**Katie & Lyn**

by Gina Marie Wylie



**Chapter One**

**At the Movies**

I looked at Bill Shearer with a weary expression on my face. He was talking at length about his latest Nintendo victory and I was about bored out of my skull with it. I didn't go out on many dates, I thought to myself, and it certainly showed up in the quality of the date I went on. Before Bill it had been Randall; he'd wanted to get in the back seat and neck. If that had been all that he wanted, we might have had a good time. At least Bill was more or less harmless that way. Dull, though. For the millionth time I wondered how you met someone who was interesting.

Suddenly Bill was waving, and I saw someone across the movie theater wave back. I turned my head to get a better look, as Bill was saying, "There's the friend I was telling you about, Donny Wilder." Donny was short, a trifle pudgy and he was trailed by a girl about my own age. She was petite, about five feet two, thin, with long brown hair, down past her shoulder blades. "Kate," Bill said introducing us, "This is Donny Wilder, he's in physics with me; Donny, this is Kate Hanson." I nodded at him and he nodded back. "This is Marilyn Swain, except she likes to be called Lyn."

The two boys sat down next to each other, and immediately started talking about some new Nintendo game Donny had gotten.

Lyn smiled at me and held out her hand. "Nice to meet you, Kate."

I lightly shook her hand. Her grip was firm. Did she squeeze back? It was hard to say. I was a little intrigued. "Nice meeting you, Lyn. Looks like we're losing out to a machine."

She laughed, a pretty sound. I found myself watching her every move. After a minute or so I realized she wasn't wearing a bra; I found the idea oddly exciting. "Yeah. Donny can be a real bore sometimes. Particularly when he's talking about his damn Nintendo games."

I couldn't say why, but I kept glancing at Lyn as the two of us sat by ourselves, talking, deserted by our dates. Lyn was wearing jeans and print blouse, the top two buttons of which were undone. Just before the lights went out, Lyn leaned down to get some gum out of her purse. My eyes were drawn to the last undone button and I found I could see one of her breasts; small and conical, mostly nipple, down the front of her blouse. It was strangely thrilling, more so when she straightened back up and I saw her expression. She'd done it on purpose! She'd wanted me to peek! I felt tingly in my middle.

The lights flickered and to my surprise Bill made no move to get up from his seat and join me; so I stayed where I was, while Lyn at least was sitting next to Donny. It seemed like during the entire movie Bill and Donnie kept talking to each other.

At one very dramatic point in the movie I felt Lyn reach over and squeeze my hand, just for a second. I glanced at her from the corner of my eye and saw she was looking at me. I gave a little squeeze back, surprising myself. I could see a smile on Lyn's face while her hand tarried on mine another second, then moved away. Later, Lyn was digging in her purse for a kleenex and when she straightened up her fingers brushed my bare leg. I found I was more thrilled than if Bill had done it; not that he would. I wasn't sure if Lyn was interested in me, but I decided that I wanted to find out. At one juncture during the movie I reached out and put my hands on my leg, but such that the back of my hand was brushing Lyn's thigh. Lyn's leg seemed to press more firmly against mine.

After the movie Bill wanted to go over to Donny's house to try out the new game. I didn't particularly want to, but Lyn pleaded with me to come along. The drive over to Donny's house was fairly short and in a few minutes the two boys were lost in the damned machine. Donny's parents were out someplace and the four of us were alone in their big house. Lyn and I watched for a few minutes as they turned on the computer game and played, ignoring us.

Lyn announced she wanted to go freshen up. They hardly noticed and Lyn and I went to the main bathroom. It reminded more of a public bath; there was a long counter in front of a mirror and a smaller alcove for the tub and toilet. We stood primping in front of the mirror talking about inconsequential things. I'd been wondering about what I thought were certain signals coming from Lyn at the movie theater and felt a little thrill every time I glanced at Lyn, my mouth dry.

Lyn took a small vial of perfume from her purse, and unbuttoned another button of her blouse, dabbed some of the rose-scented liquid on her fingers and rubbed some between her breasts. As I had seen earlier Lyn's breasts were quite small, mainly nipple and again I caught several glimpses of them. I saw Lyn watching my image in the mirror. My eyes were drawn back to her breasts. "I sure wish these were bigger," Lyn murmured.

I nodded, and added before she could take it wrong. "Yeah, I have the same problem!" I ran my hand down the front of my blouse over one of my AAA nothings. One thing I noticed though, my AAA nothing nipples were erect. And my own touch made them stiffer, if anything, along with a pleasant sensation that suffused through me. If Lyn hadn't been there, I'd probably have touched them again.

"You know," Lyn said, "maybe we ought to try a little trick on the guys. You're wearing a skirt, I'm wearing jeans. I think we're close enough to the same size to swap."

I giggled. "To see if they notice?" I asked. Lyn nodded and I said, "Sure! Let's do it!" I unzipped my skirt and handed it to Lyn, while she handed me her jeans. I found myself aroused looking at Lyn standing in her knickers, I noticed her eyes were on me as well. For a brief moment we stood looking at each other's bodies, before we hurriedly dressed and went out to where the guys were still playing with the damn game.

It would have been funny if it wasn't funny at all. For half an hour we tried to talk to them, but the machine kept winning the battle. If either of them noticed the change they didn't figure it was worth comment. Finally I got really pissed and told Bill that I had to be home soon.

Lyn spoke up. "Well, I gotta be going too. Look, I've got a car. Maybe I could drop Kate off?" I'd wondered about how we were going to handle the logistics of changing back. Now I was really surprised; the last two times we'd gone out Bill had taken me home and we'd necked for a while in the family room; my parents were good about not coming down to check up on us. Bill was shy and we'd never passed the heavy smooching stage, but I've always liked being cuddled. Now, when he agreed with Lyn's suggestion, I was upset. Poor guy didn't know it, but in my head where there was a list of people I wanted to go out with, his name got rubbed off the second he agreed. I wanted to go with Lyn, which maybe wasn't fair to him, but tough! Lyn and I gathered up our stuff silently and went outside.

"What a pair of jerks!" Lyn said as we got into her car.

"Yeah, I don't believe it! To be dumped for a damn video game!" We grinned at each other. I was tense, unsure what was going to happen. I knew I wanted something, but I was afraid to think about what.

Lyn let out a gusty sigh and I looked at her curiously. "What are you thinking?" I asked finally.

She shook her head. "You'd be shocked," Lyn replied, still looking straight ahead.

"No I wouldn't!" I replied stoutly.

"Well..." her voice trailed off. "Scoot over here next to me and I'll whisper a secret in your ear." I thought it was a little odd; who could hear us in the car? But, I did as bid. Lyn leaned close, her mouth right next to my ear. "I want to kiss you, Kate." Her voice was barely audible. She pulled back a little and said in a more normal voice, "Are you shocked?"

I shook my head. Suddenly her hand was on my chin, turning my head to face her. Her lips pressed down firmly on mine, and I kissed her back, almost from the first moment. The kiss went on for some time, before both of us mutually broke apart to catch our breath.

"Did you like that?" Lyn asked softly.

I nodded and this time I leaned close to Lyn to kiss her. One of Lyn's arms went around my waist and this time it was a very long kiss. It was Lyn who broke this time, sighing softly. "I could do that all night."

"That sounds nice," I murmured back.

Lyn looked around. "We should go, before the guys notice and wonder what we are doing sitting here with the windows all fogged up!" I looked, and sure enough, the interior of the windows were misted over.

Lyn started her car, and we sat quietly for a few seconds while the engine warmed up. She turned to me and reached out for my hand. "Kate, would you really like to do it some more?" She rushed her next words a bit, "We could go somewhere and park."

I was unsure, I'd never thought about doing anything remotely like this with another girl. Lyn kissed me again, quickly this time. I felt the faint tip of her tongue between her lips. "Please?" she pleaded quietly, squeezing my hand gently. I nodded, and Lyn smiled, and put the car into gear. I continued to sit next to her in the middle of the seat, holding her hand.

We drove a few minutes, just a few, and I saw we were at the outskirts of the shopping mall parking lot. Lyn pulled into a space well away from anything, and shut off the motor. For a couple of moments we looked at each other then she was pulling me closer to kiss again.

After a second I sort of let my mouth come open, and Lyn's tongue came into it. I really hadn't had all that much practice, and Lyn seemed to have not a whole lot either; in any case enthusiasm carried the day. We made out for a very long time, it seemed. Sometimes Lyn would kiss my neck and throat, another time she kissed and licked my ear; even putting her tongue in it and gently blowing into it. It was strange at first to be kissing another girl, weird, but I liked the way it felt.

In fact I was feeling, very, very good. A couple of times with guys I'd gotten a little excited; Bobby, my boyfriend before Bill, and I had progressed past the smooching stage, to touching one another through our clothes, and on one memorable night, I'd not worn a bra, and he had unbuttoned my blouse and licked as well as touched my breasts. I'd always thought that Bobby lost interest after finding out how little was hidden by my bra. After Bobby and I broke up I'd lay alone at night in my bed where I found ways to make myself very excited, touching myself in all my secret places. I was very excited now. I tried kissing Lyn's ear the same way she had mine, and I could tell she was excited too, although I suppose it shouldn't have been a surprise. I found myself looking down the front of her blouse again, one breast was mostly visible, including the nipple. The desire to reach inside her blouse and touch her was nearly overpowering.

After a second she turned to me again, and this time our tongues really went after each other. After another long kiss Lyn was kissing me on my throat again and I liked that a lot. I started stroking her hair, which I thought felt very sensual.

Then Lyn's kisses moved lower, and she was kissing the nape of my throat, right above my blouse collar. I could feel her lips on the skin of my chest, pushing my blouse gently out of the way. For a moment I wondered if she knew how close to my breasts her lips were, when I felt Lyn gently unbuttoning the top button of my blouse. Lyn's kisses moved along the edge of my lacey bra, her tongue lightly tracing the faint swelling above my breasts.

Lyn looked up at me briefly. "Is this good for you Kate?" she asked softly.

"Oh yes," I breathed, "very good." I wasn't sure which I liked better, her kiss, or the feeling I got from stroking her. Her fingers brushed aside my bra and my breast was clearly visible in the light from outside.

Her lips brushed the swelling lightly once again. "I want to kiss you very much, dear Kate." I wanted Lyn to kiss me as well, and I applied the gentlest pressure, pushing her head just the slightest bit down, Lyn gently kissed my nipple, her tongue moved against it, licking and rubbing it to hardness. She seemed to know every sensitive spot, and when she sucked on it as well as tonguing it, I could not believe how good it felt. At the same time her fingers were exploring my other breast.

After a few minutes Lyn's lips returned to mine, and I found out what my nipples taste like. I was very aroused and I moved my hand to slide inside her blouse. My fingers glided over her warm skin, feeling her soft roundness fill my hand. Lyn's titties looked a lot like mine, small, little more than bumps. But my nipples were larger, and the tips got thick when they were hard, like a fat pencil eraser. Holding Lyn's breast in my hand was very arousing; emboldened by the feel of her little tittie and erect nipple beneath my hand, I leaned down and nipped her lightly, before using my tongue to assuage any pain I might have caused. Lyn gasped, and clutched my head tightly to her bosom.

I licked and sucked first at one of her mounds, then the other before I too returned to kissing her. Time seemed to slide by effortlessly as we took turns pleasuring each other. One time or another both of us had mild orgasms, and I was getting close to a second when car lights swept over us, and we both started, then giggled.

We were quite a pair, right then. Our blouses were unbuttoned to the waist, and both of us were very aroused. The cool air on damp nipples served to give both of us titty hard-ons, and I felt Lyn touch me yet again. "Dear heart," I whispered, "if you do that again, we'll be here until morning. I don't know about you, but I have to be getting home. If I'm much later, I could get grounded."

Lyn sighed. "Me too." She leaned down and gave one of my breasts another lick. "Sorry, I'm just so hot!" She looked shyly at me. "I've never gotten this carried away before...with anyone." She laved my nipple again, eagerly. "I really wish we had more time."

Her hand was suddenly pressing down on the front of my jeans. "Me too!" I breathed. My fingers imprisoned hers, pressing them down firmly. "Oh Lyn, I want it too!"

For several minutes she sucked my breast, and fingered me through the thick material until I finally gave an audible gasp as I came again. "I'm getting too greedy, aren't I?" Lyn said.

"Mmmm," I agreed, "but I like it!"

Lyn's fingers fumbled with my pants, and popped the snap. "What would happen if you were a little late?" Her fingers were tugging down the zipper.

"Probably everyone's asleep," I whispered, "If I'm quiet, likely no one will notice." Lyn's fingers moved inside my knickers, through my crinkly hairs to places no one but myself had ever touched, while her tongue paid devotion to one of my breasts. Lyn found my clit, and teased it between two fingers in a way that I'd never dreamed was possible, with an incredible effect. I soared in my pleasure at what was happening. When her finger entered me, I experienced an electric shock, turning my body rigid with pleasure. Her finger began to work in and out rapidly, and I heard myself from a distance gasping and sighing with the immense sensations I was feeling.

The sounds of my passion seemed to drive Lyn wild, and both of us totally lost control. I was furiously bucking my hips against her thrusting fingers; writhing and twisting with pleasure, Lyn's fingers moved even faster, her tongue was more demanding than ever before. My orgasm was a wild tumult that set my ears ringing, and left my body tingling. "Oh, Wow!" I sighed weakly after a moment, then I hugged Lyn to me. "I want to do that for you, too, dearest Lyn." I told her quietly, my hand exploring under the skirt.

"Kate, Oh Kate," she whispered, "I want you so much!" I started probing inside her knickers. Soon I was frigging her for all I was worth. In a minute my finger was soaked from the copious fluids that signaled Lyn's orgasm. After a time Lyn finally stirred herself. "I think I'm finally understanding why everyone makes such a big deal about sex."

We had been sitting quietly with our arms around each other, cuddled close. "Do you think it's bad, that we like doing it with each other, so much?"

"I don't think anything that feels so nice can be bad. I don't care what other people say or think." I whispered after a second. "I liked what we did; I liked touching you, and being touched by you. I want to do it again." A short pause. "And again." Lyn laughed lightly, then turned serious. "Look at the time! We're both going to get grounded!" It was well after 1:00 AM. "I don't want to get grounded now. I want to go out with you again." I kissed Lyn, and her hands went to my breasts. "We can go out tomorrow night."

I whispered, "I want it too. But we'll have to wait."

"I guess we'd better get going," Lyn murmured.

"We'd better," I agreed.

Lyn started the car and we spent a few minutes getting our clothes straight while the engine warmed up enough to dispel the fog that had once again appeared inside the windows. We traded one more deep kiss before Lyn set the car in motion. I held her hand while she drove. Neither of us talked for the few minutes it took to get to my house. "Kate, would you like to come over tomorrow night?" Lyn asked abruptly.

My heart beat a little faster. "Oh Lyn." I found myself nearly crying, I didn't know why.

"Please. My parents are going out for the evening. I really want to see you again. We, we, can just talk if you want."

I answered honestly. "I don't want to just talk, Lyn."

She squeezed my hand tightly. "Say yes, then."

"Yes," I said simply.

"Oh dear Kate! I'm so happy!" She leaned close and give me a little kiss, I could feel the tip of her tongue. Her hand on mine moved slightly and found one of my still erect nipples through my blouse. She rolled it between her thumb and forefinger, nearly making me come again. "I'll call you tomorrow!" She said as I got out, and walked as steadily as I could towards the door. As I fumbled with the key, Lyn waved, then drove away as I went inside.

As she left I realized she was still wearing my dress and I her jeans. No one was up, so I quickly turned off the lights and climbed the stairs to my bedroom. I undressed, dispensing with the tight jeans and my very damp knickers, opting for a t-shirt and nothing else and climbed under the covers. I lay there daydreaming about what had happened, still too excited to fall asleep. Without conscious volition I found my fingers were caressing my nipples as Lyn had; they were still erect. One hand departed from the scenario and went between my legs; I was still moist there, something that had never happened on a date with a boy and when I came it was my best orgasm ever; I was asleep almost instantly. It was a night filled with the most pleasant of dreams that ever I could remember not remembering in the morning.

**Chapter Two**

**First date**

Normally I hop out of bed early and do any chores that I had to do; this Saturday I lay in bed, dreamily remembering the night before; half in shock, half in anticipation of what tonight was going to be like. I liked what I'd felt the night before and frankly I didn't care if the person who made me feel like that was another girl. I started rubbing myself between my legs, wishing it was Lyn making love to me, wishing I was making love to her. Looking at Lyn turned me on and I thought that Lyn was excited by me. I'd seen her last night in her knickers; and I fantasized about it, not only did I think about rubbing her like I liked to be rubbed, but kissing her... there... as well. My fingers moved inside of me faster and faster and in my mind, when I took her clit in my mouth, I came.

Finally I got up and got a shower, then spent the rest of the day piddling around, waiting for the phone to ring. It finally rang for me a little after one in the afternoon.

"Hi, Kate, this is Lyn."

"Lyn!" I said. "Give me a minute to take the phone up to my room." I passed my mom in the hall.

"Boyfriend again? Don't be too long!"

I shook my head. "It's a girl I met last night. Can we go shopping tonight at the mall?"

"Hanging out at the mall? I thought you were going with Bill, what's his name."

"Not tonight." Something in the way I said it made her head turn my way.

"Have a fight, did you?"

I shook my head. "No, he had a new Nintendo game he was playing with his friend Donnie. Lyn and I would rather be at the mall, than stuck watching them play their stupid game."

Mom laughed. My parents had told me that they would not tell me who to go out with if I was careful to go out with guys they approved of. Pop had let it be known that he thought Bill had the IQ of a the jersey number of a quarterback in the NFL. Now she added, "well, it's fine with me, just be home by eleven."

I sat down in my room and Lyn and I talked for half an hour before she mentioned tonight. "Can you come over tonight, Kate?" she asked. I noticed her voice was a little hesitant. I thought it was neat that she had a few butterflies too.

"Yes. I told my mom we were going to go shopping at the mall. I get a clothes allowance every month; today was the day. I want to get a new pair of shoes, maybe a dress."

"Oh, that sounds like a good idea! You want to meet me there at 7?"

"In front of Nordies." I added. "I like to start there when I have money."

Lyn giggled. "I know, but their prices are so high!"

We chatted for another couple of minutes and I told Lyn I had to go. Lyn was quiet for a moment. "Kate, I liked last night. I liked kissing you and I liked it when you kissed me. I, I want to do it some more."

"I liked it too, Lyn," I reassured her. I noticed my nipples were stiff again. "And I want to do more of what we were doing last night." I decided to be bold. "My titties are hard, I wish you were here kissing them right now."

"Oh, Katie!" She whispered. "I miss you too! Tonight will be very special, I promise!"

My mother called then for me to get off the phone, so I hung up and took the phone downstairs again. When I went back up to my room I had a funny smile. I knew just the dress and blouse combination to wear. The blouse was very sheer; I often wore it under a regular sweater. And I had this skirt that had a ghastly wide belt. The skirt had an elastic waist, and when I wore it low on my hips, it was a demure knee length. When I pulled the waist up to near the top of the belt, it was a good four inches shorter, but you couldn't tell it was high up under the belt. Once, with Bill, I'd gone to the length of rolling the waistband up a couple of times to bring it to mid-thigh. He'd stared at my legs all evening, but when we made out later it was no different than before. I thought it was a sad comment on Bill that Lyn was likely going to appreciate it more than he had and much more likely to take the hint.

Mom dropped me off at the mall a little before seven and I made a bee-line for the ladies room to adjust my dress. I also undid the top three buttons of my blouse, underneath the sweater, too. When I walked up Lyn was standing in front of the store, looking the other way. I got up close and I said, "Boo!" but softly. Lyn jumped anyway, but only a little. She turned and smiled. Lyn was wearing a plush blue jumpsuit that looked really fetching. I stopped myself at the thought; time to say it like it was. It made Lyn look very sexy and looking at her made me horny. From the expression on her face, Lyn felt the same -- she kept staring at my legs.

We spent a little time shopping, but my heart wasn't into it. We were standing in front of a dress rack, both of us going through the motions. Lyn looked at me for a moment and I shrugged.

"Want to leave?" she said simply.

Just as simply, I nodded.

With that I followed her out to the parking lot and we got into her car. When I got in, I slid across the seat to sit next to Lyn. Lyn sat at the wheel without starting the car for a bit. "I've been afraid all day you weren't going to come."

I ran my fingers along the sleeve of her jump suit. The fabric felt nice and I said so. "I really like you, Lyn. I liked being with you last night. And I really wanted to be with you tonight."

She smiled at me. "Kate, I'm so glad." Her gaze raked over my body and down to my legs. "You are really sexy. I thought so last night when I first saw you." She leaned over and gave me a dainty kiss, which I returned. There was still a little daylight left and people were everywhere in the parking lot, putting a damper on things. Lyn went on to say, "I really liked kissing you and I liked it when you kissed me." A short pause. "Every place you kissed me."

