edge for a portrait shot."

She snapped a shot of me smiling.

By the time Ruth was in the dining room, Elaine was showing me a well-centered photo of myself while standing a respectable distance away.

Ruth was delighted.

Ruth and I drank a cup of coffee while Elaine sat at my end of the table and asked about each button on the camera... or I should say, pointed about each button – she had clammed up again, and hadn't spoken for a while.

She was obviously very happy, and very comfortable.

We were all standing up, ready to head out, when I said, “Elaine, I know you don’t like your picture taken, but before you change out of those clothes tonight, I would really like to have a picture of you. Maybe you could ask Ruth to take one of you, and if you like the way it looks, you can leave it on the camera for me. Just think about it.”

She turned beet red at first, and then nodded. We were walking out of the dining room and into the hall to leave, when she turned around fast, and almost knocked me over. She removed the camera from her neck and handed it to me.

It was my turn to smile a big dopey smile, and I positioned her so she was centered in front of the bay window. Ruth didn’t realize what we were doing. All she could see was Elaine standing straight up, looking beautiful. Right when she said, “Damn-it, Elaine…” the flash went off. I held my breath until the picture came up in the viewfinder, and it was a perfect portrait that captured a sardonic expression, and I loved it.

“Look what a pretty picture you make, Elaine.”

She looked at it in disbelief, as though she didn’t believe it was her. I showed it to Ruth and she had the same reaction. “It’s her, Ruth.”

“I just can’t believe you got her to take her picture. It’s too bad Saint Peter is already taken.”

“I’m not going to print this out. I’m going to have this one professionally done. I’ll have one made up for you, too.”

I ran upstairs and swapped memory cards in the camera, and then we headed out.

It was a cool but otherwise perfect night. When we reached the end of the driveway and turned onto the sidewalk, Elaine stopped and arranged us. She made me walk in the middle, and she placed Ruth’s right hand in my left. I thought it was pretty hokey, but Ruth thought it was nice of Elaine to do that, so I made the same stupid noises.

With that done, she took her place to my right, and took hold of my other hand. Ruth mumbled something about the neighbors, and I almost laughed out loud thinking that here was my threesome.

Walking, Ruth didn’t play with my hand at all, but someone else did.

It was one of those strange moments where you don’t quite know how to interpret things, and wonder if your brain is making it up or if it really is happening the way you think.

Elaine had my fingers tightly entwined in hers, and every one in a while, she would give my hand a quick squeeze. I didn’t know if she realized what she was doing, so after a few times, I squeezed back. This was answered with two squeezes. When we rounded the

corner onto her street, she freed a couple of her fingers and lightly caressed my knuckles with them. I played along and did the same to her hand.

As we were angling toward her driveway, her fingers focused on only one of my fingers – my middle finger. She caressed and stroked it up and down, along the whole length, and then stroked it rapidly on just the tip. I tried to find a way to misinterpret what she just did, but it was impossible: she clearly had just jerked off my middle finger.

Their porch light was on, and I refused to walk into the circle of light. If Ruth got a look at what was going on in the front of my pants, then she would know all the wonderful, terrible things I wanted to do to her little girl. Surely she would know it wasn't aimed at her.

We said goodnight, and Elaine was walking backwards toward her front door. She may have been waiting for me to give her a kiss goodnight, but Ruth said, "Elaine, it's customary to kiss a gentleman goodnight after a pleasant evening. You don't want to keep him waiting."

I couldn't help but laugh as she trotted to me. It was as if Ruth's words cut a chain that had been holding her back.

I expected a kiss similar to the one I stole on my front steps, but Elaine pressed right up against me, driving my erection into her pelvis while she kissed me. It caught her by surprise, and I have no idea if Ruth heard her whisper, "Fuck yes"

I wasn't sure if I heard it.

She backed up a few feet, and stood there, but I waved one final time to both of them, spun on my heels, and walked off. I was a conflicted mess.

Yes, Your Honor, I'd throw the book at me too. I was disgusted by my behavior. I walked with that young girl, and my finger was hanging out the whole time. I think I encouraged her to touch it, and when she did, I thought impure thoughts which brought about an erection. When she pressed her pelvis against my erection, one of us said a very suggestive, dirty, dirty word. It matters not at all how long you sentence me, for I feel it won't be long enough, nor will I rehabilitate. I will be doomed to reflect on my crimes until I die, and during these reflections, her image will float before me, and like a monkey in a cage, I will touch myself in obscene and inappropriate ways.

I did, too. I had some pent up frustration. When I got home, I jacked off with both hands while taking my shower.

I slept fantastic.

I was in a different frame of mind on Monday, and at first I couldn't put my finger on it. Then I realized that I no longer was thinking of her as Elaine, but rather as that fifteen-year-old brain-damaged child.

When you say it out loud, it takes on a different meaning.

Hey, is it my fault fifteen-year-old brain-damaged girls find me attractive? There's not a judge in the...

Shut the fuck up, fast

Today was a bad day for space flight safety... or in might have been a bad day, because I can't actually remember what I worked on. It didn't seem that important, and I hope it wasn't. It's the first time people are going to be strapped to the next-generation ion propulsion system, and we sure are rooting for them.

I'm only fooling. That was a little NASA humor.

When I got home and got out of my car, I could hear my phone ringing. I ran to the door, managed to unlock it, and flew into the kitchen to pick up the phone.

"Hello?"

"Is this Peter?"

"I don't know, Ruth; which Peter might you be looking for? There are a lot of us."

"Well, I wasn't sure if I wrote down the correct number."

"How can I help you, Ruth?"

"Well, I was wondering if you happened to look out in your back yard yet."

"I just got home. I ran to answer the phone."

"I know. I saw you run toward the house."

My head was spinning around. *Was she this dumb yesterday?*

"Is there something bothering you, Ruth? You seem a little... nervous."

"No. I just hope you don't get upset. She means well."

"What did she do?"

“She has been at your house since around ten in the morning. She wanted to do something nice for you, so she dug up one of her favorite plants, and planted it in your back yard.”

“Well how sweet! She’s such a doll...”

“And then she wouldn’t leave.”

“I brought her lunch, and sat with her on your front steps trying to explain that you won’t be home for hours, but she didn’t care... not that she can tell time. She wouldn’t come home, so I left, but then I felt guilty leaving her, so I went back around 2:00pm, and she was replanting your plant. I filled in several holes, but there may be more by now.”

“Hold on... are you saying she is here now?”

“I’m looking at her in your back yard, Peter. I had to come home to get dinner started. I’m cooking corned beef and cabbage – her favorite meal. We’d love to have you over for dinner... if you can get her to come home, that is.”

I was trying not to laugh, but this is all too funny. “What time is dinner, Ruth?”

“We eat in an hour and twenty minutes. Do you think you’ll make it?”

“Can I still eat even if I don’t get her to come home?”

“I’m sorry about this, Peter. Please don’t be mad at her; she means well. She had such a good time last night.”

“Well, since you asked, I guess I won’t be mad. She’s a rotten kid, though.”

“She doesn’t always detect sarcasm, so be careful if you tease her.”

“Is there anything else, Ruth?”

“Yes; I can detect it fine.”

“Elaine’s lucky to have you.”

The line was silent for a few seconds, and then she said, “Are you being sarcastic?”

“I’m going to hang up now, Ruth, but before I do, I want to tell you that she really is lucky to have you. Bye.”

I opened up the slider to the back yard and peeked around. She was kneeling in the strip of dirt running along side the house. Color came into her cheeks when she saw me, and she gave me a relieved smile.

What the fuck does she do to me when she smiles? She does something to change my heartbeat.

How can she be so pretty?

She was wearing a light-blue and white sundress, black work boots, and a white knit cap with the word 'hat' embroidered in red. Around her neck was a camera.

She didn't get up when I walked over to her; she only leaned back and extended her cupped hands to a small plant with tiny white flowers on it.

"You gave me a beautiful plant, and then waited all day for me to come home and see it. That's the nicest thing anybody has ever done for me. I sure am lucky to have met you."

She didn't know what to say; she only exhaled softly through her nose, and flashed another smile.

"You look hot... would you like a pop?"

She nodded her head, and took hold of my offered hand, and I helped her up. We went inside and I was in the middle of mentioning that I was going to eat dinner at her house, but Elaine suddenly bolted to the bathroom.

Poor thing.

While she was in there, I called Ruth to make sure it was okay to give Elaine a pop. It was, and Ruth asked what our plans were for the next hour.

"We haven't made plans yet, Ruth. I just got finished admiring her plant."

"So you are doing nothing?"

"Do you want us to walk back now?"

There was a long pause, and then, "No. See if you can get her to talk. She hasn't talked today. I don't mean to dump it on you... I just figured..."

"I'm happy to try, Ruth. Here she comes; I told her I'd give her a soda."

I grabbed a couple of pops from the fridge, and handed her one as I popped the top.

I pointed to the camera, and asked, "Did you take pictures today?"

Pulling the strap over her head, she smiled wide, and nodded as she handed me the camera.

“Let’s go take a look at them on my computer.”

I let her go ahead of me up the stairs lest I get run over. She waited for me, and I remembered that she hadn’t been in the study...

The study...

Now Ruth’s strange remarks about leaving my books out makes sense. Shit...

They are math and science books – it’ll be fine.

We walked into the study, and another thing that I’d forgotten was the picture of her sleeping in my closet. I removed it from the printer, and stared at it before turning it to show Elaine.

“You look so young in this picture, and it was only a couple of days ago. You look so much older with your new curly hair.”

She took the picture and ran her fingers over the shiny paper as she studied every inch of it. There was something very strange about the way she was doing it.

“Elaine, who do you see in the picture?”

She worked longer than usual for the answer, eventually just shrugging her shoulders. Then she did a double take, and looked sheepishly at me while pointing a finger at her chest.

I sat down in the desk chair and hooked up the camera to the computer. When the pictures started uploading, I asked Elaine, “Does Ruth know that you have a hard time recognizing yourself in pictures?”

I turned around to look at her, and she had a thick book in her hands. I jumped up fast, but I didn’t want to hurt her feelings by grabbing the book. As it was, I didn’t have to grab it from her because she handed it to me, and said, “Read.”

Well, she spoke...

I took the book from her hands and read the title out loud. *Laminar Flow and Turbulence* “Honey, you wouldn’t like this book; it’s all math formulas.”

I no sooner had the book put away, when she had another, even thicker book off a shelf. She wasn’t mad, but she was serious. “Read, Pete.”

Did she just order me?

My collar was starting to feel tight around my neck. I took the book from her hands, and once again I read the title out loud. *A Perfect Gift - Kurt Gödel's Paradoxical Solution to Einstein's Field Equations...*

“Elaine, these books are no fun to read – especially your fun.”

I tried to step around her to put the book back, but she placed her hands on my chest, and gently pushed me backwards a few steps until my legs were against my reclining chair. She gave me a little push, and I fell down into the chair, but bounced right back up on my feet.

