**Saturday Night School**

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As Charlie Tucker pulled into the parking lot of the school, he wondered, as he often did on Saturdays, what other seniors did on their Saturday nights. Was he missing out on anything that he would later regret? Wild parties, like in the movies, where parents were out of town and everything was chaos? Or were those types of parties just fiction, and everyone was sitting at home on their computers or binging on TV?  
  
He had two juniors assisting in the AV room, Dinesh and Michael, and those two had a crew of friends that seemed to go to the movies every weekend. Every Monday, they would be talking about the new movie they'd seen. Even if all the movies in the theater were crap, they'd go and see a crap movie.  
  
Dinesh had asked Charlie to come with them a few times. But Charlie always declined. If seeing crap movies was the only thing he missed on Saturday nights, then it wasn't any great loss.  
  
Charlie drove straight across the school's parking lot, ignoring the white lines that delineated the spaces. The lot was almost completely empty, except for a red pick-up truck near the front double-doors of the school.  
  
Charlie grinned when he saw that truck. He grinned because he knew it was a trick. Daryl Kramer, weekend security guard and owner of the red truck, was currently at a resort in Miami on a two-week vacation. Instead of hiring a replacement guard while Daryl was out, Principal Edwards had asked Daryl to park his truck at the school as usual, so that it would appear he was still on duty.  
  
Charlie pulled around the school to the back. He liked Daryl. Sometimes, when Charlie worked late in the AV room on the weekends, Daryl would stop by and they'd chat. Daryl was bored patrolling the empty school on the weekend, and he liked to watch Charlie splicing together video in the school's editing bay. "Move to Hollywood after you graduate, Charlie... that's where you belong!" the guard always said. Charlie would just smile. Deep down, he knew that the guard had no perspective to praise his work, but Charlie appreciated the kind words all the same.  
  
Charlie pulled his car up next to an unmarked green door in the back of the school. He got out of the car and walked to the door, fishing his keys out of his pocket. He unlocked the door, pulled it open and propped it with a concrete block. Returning to his car, he popped the trunk and began to unload the camera equipment.  
  
The closet in the AV room also required a key. It was a deep closet, big enough that it could be a small bedroom. High industrial shelving lined the walls. Each piece of equipment had a designated location on a shelf. Charlie liked things to be organized. As he brought each piece of equipment in and placed it on a shelf, he signed it in on a clipboard that hung just inside the closet.  
  
After everything was brought in, Charlie locked the green door and brought one of the cameras into the editing bay. He hooked it up to the main computer and started downloading the footage. It was the varsity girl's basketball game, and he had set up three cameras on tripods and carried a fourth. Not a significant basketball game, the team had lost by twenty-two points and their record was 4-11. But Charlie still downloaded all the footage from the four cameras and began to edit it together.  
  
The AV room had a small window, but it only showed the hallway. Charlie couldn't see outside, and couldn't see the daylight fading. The time in the bottom corner of his computer monitor was the only indicator that night had settled onto the school. Charlie kept an eye on the time. He knew he could sometimes lose himself in the work and let the hours fly by, and this weekend he didn't have Daryl to urge him to go home.  
  
He was staring at the computer screen with the headphones on when movement flickered in the corner of his eye. He glanced towards the window and saw something just as it passed the edge of the window. Not something, someone. Someone was in the school with him, and they had just passed by in the hall.  
  
Charlie hadn't turned on the lights in the AV Room, and the only light was the glow from his computer monitor. Had the intruder been spying on him through the window? Or had the AV Room appeared to be just another dark empty room from the hallway? He suspected the latter.  
  
Charlie approached the window and peered out. He could see a figure walking down the hallway. Long dark hair, almost to the waist. A girl. Charlie squinted through the blurry glass, trying to decipher what he was seeing. Did he know her? The girl was walking away from him. Her arms were bare and swing by her side in a slow and exaggerated way. She had long legs that were left exposed by an incredibly short skirt. Charlie blinked for a moment, trying to decide where her legs ended and the skirt began. How could a skirt be that short? The girl turned a corner and disappeared from his view. She was headed toward the main office and the intersection of hallways that everyone called the "Front Tee".  
  
Charlie considered his options. He could phone the police and tell them someone had broken into the school. But he didn't know for sure that this girl had broken in. Maybe she had a key like he did. Maybe she was a teacher, or some other school employee.  
  
It wasn't like she was a man in a hockey mask. Charlie decided he would follow the girl and see what she was up to. If she had a legitimate reason to be there, then that was fine. He could tell her that he also had a legitimate reason to be there. He definitely didn't want her to get spooked and call the police on him!  
  
Charlie stepped out of the AV room into the hall. He walked slowly in the direction that the girl had gone, alert for any sounds. If she had broken into the school, then there was a chance she wasn't alone, and he didn't want to be surprised by other intruders.  
  
He reached the corner and peeked around it, towards the Front Tee. What he saw astonished him, and for a moment all he could do was stare. The girl was standing in the Front Tee, facing towards the front of the school, with the office at her back. She was fifty feet away, but he still recognized her immediately.  
  
Michelle Santos. Beautiful Michelle Santos. At lunch just a week before, Greg Arden had noticed Michelle entering the cafeteria and had remarked, "Damn, that Michelle Santos always has something on, doesn't she?" Charlie even remembered what she'd been wearing, a skin-tight pair of jeans and a lacy white blouse that could have been specifically tailored to cling to her breasts. Michelle Santos never threw on a t-shirt and jeans in the morning like some of the other girls. She always came to school looking like she'd spent the morning with a stylist and a make-up artist.  
  
"That Michelle Santos always has something on, doesn't she?" Those words echoed in Charlie's mind, because the Michelle Santos he was seeing had nothing on at all. The reason her skirt had seemed so short was because she wasn't wearing a skirt. She was standing in the Front Tee completely naked.  
  
Charlie couldn't do anything but trace her body with his eyes. It was like a dream. She wasn't trying to cover herself; in fact, she looked like she was posing, her feet apart, one hand on her left hip, the other hand at her mouth where she was biting her finger. Her body was flawless. Her legs were impossibly long and smooth, a dancer's legs. He followed them up to her waist then let his eyes pass over her flat tummy to linger at her perfect breasts.  
  
He was captivated by them. How many times had he seen Michelle wearing something tight or low-cut, offering a tantalizing glimpse of those breasts? How many times had he stared at her chest, trying to imagine what those breasts looked like under the fabric? Now they were right there in front of him, swelling and falling with every breath she took, and he could scarcely believe it.  
  
Everything about Michelle radiated graceful femininity. Her long, delicate limbs. The way her dark hair fell onto her bare shoulders. The way she perched on her toes. Even the soft flutter of her eyelashes. Charlie could have stared at her forever.  
  
But the way she stood, as if posing, made him wonder if someone else was present. Someone standing unseen by the front doors to the school, taking a pictures of Michelle. Maybe taking a video. Did Michelle have some boyfriend who had pressured her into doing this?  
  
Charlie stepped around the corner. She hadn't noticed him, her eyes focused on what was in front of her. He stepped closer, keeping close to the wall at his left, hoping to disappear among the line of brown lockers. He leaned in, trying to see down the school's front hallway, looking for the shadow of another person. Michelle had both hands behind her head now, combing her long hair with her fingers, letting her breasts jut out. Was someone snapping picture after picture of her, playing the fashion photographer while she went through poses?  
  
Charlie inched closer. The school was quiet, and he knew for certain that his careful footfalls didn't disturb the stillness. It wasn't that she heard him. It just happened that she chose that moment to turn in his direction, perhaps to continue her naked walk through the school. She was looking directly at him, and their eyes met.  
  
Her eyes widened and her mouth fell open. "Charlie!" She blurted. He had a half second to admire her body from the front, and then she crumpled to the floor. She shrank into a tight ball, her arms crossed tightly over her chest, her eyes still wide as she stared at him.  
  
"Michelle?" Charlie almost continued with: What are you doing? But he quickly realized that it was a stupid question. He could see now that she was by herself. Whatever she was doing, she was clearly embarrassed to be caught doing it. He didn't need to hear her try to explain it. Maybe it was better if he didn't know.  
  
Charlie had a sudden idea, a different strategy. He pitched his voice as a low whisper. "Don't tell anyone you saw me, okay? I thought the school would be empty... I didn't know you'd be here...."  
  
She blinked at him, still frozen. "I didn't think anyone would be here..." She matched his whisper.  
  
"I shouldn't be..." Charlie looked over his shoulder, as if nervous that he was being followed. "I broke in. I knew the security guard is off today... so I broke in. Please don't tell anyone..."  
  
"I won't tell anyone if you leave now." Michelle didn't even want to look at him. Her eyes darted between peeking up at him and looking at the floor, and her face was flushed. "Just go. I promise I won't tell."  
  
Charlie gazed at her, wondering how long she could remain in that crunched-up squatting position. He had the feeling if he walked over and gave her a slight nudge, she would fall over. "Did you break in, too?"  
  
"No. I have a key."  
  
"You do?"  
  
"I'm the head of the spirit squad. They gave me keys." She still wouldn't meet his eyes while she talked.  
  
"No kidding." Charlie had never seen her at the school on the weekend before. "Is this the first time you've walked naked through the school?"  
  
Michelle blushed furiously. "Yes." Her voice was so low he could barely hear her. "I didn't think anyone would be here. I knew the security guard wasn't here today..."  
  
"No one was here, so you decided not to wear clothes?"  
  
She looked down at the floor and didn't answer.  
  
"Where did you take off your clothes?" he asked.  
  
She peeked up at him. "Down the hall. Will you turn around and face the wall behind you? And close your eyes. I'll go get my clothes and get dressed. Then we can talk, okay?"  
  
"No."  
  
She blinked. "No?"  
  
Charlie shrugged. "Sorry. You're naked in the middle of the school, by your own choice. And you're also the most beautiful girl in the senior class. If you think I'm going to close my eyes and pass up the opportunity to see you, you're crazy. If you want to get your clothes, go ahead, but I'm not going to look away."  
  
Michelle inhaled sharply and her body seemed to quiver. She clutched her arms to her chest and her hands slid up and down on her forearms, almost as if she was trying to warm herself. Charlie could hear a shake in her breathing. He had spoken the first words that had come to his mind, and it surprised him that they had such an effect on her. He watched her with dread, expecting that she would start to cry and he would feel like the worst asshole to have ever lived.  
  
Abruptly, she lifted her eyes and met his gaze. Her eyes were wide but not wet. To his astonishment, she slowly began to rise, unfolding like a flower blooming. She kept her arms over her chest, but extended and stretched her long legs. Charlie knew he was staring, but he couldn't help himself. His heart pounded in his chest when he glimpsed that spot between her legs, a dark line of trimmed public hair leading down to the visible crease of her pink slit.  
  
This is a dream, he thought to himself. This has to be a dream.  
  
Michelle stood in front of him, with her arms crossed over her breasts but the rest of her body completely visible. Then she abandoned even that modesty, lowering her shaking arms to her side and giving him an unobstructed view of her pert breasts.  
  
"Okay?" Her voice wobbled.  
  
Charlie couldn't speak, but managed to nod. It was more than okay. He felt self-conscious staring at her, but her perfect body drew his eyes like a magnet. He tried to keep his eyes on her face, but inevitably would find himself drifting to the swell of her breasts, or her smooth legs, or the curve of her hips. To see her was to imagine touching her, and he felt certain her skin must feel soft as silk. He felt himself stiffening, and hoped Michelle couldn't see the bulge in his jeans.  
  
Incomprehensibly, Michelle stood naked in front of him, motionless except for a nervous twitching of her hands and the visible shake of her breathing. It was similar to the way he'd seen her standing in the Front Tee. Like she was posing, a naked manikin in the middle of the school hallway. Her eyes were fixed on his face, and he knew that she could see every time his line of sight dipped below her neck. She could probably tell exactly which part of her he was examining. It made him feel a little self-conscious, but not enough to look away.  
  
She finally spoke. "I'm going to find my clothes now and get dressed. Okay?"  
  
"Yeah. Yeah, of course." Charlie nodded. The show was over.  
  
"I'm going to walk past you. My clothes are behind you." She rolled her eyes to the side, examining the wall. "I suppose you're going to stare at me until I get dressed."  
  
"Actually, I'm going that way myself. I was in the AV room."  
  
"Let's go, then. You first."  
  
Charlie reluctantly turned and started back to the AV room. He couldn't tell if she was following him or not. When he reached the corner, he glanced over his shoulder and saw her tiptoeing timidly behind him, her bare feet silent on the linoleum floor.  
  
"How long have you been here?" he asked.  
  
"I just got here." She paused ten feet behind him, waiting for him to start moving again. So he did, but walking sideways so he could look back at her.  
  
"How did you know the security guard wasn't here?" he asked.  
  
"Mrs. Eliot told me."  
  
"She did?"  
  
"Yeah. She told me, be careful if I stopped by the school alone on the weekend, because the security guard wouldn't be there. But his truck would still be parked out front." Michelle bit her lip. "How did you know he wouldn't be here?"  
  
"I overheard him talking about going to Miami on vacation."  
  
"So you knew he wouldn't be here and you broke in."  
  
"Yeah."  
  
"Broke in to do what?"  
  
Charlie hesitated, but an answer came to him quickly. "To use the editing bay in the AV room."  
  
"What? Why?"  
  
"There's a secret stash of porn videos on the hard drive." It was a true statement. Every AV employee knew about the secret library. No one knew exactly who had put it there, or if any of the teachers were aware of it. Charlie suspected one of the previous students had stashed the footage there to edit together some kind of "Greatest Hits of Porn." None of the AV crew spoke about it outright, but Charlie had overheard veiled references to the library and its contents, and he knew he wasn't the only one who knew about it.  
  
He continued, "I wanted to copy some of the files off the hard drive, try and edit them together." He was pleased with this explanation. It sounded plausible and didn't involve him doing anything illegal, other than the breaking and entering.  
  
"Oh my God," Michelle breathed. "They let you keep porn on the computers?"  
  
"It's tucked away on a drive. I don't know if any of the teachers even know it's there. I only found it by accident." Charlie reached the door to the AV Room and stopped. She also stopped, ten feet up the hall, watching him.  
  
"Well..." he said, reluctant to return to his computer. "I didn't see you if you didn't see me. Right?"  
  
"Right," Michelle whispered. "Thanks." Her hands were on her upper legs, tracing tiny lines with her fingers. She stepped forward, still on her tiptoes, and Charlie eased into the doorway to allow her a clear path past him.  
  
But to his surprise, she crept forward to stand right in front of him. He could barely breath, never having stood so close to a naked woman before in his life. "Will you show me?" she asked.  
  
"Show you?" Charlie could barely concentrate.  
  
"The porn you were looking at. Can I see it?"  
  
"Um... okay. If you want." He stepped backwards into the dark room. Michelle stood for a moment, still tracing lines on her upper legs with her fingers. Then she stepped in after him.  
  
Charlie returned to his familiar chair in the editing bay. The monitor still showed paused footage from the basketball game he'd been editing, what seemed like forever ago. Michelle found another rolling chair and pulled it up next to his. She perched in the chair, her palms resting on her legs, her breasts so close to him that he could clearly see a freckle above her right nipple. He hoped that she didn't notice his hand shaking as he moved the mouse.  
  
He saved and closed his work, then navigated to the hidden folder. Thumbnail images of the different porn scenes appeared in the directory. They all had vague names, like DLHRY2342 and PBRTS7231. He opened the first one.  
  
A woman appeared on the screen, lounging beside a swimming pool in a tiny bikini. A man with a dragon tattoo on his bicep walked into the scene and crouched next to the woman. He began rubbing sun tan lotion onto her shoulders. Very quickly, the woman's bikini was off and they were both kissing and fondling each other.  
  
"Oh my goodness!" Michelle watched with wide eyes.  
  
"You've watched porn before?"  
  
"No. God, no." Michelle glanced at him. "Will you open the next one?"  
  
The next video had two women kissing on a couch, and Michelle asked to skip to the next one almost immediately. They continued down the directory, opening video after video. Some of them they would watch a minute or two, while others Michelle asked him to skip immediately.  
  
A few they lingered on. One had a couple undressing and having sex in a library. Michelle leaned forward, and Charlie couldn't help but notice the way her breasts swayed when she moved, and how they came tantalizingly close to brushing his arm.  
  
"Do you think that's a real library?" she asked.  
  
"It looks pretty real."  
  
"With people in it? Studying and reading while they filmed this?"  
  
"No. They wouldn't do that. I don't know, maybe it's not real. Maybe it's just a set."  
  
Another had a group of men and women playing strip poker. The women seemed to lose every hand, and quickly ran out of clothes to take off. They started to perform dares after each lost hand. One woman was dared to drink water from a bowl like a dog. Another woman was blindfolded and led outside naked.  
  
Michelle inhaled audibly. "Oh! Look! A car drove by!"

"Where?"  
  
"Rewind. Back there!"  
  
"Oh, yeah. Too far away to see anything, though."  
  
"But it means it's real! They really took her outside where someone driving by could see her!"  
  