We sat looking at each other steadily for a moment. I reached out finally and put my hand gently on her arm. "Dearest Lyn, I want to kiss you all over." My fingers moved the barest amount on her arm, closer to her breasts. "Every place," I repeated.

Lyn sighed and I moved my hand, and slid my sweater over my head. Lyn's eyes darted to my chest, and I heard her gasp. "Oh Kate, you are so beautiful! I want you so very much! I want to hold you in my arms and make sweet love to you!" Then she grinned, and started the car.

We drove to Lyn's house, both of us sneaking touches and caresses whenever we figured no one could see us. I decided to be bold and brazen and moved so that the short skirt hiked way up, and I knew that Lyn could see my knickers. Lyn stared for a second at a traffic light, then as we started to move, she reached out, and ran her fingers over the skin of my leg, over my inner thigh nearly to my crotch. "I can hardly wait until we're alone!" Lyn murmured.

I laughed softly. "I couldn't wait." We pulled into her driveway, her house dark except for a porch light.

Lyn led me in to a nice den, softly lit and put on some light music. "I've got an older brother who calls this room 'The Passion Pit.'" Lyn told me as we stood in the middle of the room, holding hands. "He's away in the Navy now."

We kissed, this time more like we'd kissed the night before, and after a moment I was the one who sent my tongue looking for hers. For some time the two of us stood, merged together. When we stopped, it was because Lyn was tugging on my hand to sit down on a big sofa. Lyn reached out and put her hand inside my blouse finding my bare breast underneath. "I've been wanting to touch you since last night!" she murmured, as her hand found one of my erect nipples. For several minutes Lyn was busy with making love to my nipples, as she'd done before. I reached up and tugged the outsize zipper than ran down her front, pulling it down a bit to get at her breasts.

For nearly an hour we kissed and licked and sucked each other, as we had the night before. Both of us were very hot and Lyn had brought me to one climax and nearly to another; I was sure that she'd come at least once. We'd reached a plateau though and Lyn was idly nibbling on one of my ears, which sent pleasant shivers through my body. I was, in turn, making little circles with my fingertips around her breasts. Both of us were wondering, I knew, who would be first to go beyond what we'd done up to then.

Lyn's kisses move to my lips and our tongues joined hotly. This time Lyn sort of half-reclined on the couch, pulling me on top of her. My blouse had long since been unbuttoned to the waist and I'd tugged the outsize zipper on her jump suit down low. Laying as we were, our breasts crushed against each other and I moved mine so as to drag my erect nipple tips against hers. Lyn moaned, her hands roved over my back, then down to brush my bottom.

I felt her fumbling with the button on the back of my skirt and then she was tugging the zipper down. It was a longish zipper on a short skirt, and when she got it to the bottom of the track, the skirt easily slid out of the way. Then her hands were running over the outside of my knickers, bringing me to a fever pitch I'd never known before.

"Katie?" Her voice was soft and gentle. I looked at her, smiling, madly in love with this beautiful person. "I want to make love to you, really make love to you."

I leaned close, kissing her on the forehead, then her nose, then her mouth, all quick, short contacts, teasing. "Dearest Lyn, if you don't make love to me quickly, I'm going to make love to you first."

She laughed, looking up at me. "Katie, no one will understand if we do this."

I shook my head. "I understand. You understand. Ignorance is just an excuse for avoiding things, my father always says. To hell with them, who ever 'they' are."

"Donny called this afternoon; wanted to go out tonight," she said.

I laughed. "Bill called a little before I left. I told him it was over between us; from now on he can play Nintendo all he wants. He cried."

Lyn gusted a sigh. "Donnie and I have been going together for three months; this is the first Saturday night we haven't been together in all that time." She reached out and ran her hands over my knickers. "Katie, oh Katie, I want you so much."

I kissed her nipple, running my tongue over the bumpy aureole, bringing her nipple to tautness. Feeling her react to my touch made me grow wet between my legs and I chased after her other nipple, giving it the same attention. Lyn's fingers roved over my bottom, touching and caressing outside my knickers.

I left off my work for a second and whispered, "They come off, you know."

Lyn giggled, but her fingers slid inside the waistband, pushing them down. I pulled the zipper of her jump suit the last little bit, and she squirmed and moved, and the two of us were laying naked, me on top.

"We're really going to do it," Lyn murmured, her hands still running over my bottom. I wiggled, it felt so wonderfully good.

"Yes," I said simply. "Oh please, Lyn. Touch me; I want you to touch me." I arched my back up, pressing down my sex against hers. When our clits touched I moaned, desperate for more.

Lyn in turn was running her hands over my bottom, caressing and touching me in a place and manner I would not have believed I would like. I lowered my body back to hers, dragging my hard nipples over her small breasts. She gasped and grinned at me. "You really like doing that, don't you?" she whispered.

"I like doing this with you," I whispered back. "All of this. But your breasts turn me on so much. I can't get enough of touching them, kissing them..."

"I never wanted to go this far with Donny, or anyone," she murmured, her fingers now back to stroking my breasts.

"I know. The last boy I dated before Bill was always wanting to touch me; I don't know why I like doing it with you and not with him."

"I think we're lesbians," Lyn said quietly, but firmly.

I froze, unmoving for a second. I knew that word and had been careful not to think it. "I guess." I looked down at her, and my eyes drifted to her conical breasts, glistening with my saliva. I felt an incredible warmth between my legs, an incredible pang running through my entire body as I contemplated those smooth shapes. "Yes, we must be, I guess. If that's what it means to love you, then I am."

She reached out with her hand and stroked my face lightly. "I love you too, Katie." We kissed again, our tongues working together and we moved like I'd always imagined moving against a boy; I came and Lyn came and for a beautiful time we lay still, our arms wrapped around each other.

"Mmmmm." Lyn sighed, looking at me. "I wish we had all night."

"Maybe we can arrange to spend the night together."

Lyn giggled suddenly. "Just have to ask. My parents wouldn't mind."

"Mine either."

We smiled at each other at the audacity of it. "I can't imagine what they would say if I asked if Donny could spend the night," Lyn said, and I laughed.

"You'd have to be careful about how much noise you make when we do it," I told her.

"Me?" Lyn giggled. "Me? You're the one who makes all the noise!"

"Not!" I said, laughing too.

Her fingers tugged on me, and I sat up, the pressure again delicious between my legs as I pressed against her sex. "Oh, you!" she sighed as I tarried in that position. The feeling of her crinkly hairs rubbing against mine was so erotic, I wanted to do it again and again until I came. Finally she got me so I was sitting up, hard to do on the couch.

"This'll never work," Lyn said. "Let's try the floor." I didn't want to move, but she was right, it wasn't very good on the couch. It took a few seconds, but we resumed on the floor, me sitting astride her thighs. "Scoot up a bit," she murmured and I did a few inches. Lyn's fingers reached up and stroked my breasts and I sought out hers. "A bit more," she said.

I lifted up and moved another few inches forward, uncertain of what she wanted. She moved herself and I froze. She was going to kiss me there! I felt her tongue move lightly over my inner thighs, which sent tingles up and down my body, moreover, I could feel moisture leaking down my legs, something I would never imagined possible.

"I read someplace," Lyn's voice was jerky as her tongue continued to lick between my legs, "this is how girls," her tongue ran through the hairs around my pussy and the tip of her tongue touched my clit, "do it."

I let out a moan. Lyn was right. I made a lot of noise too and I made even more as she licked and sucked on my small organ. "Oh, Lyn!" I gasped. "Ohhhh." She sucked my clit into her mouth and ran her tongue over it. "Oh! Oh!" I was gasping, then I came in the most spectacular orgasm yet. I let out a small shriek and Lyn redoubled the activity of her tongue, now sliding it inside me. Her hands were rubbing my bottom, pressing me more firmly into her tongue.

Someplace in a dim corner of my mind I was surprised she was still doing this. Didn't lovers stop after they came? My groans were guttural, full of desire and longing; I didn't want Lyn to stop. On their own, my fingers sought out my own breasts, pulling and tweaking my small nipples to make it even better. Suddenly it was like I was flying, soaring in rapture, I shrieked and fell against her, utterly spent.

I had no idea how long I laid against her, as the tumult of the most wondrous orgasm I could ever imagine subsided. I looked at her, smiling softly up at me, her face covered with what I knew were my own juices. "Lyn, Lyn!" I was nearly crying.

She lifted her head up from the floor and lightly kissed my forehead, then my nose. Then our lips joined and I could taste the strange flavor that was myself. After a minute I broke off. "Your turn," I said quietly.

Lyn grinned. "What a wonderful idea; glad you thought of it." We both giggled, it felt wonderful feeling her breasts pressed against me.

In the near distance, a car door slammed.

For a second I didn't think anything of it, but I could feel that Lyn go rigid. "My parents are home early," she murmured. Startled, I jumped up, looking for my clothes. She got up more languorously, grabbed a handful and dragged me down a short hall to a bath room.

We hastily dressed, Lyn washing off her face. We looked a mess, I didn't know how we were going to get away with it. Lyn stepped back and pushed the door open a little, dug into a drawer and handed me a tube of lipstick. "Put some on."

I did, mechanically, not wanting to think what was going to happen. Lyn started brushing on eye shadow. I heard someone in the hall and didn't dare turn to look. Lyn did and said, "Hi, mom. We bought some new makeup at the mall and are trying it on."

It would never work, I thought. "Dear, it's getting on. What time does your friend have to be home?"

Lyn looked at me and I choked out, "Eleven."

"You have a little time, then. See you tomorrow, dear." I heard the footsteps fading away.

Lyn grinned. "She caught my brother once, with his girlfriend. She asked him not to forget to turn off all the lights."

"I thought I was going to die."

"Earlier, you sounded like you died and went to heaven."

I giggled. "Yeah. Lyn... you..." There was no way I could do it to her with her parents home, no matter how cool she thought they were. No matter how much I wanted to do it.

Lyn touched my arm. "We're going to spend the night? Remember? There'll be lots of time then."

After a bit we managed to get outside to her car and Lyn drove me home. There were still lights on, and again I felt trapped. Lyn reached out and held my hand. "Dearest Katie, this is one night, we have the rest of our lives."

I nodded, and reached over to brush my hand across the front of her jump suit. "I wish we'd had more time."

"Tomorrow." Lyn said firmly. "Tomorrow and lots of other tomorrows."

**Chapter Three**

**Tomorrow**

I went inside, my mother was sitting, crocheting on the sofa. "Have a nice time, dear?"

I nodded, too aware of the fact that I hadn't gotten my bra back on. She didn't look up, and I went straight upstairs and closed my door with a sigh. I stripped out of my clothes and tossed them in the dirty clothes basket. Even my knickers; they were still soaked. I went into the bathroom and washed my face and sundry personal places, staring blankly at myself in the mirror, moving by rote.

I didn't look any different, I thought, than I had this morning -- no big scarlet L blazoned on my forehead. I couldn't believe that an hour ago I'd been lying in Lyn's arms, kissed and being kissed. My fingers stroked one of my nipples. It had felt so good with Lyn, so very, very good. I remembered her tongue on my clit, her hands running over my bottom, and I shivered in pleasure.

Why Lyn? Why me? She'd started calling me Katie, tonight. When my parents had called me that when I was younger I'd hated it and made them stop. Now the tingle grew between my legs and I felt wonderful and alive and Katie sounded so good.

I laid down on my bed, rubbing my clit, spreading the moisture that was still coming down my legs on it, and rubbing harder and faster. I came gaspingly, but continued to rub, slower now, just savoring the wonderful feeling, hovering just on the edge of another orgasm. This morning I'd been a virgin. Tonight I was a woman, with a woman's wants and needs. I'd been made love to, and only circumstances had stopped me from repeating the favor back to Lyn. I ached with wanting her, wishing we could be together again, so that we could make each other feel what I was feeling right then. I hoped Lyn was feeling as good as I did, right then. I envisioned her sitting on my face, and I brought my fingers close to my nose, smelling myself.

Was this what Lyn would be like? I lightly licked my finger, thinking I was too strange, but it was exciting. Earlier I'd tasted myself when I'd kissed Lyn. This was a little different, but so exciting! My finger went back to rubbing my clit, my other hand working on my breasts and nipples. "Oh, Lyn!" I thought as my last orgasm of the night blazed in my body, "I want you so much!"

When I awoke Sunday morning I lay in bed, still thinking and wondering about myself, about Lyn. I was careful not to touch myself, or even think much about what we'd done last night. I showered quickly, putting on a t-shirt and jeans, before going out into the light of day. The day was filled with prosaic normalcy; chores around the house. Working on homework, and around noon, I picked up the phone and called Lyn.

"Don't have much time," she said. "How are you?"

"A little sore," I told her, "wonderful." She laughed.

"We're going out shortly, we won't be back until tonight. Katie, what lunch period do you have?"

"First."

"Drat, I have second. No wonder I don't see you at school." That and she was a sophomore and I was a freshman. It was odd how much segregation took place by class at school. I'd not thought about it before, but it was true. Except the boys, of course, wanting to date younger girls. "How about after?"

After? "I walk home. I usually study until six or so when my parents come home."

"Want a ride?" I could see her face in my mind, see the merry twinkle in her eye.

"That would be nice. It's about a mile; a nuisance."

"Maybe we'd have a little time and you could show me your room?"

I laughed. "Sure. Nothing much there except a closet and a dresser. And a bed, of course."

"Sounds good to me. Look, I have to go. My locker is next to the computer lab. Meet me there, okay?" I agreed and hung up. Tomorrow. Tomorrow, Lyn and I would be together again. I almost floated away, but a reminder that it was my turn to vacuum the living room brought me back down fast enough.

That night I resisted the impulse to seek personal gratification and limited myself to daydreaming about coming home with Lyn the next day. I fell asleep without trouble and slept solidly, I dreamed but couldn't remember in the morning even so much as whether they had been good or bad.

Clothes were the first decision of most days; today more so than most. There was just no way I could dress as sexy as I wanted to look for Lyn. Mom wouldn't let me out the door, and the school would send me home long before the last bell. I pursed my lips. What to do?

Nothing. There wasn't much I could do. So, fall back on the second line. Lyn and I were going to come back here after school and make love. I was going to make love to her, anyway, but I knew she and I would both be undressed before we finished. So, if not sexy clothes, then sexy underwear. Except; I'd never had any reason to acquire any. Besides, what did Lyn think was sexy?

I'd settle for wearing my one black bra, a light one I'd worn the one time I'd worn a evening dress; rented for a reception my parents and I had been invited to for the marriage of a cousin. But the only black pair of knickers I owned were old and ratty and not much good. I looked through my drawer, digging down to the bottom. There I found something I'd forgotten I'd had. One of the very first bras mom had bought me, before I put my foot down and insisted on doing my own buying.

Still, it was just what I wanted. I didn't have anything to support or push up, so this would work just fine. Thin nylon cups, dainty lace around the edges. No spandex, no elastic. I put it on; in spite of a year of growth, it still fit. I dug down and found the matching pair of knickers, and pulled them on. They didn't fit. I giggled, looking at myself in the mirror. They might not fit, but from the attention Lyn had paid to my bottom the other night, she wasn't going to complain about what was sticking out.

For a dress I found a brown one, floor length. A few years before we had been on vacation and mom and dad had took me to Berkeley, where they had gone to college. The campus looked no different than the campus where dad taught, I didn't see anything special about it.

I can't remember the name of the main street leading to it, but we'd walked along it, my parents reminiscing about the 'good old days.' I thought that a lot of weird people lived along the street; a lot of the stores were little more than head shops. We'd gone into a store, and I'd seen a beautiful dress, one with some exotic print patterns on a crinkly fabric that I'd never seen before. It was love at first sight and mom got it for me, a strange look on her face. Evidently she'd liked some thing very much like it, long ago.

I normally braided my hair, today I just brushed it a few times, and left it down. I felt horribly conspicuous, but no one said a thing or appeared to notice.

Donnie sought me out at lunch, trying to apologize for the weekend. I shook my head; he'd made a scene, and I turned my back on him and walked away. I think I'd have done the same thing, Lyn or not. Before when I'd broken up with someone, I'd felt bad about it for a few days. Again, I don't think it had anything to do with Lyn; this time I wasn't sorry at all. He'd been a jerk, wrapped up in his own world. I could do better; and had.

The last bell rang and I picked up my books in English, feeling more nervous than even Saturday when I was walking towards Lyn at the mall. I found her at her locker and she smiled, shyly. Lyn was wearing jeans and a print blouse; no different than half the other girls in school.

She grinned. "You keep wearing dresses." She shook her head. "I don't even own one!" I was startled, I thought all girls owned dresses.

She saw my expression and laughed. "We're different, you and I. It's nice. Which reminds me, too. I need to give you that skirt back; I have it in my car. If my mom ever saw it, she'd know something was up."

I blushed and Lyn giggled. "Come on, I'll give you a ride." We walked down the hall, a trickle of kids still left.

We got in her car; it was hot and we had to roll the windows down. "Home?" she asked.

I was nonplussed; wasn't that what we'd planned?

Lyn giggled. "You need to loosen up Katie; relax. Life is good." The way she said last three words reminded me of a commercial playing lately; I didn't think it was coincidence. She started the car, and carefully backed out of the parking space, and started towards the exit. "No mist on the windows tonight." I blushed again, and again, Lyn laughed.

"Katie," she said, as we stopped at a stop sign and she looked at me. "You're not having regrets are you?" I shook my head. "Why are you so embarrassed, so uptight?"

I waved at school. "Them. Me. I don't know." I reached for Lyn's hand. "I still feel like I did the other night about you. That hasn't changed." We started up again, and we rode in silence.

"I've been thinking about you, practically non-stop," Lyn told me. "I'm scared that you will think this is stupid or crazy and pull back."

"Lyn, this is stupid and crazy. But pulling back isn't what I want to do right now."

"Come sit next to me."

I looked at her and looked around us, at the other cars and the other people on the road. I took a deep breath and inched a little closer. We stopped at a light and she touched my knee. "I wasn't sure you would."

"I wasn't sure either, Lyn," I said quietly. "I want to take you up to my room, take off your clothes and kiss you and love you like you did for me the other night. I know I want that. I just don't know about letting other people know how I feel about you."

"Last night my mom told me that she thought you were very nice."

"She should have come home a few minutes earlier." I said without thinking.

"Mom said that I had done a lot worse than you in the past."

I stopped and thought about that. Then blushed again. Would I ever learn not to do that?

"When I was younger, Mom told me that I was pretty grown up for my age. She trusted me. She said that she knew teenagers always ignored adults when it came to advice on how to live their lives, she'd done it herself. So, she said, she wasn't going to do much more than to offer a few pointers. Don't go out with people you don't like. Don't hate yourself the next day. Remember that she and my dad love me, and would like to think they didn't raise a stupid moron for a daughter."

We pulled up in front of my house. Lyn reached out and touched my hand. "Look Katie, I'm a little scared too. I know how bad the other kids are when you're a little different. But I don't like to sneak, either. I don't know how I could go with you to a movie, or walk in the park and not want to touch you, hold your hand. Kiss, maybe."

Lyn sighed. "But we can't, I know that. I just don't like it and wish it was different."

"Me too." I took a deep breath. "Come on, I'll show you my room." She grinned at me and we walked into the house.

I took Lyn's hand and led her up the stairs and down the hall to my room. Inside I set my books ad purse down on my desk and turned to her. I walked the two steps to her and we smiled at each other, before breaking into giggles. "We look so serious," I murmured.

"You look serious," Lyn replied. "I'm just horny."

I leaned close and kissed her and Lyn kissed back. Our arms went around each other and we hugged each other, and I pulled her tight against me as my tongue slid into her mouth. "I'm horny too," I whispered, and I saw her smile, but mainly we kissed.

Our tongues lunged and caressed, she ran hers over my teeth, new and electric. I ran my hands down her back, and over her bottom; something I remembered from the other night that I had really liked. Her bottom was firm and round, and even through the jeans it gave me a special tingle, and I pressed harder against her.

Lyn looked at me with a dreamy look in my eyes. "If any boy ever kisses me like this, I'm not going to be able to say no."

Without thinking I said what was on my mind. "No boy could," and I ran my hand over her breasts, down to the front of her jeans. "No one could want you more than I want you."

"Oh, Katie," Lyn sighed, "kiss me some more. Touch me, touch me!" I did both, one hand running over her breasts, trying to tease her nipples through the fabric of her blouse and bra, the other undoing the snap of her jeans, and diving under her knickers, stroking the hairs between her legs.

"I want to kiss you," I told her, my fingers working the zipper of her jeans, then sliding them and her knickers down. "I want to kiss you here so very much."

My finger found her clit, and stroked it, and my whole body was aching with wanting her. Lyn in turn was working my dress up around my hips, then over my head. "Dearest Kate, we can do it together," she whispered. I undid the buttons of her blouse, as she disposed with my knickers. She drew me down on my bed, both of us now nude. We kissed for a minute, and I wanted to rub myself against her, but she was firm, pushing me around. Belatedly I understood her goal and moved myself, eagerly, so that my lips were between her legs, and hers mine. Lyn began to kiss and lick my inner thighs; sending delicious thrills and chills through my body. I was intent on doing for her, what she had done for me on Saturday.