Once again, she demonstrated her amazing reflexes and when I bounced back up to my feet, she immediately pushed me off-balance, and back into the chair. Then she took a step backwards and flung her arm at me as though she were casting a spell.

In a hoarse voice, she yelled, “Stay, Pete. Stay!” exactly like I was a dog.

The chair was reclined way back, and I was taking it all up, but this didn't faze her at all. She slowly slithered into the chair with me, wedging herself between one side of the chair and myself until I moved over enough to where we both fit quite snugly.

I looked at her with my mouth hanging open, and she tapped the book in my lap.

She tapped the book again, and whispered, “Read your stories.”

“These are not romance stories, Elaine; they are work books.”

“Please.”

“Okay,” I said. “I'll read you a little bit to show you that you won't like it...”

With a shaky voice, I began:

Having already fundamentally changed mathematics with his Incompleteness Theorem, Kurt Gödel presented to Albert Einstein for his 70th birthday a perfect solution to Einstein's famous field equations. These were not mere solutions; buried within them, higher order implications lurked. These solutions demanded, from the universe they described, the existence of closed time-like curves, or, the possibility of traveling backwards in time – something that was not supposed to be.

This was not working out at all.

It was not her fault, it was mine. Her presence does something to my electric field or whatever it is that makes my hair stand on end. My hands were safely on the book, I was flat on my back in the recliner, and she was not groping me. Regardless, wherever she touched me, my skin was on fire, and the fire was spreading fast.

Her arm came across my chest, but she was just resting it there. I think I felt her breast move against my arm, and that was definitely her knee that shifted ever so slightly. I glanced at her quickly, and she was staring at me with the same intensity as last night when she was lying on the table. I struck me that I was getting my wish. It rather freaked me out.

“I’m listening,” she whispered.

She said it so... normal; as if she wasn’t brain damaged. She’s listening to a physics story. She was spinning my head around.

Being nice is fine, but don’t start caring about her, and becoming emotionally invested. She’s got a butt-full of problems. And for God’s sake, don’t think you are going to...

I continued reading...

The metric tensor chosen by Gödel gave rise to a universe of a rotating fluid of dust with some very interesting optical properties. First, when an observer standing on a dust particle looks radially toward the east, he would see the other dust particles rotating at progressively greater angular velocities the further out he looked, but if he looked west, against his own counterclockwise rotation, all the other particles would appear stationary to himself, but rotating with respect to gyroscopes. Additionally, if the observer looked axially straight up or down, he would see himself, or actually a series of himself progressively timelagged out to a fixed distance.

Elaine rested her head on my shoulder, and traced a small diagram on the page. I watched her slender finger gracefully trace out the curves on the page. I was intoxicated.

I became aware of her breath on my neck and ear, and I was going out of my skin.

It was taking all my will not to turn my head and...

“Kiss me,” she whispered into my ear.

I immediately roll on my side to face her. I held both sides of her head, and tenderly kissed her just as I did last night. We kissed, and the kisses grew more passionate. My hand dropped down to her arm and then her hand covered my hand. One of us was moving my hand, and soon my hand was on her breast, cupping it, and feeling its firm softness, and its hard nipple.

She was breathing heavy, her chest going up and down, when suddenly she broke off the kiss and scrambled out of the chair. She stood in front of me, and her bottom lip started quivering. A single tear rolled down her cheek, and looking away, she said, “I have to show you something.”

Concerned, I sat up on the edge of the chair. “What is it?”

Her hand went slowly to her head. Still looking away, she slowly brought her arm back down.

In her hand was her knit cap.

I’m sure the scar looked terrible to her, but in truth, the doctors had done incredible work. Great effort must have been spent on getting hair to grow right up to the edges of the four inch semicircular scar. Here I was, almost with my dick in my hand, and she was showing me the scar where her own father had shot her in the head.

I stood, and turned her face to mine.

“You were worried about letting me see your scar?”

It took a moment, but she nodded her head.

I stroked her hair, and said, “I’m so sorry this happened to you. You are such a doll.”

I held her head, and lightly kissed her forehead, and slowly planted kisses past her temple, and right up to the edge of her scar. “Elaine, you are the prettiest girl I’ve ever seen in my whole life, and this scar doesn’t change that at all.”

She was scrutinizing my face in disbelief. “Why?” she asked.

“Why what? Why do I like you?”

She nodded.

“Well, why wouldn’t I? I’m not sure how to answer that. To tell you the truth, I’m attracted to you.”

“To fuck?”

I turned red with embarrassment at the question, and almost lied.

“Well, Yes - but I can’t, so... I must like you for other reasons too.”

She nodded, and then asked, “Because I’m too young?”

“I’m too old.”

“If you were younger, would you like me?”

“Are you kidding? I’d be the luckiest guy in the world to have you as my girlfriend.”

“I want to tell you a secret, Elaine. One thing that I find very sexy about you is your brain, and I love to hear you talk. It really turns me on.”

When she reacted to that, it was with a look of shocked disbelief. “But I don’t talk right.”

“What do you mean you don’t talk right? You talk just fine... or whisper fine. How come you don’t talk louder?”

“The louder I talk, the worse it is. It sounds scrambled. You wouldn’t understand anything I said.”

“Try me; say something loud.”

“No. It’s embarrassing.”

“Just say something loud. I won’t laugh; I just want to try something.”

In a slightly loud voice, she said, “You make me happy.”

I placed my hands over her ears, and said, “Say it again.”

She was looking at me puzzled, and whispered, “You heard me?”

I nodded, and took my hands away for a second. “You said ‘you make me happy,’ now say it again.”

I put my hands tightly over her ears again. After she said it, I asked, “Did it sound any different to you?”

Again, she had a puzzled look on her face. “Yes. I could hear it right and wrong. There was two of me talking.”

She looked embarrassed, and her shrug told me to take it or leave it.

I glanced at the clock, and said, “Shit! We are going to be late for dinner. We have to go.”

I scooted her out of the room and down the stairs. I opened the front door, and started to push her out, but at the last minute, I pulled her instead of pushed her. She’s a bit clumsy and she would have fallen, but I had a hold of her. Pulling her behind the door where nobody could see, I planted a long kiss on her lips, and said, “Thank you, Elaine. Sharing your secret with me is a great honor. You’re a brave young lady, and a remarkable young lady, and I’m lucky to be your friend.”

I scooted her out of the house, and we headed down the driveway to the sidewalk. My neighbor was watering his lawn and as we approached him, I waved and said hello, and

he said the same back. Just as we were passing him, Elaine asked me, “Even if I want you to fuck me, you can’t?”

The guy jumped backwards like he was hit with a cannonball. In a loud voice, I said, “Boy, these ethics problems at school sure are different than when I was young.”

She was looking at me as if I lost my mind. I sped our pace, and talked under my breath. “You just gave my neighbor either a heart attack or an orgasm. You can’t talk about fucking me in public. People don’t understand, and yes, even if you want me to, I can’t fuck you. I’ll get thrown in jail for sexually molesting an underage girl. My life would be over. Let’s change the subject.”

After a bit, we slowed down to a normal pace, and she said, “I can dream whenever I want. I can talk fine in my dream.”

“Anytime you want? Are these your... daydreams? Do you have to be sleeping?”

“No. I can be awake, but I don’t remember what I did while I was dreaming. I just stand, or sit, but I stop doing what I was doing.”

“Ruth is very worried about you dreaming too much. It scares her. Why won’t you talk with her?”

“She doesn’t understand me. Plus, she always knows what I’m thinking.”

“That’s because she loves you so much. She always... wait; did you just say she doesn’t understand you?”

“Yes. Did I sound funny?”

I waved my hand, and said, “No, no. You said it fine. What do you mean she doesn’t understand you?”

“When I talk, she always says ‘what?’ and it makes me feel stupid, and...”

“And like there is something wrong with you. There isn’t – not your speech anyway.”

We turned down her street, and not until we were near her house did she say, “I don’t know how you can say that, Pete. I can hear how I sound. I can hear you talk normal, but if I say the same thing, I can hear what I said, and it is wrong. Are you teasing me, Pete?”

“No, Honey; I’m not teasing you. I’ll explain later. I want to ask Ruth something first.”

I was ready to knock on the door, but Elaine opened it and walked in. I followed her, and she started jumping and clapping. She turned around for me to see her sniffing the air,

and the savory smell of corned beef. We walked into the kitchen, and Ruth looked a little put out, sitting at the loaded table with empty plates all around.

“Well, you don’t appear to have been in a car crash, so I’ll assume it must have been the traffic.”

Elaine sat right down and started heaping food on her plate. She appeared ready to bounce off the walls. Ruth was watching her, ready to say something when I looked in one of her ears, and then asked her to turn her head so I could look in her other ear.

“What are you doing... sit down, Peter. Eat, and stop buzzing around my head.”

With her mouth full, quite loudly, Elaine said, “This is good; I’m starving.”

Ruth dropped her fork onto her plate and glared at me with a hint of a smile on her face. “What is it? How do you do it?”

“Well... that’s why I was checking your ears.”

“My ears? What the hell are you talking about?”

Quietly, I said, “Have you ever had an audio test?”

“What?”

I looked at Elaine, and asked, “Did you hear me? What did I say?”

She finished chewing, and said, “Did you ever have an audio test?”

Still looking at Elaine, I pointed my fork at Ruth, and said, “But she didn’t understand me. If she can’t understand you, and she can’t understand me, what do you think the problem is?”

She looked down and thought for a moment. “She can’t hear?”

Ruth piped up like it was old news. “Oh, my hearing is terrible. That’s what happens when you are older than oil.”

“Ruth, do you remember our talk on brain plasticity? What is it that enables plasticity, do you know?”

“If I remember the doctors correctly, it’s the... oh, I don’t know; what is it?”

“The brain forms new connections between neurons. It also strengthens the signals between neurons that are used often. That’s why we get better with practice. When we do

the same thing over and over, we are strengthening the signals between brain cells that are used together for some task.

Ruth looked puzzled. “So what in Hyades does that have to do with my hearing?”

“Elaine, scratch Ruth’s arm with your fingernails so it feels good to her.”

She tentatively reached over, looking to me once before doing it.

“Go ahead?”

She did, and then I asked her to stop. Then I asked Ruth, “Ruth, scratch your own arm the same way she did. Try and use the same pressure and everything.”

She did, and said, “Okay; now what?”

“Did it feel the same?”

“No; it felt better when she did it.” She looked at Elaine and smiled. “Elaine is a great arm tickler. What’s your point?”

“Have you ever thought about why you can’t create the same good feeling scratching yourself as someone else scratching you?”

“Mmm... let me think... no. Why is it different?”

“I don’t know for certain, but I have a theory. I think some of the same neurons that fire off to coordinate voluntary arm movement are also used when experiencing touch, and those neurons can’t do two different things at the same time, so they sort of compromise, or they interfere in a way that dulls the sensation.”

“Well, that’s fascinating, Peter. I’m so glad I know that now. Is there a point to any of this?”

“The point is... Elaine thinks she has a speech impediment.”