"Yeah, seems like they did." Charlie glanced at Michelle. She was clearly enthralled by the video, and it gave him the opportunity to let his gaze linger on her body without being noticed. She was sitting with her legs together, but he could still see a sliver of dark pubic hair just below her belly button. He followed the line of meticulously groomed dark fuzz to where it disappeared in the valley between her legs. Her nipples were stiff pink points, with areolas the size of half-dollars. He could smell a flowery scent coming off her, a subtle perfume.  
  
She had her palms still on her upper legs, and she was sliding her hands forward and back, forward and back. She'd been running her fingers up and down her legs since the moment he'd first caught her. A nervous habit, maybe.  
  
No, Charlie corrected himself. Not a nervous habit. A reminder. She was touching her bare legs to remind herself she was naked.  
  
"Michelle, did you have this planned?" he asked her. "Or was it spontaneous?"  
  
"Hmm?"  
  
"Did you come to the school knowing you were going to walk around in the nude? Or did you come here, realize you were alone, and just went for it?"  
  
She shifted uncomfortably. "Um... a little of both?" She peeked up at him. "Haven't you ever had that fantasy dream, where you suddenly find yourself walking through the crowded school and you're completely naked?"  
  
"I've had a dream like that before, yeah..." he said slowly. Dream? More like a nightmare. Stark naked in the middle of the hall, everyone pointing and laughing, feeling totally humiliated... It was the kind of dream where he felt relieved to wake up.  
  
"It's something I always think about," Michelle whispered. She watched Charlie closely for his reaction. "Maybe I'm crazy, I don't know. Sometimes when I'm walking into class, I'll think about what it would be like if I just didn't bother wearing anything that day. If I walked into the school completely naked, not even caring, and how everyone would stare and point at me... and I feel so thrilled inside, just to imagine it. I can't explain it... I try to tell myself that the reality would be terrible... that I'd probably get expelled from school and every one would think I'm some kind of insane sex fiend... but it never stops me from fantasizing about it..."  
  
Her eyes implored him for reassurance, so Charlie shrugged and nodded. "Sure. Thrill of the forbidden, thrill of danger. When we had to take PE, I used to always think about sneaking into the girl's locker room and trying to see them showering. Same thing... I'd get expelled and everyone would think I was a pervert. But that didn't stop me from trying to think of a way to do it."  
  
Michelle frowned. "Yeah... but every boy probably thinks about that, right? I don't think every girl thinks about what I think about..." She bit her lip.  
  
Charlie couldn't help himself. He chuckled, letting his eyes drift down her body. "Yeah, too bad, huh?"  
  
Michelle giggled, and Charlie knew that he'd managed to say the right thing. She leaned forward. "A few weeks ago, I came so close. It was after school. I ran a mile on the track, and then I went to the locker room to shower and change. Only after I finished showering, I came back to my locker and put my towel away, and instead of putting on my clothes, I took out my backpack and closed the locker. I couldn't believe what I was doing. I started to walk out of the locker room, completely naked, and I knew I had to stop but it was so exciting to keep going. Is there a drinking fountain, just inside the boy's locker room?"  
  
"Uh... yeah. Right by the door."  
  
"Same with the girl's. I stopped at the drinking fountain for some water. Then I turned right around, went to my locker and got dressed."  
  
"You didn't go out the door?"  
  
"No. I came to my senses before I actually walked outside. But I wanted to go outside. It scared me a lot. Just knowing that I could feel a sudden impulse like that and be so powerless to stop it... even though it would have completely ruined my life... it's scary!"  
  
"How do you think you would have felt, if you had walked out of the locker room that way?"  
  
"Oh, it would have been amazing!" Michelle answered quickly. But then she averted her eyes, embarrassed by her display of enthusiasm. She spoke in a low voice, "It's like being addicted to a drug. I mean, I've never done drugs, but I think it's the same. I know it's a bad thing, I know it's self-destructive, but even with all that...I wanted to step out that door so bad..." Her voice trailed off.  
  
Charlie thought about seeing her naked in the Front Tee, the way she had posed. If this was an addiction, like being addicted to drugs... did that mean he was seeing her on a high?  
  
Maybe that explained the leg rubbing?  
  
The whole situation was surreal. Michelle Santos, a girl so beautiful that he had never even dared to dream of her, sat naked in the AV room with him. And then, on top of that, he had to entertain the idea that she felt such a thrill at being naked in front of him that she compared it to being high on drugs? That was beyond belief. It had to be a dream.  
  
He suddenly felt such an urge to reach out and press his hands against her breasts that his body trembled. His penis, partially erect, began to rapidly swell and strain against his jeans. He turned in his chair, praying that she wouldn't look down and notice.  
  
She doesn't know me, he reminded himself. I don't know her. This thing of hers... it isn't really about me. I just happened to be here.  
  
But he knew her secret now. And he suspected he might be the only one she had ever told.  
  
"Let's try something," he said. "I'm going to go back up the hall to the Front Tee. You stay here, count to fifty. Then follow me."  
  
"Um... okay." She was confused. "I'll probably go get dressed first, though."  
  
"All right." Charlie didn't look at her as he stood and walked out of the AV room. He smiled to himself.  
  
She wasn't going to get dressed, and they both knew it.  
  
Charlie turned the corner towards the Front Tee and stopped a quarter of the way down the hall in front of his locker. He tried to imagine it was Monday morning and he was early to school. People were around, here and there, but the halls were still pretty empty. He turned the combination lock and opened his locker. A row of books sat on a shelf at eye level. Calculus, a few novels for European Lit, a book on set building for his Theatre Tech class. Calculus was his first period class so he picked up that book.  
  
In his peripheral vision, a figure came around the corner. He looked that way, casually, as if just curious to see who else could be at the school that early. It was Michelle, of course, and she was still naked. He pretended she was a surprise, that he'd never seen her naked before until that moment. It wasn't hard to put himself in that frame of mind; he definitely wasn't used to seeing her so exposed. Monday morning, he was early to school, and Michelle Santos had just walked around the corner completely naked. He let his eyes go wide and his mouth fall open. The Calculus book slipped from his grip and banged on the floor.  
  
Michelle froze, not getting what he was doing at first. Then she realized, and she giggled. "Oh, you're silly!" he heard her murmur. But she went with it, strutting by him as if she was headed towards the office, nodding at him slightly. He openly stared at her breasts until she passed, then enjoyed watching her ass sway back and forth while she walked away.  
  
She walked almost to the Front Tee, then broke character and returned, grinning.  
  
"You'll just have to imagine the others staring at you and pointing," he said. "Unfortunately, I can only do the Charlie Tucker reaction."  
  
"Thanks. I chickened out the first time you caught me. It's much better when I just walk by you like I don't have a care in the world." She couldn't hold still, bouncing on her toes in a way that made her breasts shiver delightfully. "Can we do it again? I won't be shy this time."  
  
"Okay."  
  
"I'll count to fifty." Michelle darted away, walking on the balls of her feet like a cat. She disappeared around the corner.  
  
This time, Charlie closed his locker and started towards the corner carrying his Calculus book. He timed it so he was just about at the corner when Michelle appeared. He stopped in his tracks and stared at her, letting the book fall out of his hand. She smiled at him flirtatiously as she passed. He remained in place, watching her from behind, until she twirled and ran back.  
  
"How did I look?" she asked. "Did I look confident?"  
  
"Honestly, you looked sexy as hell."  
  
She smiled and glanced away, embarrassed but clearly pleased.  
  
"Let's go again," he said.  
  
They slowly walked through the empty school, enacting the same scenario in different locations. Charlie would pretend to be having an ordinary day at the school, Michelle would appear naked and Charlie would look shocked. They experimented with variations. Charlie standing still while Michelle walked by. Passing each other in the hall. Charlie turning the corner to find Michelle leaning against the wall.  
  
They tried one where Charlie was supposed to come around the corner and find Michelle leaning nonchalantly next to his locker. On impulse, Charlie played this one differently, walking up to his locker, opening it and retrieving his books without acknowledging her, as if it was perfectly ordinary for a naked girl to be standing there. To his surprise, Michelle was really excited after that one, and they experimented with variations on the theme, where Michelle would be waiting somewhere naked and Charlie would pretend to be going about his day as if nothing unusual was happening.  
  
During one of these variations, Charlie walked around a corner expecting to find Michelle sitting on a bench. To his astonishment, she was leaning back on the bench with her legs splayed open, her pussy clearly exposed to him. Charlie stopped, stunned. Michelle was immediately self-conscious, sitting up and clamping her legs together.  
  
"You're supposed to pretend you don't see me," she murmured, blushing furiously.  
  
"Sorry," Charlie said. "Just... you took me by surprise." He could feel the blood pounding through his body. His desire for her, simmering for most of the evening, now roared to life, and his erection swelled quickly to the point where it hurt. He was positive that she could see the outline of it against his jeans, and there was no way to hide it.  
  
The image of her smoldered in his memory, the way she had been leaning back, her legs apart, her pussy exposed like an offering. He imagined leaning between those legs, feeling them tighten around him. He imagined pressing his crotch against hers, grinding against her. Reaching down his jeans, pulling himself free and sliding into her waiting nakedness...  
  
His testicles tightened and throbbed, and for a terrified moment he was sure that he was about to ejaculate in his pants, right in front of her. "Please, please no," he prayed silently to himself. Fortunately, the pressure abated after a moment, but his erection continued to create a noticeable bulge.  
  
She stood, and for the first time since he had caught her, she crossed her arms over her breasts. She kept her gaze on the wall. "No... it's me that's sorry. See? This is what I mean..." She bit her lip. "I'd better go home. I had fun with you. But I should go."  
  
"Michelle..." he couldn't think of the words to say.  
  
"It's all right, Charlie. It's not anything you did. I just... didn't intend to do so much of this... I should quit while I'm ahead." She started to walk down the hall, back towards the AV room. Charlie fell into step beside her. They walked back in silence.  
  
They passed the door to the AV room and turned the corner to the science wing. Michelle stepped into one of the classrooms, and the motion-sensing light turned on. She had stowed her clothes behind the classroom door, which was propped open. Charlie entered with her, and sat on a table to watch her get dressed.  
  
She stood in front of him, untangling a pink bra, and he gazed at her, trying to etch the image of her into his memory, knowing that this was most likely the last time he would ever see her standing casually naked in front of him. On Monday morning, the spell would be broken, and they would just be two strangers sharing a secret, a secret they would never discuss. "Are those your keys to the school?" he asked, noticing a key ring sitting on the desk next to her.  
  
"Yeah."  
  
"You have more than one key?" Charlie only had one key himself, which opened the green door by the AV room.  
  
"Oh, yeah. I have a few, for different things. One lets me into the main school, one is for the supply room, one is for the athletic building, one is for the art center."  
  
"The athletic building? You can get in there?"  
  
"Yeah, of course. They gave me the keys because I lead the spirit squad. I unlock it for the cheerleaders so we can change into our uniforms. And sometimes we hang up banners around the basketball court... or decorate for pep rallies..."  
  
Charlie stood. "Well, hey... if you have a key... let's go over there!"  
  
She hesitated. "Why?"  
  
"To explore! I've never walked around there while it's empty." He grinned. "You can show me what the girl's locker room looks like inside. Didn't I tell you I always fantasized about going in there?"  
  
"Um... I guess we could. Just a minute, and I'll take you over there." She began to slip on her bra.  
  
"Michelle."  
  
"Yeah?"  
  
"You don't have to get dressed yet."  
  
She paused, the thin straps of the bra hanging from her arms. "But we have to walk outside to get there."  
  
"That's true."  
  
She clutched the bra in her fingers, squeezing it against her chest. "That's too much. It's going too far."  
  
"No one will see," he reassured her. "It's past nine on a Saturday. The school is completely empty. Daryl is in Miami. The main building will block anyone from seeing you from the road, and no one's going to be driving through the parking lot."  
  
"Who's Daryl?" she asked, distracted.  
  
"Daryl. The security guard. The one that's on vacation?"  
  
He could see by her rapid breathing that she was considering the idea. Her hands slowly dropped and the bra slipped from her fingers to the floor. She gazed into space, biting her lip.  
  
Charlie scooped up her keys and transferred them to his left hand. Slowly, gently, he reached out with his other hand and let his fingers wrap around Michelle's. He expected her to pull away, but she didn't. For a moment, he felt intoxicated by the intimacy of holding her hand.  
  
"Come on..." he urged her. "When will you get another chance?"  
  
He stepped towards the door, pulling her. For a moment, she resisted, remaining frozen in place. Then she timidly took a step after him, letting him lead her back into the hall.  
  
She didn't volunteer which door she'd unlocked to enter the school, so Charlie led her to the green door. "Oh my God..." he heard her whisper as he took hold of the doorknob. "Oh my God..." He glanced at her, and her eyes were wide and terrified. Her hand was tight around his. She looked up at him, and for a moment he was hypnotized by her deep brown eyes. Did those eyes plead with him to stop? Or did they express a blind faith in him, a willingness to follow wherever he would lead her? Charlie didn't want to guess. He pushed open the door and let in the cool night air.  
  
It wasn't dark by any means in the parking lot. The sun was long gone, but the parking lot was well lit by bright white fluorescent lighting. Charlie didn't let her have any time to think about it. He stepped out as if it was an ordinary day at the school, an ordinary stroll to the athletic center. Michelle stayed with him, clutching his hand. Her face turned right and left, looking everywhere, as if she was astonished by how big the outside world was.  
  
"No one's here," he whispered. But when he looked at her, seeing her naked body bathed in the white glow of the parking lights, he felt a rush of terror flood through him. It looked so outrageously wrong, to see her so exposed to the world. He thought he had never seen a woman look so naked before. Every detail of her body was illuminated by the outside lighting, from the dark hair that flowed over her pale shoulders, to the dark line of hair that led between her pale legs.  
  
Charlie looked around the parking lot, realizing that it was not as secure a location as he'd thought. It was true that his car was the only one there, and the school blocked off any view from the main road. But past the left edge of the parking lot, a slope led down to the field that was used for soccer and field hockey, and beyond that, a tall chain-link fence separating the school from the woods. The bright light made it hard to see past the edge of the parking lot. Perhaps a circle of teenagers sat drinking beers on the soccer field, watching Michelle walk naked and vulnerable across the parking lot. Or perhaps someone lurked in the woods, watching through the fence...  
  
He fought the panicked urge to rush Michelle back through the green door and insist she get dressed. The only thing that stopped him was seeing how her other hand traced circles over her bare leg and hip. Her eyes darted from side to side, but she breathed the night air like it was perfume. They walked, side by side, towards the middle of the parking lot, and she matched his pace with every step, walking on her toes across the asphalt as if she wore invisible high heels.  
  
Crickets chirped loudly from unseen hideouts, and from somewhere far away a train whistle wailed. Something scampered through a patch of dried leaves nearby, and Charlie jumped. He peered into the darkness, trying to identify what had made the noise, but Michelle just giggled and squeezed his hand. "It's all right," she said. "Don't worry!" She giggled again, and her laughter radiated through the quiet like a ringing bell.  
  
They approached the athletic center, and Michelle suddenly let go of his hand, taking several steps ahead of him. She stretched her arms in the air, fingers extended, as if she wanted to touch the night sky. She gazed upward with a dreamy look on her face.  
  
"Oh, Charlie..." she breathed as she swayed back and forth. "I can't even describe how this feels. I feel so free!"  
  
"Is this the first time you've ever walked outside like this?"  
  
"No," she admitted, flashing him a sly smile. "But this is the most daring. I've walked in the backyard a few times. A few other little adventures, too. I'll tell you about them, if you want. But later."  
  
"Ok." Charlie scanned the perimeter of the parking lot, just as he had a dozen times already. He was alert for any changes in light that would indicate approaching headlights. If someone started to drive onto the school grounds, Charlie estimated they'd have ten, maybe twenty seconds to get Michelle out of sight before the car rounded the corner. Most likely, a car would park in the front, but it was always possible it might pull around to the back. And even if the car parked in front, that would mean someone would be in the school when they came back.  
  
Charlie tensed as something caught his eye. "Michelle!" he whispered. "We're not alone!"  
  
A red car was parked just inside the corner of the school, watching them. Charlie reacted swiftly, reaching out and catching Michelle by the shoulders, pulling her behind his back, so that he stood between her and the stranger. "Stay behind me," he warned. "We'll keep going, but fast, and you stay low. Maybe they didn't see you."  
  
"What? What is it?" Michelle asked nervously.  
  
"There's a car parked over there. Someone is watching us." Who could it be? Teacher? Student? Charlie peered at the car, trying to make out the features of the person behind the wheel. How long had they been watching?

"What car? You mean the red one?"  
  
"Yeah."  
  
Michelle burst out laughing. "That's my car, silly!"  
  
"It is?"  
  
"Oh my God! You scared me!" Still laughing, she threw her arms around him and hugged him from the side, leaning against him for a moment. Charlie felt relieved, and stupid, but more than that, he was acutely aware of Michelle's breasts pressing against his arm. He felt his arm enveloped in soft warmth, and when she pulled away, one of her nipples skated across his elbow.  
  
"Sorry," he muttered. He could still feel the sensation of that nipple touching his arm. Michelle Santo's nipple. He had just felt Michelle Santos' nipple.  
  
She grinned, walking backwards in front of him. "It's fine, Charlie. It was sweet, actually. You jumped right in front of me, to protect me. It was cute!"  
  
"Yeah, right." His face felt hot.  
  