My tongue found her clit, very different from mine, elongated, red and stiff, sticking way out. Mine was small and pink, round and hard. Lyn gasped as I took hers into my mouth, running my tongue around it. For several seconds all I could hear was the sound of my tongue and her small gasps of pleasure and arousal. Then she started her tongue licking inside me, probing as deep as it could reach.

I nibbled slightly on her clit, and she ran her hands over my bottom, sticking high in the air, and I shivered with pleasure. In turn I did the same to her, constrained because she was laying on her back. I used my tongue to lick between her legs, running it over her inner thighs, caressing my love. Lyn let out a groan, and I dipped my tongue for the first time inside her, tasting the odd, strange musk of her sex. Lyn gasped, and her tongue stopped moving against me; but I didn't mind. Instead I began to see how deep I could plunge myself into her, how many of her driblets of fluid I could hunt down and lick clean.

It wasn't anything you could ever do properly; two such different goals. Lyn let out a small shriek, then another, a deeper, guttural sound of the utmost pleasure one person could give to another. Her tongue roused into life for a second or two, and I felt a deep thrill, then Lyn sagged back limply. "Darling Katie." Her voice stopped, and I felt her hands press on me. "I want to kiss you."

I moved back to where we had started, and she hugged me, and our lips met again. What was it like for her, tasting herself, as I had tasted myself the other night? It must have been good, because her tongue and mine dueled for a long time. "Mmm," she murmured, looking up at me. "You are divine. So wonderfully beautiful." Her hands stroked down my body, touching my breasts.

I ran mine over hers, startled as her nipples grew stiff, and much larger. "Oh yes, dear Katie, kiss me, kiss me!" I leaned down and did as bid, and for some time did nothing else. Lyn let out another soft cry, and I saw she was crying.

"Sweetheart?" I asked, still not sure how I wanted to talk to her.

"Oh Katie, this is so wonderful. I wish we could spend a week in bed together. I hate to stop."

I saw her eyes were on the wall clock, I turned around and was shocked; we'd been making love for almost an hour and a half! It seemed only like seconds! "Mom!" I stuttered, "she'll be home any time!"

Lyn pressed her hands on my bottom, pushing me down like I'd enjoyed the other night. For a minute I felt my wetness mix with hers; I came, abruptly and felt like I couldn't move at all.

"Dearest Katie," Lyn whispered. "I love you."

"I love you." I stood up, my knees wobbly. "But, Mom..." My fears were overcoming my desire. Lyn nodded, and stood too. We watched each other dress, silly grins on our faces, and when we were done Lyn pulled me to her and kissed me, but stopped after a second.

"We should wash our faces." She giggled. "I smell like you, and you smell like me. Someone's bound to notice." We did so and ten minutes later when my mother came home, we were sitting quietly in the kitchen, books open.

"You must be Lyn," Mom said. "Kate is really bad with introductions."

"Hi!" Lyn said. "We're working on our geometry. Kate and I have the same teacher, and he's so hard..."

Mom laughed. "So I've heard from Kate, since the second day of the year."

I reached deep inside myself, looked my mother in the eye, trying not to show anything of what I felt. "Mom, we have a big test in geometry Monday. Could Lyn come stay for part of the weekend? So we can study together?"

"Your dad and I were going fishing," she said. "You know that." She stopped, then laughed. "What am I talking about? We were going to leave you home on your own! Sure, Lyn can come over; stay as long as you like, Lyn." She grinned. "It's good to see you making friends, Kate." She started to turn away, "I've got to get out of these clothes and get a start on dinner. Nice meeting you, Lyn."

When she was gone I said in a low voice. "Sorry, I just assumed. Can you come over, this weekend?" I smiled. "They're leaving Friday evening, won't be back until Sunday afternoon."

Lyn's eye gleamed. "I have to ask. Mom will say yes. Dad doesn't give a rip. I have to have it quiet when I study; he says it messes up his football games." Lyn reached out and touched my arm. "After school, Friday?"

My eyes lit up. "Oh, yes!"

"Two days together," Lyn added. "We can practice all sorts of things!"

I looked at her without expression, "Again and again and again." We dissolved into giggles, looking forward to the weekend.

**Chapter Four**

**Towards the weekend**

That night I lay in bed, wrapped in the darkness, remembering my time with Lyn, savoring the feelings we'd shared. I could not help rubbing myself, one hand lightly stroking my breasts, another between my legs. It wasn't much of a battle; as much as I enjoyed touching my breasts, between my legs made me shiver and nearly come.

Two, three times, I tip-toed almost to the edge of orgasm, each time holding back the last little bit. I concentrated on my clit, rubbing it hard and fast, gasping with pleasure. I was so deliciously close to coming, but each time I got close, I'd slow down; it was just so good, I wanted to enjoy it over and over.

I heard a small noise and looked up; instant horror! Mom was standing in the door to my room, watching! I was so close to coming right then! I felt angry at being interrupted, scared at being caught. She walked over and sat down on the bed next to me. "Kate," she said and stopped, looking down at me.

"I'm sorry," I stammered.

She shook her head. "Don't be silly, Kate," she said softly, "we all do it."

I was so surprised, I couldn't think of anything to say. "The other night when you came back from the mall," she continued, "I could hear you too. And today you were with your friend again. Kate, are you and she?" Her voice trailed away.

Startled, I gasped, "Mom!" not daring to answer.

"That's why you want her to sleep over, isn't it?"

I wanted to die, crawl under the bed. Hide. She leaned down and kissed me on the forehead. "I don't think we should tell your father, but I understand, Kate."

I couldn't believe it! She sighed. "When I was even younger than you, I had a friend too. Sometimes we kissed each other, once we touched each other's breasts. It was nice. Except in those days, well, it just wasn't something we could do. And then I discovered boys." She shook her head, looking wistful.

"You're really not angry?" I asked, too stunned to really believe it.

She shook her head. "A little jealous, maybe," she said softly. "I wish..." She stopped and looked down at me. "It was so long ago."

In my mind I pictured her kissing someone who looked a lot like Lyn, and I felt all tingly again. Mom's eyes rested on my breasts and I realized my nipples were hard. "You're thinking about her, aren't you?" her voice was almost a whisper. I nodded.

She kept staring at me. "I always dreamed about what it would be like. For so long I've wished..." She shook her head like someone who's run into unexpected cobwebs, then took a deep breath. "I should go. Leave you in peace."

I reached out and touched her hand. "Thank you for understanding." As I did I felt further embarrassment; it was the hand from between my legs and my fingers were damp with my own moisture.

A smile quirked the corners of her mouth. "You looked so happy, just now. You and your friend share something that some of us only dream about. Something special."

Mom stood up to go and I let her hand go. "Sleep good, Kate."

I half sighed, half laughed to myself as she turned and left. "Not for a while," I told myself. My finger went back between my legs, stroking my clit, I was very wet. I rubbed my nipples with my other hand, and in a second was floating on a cloud of bliss, then I came.

When I woke up the next morning I felt more rested than I could remember having felt in years. I looked at the clock; it was a little after six! I'd never gotten up this early before! I did though, took a shower, dressed in black Levi's and a cord shirt, and was sitting eating breakfast when Mom came in. "Good morning, dear," she said, and leaned down and kissed me on the forehead. I smiled at her, still unsure about last night. "Sleep good?"

"Better than ever before," I told her.

"Me too." Mom actually giggled, before bustling around the kitchen making breakfast for herself and dad, and getting her own lunch ready to take with her to work. I could hear dad coming down stairs and she smiled at me for a second, as if sharing some secret, then went and poured a cup of coffee for my dad, who showed up in a rush, as usual.

At school I looked forward so much to meeting Lyn after school, there was so much I wanted to talk about. Daydreaming about her got me through most of the morning, up until PE, which I had just before lunch.

PE is not my favorite class; I try hard not to think about it much. That day we were told to dress out and once we had all donned shorts and t-shirts we had to do a bunch of exercises, followed by a few laps around the basketball courts. Then for the rest of the period we sat and listened to the PE teacher say, "This is a basketball. That's a hoop. You try to get the ball through the hoop. This is called dribbling." And so forth. Ugh. Like we hadn't been playing since fourth grade, when none of us could even throw the ball high enough to get it in.

The thought brought a mental grin. I'd gotten quite expert in the last few days about putting things through little round holes. I felt my nipples harden, and it took all of my self control not to blush. I snapped back to the class as the coach told us to shower.

I hadn't thought about it before; even dressing out had been mechanical. Open my locker, hang up my blouse and jeans and pull on my t-shirt and shorts. Not enough time to pay attention to anyone else. But the showers? What was going to happen when I was alone in a room with fifty other girls, all rubbing their naked bodies?

Standing in the locker room, I grew very nervous. How was I going to react? If I was a lesbian, were my nipples going to get hard like when I was thinking about Lyn? Would I get wet between my legs? I almost turned around and headed out, without the shower.

The girl at the next locker pushed past me and I took a deep breath before glancing quickly at her. I'd seen Judy undressed a hundred times since we'd started taking showers in seventh grade. She was a little heavy and her breasts were large, with giant nipples. Looking at her I felt nothing... nothing at all.

By the time I was dressed again and on my way to my next class I was feeling much more confident. Sure, some of the girls I thought were pretty, some sexy. Most weren't anything like that. Fat and skinny. Short and tall. None of them meant what Lyn meant to me.

At lunch Lyn came running up to where I was waiting in line to buy a sandwich. "Just got a second, Katie." She grinned at me. "Mom told me I have to go grocery shopping this afternoon, after school. Price of the car keys." I nodded, trying not to feel too disappointed. "I'll call you, okay?" And was off at a run.

I ground my teeth. I'd been frustrated last night, and had looked forward to today with eager anticipation. I thought I was coming to grips with everything and I'd really wanted to talk to Lyn about it. I just couldn't do it on the phone. I wanted to talk to her, face to face. Privately, maybe hugging her and kissing her while we talked. Tomorrow, I guessed. I would have to settle for tomorrow.

By the time I got home, I was sort of glad Lyn wasn't coming over. It seemed like all my afternoon teachers knew she wasn't coming over and so had piled on homework. Geometry, Biology, English. I sat down at my desk in my room and plowed through it, getting up finally in time to come down for dinner.

Afterwards, I read and when Lyn called, we talked in general terms about school, particularly the geometry class, where we had the same teacher, just different periods. And about the weekend; both of us were excited about spending so much time together, it was hard to think about it.

I only touched myself lightly once I was in bed before falling asleep. I was, I thought, very horny, and wanted to be ready for Lyn. Save it up, I thought.

Wednesday morning I decided to wear a denim skirt, with a zipper up the front, and a denim blouse, with snaps. After school I met Lyn at her locker, and we talked for a few minutes, before walking out to the parking lot to her car. It took all my will power not to hold her hand, but a couple of times I brushed her fingers with mine and she did the same back.

In the parking lot we were almost at her car when we both could hear a girl's voice say quietly, "Please, no! Stop! Please, stop!" And a second later, "Don't! Please don't! I want to go! Let me go, please!" The voice was urgent, but very soft.

We traded glances, surprised. Lyn walked over to a car with no one visible in the seats and opened the door. "I think she means for you to stop."

A senior was laying on top of a girl I knew from my English class, literally tearing at her clothes. "Fuck off! Mind your own business and close the fucking door!"

"If she's too polite to scream, I'm not." Lyn said. "Let her go." He glared at Lyn, but it was an awkward position to be in for him. I saw Lyn start to draw a breath, and I'm sure he saw it too.

"Fucking cunt! Who needs you!" He said, and roughly dragged the girl up, pushing her out of the car, to sprawl on the ground. "Go play with yourself! Next time, don't tease!" He started the engine and pulled out abruptly, nearly hitting us, then roared out of the parking lot, fishtailing and screeching tires. I saw old Mr. Ferguson simply stare at the car for a second, then write down the license number.

A second later he was standing next to us, looking at the girl, Rachael Sanchez, her name was, as Lyn and I helped her to stand up. Her blouse was ripped, both her breasts visible, her bra hanging loosely. "Are you okay, Miss Sanchez?" Of all of the teachers at school, everyone adored Mr. Ferguson. He was kind and sweet and spent all kinds of time helping people pass his physics class. If you had to take physics it meant you were going to a big league college, studying science. It was important, but it was hard for most kids. I wasn't looking forward to it, but I looked forward to having him for a teacher.

"I'm okay." Rachael said, more or less getting her clothes so that they covered her.

"Mister Dresser has been skating on thin ice for some time. If you wish to file a complaint, I can assure you he will arrested. None too soon."

"I just fell." She said in her soft voice, without looking at him or us.

"As you say. You have, oh a day or so, to complain. After that, well, the school and the authorities start to wonder why you waited." He looked at Lyn and I. "Miss Swain, I believe it is?" Lyn nodded, and he looked at me. "Miss Hanson. You have a car, I believe, Miss Swain? I'd appreciate it if you could help Miss Sanchez home, she rides the bus normally." Mr. Ferguson was legendary; he knew everyone's names, even the freshmen's. And everything about you.

Lyn said we'd be glad to give her a ride, Rachael merely nodded mutely. We got into Lyn's car, I let Rachael ride shotgun. "Where to, Rachael?" I asked, trying to be friendly. I could see she was on the verge of tears.

"I don't know what I'm going to do." She said, then the tears did come. "My dad's home now, he works nights. And if he sees me, he's going to go crazy. He's wild about keeping me 'safe.'"

Lyn laughed. "Mine's like that too. Look, we were going over to Kate's, I was returning a skirt she loaned me the other day, we were going to study together." I felt a pang, studying hadn't been on the agenda. Another day lost... "But Kate wouldn't mind loaning you a blouse, will you Kate?"

"No problem," I said.

"I don't like to ask favors..."

"This isn't much of one," I said, "Since I met Lyn, I'm getting good at loaning clothes." Lyn giggled and even Rachael looked less serious. We drove in silence to my house, all of us locked in our own private thoughts. I led the other two up to my room and pulled a plain white blouse out of my closet to match the one Rachael had been wearing.

"I'll give it back tomorrow, I promise." She said, almost in tears again. "Thank you."

"You're a sister," Lyn said abruptly. "If we don't help each other, who else will?"

"Thank you. Thank both of you." She shook her head, and the repairs to her blouse came undone. I thought the soft round breasts under her lacey bra were pretty. "He offered me a ride home, I'd been late; I'd missed an assignment and had to get it from the teacher after school. Only the teacher wasn't there... and William offered me a ride home.

"When we got in the car, I thanked him, and he said if I really wanted to thank him, I'd let him kiss me." She looked at us sadly. "I was flattered. He's a senior, really popular. I didn't think it would hurt. But he didn't want to stop... and he wanted other things, too."

"It's not your fault," I said firmly, Lyn echoing my words. "Some guys are just like that." I gestured to my bathroom. "Why don't you go and change blouses."

She nodded, and went silently into the bathroom and swung the door closed. I sat down on the bed next to Lyn. "I've missed you so much," I whispered. Lyn put her arm around my back, moving her hand up and down over my blouse.

"Me too." And Lyn kissed me, and I kissed her back. We grinned at each other. "Like trains passing in the night." Lyn added, "so many sidetracks."

"Yeah." Somehow Lyn managed to pop my bra hook through the denim material of my blouse.

I looked at her and she grinned. "I want you so much," she whispered. We kissed again, and I put my hand on her breast, and tried to push her bra out of the way so I could touch her nipple, but met with only limited success. Lyn moaned, and pushed her tongue into my mouth, and I dueled with it.

A startled "Oh!" interrupted us. I blushed beet red, as I saw Rachael standing in the door to the bathroom, nude to the waist, holding her bra in her hand.

Lyn broke out in a giggle, as she moved her hand out of my blouse. "We're never going to be able to hide," she said looking at me.

I nodded. "Would you believe that door used to squeak horribly, drove me nuts. I spent two hours a year ago oiling the hinges, working with a little file to stop it." Anything to keep myself from wondering what Rachael must be thinking.

"You do good work," Lyn said dryly, and laughed again.

"I... I..." Rachael stammered, "the hook's broken. I wanted to borrow a safety pin." She waved the damaged bra. It was pretty, and I half wished I could see her wearing it.

I got up off the bed went to my desk and rummaged through the center drawer and walked over to her and handed one to her. My heart was hammering, trying to ignore her bare breasts. They were very different from mine and Lyn's. We were both small, my breasts hardly more than bumps, Lyn's were fat cones, mainly nipple. Rachael was small too, but her breasts were pert apples, sitting high on her chest, with small, very dark nipples.

Why was it I wasn't affected like this in the shower with a hundred bare titties around me? Including Rachael's? Was it hormones? As soon as I get excited, I want anything in sight? With a mental snort, I wondered if I should have been a boy; that's what they seemed to be like, except they didn't need a jump start. "Here," I said, handing her the small piece of metal. She fumbled with it, for a brief second our fingers touched.

Our eyes met for a second and Rachael's eyes widened just a bit. "I'm sorry about..."

I shook my head. "We were the ones getting carried away."

Rachael smiled a bit more. "I came home once and saw my older sister with her boyfriend, kissing like that. I was told to go to my own room and mind my own business." She giggled, "I did, but it didn't stop me from wanting to peek."

"Did you?" Lyn asked as I sat down next to her, "peek?" Lyn took my hand and clasped it.

Rachael shook her head. "I have two older sisters, one who just joined the army. Three younger brothers. If you spy on someone, they'd spy back. The only way to have any privacy is to mind your own business. And keep your mouth shut about anything you see accidentally."

"You're not going to tell anyone about us?" Lyn pressed.

"Are you going to tell anyone about William?" She shot back, and we shook our heads. "It would be mean of me. And I'm not mean. And besides, if I talked about every couple who made out at school, I'd be hoarse for a week."

All of us laughed, and Rachael went back into the bathroom, shutting the door tightly this time. I looked at Lyn out of the corner of my eye. "I'm not much of a sneak, am I?"

"No better than me, Katie." She squeezed my fingers. "We need to think more carefully about how we behave in front of other people."

"My mom knows about us," I said quietly. "I'm not sure how, but she knows. She's not angry or anything, though. It's okay with her."

"Mine too. But one of these times we're going to get caught by someone who does care. Or who will talk."

We sat holding hands tightly, lost in our own thoughts, until Rachael made a big production of opening the door. "Thanks," she said, and started to say something else when the phone on my desk rang.

I jumped up and picked it up; the voice on the other end said, "This is Jenny Swain, is that you Kate? Is Marilyn there, maybe?" I kept saying yes, and handed the phone to Lyn, who had a big question mark on her face.

She spoke a few words, and ended, "Sure, no problem," and hung up. She turned to us, "Mom's car broke down downtown. She's called a tow truck, but wants me to come and pick her up." She gestured at Rachael, "Are you ready? I can drop you off."

"That's okay. I don't live far from here, I can walk. It'll only take a few minutes. Who wants to be stuck downtown?" Downtown wasn't the nicest place to be, that was for sure.

Lyn nodded, and we all trooped down to see her off. Rachael thanked her one more time, and then was off. "I should go too," Rachael said.

"I have a pile of homework," I added. Yet I could hear the 'but' word in what both of us said. "Would you like a drink or something, before you go?" It was a warm afternoon, after all.

She nodded and I led the way back inside, and when I gave her the beverage list, she said water would be fine. I poured her a glass of the bottled stuff we kept in the fridge, and we sat down at the living room table.

After a moment of silence Rachael looked at her glass. "Lyn said earlier we were sisters..." I nodded, "Girls and sisters." She looked at me. "It was different today, with you and Lyn. I don't know how to describe it. I don't have many friends. More like, none, actually. We moved here from Texas a year ago. We move a lot."

"We did when I was little, but after second grade, my father said he was sick of it, and the only way they'd pry him from this house was with dynamite," I told her.

She nodded. "Talking to you and Lyn, it was like you were my sisters. In my family, no one is supposed to see you undressed, unless you're ready to go outside; it's hard to do with eight people in your family, except for my sisters..."

She was silent again for a minute. "I didn't mind you and Lyn seeing me like that... even when I saw the way you were looking at me."

"Lately I've come to think I have a one-track mind," I said, trying to sound lighter than I felt.

"Could we be friends?" Rachael said suddenly. "Not like you and Lyn, but friends?"

I nodded, unsure again what was happening to me. I wanted to be her friend, not only was she pretty, but she was just plain nice.

"I want to be friends with Lyn, too." Rachael added then said so plaintively, "I've been so lonely here." She bit her lip. "I was flattered when William offered me a ride, I really wanted to make friends, even when he wanted to kiss me. He wanted to go too fast."

"He was a jerk. Worse than a jerk," I said heatedly. "Nothing like that has ever happened to me, I don't know what I'd do." I wasn't making much sense, I knew. "Fight," I said. Then added, more softly. "I'm glad we were there to help."