Ruth looked confused, and then touched Elaine’s arm. “Do you mean how soft you talk?”

I answered for her. “No; she hears her own speech as something garbled, and the louder she talks, the worse it is.”

Ruth looked shocked as she stared at Elaine. “How come you never told me this?”

Elaine shrugged her shoulders. “I thought you knew I thought you were trying to be nice and not mention it, so I didn’t.”

“And Ruth... to make matters worse, she misinterpreted your poor hearing as not being able to understand her garbled speech and that just reinforced the idea that she didn't talk normal. She became self conscious of it. She told me that she didn't need to talk to you because you knew what she was thinking.”

Ruth was stunned speechless, looking from Elaine and myself.

“Here's the thing: if parts of her hearing process have been rerouting through some of her speech centers after the accident, then they are trained quite well by now because hearing is involuntary... well, for most of us. I'll argue that my father can shut his off at will. She's got the same neurons trying to listen and talk at the same time. She has to talk more for any chance to re-train her speech processing to use a different route. It may never change, but then again, her speech and hearing may slowly separate to a comfortable level. If nothing else, Elaine, you will get used to the interference if you speak more often.”

A comfortable silence fell over the table, broken only by the sound of forks scraping plates. Elaine started to say something, shut her mouth, and finally blurted out, “Isn't he grand, Ruth? He likes me.”

Not only did that embarrass me greatly, it scared the shit out of me.

Please don't say anything about fucking. Dear Jesus, I've been pretty good. Fondling her breast through her dress is no big deal. I mean, c'mon...

Ruth answered, “I think he's a prayer answered. I've prayed for help every night since you came to live with me. I had no idea help would come in the form of a strapping young man... a rocket scientist.”

She stabbed the last piece of meat on her plate and stopped halfway to her mouth. “Peter, are you one of those people who can look at anything and know how it works? How come you're not rolling in dough?”

“I'm not a great inventor, and to tell you the truth, I never got caught up chasing money. I'm good at making connections and seeing relationships between things that might not seem to go together. I probably could have been a good detective, but I also have a good head for mathematics, so I decided to put it all to use. Flight safety is perfect for me because the engineers have already designed their systems to handle a failure, but catastrophes are rarely caused by a single thing failing. It's usually a combination of things failing at once, so that's where I come in. I look for where several systems that don't directly relate to each other might relate indirectly, and make sure it's not in a bad way.”

Elaine had finished her plate. Without saying a word, she got up from the table and wandered off down the hall behind Ruth. I watched the cheeks of her ass rise and fall under her dress with each step, and pushed thoughts out of my head.

Ruth made me sit while she cleared the table and put on coffee. While it was brewing, she sat back at the table.

“There’s a real elegance about Elaine, isn’t there Peter?”

I know I was redder than a baboon’s ass when I said, “Yes, ma’am. She’s a lovely girl.”

Now Ruth was staring at me with a smirk. “Do you like her?”

“Oh, sure; she’s a great...”

Ruth cut me off. “You know what I mean. Are you attracted to her? You’re not attracted to fifteen-year-old girls, are you?”

“Not at all! It just seems I took on a vested interest in her, with her condition and all, and she’s very sweet, just as you said.”

Why do I sound guilty?

“Well, I’m glad to hear that. I only bring this up because she’s sweet on you, and I don’t know if that includes intimate feelings or not. If it does, I’d imagine that she’d come right out and tell you, and I just want to understand that if she does, it’s because she isn’t like everyone else, and I’d hate to think you would capitalize on that. I might be liberal, but I have my limits.”

“Would you prefer that I make myself scarce until she gets over her little crush?”

“Oh, I think the best way to solve this is for you to gently tell her your feelings. That you don’t feel the same way. There are nice ways to say that.”

“If it comes to it, I can do that, Ruth. I hope I didn’t hurt your feelings in any way by getting her to talk.”

Ruth was silent for a moment, but I think I know where Elaine gets at least some of her honesty because Ruth said, “Well, don’t think for one second that I’m not appreciative of that. I mean, after all, I did ask you to try. I just didn’t know it was that easy. It makes me wonder what else I’m not helping her with.”

“Ruth, I meant what I said about Elaine being lucky to have you. Sometimes we get too close to things so that we don’t see the big picture. The very closeness of your relationship may work against certain things. Neither of you would dare risk hurting the other. I know you don’t try to shelter her, but some things are very difficult to do when it’s just the two of you.”

“I know you are right, Peter. I am sorry if I sound a little hostile, I just want to make sure I nip a possible problem before it has a chance to blossom. With her talking, I can start working on her confidence, and encourage her to talk with others... with boys. Can you imagine her thinking she had a speech impediment? She hears the taunts calling her retarded, and then the poor thing doesn't dare tell them to shove it for fear that they won't understand what she's saying.”

“I hope she does meet I nice boy, and meets some girlfriends. They will be lucky to have her company.”

Ruth had got up to pour coffee while I was talking. She set a cup down before me, looked me in the eyes, and said, “I'm glad to hear you say that. I think she's lucky to have met you, too. You've got a big heart, Peter. How are we going to find you a nice woman? You ought to start coming to church with us. I know several young ladies who would adore you.”

“Oh, that's alright. I'm shy. I have to do things at my own pace. There's a gal at work that I get along with quite well, and I've just about got her where I want, which is to say, I'm about ready to ask her on a date.”

Ruth sat back down with a grin, and said, “That's great to hear. Don't wait too long.”

Elaine came out of a room down the hall behind Ruth. She turned to face me and grinned wide. She had on a tight tee-shirt, skimpy panties and nothing else. From behind her back, she produced a soft cover book that had a drawing of a man embracing a woman on the cover. She turned her body back toward the room while still smiling at me. Then she stood on her toes, gave me a wink, and walked back into the room.

Dear lord. How could you make something so perfect and so unobtainable? I would rather not have seen that.

Prison's not that bad, and it would only be for a few years.

“Did you hear me, Peter?”

“I'm sorry. I drifted. What did you say?”

“Would you like an ice cream cone? I forgot we had some. I've got a hankering.”

“You know... that sounds very good. Please.”

As Ruth stood, she yelled down the hall, “Elaine! I'm having an ice cream.”

“No. Ask her if she wants one.”

“Oh, that's right. Do you...”

Her voice lowered as Elaine came down the hall, and then tapered off completely. She didn't say a word as Elaine took her seat at the table."

She was wearing pants, and a part of me thought that was a shame. I watched Ruth watch Elaine, and then I realized what she was looking at. Ruth cleared her throat, and when Elaine looked at her, Ruth discretely patted the top of her own head, and mouthed, "Cap."

It took Elaine a little longer than usual to respond because she wasn't sure, but then she jerked her thumb back at me, and said, "Him? I showed him, Aunt Ruth; he... he kissed my head."

Ruth appeared to be somewhere between pissed off, and leery, but all she said was, "Oh. That was nice. I hope... it doesn't look bad, dear, but I hope when we go out you wear your hat. I hate to hear kids tease you."

Elaine sounded earnest when she agreed. "I would never go out without it."

I started getting that nasty hollow feeling in my stomach. This was not good; not with Miss George Washington here."

"What happened, did your cap fall off at Pete's house?"

"No."

Suddenly, I don't like Ruth very much. She's going to pick and pry because she knows she can, and I don't like that at all.

"She showed me, Ruth. I was deeply touched by her trust. It's not bad, and I told her she's the most beautiful girl I've ever seen."

I couldn't see Elaine's face, but I knew she was smiling at Ruth. The smile was in innocence, and it reminded Ruth how vulnerable Elaine is, so naturally I was to bear the blame, but what blame? What did I do wrong?

"And what made you show him, Elaine?"

I was ready to say something, but Ruth waved a hand at me. "I want to hear Elaine tell me."

"Because when we kissed, it was just like in the stories. I wanted to show him... I wanted to know if he... really cared about... me. I showed him Frankenstein, and he didn't laugh at me."

Ruth glared at Elaine, looking like she was ready to blow a gasket, and I couldn't take it.

“Why are you mad at her, Ruth? This obviously was a big deal to her. She held herself to a standard.”

“I’m not mad at her.” Ruth made herself appear calm. Then she asked Elaine, “When were you kissing?”

Elaine took forever to answer, but eventually said, “Remember you told me to kiss him after our date?”

Please let her believe...

Ruth was visibly distressed. I know she wanted to accuse Elaine of lying. I could feel it radiating off her, but that was a line she wasn’t willing to cross. This is a girl who Ruth told me herself never lied.

Finally her face softened, she patted Elaine’s arm. “I’m sorry, Honey.”

She turned back to the ice cream on the counter, but while doing so her gaze swept my face, and my guts coiled. I had to get out of here.

“On second thought, I’ll hold off on the ice cream, if you don’t mind. I’m rather full from that delicious meal, and I have a bunch of things I have to get done.”

From the counter, in an unmistakably jovial tone, I heard, “Oh, very well. You know the way home.”

Elaine turned slowly toward me, and looked a little confused. “Are you leaving?”

“Yes. I’m...”

“Don’t go.”

“I have to work tomorrow, Elaine.”

“Please, Pete. My room is clean. You can visit and tell me about Kurt Gödel.”

“You are such a doll, do you know that? I wish I could stay, but I have to go. But do you know what we forgot?”

“Yes. Your camera,” she said.

“No. It’s your camera now. I want you to have it.”

“Oh no you don’t,” barked Ruth.

“Why not, Ruth?”

“Because. It’s too expensive. Because I told you not to encourage things.”

“I’m not encouraging things. We’ve already discussed matters, if you must know. Elaine knows that I am too old, and that I could go to jail if we had a physical relationship. I can’t just... I can help her, can’t I?”

“You don’t give someone an expensive camera for nothing.”

“I already told you; I want to get a new one. I’ll leave the house unlocked tomorrow. You can walk her over to get the camera. I’ll leave it on the table.”

Very quickly, I leaned down and kissed the top of Elaine’s head, and said, “Be good for Ruth. Do everything she asks to show her you listen, and this will all get better soon.”

“Neither one of us did anything wrong, Ruth. You are making this into something that it isn’t. Call me if you want to talk.”

Ruth followed me out of the kitchen and hissed behind me, “I’m taking her to the hospital to get checked. I’d like to take your word, but at this point, that’s not possible.”

“That’s a smart idea. Why take chances? You could also ask her. She’d probably be glad to tell you.”

“Just stay away from her.”

“I will, Ruth; just pick up the camera for her tomorrow.”

I was nearly sick to my stomach walking home. I wanted to lash out at Ruth, but something restrained me. It’s obvious what that something was: I didn’t want Elaine to hear Ruth and me fighting. I protected her feelings tonight.

She lied to Ruth tonight

She did that for me, because she sure as hell wouldn’t have a problem telling Ruth she kissed someone.

Ruth thought she could drag anything out of her... I did too, but Elaine might be fully aware of her vulnerability, and might not particularly care for it. And there I was, under the belief that getting in her pants was automatic, but that wasn’t the case at all. Granted, the bar wasn’t that high, but it was to her. I could have tricked her. I could have manipulated her, and in that sense, she’s lucky that I didn’t.