She giggled and took his hand again. They resumed walking, side by side, hand in hand. Michelle was giddy from the false alarm, bouncing on her toes as they walked, swinging his hand back and forth. Her hand pressed against her hip, sliding up and down, up and down. He peeked at her out of the corner of his eye, pretending not to notice as that hand slid higher and higher on her body, until it slid over her breast. Could she tell that he was watching her? Her fingers stroked her nipple, pulling it into a point and pinching it.  
  
They stepped onto the sidewalk, just a few steps from the front door of the athletic center, and her hand abruptly fell away from her chest, as if she had just noticed what it was doing. She glanced nervously at Charlie, but he kept his eyes forward, as if he hadn't seen a thing. He lifted the keys up, trying to find the correct key one-handed because he was reluctant to let go of her with his other hand.  
  
"Here, I'll show you which one." Michelle dropped his hand and took the keys. She wiggled one of the keys into the lock and turned it. The door to the athletic center opened, and they stepped inside.  
  
The athletic center was a large rectangular building, broken up into three smaller rectangles. The left rectangle held the swimming pool, the right rectangle held the basketball courts, and the section in the middle held the locker rooms. After a moment of silent consideration, Charlie and Michelle turned to the right, towards the basketball courts.  
  
The courts seemed cavernous, with high ceilings and rows of empty seats on either side. It was a strange feeling to enter that large space and stand in the middle of the court. "It doesn't feel so big when people are in it," Michelle remarked after a moment.  
  
"It's like the building is asleep," Charlie said.  
  
Michelle smiled. She walked over to stand just in front of the bleachers. "This is my spot." She looked up at the empty seats, flashing a wide smile as she turned her head from one side to the other. Suddenly, she began to bounce up and down and clap her hands. "Let's go, Lions! Let's go, Lions! Lions, Lions, Lions!" Her voice echoed through the building. She held up her arms, making a Y.  
  
The sight of her bouncing caused Charlie's erection to throb painfully again. He decided he was longer going to worry if she noticed. She had to expect some reaction from him if she was going to start doing nude cheerleader routines. "I think you just woke up the building," he told her.  
  
"Do you ever go to the basketball or volleyball games?"  
  
"Of course I do... most of them. I film the sporting events for the school."  
  
"Oh!" Michelle looked thoughtful. "That's right. You probably have video of me cheering."  
  
"Probably." Charlie glanced up towards a flat space near the top of the bleachers. That was his spot, where he would set up a camera on a tripod. It had a full view of the court, above the heads of the crowd so they couldn't block the camera.  
  
Actually, he was positive he had video of her cheering. He remembered a pep rally for the homecoming football game, a few months earlier. He had zoomed in on Vanessa Watson, who was holding the microphone. Vampire Vanessa, everyone called her, because of her pronounced canines. Vanessa was in her blue and white cheerleader uniform, yelling at the crowd, trying to pump them up, and Michelle was next to her, waving blue and white pompoms. Charlie had centered on Vanessa, and Michelle had been in the shot the whole time. Smiling, cheering, jumping up and down.  
  
Is that what you're thinking about right now, Michelle? he wanted to ask. Are you imagining a full pep rally crowd, watching you bounce up and down naked? Is that what you fantasize about, all those times you're up there doing your cheerleader thing?  
  
His erection ached, and he had to look away from her. He pretended to be watching the door, as if guarding it.  
  
After a moment, he heard her speak from just behind him. "What now? Still want to see the girl's locker room?"  
  
"Sure."  
  
"I'll warn you right now. You're probably going to be disappointed." She led the way back to the hallway and turned right where a big sign said "GIRLS". They had to go around a U-shaped hallway to get to the door of the locker room. Michelle took the keys again and unlocked the door. She pulled it open and they stepped inside.  
  
It looked almost identical to the boy's locker room. The layout was the same, only a mirror image, with the rows of lockers to the right instead of to the left. It smelled a little better than the boy's locker room, but the vague scent of sweat and bleach still filled the place. The lockers looked the same as the boy's, lines of dark blue rectangles with circular combination locks. In front of the lockers, long wooden benches were bolted to the floor.  
  
"The forbidden temple," Charlie said.  
  
Michelle laughed. "Basically, just a locker room."  
  
"I thought the lockers would be pink, at least."  
  
"Nope. Blue, blue, blue. Are they the same color on the boy's side?"  
  
"Yeah."  
  
"Maybe that's the color they come in. Do you want to see which one is mine?" Michelle walked past several rows of lockers and turned down one of the aisles. Charlie followed her.  
  
She stopped in front of a locker, and placed her hand on the metal door. Instead of opening it, she looked at Charlie with a mischievous smile on her face. "I know what's missing."  
  
"What?"  
  
She seized his hand and pulled him down the row. "Here. You sit here." She indicated a section of bench. "You're in the girl's locker room, and you're invisible. Have you ever imagined what you would do if you were invisible?"  
  
"Sometimes..." Charlie lowered himself onto the bench.  
  
Michelle returned to her locker and opened it. She took a moment to bundle up the locker's contents into a ball, then closed and locked the door. She grinned. "I'll be right back. Don't move. Remember... you're invisible." She walked swiftly up the aisle and disappeared around the corner.  
  
Charlie waited in the silent locker room. He listened carefully for any sound, wondering what surprise Michelle had planned. After what felt like five minutes, he heard footsteps approaching.  
  
Michelle came around the corner. She was no longer naked, and for a moment Charlie tensed, thinking that another girl was entering the locker room and he was about to get caught. Then he recognized Michelle in her blue and white cheerleader uniform and sneakers. She walked towards him, but kept her gaze to the side and didn't acknowledge him.  
  
"I'm invisible," he reminded himself. "Invisible in the girl's locker room."  
  
Michelle stopped at her locker and undid the combination. The door opened with a squeak. She had a mirror attached to the inside of the locker door, and he could see her glance in it, peeking at his reflection. She reached into the locker, rearranged some things.  
  
She stepped back, positioning her body towards him, although she was still careful about not looking directly at him. Charlie read the white lettering that spelled "PHHS" written over her chest, for Pine Hills High School. Michelle's fingers traced the line of skin that was left bare around her midriff, between where her top ended and her skirt began. She caught the bottom of her tank top and peeled it up, leaving herself in a dark sports bra. She hung the tank top in her locker.  
  
Again, Michelle traced the skin around her flat belly, and now she pinched the top of her skirt. She turned so that her ass was pointed towards Charlie and pushed the skirt down, bending at the waist as she tugged the fabric down her smooth legs to her ankles. Charlie's heart raced. Was this really how she undressed in the locker room, bending so that anyone watching had a clear view of her pussy? Or was she doing a special strip tease for his benefit? Even though he'd watched her walk around naked for hours, he felt intensely stimulated watching her strip, as if he was witnessing her body for the first time.  
  
Michelle stepped out of her cheerleader skirt and hung it in the locker. Next she peeled off her sports bra and threw it in, becoming once again the naked Michelle he had spent the evening with. She pulled a pair of black shower slippers from the locker and sat down on the bench to switch her sneakers for the slippers. Once again, Charlie wondered if this was really something she did when she changed, sitting naked on the bench like that with her legs so wide apart as she switched shoes.  
  
It wasn't until Michelle pulled a white towel from her locker that Charlie realized she was actually going to shower. He crept behind her as she walked to the showers. She still pretended he was invisible as she turned on the water and waited for it to heat up. Steam began to drift in a lazy cloud over the white tiled floor. Michelle draped her towel over a silver bar and stepped naked under the water.  
  
Charlie leaned against a locker, watching as she casually rubbed a bar of soap over her breasts. His erection was enormous, feeling like it was going to tear through the front of his jeans. "I'm invisible," he thought. "I could pull out my hard-on, stroke it, and she would have to pretend not to see." The thought was extremely exciting but he didn't dare to do it.  
  
Am I real to her? he wondered. Or just part of her fantasy? Was it serendipity that he happened to be there that evening, to be the stranger's eyes that watched her on her Saturday streak? Would it break the spell if he revealed how much he desired her? Force her to realize exactly what she was doing?  
  
He didn't pull his hard-on out, but he pressed his hand against it and stroked it through his pants. It gave him some relief. Michelle didn't look his way, didn't notice. He was invisible.  
  
Michelle turned off the water. Her body gleamed as she retrieved her towel. Charlie pulled his hand away from his crotch just before she walked by him, the towel dangling from her hand. He followed her back to the locker and watched as she dried herself off. She peeked in the mirror at his reflection again, just before hanging her towel back in her locker, stowing her shower shoes and closing the door.  
  
He knew where she was headed. She walked naked to the water fountain, bent over and took a sip of water. Slowly straightening, she turned her head towards the door to the locker room. Despite having toweled off, water still dripped from her wet hair and ran down her back. Michelle took a deep breath. She walked towards the entrance to the locker room.  
  
Charlie watched her open the door and step out. The door closed behind her, and for a moment he didn't move, letting the echo from the closing door resonate through the empty room. From the shower area, he still heard the trickle of water going down the drain, the plink-plink of the dripping showerhead. Charlie walked back to Michelle's locker. He found her keys still sitting on the bench.  
  
Michelle wasn't waiting outside the door when he came out. He closed the door and locked it. The girl's locker room. He had fulfilled the fantasy of his younger self, had stood in the girl's locker room, watching a beautiful naked girl get undressed and shower. Someday, he told himself, it would be a thrilling memory. But at that moment, he just wanted to find Michelle.  
  
She wasn't in the hallway, but Charlie could see drops of water on the granite floor, leading towards the double doors that led outside. He followed the drops, exiting the athletic building and stepping outside into the night. Michelle stood at the edge of the parking lot, her arms stretched up to the night, looking up at the stars.  
  
"Are you cold?" he asked as he neared her.  
  
"A little." She smiled. "But I don't mind."  
  
"Was it all that you thought it would be?"  
  
"It was." She gestured at the empty parking lot. "I walked to the middle and just stood there, for I don't know how long. Almost a minute? I felt so exposed... but so alive! Then I thought I heard a car coming so I ran and hid behind that bush there." She laughed. "It was nothing. No car. I'm just jumpy."  
  
"Let's head back then." He stepped onto the parking lot, and was pleased when she took hold of his hand. They crossed back to the school.  
  
"What about you?" she asked as she gave his hand a squeeze. "Did you enjoy the girl's locker room experience?"  
  
"Yeah." He wanted to say more, but struggled with the words. Every statement he ran through his internal filter seemed crude or overly frank. To avoid an awkward pause, he said, "You looked beautiful." Immediately feeling like this was a feeble response. She looked beautiful every day. It wasn't the right word to capture how she looked with her naked body wet and gleaming, her dark hair plastered and dripping down her bare back.  
  
She giggled. "Thank you!"  
  
They reached the main school, and Charlie fumbled with his key to the green door. His heart was pounding. All he could think about was how it had felt when she hugged him, the feel of her breasts against his skin, the touch of her hard nipple sliding across his bare arm.  
  
They entered the school and turned towards the science wing and the room where Michelle's clothes lay strewn in a pile. As they passed the open door of a presentation classroom, Charlie suddenly pulled her in that direction.  
  
"One more," he told her, when she looked at him, startled. "One more. You wait here, okay?"  
  
"Charlie..."  
  
"Please. You'll see." Charlie entered the classroom and turned on the lights. The left wall was taken up by a long whiteboard. A green rectangular island with a sink rose from the floor in front of the board. To his right, a series of rising rows of seats, like a movie theater. The purpose of the room was to allow the teachers to do laboratory presentations.  
  
Charlie stood behind the counter and addressed the empty seats. "Hello, everyone. We have a special lecture today for AP Biology. I hope you all read the chapter on human sexuality that was assigned last night. For today's lecture, Pine Hills senior Michelle Santos has agreed to help us with a presentation on female sexuality."  
  
Charlie walked to the door. He put the odds at about seventy percent that Michelle would be gone. But she was still waiting out there.  
  
"Come in, please, Michelle," he said.  
  
"You're silly," she murmured, but allowed him to take her by the arm and lead her into the classroom. Charlie brought her next to the island, where she stood facing the empty seats.  
  
"Let's all thank Michelle for participating in this lecture," Charlie said, clapping his hands in light applause. She smiled and waved at the empty seats. "Michelle has graciously agreed to be naked for the presentation so that all of you can have a real life demonstration of the sexual characteristics of a female."  
  
Michelle put her arms out and dropped in a small curtsy. Charlie was pleased to see that she was playing along. He stood beside her and addressed the imaginary class.  
  
"As you can clearly see, the female body differs from the male in a variety of ways. The female has two breasts, which are primarily used for nursing offspring, but also serve a sexual function, in that they are stimulating to the male. Males are easily aroused by the sight of the female breasts, and also by the feel of them." Charlie nonchalantly reached out and pressed his hand against Michelle's right breast. She tensed, starting at him in astonishment. He waited for her to push him away, but her eyes returned to the empty class, and she smiled nervously as Charlie gently squeezed her soft tit.  
  
Charlie continued, "The breasts can give an indication that the female is stimulated. As you can see, Michelle's nipples are stiff and swollen, indicating that she is becoming aroused." He stroked her nipple and then pinched it gently, causing her to inhale. "The nipples may also experience increased sensitivity when the female is aroused."  
  
Charlie stepped in front of Michelle, facing her. Her eyes were wide as she gazed at him uncertainly, wondering what he intended to do. Charlie put his hands on her waist and lifted her, sitting her on the edge of the counter. He touched her knees with his fingertips and gently eased her legs apart, keeping his eyes on her face even though he knew he was clearly exposing her pussy to his view. Michelle offered only token resistance, and when he took his hands away from her knees, she left her legs splayed open, leaning back on her hands. Her eyes moved over the empty seats, and Charlie wondered if she was imagining rows and rows of students, all watching her.  
  
"Michelle is now graciously showing us her vagina, which also shows signs of stimulation," Charlie told the class. "The outer area of her vagina is swollen, which is a result of increased blood flow, a common sign of arousal." Charlie reached down with his finger and lightly traced the outer edge of her labia, causing Michelle to inhale sharply. But she didn't close her legs or push his hand away. He studied her face, watching her eyelids flutter as he gently stroked her clitoris.  
  
"Another sign of arousal is lubrication." Charlie pressed his middle finger against the opening of her pussy and slid it in easily, almost as if he pushed through liquid. Michelle made an "Ah!" noise as he moved his fingertip inside her then extracted it. He held his finger up. "As you can see by the shine on my finger, Michelle is very aroused right now." He put his finger back inside her, this time sliding it deep, until his palm pressed against her vagina.  
  
Michelle's hips tensed on the edge of the table as he slid his finger in and out of her. He could see that she was trying to thrust against his hand. "As the female becomes more aroused, it can start to affect her judgment." Charlie leaned forward and kissed her lips. Michelle kissed him back hungrily, opening her mouth and pressing her tongue against his, even as his fingers continued to probe between her legs.  
  
Michelle wrapped her arms around his neck. "Affect her judgment?" she repeated, smiling.  
  
"Yes," Charlie murmured, as he pressed small kisses along her chin and down her throat. "She might find herself doing things she never anticipated she would do." "I suppose that's true..." Michelle reached down and pressed her palm against the enormous bulge that strained the front of his pants. Leaning forward, she breathed in his ear, "Let's demonstrate fucking next."  
  
She turned sideways, repositioning her legs so that he was between them. Her hand stroked his erection through his pants for a moment, then her fingers pulled at the snap at the top of his zipper. Charlie reached down and undid his pants for her, and her hand slipped down the front of his underwear, locating his penis and pulling it free. When she squeezed his erection in her fingers, he couldn't suppress a moan, feeling himself throbbing in her grip.  
  
Michelle's legs squeezed against his sides. His hands fondled her breasts while she stroked his penis. Glancing down, Charlie could see that the height of his penis perfectly aligned with the opening between her legs as she lay on the edge of the island. Maybe that's the secret purpose of these islands, Charlie thought. Maybe they aren't for chemistry demonstrations at all. Maybe they're just for horny high school kids to fuck on.

Michelle was pulling him forward, urging him to enter her. Charlie could barely believe what he was about to do. He felt the head of his penis against her wet warmth, felt himself entering her, sinking into her. Her arms wrapped around his torso, pulling him close, bringing him deeper inside her.  
  
Oh my God, you're so beautiful, he thought, as he moved his fingers through her hair, pushing the dark strands away from her face. You're so beyond me. How is this even possible?  
  
Michelle pulled his shirt up to his shoulders, so that he could feel her bare breasts pressing against his chest and her hands sliding over his back. He pulled his shirt over his head and tossed it to the side. They embraced, their lips meeting for a long kiss as Charlie slowly moved back and forth inside her. He could feel the muscles of her pussy clutching his shaft, as if desperate to keep him within her. Every thrust was agonizing pleasure radiating through his body.  
  
Charlie had never felt as turned on as he was at that moment. The entire evening had been a long tease for him. Watching Michelle parade her beautiful naked body in front of him all night long had gotten him more worked up than he realized. It was only when he finally had his hands on her body that he felt the intensity of his desire.  
  
Her fingernails dug into his back and she moaned as her body quivered. It was clear that the evening had been a giant build-up for her as well. Now that they were having sex, Charlie wondered how he could have ever doubted this was the inevitable finale of their evening. Perhaps he could have reached for her sooner, made love to her in the girl's shower, or on that bench in the hallway. Or even on the hood of his car, under the night sky. He had the feeling she would have loved that last one.  
  