Rachael bobbed her head. "Me too." We smiled at each other. "I really should go now. Thank you, Kate."

"You keep thanking me. I didn't do anything for you I wouldn't want you to do for me. I do want to be your friend." I touched her hand. "Very much." Rachael smiled shyly, and turned; I watched her walk away.

Life, was, I thought, getting very confusing.

**Chapter Five**

**Diversions**

Lyn called after eight; I was thinking she wouldn't call at all, and I was very glad to hear her voice. We talked for a while about school, going so far as to compare answers on our geometry homework. Finally we ran out of immediate topics and there was a silence.

"I'm sitting here with a pillow between my legs," Lyn murmured, "wishing it were you."

"My mom's working in the next room, sewing." I said, hoping she would understand how I didn't want to talk very loudly or explicitly.

"Well, Friday we'll probably spend enough time together to end up hating each other."

I looked at the phone, as if was actually Lyn. "Never!" I said firmly. "Besides," I added, trying to cover up my sudden insecurity, "there's tomorrow."

Lyn sighed loudly. "Except right after school I have to run downtown to pick up my Mom and take her to her car, then follow her home. We probably won't be home until six. And I have a chemistry assignment like you wouldn't believe."

I mused for a second. "Do you think we like each other because we're both smart?"

She snorted. "I like you because you're a fox." A pause. "A very nice, smart fox. Petable and cuddly, too."

"Oh, you." I echoed her words from the other day. "You have such a penetrating way of expressing yourself."

She laughed. "I understand in order to graduate from college you have to take an oral exam. You'll pass in a second." Silly schoolgirl banter, but my nipples were hard. Why didn't the damn things grow? It wasn't for any recent lack of stimulation!

"In order to do well," I told her, "you have to know your subject from the bottom up." Lyn cracked up, and I was having trouble stifling my giggles.

"Hands on experience of the fundament... als." She broke the last word obviously. "You're better at this than I am."

"Practice, practice, practice," I said, still almost laughing.

"What are friends for?" Lyn said.

I took a deep breath. "Rachael asked me after you left if we could be friends. Not like you and I, but friends. The three of us."

"She's nice." Lyn said after a pause. "You certainly seemed to like her. I was debating taking off my blouse to see if I could get your attention back."

"Lyn!" I said scandalized. "It's not like that at all."

Another long pause. "And if it were?" Again I looked at the phone in consternation. Where did Lyn come up with these questions? Could it be that she wasn't really as sure of herself as she seemed to be? Was Lyn as confused, maybe, as me?

I didn't care if my mother was listening; she had the sewing machine running, anyway. "Lyn, there's no one on earth I care as much about as you. Now and always."

"Always is a long time," she said, then laughed. "But I'm happy with now. We're too serious, you and I. Both of us need to lighten up. Rachael's nice, and let's face it, neither of us have enough friends to want to chuck a volunteer away." I heard another voice in the distance on Lyn's end. "Coming, mom!" and Lyn spoke to me again. "We had a late dinner, and I got volunteered for dishes. If you have a minute after school tomorrow, stop by my locker."

I agreed and we hung up. I took the phone downstairs, and went back and lay on my bed, trying to read Silas Marner. For whatever reason, the mundaneness of the people's lives fascinated me, so simple and uncomplicated. I read about half of the story, stopped, and went back and reread part of it. Maybe I was missing something important. Maybe their lives weren't mundane? Could their emotions and circumstances be as tangled as mine and Lyn's? Didn't hardly seem possible; but then, they were people too, right? What were their hopes and dreams? Fears? I was learning about fears.

I reread more of the story, looking for hidden agendas, secrets. Well, Elliot was a clever dude, I thought. They were there in aplenty, I'd just never thought to look for them. Was that the point? Mildly curious I read the part in the start of the book about the author. He was a she? A pen name? I fell asleep, wondering about it and everything else of this week. Nothing was as it seemed.

That night I dreamed Lyn, Rachael and I were walking down the street, three abreast. I couldn't remember who was where, but I remember walking past a place where the sidewalk was narrow, and we had to go single file. On the other side, Rachael ended up between us, and we had our arms around each other. We walked like that for a little ways, and I remember her hand sliding up and cupping my breast.

I was surprised, and turned to her to say something, to see her other hand around Lyn, the same as me. "The Three Musketeers," Rachael said. "All for one and one for all." Her fingers were playing with my nipple tip, hard against her touch.

Rachael looked at me seriously. "I want to be your and Lyn's friend. I don't want to come between you, though. Just at the same time." We all three laughed, and I could see that Lyn's hand had moved to touch Rachael's breast in turn, so I did the same thing. Rachael's nipples were very different from Lyn's or mine, small and hard.

I awoke, feeling like I'd really been there, that it had really happened. I debated rolling over and going back to sleep, but I was too hot and I wanted to come very much.

I moved my hand between my legs, and started gently rubbing circles on my clit, wishing Lyn was there to do it for me; her tongue felt much better than my fingers. I let out a small groan; hard to believe I hadn't done this for two days! I missed it so much! I moved my fingers faster and faster on my clit, using the growing moisture to make it feel much better. I couldn't lay still, I twisted my head from side to side, making guttural noises of want and desire, bucking my hips up against my probing fingers; finally startling myself as to the volume. I stifled my next groan, and the next, but when I put two fingers inside me, I thought the windows rattled.

I rolled over on my stomach, pressing the pillow between my legs like I remembered Lyn talking about. It was nice, but not nice enough. The rough feel of the sheets on my nipples also accentuated my pleasure. I had a very, very, hard time falling asleep.

Thursday when I woke I wasn't feeling nearly as chipper as I'd felt the morning before, and I felt logy, even after my shower. And, when I'd been running the washrag over my breasts, I'd been thinking about Rachael, and that in a few hours I'd be seeing her in PE. Like Tuesday, I was suddenly afraid I was going to completely lose my cool in the locker room.

Clothes for this morning, were easily the most complicated decision yet. Lyn didn't dislike dresses; but she always made a sarcastic comment about it when I wore one. I ran my hands over my brown velvet corduroy jeans, and grinned. They were for Friday; no doubt about it. I had a cord blouse too, tan and soft and furry. Thinking about how Lyn was going to take them off left me weak-kneed and with damp knickers.

What might Rachael like? The question had nagged at me all night; I'd kept telling myself it wasn't important, nothing was going to happen. But in the early morning hours, looking at myself in the mirror, I wasn't so sure. I went for austerity; a plain black skirt, knee length, and black panty hose. I had a sky blue blouse, and I picked that and a gold choker necklace I'd gotten two years ago on my birthday.

Ostentatious austerity, I thought looking at myself in the mirror. I ran my hands over my breasts. I wished they were larger! Like Lyn's even; and Rachael's were perfect! All I had were tiny nubbins and while sensitive, I didn't think they were ever going to attract anyone at all. I wasn't sure why I wanted to appeal to Rachael; what if we made love? That thought made me feel every bit as excited as when I thought about Lyn.

Was I being unfaithful? I thought about Lyn, wishing I could talk to her, tell her I loved her and show her how much. Rachael was different: I couldn't say how or why, but it was like eating apples and oranges. Both yummy, both nice. But different. Is it unfair to oranges if you like apples too? I was so confused. Lyn was an orange, I thought, soft and yummy sweet and delicious. Rachael, firm and hard. Tart, I thought, sharp, maybe; tart had other meanings that didn't fit Rachael.

In English that morning, I glanced at Rachael, who smiled back. She was wearing, I was surprised to see, a black dress too, very long, almost midway between her knees and ankles, but no stockings. Her dress was beautiful, embroidered with all sorts of colorful flowers, blues and yellows and reds and greens.

After class we met outside, and walked towards PE, quickly, because it was a ways. "I love your dress," I told her.

"I embroidered it myself," she said, eyes sparkling. "I love flowers."

"It's so plain... yet so elegant," I told her. "It looks like it came out of a fashion magazine." She grinned at me, obviously pleased.

"Where's Lyn?" she asked.

"Sophomore's have more important things to do than PE," I told her. "Health. State Government."

She made a face. "First I had a class in Texas government; you had to pass it to get to high school. Now I need to learn Arizona Government, you need it to graduate from high school." She shook her head. "I wish they could make up their minds."

"Men!" I snorted, half in jest.

I saw Rachael look at me with a curious expression on her face; I tried very hard not to blush. I don't know if I was entirely successful, but at least I didn't feel warm and flushed like usual.

In the locker room when I was taking off my clothes, I stood at an angle to my locker, rather than front on; Rachael, I could see easily, had done the same thing; she facing me, and I facing her. There was no time to dwell on things, but when Judy Gray brushed past me on the way out, she glanced down at my breasts, covered only by my halter top.

"Damn cold in here this morning, isn't it?" I glanced down myself, and saw my erect nipples, clearly visible through the thin fabric of the halter. It was cold; the air conditioning seemed to have been left on overnight in the locker room, but I knew that wasn't why my nipples were hard. I hastily donned my t-shirt and shorts, and assembled outside with the others for another hour of futile basketball practice.

There were a half dozen girls who were any good, and they always formed into a team; playing against them was humiliating at the best of times. Today was no different; my team got beat a million to one, or some ridiculous score. Afterwards, the coach told Rachael to take the equipment back to the store room, and having nothing better to do, I helped her gather the balls and stuff them in the big net carry bag.

We got to the showers a few minutes after everyone else, they were mostly done; a minute later we were alone. I thought Rachael took extra time soaping between her legs; and her nipples were as erect as mine. She saw me looking at her and grinned. "At least today I get to see you, too." Her voice was very soft.

"Not much to see," I said, running my soapy fingers over my breasts.

"Lyn likes them," Rachael said in soft whisper. "I like them too."

I blushed, there was no helping it. I hadn't found my tongue when the coach stuck her head into the shower room. "Hustle up you two, you'll be late for your next class." It's a good thing I didn't have to pee right then, because the spasm of fear in my stomach would have embarrassed me altogether.

We rinsed off and then toweled dry. I couldn't stop myself from watching Rachael, and she kept glancing at me as well. She was very pretty, I thought. Lyn had a nice bottom, but Rachael's was more rounded, and more muscular; in fact, Rachael had a lot of muscles and they looked really good on her.

There really was no worry about being late for our next class, both of us had lunch next, and we walked together, talking about school and families, and sat and ate together, still talking. Finally she had to go to geometry; I was briefly envious of her having it the same period as Lyn, but dismissed the thought as silly.

The rest of the day passed quickly, and I met Lyn at her locker. "Want a ride?" she asked, "it's kind of on the way, seems the least I can do." I nodded, eager for the shortest amount of time with Lyn. We talked about the weekend, and both of us looked at each other and sighed at the same time, as Lyn started the car.

"I've missed you so much," she murmured, "I never thought it would be this long..."

I laughed. "I was thinking that this time last week, I didn't even know you. Now I want to make love to you every day of the week, and hate it when we can't."

She reached out and touched my hand, just for a brief second. We got to my house and I got out, wishing I had the nerve to kiss her, but just couldn't yet, not in public. I'd gotten half way to the door when Lyn hopped out of the car, and opened the trunk. My skirt! She brought it to me, and I grinned. "Rachael forget to return my blouse, but this is something!" I said. Lyn grinned. "We're almost inside," I said softly. "Could you come in for just a second?"

Lyn looked distressed. "If I'm late, mom will kill me." But she followed me in. I closed the door and we were in each other's arms a millisecond later, our tongues surging and hands running over each other's body. Lyn pulled back after a second. "Tomorrow is going to be so wonderful!" She breathed, and I nodded. "But I have to go." She leaned close, kissing my neck, her fingers working the buttons of my blouse, kissing down my chest, pushing my bra out of the way, until she found my nipple. For a second her tongue ran over it, raising it to instant attention.

She nipped it, then kissed me quickly on the mouth. "Tomorrow, Katie. Tomorrow." She left, and I watched her go, then sank trembling to the couch. How did people ever survive being a teenager? Was it like this for other girls? The boys?

I ran my finger lightly over my still damp nipple. How much I wanted Lyn! My nipple was hard, and I flicked it very fast, growing very aroused.

The door bell rang and I was totally flustered. I was tempted to ignore it, but it rang again, and so I got up, buttoning my blouse. It was Rachael. "I forgot your blouse," she said contritely, handing it to me. Taken on top of my last thoughts, it was a little much.

"Gosh," I said, trying to cover the sudden rush of yet more hormones to my brain centers. "You could have just brought it to school tomorrow. You didn't have to walk over here."

She laughed. "I've lived here all my life; this isn't that warm yet." She looked at me. "And," she paused, "I wanted to see you." She looked at me curiously. "Are you okay?"

I couldn't figure what she meant, then I realized I was still hot from touching myself. "I was engaging in a little self indulgence," I told her. "Lyn was here for about two seconds; she has to pick up her mom again." I shook my head in wonder. "I've known her only six days." I looked Rachael in the eyes, "and we've only made love twice. It has been," I said sadly, "very frustrating." I held out my hand a little in front of me. "I find my pleasure where and when I can."

Rachael giggled. "I think you just said something naughty, but I haven't any idea what you are talking about."

I looked at her in surprise. "You know, touching yourself. Masturbation." I blushed at saying the word. "They taught us about it in Health."

Rachael turned even redder than I usually get. "I didn't know what they were talking about. The book didn't have much of a definition and the teacher just said, 'A lot of people do it, you won't go blind if you do. Too much of anything is bad.' I kept dreading it being a question on a test."

Was Rachael putting me on? She'd never touched herself? Didn't even know what it was? "Kate, my parents never tell me about anything. I'm their little girl; little girls don't need to know things like that. My sisters call me 'shrimp' and mostly ignore me."

She could read me like an open book, I thought. I had to learn how not to blush. On top of that, I felt a wicked thrill; maybe Rachael would like to learn about this? The thought of teaching her sent shivers of pleasure shooting through my body.

"Do your nipples ever get hard?" I asked, embarrassed still, asking such a personal question.

Rachael nodded. "Yesterday when I came out and saw you and Lyn... it almost hurt." She sighed. "Other times, when I wake up, sometimes they are like that. I can remember dreams..."

I smiled. "Yeah. Think about yesterday, and Lyn and I. You've just come out and saw us. Close your eyes and remember." She did, and I after a second, I added, "Now, rub your stomach."

Rachael opened her eyes and looked at me. "What?"

"Trust me." I said, hating sounding even a little like what William must have sounded like yesterday. Rachael closed her eyes again, and her hand started rubbing small circles, just above her belly button. "Lower," I said to her, and she obediently moved her hand to just below her belly button. "Lower," I said more quietly, and then again when she ended up only half way to where I wanted her to touch.

Rachael took a deep breath, and rubbed across the front of her jeans. "When you touch a spot that feels good, touch it again." I said quietly as I watched her hand rub across her middle. As if on cue, she gave a small gasp, and blushed, looking at me. "Like tha,." I told her. Eyes wide, she nodded, and ran her hand over the spot again.

"Oh, Kate!" Rachael breathed.

"Undo your jeans," I whispered softly, "and reach inside to touch yourself." Rachael did it one handed, the hand rubbing herself kept at it. "Touch the same spot again," I told her.

Rachael's eyes were closed, and I could see her hand move faster and faster. Her breathing grew very rapid, and she began to gasp lightly, then after a minute, louder, until finally she gave almost a groan, her entire body shivering.

"Katie!" She sighed, opening her eyes. "That was..." Rachael shook her head. "Incredible." She looked at me and blushed slightly. "I still want to do it." Her hands were still inside her knickers, lightly moving. "But I don't think my knees will hold me up."

I grinned. "Not uncommon; sometimes I do it over and over again." I paused, and went on, "of course, I am usually undressed, laying in bed." I gestured at her upper body. "Touching your breasts, that's good too. Usually I do both to make it happen."

Rachael reached up and ran a hand across her breasts; but her jeans started to slide down. We giggled, as Rachael tried to haul them back up. "Being in undressed in bed does seem like it'll work better." She said, half frustrated. She lifted her eyes to mine. "Katie..."

I returned her gaze and Rachael smiled for a moment. "In two months I'll be sixteen. In all that time, no has ever really kissed me. Much less," she motioned at her undone jeans.

I giggled. "Up until last weekend, I thought I'd been kissed. Several boys; and we spent a lot of time on it. Lyn kisses so much better..." I looked into her eyes. "When Lyn kisses you, you know you've been kissed."

Rachael smiled shyly. "How am I ever going to get kissed like that?"

"Ask," I whispered, leaning close to lightly brush her lips with mine. "Rachael, I'm not William," I whispered, "I understand 'No', 'Stop' makes perfect sense."

"Kiss me," Rachael said simply. I lifted her chin with one finger, and kissed her full on the lips. Rachael was tentative and shy, and now I was the mild aggressor, pressing my lips against hers, and after a minute, using the tip of my tongue. Her arms wrapped around me, and I hugged Rachael back, delighting in the pressure of her body against mine.

The kiss went on and on, and I ran my hands over her back, down from her shoulders to above where her jeans had finally settled, brushing her knickers. She drew away, looking at me gravely. "Katie, I'm not real sure I'm ready for more."

I kissed her nose, then brushed her lips, pulling my body back from touching hers. "I'm not sure I have this figured out, either." I looked at her dark brown eyes, then my eyes swept over her blouse. "I like how this feels; I tell you true," I said quietly. "I care about Lyn; I care about you. What that means..." I spread my hands. "I don't know." I know I sounded very forlorn.

She smiled. "One day I'll be ready; soon, I think. I like you a lot, Katie. I like Lyn. I..." her voice died in a whisper. "I just don't know what I think any more."

"Me too," I said simply. "Lyn, I think, too. She sounds confident, but underneath, I think she's just as confused as I am."

Rachael pulled her jeans up and snapped them. "I want to kiss you again."

I laughed, and kissed her good. "See," I said after a long minute. "I can behave."

"But it's a strain." Rachael said, "at least for me."

"Me too." The clock chimed the hour. "My mom's going to be home any second. She understood, I think, Lyn. I'm not sure she'd understand you."

Rachael giggled. "Tell her we're kissing cousins." And this time she kissed me; Rachael was, I thought, at least as smart as Lyn and I. Definitely a fast learner. She broke away. "My father would never understand; my mother..." she shook her head. "It would not be good." She reached out and took my hand; a very shy move in spite of it being her taking mine.

"Lunch tomorrow?" She asked. I nodded. "I need some time to think. You and Lyn are going to spend the weekend together?" I nodded. Rachael sighed. "I wish I could be with you."

Apples and oranges. What kind of fruit was I? At the thought I almost died; was that what we were? Strange, sex-starved boy-haters, not capable of real love? I decided that if Lyn was an orange, and Rachael was an apple, then I had to be a banana. I saw Rachael was looking at me and I laughed. "Strange thoughts," I sighed. "Very strange thoughts. Let me talk to Lyn... We were going to the park Saturday morning. I think she'd like it if the three of us went together." I remembered my dream, the three of us walking, hands on each other's breasts. Was that what I wanted? I was just too confused; I needed time to think.

I kissed Rachael quickly, one last time before she left. For the second day in a row I watched her walking away, wishing for so many things.

**Chapter Six**

**Together again**

Mom wanted to eat early, so we had soup and after dinner I went up to my room to study. At seven, when Lyn hadn't called, I went and got the upstairs phone and dialed her number. "Katie!" Lyn exclaimed, "we just got back! Could I call you back in a second? I'm about to burst!" I laughed and hung up.

Half an hour later it rang, and I picked it up quickly. "Wow, what a day! Mom's car wasn't ready, they said they had to order a part, and it won't be ready until Monday!" Lyn went excitedly, "It means I won't be able to drive us anyplace this weekend, Mom's going to be using the car."

"I don't think it will matter," I told her, wondering if this would be a good time to mention Rachael. "All we were thinking about was going to the park, then to the mall later."

"I didn't think you'd mind," Lyn said cheerfully, then there was a short silence and when Lyn spoke her voice was soft. "I missed you." Sounding a little lonely.

"Me too," I told her. "I'm looking forward to this weekend so much! Do you realize we'll be together for more time all at once than we've been together since we met?"

"Oh yes," Lyn giggled. "And I want to make you come more times tomorrow before sundown that we've come together since we met."

"Considering how I feel right now," I told her, "that's not going to take that long. Maybe you should shoot for two or three times as many?"

"I'd like a little time for myself," she said.

"A lot of time. Equal time," I told her. "I want to kiss you so much..."

"Yeah," Lyn murmured. "If it wasn't so late, I'd come over there and we could work on homework or something."

"Something certainly sounds good," I replied, and we both laughed. "But my parents are both home, something would be hard."

"I'm sitting here, touching myself, wishing it was you doing it for me," Lyn said, her voice a little husky.

I thought about Rachael and blurted out, "I talked to Rachael this afternoon. She's never done it. Touched herself. Didn't even know what the word meant."

There was a silence for a second on the other end, and I was afraid Lyn would be jealous. "Never done it? Never come?" She giggled. "It might be fun for the two of us to teach her." We both giggled. "Wonder what she's doing this weekend?"