Did Ruth manipulate her tonight?

No. Ruth had every right to be upset, and angry, and to demand the truth. She can demand it, but that doesn't mean she necessarily gets it. Sometimes a lie is best. I'm certain in her heart she knows that Elaine is perfectly capable of seducing me without my taking advantage. Ruth would blame herself if that happened. She would blame herself, but punish me. I can't fault her.

She's right about staying away. It's best.

Why?

Because I can't trust me to always do the right thing – what ever that means. More specifically, I can't know that I wouldn't give in to temptation. I know I would never force myself on her, or trick her, but that doesn't mean I couldn't still find myself between her spread legs.

My god, those legs... and her firm tits in that tee-shirt... and that wink. She teased me!

I doubt she was actually in there fucking herself, and I didn't get the feeling at all that she was trying to tempt me. I think she was making a private joke, reminding me that I know some very personal things about her.

No-brain Elaine. She's an exquisite mystery that I have to forget.

Forgetting her was not going to be easy; that was established not to long after I got home. I was mentally exhausted and couldn't wait to get between the sheets, but wait I did. I couldn't get her out of my head, and when I took my shower, I saw her as she looked standing in the hallway in her panties, and it was a long shower.

I got it out of my system, though, and I slept like a log.

Tuesday morning didn't start off to bad. I actually found the book that went with the camera, and I put both on the dining room table. I also looked at the pictures she took that were sitting on my computer. She has a much better eye than me for subject matter, and she'll learn how to use the camera.

Work actually went fast because I stayed focused. When I got home, I was happy to see the camera was gone. I wasn't sure if Ruth was going to deprive Elaine out of pride or whatever. I didn't think she would, but I wasn't sure.

It's odd because the night was just like so many other nights prior to last Saturday, but somehow I felt like I was marking time. I stayed up to watch the news because that's what I always used to do.

I was fine until Thursday night, and then I started to get sad/lonely/angry/worried. I wondered how she was doing, and is she still talking, and does she have any questions on the camera, and is she lonely, or sad, or happy. I hoped that she was doing better than I was.

It should be over soon. I hope so; marking time sucks.

Friday morning I thought I might have put it behind me. I found I could think about her without my stomach flipping over. I was happy to have met them both... but especially Elaine, and I wished her well, but she's not my concern, and never was. It was natural to become vested in someone you helped, and she was very easy to like, so I didn't beat myself up for acting like a fool because I didn't act like a fool.

After lunch on Friday, a dark mood fell over me. I was not looking forward to the weekend. I should just plan on going somewhere to see the sights, but that felt worse than staying home alone. I don't need to stay occupied. I'm not some geriatric resident being driven to the casino in the short bus just to fill up time before I expire. If I want to sit at home and feel miserable, I should at least have the balls to do just that. Maybe I'll go out at midnight and find a hooker, or maybe I'll throw a rock through a bank window, or sleep on my lawn right at the edge of the sidewalk.

Or maybe I'll sit under Elaine's window and read some more about Kurt Gödel while she jacks off my finger, or maybe I'll crawl into the bottom of her closet and go to sleep, or put on a pretty dress and curl my hair for her, or plant something in her yard, or maybe I'll lay on her table and stare at her for an hour without blinking, or maybe... maybe I'll shoot myself in the head so I can't be responsible for my... feelings towards her. We can both go into her hiding place. I love that she has a hiding place.

Fuck

She can really burrow under a person's skin if given the chance. No wonder she is the center of Ruth's universe.

I tried to use my computer on Friday night, and then I realized I hadn't been in the study since I grabbed the camera days ago.

She was in here. On the desk is the picture of her asleep in the closet. Still on the floor is the book where it was dropped when she asked me to kiss her. Her electricity...I can't stand this room - it's so empty.

And so it comes to be that I find myself marking time - waiting for my heart to knit and the cast to come off. That's all I can do. At the sound of the cat choking on a fur ball, the time will be 9:31pm, Friday night.

I want some milk, and I need a fucking cookie.

I've had scares before, but nothing like what happened when I went downstairs for a snack. I experienced several clichés that I now have to stop using because I found out for real what they are. First, I actually froze in terror. That doesn't mean stand still with your eyes wide open; it means you lose all sensation in your body, and any ability to move, including breathing. My legs turned to water. With rubber legs you can at least wobble around. With water legs, it's lucky if you are standing – you just happened to be balanced. About the only cliché that didn't come true was shitting or pissing my pants, and thank god for small favors.

I had reached the bottom of the steps and I was just walking by the front door when it started to open. It sounds stupid, I know, but it was so unexpected that I couldn't wrap my mind around what could cause it. I wasn't afraid of a burglar, or a mummy, or anything at all, and I think if it opened fast I would have been fine, but the door opened just as I got to it, and it was opening slowly all the way without sound. I just couldn't understand it, and it became a source of terror.

It's too bad, too. When Elaine peeked around the door, it would have been nice to walk up to her, smile, and give her a hug.

Instead, I was in a crouch, and the only thing I could do is take tiny steps backwards until I fell on a stair. God bless her - Elaine didn't even notice because she's Elaine. Instead, she walked up to the stairs with a shy smile on her face, gave a little exhale out her nose, and said, "I'm here."

Sitting crooked on the second riser, all I could do is wave for her to come up the two steps and sit. She did, too. She dumped herself on my lap, and then sort of slithered up and around me, so we were all tangled up in each other. My jaw finally opened, but now I was the whispering one.

"I missed you."

She copied me, and whispered back, "That makes me happy, Pete."

I knew what she meant. You learn to give a person with a chunk of their brain missing a little slack if they don't say things exactly perfect. She didn't have to say anything; just being in my lap said it all.

I'm not sure how long we sat there... not too long, but she can't tell time, and I was once again intoxicated, so it may have been five minutes or thirty. We didn't grope each other, or even breathe heavy. It was nice to just be near her. But duty calls.

"I have to call Ruth, Elaine."

"I know."

"Is she going to be mad at you?"

"No. Her feelers are hurt."

"C'mon. I have milk and cookies."

I fixed her a plate with a few cookies and a tall glass of milk while I made the call.

"Hello, Ruth."

"Peter."

"If you are missing anybody, there is a darn good chance she's here. She got here not too long ago. Shall I walk her home, or... do you want to come get her?"

"Well that depends, Peter; are you in a hurry to get rid of her?"

The question took me by complete surprise, and my response was unguarded. "I really missed her."

"Yes; well, a lap dance will do that, I suppose. I know all about your little chair episode."

She caught me off guard, but I didn't try and explain anything. I said, "Don't think I'm insensitive to your position. I understand your anger."

"She's the love of my life, Peter. It would have been easier if she was mad at me, but for the last four days, she's done everything I've asked, and then some. She's done everything except stop crying. You tell me, what am I supposed to do? Do I make her hate me? Am I supposed to never trust her, and keep her locked up?"

"Do exactly what you've been doing. You've done right by her, Ruth."

"Yes; I feel wonderful sending her to your house for... math lessons. Speaking of which... I guess I should warn you: Elaine threw out all the books before trash pickup came and went. There's not a book in the house. She probably wants to keep yours, though."

I had to bite my hand to stop from laughing.

“In fact, I’d like you to hide your books regardless. Would you do that?”

“Certainly.”

“Don’t you touch her, Peter; I... don’t you hurt her.”

Ruth needs comfort.

“Ruth, I won’t touch her. She’s only fifteen. She caught me off guard the other day, but better judgment prevailed.”

“Well, thank you for the kind words, and if I was an idiot, I’d probably believe them. That’s not an indictment of you; I understand human nature... and animal instincts. Are you capable of being human, Peter? Do you follow the law?”

“I can follow the law, Ruth. I really do understand. You don’t want to lock her away. You want to let her live, and that may carry risks and consequences. The worst that can happen is that I have no regard for her wellbeing. I would be a danger to her. The more I care for her wellbeing, the less danger I am. In fact, there’s a point where I may be a benefit to her wellbeing. Do you want to lock her away, or do you trust that I have her wellbeing in mind?”

It took a long time for Ruth to say anything. It was a stark set of choices.

“So there it is, Peter. In truth, there’s a part of me that wants to lock her away just to hurt you. It’s very strange, because I want to like you. It would be so much easier if I didn’t.”

“And it would hurt me, Ruth. I found out that I like helping people, and I have taken an interest in her wellbeing. Most of all, she’s a great kid. I’m a cynic by nature, but I can’t afford to be cynical around her. It would seem so petty. She’s a positive influence in that regard.”

“Maybe you are a good man, Peter. You have helped her, and you are a rocket scientist, but you are a rocket scientist with a penis. There’s a conflict of interest if I’ve ever heard one.”

“Well, I’ve spoken to my penis, and we’ve agreed on the ground rules. It’s ten-o’-clock, Ruth. What time do you want her home? Do I have time for a quickie?”

“You might think its funny, but you don’t know how much that hurts me. Tell me again you are not going to touch her.”

“I’m not going to touch her, Ruth. You can come over here if you wish.”

“I want her home as quick as you can get her here without her crying. Take her bowling or something, and tell her to get over it. You are going to have to tell her, Peter...”

Elaine had listened to the conversation while eating her milk and cookies. When I hung up, she was standing in the middle of the kitchen, still as a statue, arms at her side, wearing a shy grin and staring right at me. She was letting me make the next move.

“Ruth wants me to take you home as soon as I can. Are you ready to go home?”

She put her finger on her chin and pretended to think about it before shaking her head.

“It’s very late. Would you like to sleep here tonight?”

She reached up and pulled off her cap. Walking to the table, she shook out her hair, and then dropped the cap on the tabletop. In front of me now, she turned up her hands and extended them toward me.

“I’m not supposed to touch you,” I said.

Her hands stopped for a moment, and then she reached up and placed one finger on my lips. Then she poked my cheek, my forehead, and my nose while I tried not to laugh.

“I only have one bed, so you are going to have to sleep either in the closet, out in the hallway, or on the floor next to the bed.”

I don’t think she knew I was joking, and she didn’t like the idea. Taking my hand, she marched me upstairs. She didn’t even glance at my bedroom as we walked to the study. She opened the door, and pointed to the reclining chair with a questioning look.

I nodded, and said, “Sure. You can sleep in here.”

This game was too subtle for her. She gave me a disappointed look, and slowly pointed to me.

“That’s fine. I’ll sleep in the chair, and you can have the bed.”

She called my bluff, and said, “First a story.”

“Oh, sure; now you can talk.”

Walking to the bookshelf, she said, “I told a lie talking.”

“I remember. I was there. Why did you lie?”

I know she heard me, but she wouldn't answer. From the bookshelf, she picked out the same book that we had started reading before. She stepped to the chair and patted it, inviting me to sit down.

Suddenly, I was back at the fork in the road.

"Elaine, I can't read to you in that chair, and you know why. I promised Ruth I wouldn't touch you, and that includes kissing."