Charlie kissed down Michelle's neck as she leaned back onto her hands. He kissed her breast, then took her nipple in his mouth and sucked on it, savoring the clean taste of her skin. Michelle dropped lower, resting her weight on her elbows for a minute, finally falling back so her head touched the counter. She stroked his hair with her fingers as he moved back and forth between her nipples, kissing and pinching them. He lifted his head for a moment so he could watch her breasts bounce in time with his thrusts. Michelle's eyes were closed and she was biting her lip to muffle her gasps.  
  
Charlie slowed his pace, trying to prolong the experience, but the urge to push deep inside her became harder and harder to resist. He felt his erection swelling beyond anything he had ever experienced before. Michelle must have felt he was close. She abruptly sat up and shifted backwards on the counter so that he slid out of her. She seized his erection in her hand, squeezing it just as he started to climax, aiming it between her breasts. Long strands of white erupted from the tip of his penis onto her chest.  
  
It took a minute before his penis stopped pulsating in her hand. Michelle gazed at her breasts, marveling at the sticky layer that now coated her front. She looked up at him, grinning.  
  
"Class dismissed!" She laughed merrily.  
  
Michelle disappeared to clean herself up and get dressed, and Charlie walked through the empty school, turning off lights and removing any other evidence that they had been there. He turned off the computers in the AV room. Editing the basketball game would have to wait for another day.  
  
Michelle met him in the hallway, wearing jeans and a pink blouse, and they walked together to her car. Standing in the open doorway, Michelle paused to kiss him.  
  
"This was amazing," she said. "I didn't expect you to be here, but I'm glad you were."  
  
"I'm glad you were, too." She smiled. "It's not something that can happen again. You know that, right? I went a little crazy tonight, and it was super risky but we got away with it. We can't take the chance again."  
  
"No. You're right."  
  
"Good night, Charlie." She leaned forward to kiss him again, this time on the cheek. "See you Monday."  
  
Charlie watched her enter her car. He waited until she pulled away and drove off. Then he closed the door and locked it.  
  
She was right. It could never happen again. But he knew it would be a night he would never forget. He walked through the empty school, imagining he could still smell the faint scent of Michelle's perfume in the air.  
  
In fact, it did happen again, and neither of them could have predicted that they would push things even further the second time. But that was a tomorrow to come.

**Saturday Night School Ch. 02**

Charlie didn't know what to expect when Monday came. He spent most of Sunday in his room, listening to music, distracted by thoughts of Michelle and the Saturday night they'd spent together. How would things be different for them at school? Would they start eating lunch together? Would she come by his locker to talk to him? Should he ask her to go somewhere after school? Or maybe wait for Friday, take her to a movie, a real date?  
  
Several times, he thought about calling her. But he realized he didn't have her number, and no one he could ask for it.  
  
He didn't have a class with Michelle. He wasn't even sure of her schedule. When Monday came, he walked through the halls with his head turning constantly to the left and right, scanning each cluster of teenagers to see if Michelle was among them. Every time he saw long dark hair, his heart pounded, but each time it turned out to be someone else.  
  
It wasn't until after third period that he saw her. She came out of a classroom with two other girls, smiling and talking with them, just as Charlie was walking by. She glanced over at Charlie. Abruptly, the smile dropped from her face, and she looked away.  
  
"Hi, Michelle!" he said.  
  
She looked at him. "Oh... hi..." Her voice was barely audible, and she immediately looked away again. She didn't stop. She passed right by.  
  
Charlie felt so hurt and confused that he stopped in the middle of the hallway and turned to watch her walk away. What had just happened?  
  
Reality, he told himself coldly. Saturday night hadn't changed anything. She was still Michelle the beautiful, he was still Charlie the loner, and they didn't really know each other.  
  
Charlie shook his head, as if he could dislodge that cruel voice. He walked to his next class, but the teacher might as well have been speaking Russian for as much as Charlie heard her. All he could think about was Michelle, and the way her smile had disappeared when she saw him.  
  
Despite that first meeting, he still dared to hope for a warmer reception the next time he walked past her, later in the day. This time she was alone, and perhaps that would be the difference. But Michelle carefully avoided looking at him as she passed, staring fixedly at the wall, and Charlie's greeting died on his lips. He felt the coldness settle into him as he swallowed the bitter truth.  
  
She didn't care about him. Saturday night hadn't meant anything to her. The holding hands, the sex, none of it had meant a thing. She'd just been indulging a weird fetish, and he'd benefited because he'd been there. That was it.  
  
Nevertheless, he continued to think about her constantly, even as he accepted walking by her in silence. Sometimes, he even imagined that her gaze followed him as he passed But he kept his head locked forward like a robot, pretending he didn't see her, didn't know her.  
  
A few days into the week, he looked across the cafeteria to where Michelle normally ate lunch, and caught her looking back at him. She looked away instantly, turning back to her circle of friends. He watched her for a minute, desperately wishing she would look his way again. Why had she been looking at him? Had she been thinking of Saturday? Or regretting it?  
  
He was eating with sometimes-lunch-companions Andy Meadows and Greg Arden, and they were joined by Michael and Dinesh from the AV crew. Charlie struggled for a way to express his turmoil without mentioning anything specific.  
  
"Let me ask you guys a question," he said. "Imagine a Victoria's Secret model comes up to you and says she wants to have sex. But the catch is, both of you have to pretend that it never happened afterwards. What would you do?" Even as he spoke, Charlie knew what a ridiculous question it was, and the resulting smirks from the table of boys gave him his answer before they even spoke.  
  
"Are you serious?" Greg replied. "I'd say, hell yes. Who would turn down that deal?"  
  
Charlie tried again, knowing it was useless. "But I'm saying she would act like it never happened. She would act like she didn't even know you afterwards. And it would never happen again."  
  
"I see. So you're saying you don't get to brag about it." Greg shrugged. "So what? You get to have sex with a Victoria's Secret model. Who cares if anyone knows?"  
  
The other boys chimed in their agreement. Charlie leaned over his plate and shoved a spoonful of bland mashed potatoes into his mouth. He didn't know how to explain the mix of emotions that churned within him. In a way, what Greg said made absolute sense. Charlie had gone in that Saturday to edit a basketball video. Instead, he'd escorted a beautiful naked girl around the school, finally making love to her in the lab classroom. How could that be considered anything but a win? Didn't the experience stand on its own, regardless of how she treated him afterwards?  
  
Get over it, he told himself, and ate another bite of mashed potatoes.  
  
And he did get over it. Or at least he tried to. But as the weekend approached, a thought began to smolder in his mind. What would happen when Saturday came? Would Michelle come back to the school? Daryl was back, so they couldn't repeat the adventures of the previous weekend. But Michelle possessed keys to the school, and permission to be there. Maybe she would just show up, and find him in the AV room. Maybe she would keep him company while he worked.  
  
She thinks you broke in, he reminded himself. She won't expect you to be there again, if Daryl is back.  
  
But maybe she would come to the school anyway, for something cheerleader-related, and maybe she would see Charlie's car at the back of the building. Maybe she would pop in and visit.  
  
Maybe she would come in to explain why she wasn't talking to him.  
  
Charlie came in earlier than usual that Saturday. He told himself that he still had the basketball game to edit, since he hadn't worked on it barely at all the previous Saturday. Daryl was already there when he arrived, and Charlie barely sat down before the security guard dropped by to say hello. Charlie chatted with the guard for a while and looked at Daryl's pictures from Miami.  
  
Daryl was a tall, thin man in his mid 40s. His family had come to the United States from the Dominican Republic when Daryl was just a kid. He had worked as the security guard for the school for fifteen years, and intended to work there until he retired.  
  
"I don't need much," he told Charlie once. "All I need is a roof to sleep under and a TV to watch when I'm not working." Daryl was divorced, and seldom talked about his ex-wife. Charlie gathered he hadn't heard from her in years. Daryl never seemed particularly intimidating. He had a wide smile and an easy gait, as if he never needed to hurry anywhere. Pine Hills had a low crime rate, and Daryl's biggest problem most nights seemed to be boredom.  
  
Daryl chatted with Charlie for more than half an hour. They talked about Miami mostly, although Charlie itched to ask the security guard if he'd ever seen Michelle Santos around the school on the weekends. He couldn't find a way to casually slip the question in, and finally Daryl excused himself to return to his patrols.  
  
Charlie tried to return to editing the basketball game, but he was distracted by his thoughts, and before long he found himself hunting for his video from the homecoming pep rally. He imported it into a project, and watched it for a while. Head Cheerleader Vanessa Watson was the focus of the shot, but Michelle was at the edge, and Charlie watched her as she jumped up and down, waving her pompoms and smiling.  
  
Before long, he was combing through footage from the previous season's football games, searching for shots of the cheerleaders. Every time he saw Michelle, he cut out and imported that piece of footage into the project. What was he going to do with all of it? He didn't know. But suddenly those moments where the camera panned over her seemed like secret treasures to him, and he wanted to find as many of them as he could.  
  
"I never knew," he thought, as he watched a clip where for some forgotten reason he had decided to film a close-up of Michelle as she danced to a song the marching band was playing. "I filmed her and I never even knew who she was."  
  
Daryl popped in every now and then, when his hourly patrols took him through that part of the building. Charlie explained that he was editing some football clips together, and Daryl didn't question it. The football team did appear in most of the clips on the screen; they just weren't the part Charlie was interested in.  
  
"You gotta go home, Charlie," Daryl finally told him, as the time clicked past midnight. "You been here all day."  
  
All day, and no sign of Michelle. Charlie felt defeated as he walked out to the dark parking lot. Her words from the previous Saturday echoed in his mind. She'd told him it would never happen again, and she had meant it.  
  
At school, Charlie continued to walk past Michelle in silence, pretending that he didn't know her secrets, pretending that he didn't know her at all. He watched her when he could, looking to see if she spent time with anyone, perhaps a boyfriend he was unaware of. Several times, he watched in jealousy, certain that a boy who was talking to her was her boyfriend. But his subtle inquiries towards her relationship status yielded no clear results. If she did have a boyfriend, it wasn't widely known among the student body.  
  
He came to school for long hours on Saturdays, and now all his time was spent editing together footage of Michelle. He had no clear idea what he was making, and knew it served no purpose other than making himself look like an obsessed stalker of the pretty cheerleader. He told himself it would give him closure. He would put all his feelings into the video, and then save the video onto a thumb drive and throw it in a drawer. Or throw it in the trash. In that way, he would symbolically let her go, and move on.  
  
Despite the pride and energy he put into the project, Charlie didn't want Daryl to catch him working on it. It wasn't hard to hide one of the smaller cameras by the window, and rig a wireless feed of the video to appear as a small box at the corner of his screen. He could keep an eye out for motion from the camera, and this gave him a few minutes warning if Daryl approached. Long enough to minimize the project he was working on and replace it with a generic football edit.  
  
"You spending a lot of time in front of that computer lately," Daryl observed. "Don't your eyes get tired, staring at that screen?"  
  
"I'm putting together an editing reel," Charlie said. "I want to have something good I can send to film school."  
  
"Really?" Daryl was impressed. "Hey, let me see what you got."  
  
"When it's done, okay? Some of it's still pretty choppy."  
  
"Sure, sure. When it's done." Daryl nodded and went back to his patrol.  
  
The project had turned into a fifteen-minute tribute to Michelle, complete with a soundtrack. Charlie had collected every bit of footage he could find showing Michelle and edited it into a visual collage of the four years Michelle had spent at Pine Hill High. At times, he imagined presenting it to her on graduation day. Just a little something I put together, he would say. A reminder of all the years you spent going to school here.  
  
All of it, minus a particular forgotten Saturday.  
  
Other times, he would understand realistically that he could never give this project to her, or show it to anyone. All of the video of her, shot from a distant camera, edited together with love songs playing over it... it looked like the work of a stalker. No, when it was done, he would hide it away and forget about it. Or even destroy it.  
  
Daryl would sometimes stop by with two Pepsis from the vending machine. Charlie wasn't sure how, but he suspected the guard had a way to get the sodas for free. They would open the drinks and chat for as long as it took Daryl to finish his Pepsi. From the moment Charlie had mentioned film school, it became the security guard's favorite topic.  
  
"It's a great time to be alive," Daryl said, leaning back in a chair. "Used to be, you had to wait for someone to give you a chance. But nowadays, if you got talent, you can put together your own thing for cheap, put it on the internet for all to see... suddenly, bam. You're rich, famous, working with the A-list."  
  
"It does happen," Charlie agreed. "You get a good script, cast a few of your friends. Put something together for the film festivals."  
  
"Exactly! Exactly! These days, it happens all the time! That's all you gotta do, boy. You learn what you can in film school, but never buy into their system, all right? You don't have to pay no dues. Not these days. Put your hard work into your own thing, make something special... you'll be on your way in no time." Daryl brought his Pepsi to his mouth only to find it empty. He tossed the bottle into the trash. "Ah well. It's time I gotta make the rounds. See you in a few."  
  
"See you." Charlie listened to the guard's footsteps leaving the AV room. He counted to ten then opened the window at the corner of his screen to watch Daryl head down the hallway. As soon as Daryl was out of view of the camera, Charlie opened his Michelle project.  
  
He knew he had about forty minutes before Daryl would return to that part of the building. Forty minutes to immerse himself in editing. Charlie pulled up footage from the previous year's dance production performance. Michelle had danced in a hip-hop routine, and he had some pretty good shots of her.  
  
Suddenly, he caught movement in the corner window of the screen. He looked down, but now it just showed the empty hallway. Was Daryl returning already? Maybe the guard forgot something? Charlie quickly closed his editing window and opened the football footage. He started a clip of a touchdown play and pretended to focus on it, waiting to hear the approaching tap-tap of the guard's shoes on the linoleum.  
  
"Charlie..."  
  
A whisper from behind him, almost an exhale of his name. Charlie looked over his shoulder. His eyes went wide.  
  
Michelle stood five feet behind him, her hands pressed against her legs. She was completely naked.  
  
Charlie stared at her, stunned speechless. "Michelle!" he finally managed to say. "Are you crazy?"  
  
"HI, Charlie..." She smiled, her teeth nibbling at her bottom lip. She took a step towards him.  
  
"Daryl's here! The security guard! He's here today!" Charlie turned quickly and opened the window on his screen that showed the hallway. The hall was empty, thankfully. "He was just in here! That's his Pepsi in the trash can!"  
  
"I know." Michelle stepped closer. "I saw him walking outside. I peeked at him from around the corner. He didn't see me. He was walking towards the auditorium."  
  
Charlie could smell the perfume on her, that familiar perfume. She was close enough that he could reach out and touch her if he wanted. "You were naked outside?" His voice sounded like something was pressing against his throat.  
  
She bobbed her head. "Just for a little bit. You left the back window of your car open a crack. So I took off my clothes and slid them through the crack. Now they're in your backseat." She shrugged. "Your car is locked. So after I did that, I was stuck naked." She squirmed, her hands stroking her bare legs.  
  
Charlie shook his head in amazement. Maybe she really was crazy. "What if he saw you?"  
  
Michelle shrugged again, smiling carelessly. "He will. I want him to." She abruptly lowered herself onto Charlie's lap, draping her arm around his neck. Charlie was astonished, overwhelmed by the feel of her body pressing against him, and the scent of her. Her face leaned in close, and she had a mischievous smile. His heart pounded in his chest, anticipating a kiss, but she only swayed in his lap, as if teasing him. He quickly became erect, knowing that she must be able to feel the line of his hard penis jutting against her ass.  
  
Charlie had no idea what was going on. After three weeks of being treated like he didn't exist, suddenly Michelle was sitting naked in his lap, acting like she was his girlfriend? It made no sense. Nevertheless, he couldn't resist putting his hand on her breast and squeezing it, reveling in the softness of her and the feel of her hard nipple against his palm. She leaned against him, her head lightly bumping against his.  
  
He looked down at her nakedness, intoxicated by the idea that her body was his to play with. She had offered no resistance when he touched her breast, and he suspected he could put his hand between her legs, slip a finger into her, and she would let him. He wanted to, wanted to badly, but he also couldn't deny the danger of the situation.  
  
"We can't stay here," he told her. "Let's go to the AV closet."  
  
"We can go wherever you want." Her fingers tangled in his hair. "Soon. But right now I want to stay here."  
  
"We'll get caught. You'll get caught."  
  
"I want to get caught." Her eyes danced with excitement. "I know you lied to me. You didn't break in, before. You come here all the time, on the weekends. And I know you're friends with Daryl. Right?"  
  
"Yes... "  
  
"So if he catches you making out with your girlfriend in the empty school, he won't make a big deal of it. Maybe he won't even mention it. Maybe he'll just keep it to himself." She leaned forward and pressed a kiss on his lips. Her lip-gloss tasted like strawberries.  
  
"You want Daryl to catch us?" he whispered when she broke the kiss.  
  
"Not exactly," she murmured. "I want to sit on your lap, naked, and I want you to touch me however you like. I want to be your little stripper girl giving you a lap dance. And when Daryl comes by, I want to not care that he can see me. I don't know what he'll do, exactly, but I want to be naked for you and not care about anything else. Okay?"  
  