"She wanted to know if she could come with us to the park, Saturday." I told her, feeling giddy wild, like my first night with Lyn, wondering what it would be like. For a second my mind conjured up a picture of Rachael kissing and touching my breasts, while Lyn licked between my legs.

Oh! I realized with a start that I'd come, just by squeezing my legs together and thinking about it.

"I can tell what you're thinking about," Lyn told me. I blushed, even if no one was there. "You really want to?" She asked again.

"Lyn, I love you," I told her. "I like being with you, making love. Just talking. Rachael's nice, too. I don't know what I think, sometimes."

"I think we're growing up," Lyn pronounced, "coming of age, learning about our sexuality. All that other BS. When all we are is just two love-starved teenagers, looking for a good time." I could picture Lyn in my mind, sitting talking on the phone, probably touching herself. Lyn added, "Look, I'd like it too. Maybe Rachael could come over to Saturday to your house? We could show her how!" She giggled again, "Maybe give her a little more of a demonstration than we did yesterday."

"She's a little shy, we don't want to come on like William," I said, and Lyn sobered.

"No, we don't want to do that. But, it's not like either of us are extroverted cheerleaders or anything. It all she wants to do is watch, it'll be a little kinky, but not as kinky as three of us together." Lyn definitely knew how to cut through emotional baggage; I grimaced. "Katie, I have to get some dinner if I'm going to enough strength to get through this weekend. See you tomorrow?"

"Yes. I'll be dreaming of you."

"Love you too, Katie."

The next morning I woke early, showered and get into the clothes I'd long since picked out for the day. Dark brown cord slacks, a slightly lighter cord blouse. I wore a pair of rather plain knickers, but I tucked a racy pair of bikini knickers in my purse, well down towards the bottom and a matching bra. I combed my hair down my back, not bothering to braid it today.

The morning raced by and at PE I was careful of the clothes, more so than usual. Rachael smiled at me, and I grinned back. Again, at the end of the period, Rachael was asked to gather equipment, I stayed to help.

"How come you get this chore all the time?" I asked; it had occurred to me that Rachael had been doing it a lot, not just in the last couple of days.

Rachael nodded towards Miss Prather, the coach. "I was having some problems earlier in the year with one of the other girls, Miss Prather said I could do this and miss the mess in the showers. She's nice."

I assented and again we were in the shower as most of the others were leaving. I washed quickly, but standing so I could see Rachael, who in turn was standing facing me. She blushed, but didn't look away, even when I spent a few extra seconds rubbing the soap between my legs. Rachael's nipples were very tight, I could see. She was enjoying herself, too.

I happened to glance out of the corner of my eye, seeing someone standing a ways back from the entrance to the showers. Miss Prather. She was just standing there, watching us. Rachael put up her soap and started to rinse; just before I did the same, I saw the tip of Miss Prather's tongue, wetting her lips.

We dried off and Miss Prather 'stopped by' to talk as we dressed. "You both must have lunch now, right?"

Rachael nodded, and "Kate helped me the other day."

Miss Prather nodded. "I heard. You have to be careful, Rachael."

Rachael sighed. "It's hard to be afraid of people all the time."

"Not afraid," Miss Prather said, "just think about what you're doing. There are far more nice people in the world than clowns, you just want to make sure who you are dealing with." Miss Prather was spending a lot of the time looking at Rachael, particularly when she was sliding on her knickers and settling her bra in place. I came in for a couple of quick glances as well. Evidently Miss Prather preferred someone a little more endowed, as she always quickly went back to looking at Rachael.

As the two of us were walking to lunch, I couldn't help but say, "You have quite a friend there."

Rachael looked at me, a little puzzled. "She's been nice. We talk, a lot, sometimes after PE. She's trying to get a math degree; she says she hates PE nearly as much as we do."

"You don't believe her?" I asked, uncertain what she meant.

Rachael laughed. "She's a PE teacher; a coach. If she didn't like it, why does she do it?"

Because, I thought, she got to watch the girls shower. And talk to them as they got dressed. "She doesn't seem like most of the other teachers," I agreed, "maybe she didn't have any choice." I touched her sleeve. "I talked to Lyn, last night. Her mom's car is still in the garage, so we're not going to the park. We were just going to hang out tomorrow at my house; maybe in the afternoon, take a bus to the mall. You'd be welcome to come over, anytime."

"Really? Lyn doesn't mind?"

I shook my head. "She likes you too, you know. We both like you." I didn't want to go into just how much I liked her, and in truth I couldn't speak for Lyn either. It was still a radical idea. We ate and talked like we'd been friends for years and I hated it when it was time to go.

The afternoon was like the morning, racing by. I'd been afraid it would drag, but my degree of anticipation seemed to match the sundry busy work the teachers had us doing on a Friday afternoon.

The last bell rang and I bolted out the door, dashed into the restroom and grabbed a stall. I quickly changed knickers, put on the other bra and stuffed the rest back in my purse. Even as fast as I was, Lyn was looking a little worried when I saw her at her locker.

I stopped, a few feet away, amazed. "You're wearing a dress!" I exclaimed. It was really nice, dark brown like my clothes, with hints of darker colors, even a little blue. A full dress, too, not just a skirt and blouse.

Lyn smiled at me. "You're the first person to notice today, except for my mother; she helped me pick it out."

"It's lovely." I reached out and took her hand; the hell with what people thought. "You're beautiful."

Lyn squeezed my fingers, quickly, before we both let go. "I wore it just for you." Her voice was much more quiet than usual. "Besides, it we're going to walk to your house, I'd get all hot and sweaty in jeans. This way, at least there's a draft." We both giggled and Lyn picked up a back pack, and we started on the walk home.

I usually walked the two miles in twenty minutes or so; it always seemed like a million miles and twenty hours. Today it sped by like the rest of the day as we talked and chatted, lightly flirting, occasionally brushing fingers.

I let us in the front door, my fingers only able to work the key because of long practice; I was trembling almost uncontrollably. We went inside and Lyn shut the door, shrugging out of her pack, while I sat my purse down on the table by the door.

"I told myself I would not make a fool of myself," Lyn said, stroking my arm, "by leaping upon you as soon as we got through the door and dragging you to the floor. But, Katie, I really want to."

"It's okay with me," I whispered, "but my bed would be much more comfy." I leaned close and kissed her, and in a second our arms were around each other, hugging the other tightly.

Lyn's hand dropped to my bottom. "I love these pants," she said as she massaged each cheek with her fingers, "Next time I won't buy a dress, it'll be pants like these."

It felt every bit as good as I'd hoped, and I kissed her fiercely, telling her how much I approved of everything so far. After a minute Lyn smiled at me. "I can't tell if you want to go to bed here or go to bed there."

I used my tongue to slurp one of her ears. "Lyn, I want to go to bed." We both laughed, and again she pressed her body against mine. Lyn started undoing my blouse buttons, I responded by continuing my assault on her ear. Lyn slid her fingers under my bra to stroke my nipples, pushing my lacy bra out of the way.

"I love you," Lyn murmured, looking at my bare breast. "I love your little titties, I love kissing them." Her head dipped, and her tongue sought out the hard center of my nipple, licking and sucking on it. I ran my fingers through her hair, enjoying the smooth feel of it, soaring with pleasure as I neared an orgasm.

Lyn switched attention to my other breast, and I did come; light and sweet. I looked at her, wanting Lyn so much. I reached out and took her hand in mine, tugging lightly. "Come, there's been something I've been wanting to do all week." I led her, hand in hand, up to my bedroom, where I undid the zipper of her dress, drawing it down. I carefully slid the dress from my love, hanging it carefully out of the way, caressing Lyn only a few times.

I turned back to her in more of a hurry, and undid her bra, letting it slide carelessly on the floor, then I slid my fingers under the waistband of her knickers, pushing them down. Lyn cooperated gladly, kicking them away. I took her both her hands as I lay down on the bed, pulling her to sit on my chest.

I kissed her inner thighs, using my tongue to explore the two little hollows where her legs joined her body, making her shiver with pleasure. My hands rode up over her breasts, tweaking her nipples, making them the hard nubbins I remembered. "Dear Katie," Lyn sighed, as my tongue got closer to its goal, "I could move and we could both enjoy this."

I looked up at her and grinned. "I'm enjoying this very much. This is for last Saturday, to repay you for how wonderful it felt." I blew lightly on the soft down between her legs, then followed up with my tongue. Her taste was a little different from earlier in the week, more salty, more smell of perspiration. It wasn't unpleasant, I thought, as my tongue swivved her clit, then sucked on the little organ.

I ran my fingers lightly over her bottom, stroking delicately in the crevice, then kneading her firm cheeks as my tongue pressed into her vagina, plunging as deeply as I could. Lyn sighed, then as I worked my tongue in and out, let out a small moan. I looked up at my love; her hands were massaging both her breasts, devoting much attention to her nipples, the look on her face was sheer bliss. I pressed her bottom, pushing her more firmly towards me, striving to stick my tongue ever further inside her.

Lyn came for the first time, and I shifted my attention back to her clit, licking and sucking on it, until she came again. Lyn slid down, kissing me lightly as she lay on top of me. "Katie, that was so wonderful! I can't believe we had to wait so long!" Her tongue licked at my mouth and I lifted mine to her kiss. Our oral digits dueled delightfully until Lyn lingeringly licked my teeth. A spasm of electric excitement ran through my body, and I ran my hands over her bare back, eliciting little sighs of satisfaction.

Lyn lifted herself a little up. "How did I come to be undressed, and you not?"

I giggled. "You were wearing the dress. So you ended up undressed, and I ended up partially unbloused. I still need work there, then I need to be depantsed."

Lyn moved to brush her nipples against mine, a heavenly feeling. "I wish we knew more about making love," she sighed softly. "Not that this isn't nice," she added hastily. "But there are bound to be things we don't know that would feel as nice as this."

"We're learning as we go," I agreed, "and fun it is." I ran my fingers over her firm bottom and pressed her to me. Lyn was right about my not being undressed, it would have felt much nicer if it was Lyn pushing against me rather than my slacks.

Lyn arched her back and moved between my legs. Definitely time to lose the pants, I thought. Lyn smiled as she looked into my eyes, then lifted up and worked the snap of my pants, and together we managed to wiggle them off without dislodging Lyn from her perch. When we repeated it really did feel much better to have Lyn's pussy hairs rubbing through mine, and when our clits touched, that was special too.

For a long time we lay together, kissing and stroking each other, moving together in wonderful contact. Lyn kissed and rubbed my small breasts assiduously, and I really liked it. "I wish they would grow more," I whispered.

Lyn smiled. "Dearest Katie, I can't tell you how much they turn me on just like they are. Besides, a boy told me once that anything more than a mouthful was wasted." Lyn sucked my breast inside her mouth, using her tongue on my nipple.

I sighed with pleasure. "I'd be happy with a mouthful," I murmured, enjoying her ability to rouse my nipples to happy hardness. Lyn giggled, but kept on doing what she was doing. Her fingers moved across my stomach and sought out the little button between my legs, rubbing it tenderly, but firm enough so that I came after only a few minutes. Lyn slid down my body, dragging her breasts across my skin, until her tongue replaced her finger, then it too dipped into my pussy.

I don't know how long Lyn kept at it, but I came several times, and when finally I could take no more, pulled her up so that I could lay in her arms, and we could trade little sweet kisses.

For a while we drowsed, replete and happy. Lyn finally stirred. "I don't know about me, dear Katie, but you need a shower."

I blushed, something that was at least happening less often. But she was right; I was sweaty and sticky, with mixtures of my juices intermingled with hers, dried here and there on both of us. "Yes," I told her, "I hate to move, though."

Lyn kissed me on the forehead. "Come on, lazy bones! Let's get wet!" She jumped out of bed, dragging me by the hand towards the bathroom and the shower.

We had a giggling dispute how hot the water should be, managing to splash a lot of water around. Finally Lyn lathered my body, as I reciprocated, taking special care of her breasts.

We kissed, my tongue spearing into her mouth; hers welcoming the invasion, trying to trap mine into some corner for what ever purposes one tongue chases another. Her hands ran more soap over my body, then one finger penetrated inside me and I froze, savoring the rapture of having my lover attending me. I pushed hard against the finger inside me, and Lyn added a second finger, moving in and out rapidly, the heel of her hand pressing down on the outside of my pussy. I cried with pleasure, making loud noises until I came, and even then I bucked my hips against her plunging fingers until I came again. I hugged Lyn to me, hard, not ever wanting to let her go. That's when the hot water ran out.

I dragged the sheets off my bed, making a mental note to do laundry before mom got home. I knew she'd said she was understanding, but multiple changes of linen? Finally we were together again, wrapped in the darkness of early evening, holding each other tightly; as if there would be no tomorrow, or even a later tonight. Looking at Lyn though, I knew there would be times later tonight... and tomorrow, and for a long time after that.

**Chapter Seven**

**Three is company**

Saturday morning we were on the couch in the living room, Lyn sitting with my head in her lap, talking about what we were going to do the rest of the day. Lyn lightly stroked my hair as we contemplated our plans. "I keep thinking," Lyn said quietly, "that all I want is right here."

"All you need, maybe," I told her. "I really need a new pair of shoes for PE; the ones I have are a year old and my feet are growing, even if nothing else."

Her fingers drifted down my mostly bare chest, running underneath the bandeau halter top I was wearing, finding one of my nipples. My nipple instantly roused, and in spite of the literally uncountable number of times we'd loved each other since yesterday afternoon, my body arched in pleasure, demanding even more attention. I pressed her fingers down harder, wanting her so much.

Finally I got myself a little under control. "Dearest Lyn, all the sheets are still in the washer..."

Lyn sighed, "I want you, sweet Katie."

I pressed her hand down even more firmly, and for a second I thought, well, just what are mattress pads for, if not for protecting the mattress? "Rachael said she'd be here around ten," I said, still fighting for some self control. Were we both nymphomaniac lesbians? I couldn't understand how come we couldn't get enough of the sheer physical pleasure of making love to each other. Did everyone feel like this? How did anything ever get done? It had to be something unique to Lyn and I, I was sure.

Lyn moved to caress my other nipple, murmuring, "Equal time for budding nips..." The doorbell rang, and we both jumped. I sighed and Lyn giggled. "We could always tell her we have cabin fever or something. That we can't do anything but go to bed for the rest of the day."

It was tempting, but for a second I remembered from my dream, the three of us walking together, our hands on each other's breasts. Lyn's finger tweaked my nipple tip. "Answer your door, hostess."

I got up and reached down and pulled Lyn up too. "Both of us."

"I'm not really dressed for meeting someone at the front door," she demurred. "What if it's not Rachael?"

I pulled her towards the door. "Then, whoever it is will get an eyeful." Lyn was wearing a t-shirt that came down to mid-thigh, and it was pretty clear she wasn't wearing anything underneath. I had on a pair of shorts, but was also sans knickers. We reached the door and I peeped through the peephole, then put my arm around Lyn, before swinging it open.

"Hi!" Rachael said, shyly, looking at us. She was wearing a one piece romper, mainly white with little splashes of color here and there, a narrow belt accentuating her narrow waist. Long bare brown arms and legs, with softly corded muscles visible as she moved.

"Come in," I told her, "We were just talking about what we were going to do the rest of the day." We went back into the living room, and the three of us stood uncomfortably for a minute, without saying anything.

Rachael finally broke the silence. "You two..." She shook her head, "I don't know how to describe it. You glow." She smiled shyly. "You look so happy."

"Clean living and lots of exercise," I said quickly.

"Lots and lots of exercise," Lyn added. "Sixteen hours non-stop."

Rachael blushed, then laughed. "My sister said that on her honeymoon, she and her husband didn't get out of bed at all for the first two days." She looked at us curiously.

"How come you are letting me know about you?" She asked softly. "If it got out at school... It would be horrible."

"I expect so," Lyn said, "but I don't know. At some point in time, we're going to have to face it, though. Neither Katie nor I are sneaks."

"Because I like you," I said quietly, on my own.

"And I trust Katie," Lyn said, "And I like you too... and I trust you."

Rachael made a small motion with her hand. "Thank you." She met my eyes. "I just never imagined I would have two friends... like you two."

Lyn nodded. "A week ago yesterday, we were both going with boys. Donny introduced me to Katie, and as soon as I saw her, I fell in love." She smiled softly at me. "And I think she fell in love with me, too. By the end of that first evening, we'd helped each other come a couple of times."

Rachael blushed. "At least now I know what you mean. At least I think I do." She shook her head, "I can't believe my sisters didn't tell me; but they are both good Catholics, so maybe that's why."

"Maybe," I said, trying to find a middle road, "they didn't know either, so they couldn't."

The other girl shrugged. "I don't know." Her eyes met mine briefly. "I'm glad you showed me what you did."

Lyn's arm around my waist tightened. "I described," I said quietly, "what I do. Give Rachael a few pointers."

Lyn kissed my ear. "I'm not jealous." She faced Rachael. "Just different. If I'd been there, I'd probably would have shown you myself."

Rachael looked Lyn directly in the eyes. "I kept wishing Katie had shown me what to do, herself. I wanted her to touch me; instead she kept talking about how good you kiss."

Lyn preened. "You like that, do you?" She whispered theatrically in my ear.

I turned and kissed her nose. "You know I do, dear Lyn." Lyn's mouth sought out mine, and for a long moment we shared as we'd done for the last day.

I felt a light touch on my arm, and looked. Rachael was standing next to us. "Katie says you kiss better than anyone," she said to Lyn. "No one has ever kissed me. I don't want to hurt anyone, I don't want to get hurt myself. But I very much would like to be kissed."

Lyn's arm around me grew very tight for a second, then relaxed. "Rachael, when Katie and I finally were alone last week, I wanted to kiss her very much... and I did. But when I wanted to do that, it was because I also wanted very much to make love to Katie. I wasn't sure what it would be like; I'd never made love to anyone before, except myself.

"But when I kissed Katie, I knew I wanted her, and I knew where I wanted to go." Lyn touched Rachael's arm. "I want you, too. If I kiss you, that's where I want to end up: in bed." She smiled at me, and kissed my neck. "Katie here, I think she wants you even more than me." I hugged her back, telling her I wanted Rachael more than Lyn, but I wanted Lyn, too.

Lyn's arm circled Rachael's waist, and hugged her, and we ended up with our arms around each other, feeling warm and close.

Rachael smiled at Lyn, then a different, softer expression for me. "When I was with William, I knew he wanted me. I didn't want it and it didn't seem right. When I'm with you..." Her voice trailed off. "The other night in bed, I did what Katie told me about. For the first time in my life, I did something for me, something where I was in control, where I could decide what I wanted and when and how often."

She sighed. "When I'm with you two, I still feel like I'm in control, this is something I decide. It feels different than when I was with William, better. Right."

Lyn's arms pushed us towards the couch. "Sit." We did, Lyn on one side of Rachael, me on the other. Lyn put her arm around Rachael's shoulder, and I took one of her hands in mine.

I leaned close, lightly brushing Rachael's cheek with my lips. "You're so pretty," I whispered, wishing I could touch her, wanting to hold her breasts in my hands, and rub her nipples hard. I grinned at her, and Rachael smiled shyly back. "Later," I thought, "if I'm patient, it will happen." Lyn nibbled at Rachael's ear, and Rachael turned to her, lifting her mouth, eager for her first kiss.

It was odd watching Lyn kiss someone else; for the first time I began to have some doubts about what we were doing. Not that I didn't want to do it; my thoughts were more on the mechanics. I wanted, right then, to go to Lyn and kiss her and touch her too. Except it would have meant standing up, taking two steps and sitting back down. Odds were, if I moved, it could easily spoil the moment for Rachael. I lightly squeezed her fingers, and she returned the feeling.

It was a very long kiss and towards the end I could see Lyn using her tongue, and Rachael was beginning to make soft sounds of passion. They finally broke and stared into each other's eyes; the expression on Lyn's face was one of blissful pleasure.

Rachael turned to me, her eyes bright. "You must be very lonely." I shook my head, looking in turn into her eyes.

"Patient," I said, "waiting my turn." Rachael blushed just a little, but when I kissed her, kissed back. Rachael was even shyer than I'd been, I thought as my lips clung to hers. She was tentative, then eager, then shy once again.

Rachael gave a little sigh. "You both kiss wonderfully good," she murmured, and I kissed her throat and Rachael sighed again. "This is so different than what I expected." She reached out and stroked my arm. "You're both so nice." There was hesitation in her voice and looking past her to Lyn, I saw Lyn nod.

"Rachael," Lyn said softly, rubbing her hands on Rachael's shoulders, "Katie and I like you very much. We haven't really figured this out for ourselves yet, much less anyone else." Lyn laughed low, kind of sexy. "We were thinking about just showing you; you could watch and make up your own mind."

"Show me what?" Rachael asked, puzzled.

"Us making love," I said softly. "You liked it the other day, I think, when you watched for a little bit."

Rachael blushed. "It wasn't right to peek. I didn't mean to."