"But Pete, I put all of my books in the trash so Ruth will let me see you."

"That's not why she let you see me."

"I know. I was sad, and she doesn't want to see me sad."

"Why did you throw out her books?"

"Just because."

"Elaine, that book doesn't get any better than what we've already read."

"I like when you read."

I decided to compromise.

I waved for her to follow, and we went to my room. From a dresser, I found a set of silk pajamas that I never use. I swapped her the book for the pajamas, and walked her into the bathroom adjoining my bedroom. I flipped on the light, and handed her an unopened spare toothbrush that I had bought when I moved in.

"Here; your very own toothbrush, and you can put it next to mine when you a done. I'll let you change in here while I change in the bedroom. The bed is big enough for two people to read without even getting near each other."

Without waiting for an answer, I walked out of the bathroom and closed the door. I put the book on the dresser and got out my own pajamas. I heard the shower start up, and felt like a fool for not offering to let her take a shower.

I flipped on the TV and got into my pajamas. A movie was playing, and when I glanced at it, a man was getting ready to shoot a woman. Fuck. The TV went off.

I was under the covers when she came out all sparkling and shiny. She liked the pajamas, and did a quick spin to show me. She looked great, even with the work boots on.

"You have to take off your boots before you get into bed."

She thought about that, and then started taking them off.

She didn't stop there. She also took off her pajama bottoms, revealing her skimpy cotton panties. "These are very nice, but I can't sleep in pants."

"They are not pants - never mind."

On the way to the bed, she detoured by the dresser and scooped up the book. She walked to the bed, but stood at the edge looking troubled. She was trying to see what was on the other side of me, but there was only the wall.

"Am I on your side of the bed?" I asked.

"Boy, Pete; I almost don't have to talk to you. Ruth said I trained her. Did I train you too?"

"Elaine, it's not that special. I'm easily trained."

I changed sides by scooting toward her, expecting her to climb up from the foot of the bed. She handed me the book, and then once again, she whipped that arm behind her and then forward, pointing her finger at me.

"Stay, Pete!"

She climbed over me, apparently unaware that testicles crunch, or that her elbows are sharp when they dig into a stomach and ribs.

She lifted the covers and tucked her legs in, then she carefully moved closer to me so that we were exactly not touching, but no further apart. She tapped the book, which I guess meant start reading. I opened the book, and found where we left off, and as soon as I read the first word, she moved right up against me, rested her head on my shoulder.

"We're not supposed to touch," I said.

Her only reply was to throw her leg over mine, and press her crotch snug against my leg. I did my best to ignore the electricity.

I started lightly scratching her head, and I read to her.

We read about non-Euclidean geometry, Lie groups, tensors, Killing vectors, and anisotropic transformations. I never made a move to touch her, and the only thing she did was grab my hand one time while I was turning a page and lightly kiss every knuckle before moving it back to the book.

By 12:30am, she was sound asleep. I moved her over a little, and slid out from under her. I went to the dresser and set the alarm for 6:00am. I didn't want Ruth banging on the door before we were awake. I flipped the hall light on, and the bedroom light off, and crawled back to bed.

I was tired, and I was at peace. Kissing the top of her head, I said a silent goodnight, and fell right asleep.

When I opened my eyes, the bedroom light was back on, but it was still dark out. I glanced at the clock and it read 4:05am. I was aware of a pain in my shin, and the source of that pain was the steady tapping of a work boot. When I looked to my right, Elaine had the book open on her chest and her eyes were closed. The blanket and sheet were humped up where her knees were bent, and she had one arm under the blanket that appeared to be aimed right between her legs.

She was playing with herself, and she was either close to an orgasm, or having a difficult time reaching one. She was going at it hard and breathing shallow, and a few curls of hair were stuck to her forehead from sweat.

When I started to look under the covers, she opened her eyes and looked right at me. I could actually see them refocus on me. She had a desperate look on her face when she grabbed my hand under the blanket and pressed it against her pussy. I was still on the edge of sleep, and the thought of playing with her pussy greatly pleased me. I was using the wrong hand for the job and when I started pulling it away, she grabbed it with fearsome strength and tried pushing it back down.

"Hold on one second, Elaine, let's do this the right way." I said this quietly as I rolled on my side to face her.

She looked miserable, and in a barely audible whisper, she said, "I'm sorry, Pete."

Still smiling at her beautiful face, I kissed her once and said, "Don't be sorry. This is a two person job, and it looks like you could use some help."

"Yes."

My face was only an inch from hers, and I rested my hand on the mound above her pussy. "Do you know what your job is?"

"What?"

"Your job is to tell me what feels good."

I extended two fingers and slid them down to her pussy lips. “You’re very wet. My fingers are soaking wet and slippery from your pussy, and I haven’t even slid one inside you. I’m just rubbing your soft lips, and pulling on them a little. Does that feel good?”

She was getting off on my soothing voice, and becoming highly aroused.

“Yes. It feels so, so good. You’re fingers...”

“It feels good to me, too. I like playing with your pussy. I like feeling your clit between my fingers.”

“Yes!”

“Spread your legs wider. I want to put my finger straight into your cunt. Good girl. I’m using all four finger tips, feeling up and down your slit. You are dripping wet all the way from up here at your clit, to way down here, at your asshole. Your pussy has soaked my whole hand, and the sheet is all wet under you.”

“Your fingers feel... great.”

“This is my middle finger tip at your hole – my long finger, and I’m going to slide it in all the way because your pussy has opened up nice.”

“Fuck. Fuck that’s good, Pete. Oh, fuck.”

I rubbed her nose with mine, and kissed her mouth. “That’s right. I’m fucking you with my finger. It goes in so easy, all the way in and out. Do you like when I press it up like this?”

She was grinding her pelvis up and down on my finger, and getting loud. “Fuck me with two fingers. I’m... I’m dripping on your sheet? Is that bad?”

“It’s not bad at all. It makes me want to lick your pussy, and suck on your pussy lips. The more wet you are, the more I want to suck on your clit and lick you on the inside.”

“Oh fuck yes! You’re... you’re going to fuck me with your tongue?”

“I am. And then, when you are ready to come, and your pussy is crying to be filled, I’m going to fuck you with my cock. I want to fuck you from behind while you are on your hands and knees, bent over, showing me your pink slit. I’ll mount you, and slide my cock in and out and when I’m ready to cum, I’ll be all the way inside you, and I’ll lock my legs in place and hold you so you can’t get away from me, and then I’ll pump you full of my sperm...”

Her back arched, and she cried out sharply. I kept my hand still, but pressed firmly against her pussy with two fingers still inside. She twitched, and then once more, and several more times. They were spaced far apart, and she would not breathe.

She was exhausted, and lay perfectly motionless with her eyes closed and the corners of her mouth turned up.

“Do you want a glass of water, Elaine?”

I barely heard her say, “Okay.”

It was odd, because I couldn't work up any guilt or anxiety. I was proud I never actually pulled my pecker out. Working her brain along with her pelvis did the trick, but I'm not going to kid myself: I did want to go down on her muffin, and if that happened, I would have fucked her. I would have fucked that sweet, lovely, fifteen-year-old brain-damaged girl.

I put ice in a glass and filled it with water while I thought about what just happened. I enjoyed pleasuring her, and talking dirty to her, and I loved watching her get off. What we just did was great. Someone fucked up by calling it a sin and someone really fucked up bad by making it a crime. I really enjoyed that, and it was obvious that she did too. I would love to fuck her, but I'll be happy just to lie next to her.

I had walked up the stairs on autopilot, and now I stood next to the bed, and she looked deeply distressed.

“What's wrong, Honey?”

“How long is jail?”

She took the glass of water, and I sat on the edge of the bed. “I'm not going to jail, Elaine. I'll just show the judge a photograph of you, and he'll understand.”

She drained the rest of the water, and flashed me a big smile. “That's terrific, Pete!”

She looked visibly relieved, and flopped back on the pillow. I took her glass and put it on the floor in the hallway while turning out the light and crawling back in bed. The bedroom door was wide open, so I could see her fine from the hall light. She wrapped herself around me, squeezing my leg between her thighs.

I smiled to myself, and said, “You sure were loud, Elaine.”

She stopped rubbing my chest, and after a moment, she said, “You could hear me louder because you had your fingers inside me.”

I burst out laughing at that, and she rolled away from me.

“What? That was funny.”

“Its okay, Pete; I’m used to people laughing at me. I’m trying to get better.”

She was on her stomach and she buried her face in the pillow.

I kneeled across her legs, pulled the covers down to her waist, and started rubbing her back.

“Elaine, I wasn’t laughing at you; what you said was funny and it made me laugh. You can stop trying to get better because you are already the best. Everyone thinks differently; if we all thought the same way, then people would be boring. One of my favorite things about you is that you think different.”

I was rubbing under her pajama top, and started making long passes up and down her back as she lay perfectly still.

“A lot of people are assholes. They are insecure with themselves, and instead of lifting themselves up, they would rather tear others down. I would never laugh at you to hurt you; if I laugh, it’s because you said something funny.”

I pulled the blanket past her still-naked ass and began rubbing her cheeks along with her back.

“I enjoy being with you, and I could never hurt you. You make me happy.”

I stopped, and asked, “Did you stop talking?”

She didn’t say anything, but after a few seconds, she wiggled her ass.

“Oh, are you enjoying this?”

“I am, enjoying this, Pete. I’m happy too. I won’t stop talking for you.”

“Thank you. Don’t get up; you just stay right there, and I’ll rub your back... or is it your butt you like rubbed?”

I was massaging her ass now, and she nodded her head into the pillow.

“See what happens when I upset you? I spend time being extra special nice to you so you’ll forgive me. I have to kiss your ass.”

I leaned down and kissed each cheek, and then resumed my massage. Her ass fit in my hands so well. The light from the hall was enough to let me see her perfect ass. It was shaped like an upside-down heart, and not a blemish on it. I started spreading her ass cheeks wide while I was rubbing, and I could see her little asshole.

I managed to work myself up.

There was no question that right now I was aiming to fuck her, so I just have to stop and I'll be fine in a minute. I certainly don't want to end up fucking her. That's exactly what I don't want to do.

But there's no way I will stop this either. I absolutely am going to fuck this sweet, beautiful, fifteen-year-old, brain-damaged girl. Admitting that is very liberating. I'm going to enjoy her, and celebrate at her temple.

I worked the covers and sheet out from under myself and off her, and applied just a little pressure on the insides of her legs, encouraging her to spread her legs so I could kneel between them.

I continued to massage her ass cheeks, working my movements deeper into her crack while I spread her cheeks wide. She responded by spreading her legs wider and wider, and every time I came near her pussy or asshole, she would move her ass in the air, and press backwards.

In no time, she was on her knees, and I was spreading her lips with my fingers, and pressing my thumb against her asshole. She was pressing hard against my hand, and I slid two fingers into her pussy, and just the tip of my index finger into her asshole.

She found her voice.