Charlie's head was spinning. It wasn't fair. How could he rationally consider the consequences of what she was proposing when she kept kissing him? How could he resist her when he felt her bare body pressing against him? He glanced at the window on his screen. The hallway was still empty. "I don't know. You really want me to...?" He struggled to find the words.  
  
"I don't want you to do anything but just relax..." She kissed him again, her dark hair falling around him like a curtain. The chair creaked underneath them as she leaned into him, kissing his cheek, the line of his chin. Her breath was hot on his ear as she whispered, "It's the not caring that turns me on. Did you know that? More than the risk of being seen. I love the not caring if I'm seen. I love the letting go."  
  
Charlie caught her beneath her knee, pulling her up against him. His hand slid across her smooth leg before daring to venture between her thighs. She sighed as his fingers found her wet pussy. "I'm so hot right now..." she breathed, before leaning in for another kiss. He could feel the hunger in her mouth as he moved a finger in and out of her. She opened her legs wider, allowing him room to explore.  
  
"Do you know what I realized?" she murmured. "Since last time?"  
  
"What?"  
  
"It makes more sense to people when I'm with a guy. If I'm nude by myself, people can't understand it. Girls aren't supposed to do that. But if I'm with my boyfriend, they understand it. They still disapprove, but they understand it. They think that you want me to do it, and I'm doing it to make you happy. You know?"  
  
"Yeah." It was odd to hear himself referred to as her boyfriend after being treated like he didn't exist for the last three weeks. Charlie searched for the bitterness that had infected his thoughts of Michelle recently, but now that snarl of emotions seemed as insubstantial as a sheet of gauze. Would she treat him like he didn't exist again on Monday? Probably. But he found that while she was sitting naked in his lap, he didn't really give a damn about what would happen on Monday.  
  
The idea of intentionally getting caught by Daryl made him a little uncomfortable. Did he really want the security guard to catch him being intimate with a naked girl? It almost seemed like being intentionally caught by his parents.

Then again, the guard was always nagging him that he should do something more with his weekend than hang out in the AV room. It would probably blow his mind to walk in and see Charlie making out with a naked Michelle Santos.  
  
Was that the only reason Michelle wanted to make out with him? In order to flash the guard and pretend it was an accident?  
  
"Will we hear him when he walks in?" Michelle asked anxiously. Her vagina tightened around his finger.  
  
"If we're not distracted..." Charlie said. "I'll see him over there first." He noddeed at the monitor screen. Michelle glanced over her shoulder and her vagina abruptly clinched his finger again.  
  
"Oh my god! Is that a camera? You have a camera on the hallway?"  
  
"Yeah. To give me a little warning before Daryl pops in."  
  
"Is it recording?" He could feel her body tense in agitation, and recalled she had just walked naked through that part of the hallway. For a moment, he had a wicked impulse to lie and say that it was recording, just to see how she would react.  
  
"No, it's not," he told her. "It's just a feed."  
  
"Oh my god." She leaned against him. "Why do you want to be warned if he's coming? Are you watching porn or something?"  
  
"Something like that." Charlie considered what he would have done with the footage if he'd really recorded her walking naked past the camera. Would he have added it into the Michelle tribute project? The grand finale of the project? Or would he have just deleted it, so it could never embarrass her?  
  
Maybe he should delete the whole Michelle tribute. Now that he had her in his arms again, what was the point of his silly video project?  
  
Michelle slid off him, only to climb back on, this time facing him and straddling him with a knee on either side. Instead of settling down onto his lap, she kept her body straight, so that her breasts were at his eye level. She leaned towards the back of the chair, her hands on either side of his head, letting her perfect breasts dangle toward his mouth. Charlie took the bait, catching one of her nipples in his mouth and sucking it into a hard point.  
  
His fingers dug between her legs again, his middle finger sliding in to the last knuckle. She moaned, moving her hips back and forth so that she pushed against his hand. Once again, he had a wicked impulse and began to swivel his chair to the left as he rubbed his finger back and forth across her clitoris. Michelle looked nervously at the window that opened to the hallway. While Charlie had the chair angled towards the computer, Michelle was mostly hidden by the tall back of the chair. But when he swiveled the chair sideways, it put her in profile, and anyone peering in the window would not only see that she was completely naked, but would also see Charlie's hand between her legs.  
  
He waited to see if she would protest, but she accepted the way he displayed her to the window, continuing her slow grind against his hand. He could see her eyes peeking to the side every few seconds, nervously checking to see if she had an audience.  
  
For a moment, Charlie thought about freeing his erection from his pants and pushing her down onto it, fucking her in the chair, and the thought made his erection rage to where it felt like it was going to pop. He thought she would probably let him do it. But it was too explicit a scene. He could let Daryl catch him with Michelle on his lap, but he wasn't ready to put on a porn scene for the guard. Slowly, he continued the swivel of the chair, putting Michelle's back to the window then continuing the rotation so that finally the back of the chair hid her again. He could see the relief in her face when he stopped the turn, and it almost provoked the wicked part of him to start turning the chair again.  
  
He brought his hand behind her head and pulled her down for a kiss. His other hand slid up her body to clutch her soft breast. She made a noise deep in her throat as he pushed his tongue into her mouth. He wanted to close his eyes, but he left his left eyelid open a crack, watching the camera feed. He saw motion, Daryl turning the corner.  
  
"Here he comes. I just saw him."  
  
"Oh my god." Michelle tensed immediately. Her eyes flickered around the room wildly, and Charlie knew she was looking for something with which to cover herself. But her clothes were far away in his car, put out of reach by her earlier incarnation, who must have known she'd have second thoughts when the pivotal moment came.  
  
"This is what you wanted," Charlie reminded her. "Let go... there's nothing you can do to stop this now." Michelle bit her lip and nodded, but he could feel her trembling.  
  
Charlie suddenly remembered to close the camera feed. He stretched out and fumbled with the mouse, minimizing the display on the screen. Michelle was putting kisses all over his face like raindrops, as if she had forgotten how to make out with him and only knew that she must kiss him. Charlie put his hands on her back, feeling her long hair as it fell between her shoulder blades, and pulled her close to keep her breasts against his chest. His heart pounded so hard that he was certain she could feel it.  
  
Now he could hear the tap of the guard's shoes in the hallway outside. He had to repeat to himself the same thing he had just told her - there was nothing they could do to stop this now. He considered the position of the chair and the position of Michelle, making a small adjustment. He hoped the guard wouldn't be able to see how completely nude she was, but on the other hand, if she was too hidden, the guard might walk all the way in before realizing what was happening.  
  
The tapping passed outside the window without slowing. That meant Daryl hadn't bothered to peek through the glass. Instead, he was heading straight towards the door to the AV room. Charlie swiveled the chair to the left, trying to keep the back of the chair angled towards the door.  
  
Click, clack, click, clack. Surely the guard must be looking in the doorway by now? Michelle, her eyes closed, pushed her lips against his mouth, kissing him hard, although Charlie felt too tense to respond. Despite his panic, his penis was hard as a rock, and Michelle was slowly grinding her pelvis against it. Charlie let his hand fall down her back, and found himself cupping her vagina. Michelle let out a low moan, and to Charlie's ears it sounded as loud as a gunshot in the quiet room. The click of the guard's steps abruptly stopped.  
  
Charlie wished he could know what was happening behind him. What did the guard see? Was Daryl standing in the doorway? Or sneaking silently closer to get a better look? Michelle had her eyes closed, and wasn't any help. She continued to rub herself on the bulge in his jeans, moving back and forth in a slow rhythm. What if she had an orgasm while Daryl stood there? Would she try to hide it? Or would it turn her on for him to watch her naked body quivering in pleasure?  
  
How long would they wait before they turned around to check? It seemed very important that they appear obliviously unaware of Daryl. He would have the option to pretend he hadn't seen anything, and all of them could go on pretending nothing had ever happened. Charlie thought about counting to twenty, or to fifty, or to a hundred. How long was enough?  
  
Better just to follow Michelle's advice. Let go. Stop caring. Forget Daryl. Just worry about Michelle and let the time pass. Charlie held her tight and kissed her. She returned his kiss hungrily, and that kiss was followed by another, and another. How many kisses? Twenty, fifty, a hundred? He quickly lost count.  
  
Click. Click. Click. Now Charlie could hear the tap of Daryl's shoes again, moving slowly, stealthily. The footsteps came from the doorway, and now they grew fainter as Daryl moved out into the hallway. At a certain distance, the tapping returned to a walking rhythm, as the guard apparently decided he was too far away to be heard, and the footsteps faded away.  
  
Charlie dared to glance over his shoulder. They were alone. "He's gone."  
  
Michelle stretched up and peeked over the back of the chair. "Did he see me?" she asked anxiously. "How much did he see, do you think?"  
  
"I have no idea. I'm sure he could tell you were sitting on me and we were kissing. I don't know if he could tell you were naked. I think the chair hid you. He saw your legs, probably."  
  
"Oh my god," she breathed. "I can't believe we just did that. That was so risky."  
  
"I can't believe it, either." Charlie could still feel his heart pounding.  
  
"It's fine. We're fine. He saw us, but he decided to leave us alone. I knew he would." Michelle peeked at the window again. "Where do you think he went?"  
  
"I have no idea. How long was he there? It seemed like he watched for a while."  
  
"Oh my god. Did he?" Michelle waved at the computer. "Can you turn on your camera again?"  
  
Charlie reached over and opened the window. The camera showed an empty hallway.  
  
"I wish you had those all over," she said. "We have no idea where he is."  
  
Charlie's phone chirped from where it sat on the desk. Michelle jumped at the sound then giggled at her reaction. She picked up the phone and glanced at the screen.  
  
"You have a text. It's him!" She passed the phone to Charlie. "He's at the front T."  
  
Charlie read the message:  
  
NEED TO TALK. MEET ME BY THE FRONT T.  
  
He winced. So much for the idea that Daryl would pretend he hadn't seen anything. Charlie hoped he wasn't in too much trouble. He hoped he wouldn't have to give up his key to the school.  
  
"I'd better go," he told Michelle, who hadn't made any move to get off his lap even though she'd read the message.  
  
"You're going to leave me here naked?"  
  
He wasn't sure if she was being serious or playful. "I'll get your clothes. You can get dressed here while I talk to Daryl." He pushed her gently, and she reluctantly climbed out of his lap.  
  
Charlie stood, feeling unsteady. He gazed at Michelle, standing so close to him, and couldn't resist putting his arms around her and squeezing her. He kissed her again, letting his hands slide down her back to rest on her bare ass. His erection was crushed between their bodies, pressing against her stomach.  
  
For a moment, he reveled in the feel and scent of her. But Daryl was waiting, so he had to release her. "Be right back."  
  
He walked quickly to his car. Just as she had said, his back window was slightly open, and her clothes were in a pile on his back seat. He unlocked the car and retrieved the garments. A shimmering blue bra with matching thong panties, a tiny black skirt, a diaphanous black blouse. She had come to the school that day in a very sexy outfit. And then she had stripped off even that, choosing instead to greet him completely naked.  
  
"She's crazy," he muttered to himself. But he felt foolishly pleased that she had dressed up for him, even if he hadn't seen it.  
  
He returned to the AV room and found Michelle sitting in the editing chair. "Here." He thrust the clothes at her. "Get dressed. I'm going to see what Daryl wants." He turned and walked away.  
  
As he stepped into the hallway, he knew he was losing her again. She would be gone when he returned, and on Monday she would walk by him in the halls like she didn't know him. It almost made him turn around to get one last precious taste of her. But instead he kept walking, following the corridor, turning towards the front T.  
  
Daryl waited, slouching against the glass window of the office, facing the front doors of the school. His face was expressionless as he watched Charlie approach. Charlie's stomach clinched in dread.  
  
Then Daryl broke into an enormous smile and he held up a hand for a high five. "God damn! My man Charlie! I just peeked in on you and I couldn't believe what I saw. You got a girl in there?"  
  
Charlie clasped the guard's hand, still feeling awkward. "Yeah... sorry. Um, we thought you weren't around..."  
  
Daryl laughed. "It's cool. You looked pretty distracted there. Since when you had a girlfriend? She go to Pine Hills?"  
  
"She's not really my girlfriend..." Charlie started, and that made Daryl laugh again, even harder. "Yeah, she goes here. She's a senior. Michelle Santos?"  
  
Daryl pretended to stagger backwards in astonishment. "Michelle Santos? I know the one. Damn! Cheerleader, right? She's a pretty one. I underestimated you, Charlie. You got some game!"  
  
"I don't know..." Charlie looked down, trying to decide how much he could say. "I didn't really do anything. You know that weekend you were in Miami?"  
  
"Yeah?"  
  
"I came to the school to do some editing, and she was here. She..." Charlie hesitated. "I mean, we kind of got to know each other. She hung out in the AV room. We walked around the school. She liked that we could be here while it was empty. She has some... crazy thoughts...I can't really figure her out, to be honest..."  
  
"Sure, sure." Daryl nodded.  
  
"Like just now." The words rushed out of Charlie, and he realized how long he'd wanted someone he could talk to about Michelle. "I told her, let's go someplace private. I told her that you were at the school, and you stopped by the AV room all the time. I said, we're going to get caught. And she didn't want to stop. She didn't seem to care..." He hesitated. "Like the danger of it turned her on." He hoped he wasn't betraying her secret.  
  
"Aha. So she's one of those?" Daryl grinned. "I've dated a few. It's always the ones that seem shy, right?"  
  
"I don't know." Charlie frowned. "But here's the other thing. I thought... after that first weekend... we'd hang out more... eat lunch together and stuff... but at school she won't even talk to me. And then she shows up here on the weekend, and she's all over me again, acting crazy again..."  
  
"Like multiple personalities?"  
  
"Yeah! Exactly. Like two completely different girls. I just don't understand her."  
  
"Charlie..." Daryl shook his head, smiling. "You gotta be careful not to overthink it. Every girl you meet is gonna be like that. Different when she's alone with you than when she's with her friends. One day she's one way, the next day she's acting the opposite. All women are like that. You can't try to figure it out. You just gotta go with it."  
  
"But at school, she doesn't even talk to me!"  
  
"So? Maybe you're a secret for her right now. Maybe she's not ready for everyone to know. You really worried about that? If she didn't like you, she wouldn't be here right now. Probably waiting for your dumb ass to get back to where you left her in the editing room."  
  
Charlie shook his head. "I think she probably left already."  
  
Daryl chuckled. "You deserve it if she did. This is your idea of a fun time for your girl? Watching you edit film at the school like you do every Saturday?"  
  
"I told you, she just showed up..."  
  
"Right, right. Michelle Santos. When I think about it, she's on the list... she got a key. She's allowed to be here." Daryl shrugged. "If you two want to hang out here, spend time together, I don't got a problem with it. Both of you got keys. You just gotta give me a heads up. Introduce her to me when she comes in. I don't mind giving you two a little privacy. Just warn me where you're going to be, all right? So I know when to look the other way."  
  
"Okay. Uh...thanks."  
  
"Now, let me tell you what I'm gonna do right now. I'm going to take a twenty minute break or so, drink another Pepsi by the benches outside the cafeteria. Twenty minutes. You and her got that much time to get yourselves straightened. Then I'm resuming normal patrol, and you can't act surprised when I come by. Okay?"  
  
"Okay."  
  
"Twenty minutes." The guard grinned. "That should give you enough time, young folk like you. More than enough time." He clapped Charlie on the shoulder. "Go on back, and if she's not there, I'll give you ten bucks." He laughed as he turned in the direction of the cafeteria.  
  
Charlie returned to the AV room. He could immediately see that he wouldn't be claiming any ten bucks from Daryl. The chair had its back to the door, but he could see Michelle's arms on the armrests, and the tip of her dark hair poking above the back of the chair. He came closer and abruptly stopped. Did it really surprise him that she was still naked? Her clothes, still bundled into a tiny ball of fabric, sat next to the computer.  
  
"What did he say?" she asked, rotating the chair to face him. He gazed at her nude body slouching in the chair and felt his erection swell.  
  
Twenty minutes. Could they have sex in twenty minutes? Of course they could. The way that he felt, he'd have trouble even lasting thirty seconds.  
  
Here? In the editing bay? In the chair?  
  
Why not?  
  
Twenty minutes. Twenty minutes to have sex with her, get her dressed, send her out into the world. Sure, that was enough time. Plenty of time.  
  
Then, on Monday, she would be a stranger again, passing him in the hallway without a look. Maybe that was just how it went. Standing in front of her, looking down at her, it definitely seemed worth it.  
  
"He said he saw us. He wasn't mad. We're not in trouble." He crouched in front of her.  
  
"Did he know it was me?" she asked anxiously. "Could he tell I wasn't wearing anything?"  
  
"He knows its you. He said you had permission to be here, so it was okay. He was just surprised. He told me to give him some warning next time. I don't think he could tell you were naked. He didn't say anything about it." He glanced at her clothes. "You didn't want to get dressed?"  
  
"Well..." She smiled. "I didn't think we were done yet."  
  
Charlie put his hands on her knees and leaned forward to kiss her. She met him halfway, her arms tangling around his neck. While they kissed, he slid his hands up her thighs, enjoying the smooth silkiness of her legs, until his palms rested on her hips.  
  