"It's okay," Lyn added, "we didn't mind; we wouldn't have known you were there if you hadn't said something." Lyn reached past Rachael and touched my hand. "We're really like newlyweds; we spent all night in bed, and I for one, want to do it again."

Rachael gave a helpless shrug. "I'm so confused right now, I don't know what I want."

Lyn nodded towards the stairs. "Come upstairs with us." We each took Rachael by the hand, and like in my dream, it didn't work walking upstairs hand in hand with three of us. In my room we briefly stood together, each with our arms around the others. I kissed Lyn and she kissed me back, using her tongue; after a moment we broke off, smiling with secret pleasure at each other, then without a word, we went for Rachael's ears.

She giggled as we kissed and licked them, finally wiggling out of our embrace. "No fair, two against one."

Lyn laughed. "I tried to tickle Katie last night, and that's all she should could say, 'No fair.' She's ticklish everywhere; the only place I'm ticklish is on the bottoms of my feet." She tickled along my ribs and I tried to wiggled out of her grip.

"Oh no you don't!" I cried, but she and Rachael were both tickling me, and I ended up on the bed, laughing so hard I didn't think I could stop. Rachael was pretty ticklish too and after a few minutes we ganged up on Lyn, me kissing her to keep her from moving and Rachael tickling the bottoms of her feet.

Finally the three of us were lying on my bed, Lyn in the middle this time; we are all out of breath, still giggling. "This is nice," Lyn murmured, as I nibbled on her neck. I had an arm over her tummy, and I let my fingers wander down to where her t-shirt had pulled up, looking for her clit. Lyn sighed with pleasure when I found it, smiled at Rachael, who hesitated for a moment, then kissed Lyn solidly.

Lyn kissed back with ardor and fervor, while I continued to stroke Lyn's clit, occasionally moving my finger briefly to tease and the entrance to her vagina, finally sliding inside her, seeking her moist depths. Lyn's hips bucked against my finger, striving to force it deeper inside her. Her tongue went into maximum overdrive in Rachael's mouth, and as I watched, Lyn's fingers sought out one of Rachael's breasts caressing it firmly.

Rachael seemed to have lost her earlier doubts, and after a few more minutes, Lyn gave a little gasp as she came. Rachael drew back, looking at her seriously for a minute, then at me. She sat up, turning her back to us. "Undo me." Her voice was serious, and quiet. Lyn reached up and drew down the zipper on the back of her jumper. Rachael shrugged out of it, then undid her bra. Lyn peeled out of her t-shirt, and I started on the three buttons holding my halter together.

I was the last one undressed, Lyn was staring at Rachael with rapt fascination. "You are so beautiful," Lyn muttered. "Katie's right, I don't think it's possible to have nicer breasts." Her fingers traced a line around one of Rachael's firm apples.

"Make me come," Rachael said quietly. "I want to know what it's like." She downed at the finger tracing her nipple, "Please make me come."

Lyn grinned. "Oh, yeah."

I didn't say anything, instead I got up and went around the bed, sitting down next to Rachael. I cupped one of breasts in my hand, rubbing the nipple against my palm, using my finger tips to feel the smoothness of the skin. "I've been wanting to do this since..." I sighed, savoring the satin smoothness of her skin.

"I know," Rachael said, her hand reaching up to press mine down harder. "I've been wanting you to touch me too." Lyn leaned close, using her tongue to trace the lines her fingers had been a moment before. I brought my lips to Rachael's and her hand moved from imprisoning mine against her breast, to run through my hair, kissing me passionately. I probed with my tongue for hers, and found it. Rachael used the point of her tongue to curve down and caress mine, something very different from what Lyn had ever done.

Lyn abandoned Rachael's breast, kissing and licking down Rachael's body. Greedily I moved my fingers to the breast she had left, using the moisture that remained to lubricate her nipple as I chaffed it, making it even harder than it had already been.

I could tell when Lyn's tongue entered Rachael. Her body arched up, her tongue began to move in and out of my mouth in time to Lyn's movements below her waist. In turn I was using both hands to stroke Rachael's breasts. Rachael was twisting and sighing, thrusting her lower body towards Lyn, pushing her breasts against my hands, and her tongue in my mouth. I was as aroused as I'd ever been when I felt Lyn's fingers stroke my inner thigh, and a second later, she was thumbing my clit while one of her fingers plunged inside my soaking pussy.

I shrieked as I came for the first time, then Lyn pressed harder and I came again; Rachael's body stiffened, and after a second she let out a long sigh. "Oh wonderful!" Rachael breathed breathlessly. "It feels so nice!"

Not for the first time I regretted there were three of us. I wanted very much to go down on Rachael, but I wanted to do it with Lyn too; she deserved lavish attention for making me come the way she had. How can you choose? It didn't seem right to slight either one. I mentally winced, these weren't good thoughts to have in the middle of making love.

Lyn wiggled up Rachael, dragging her breasts across her skin. I touched her back, lightly rubbing her, trying to tell her how much I loved what she had done. Lyn rolled on her back and announced, "My turn, girls." We all laughed, and for a minute there was a flurry of limbs as we rearranged ourselves. I ended up between Lyn's legs, licking her inner thighs, teasing the silky hair between her legs.

Rachael and Lyn lip-locked, but from my position I could see Lyn lead one of Rachael's hands to her breast. I rolled Lyn's clit around with my tongue, and stretched out with my own hand to fondle Lyn's other breast. I'd found that sometimes I shut my eyes when I was kissing Lyn, and this time I made a deliberate effort to keep them open, if for no other reason than to simply stare at my love's beautiful pussy, and to watch my tongue pleasuring her. Also I could see Rachael bring her head down and kiss Lyn's nipple and watch her tongue tentatively sample intriguing tastes.

Lyn had an arm around Rachael, her other twined in my hair. I reached out with my free hand, sliding it along Rachael's hip, feeling the hard muscles of her bottom. It was increasingly difficult to concentrate on everything at once; I had to spend all my attention keeping up all of the activity. If my attention wandered, I'd find my tongue still, or not notice Lyn's hard nipple, or how she was pushing her chest out, to increase the pressure. Above all, I didn't want to miss a second of Rachael's reaction to my roving fingers, moving down the cleft finally stroking her pussy from behind.

I saw Rachael lift her head from where her tongue was working Lyn's chest and turn and smile at me, running her tongue over her lips. I knew she wanted to kiss me like I was kissing Lyn, and I threw my entire effort into plunging my tongue as deep into Lyn as I could, thrusting in and out as fast I could. Lyn moved her hand from my hair, to press my hand down roughly and very hard on her breast, so I crushed it, treating her nipple rudely, chaffing and lightly pinching it.

Her body spasmed, pressing her hips against my face, and she said gutturally, "Don't either of you stop!" A deep sigh, and she wailed, "Oh, God!" I pulled my tongue from her pussy, and sucked her clit, forsaking Rachael's bottom so I could plunge a finger deep inside her, deeper than my tongue would ever be able to reach. "Yes! Oh, Yes! Katie, Katie!" Her voice rose to a shriek and her whole body was trembling and shuddering as she came again and again.

Rachael put and arm on my shoulder, and brought her lips close to my ear. "I want to do that to you, Katie."

I nodded, still overwhelmed by the force of Lyn's coming. For a few minutes, we lay still, breathing hard, all of us. Lyn finally stirred. "Girls, I have got to go pee so bad!" We all laughed. "I'll be back. You two get comfortable in the meantime!"

Lyn got up and walked towards the bathroom; both of us watched her go. I smiled and Rachael and she giggled. "I never thought it would be like this." I squirmed up in the bed and cradled her in my arms. "You and Lyn..." her voice was so soft I could hardly hear it. "I love you so much, Katie. Lyn too, but Katie..." I kissed her lightly on the lips, and Rachael moaned and kissed me back a hundred times harder. "I meant it a bit ago. I want to kiss you like you kissed Lyn."

I daintily kissed her nose. "I've been looking forward to tasting you too." I used my tongue, and for a minute there was nothing but each other. "Let me show you how Lyn and I do it." I moved her gently, so that her lips were next to my pussy, and mine next to hers.

I started to lick her inner thighs, quite different from Lyn's. Lyn had small hollows, that seemed specially sensitive; Rachael's legs were firm and very muscular. No hollows, just hard ridges and hard valleys. I felt her kiss me on my clit, something Lyn had never done. Tongue and touch, yes. But this was a simple kiss. I tingled, wishing Rachael would do it again. When she did, I stopped licking her inner thighs and moved directly towards the apex of her legs. When she did it again, her mouth was over the entrance to my vagina, and there was a faint suction. It felt stupendous, and I laughed aloud at the wonder of it.

"Was that good?" I heard her murmur.

"The best." I whispered back, and kissed her downy muff, not using my tongue to see if the effect on Rachael was like what she'd done for me. It was. She arched her back, moaned, and I licked her like I had Lyn the first time; like a giant lollipop, starting and her clit and moving down almost to the other place. Rachael's taste was very different from Lyn's, not as sweet, more musky. Rachael's hands came and cupped my bottom, kneading them in the special way I liked the best when Lyn did it.

I took a leaf from Rachael's book, and kissed her hard on the vulva, inserting my tongue inside her. I moved in and out, listening to her breathing grow more and more rapid; ignoring the fact that her tongue had all but stopped moving as I pleasured her. An idea came to me, and I applied the gentlest suction at the same time my tongue was trying to worm its way deep inside her. Rachael moaned, and her tongue licked into life, plunging frantically into me. For a few minutes we kept at it, I for one, ignorant of anything going on around me. I felt a hand run over my bottom, just as I was reaching a peak, intensifying it for me. It couldn't be Rachael's, she was teasing apart my pussy lips, trying to get her tongue still deeper inside me. Lyn! I'd forgotten all about Lyn in just a few minutes!

Rachael moaned, coming copiously, more than either Lyn or I. I was nearly ready to come too, but Rachael had sunk back onto the bed, exhausted. Lyn's hand rested on my bottom, and then, sensing I'd not been fulfilled, she moved two fingers inside of me, and as I'd always done with two fingers, I came and came and came, almost from the first instant.

A few minutes later we were lying in bed, me in the middle this time, both Lyn and Rachael idly running their hands over my nipples, and sometimes lower. "Is there anything in the world better than this?" Lyn whispered.

I giggled. "Shopping till I drop." Lyn and Rachael laughed. "I want to get ready and do some shopping."

Lyn rubbed Rachael's bare shoulder. "How about you?"

"This is nice, but I'd like to go to the mall too. I told my mother I was going to get a blouse."

"Let's take a shower together." I said and stood up. For a moment I was dizzy, feeling very tired. I could not ever remember exercise in my life like I'd been doing for the last half day. It felt so good, though.

I turned on the shower, Rachael and Lyn joined me. There was a considerable amount of splashing and horseplay, and with three in the shower enclosure, some portion of anatomy was rubbing against another. Lyn used her finger on me, and I started on Rachael and Rachael did Lyn. As usual, the hot water ran out, but Lyn and I had come once; Rachael had come twice, and didn't want me to stop. Rachael was too tight to use two fingers but I used my thumb on her clit, while Lyn kissed her breasts and in spite of the rapidly cooling water, Rachael came again.

We dried each other off, some how managing to avoid another session of mutual love-making, even if did keep each other turned on. It was fun getting dressed, every one commenting on everyone else's choice of clothes. Finally we were outside, walking down the sidewalk, arms wrapped around each other, laughing and giggling at jokes only we could understand.

**Chapter Eight**

**A bump in the road**

On the bus to the mall we kept up a constant stream of talking; the topics covered anything and everything. It was as if the three of us were trying to make up for all the years when we hadn’t had close friends, for the times we’d spent alone and lonely.

We weren’t the sort of customers mall stores like. We went everywhere, talking about what we liked and didn’t like; kidding and joking about everything under the sun.

Rachael did find a blouse, it wasn’t the plain one she’d been thinking of, rather a madras pattern with a lot of color.

They wanted me to buy sneakers with strange names and unbelievable price tags. We joked about some of the names, causing quite a few people to look at us; two weeks ago I’d have been terminally embarrassed by the stares. Now I realized that some of those looking had small smiles, recognizing us as a trio of girls having a good time.

We shopped, got some lunch, shopped some more, and finally were on the bus home. All of us, I think, were amazed we’d not done anything really dumb. When we finally got to my house, we grinned at each other.

“This was the most wonderful day of my life,” Lyn said simply.

“Mine too,” Rachael added.

“Definitely!” I said, and we all laughed; nonetheless I was feeling tired and a little weird.

Rachael came close, and kissed me gently, then did the same to Lyn. “This morning was the most wonderful of my life; I don’t know what to say to you two. I had so much fun!” She grinned, and Lyn and I reflected it. “But, I either get home by 4 or I get grounded.”

In a few minutes Rachael was out the door, and Lyn had her arms around my waist, her head on my shoulder. “She is so nice!” Lyn murmured.

I whispered back, “Not as nice as you. I’ll never forget you and I were together first.” I was dizzy, feeling distinctly unwell. I tried to ignore it.

Lyn smiled, then her expression changed to a frown as she looked at me. “Katie?”

“What?” I realized as soon as I spoke it the word had come out short and curt, angry; not at all what I felt about Lyn. Why had the word come out that way?

“You don’t look so good,” Lyn told me.

I was still wondering what she meant when I felt sudden nausea... I didn’t bother with dignity or polite excuses; I just sprinted for the bathroom. The next thing I remember was Lyn dabbing at my forehead with a damp cloth.

“Spots,” Lyn said, quietly.

I looked at her, not understanding, not caring.

“You have spots,” Lyn said. “On your face.”

“Spots?” My voice seemed distant and far away, I felt very tired. I closed my eyes for a minute to rest.

Someone was talking near me. “I didn’t know what to do; her parents are away.”

“Did they leave a phone number?” That was another voice, a voice here, in the same room. Oh gosh! I thought, am I ever going to get in trouble! I hadn’t even asked if Rachael could come over! Someone else here now? I was going to be grounded forever!

“Kate, did your parents leave a number where they are staying?”

The voice was slightly familiar, but the world was a fuzzy place, odd and gray. “On the fridge,” I muttered. Mom had scribbled the phone number on the pad on the front of the refrigerator. I contemplated what it would mean if someone called them and told them about Lyn; Rachael.

I felt someone take my hand and I looked up, Lyn. I smiled, thinking that I didn’t care any more about who knew how I felt about Lyn. Lyn giggled and shook her head. “You have a one track mind, Katie dearest.” I heard someone dialing the phone, and it took all the energy I had to turn my head to look. Lyn’s mom was standing at the phone, talking to someone. How had she gotten here? How long had my eyes been closed?

Lyn’s mother turned to us. “They’re all out fishing. They’ll try to get ahold of them, in the meantime, relax, Katie.”

“I’m a little tired,” I said simply.

Lyn’s mother smiled. “You’ve got chicken pox, I think. I called 911, just in case. You’re a little sicker than I want to handle by my lonesome.”

“I feel awful,” I agreed. It was something I could come to grips with, my mind wouldn’t focus on anything else for longer than a few seconds.

I remembered snatches of the trip to the hospital, and then only vaguely. I particularly remember the part where they wouldn’t let Lyn ride with me. They wouldn’t let her mother either, which I found surprising, in a distant sort of fashion. After that, there were bits and pieces of things I remembered that didn’t connect.

When I woke up, my mother was sitting next to the bed; my father was dozing on a chair a few feet away. “Hi,” I said, feeling very weak.

Mom jumped up, and even my father was up too, both crowding close.

They look so tired, I thought.

“Sorry for all the trouble to everyone.” I murmured; I’d spoiled everyone’s weekend, my time with Lyn, my parent’s fishing. It wasn’t fair I’d done so much to so many.

Spots, Lyn had said. I tried to lift my arm up; it took a great deal of effort. I could see large red weals on my arms. Spots? They were saucers! I shivered; she’d said they were on my face! I must look hideous!

A few minutes later a doctor came in, all brusque, brisk business. They drew the curtain, cutting me off from my parents, then I was examined thoroughly, literally over every square inch of my body. One of the two nurses daubed my body with some sort of lotion until I was a crazy pink patchwork, front and back, top to bottom.

The nurse was probably my mom’s age; I think she was from another country. She rubbed two spots on my bottom where I remembered Lyn rubbing. Rachael too. I really was sick, I thought; because it wasn’t in the least sexy.

Finally I was wrapped back up in the hospital gown, covered again to the neck by the sheet. They pulled the drapes back, and the doctor nodded at my parents. “She’s much better now. Her temperature is down to reasonable; the lesions are typical for the early stages of chicken pox.”

He smiled at me slightly, “In a day or so, they’ll start healing and then they will itch like the dickens. It’s very important not to scratch them. If you do, they could become infected and leave nasty scars. Left to heal normally, they almost never do.” I nodded and he turned to my parents again. “Your daughter and her friend did the right thing. I think Kate was simply over-tired, which made it seem worse than it really was. I have two teen-aged daughters myself; having friends sleep over can be exhausting.”

Every one shared a chuckle except me; Lyn and I hadn’t gotten much sleep Friday night. Then I grimaced; I don’t think the doctor meant it quite the same way, but he was right. “I think another good night’s sleep, and your daughter can be out of here after lunch tomorrow,” the doctor told us. My parents nodded, and I felt better just from that.

Again the doctor turned to me. “Bed rest. Lots of bed rest. Don’t go back to school until a day after you can’t see any more marks and it’s been 48 hours since you ran a temp. Don’t scratch! Keep lotion on the spots, and they will heal faster and itch less.”

It was, I found, Sunday afternoon. I talked with my parents for a while, then Dad politely excused himself and left. I knew he hated hospitals; I didn’t mind.

“I’m sorry I messed up your weekend,” I told mom a little later.

Mom smiled and shook her head. “We missed dinner in a Mexican restaurant; drove home in the evening instead of Sunday afternoon. No big deal.”

She touched my hand. “One thing you’ll learn when you get older is that you do things for those you love that you’d never do on your own. This isn’t a bad thing, but sometimes... like going fishing down at Rocky Point, it’s something I don’t mind having an excuse to come home early.”

It seemed like a simple idea; ‘you do things for those you love that you’d never do on your own.’ That was Lyn and me; Rachael too. From the very first time Lyn and I had been together, we’d done lots of things I’d never have done, if it was just myself. I masturbated, yeah, I did that. But kissing, touching... all those places? It had always seemed like something I wouldn’t like. I’d never got sweaty masturbating, I’d never gotten that wet between my legs. And I’d kissed Lyn there! Rachael! I wanted to do it again!

Mom took my silence as a confirmation of my being tired. “Get some sleep, Kate.”

I couldn’t remember any dreams from when I was sick; I dreamed during my nap. Lyn standing with her arm around my waist, the two of us watching Rachael and Miss Prather kiss. The kiss quickly went further; Miss Prather started caressing Rachael’s breasts, Rachael was undoing Miss Prather’s shorts, sliding her hand inside them.

I leaned close to Lyn. “I think we should leave them alone.”

Lyn grinned, then shrugged. We turned and walked a few steps; hey, it was a dream! Who can explain dreams? Lyn and I were standing just like we’d been, except now we were on a beach. A beautiful white beach that seemed to stretch on forever, with no one else around.

Without a word, Lyn turned to me. “Don’t you leave me!” And her lips were on mine, hot and hungry. “Promise me,” she went on a few seconds later, “you’ll never leave me!” I realized that she might be kissing hot and hungry, but tears were streaming down her face.

I pulled back, reached out with both hands, rubbing out tears with both my thumbs. “Dearest Lyn, I’m not going any place soon, never without you.”

“I was scared, Katie! God I was so scared! I thought...”

For the first time I realized what she’d thought. What had I thought? People didn’t die of chicken pox, do they? I cast back in my mind, wondering what I’d thought at the time. The truth was, I hadn’t been thinking much at all. I had no idea what was happening, even when told I had chicken pox, I hadn’t really believed it or understood it. Chicken pox was something kids had; I’d heard that all my life. So and so had chicken pox; a few days later they’d be back in school.

I opened my eyes and saw the doctor standing next to my bed. He smiled at me. “It’s a rare treat to have a patient who does what’s she's told.”

He meant, that I’d fallen asleep. I couldn’t help it, I yawned.

“That too!” He laughed, “More and more! Sleep until you can’t any more!”

“Can I ask you a question?”

He nodded.

“Can people die of chicken pox?”

He looked at me for a second, a steady regard that was a little disquieting. “I was tempted to BS you; no, people don’t die of chicken pox. I’d have to leave off that little caveat at the end ‘very often’ if I was BSing you.

“You are, Kate, in very little danger. The fever is down; some of the lesions are developing crusts. All signs of being on the right side of the curve.

“It’s tempting to tell you that people at your age are at minimal risk; although the younger the better. While not many die at any age, it’s worse after the teens; you tend to get sicker.

“It’s tempting not to mention that you were a pretty sick young lady when they brought you in. Tempting not to mention that if they’d waited until your parents had gotten back, that like as not you’d have a very different prognosis.”