She let out a loud moan, and that must have felt good too, because she moaned again, long and from the heart. I wiggled my index finger a little, and said, "This feels a little weird, but a little good too, doesn't it?"

She didn't even have to think about it; out loud, she said, "Yes," and started rocking a tiny bit.

I could see her looking at me through her legs with her head upside-down. She was once again soaked, and I slid my two fingers all the way into her pussy, and pushed my index finger into her ass nearly up to the second knuckle.

I was going to pull my fingers out and start sucking on her pussy, but she spoke a command.

"Please fuck me. I can watch like this. I... I want to watch you fuck me."

Then, in just a whisper, almost pleading, “Fuck me.”

Between her legs, she watched me drop my pajama bottoms and free my rock hard dick.”

“Oh, yes; you DO want to fuck me. You make me happy, Pete, don’t you?”

“Elaine, right now I’m laughing on the inside because what you said was very funny. I just want you to know that, and yes, I do make you happy. I’m the happiest girl around.”

“Thanks, Pete.”

She groaned when I pulled my fingers out, and I got right up behind her. She was so wet that I entered her easily, and after just a few strokes, I was all the way in.

“I knew I’d love fucking you, Elaine.”

“And I knew I’d love you fucking me, Pete.”

This is very stupid of me because you are only fifteen.”

“It sure is, Pete. I didn’t know your dick was this big, did you? It makes my knees weak. Can we flip over?”

“Well, I’m going stay pointed the way I am, but you can flip over.”

On three-Mississippi, she burst out laughing. “Oh, Pete; you are funny. But seriously, my knees are shaking.”

“Here, Elaine; don’t think about. Just let me help you get comfortable. Lower this leg, and this shoulder, until you tip over... wheeee. See? Now you are on your back.”

“Pete! How did you do that and keep it inside me?”

“Um, it wasn’t hard. That’s why penises are round... so you can spin around without taking them out. You really did all the work.”

“Pete, this feels so good. Can you stop talking please?”

“Oh sure, Elaine.”

I think she just wanted to hear herself. I know I enjoyed listening to her, but not for long.

“Pete!”

“Yes, Elaine?”

“I’m ready to... I’m having an earthquake!”

I slowed down, and very quietly, I heard, “Oh, fuck me. Fuck me. Fuck me,” and earthquake was a good name for what happened to her. Not a violent earthquake, just a slow pulsing one.

“Okay, Pete; you can stop now. That was fantastic.”

“But Elaine, I’m not done yet. I’d really like to have a volcano.”

Five Mississippi – “Oh yeah.”

“I want to fuck you hard.”

“Really?”

“I really do.”

“That sounds like fun. On my knees again?”

“Can you handle it?”

“Oh sure; I’ll just tip over like you taught me to if I get tired.”

“I mean can you get on your knees.”

“I think... Pete?”

“Yes?”

“Why can’t I? Which way do I go?”

“Watch.”

I pulled out of her, and she immediately got to her knees and then fell forward, her forearms resting on a pillow. She said, “That’s embarrassing.”

“It’s not embarrassing. It’s not your fault my dick confuses you. The good news is if we practice enough, we can fix it.”

“Pete, you’re the smartest girl I know.”

“Are you teasing me, Elaine?”

“I am teasing you.”

“Just for that, I’m going to fuck you. Are you ready?”

Five Mississippi – “You’re my best friend, Pete.”

Five Mississippi – “I’m still going to fuck you hard.”

“That’s what best friends are for.”

“You’re such a doll, Elaine.”

Gently, I entered her once again and in no time, she was literally dripping wet again, smoothing the way for the full length of my dick. I slid my hands under her top and pulled on her nipples while I started driving her like a jackhammer.

She was making a lot of noise and encouraging me on. With each thrust, she would move forward a little bit and soon her head was bumping the wall. She raised her head, and put her forearms against the wall, but I kept driving hard, encroaching on her whole body. I could feel myself building to that magic moment.

She was almost upright against the wall, and I wrapped her gently in my arms while pressing her hard against the wall. In her ear I whispered, “I’ve got you. You’re not getting away from me.”

Three Mississippi – “You do have me. Please don’t let me get away. You are such a doll, Pete.”

Still whispering in her ear, I said, “Can I tell you a secret?”

“Yes.”

“I should pull out of you, but I don’t want to. I want to come deep inside you.”

“Oh, fuck. I’m having an earthquake...”

As soon as she said that, I buried myself all the way in her, and delivered my package.

“I feel it, Pete... you’re trying to put a baby in me, aren’t you?”

Eight Mississippi...

“I hope you don’t get mad, but I can’t have a baby, Pete.”

I couldn’t move. I couldn’t pull out of her. I didn’t want to pull out of her, and she didn’t want me to pull out either. We were almost upright, and I hugged her from behind, and

nuzzled her, and kissed her neck, and told her how beautiful she was, and how wonderful she felt in my arms, and no; I could never be mad at her for anything ever.

When I finally pulled out, she rolled over, and I fell down beside her. We had changed sides of the bed, but neither moved as we could only stare and smile at each other.

“Thank you,” she whispered. “I wanted you to fuck me, and now I’m fucked.”

A laugh barked from my throat, but this time she smiled with me.

“Do you know what? I’m fucked too.”

“We’re both fucked,” she said.

Then she asked, completely serious, “Could you hear me even better with your cock inside?”

“Yes I could. You were loud, Elaine.”

She started tracing her finger all over my face, and after a minute, a big grin spread across her face. “You heard me with your penis.”

This struck her as funny, and she started giggling, and then laughing. I laughed, and gave her a long kiss. When it stopped, she giggled and said, “Listen more.”

“I will. I’m going to try to talk to you too.”

She was smiling her dopey smile, and I figured that went right over her head, but a minute later, she gave a shrill laugh, and then she started tracing my lips with her finger.

Suddenly, her eyes went big and she sat up fast. She opened her legs, and said, “Oh, no!”

“Its okay, Elaine. That’s my sperm. That’s what I put inside you. Go sit on the toilet and push it all out.”

After I heard the toilet flush, I got up, and greeted her at the bathroom door, pushing her back into the bathroom.

“Let’s take a shower together. It’s nice and bright in here, and I want to feast my eyes on you.”

She appeared confused at first. “You’re going to feast my eyes... we can take a shower together?”

“Yes. We get to wash each other.”

I turned on the hot water in the shower stall, and then I unbuttoned her pajama top and helped her out of it. Her small tits were shaped perfectly, and when she saw me staring at them, she started playing with her nipples. Then she took one of my hands, and made me do it for her. My dick was rock hard again, and she took hold of it, and began stroking it.

She pressed close to me, and tucked my dick between her legs. She looked down and paused, thinking about something, and then without warning, she jumped up into my arms and wrapped her legs around me. Then, in case I didn't grasp the concept, she said, "You can fuck me."

She was as light as a feather, and fucking like this really turned her on. I bounce her up and down on my rod as I walked around. The bathroom was steaming up from the shower. I walked to the shower, made a quick adjustment to the water, and then we were both under the stream.

I could tell it would be a long time until I came – too long to hold her up the whole time, so I lifted her off, pinned her to the wall, and kissed her face all over as I told her how beautiful she was. Grabbing the soap, I lathered her chest, and played with her tits some more. We couldn't keep our hands off each other.

She played with my cock, and when I say that she played, I mean she bounced it up and down, side to side, tucked it under my legs, played with my balls, and hurt me twice doing that. Then a wild idea dawned on her; I knew it as soon as it hit because her mouth opened. She discovered cock sucking, and I was in fear the first couple of minutes. If she became confused in some way that involved her biting down, then this could end badly.

As the minutes passed, I relaxed more and more, finally leaning back against the wall, and aimed the water jet over me so it wasn't getting on her face.

I enjoyed the show.

I was getting really turned on watching her, and she was great at it, but when she started playing with herself, it was time to stop. I had to eat her pussy.

She didn't want to stop. Begging doesn't have any effect on her, and that is frustrating. I finally just pulled it out of her mouth, and held her back by pushing on the top of her head. She finally stood up and looked at me with a giant cock-goblin' grin on her face. I soaped up the facecloth and she spread her legs wide, watching me wash her pussy. She spread her ass cheeks while I finished the scrubbing, and then we rinsed off.

She got out of the shower before me, and started to towel off, but I grabbed her hand, dragged her out of the bathroom, and threw her onto the bed from halfway across the room. She shrieked and that surprised and embarrassed her. I hovered over her, pinning her to the bed by her arms and stared at her rosy cheeks, and wet hair.

“I’m going to talk to you now. I want to know if you can hear me. Tell me what you hear, okay?”

She blinked slow, and I took that for my answer. I sat up on my knees and grabbed her ankles. Spreading her legs, and folding them back, I said, “Ready? Here I go...”

Why do I love eating pussy? I know I’m not the only one in the world who loves eating pussy, so what is it?

And this pussy, Elaine’s pussy, is something very special – it demands attention. This is not a pussy meant for saving up for that special whoever that may or may not materialize - any pussy should do for that special someone. Elaine’s pussy is a special treat. They say people with disabilities usually compensate by acquiring other heightened abilities, and she is blessed proof of that. Her pussy is very, very pink and clean, and it has two symmetrical flaps that she loves to have pulled on and sucked. I can’t say she has a tight pussy because when she is aroused, it opens up on its own, just begging for my fingers, my tongue, or my cock to come on inside.

The sun had come up and the alarm clock had been buzzing for just over an hour when I stopped eating her out. I could have done it until the next morning too except she had stopped squirming and cheering me on with her foul language and pulling my hair. When I lifted my head to look, it was pretty creepy.

She had gone to her hiding place, and just lay there with her eyes open and a very dumb but happy expression on her face. She could have been dead. I knew she wasn’t, but it looked like she could have been.

I lay down next to her and softly said her name. I watched as her eyes slowly gained focus in this world, and then she took a quick sip of air. Her eyes blinked once, and rolled in her head to look at me.

“Where did you go, pretty girl?”

“I went to tell you nice things. Did you hear me?”

“I certainly did. You said the nicest things anybody has ever said to me.”

She held my face in her hands, and said, “I meant it all. I wish I could talk like that all the time.”

“I wish I didn’t have to work so I could live in bed with you. Did you hear what I said to you?”

“Yes; very loud and clear.”

“Oh yeah, what did I say?”

“You said... ‘I like your vagina’.”

She cracked herself up and went into a laughing fit. In a voice that my neighbors probably could hear, she yelled, “I LIKE your vagina, I LICK your vagina!”

I happened to glance at the clock, and my eyes bugged out. “Shit! Elaine, we have to... you have to put your clothes on.”

“No! Let’s fuck. Fuck me, Pete. Lick my Vagina!”

“We can fuck later, Elaine. Right now you have to get dressed.”

“Why?”

“Because... because we have to eat breakfast, and I’ll go to jail if they catch you eating breakfast naked.”

“But you can just show them my picture.”

“That’s the judge. It won’t work with the... naked brunch task force.”

She thought about that for a moment, and then snapped her fingers. “I’ll show them my eggs.”