They broke the kiss. "Here?" Michelle asked breathlessly. "Or somewhere else? The AV closet?"  
  
Charlie opened his mouth to answer, intending to simply say "Here." But then, a thought whispered in his mind, a scandalous thought, and he couldn't speak for a moment, stunned that he could even consider what he was thinking.  
  
No. No way.  
  
She would hate him.  
  
Or would she?  
  
Where was the line for her? How far was she willing to go?  
  
She might not talk to him ever again.  
  
But then, based on the last few weeks, she might not talk to him ever again anyway.  
  
"I know a place," he told her. "I'll show you."  
  
"Where?"  
  
"It's near the cafeteria. By the benches."  
  
"Outside?"  
  
"No. Inside. But we need to go outside for a minute to get there."  
  
"Okay," she said. "But where's Daryl now?"  
  
Charlie looked away. "Um... he said he was going on a break for twenty minutes."  
  
"Okay. Let's hurry then." She stood.  
  
He hesitated. "Do you want to get dressed before we walk there?" Offering her one last chance.  
  
She smiled. "Do you want me to get dressed?"  
  
Charlie didn't answer. He could barely breath as he offered her his hand. She slipped her small fingers into his, and timidly followed him as he led her out into the hallway, her clothes still tangled in a ball on the editing bay desk.  
  
He peeked at her out of the corner of his eye. Her nervousness was palpable, her eyes in constant motion, scanning for any signs of movement. Her hand was pressed against her bare leg, sliding up and down. "I can't believe I'm doing this again..." she whispered. He couldn't tell if she was talking to him or to herself.  
  
It wasn't the same. Before, he'd been unsure where the limits of her fantasy lay. But this time, she'd all but acknowledged they were looking for a place to have sex. He abruptly pulled her to a stop.  
  
"What?" she asked uncertainly.  
  
"I want to feel how wet you are," he told her, and put his hand between her legs, letting his fingers push into her slick vagina.  
  
"Charlie!" she gasped in surprise, but didn't stop him as he fingered her in the middle of the hallway. Her eyes darted back and forth, on constant guard for unexpected watchers. Despite her paranoia, he noticed she moved her feet further apart.

He leaned forward and kissed her while he stroked her between her legs. She held onto his shoulders, wobbling against him as he pressed his thumb against her clitoris. He could scarcely believe the way she surrendered herself to his touch. Just a few days ago, she had walked by him in this same hallway, acting as if she didn't know him. Now she was naked and he was free to touch her wherever he wanted. He could put her against the wall and fuck her, and had no doubt she would let him.  
  
"Let's go," he said, taking hold of her hand again. He could feel her stickiness on his fingers. They walked down the hallway, and maybe he'd reminded her she didn't need to restrain herself, because the hand that once stroked her upper thigh was between her legs.  
  
They reached the hallway that led to the cafeteria. Charlie turned in that direction. It was a wide hallway with a bulletin board on the left, where flyers and proclamations were posted. The only doors in the hallway were on the right, just before the cafeteria, two brown doors marked with the symbols for boy and girl bathrooms. The doors that led into the cafeteria were glass, and they could see the empty tables inside.  
  
"It might be locked," Michelle said, and when they tried the doors, the left one was locked. The right one opened.  
  
For a moment, Charlie paused, holding the door. He felt like he trembled with dread, and he wanted to ask her again if she should get dressed. Maybe put an extra emphasis on it, a warning. Didn't she REALLY want to get dressed, wasn't that a REALLY good idea? Because there might be a REALLY good chance she was about to get caught? But she slid right through the open door, and now she pulled him along by the hand, into the empty cafeteria.  
  
The food area of the cafeteria was sealed away by a lowered metal barrier, which was locked, so they only had access to the rows of empty tables. Michelle stopped and gazed at him. "Wouldn't it be crazy to do it in the cafeteria?" she breathed.  
  
He wanted to. The way she looked at him made his heart race. He came close to seizing her and pushing her down onto one of the tables. But he held himself back. "Not yet," he told her. "Come outside with me first."  
  
"It's still daylight..."  
  
"It was daylight when you dropped your clothes through my car window." He pulled her hand. "Come on."  
  
They walked to a silver door with the word "EXIT" glowing above it. Charlie pushed it open. A warm breeze entered the cafeteria. "You have your keys, right?" Michelle asked as she stepped out after him. "Because if we get locked out..."  
  
That was as far as she got. Daryl was outside, leaning on one of the tables, a half-full Pepsi sitting next to him. He had raised his head curiously to see who was coming out, and did a visible double-take when he saw Michelle. Michelle froze in place. Her hand clutched Charlie's hand tightly, her fingernails cutting into his skin.  
  
Daryl straightened, staring at her. His eyes travelled up and down her naked body. He opened his mouth as if to speak, but couldn't seem to find his words.  
  
Charlie glanced at Michelle, seeing her as Daryl did, as if for the first time. She stood completely still, too shocked to think of even covering herself up with her hands. Her perfect body was on clear display. Her eyes were wide. She almost seemed to be holding her breath.  
  
Charlie forced a casual smile, doing his best to act as if this situation was perfectly normal. "Hey, Daryl," he greeted the guard. "You said I should introduce my girlfriend to you, right? This is Michelle. Michelle, have you met Daryl before?"  
  
"...no..." Michelle's voice was barely audible.  
  
"Michelle, this is Daryl. He's been the security guard at this school for... what? Fifteen years, right? Daryl, meet Michelle. My girlfriend. She's head of the spirit squad. Maybe you've seen her come by the school on the weekends before."  
  
Daryl had quickly overcome his initial shock, and now struggled not to smile. He went along with the charade that this was normal. "Hi, Michelle. Pleased to meet you." He put out his hand for her to shake.  
  
Michelle automatically reached out to take his hand. Then she froze and flinched her hand back. Charlie remembered she'd been touching herself between her legs and her fingers were coated in her scent.  
  
Unable to resist, he spoke up, "Michelle doesn't shake hands. She's a hugger."  
  
Daryl raised his eyebrows, and Charlie expected Michelle to glare at him, but she didn't. Instead, she took a deep breath then opened her arms. She took a step towards Daryl and wrapped her arms around him in a tight hug, pressing her body against his. Daryl looked astonished. After a moment, he returned the hug, lightly hovering his palms over her bare back like he was afraid to touch her.  
  
Michelle released the stunned security guard and stepped back to stand beside Charlie, taking his hand. "Nice to meet you, Daryl," she said.  
  
Daryl shook his head incredulously and laughed. "God damn." He smiled at Michelle. "Charlie's a lucky guy. I been telling him he should go out and find himself a woman. Have to say, I didn't expect he'd find one half as lovely as you."  
  
"Thank you," Michelle said shyly. "I like Charlie a lot. I would do anything for him."  
  
"I guess you would." Daryl's eyes flicked down to her body again.  
  
Feeling reckless, Charlie said, "We're on our way to the athletic building. Are you okay with that? Michelle has a key." He squeezed her hand. "I thought I'd take  
  
her there and have sex with her."  
  
Michelle's eyes darted in his direction, startled by his blunt words. She squirmed as Daryl shifted his gaze to her. She didn't deny or protest Charlie's statement.  
  
"You know what..." Daryl said slowly, "I didn't just hear that. In fact, I didn't see you at all. I'm going to go back on patrol. I'm going to check everything real careful and slow, and the last place I'm going to check is the athletic building. All right?" He met Charlie's eyes to convey that he was serious. "So don't be there when I get there. All right?"  
  
"All right." Charlie prayed that he hadn't gone too far.  
  
"Nice to meet you, Michelle," Daryl said.  
  
Michelle let go of Charlie's hand. "Bye, Daryl. It was nice to meet you, too." She slipped in close to the guard, sliding her arms around him again in another tight hug. This time, she lifted her head and pressed a kiss on Daryl's lips as she held him. He was clearly surprised, but happily returned her kiss. His hands weren't as reluctant this time, sliding down her back and roaming over her bare ass.  
  
Michelle wriggled free of Daryl's embrace and stepped back beside Charlie, taking his hand again. She stood calmly, with her other hand tucked behind her back and her left hip jutting out. Her wide eyes blinked in deliberate nonchalance as she gazed at Daryl, as if challenging him to suggest that what she had just done was anything other than a normal goodbye.  
  
Daryl picked up his soda bottle and chugged the last few swallows. He tossed the bottle into a garbage can ten feet away. "Break's over for me. Have a good afternoon, you two." He walked back to the cafeteria as if he'd already forgotten them.  
  
Charlie started walking towards the parking lot, and Michelle fell into step beside him. They stepped onto the asphalt and into the sun. It no longer seemed to distress Michelle that she was walking naked through the bright daylight. The encounter with Daryl had electrified her and she could barely hold still.  
  
"Oh my god!" she burst out, when she felt Daryl was sufficiently out of earshot. "I can't believe we just did that! That was so crazy... I can't even get my thoughts straight! My heart is beating a thousand times a minute!" She leaned towards Charlie, her head bobbing. "I almost died when we walked out and saw him standing there. I thought we were dead. But you! Oh my god, Charlie! The way you handled it... you were so smooth! You were awesome!" She laughed.  
  
Charlie peeked at her out of the corner of his eye. She didn't realize he had set her up. She thought it was just a chance encounter, that Daryl had unexpectedly taken his break at the same place they'd been headed to.  
  
If that's what she thought, he wasn't about to correct her.  
  
"Do you think he'll tell anyone?" The words rushed out of her. "He won't, right? I don't think he will. I don't think so. Because he let us go, and I don't think he'll want anyone to know he let us go. We should be in trouble but we aren't. My god, I'm walking across campus naked right now, and he knows it!"  
  
She looked over her shoulder, but Daryl had disappeared into the building. Charlie felt like the guard was still watching them, maybe peeking at them through a window. But maybe that was just paranoia. Michelle's nakedness under the blue sky made him feel like they were on display to the world.  
  
Michelle clutched Charlie's hand in both of hers, pressing it between her breasts. "That was a fantasy of mine, you know. To have a stranger kiss me while I'm totally naked." She gasped, as if astonished she had revealed such a secret. "Is that a crazy thing to get turned on by? I know it is. I know it, I know it. But I just did it. I never thought I would ever really do it but I just did."  
  
They reached the glass doors of the athletic center. Michelle tugged at the door. It rattled but didn't open.  
  
"Oops. I don't have my keys," she said.  
  
"I have them." Charlie fished them out of his pocket.  
  
"Oh. Thank goodness." She laughed. "I mean, obviously I don't have them. I don't have anything. Here, let me do it." She took the keys and unlocked the door. Charlie pulled it open so she could enter.  
  
"Where?" she asked, standing in the doorway.  
  
Charlie considered the layout of the athletic center. Basketball court, swimming pool, locker rooms. "Let's take a shower," he suggested.  
  
"Okay! Boys or girls locker room?"  
  
"Girls?"  
  
She smiled. "The forbidden temple? Okay. That's good, because I can go to my locker after."  
  
They used Michelle's keys to access the girl's locker room. Michelle flicked on the switches, bathing the room in the bright glow of white fluorescent lighting. As soon as the door closed behind them, Charlie reached for her. He palmed her breasts, squeezing them gently, marveling at their softness. Michelle put her arms around his neck and kissed him while he continued to fondle her.  
  
"Feel how wet I am," she whispered. He reached between her legs and was amazed at the dampness there. His finger pushed into her with only the slightest pressure. "Oooh!" she exhaled. "Oh! I'm so hot right now." He kissed her hard while sliding his fingers in and out of her, feeling her body tremble.  
  
"Let's go," he said, urging her towards the shower area. Michelle paused to scoop up a tall stack of clean towels from a bin. "We need all those towels?" he asked.  
  
She grinned. "I'm not lying down on the hard tile."  
  
The shower area was divided into four sections, each with walls on three sides and lines of shower heads. Charlie had pictured them standing together under the hot spray of one of the shower heads. But Michelle entered one of the sections and turned on every shower, so that hot water sprayed from all three sides. Her body was already covered in a gleam of droplets when she returned for the towels. She layered three towels on top of each other in the center of the floor, a space that wasn't directly sprayed by any of the showers but caught a warm mist from all of them.  
  
She returned to him, smiling. Drops ran down her body as she tugged at his shirt. "You're still dressed?" she teased. "Hurry up!"  
  
Charlie grinned and pulled his shirt over his head. Michelle worked on the snap of his jeans, popping it and pulling down his zipper while he flung his shirt towards a dry corner of the locker room. She reached into his pants and found his hard penis, squeezing it and pulling it free. He scrambled out of his shoes and pants while she tugged him into the shower by his erection.  
  
As soon as Charlie stood on stack of towels, Michelle dropped to her knees. He felt her mouth on his penis, kissing his shaft as she crouched in front of him. Charlie stood with his legs slightly apart, feeling the mist from the showers bead on his body and in his hair, stimulated by the feel of Michelle's lips and tongue on his erection.  
  
"Did you ever imagine that you would be getting a blow job in the shower of the girl's locker room?" She peeked up at him, smiling. Before he could answer, she put the head of his penis to her lips and let it slide into her mouth, taking in as much of it as she could. She moved in a rhythm, sucking him.  
  
It felt amazing.  
  
The towels were quickly becoming saturated with hot water, and it felt like standing on a sponge. Charlie closed his eyes, losing himself in the sensation of Michelle's eager mouth on his throbbing penis. He let his hands rest on her wet hair, now dripping from the mist. A steamy haze drifted around them.  
  
Michelle did something with her tongue that made him inhale audibly, and his penis twitched in her mouth. She pulled off and looked up. "You okay?" she asked.  
  
Instead of responding, he crouched down himself and took hold of her waist. He turned her over so that she was on her hands and knees. She waited in that position while he took a moment to admire her gleaming pussy. Then he clutched her by the hips and slid into her. She felt so tight around his swollen penis, yet he quickly had his entire length inside her, with his stomach pressed against her ass.  
  
The water drizzled around them, making their bodies slick as they moved against each other. Charlie fell into a slow rhythm, pulling out until only the head of his penis was in her then savoring the intense pleasure of plunging back into her. He knew that he had to go slow to have any chance of prolonging their sex; the pressure of climax had already begun to form in his groin, and his penis urged him to surrender to the animal side of his nature and fuck her with abandon.  
  
Finally, he had to give in, and lost himself in the quick rhythm. Michelle cried out with each deep thrust, making no effort to hold back her noise, and the cavernous room echoed her. Charlie fell onto her as he climaxed, filling her.  
  
He waited a moment before pulling out. Silently, he stood and helped her to her feet. They walked under one of the showers and let the water spill over their heads. Charlie rinsed himself off before padding back to the bin to grab some fresh towels.  
  
Michelle was still cleaning herself off when he returned. He dried off with one towel and left the other hanging for her. He was already dressed by the time she turned off her shower, and watched her walk in a circle, turning off the other showers.  
  
"Can you throw the wet towels in the hamper near the door?" she asked. Charlie peeled the towels from the shower floor and carried them to the dirty towel hamper. After he dropped them in, he looked for Michelle, and found her at her locker, pulling out her cheerleader uniform.  
  
"This time you're going to walk out dressed?"  
  
She laughed. "Yup. I've had enough excitement for the day."  
  
"What now, then? Back to the AV room?"  
  
"Can you give me a ride? I parked my car not too far away."  
  
"Sure. But what about your clothes? They're in the AV room."  
  
"Maybe you can get them for me?"  
  
"Sure."  
  
She dressed quickly. Charlie watched her, remember the cheerleading footage he'd edited into his tribute video. What would next Saturday bring? Back to the video? Would he be able to stand sitting alone in that chair in that room, knowing that she could show up at any time, knowing also that she might never show up again?  
  
He opened his mouth to ask her about it. Twice now he'd had sex with her. Did it mean anything yet? What was going to happen Monday? Would they ever hook up again?  
  
"Okay," she said, closing her locker. "I'm ready."  
  
"Okay." He hesitated then turned away. The questions could wait.  
  
They checked the locker room one last time, making sure they hadn't left any evidence. Charlie clicked off the lights just before they stepped out. Michelle locked the door behind them.  
  
Outside, it was still bright, although the sun had started its descent towards the horizon and the shadows were stretching. They surveyed the parking lot, but Daryl was nowhere to be seen, and the only visible car was Charlie's. They started walking toward his car.  
  
Charlie peeked at Michelle out of the corner of his eye. Her previous chatty exuberance was gone and now she walked in silence. She seemed pensive. It was as if by putting on her clothes, she had become that other girl, the other side of her split personality, the one he didn't know.  
  
So strange that he'd spent so little time with her while she was dressed. She'd been naked almost the entire evening when they'd hooked up the first time. Only at the end of the night had she put her clothes back on. This time, it was the same. She'd been naked up to the point she put on that uniform. What would the guys think, if he tried to explain that to them?  
  
Oh, Michelle Santos? Yeah, I know her, I'm just not used to her wearing clothes.  
  
Less than an hour ago, he'd been walking with her in the hall, stopping her on a whim so he could put his hands between her legs. Could that have really happened? It was unbelievable! How could he not be her boyfriend, when she granted him that power?  
  
He peeked at her again. To his surprise, he felt his penis swelling, pressing against the front of his jeans. He suddenly wished they had stayed in the locker room a while longer. They could have taken their time in the shower, spent more time holding each other. He could have spent more time putting his hands on her body.  
  