He shrugged and smiled. “Lucky you, I’m not a bullshitter.”

He reached out and took my hand. “You’re as safe here as if you were on a car speeding down the freeway at rush hour.

“Kate, all we can do to treat a viral infection like chicken pox is treat the symptoms. About once in a million times, it’ll flare back up. With your immune system depressed from the first pass, your odds go way down. Which is why you aren’t leaving today.

“When you get home, take a shower; use an antibacterial soap. Take showers twice a day; use the soap, then lotion on the lesions. Take the antibiotics we’ll prescribe for you. Take all of them, right up to the last pill.”

“I thought you said you can’t treat a virus?” I asked, curious.

“We can’t. The antibiotics are for the things we can treat. Simple bacterial infections. The lesions are very easy to infect, Kate. Even a mild infection will leave scars; a serious one can kill you in 18-24 hours.”

I blinked. Thank you, Lyn. Thank you. I don’t want to leave you; I don’t want to leave any of this.

“If you’re hungry, I’ll order some dinner for you. That’s where your mother is now, down in the cafeteria.”

“Thank you, doctor.”

He nodded, turned and left.

I put my head back on the pillow. So much to think about. Me. Lyn. Rachael. Chicken pox, viruses and bacteria. I closed my eyes and fell asleep.

When I woke up, it was nearly 8, it was dark outside. Mom was sitting next to my bed, reading a book.

“Hi,” I said, and she looked up. I love her smile.

“Feeling better?”

“Fine,” I told her, and then I laughed.

“What?” she asked.

“I hope you don’t ever get sick.”

“So do I. Why in particular?”

“Because now I know how Dad feels. This place scares me.”

“Remember what I said a bit ago about doing things for others that you’d never do on your own?”

I blinked. “I thought you were talking about...” My voice trailed away.

“That too. But family ties can be pretty strong. You’ll learn soon enough; most men are wusses when it comes to things like this, you have to give them a little space.

“When you were two, your dad and I were walking along the beach at Rocky Point, some guy came by on a big motorcycle, going really fast. His bike kicked up a rock; it caught your dad in the knee.

“I don’t think he had a problem with hospitals before that. He was here every minute when you were born. But that time, his knee swelled and swelled. You would not believe how big it got!” She shook her head. “Every four hours someone would come in with a huge hypodermic, a needle a foot long, to draw off fluid from his knee. He never let out a peep, he never joked about it, he just sat there with no expression, taking it.”

“I’d faint, seeing a needle like that.”

Mom laughed. “I didn’t faint, I didn’t throw up; although the first time I watched them empty the hypodermic.” She shook her head. “That was rough.

“Kate, no matter how much the feminists say otherwise, men and women are different. Maybe we are alike in some ways that tradition says we aren’t; but there are differences.”

I glanced around, spoke softly. “I’m not in a hurry to learn about that, either.”

Mom shook her head. “Life, Kate, has little surprises. Bumps in the road. How well you play the game of life isn’t decided so much by how well you do when things are good; it’s how you deal with the bumps.”

My dinner arrived. After a few bites, I made a face. “I thought the school cafeteria was bad.”

“The cafeteria here was pretty good. I’d think it would all be the same kitchen.”

“Nothing good about this,” I told her.

Dad was there then and laughed. “You should eat in an army mess hall, Kate. No wait; I love you. I never want you to eat in one. Once at Ft Dix...” I learned more about horrid food than I ever wanted to know.

“I’m glad you’re feeling better,” he said later.

“And I’m glad to be feeling better. I was telling Mom earlier, I can’t wait to get out, and am in no hurry to come back.”

He grinned at me, before turning serious. “You gave us a scare.” He went on before I could say anything. “You live, you fall into a rut, you don’t look around you, you don’t smell the roses even when they are right under your nose. I’ve been spending way too long at the office; I haven’t been much of a father to you these last few years, haven’t been much of a husband either.” He looked at mom. “Call it a wake-up call. I know this hasn’t been fun, it’s not pleasant. But there’s a reason God invented wake-up calls.”

He walked over, leaned down and kissed me on the forehead. “There, now I’m contagious too.” He laughed.

“You’ve had chicken pox before, right?” Mom asked.

Dad shook his head.

I couldn’t resist, not on several levels. I lifted my hand and pointed at the bathroom and spoke as severely as I could. “You go and wash your mouth out with soap! Right this instant, young man!”

He laughed, but mom had her turn at bat. “What’s funny? At your age...” She waved at me. “I don’t think you’ll want a bed next to Kate.”

Without a word, he turned and marched into the bathroom. It took a while before he was back. “Tastes terrible,” he said, grimacing. “So I gargled with it. That, I think, was a real mistake because now my throat’s a little raw.”

I could see it; something I’d never seen in anyone’s eyes before. My father was afraid. I missed what he said to Mom, but then he turned to me.

“I’m sorry,” he said quietly. “I was stupid. Now I’m going to be really stupid and go home. I love you, Kate. I promise, when you’re better, I will give you a proper hug and kiss.”

He turned and left; a short while later Mom did too and I was left to myself. I was a little sleepy, but by then I was feeling fine, except for a million persistent itches all over my body.

Around eleven, the doctor came by. “Questions again,” I said.

He nodded, walked over and pulled up a chair. “Fire when ready, Gridley.”

“How contagious is chicken pox?”

“Very. There are a number of measures of disease transmissibility; one of them is the percentage of the people an infectious person will infect if left in the same room. Around half, for very short exposures; 95% after an hour or so.”

“Does contact make it worse?”

“Oh, yes.” He lowered his voice. “Chicken pox and small pox are related, spread in a similar pattern. The white man used to kill Indians by giving them blankets used to treat small pox patients.”

My eyes widened. “No.” I couldn’t believe anything so gross.

“Yes, it’s true. Not something you’re ever likely to hear in an American History class.” He stopped, then laughed, “Well, these days, maybe so. Not when I was in school, though.”

“Am I infectious?”

He nodded.

“My dad says he’s never had chicken pox.”

The doctor’s eyes met mine. “Some people have them asymptomatically; that is, they don’t know they were sick. I spent some time in the army as a doctor; never once thought to run a blood test for myself for more than a year and a half. Jesus, I was stationed in Shemya, Alaska, out in the Aleutian Islands in the middle of nowhere. What was risky about that? I came back, had a routine physical. I had antibodies to two kinds of hepatitis and for mono. The hospital would have kittens if I was to have a sharp in my hands.”

“Sharp?”

“Needles, scalpels, scissors; things that can poke through gloves and make you bleed. I’m no longer an ordinary red-blooded American; I have toxic waste in my veins.”

I realized he’d changed the subject. “He washed, then left,” I told him.

“I’ll call first thing in the morning, he should check into a hotel for a couple of days. Thursday, odds are, it’ll be okay.”

“You said it’s worse if you’re older.”

“If you get sick. At your age, maybe one in a hundred thousand have a case as bad as you did. You do need to watch your health, Kate, you haven’t been eating or sleeping properly. At your father’s age, one in ten thousand. At your age, of those who get as sick as you, maybe one in a thousand get worse. At your father’s age, one in hundred. If I’d have known, I’d have asked him to leave.” He shrugged. “It’s my fault; I kind of expect people to know. When in fact, odds are he never thought about the risk.”

I could only nod.

“Once in Las Vegas, Kate, I saw a man roll five straight sevens at a dice table. The odds of that happening are astronomical.”

I frowned. “Is that a good or a bad thing?”

“Depends on if you’re on a lucky or unlucky run.”

He stood up. “I need to get on my rounds. You need to get some sleep. Kate, one last thing.” I nodded. “If I were to tell you not to worry about it, it’s dead cert you would. So, I’m telling you to worry about it.”

He said it with a laugh, but I didn’t laugh. He shrugged and vanished on his rounds.

The next morning at seven, it was a new doctor. “Doctor Stevens asked me to tell you that he talked to your father before he went off shift at six,” he told me.

“Thanks.”

This doctor was a little older than the other doctor had been. Why hadn’t I remembered the other doctor’s name? He’d been nice. “He told me you have a million questions. Answer them, he said, and like as not in a few years we’re going to have some professional competition.” He grinned. “So, any questions? I like competition.”

“What’s the incubation period for chicken pox?”

“Two to three days. However, that can be misleading, as you can be infectious for a couple of days prior to the rash breaking out. Your chart says your rash developed Saturday afternoon?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Sunday or Monday is likely when you got it. Go anyplace either of those days?”

“School on Monday; Sunday I was home all day. Saturday night I was shopping at the mall.”

“Most likely school. What school do you go to?” I told him, and he wrote it down. “I need to call the school nurse there and alert her. Likely you were infectious Thursday and Friday. Did you feel sick on either of those days?”

I nodded. “Just little flashes of dizziness. Maybe two or three times.”

“Things like that are almost impossible to diagnosis. You can get light-headed just sitting too long or standing up too quickly. The Phoenix sun gets you if you stay out for too long in it.”

After a bit, he was gone, and I lay thinking.

I love Lyn. I really like Rachael. Wouldn’t kick either out of bed, although I’d rather be with Lyn than Rachael; but Rachael is a pretty close second. Yet, both doctors had stirred something in me. I didn’t think it was sexual, but for the first time in a week, I had no idea what was sexy and what was not.

I remembered Lyn turning me so that she could kiss me, the first night. That was sexy! I hadn’t had any trouble recognizing that. Earlier, I’d been pretty sure what she was thinking. And while Lyn isn’t as shy as I am, she’s still pretty shy. She wouldn’t have kissed me unless she’d gotten some signals from me. The same with Rachael. If I hadn’t been pretty sure she wouldn’t object, I wouldn't have pushed. Neither would Lyn. And if Rachael hadn’t wanted to do the things we did, all she would have had to do was say stop. If she’d been uncomfortable, I think either Lyn or I would have known, and stopped. Neither of us was like the jerk in the parking lot.

So why didn’t I know what it was I was feeling about two men more than twice my age? I thought I’d decided: Lyn was all I needed. What was this and what did it mean?

I remembered my dream, Lyn and I watching Rachael and Coach Prather. Coach was nice, for a PE teacher. What if she had been watching me, instead of Rachael? There was an undeniable warm spot between my legs when I thought about it.

I blushed, then mentally chastised myself. You were going to stop doing that!

But a teacher! One I hardly knew! Someone... oh, say roughly the same age as the doctors.

I asked myself one more question.

I sat up in bed, completely shocked. Why had I asked myself if doctors were sexy? Why? Who could I talk to about this? Lyn? Could I ask Lyn if I was feeling \*that way\* about a guy, twice my age? Rachael? Rachael was even less likely to understand, I thought. My parents? Mom might not flip, but my dad would.

Lyn was worldly. I’d been sending my own signals to her the night at the movies; but I seriously doubted if I would have acted on my urges without a push. I hadn’t really been sure what those urges were. With Rachael, I’d had a little better idea what they meant; I did act on some of my urges.

That led to another thought. I was different now. I wasn’t as shy, I was more positive about all sorts of things. A week ago, with Lyn, I’d not been aggressive. I’d gotten pretty aggressive with Rachael.

I lay back down, my mind racing. Oh, so very many things to think about! It wasn’t fair!

It was inescapable: I’m growing up. Oh gosh. Lyn was fun, Rachael was fun. But I was a shy, stupid school girl. A shy, stupid, horny school girl.

I was still sitting there at ten o’clock when the doctor and two nurses came in. It was a full bore wash, then lotion application. Still just two spots, I was happy to note, on my bottom. And the nurse who rubbed lotion on them was no sexier than the nurse the day before.

I looked around. The doctor was reading my chart, turned pretty much away from me while I was washed and anointed. He’s being polite, I thought. He’s a doctor; he’s seen lots of women undressed. I looked at the second nurse. She was petite, with red hair, and green eyes. Cute. I saw her look away from me.

The lotion application was finished, and I settled back down onto the bed. I was finding I didn’t like the lotion. Yes, after a minute, the itching stopped. But, in the time it took to work, it was cold.

The doctor had turned back and smiled at me. “One of the nice things about being your age: If you were an adult and about to leave the hospital in a couple of hours, the admin people would be here, going over your financial history since Adam kissed Eve. As it is, it’ll be much better for you.”

The red-haired nurse laughed. “Oh, and for sure, we’re not that bad.”

She had a lovely lilt to her voice. Red hair, green eyes? Irish?

She stepped close and held out her hand. “Kathleen Rourke, come to collect my pound of paper.” The doctor and the other nurse had left.

I took her hand. Her handshake was firm and warm. “You came in from the emergency room; friends I understand, called the paramedics,” she told me. I nodded.

“Your parents filled out most of the forms yesterday, now I’d like you to fill out some personal medical history.”

I took the papers and they were just that. All sorts of personal questions. When I got to the one about ‘Number of sexual partners in the last 6 months’ I looked up and asked, “What if I don’t want to answer a question?”

She laughed. “Since you have chicken pox, unless it’s the one about sexual partners, you don’t have to answer.” I stared at the sheet of paper; I sensed she was angry or upset at my hesitation.

“You owe it to a partner, Katherine. They could get sick too.”

I made my choice in an instant. “It’s Katie.” I took a deep breath. “They know I was sick and with what.”

I felt odd then. Not sick odd, just strange odd. If I couldn’t talk to Lyn or Rachael about my problem; if I couldn’t talk to my parents, maybe the solution was to talk to someone I hardly knew at all. I contemplated this and that, finally lifted my eyes and met hers.

“I don’t see any benefit in answering some of the questions.” I told her. “If there’s a problem with that, you’ll have to talk to my parents.”

Pure and total bluff; although if she talked to just my mom, it would probably be okay. Not that mom knew about Rachael. Why had I answered in the plural?

“You’re a freshman in high school?” she asked and I nodded.

“I worked up my courage. “Could I ask you a question?”

“About those?” She waved at the forms.

“No.” I shook my head. “Personal things.”

She held my eyes for a second. “That’s not really my job description.”

“Please?” I asked.

She sighed. “You can ask, I won’t promise to answer.”

“I’m gay.” I paused. “At least I think I am.”

“TMI,” she said instantly.

“Please,” I told her. “I don’t know what to do.”

“Celibacy works for me.”

I laughed. "I'm interested in what works for me."

For a second I could see she was angry; then she held up her middle finger, but she was laughing too.

“I’m becoming a proper Yank,” she muttered, shaking her head.

"I'm looking for advice from a neutral source," I told her. "That's all.

“There are people I’m attracted to. It’s pretty clear how I feel about them. Others... nothing. That’s pretty clear too.”

“I think that’s how it works for most of us.” She was composed again.

“Doctor Stevens yesterday, the doctor just now,” I shook my head. “I don’t know what I feel. It’s not sexual; at least I don’t think so. I don’t understand it.”

“Awe?” She said, and I thought for a second she was kidding so I shook my head.

“Ah, the majesty of the mastery of a doctor. Respect.”

I ran that through my head. That was it! How could it be that I didn’t recognize something so simple?

“You haven’t been out of the room yet, have you?” she asked and I nodded. “Katie, sick people are everywhere in this hospital. Sixty three and a half percent of our rooms are filled with them. Doctors, Katie, take care of our patients. Oh, nurses and those of us in admin do our part; the cooks, the staff. We all do our parts. But it’s the doctors who are the heart of a hospital.

“I’ve nursed sick people back to health. I’ve had someone die in my arms.” Her eyes locked on mine. “Katie, I’m a coward. Helping someone is wonderful; watching them die is...” She shook her head. “Unthinkable. I do what I can.”

She paused. “Be careful, Katie. The way it works is, first, you’re in awe of doctors; then you understand more and come to respect them. Then you realize they’re human, just like you and I. A great many people find the urge to be with them nearly impossible to overcome. To share even the smallest part of their magic.”

I shook my head. “I understand now. You can be in awe of someone, respect them, but you don’t have to sleep with them.”

I realized my mom was standing in the doorway, listening. I nodded to her. “I don’t want to answer the question about sexual partners on the form.”

Mom held my eyes; I saw a slight lift of her eyebrow. Was I so transparent?

I decided to be a little less clear this time. “I don’t think there’s anyone who doesn’t know about where I am and why.”

“It’s her choice,” Kathleen said. “I think it is terribly unfair to any partner who might not have got the word. For whatever reason.”

I nearly stepped on it big time, the words I’d been going to say was that she’d gotten me to the hospital. But that had been Lyn’s mom, I remembered that now.

“I don’t want to say,” I said firmly.

Kathleen got up, gathered the papers, and then handed mom a card. “If your daughter should remember, please see that I’m called.”

With that she was gone.

“I told them you’d be a lot better if you had lunch at home. Funny thing about that, everyone seemed to know what I was talking about,” Mom told me. Only later did I understand the coldness of her voice.

“Thanks.”

“Come. We’ll talk on the way.”

Coming was, I found, not a simple matter. It took twenty minutes before I was being wheeled through the corridors, down an elevator and finally out the front door, then out to the parking structure. The only positive thing was that I’d left the hospital gown that had entirely too many drafts in entirely too many places, behind.

We had hardly started when mom spoke. “I spoke to Evelyn Swain yesterday.”

I looked at her. Mom frowned. “Your friend Lyn’s mother.”

I wanted to die and blow away. I didn’t know Lyn’s mom’s name!

“I thanked her most profusely for what she did, told her to double and treble that thanks for Lyn.”

I nodded.

“Partners, Kate? Plural?”

I wanted to sink into the seat and vanish. “There’s someone else.” I said. “Please, Mom, please.”

“Is that fair to Lyn? Is that fair to the other person? Of whatever gender?”

“A girl. I swear, another girl.”

“If you think that makes it right, Kate, you’re wrong.”

I didn’t know what to say. “It’s all three of us. All for one, one for all.”

We were at a stop light and Mom turned and looked at me. “Three?”

“Yes,” I said; I couldn’t help it, I started to cry. “It isn’t what you think!”

“I’m trying hard not to think about my daughter in a threesome, thank you very much.”

“Don’t you trust me at all?” I pleaded.

“Once upon a time I did. Now, I’m not sure. Liberty is not license, Kate.”

“It’s not license. It’s not like that at all.” I kept coming back to that; then I knew it was myself I was lying to.

“And if you and this other girl spent the night together, what would happen?”

“She’s nice. Sweet. Kind. A million things. Please, trust me.”

Mom snorted, started up again.

“I have yet to hear a reason why I should ever trust you again.”

I reached out, touched her arm. “Trust me. I grew up this week.” Inside, I was confused. Mom understood, she supported me. Why was she doing this?

She glanced at me. “You look no different than a week ago.”

“Like you can see my heart?” I’d been afraid before, now I was angry. “Maybe you can read my mind? Do you understand me at all?”

“I can’t see your heart; but I know people. Loving two people is at best heartbreaking. At worst: more than heartbreak. Read your mind? I told you, I was your age once. There was someone I had feelings for. One someone. Like I have feelings for your father now. Understand what?” She waved. “That you have feelings for your lovers?”

She was dismissive and I wanted to cringe. “That.” I said simply. “If you understand nothing else, understand that I have feelings for people. You, Dad. Lyn, others. Why, Mom? Tell me why I should have feelings for you and Dad, but not Lyn and someone else?

“At the hospital I was unsure. I found I had feelings for the doctors. Mom, I know now what kind of feelings. Respect. Tell me, Mom, why should I be able to respect more than one person, love more than one parent, and then love just one person with all my heart?” I waved around us. “I know kids who have brothers and sisters. They are supposed to love them. Yet, when we meet someone who sends our heart into our throats, we’re supposed to cut it off at one. Where’s the logic in that?”

“Logic has nothing to do with it.”

“Well, tell Dad to come back. You move out; I like him better.”

The car stopped so fast that my nose nearly came into abrupt contact with the dash.

“What are you talking about?”

“You want me to pick and choose who I love. I picked; sorry, you didn’t make the cut.”

“When we get home, you’re going over my knee and...”

“Is that supposed to change my mind?” I asked, laughing bitterly. “Don’t do it. It won’t change anything for the better.”

“I can’t believe how cold and callous you are.”

“Oh? It was me telling you who you could love? It was me telling you who your friends could be? Say, I know you say you have friends at work. Pick one, mom. Toss out all the others.”

“It’s different!” she screamed.

“You say!” I didn’t scream, but she didn’t have any trouble hearing me.

I felt it then, from head to toe. No doubt about it.

“Mom.” She glared at me. “Mom,” I repeated, insistent.

“What?”

“We need to go back to the hospital. Right now.”

“And why should I care?” She almost spat out the words.

I could feel myself slipping; I couldn’t believe how fast it was happening. Did I want to stop the slide? “Pick one, Mom. Daughter or not.”

Then I looked into the roaring slide. A cataract of awesome, simply awesome proportions. Thunder and roaring chaos, mixed with light and dark, turning and turbulent, twisting away. For a long moment I contemplated a head long descent, heedless. At the last second, I remembered love, respect. I'd promised Lyn...

Didn’t really matter; I went.

**Chapter Nine**

**You have my heart**

Two minutes or so, I’m told. What had Doctor Stevens said about being lucky? I was lucky and then some.