“That will probably work, Elaine...”

The phone rang, of course, and I really didn’t need to look at the caller I.D. Before I pressed talk on the handset, I told Elaine it was Ruth, and then I walked downstairs. I wasn’t sure what I’d say, but I was reasonably sure most of it would be lies. I didn’t want Elaine hearing them.

Ruth had been up all night, and she was going out of her mind. Was Elaine ever going to come home? Am I starting a cult? How many young girls are at my house right now? She wasn’t sure whether to kill herself or call the police on me, and she wanted my opinion.

“It’s not uncommon, Ruth; a lot of people had trouble making decisions – especially big ones.”

I told Ruth that Elaine just woke not too long ago, and I had no idea what time she went to bed, because I wasn’t about to stay up entertaining all night. It would just encourage her to stay awake longer.

“Where did she sleep?”

“Well, what woke me up was a hard kick from a work boot. At some point she had crawled up on the bed and went to sleep. When she kicked me awake, she was on top of the covers, asleep, drooling on the pillow she stole from under my head. I got up and let her sleep.”

Ruth had to buy it, but I sensed she didn't want to.

“Would you like me to walk her home now?”

“That would be nice, Peter. Don't you think it's about time she came home? I think it would be derelict to let her stay out too long in the day after letting her stay out all night long. Call me old fashioned.”

“Okay, Ruth. If you don't see us in half an hour, would you swing by here on your way to the police station? She might respond better to you, but I bet she won't put up a fuss.”

“Has she eaten?”

“Neither one of us has eaten. I was waiting for her to wake up, so I'm quite hungry as well. I didn't mean to imply that you have to feed me; I just thought I'd mention that I was hungry - very hungry.”

“You can eat outside.”

“She may not like that, Ruth. It might be best not to risk it. We'll be by in a jiffy.”

What a giant dick I am

I clicked the button on the phone and bit my knuckles. I may have been a little too cute on that one. She probably thinks I'm preparing to blackmail her.

I ran upstairs certain I'd find Elaine reading the book, going at it with two fingers in a circular motion, but she was in the bathroom checking herself out in the mirror, making sure her cap and the rest of her clothes were on properly. It was I who was naked, and when she saw me, she started pawing the air like a puppy dog trying to open a car window.

“No!”

I ran to the dresser, and started grabbing clothes.

“You're a good girl, Elaine. Thank you for getting dressed. You've made me very happy.” I was shouting, and when I shouted, “I'm a very happy, happy man,” while tripping on my boxers, I ended up on the rug staring at her boots, and she was in them.

She actually shouted, "Someone help! He fell down!"

That was goddamn funny, and I had to jump up and kiss her.

On the way out the door, I did a quick check of her, but short of her being stark naked, my brain was not up to the task on scrutinizing her for telltale signs. Nearly four hours of being together and naked, and she only was subjected to one load, and that load I shot balls deep into her pussy. That was real good thinking.

My professional career involves thinking about all the things that can go wrong in a deep space mission. While walking to Elaine's house, I decided that job is simple compared to the job that I was trying to do right now: Coach Elaine.

"Elaine... we were not supposed to touch each other, remember?"

"No. You couldn't touch me."

"Well, that may be technically true, but Ruth really meant we couldn't touch each other."

"I don't know; I'll ask her when we get there."

"No no no, Elaine, that's the point I was getting at; we don't want to mention touching each other, and we don't want to ask for exact parameters on what we can and cannot do to each other. We don't want her to know... anything."

"Pete, are you saying I should stop talking?"

"No! Christ... always talk, Elaine. Just don't talk about..."

"Fucking?"

"Yes. Don't talk about fucking."

My nervousness was making her nervous too.

"Pete, my brain doesn't work very well, and I know you want me to do something important, but I don't know what it is. I'll tell her that we didn't touch if that's what you want... that would be another lie, and I'm not fast thinking with lies..."

I stopped her on the sidewalk.

"Elaine, forget everything I said. Don't worry about anything. I don't want to tell you what you can and cannot say to Ruth. I'll... just try to deal with whatever happens, okay?"

“Pete, are you going to go to jail? You were very bad - you did everything you weren't supposed to do, but... why was it bad? What did we do wrong?”

“Elaine, we didn't do anything wrong. I'm not going to jail, so relax. Let's have a nice breakfast.”

We were just rounding the corner to her street, and she asked, “Are you going to dump me now?”

“What the hell? What gave you that idea? We're not even dating. How can I dump you?”

“In some books, the man dumps the woman after he fucks her. Why? What is different about her after he fucks her?”

“I can't answer that right now, Elaine, but I want to point out the dirty look that old man is giving us because you mentioned fucking when we walked past him. At least it's not my neighbor.”

We were almost at her house, and I was sweating like a whore in church when she said, “Some men would have beaten that guy up for giving me a dirty look.”

“Oh, really? And does the book talk about how to stitch up bleeding lips, and talk about replacing teeth that get knocked out?”

“No. They never get hurt.”

Ruth had been watching for us, and the outside door opened before we even got to the front steps.

Elaine went first and Ruth grabbed her and gave her a big hug. “Are you alright, Hon?”

I tried not to roll my eyes. “I'm done raping her now,” is what I wanted to say.

Elaine gave her a perfunctory peck on the cheek, and then bounded into the house hopping like a bunny rabbit, and clapping her hands.

Ruth pretty much let the door slam in my face, but I went inside anyway. I've never been in a gunfight before, but I'm sure the feeling is similar to what I felt. There was no way this was going to end with both Ruth and I standing. Unless the good lady has the sense to keep her head in the sand, this is going to get ugly.

I was three steps behind Ruth as we entered the kitchen. The smell of bacon made my mouth water, and by appearances, Elaine was hungry too. I watched Ruth watch Elaine

dart around the kitchen piling food on a plate, only to go over to the table and scrape it off onto what I guessed to be my plate.

She was talking to herself out loud. “I wonder how much he’ll eat? Oh ho! I bet he has a big appetite this morning.”

Ruth interrupted her little domestic daydream.

“My, aren’t you chipper this morning, Elaine.”

Elaine looked at Ruth as if she just realized she was there. “Aunt Ruth, I feel terrific. I never knew how good... I felt. C’mon Pete! I made you breakfast.”

“Oh, thanks, Elaine; you should sit down and eat right now too.”

“I’m going to. I’m going to sit right next to you.”

Elaine sat in her chair, and scooted it over toward my chair, but when Ruth walked behind her, she dragged the chair in the opposite direction, closer to her own, and then sat down facing Elaine.

“I was worried about how you would do when Pete had his little talk with you.”

Elaine looked at me in shock, and then turned to Ruth, “You know about that? Oh, it went great! I had no idea, Ruth... except for the stories you read to me, but this was better than any of those stories. I was having such a hard time at first, it was difficult and I thought I was only going to get his middle finger, but Pete started talking, explaining what he wanted and what I should do. His words really affected me.

I could not chew my food. Ruth actually smiled at me, and all I could do was look at her with chipmunk cheeks.

“Well, I must say I’m impressed, Peter.” She turned to Elaine, and asked, “So are you over it now?”

Elaine took a bite of toast, and said, “Not at all. After I eat, I want to go back to his house and fuck again.”

I’ll give the old bat credit: she didn’t even flinch. All she said was, “Elaine. Will you go outside and water your flowers, and let Peter and I talk?”

Elaine stared at me with her mouth wide open.

“It’s alright, Elaine; Ruth was talking about a different conversation. Please don’t look so hurt; you didn’t do anything wrong. Ruth and I will work it out.”

“Ruth, please let me explain.”

“Peter, we are past the point of explanations and apologies. I sent Elaine outside because I don’t think she needs to hear that you are to turn yourself in to the police, or I will turn you in - today.”

“Ruth, if I did something wrong, or hurt her in some way, I’d turn myself in this instant. I think before you turn me in, and drag us all through an emotional trial, that you should hear why I’ll be found innocent.”

“It’s a cut and dry matter, Peter.”

“I may not be innocent, but I am blameless. There’s been no foul. You know Elaine is highly charged, sexually.”

“Peter, lots of girls her age are sexually charged. It doesn’t make it alright for you to have sex with them.”

“I didn’t pursue Elaine, or take advantage of her. This is very much a different situation.”

“Peter, what might only be flirting may seem to you like seduction.”

“But that’s not what happened. She didn’t seduce me. In fact, she was on her best behavior last night. We both fell asleep with not so much as a handshake. I don’t know what time she got up, but it was just after 4:00am when she accidentally kicked me with her boot. She had got up at some point, put her boots on, turned on the bedroom light, and climbed back into bed with a book.”

Ruth was at least listening.

“She wasn’t anywhere near me while she was... reading. The only reason she kicked me was because her legs were spread wide. When I woke, she was masturbating under the covers. She was sweating, and in distress. When she saw that I was awake, she gave me the most pathetic look I’d ever seen, and I decided to help her along. I wasn’t aroused, and I didn’t watch what was going on. I helped her with my hand, and I talked dirty to her, and together we got the job done in no time flat. I scratched her itch, Ruth.”

“Peter, she knows what ‘fucking’ is. Are you trying to tell me you fooled her into thinking that...”

“No. I’m only telling you how things started.”

Ruth waited, and then said, “Well?”

“Okay... I turned the light out, hoping to get back to sleep. I forget what Elaine said, but it made me laugh, and you know Elaine; she took my laugh the wrong way, and she was hurt, thinking that I teased her. I rubbed her back while I explained that I would never laugh at her to make fun of her. I rubbed her back and her butt, and I managed to not only get her revved up again, but I found myself in the same state. When she asked me to... do it with her, I was more than willing at that point.”

“So then you admit that if she is examined right now, you would be implicated.”

“Ruth... you saw her float into this house. She did everything but sing. We did exactly what she wanted. Fifteen is young, but it’s not that young. She’s built like a goddess, and she has been practicing for this. Look at it this way: your worst fear has come true; she and I have had sex together, and I seem to be doing fine. I don’t expect any trauma as a result, and by all appearances, neither does she. I only say that based on how she acts today versus when I met her just the other day.”

“Oh, I see how it is, Peter; you are her savior, rescuing her from the neglectful aunt.”

“Ruth, zip it. I told you that I thought she was lucky to have to. I told her the same thing. Her coming out of her shell has more to do with her desire to communicate with someone who couldn’t read her mind the way you do. My only contribution was to listen to her, and to look out for her. I think being male had some effect, also.”

Ruth wouldn’t even look at me because she knew I was right.

“I’m going home now. If you feel the need to call the cops, then so be it. You have my address. Just remember this: those laws exist to prevent an adult from coercing a child into having sex. That was clearly not the case here. Ask yourself who you are helping by turning me in for something that she was actively seeking, and now that it’s done, something I’m glad to have shared with her. Her wellbeing was my constant priority because... because... I don’t know why, but I just want good things for her.”

On the way out, I made sure to smile and act cheerful for Elaine, but she was having none of it.

“Pete? If I go with you to your house right now, that would hurt Ruth, wouldn’t it?”