They stood next to his car. "Can you get my clothes for me?" Michelle asked. "Can I wait in your car?"  
  
"Sure," Charlie said. He gazed at her, in her tight uniform. Her wet hair was combed back, straighter than usual. He saw a drip of water trickle from just behind her ear and slide slowly down her neck.  
  
"Charlie?" she asked hesitantly.  
  
Charlie stepped towards her. He put his hands on her waist, catching the bottom of her shell top in his fingers. He peeled the top up her body and over her head. He yanked the garment off her arms and tossed it on the hood of his car.  
  
"Charlie!" She had distress in her voice, but she didn't stop him as he crouched in front of her and pushed her skirt and dancer shorts down her smooth legs. He let them fall to her ankles. She was naked, and her perfectly groomed strip of pubic hair swayed directly in front of his eyes. Of course it was perfectly groomed. She had left the house intending to be seen naked, after all.  
  
Charlie got to his feet and reached for his zipper. Michelle's eyes were wide as she realized what he intended to do. She looked around the parking lot nervously as he pulled his hard penis free. He leaned forward, letting his penis press against her stomach. He kissed her.  
  
She leaned backwards against his car. Her mouth opened and he felt her tongue tangle with his. She had her palms pressed against his chest, as if she intended to push him away, but her arms didn't exert any force against him.  
  
Charlie reached down and caught her legs. Pressing her against the back seat window, he lifted her legs up, sliding her up the side of his car and then letting her drop onto his waiting erection. She gasped and her legs wrapped around him. Her eyes closed and she seemed to forget that they were outside in the daylight as he had sex with her against the side of his car.  
  
Because her eyes were closed, Charlie gazed at her openly, tracing her perfect features with his eyes. Her long black hair, glimmering in the sunlight; her deep dark eyes; her perfect skin. He studied her lips, the way her mouth hung slightly opened as she took in sharp breaths. If only his eyes could capture this moment, save it forever. Where would he put it in his video? This was Michelle having sex. This was Michelle when he was deep inside her. This was Michelle as she longed to be, naked outside, letting go.

He sighed as he came inside her. She wrapped her arms and legs around him, clutching him tightly as his penis spasmed within her.  
  
Unsteadily, he lowered her legs, letting her feet touch the ground. He took a step away from her, fumbling his still erect penis back into his jeans. She remained leaning against the car, catching her breath. Her eyes were barely open, watching him through slivers.  
  
Charlie hadn't noticed the strain of holding her while they were having sex, but now that he had released her, his arms felt weak and slow to respond. He fumbled with his keys, finally managing to press the button to unlock the car. He pulled the driver's side door open. Michelle lowered herself into the car, perching sideways on the edge of the seat.  
  
Charlie retrieved the pieces of her uniform and Michelle silently accepted them, bunching the garments in her lap and making no move to put them on. "I'll be right back," he told her. "I'll just go grab the rest of your clothes." He waited a moment for her to answer, but she just nodded.  
  
Charlie unlocked the green door and entered the school. He rushed through the hall to the AV room, praying that he wouldn't run into Daryl. The room was empty. He grabbed the bundled ball of her clothes, still sitting where she had left it. The computer was still on, and Charlie hesitated a moment before turning it off. He told himself he could always return and clean up after he dropped Michelle off. But maybe he wouldn't just drop her off. Maybe they would spend some more time together.  
  
He started out the door before remembering the camera he'd hidden by the window. He retrieved the camera and shoved it in a drawer, telling himself he would sign it back in later. He didn't want to leave Michelle by herself for too long, especially since he suspected she would still be naked when he returned.  
  
He turned off the lights and jogged back to the green door, Michelle's clothes tucked under his arm. He pushed open the door and blinked at the car.  
  
Michelle was gone. Charlie peered through the front window, but she wasn't in the front seat or the back seat, and all the doors were shut. Charlie opened the driver's side door. He noticed a white paper on the seat and picked it up. No writing. Only a large heart drawn in the middle of the paper.  
  
Charlie looked around, but didn't see her anywhere. He got into his car and started it up. Driving slowly around the end of the parking lot, his eyes scanned back and forth, looking for a dark-haired girl in a cheerleading uniform. But he didn't see her.  
  
When he reached the end of the school's driveway, he paused at the stoplight, waiting even as the light turned green. Where was he going? Where had she parked? If he drove up and down the streets, he might find her getting into her car...  
  
He shook his head. The light was green. He put the car in motion, turning right. Driving home. When he reached the next stoplight, he glanced over his shoulder and noticed a smudge on his back door window. The imprint of Michelle's naked back, pressed against the glass.  
  
Charlie looked down next to him, where Michelle's heart picture rested on the seat. After a moment, he picked up his phone and pointed it at the paper. He turned on the video and focused on the heart.  
  
"Same to you, Michelle," he said. "Same to you."  
  
The stoplight turned green. Charlie set his phone down and drove off.

**Saturday Night School Ch. 03**

Charlie lingered in the door to the AV closet, watching Ronni as she placed a projector onto one of the shelves. Ronni was a junior who had started working with the AV department earlier that year. She had straight black hair and always wore glasses with dark frames. She was wearing jeans and a t-shirt, with an unbuttoned black flannel shirt over the t-shirt.  
  
Back towards the beginning of the year, Dinesh had asked her if she ever wore dresses. "I do," she said. "But not very often, and when I do, everyone says, 'Hey, you're wearing a dress today'. That makes me feel like not wearing them."  
  
Charlie had never seen her in a dress. But he had a feeling she would look good in one.  
  
"Okay," she said, looking at the shelves of equipment in the AV closet. "I think that's everything signed in and put away. You have anything else that needs to be done?"  
  
"No, that's it," Charlie said. "But actually, there's something else I wanted to talk to you about..."  
  
She gazed at him expectantly. "What's up?"  
  
Charlie fidgeted. "You know the prom is next month... are you going?" Pine Hills only had one prom each year, with all the juniors and seniors invited.  
  
A smile flickered at the edge of Ronni's mouth as she shrugged. "I don't know. I haven't decided."  
  
"Well...would you ever want to go to the prom with me? I mean... we could go together. If you want."  
  
Ronni grinned. "With you? Sure, Charlie. I'll go with you."  
  
"Great!" Charlie smiled. He moved to the side of the doorway so she could step out of the closet. For a moment, as Ronni passed near him, he thought he could smell the slight scent of perfume on her.  
  
The same perfume that Michelle liked to wear! Charlie started to open his mouth, to ask Ronni the name of the perfume. What a coincidence, that the two girls wore the same perfume!  
  
But before he could speak and make a fool of himself, he realized it was just his imagination. It was lavender. Ronni used a hand creme that smelled like lavender; he'd seen her use it. She said she had dry hands. That's what he was smelling. Lavender. Nothing like Michelle's perfume.  
  
Charlie looked over at a sound board on one of the shelves. THE sound board. The sight of it tempted him into falling into that memory, the memory he had started to think of as the Third Michelle. He looked away instead. Ronni was speaking to him and he focused on her voice as he turned off the light switch, letting the closet go dark. He closed the closet door and locked it.  
  
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Daryl had talked to him, the Monday after the Second Michelle. When Charlie arrived at his Euro Lit class, he found the guard waiting for him outside the door. "Charlie! Hold up a minute!" The guard pulled him to the side.  
  
Daryl pitched his voice low. "Hey... I wanted to talk to you about Saturday."  
  
Charlie shifted uncomfortably. "Yeah. I'm really sorry..."  
  
Daryl chuckled. "Don't worry about it. I'm not gonna pretend I didn't enjoy getting some attention from your lovely lady. She's a wild one, no doubt. But no more of it, okay? I can't be involved in what you got going. I got a job to do." He fell silent as two girls passed by, then continued, "I can't be seen as being involved with any of the students here, in any kind of way. You know what I mean?"  
  
"Yeah. Right. Sorry."  
  
"Cool. See you later, Charlie." The guard started to walk away.  
  
"Did you tell her the same thing?" Charlie asked quickly.  
  
Daryl paused. "No... I haven't talked to your girl. I was hoping you would relay the message for me. Okay?"  
  
"  
  
Sure. I'll tell her."  
  
Daryl gave him a thumbs up and walked away.  
  
But Charlie didn't tell Michelle anything. He didn't talk to her at all. This time around, he knew what to expect, and when he saw her in the hall, he walked by without even looking at her. He pretended like he didn't know her. Just like before.  
  
Unlike the First Michelle, the Second Michelle had left him with some souvenirs. He had the paper with the heart drawn on it, which he folded carefully and stored in the top drawer of his desk at home. He also had a pile of Michelle's clothes, an outfit of hers which he had never actually witnessed her wearing. Black blouse and skirt, blue bra and panties. At home, he separated each of the garments on his bed, thinking to himself that if his mom ever discovered them, he would definitely have some explaining to do.  
  
The clothing almost made him confront Michelle. He considered throwing the garments in a paper bag and taking them to school. He would walk right up to Michelle. "Here!" he would say as he passed her the bag. "You forgot these the other day!"  
  
And then what? He could picture her response clearly. She would look uncomfortable. She would take the bag and say, "Oh, thanks." Then she would leave him standing there. She would hurry to hide the bag in her locker. That would be the end of the interaction.  
  
Better to keep the clothes. He hadn't known at the time that the Third Michelle would happen, but he still imagined that if it ever did, he would ask her what to do with the clothes then. Charlie carefully arranged the outfit on his bed, placing the bra inside the blouse and the panties inside the skirt. He moved each item on the bed to where he thought they would be if she was wearing them, laying on his bed. He could picture her there, wearing the sexy outfit, waiting for him with that impish look in her eyes. Charlie picked up his camera and panned slowly over the clothes.  
  
Another shot to add to his project.  
  
Afterwards, he wrapped the clothes in a scarf and hid them in the box spring of his mattress. The week after Second Michelle, he pulled those items of clothing out just about whenever he could find time to be alone. He held them in his fingers, stroking them, gazing at them. Particularly the tiny panties. She'd been wearing those panties the moment she'd decided to strip next to his car and put her clothes through his car window. How turned on had she been when that mad idea popped into her head? Had her arousal soaked into the fabric?  
  
Charlie couldn't decide whether or not to return to the AV room the Saturday after Second Michelle. He felt like it would be awkward to be there with Daryl. Charlie cringed inside when he remembered loudly proclaiming to the guard that he was going to take Michelle to the athletic building and have sex with her. He'd said it in an attempt to provoke Michelle, to remind her of her nakedness. Afterwards they'd done exactly what he'd said they would do, had sex in the athletic building. But how had he appeared from Daryl's perspective when he'd said that? Incredibly reckless and cocky, probably. An asshole acting like he had the run of the school. And the run of Michelle.  
  
He also wondered what would happen if Michelle showed up again. Daryl had given him a clear warning to cease their Saturday adventures, but if Michelle showed up at the AV room inclined to remove her clothes again, was Charlie really going to say no to her?  
  
In the end, the decision was made for him. Coach Phillips stopped him on Thursday to ask if he could edit together a highlight reel featuring the six graduating seniors from the boy's varsity basketball team. The school would pay him $100. Charlie accepted, and on Saturday he found himself in the editing bay, working on the highlight reel. Daryl stopped by to give him a Pepsi, and aside from some teasing comments about his new girlfriend, Daryl seemed pretty much the same.  
  
Michelle didn't show up. Not that Saturday, or the next one.  
  
The Third Michelle happened on a Friday, and Charlie was not expecting it at all. He was in a bad mood. Mr. Anderson, the head of the English Department, had asked if he could set up microphones and run the sound board for a performance of select scenes from Shakespeare's plays, taking place Friday evening. The event had been planned for more than a month, but Mr. Anderson only asked him to handle the sound the Monday before. Apparently, they'd been trying to get the actors to speak loudly enough to be heard in the auditorium, but finally gave up and wanted to use microphones.  
  
Only four days warning! But Charlie said yes. Who else would do it if he didn't?  
  
Then, to make things worse, on Wednesday he found out that Spencer McNeal, the boy who was supposed to run the lights, had come down with the flu. Mr. Anderson asked Charlie if he could handle the lights, too. And Charlie reluctantly agreed to that task as well.  
  
So Friday night, Charlie sat alone in the control room, looking down through a long rectangular window at a stage and an audience. He had a sound board in front of him and the lighting control panel just above it, trying to do both jobs at the same time. He was working as much from instinct as he was from the written cues, following the action on the stage and adjusting the sound and lights accordingly.  
  
The door to the control room opened and closed behind him, but he was so busy that it took him a minute to glance up and see who it was.  
  
It was Michelle. Charlie stared at her in astonishment, then quickly turned back to the light controls and flicked on a line of overhead lights as the actor moved across the stage. He looked back at Michelle, absorbing her appearance.  
  
She smiled at him with that twinkle in her eyes. Her dress was a deep burnt umber and it ended ten inches above her knees, revealing a generous length of her long legs. The dress clung to her body, and the thin straps that crossed her shoulders were doubled by the visible straps of an olive green bra.  
  
"Hi..." he said, the only thing he could think to say.  
  
"Hey, Charlie!" Michelle walked over and crouched down next to his chair. She leaned close and brushed her lips against his cheek. Charlie inhaled the familiar scent of her perfume and the memories rushed back, memories that seemed like dreams. He felt himself stiffen, as if he'd developed a Pavlovian response to the scent.  
  
Michelle always wore cute outfits, but this was a step above her usual school clothes. This was a dress with a purpose. He wondered what she was up to.  
  
Did it have to be when he had so much to concentrate on already?  
  
"I'm running both the sound and lights," he told her as he adjusted the levels on one of the microphones. "Sorry, it's a lot to keep track of..."  
  
"That's all right," she said. "You don't have to pay any attention to me. I just wanted to watch you work." She stepped over to Spencer McNeal's vacant chair, but instead of pulling it next to Charlie's chair, she pulled it to the middle of the room. She sat down facing him, her back straight, her knees together and her hands folded in her lap. The model of ladylike posture.  
  
"You're just going to sit there and watch me?" he asked.  
  
She smiled and glanced down. "No..." She unfolded her hands and pressed her palms against her upper legs. He realized that she was nervous.  
  
Charlie's heart beat faster. He wondered again what she was up to. On the stage, Romeo crossed from right to left. Charlie carefully moved the dial to light up Juliet in her window. When he glanced back at Michelle, she was standing in front of the chair. Her hips swayed back and forth, as if dancing to a beat only she could hear.  
  
She reached up and slid the strap of her dress off her left shoulder, then did the same with the right shoulder. As she swayed back and forth, her palms pressed against her hips and she pulled downward on the dress, slowly sliding it down her body like a snake shedding its skin. Charlie stared at her, watching as the dress revealed more and more of her chest. The lacy green bra underneath was hardly there; it supported her breasts but barely covered them at all. Her hard nipples peeked over the top of the bra.  
  
"This is really dangerous, Michelle," he warned her. "Mr. Anderson is directing. He could walk in at any second. Literally any second."  
  
"I know," she murmured, peeking at him through her eyelashes. "It's really awful that you're making me do this." The corner of her mouth twitched as she suppressed a smile. She continued to pull down on her dress, pushing the bunched up fabric over her hips. Charlie could see her panties now. Olive green and lacy to match her bra. She slid the dress down her legs and then sat down in the chair, wearing only her bra and panties.  
  
How had she learned that he would be sitting in the control booth alone? He had only known himself two days before. Did that mean she was keeping track of him? Watching him in hopes that she'd find an opportunity to indulge her appetite for risky public exposure?  
  
Charlie realized that Romeo and Juliet had almost finished their back-and-forth on the stage. He turned back to the controls, fading out some of the lights and adjusting the microphones. "You're very distracting," he told Michelle.  
  
"Oh, don't worry about me," she said. He glanced at her just as she slipped out of her bra and dropped it carelessly on the floor. "Just keep your mind on what you're doing."  
  
Those perfect breasts. How was he supposed to keep his mind on the show?  
  
The next scene was from The Merchant of Venice. Charlie let the actors find their places, then he brought the lights up. Not much more to do with that scene, so he turned his attention to Michelle. She slouched low in her chair, naked except for her panties, her hips at the edge of the seat. When she saw him looking, she let her legs move apart. Her hand slid down her flat tummy and into the top of her panties. Her deep brown eyes watched him as her fingers moved underneath the thin fabric of the panties, touching herself.  
  
"Are you shy now?" he asked.  
  
"What?"  
  
"Take off your panties. I can't see what you're doing."  
  
Michelle squirmed in her chair, her legs fluttering open and closed like a butterfly's wings. Dropping her eyes, she slipped her fingers into the waist of her panties and pushed them down her hips to her knees. Lifting one leg and then the other, she wiggled the panties down her calves until they dropped to the floor. Resuming her previous slouching position, Michelle opened her legs again, and now Charlie had a clear view of her fingers nestled between her swollen labia.  
  
He watched her playing with herself for a minute, before abruptly realizing that the Merchant of Venice scene had almost finished. He spun back to the control panel and scrambled to find the correct switches. The actress on stage playing Portia was almost done with her lines; Charlie watched and waited so he could turn down the lights. It took all his will to keep his eyes on the stage and ignore the low gasps coming from Michelle behind him.  
  