It’s called anaphylactic shock; an allergic reaction on serious steroids.

Mom had done a crash stop in traffic, before it hit me. She was trying to find out what was wrong with me as soon as I collapsed. More important to me personally, we were, and so were all the rest of the cars around us, stopped. And close to the hospital; let’s not forget that.

Doctor Priscilla Humphreys. Fireman James Abernathy Johnson. Doctor Humphreys specializes in allergies. She took one look at me, dipped into her magic bag and gave me a shot. I was half dead, literally. I could no longer breathe, but my heart was still pumping. Fireman Johnson did his best to move air around in my lungs. Both of them were stopped in a traffic jam I'd created before I got sick. On their way to someplace else, journeys I'd interrupted.

After Doctor Humphreys gave me the shot, she started undressing me, right there on the street. She’d just found the culprit when I came back.

Coming back was even quicker than going away had been; I started gasping for air; sensation returned. I could feel the street beneath me, I could feel the hand on my chest, his fingers were touching my bare breast. I looked down and could see the black fingers inches away from my nipples; my blouse was opened, my bra undone.

I very carefully reached out and plucked the hand off, moving it away.

Imagine a black man, easily two hundred and fifty pounds. “She’s back.” There was a lilt and a laugh in his voice.

“Please,” I said, feeling helpless, but trying to get my blouse back where it belonged.

“Just a minute.” I heard a woman’s voice; I turned my head and saw her. A sprightly grandmother, a hundred pounds, maybe. Like a tiny hummingbird, intent on a flower. “I’ve just about got the stinger out.” I didn’t feel anything, until she was swabbing my right arm with something that stung.

Then the explanations started.

You think you know things; I hadn’t known anything important about chicken pox. I’d never heard of anaphylactic shock. Now I wear a wrist chain with a little tag, I have a shot kit in my purse; I’ll have these for the rest of my life, and I don’t dare get more than a few feet from someone who knows my problem, because if I don’t get instant treatment, I could die. Just like someone turning off a light bulb.

Raise your hand when you hear the name of the most dangerous wild animal on the planet: Lion, tiger, bear, wolf. Rattlesnake, scorpion, black widow. Oh yeah, let’s not leave out the champion: honey bee.

My stay in the hospital was just another day, most of that spent resting.

When mom took me home the next day, both of us had learned better: we kept our mouths and the car windows shut.

I went straight to my room and my bed, lay down and stared at my own ceiling for a change.

Later in the afternoon, Mom brought me the phone. “Lyn,” she said economically.

“Hi,” I told Lyn.

“Gosh, Katie,” Lyn said, “are you really okay?”

“I’m covered with spots that itch; I have a bruise on my chest the size of a saucer. I have a bee sting on my right arm that nearly killed me. I haven’t seen you for days and days; that hurts the most,” I told her. “Hearing your voice... I’m better than I’ve been for days and days.”

I swear, I could hear her smile. “They said I’ll probably be able to have visitors tomorrow,” I told her. “But...” I didn’t know how to say it. “Mom knows about Rachael. I don’t think she’s willing to let us be alone.”

“We’ll cross the bridge when we come to it,” Lyn told me. “I’m just so glad you’re going to be okay.”

“I have a pretty new bracelet to wear for the rest of my life. When I see you next time, I’m supposed to show you how to give me a shot if I ever get stung again. Okay?” I knew I was pretty depressed, but I didn’t know how to cheer up.

We talked a bit more, finally I asked how Rachael was. Lyn giggled. “She’s found a girlfriend of her own. That girl works fast, once she gets going.”

“Who?” I asked.

“Someone you’d never believe. I’m not supposed to tell.”

“Then don’t tell.” Besides, I thought, I have a pretty good idea who.

“I would have, I think, if you’d asked.”

“You’d have been wrong, if you did,” I told her. “So I didn’t ask.”

Lyn was quiet for a bit. “It was pretty rough, wasn’t it?”

“Yes. But it’s behind me now, and I want to keep it that way. I’m thinking now more about how much school I’ve missed and am going to miss. I probably can’t go back until the middle of next week.”

“I can get you your assignments,” Lyn said, eager to help.

“Mom talked to the school today, she’s going to pick them up tomorrow afternoon,” I told her. “I’m supposed to be getting lots of rest. Eating better.” I pitched my voice low. “You know we didn’t have anything to eat Friday night, only had lunch Saturday. The doctors knew I hadn’t been eating right, or getting enough sleep.”

“You are a little skinny,” Lyn said. “Guess we’ll just have to fatten you up.” We both laughed. We talked a little longer, then I took a long nap.

I was surprised when it was dinner time and Dad was there. “Kate, your mom tells me you’re seeing someone. Several someones.”

I looked at him in stunned surprise, then at my mother. The silence dragged on for a few seconds.

“Girls,” I told him, looking him in the eye.

He stared back, then looked at Mom. I think he’s angry, but I’m not entirely sure if it’s me he’s upset at. I was right to think that.

“Your mom told me she’s known for a while.” He was still looking at her, then he turned back to me. “Am I an ogre? A heartless, thoughtless beast who couldn’t possibly understand my own daughter?”

“No, you’re none of those things.” I shrugged. “I didn’t think you would approve.”

“Kate, I’m a middle manager where I work. Things happen, Kate; it’s the nature of the world. Good things and bad things. After a while, when you work with people, you learn to trust them and they learn to trust you. You give them the straight scoop, they treat you the same way in return. I’m most upset about the fact that neither of you trusted me.”

“I’m sorry,” I told him.

“I have opinions,” he went on. “Lord, everyone has opinions. Yes, I’ve stated those opinions in front of you, although I don’t recall ever voicing my opinion about this to either of you.”

“I didn’t think you’d approve of me with anyone.”

“People I work with make mistakes. I’ve made mistakes. We’ve had some successes, too. Actually, far more successes than problems and mistakes. You just can’t slide important things under the rug, Kate. Yes, they can be painful; yes, they can turn out not to your liking. But under the rug? Nothing good grows buried under a rug; trust me, Kate.”

“What is your opinion then, of two girls in love? Three?” I nodded at Mom. “I know what Mom’s opinion is.”

Dad turned to Mom. “I believe we discussed this. I believe you have something to tell Kate.”

Mom reached out and took my hand. “I apologize, Kate. I just got angry, and when I lose my temper I stop thinking. Your dad is right about wake-up calls; both of us would like you to tone them down.”

I had to smile.

Still, the question to hand. I turned to Dad. “Well, what is your opinion of a three girls in love?”

“I learned at a much later point in my life, than you seem to have,” he said quietly, “that I wasn’t sure what love is. It took a while before I discovered love is a work in progress. The feelings you have for someone changes, grows, matures, the longer you’re with them.” His eyes met mine. “I’d already figured out though, that love in high school is subject to change without notice.”

He folded his hands and put them in front of him on the table. “I don’t know the answer to your question, Kate. I don’t think it’s right; but I also don’t think I know enough about you or your friends to tell you what’s right or wrong.” He looked at Mom again. “Your mom wants you to stop.”

“I never liked being a sneak,” I told him. “I don’t want to sneak anymore. Unless you clearly forbid me, it’s not going to stop.”

“And if we forbid it?” Mom asked.

“I’ll think about it. I won’t sneak, though. If I decide to do it anyway, I’ll tell you.”

“There would be consequences if you did that,” Mom told me.

“Mom, there are consequences to driving down the road, the car window open, enjoying a nice day. I dealt with that, I’ll deal with anything else I have to deal with.

“You talked about how it’s dealing with the bumps in the road that define our character. Just remember one thing about that, Mom. You get past that bump, learn from it and keep going, leaving it behind. Don’t be a bump in the road, Mom.”

Dad stood up, beckoned to me. I got up hesitantly, walked over to him. Without a word, he put his arms around my waist and pulled me to him, hugging me tightly, kissing me on the forehead.

“I’m still contagious.” I was so surprised, it was the only thing I could think of to say.

“And why don’t I think that’s a problem?” he asked.

I remembered then. “Because of Thursday and Friday.”

Mom spoke up. “I was thinking you’re crazy. What about Thursday and Friday?”

Dad laughed. “Kate was contagious both those days last week. I might not have hugged or kissed her on those days, but being around her made it moot. I don’t ever want to pass up a chance to hug my daughter again.”

He stepped back, smiled at me, turned and left the room. I was a little startled at the quick departure, but he was right back with a box of eggs from the fridge. He opened it up, took one out and started tossing it back and forth from hand to hand. He did that without speaking for a minute or so, then stopped and handed it to me.

“Here, you do it.”

I took the egg and carefully tossed it from hand to hand, not very far and not very hard. Even so, it wasn’t easy, and a couple of times I nearly dropped it. After five minutes or so, I got so I could do it safely if I kept focused on what I was doing.

Without a word, Dad dipped into the egg box, pulled out another egg, tossed it higher than he’d tossed the first egg. Reached down, scooped up another, tossing it higher still. I stopped tossing my egg, watching him as one by one he added eggs until he had four going. Still without a word, one by one they went back into the container, until there was one left.

He tossed it to me. “Catch, you try it.”

I missed the egg, even though he threw it to my empty left hand.

It went splat on the floor.

“Sorry,” I said, not knowing what to do, what this was all about.

He just shook his head, picked up another egg and handed it to me. I shuffled eggs, got the new one. Another fountain of eggs from the other side, when he had four going he looked at me, not at the eggs. “Go on, you try it.”

I shook my head. “I can’t do it. I’ll drop them both.” I watched in fascination as the eggs flowed through the air with the greatest of ease.

The fountain vanished back to where it came from. He reached out and I handed him the eggs from my hands. He waved at the floor. “I’ll clean that up in a minute.”

“I dropped it,” I told him, “I’ll do it.”

He inclined his head, nodded. “Good.”

He gestured at the mess. “Kate, people are just as fragile as eggs. People you love, more important than any number of eggs. Learning to juggle even one, isn’t simple. Two? You have to go to a different level. More than two? You’ll find it takes a lot more than practice. I don’t recommend using eggs or people to practice with.” His eyes met mine.

“In high school, I decided to run away from home and join the circus. My dad caught me, told me to think about it. What would I bring to a circus? I wasn’t a freak, so I was going to have to learn something they could use.

“So I spent four years learning to juggle. Long before I got half way good at it, I realized the real point of what he was getting at. So I stayed in school, went to college. I’ve made it a point ever since to bring something important to anything I do.” He sighed. “I wished I’d spent more time bringing something to my family, except a pay check.” He grinned. “And I’m going to be disappointed if you don’t give me grandkids that I can do it right with.” He came back, kissed my forehead again. “I can live with disappointment, but you might want to think about what you can live with or without.”

I spent a lot of time thinking, no doubt about that.

Thursday, I checked myself out in the mirror; daubing lotion. I hated having to have to ask Mom to help, but there was no way I could get the spots on my back and bottom. Worse the doctors had been clear: you can stop worrying about giving people the disease after there are no new spots, and the ones you have are crusted over. A couple still weren’t crusty and I decided that while I wanted a lot of things, some were going to have to wait.

Mom did her part without talking; it was pretty easy to see she was still upset. She finished, went and washed her hands while I was getting dressed in an old blouse, old jeans.

“I talked to Evelyn Swain for some time last night.” She told me as I was finishing zipping my jeans up. “I don’t know, Kate, I just don’t know. I told her I thought we should keep you two apart, let you think about things. Evelyn said her daughter would be heartbroken, and so would you. She asked me if I wanted to encourage my daughter to lie to me.

“I told her about the other girl. She shrugged it off too. ‘They’re young, they’re experimenting.’” I saw mom was really upset. “The worst part? She sounded just like your father. Like you. Different words, different arguments, but all coming down to the same thing. At some point we have to trust our children. Until she sees her daughter heading for a brick wall, she’s not going to backseat-drive.”

“I don’t think that’s a lot to ask,” I said steadily. “The other day you told me that Lyn and I share something special, something you wish you might have had. Why do you feel so different now?”

“Because growing up gay isn’t the easiest thing, it’s easier now than when I was your age, but it’s still pretty hard.”

“You said you had thoughts like I have thoughts, up until you discovered boys. Was that in high school, Mom?”

She shrugged and nodded.

“And just how well did you discover boys?” I asked.

“I met your father when I was a junior in college. He was the first man I went all the way with.”

“I don’t think that answered my question,” I told her.

“Sure, I fooled around with boys. Kissing, petting. Heavy petting. But I was careful and didn’t go too far too soon. When I met your father, I was ready; it was nice and I’ve no regrets.”

“Then why did you look so wistful the other night? Because you don’t have regrets?”

“None about your dad,” she answered. She shook her head. “I can’t believe I’m having a discussion with you about my sex life; this is about something I think you are wrong about.”

“We’ve covered this ground before, Mom. I don’t think it will do either of us any good to cover it again.”

“I can’t help thinking you’re making a big mistake.”

“Maybe; but I’m not going to look at my daughter twenty years from now and wonder if I should have been with Lyn or not.”

“What if you don’t have a daughter, or anyone else twenty years from now and you’re wondering how it happened?”

I sighed. “Mom, that’s a question like the one we asked in fifth or sixth grade about if God is all powerful, can he create a rock so big he can’t lift it. You’re concerned about me. I understand that. You don’t think Lyn and I should be together. You don’t think we should have another friend. I understand your concerns. I just don’t share them. So unless you want to have another knock-down, drag-out fight let’s just give this a rest.”

Eventually I walked over to my bed, flopped down on my stomach and was asleep a second later.

I dreamed. All I remember was that it was sexy, the only part that was clear was a girl I didn’t recognize, looking me up and down. “You look yummie enough to eat!” she said, grinning.

“I’m spoken for,” I told her, thinking I was witty.

“Well, what I had in mind, we wouldn’t need to talk about.”

That evening Lyn called; Rachael was at her house and I got to talk to her, although since my mom was close, we kept it general. It was so good to hear both their voices again, it really was. Lyn told me she was coming over after school on Friday, Rachael too. Rachael wasn’t going to be able to stay very long.

I told Mom I was going to have company after school the next day and she looked at me, then looked at Dad who shook his head. “Let it go, dear.”

Mom looked away from both of us, her voice resigned. “I talked to work this afternoon, they’d like me back sooner rather than later. I told them I’d be there at least a half day tomorrow. It would help Kate if you could manage the lotion application tomorrow afternoon.” She said the last to me; I wasn’t really paying close attention, just wondering what I could use for an argument if she said no. She caught me by surprise, but I think Dad was more surprised.

“You want Kate’s girlfriends, as in plural girlfriends, to come over tomorrow afternoon, help her get undressed, then smear goop all over her naked body. Is that what you’re saying?” Dad asked her.

Mom nodded her head. Dad laughed. “In that case, I’m going to ask again about going down to Rocky Point once a month, instead of once a quarter.”

I figured I owed Mom something. So before she could speak I did. “Maybe you should ask Mom how often she’d like to go?”

He looked at Mom. “I was kidding, neither of us have the time. But, just how often would you like to go?”

“Once or twice a year,” Mom said quietly.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” Dad asked gently. “I thought you liked it there.”

“You spend your time talking with your friends, going fishing with your friends. We wives sit around, drink margaritas and talk. Some of your friends, dear, have wives who are a little short-changed in the brains department.”

I wasn’t sure where the departure point was in the next few minutes, but all of a sudden they were bantering, making bad jokes about Rocky Point, some of the people they ran with down there. Since I’d been on most of those trips, I got a lot of the jokes.

Finally Dad wound down. “Kate, we have concerns about some of the things in your life; we are trying to come to terms with them. But Kate, you and Lyn... you guys did good, girl. You told Mrs. Swain where the phone number was, she called 911 and got you right to the hospital. In this day and age, that’s called sticking your neck out and it’s getting rare. All of you acted very responsibly. Your mom and I talked it over the other day, no matter how often one or both of us goes to Rocky Point, from now on, whether or not you come along is up to you. If I’ve been boring your Mom, I shudder to think what it’s been like for you.”

“I read a lot,” I told him.

It was an odd Friday morning, having the house to myself. It had been months and months since I’d spent a day home alone. I spent a lot of time thinking instead of reading; then after lunch I was getting antsy waiting for Lyn and Rachael to appear, so I did read some from one of my text books. That was a mistake, because the next thing I knew, Lyn was shaking me awake.

“Katie! Katie! Are you okay?”

I opened my eyes and looked at her, then smiled my biggest smile. “Now I am whole again.” I said softly, reaching out to hold her hand.

“We rang the door bell, knocked. You didn’t answer.”

“I just fell asleep,” I told her. I couldn’t believe how I felt. Like the world had fallen into place, that it was a fine and beautiful time. I was content.

I looked at Rachael, smiled at her too. “You have a new friend.”

“I promised I wouldn’t talk about it,” she told me.

“And I will never mention it again. I am very happy for you. I’m so glad to see you.”

“I was afraid you’d be jealous,” Rachael murmured.

I shook my head. “We’re friends, the three of us. If you’re happy, we’re happy. If someone makes you unhappy, why Lyn and I will be unhappy with them as well.”

“I told Rachael the same thing,” Lyn supported me stoutly. "One for all and all for one.”

I saw Lyn was looking at me speculatively. “What, dearest Lyn?”

She stepped close. “I want to kiss you.” She looked more closely at my face. “I don’t see any zits in the way.”

“Just don’t hug me, okay?” I told her.

Lyn leaned close and kissed me; for a few seconds it was mild, then I used my tongue and she used hers. I put my hand on her arm to steady myself, then really kissed her hard. It was a long time before we broke off.

“How long until the rash goes away?” Lyn asked, breathless.

“What are you doing Monday, after school?” I asked.

Her eyes lit up. “I’ll be here.” She looked around. “Your mom?”

“She had to work today, Monday too, probably.”

“My mom says she’s been pretty harsh.”

“I thought she was okay with us, but I scared both my parents. Shucks, I scared myself. Twice. It’s not been easy for any of us.”

Lyn and I kissed some more, then I kissed Rachael but just on the end of her nose. “You don’t have to, if you don’t want to, dear heart. I understand promises,” I told her when I sensed her reluctance.

“I’m still trying to work everything out,” Rachael said. “She says that there are people in our lives who we owe more to than most. You need to cherish them unlike any others. If someone loves you, truly loves you, they will understand if you need to spend some time with those who helped make you who you are.”

We spoke of school, then I showed them my bracelet, what I had in my purse, explaining it all. Then I found an enthusiastic assistant in Lyn for putting lotion on my back, better yet, she was willing to put it on my front too, although she said she was a little sad that I didn’t have spots on my breasts. I told her that if she didn’t have to spread lotion on them, it didn’t mean she couldn’t kiss and touch them.

The next thing I knew she had a finger in me, was kissing my breasts. I came with a pent up sigh. How is it that you can go so long without something, then can’t go very long without it?

Lyn glanced at Rachael, “I’m sorry, I couldn’t stop myself.”

“Except now I want to do it!” Rachael said with a laugh.

“I just had a nap,” I told them. “I’m all rested up.”

Rachael smiled, but shook her head. "Katie..."

I smiled back and nodded. "Rachael, it's okay. Please, don't worry."

She stared at me for a second, then her voice was soft. "I'm so glad you understand."

I nodded. "Lyn's mom said we are young and experimenting. I wanted to bean her; you aren't a lab rat."

"My mom said that?" Lyn murmured. "She's right, I think."

I turned to Rachael. "It will make my life a lot easier if we go back to being friends."

"Mine too," Rachael told me; we both looked at Lyn.

"Me?" She laughed, waved at Rachael. "The day after you went in the hospital, I hugged Rachael; I didn't even kiss her. That's it. I have been a very good girl," she said smugly.

Mom came home a little after 5, she seemed surprised that we were sitting at the kitchen table playing gin rummy, which Lyn had taught us to play. A little later Lyn took Rachael home, and I went back to working on homework.

Before bed, I went in my bathroom to daub some of the itchier spots with more lotion. When I undid my blouse, I was surprised to see that quite a few of the patches that had been covered in pink goo earlier were now only faint traces, barely visible. Half, I thought. Half gone since Lyn had put lotion on me. I smiled when I remembered what else Lyn had done.

Was that it? I wondered. I hadn't masturbated since I'd gotten sick. With a grin, I went and turned off the light to my room, crawled into bed and relaxed, thinking about Lyn. I lightly stroked my clit, until I was just hovering, not wanting to push the rest of the way. The image I'd had the other night in the dream reappeared in my mind, the girl telling me I looked yummie.

I knew I wasn't dreaming, but I looked that image in the eye. "You have three strikes against you, girl! You're not Lyn, you're not Lyn and you're not Lyn!" I came then.

I pulled the covers up around me, rolled over on my side and pressed my hand against the area of my abdomen that still mildly tingled, pressing against the tingle. I smiled, deep down inside myself. Dearest Lyn, I'm sure now. I love you and you love me. You have my heart, dearest Lyn. And I have yours. I don't know if we'll have a day, a week, a year or our whole lives... but now we are together.

(to be continued)