“Yes.”

“But if I stay here with Ruth, will that hurt you?”

“No, Elaine; it makes me feel good knowing how smart you are. You come see me when Ruth says it’s alright, and try not to cry around her. Just be nice to her; she loves you. Remember, though, I’ll wait for you to visit me no matter how long it takes.”

I gave her a quick kiss on the cheek, and started walking away fast.

“Um, Pete?”

“Yes, Elaine?”

“Pete... you make me very happy.”

She had tears in her eyes, and my heart broke. “Please don’t cry, Elaine; I didn’t bring any tissues. You come see me as soon as you can. It won’t be long – I just know it won’t be. You come see me because I have to tell you how much you mean to me.”

I was at my limit. I could smile no longer, so I turned around and walked away. I could feel her gravity pulling on me. It was as real a thing as the warmth from the sun.

I kept walking, and like real gravity, it too attenuated with distance. I walked until I could feel it no more.

In its place I felt tremendous loss.

I didn’t see Elaine for more than 24 hours, but I slept most of that time, so it wasn’t too bad. I managed to drag my depressed ass outside to mow the front yard. I was about halfway done, and when I turned the mower to start another strip, there she was, standing in my driveway wearing that dumb expression which told me she was daydreaming.

She was holding a flat of flowers, and wearing a beautiful dress along with the same nice boots that she wore to dinner at my house. She was so pretty that she seemed to glow.

I cut the engine and tried to act casual as I slowly walked up to her and greeted her.

Before I could open my mouth, she said, “God says hi.”

“Hello God, I’m flattered. When did you speak to God?”

“I spoke to him at church. Ruth made me make peace with God and ask forgiveness for your soul before I could see you.”

“And did you make peace with Him, Elaine?”

“Sure. He wasn’t even mad at me. He said He’ll never be mad at me.”

“That’s because He has a very special place in his heart for you.”

She breathed out through her nose and squinted. “Just like you, Pete.”

“You are such a sweet doll, Elaine. I’m going to thank God for you. What are you holding?”

“They’re flowers, Pete.”

“I think those are the tiniest flowers I’ve ever seen on a plant. They are lovely.”

“What do they look like?”

“Um... I don’t know, Elaine. I just see tiny flowers.”

“Really? That’s too bad. When I saw them, I saw a rotating fluid of dust, and when I stood on one of the flowers and looked around, what did I see?”

It took a moment for her words to sink in. Slowly, a smile crept up on my face.

“You saw yourself looking back, because all those flowers are looking at themselves. Now I see it. I owe you a big apology. I didn’t think you understood that book. I’m beginning to think the sexiest part of your body is above your neck.”

“My mouth?”

“I was going to say your brain, but your mouth is very sexy too.”

“Pete, do you remember when you said I should tell you what feels good?”

“Yes. Did you think of something that feels good?”

“Yes. Would you take me to a restaurant, and pull out my chair for me, and open the car door for me?”

“That sounds like something I’d really like to do. What’s your favorite food besides corned beef and cabbage?”

“Vanilla pudding.”

And so it marked our first real date, and driving home that night, I had to laugh... silently, of course.

Elaine followed a dating protocol to the tee; a protocol no doubt learned from a book. She didn’t miss a trick, nor would she let me. I had to help her into and out of her coat. I

opened doors, pulled out chairs, and I watched her pretend to read the menu, but when the waiter took our order, she didn't even acknowledge him, but rather smiled at me patiently until I realized I had to order for the both of us.

In my truck, she sat right next to me with perfect posture and her hands in her lap. Every once in a while I would feel her looking at me, silently asking if she was doing it all correctly. This was a big deal to someone who long had doubts about her ability to be just like anybody else.

When I pulled into my driveway at about 10:00pm, I ran around to her side and helped her out.

"Thank you, Peter. I had a wonderful evening. If you walk me home, there is a kiss waiting for you at the end."

I was shocked and disappointed. "Elaine... I was hoping you would spend the night here."

Her reply took longer than usual.

"I don't think that would be smart, Peter. It's very late."

"Elaine, you're driving me crazy right now. I have to be with you. Are you teasing me?"

"Teasing you? No; I'm waiting for you to trick me into the house with a lie."

Five Mississippi... "Oh."

"Elaine, before I walk you home, I would love to show you my collection of physics books. It will take but just a moment, and you can use the powder room while I pour us a glass of a sherry to keep the chill at bay for our walk home. What do you say?"

She giggled, and said, "Is it safe?"

"I assure you, your virtue will be intact."

"You're not going to try and fuck me from behind, are you?"

"Try?"

"Well, just for a moment, then."

Walking to the front door arm in arm, Elaine said to me, "I left something in your bedroom the other night."

"What's that?"

“My virginity.”

“I stole it, Elaine. You can have it back when you give me my heart back.”

She slowed down and thought about that.

“I stole your heart, Pete?”

“Yes.”

“You make me happy.”

“I love you, too.”

I unlocked the front door, and said, “You sure did get lucky.”

We stepped into the house, and Elaine handed me the little box she was holding. “Pete, can you put my cheesecake in the refrigerator please?”

“Certainly.”

At the refrigerator I heard her boots race up a few steps and then stop. Then they raced up a few more, and stopped. I heard the boots one more time, and she was at the top. I hung up my keys, shut off the downstairs lights, and headed upstairs myself.

On the lower steps there was a dress. A few steps above that was a bra with small cups. Climbing further I spotted a pair of panties.

Know that she was only wearing tall boots and a knit cap is one thing, but seeing it is something entirely different.

She was on the bed, on her knees leaning against the wall with one hand, while she played with herself using the other hand..

“Stay away, Pete. These walls have me cornered. Why, if you got a hold of a girl over here, you could probably fuck the hell out of her and she wouldn’t be able to get away.”

I was stripping down fast. “I’m coming to get you, Elaine.”

She dropped her head, spread her legs, and stuck her ass way up in the air. “Don’t let me get away, Pete.”

Never

Notes:

Writing is a fairly recent hobby for me, and the majority of stories that I write are not erotica. Hell, I don't even know if the erotica that I do write is erotica. Only recently have I written a "stroke" story featuring fairly continuous action, and that was a writing exercise I set for myself.

In all my other writing, I shun formulaic style and gimmicks. I will admit to a tendency to write in 1st person, but beyond that, anything goes. In erotica, however, I notice that I've built myself a little box that I stay in.

First of all, every single erotica story I've written involve big M, and small f – man fucks girl/teen, and I have more to say on that below. I've stayed within this sub-genre because I find it a fun taboo to flaunt. The thing is, if it were just about the taboo, then I would write short, predominantly stroke stories with little plot and a lot of action which may or may not get over the top.

Instead, I find that I write these long, detailed stories with rich character development and actual interesting plot that moves in parallel with the sex action. What I'm not sure about is why exactly I do this, but I suspect it is a couple of things. First, I try to stay disciplined in all my writing, so to write a story lacking a plot or using sparse characters runs counter to my goal of being if not a better writer, at least an entertaining writer. The second reason for all the detail might actually be some sort of appeasement for writing about a taboo subject. I say this because there are a number of common traits that appear in my stories that were not consciously devised.

With the exception of one recent story (Adaptable Man) all my stories are portrayed as essentially victimless. The sex is consensual and enjoyable, and the adults are a benevolent influence on the youths. These traits are probably rare in real life, and that might be why I feel compelled to carefully construct plausible scenarios and meaningful plots.

Another common trait is how I often portray the parents of the girls. The father is usually out of the scene and may get a passing mention at best, and the mother is either antagonistic or outright malevolent, and I believe it's for the same reason as above: plausibility. I just can't imagine some nurturing mother and father giving rise to a young daughter who's out fucking and sucking older men just to fulfill their fantasies. It may happen, but not in my puritanical worldview. Whether or not it happens is irrelevant; it's beyond my talent to write about it. I seem to have a need for the girls to be victims of circumstance in one way or another, and to derive support from their older male partners.

That seems like a hell of a lot of work just to deliver a payload of a taboo flaunt, and it almost feels counter-productive. Maybe I add so all the plot to thicken up the payload so the story at least delivers something. I guess you would know better than I

Examining this stuff is what led me to write the above-mentioned Adaptable Man. It was a purposeful attempt to break most of the traits I observed. It ended up being thoroughly unremarkable, and wasn't very fun to write. In short, it felt formulaic.

Now, why the hell would I write M/f stories to begin with?

First off, I enjoy a robust but fairly conservative sex life with my current girlfriend, and this after being married and raising a daughter who is herself now happily married.

Until a couple of years ago, I would have rejected any story of the kind I now occasionally write as the twisted product of a pervert and not even attempted to read it as a fantasy. In fact, I would have denied it fantasy status altogether.

So, have I found enlightenment? Do I tell people who I know that I write stories about grown men fucking young girls? No, but I don't know anybody who is openly sympathetic to the fantasy, but I'll tell you what: I'm not alone. If you look at the xxnx story forum, the single most popular erotica sub-genre is the category 'Young'. So is everyone a pervert, or is it supply and demand?

Now I do have a confession to make: I have in fact indulged in the pleasures of several teenage girls, but I myself was a teenager too.

I'm near certain that my "enlightenment" came about as a byproduct of my age, but is it nostalgia for when I was a teenager? Maybe, but I think it has more to do with the general concept of desirability. Let's face it; I'm out in public, but there is a distinct lack of nubile young woman throwing themselves at me, and I suspect many other men my age are reporting the same thing.

I have no idea what a psychologist would say – probably something different – but if it was something bad, I would want to know what the correct thoughts should be for a middle-age guy when he drives by a supremely fuckable fifteen-year-old girl dressed for display.

I know what my thoughts were when I had to drop my daughter off at high school, or when she had friends over the house. My thoughts were *don't even fucking look They are the same age as your daughter, and many of them are evil or worse. Let the wife deal with them.*

With my daughter out of the house and even married now, there is no such thing as *she's your daughter's age*. It's rather nice. I don't leer, or gawk, and I certainly do not obsess or stalk, but I now allow myself a big ol' smile after I pass a woman or girl who made me look twice.

That the phenomena exists for real and is taboo make it a compelling subject to read and write about.

The boundaries that I've consciously and subconsciously created in my stories are probably a reflection of my own personal values. Fantasy is fantasy. That I choose not to write some things or go certain places in my scenes are just a matter of what I am comfortable writing. As mentioned above... I wrote one story with the explicit goal of going outside my comfort zone, and found it to be tedious.

This story here, No-Brain Elaine, I found to be provocative to write. It forced me to think about the legal aspects of the taboo. Are the laws universally applicable? My personal view upon reflection is that the laws are probably just about right. I say this because the fact is, children are easily manipulated. They are dependent on adults, and that dependency can be a brutal weapon to use against a child. I suspect cases of truly consensual, mutually enjoyable and beneficial sex with minors is very much the exception, but I'm sure there are people sitting in prison who should not realistically be there.

Anyway, if you want to say something to me on the subject, email me at DelShady@ymail.com