Fade to black. Next scene: As You Like It.  
  
"Enjoying yourself?" he asked. On the dark stage, he could see the new group of actors finding their places.  
  
"Yes." Her voice sounded out of breath. "I just came."  
  
"So now you're done?"  
  
"Oh, no. That was just the start."  
  
Charlie turned up the lights on As You Like It. Finally, he was free to look over his shoulder at her. "What the heck is that?"  
  
Michelle held a cylindrical device in her hand. Where it had came from, Charlie had no idea. The device was partially clear with light blue running across the surface like circuitry. It had stem-like appendages splitting off the main cylinder. "It's a vibe," she said. "My vibe."  
  
"A vibrator? It looks like a space gun."  
  
"This is what they look like these days. The good ones. I call this one Hoppity."  
  
"Hoppity?"  
  
"Don't laugh. Would you rather I call it, 'Little Charlie'?"  
  
"I'm not laughing." He gazed at the device curiously. "What are you going to do with it?"  
  
She licked her lips nervously. "I'm going to fuck myself with it."  
  
"Right here, while Scenes from Shakespeare is going on right down there."  
  
"Uh-huh."  
  
He shrugged. "Do it then."  
  
Her hands trembled slightly as she fiddled with a button on the vibrator. It came to life, emitting a low buzz. Michelle opened her legs wide. Her eyes met Charlie's as she lowered the vibrator onto her wet pussy. The end of the vibrator disappeared into her while a stem-like appendage pressed against her clitoris.  
  
This time, Charlie intentionally turned away from her and watched the scene from As You Like It, even though he had a few minutes without any light cues. It thrilled him to know that Michelle sat just behind him, completely naked and masturbating with a vibrator. He could hear the hum of the device and the gasps and squeaks as she tried to suppress her sounds of pleasure. Unquestionably it was intensely arousing to her to engage in such a private act of self-pleasure in such a public location.  
  
Certainly, it was risky. The door to the control booth wasn't locked; it could only be locked with a specific key, a key Charlie didn't have. Anybody could walk in if they wanted to. If Charlie continued to do his job with the lights and sound, he would probably be left alone, because everyone in the production knew he felt stressed out having to handle both tasks, and they wouldn't want to bother him. Michelle, on the other hand, seemed determined to distract him.  
  
He spoke to her, keeping his eyes on the stage. "If I pay too much attention to you, I might start making mistakes. I'll turn on the wrong light, or accidentally forget to turn the microphones back up. You know what will happen then?"  
  
"What?" She sounded out of breath.  
  
"Someone will come up and check on me, probably. To see if I need any help."  
  
"Ohhh!" Her breathing became a hiss as she abruptly clenched her mouth shut and tried to breath through her nose. The chair rattled under her, and Charlie knew that his words, instead of warning her, had only triggered her next orgasm.  
  
The funniest scenario that Charlie could imagine was if Spencer recovered from his flu and decided he could do the lights after all. He would walk into the control room and find Michelle naked in his chair with the end of a vibrator sticking out of her. Charlie would wave Spencer away. "It's fine, go get some more rest," he would say. "I found someone to cover for you."  
  
He wondered what Michelle would think if that happened. Maybe it would cause her third orgasm.  
  
The buzz of the vibrator went to silence. Charlie looked over his shoulder to check on Michelle, and to his surprise, she had slipped out of the chair and now crouched on the floor on her hands and knees. "What...?" he started, but he could see that she was  
  
crawling towards him. Even the way she crawled looked incredibly sexy to him, like a sinuous cat. The actors delivered the last lines from As You Like It just as Michelle reached his chair, and while he slowly faded the lights to black, he felt her hand tentatively reach into his lap and squeeze the hard bulge in his pants.  
  
Charlie kept his eyes on the dark stage, watching the As You Like It actors hurry off and the Midsummers Night's Dream actors hurry on. He pretended like nothing was out of the ordinary, like he didn't notice Michelle undoing his zipper and pulling his erection free of his pants. Or maybe he pretended that this was what he expected of her, to crouch next to his chair, completely naked, stroking his hard penis in her small hand as he worked.  
  
He brought the lights back up. turned up the appropriate microphones. The scene began, and he stole a glance down at his lap. He was shocked at the sight of his own erection, jutting obscenely out of his pants, with Michelle's feminine fingers wrapped around the shaft. Her nails were colored cherry red, with a tiny swirl of silver drawn in the middle of each nail. Had she gone to get her nails done that week, knowing that at some point he would look down and admire them as she stroked his penis? That was a ridiculous notion, right? That a girl would put effort into such a detail?  
  
What if someone walked in at that moment? Charlie knew from the beginning that if she was caught, he would take the blame, going along with Michelle's charade that she acted this way at his behest, that he was the instigator and she was just a girlfriend trying to make her boyfriend happy. But he wouldn't even need to convince anyone at that moment. Anyone walking in would immediately jump to the conclusion that he was the pervert, having Michelle get him off while he worked the booth.

All of the actors on the stage walked off except two, and Charlie just barely remembered to darken the stage, leaving spotlights on the two remaining actors. He lost himself in the feel of Michelle's hand, moving gently up and down his shaft. She didn't seem to be in any hurry. He caught a line from the actor, "... the course of true love never did run smooth..." Ha! Shakespeare definitely had that right.  
  
Puck appeared from stage left just as Charlie felt Michelle's warm mouth envelop the head of his penis. He looked down at his lap, trying to see exactly what she was doing with her tongue. But her face was hidden by waves of long dark hair, bobbing up and down, cascading over his legs. Charlie realized suddenly that he had left Puck in darkness. He faded the spotlights from the middle of the stage and brought up the orange glow around Puck. The actor looked relieved to be finally lit.  
  
Charlie wanted to laugh. The whole thing was completely ridiculous. At the beginning of the show, he'd felt seized by tension, apprehensive about hitting all the right light and sound cues with so little rehearsal. Even then, it seemed like a nearly impossible task. Now it turned out he would have to do it all with Michelle's tongue licking up and down on his erection, doing her best to make him spurt all over the control panel. It was the ultimate distraction.  
  
But could he really complain about something that felt so good?  
  
The strange thing was, the more Charlie tried to ignore the pleasure coming from his lap, the more sensitive he seemed to get. He tried to focus on Shakespeare's dialogue. He scanned the buttons, mentally going through the next ten cues and counting off the buttons and dials he would have to adjust. He tried to separate his consciousness into two parts, the part that needed to focus on his technical tasks and the part that was experiencing indescribable pleasure from the mouth and lips and tongue of a beautiful naked girl. But it was as if trying to mentally disengage himself from his body's physical reactions only freed his body to react stronger. His penis throbbed, swollen and taut, seemingly ready to explode at any moment.  
  
The final two scenes were incredibly intense. The first was from The Tempest, the second from Hamlet. While the actors came onto the dark stage for The Tempest, Michelle climbed into Charlie's lap, facing towards the stage. He brought the lights up at the same time she lowered herself onto his erection. Prospero began his first monologue, and anyone looking at the small window of the control room would have seen two heads looking out the window where there had once been one, and would also surely have noticed that the second head, long haired and female, was positioned in front of the first head, bouncing up and down and paying no attention whatsoever to what was happening on the stage. For anyone looking that way, it should have been completely obvious what was happening. In fact, the way Michelle was bouncing in his lap, it was very likely that her breasts were visible above the bottom edge of the window. Michelle was too turned on to even care. All she seemed to be interested in was riding Charlie until he came.  
  
Charlie turned on some of the lights around the window of the control room, hoping the bright lights would discourage anyone from looking their way. The stage was brighter than it should have been, but no one on stage seemed to notice the difference. Charlie watched the scene progress, adjusting microphone levels when he needed to, all the while acutely aware of the feel of Michelle's warm pussy squeezing his throbbing erection.  
  
After the Tempest scene ended, and Charlie faded the lights to black, he let the Hamlet actors scramble onto the stage in the darkness while his hands roamed over Michelle's front, squeezing her breasts, stroking her nipples. He reluctantly pulled his hands away to bring the lights back up. The final scene of Hamlet, with a choreographed sword fight.  
  
It was exquisite torture. Charlie struggled to concentrate, fought to hit all of his lighting cues, at the same time feeling himself getting closer and closer to climaxing. All he wanted to do was forget the show completely and throw himself into roughly fondling Michelle's soft body; clutching her hips and grinding her against his pelvis; thrusting as deep into her as he could. But he had a job to do, a responsibility. He had a stage full of people counting on him. He couldn't just toss it all aside.  
  
At the same moment that Hamlet pretended to stab King Claudius on the stage, Charlie erupted inside Michelle. He clutched her sweaty breasts, feeling her chest heave with her ragged breathing. His penis pulsed inside her, again and again. She leaned back against him, her dark hair tickling his nose and cheek as he tried to watch the stage over her shoulder.  
  
For several minutes, Michelle remained in his lap, leaning against him. He had his arms to either side of her, continuing his vigil over the stage. The right side of his chin pressed against her hair as he looked past her at the actors. He could feel her long breaths as she seemed to melt against him, oblivious to his frequent adjustments of the switches and dials on the control board.  
  
God, it felt right. He loved the feel of her weight against him, the feel of her skin when his arms brushed against her, the intoxicating scent that radiated from her. He loved knowing that she felt him inside her, filling her; that they were so casually joined in the most intimate way possible.  
  
Stay here forever, he wanted to whisper in her ear. He wanted to tell her she was right, they should both just let go of their worries, because it didn't matter if they were caught. Who cared what anyone else thought, when they could feel so close this way?  
  
As if she could hear his foolish thoughts, Michelle straightened. She slipped off his softening penis and carefully descending from his lap until she knelt next to his chair. She tried to stuff his penis back inside his jeans, her fingers tugging at the sides of the zipper, trying to reconnect the snap at the top. He gently pushed her hands away, fearful of what damage she might accidentally do, and restored the front of his jeans himself. A glance downward confirmed he was decent again. Another glance confirmed that Michelle remained quite indecent, sprawled naked next to his chair like a pet, clinging to his leg.  
  
Hamlet lay dead on the stage. Fortinbras and Horatio traded lines back and forth. The show was nearly at an end.  
  
"Aren't you going to get dressed?" he whispered.  
  
"What?"  
  
"They're finishing the scene," he said. "You should..."  
  
He didn't finish, because two boys dressed as foot soldiers came onto the stage from the left to drag Hamlet away. Charlie brought the lights down and waited for the wave of applause to break over the audience. Applause had followed each scene, but this time the clapping came louder and longer. Charlie counted to ten, then brought the lights back up so that the actors could make their bows. All of the actors from all the scenes came to the stage. They stood in lines, one group after another, to bow. Charlie waited, watching. His final duty would be to dim the stage lights as the auditorium lights came on.  
  
All of the actors stood on stage now, several rows of them, and they all bowed as a group. The applause went up a notch for a moment, then started to subside. Charlie peered out the window at the audience, waiting for that moment when the appreciation exhausted itself and the audience started to think about leaving.  
  
One man stood, gathering his things, then a woman. Several more stood up in the audience. Charlie slowly pulled the stage lights down, and simultaneously one of the ushers below brought up the auditorium lights.  
  
Show over. Charlie let out a long breath.  
  
A foot scraped the stairs outside. That was their only warning. Charlie scrambled to his feet, hoping he could make it to the door before it opened. Put his body against it, hold it closed until Michelle could get dressed. He didn't make it halfway to the door before it flew open. Mr. Anderson walked in. He had a giant smile on his face.  
  
"Charlie! Excellent job!" the teacher boomed. "Everything went off without a hitch!"  
  
Charlie stood petrified, waiting for the teacher to notice Michelle sitting naked on the ground. But Mr. Anderson just stood there, beaming. Charlie wanted to look behind him, to see where Michelle was, but he didn't want to draw any attention to her.  
  
"I missed a few of the cues..." Charlie said.  
  
Mr. Anderson laughed. "Did you? Well, that's the perfectionist in you talking. I can tell you it looked perfect from where I was standing. The audience didn't notice anything, that's for sure." The teacher clapped Charlie on the shoulder. "Well done. I had a sleepless night when Spencer got the flu. But I shouldn't have worried. You had your hands full, but you handled it like a champ!"  
  
"Thanks..." Charlie said weakly.  
  
"Come backstage when you can. We have some food, some sodas. All right?" Mr. Anderson turned for the door, and Charlie prayed that the teacher would leave. But suddenly Mr. Anderson turned back. "Hey, Mr. Garett told me you've applied for the Film program at Jefferson University?"  
  
"Yeah, that's right."  
  
"I know one of the professors in the Film department. An old friend of mine. I can give him a call, maybe talk up your application?"  
  
"Really? That would be awesome. Thanks, Mr. Anderson."  
  
"It would be my pleasure, Charlie. Jefferson U. would be lucky to have you." The teacher clapped Charlie on the shoulder again. Then, to Charlie's great relief, Mr. Anderson turned and left.  
  
As soon as the door closed, Charlie jumped for it, planting his foot against the bottom of the door and bracing it with his shoulder. He looked down at the floor for Michelle, but didn't see her. She was gone! His eyes darted wildly around the small room, wondering where she could have disappeared to.  
  
He spotted movement under the sound board. Michelle peeked out. "That was close!" she said, smiling.  
  
"Too close! I thought we were done for! How'd you squeeze into that space down there?"  
  
"I don't know. It was the only place I could go."  
  
"Will you get dressed before someone else pounds on the door?"  
  
She giggled. "He didn't see anything!"  
  
"I know. I can't believe how lucky we are."  
  
Michelle grinned as she stood. "Should I have come out and hugged him goodbye?"  
  
Charlie stared.  
  
"I'm kidding!" She wiggled her fingers at him.  
  
Charlie managed a weak smile. "Okay. Now can you get dressed?"  
  
"I am! I'm looking for my clothes."  
  
"You lost your clothes?!?"  
  
"Here they are." Michelle reached under the sound board and pulled out her dress and underwear. "I didn't know you were applying to film school."  
  
Charlie watched as she stepped into her panties and pulled them up her legs. "The film program at Jefferson. I applied. It's hard to get into, though."  
  
"You'll get in."  
  
"I hope so..."  
  
"You will! You're good at everything." She reached back to connect her bra.  
  
"I still have your clothes, you know. From last time. You left them."  
  
"Oh, yeah." She bent down to pick up her dress.  
  
"What should I do with them?"  
  
"Um... just bring them to me sometime. Whenever."  
  
"Yeah." Charlie frowned. "I was going to. But you know... I wasn't sure how to give them to you. Without, you know...people finding out."  
  
"Finding out?"  
  
"About our secret. This secret we have."  
  
"Oh. Right." Michelle looked down at the dress dangling in her fingers.  
  
"I thought... if I gave you a bag of your clothes... with panties and stuff in there... and someone saw... it'd be pretty obvious..."  
  
"Yeah..." She ducked her head into the dress, pulling it down over her body. Her voice came muffled from under the fabric. "Well... I guess you can do whatever with those clothes. Get rid of them or whatever."  
  
"What, like throw them away?"  
  
"Or whatever. Whatever you want to do with them."  
  
Charlie thought about the flimsy garments in their hiding place under his bed. Would it freak her out if she knew how many times he'd pulled out her bra and panties, just to rub them with his fingers and think about her? Probably. But he knew he wasn't going to throw them away.  
  
Michelle pulled and tugged at her tight dress, smoothing it into place. Now she was fully dressed. She gazed at Charlie expectantly, and he moved away from the door so he was no longer blocking it. She didn't move, still gazing at him in that expectant way. "Don't you like this dress?" she asked.  
  
The question surprised him. "Yeah. I like it," he said. "You look beautiful, Michelle. You always look beautiful."  
  
She smiled. "Thanks..." She stepped up to him and pressed a light kiss on his lips. Almost as if they were dancing, she pressed her hands against his shoulders and, swaying back and forth on her toes, turned him in a circle, moving him further away from the door. She kissed him one more time, then pulled the door open just enough to slip out. Before he had a chance to tell her goodbye, she was gone.  
  
Charlie turned back to the room in a daze. He walked up to the window and looked down at the auditorium. The seats were nearly empty now. It was an informal production, and the curtains remained open, with cast members joking and laughing with friends and family from the stage. A few members of the tech crew had already started moving the scenery and props off. Soon, someone would come up to haul away the lights that had been hung specifically for the show.  
  
Charlie looked at the sound board. That was his responsibility, the sound board and the microphones. He would need to haul them back to the AV room and check them in. He reached down and unplugged the board, then started to pull out the microphone cables.  
  
He noticed something sitting beside the sound board. "Oh, Michelle," he sighed, shaking his head. It was her vibrator, sitting right there in plain sight. Thank goodness none of the tech crew had come up yet. Thank goodness Mr. Anderson hadn't noticed it. Charlie quickly scooped up the device and put it in his bag.  
  
Later that night, it joined Michelle's panties and bra in the secret cache under his bed. Another memento of his secret girlfriend and a reminder of the Third Michelle. He sat on his bed and cradled the device in his hands, knowing that it had been inside her, knowing that it had a coating of her arousal still on its surface. Such an intimate reminder of their secret affair. Her vibrator! It was even more personal than her panties.  
  
He went to bed that night feeling like he'd had one of the best days of his life.  
  
The next morning, he came crashing back down.  
  
It was a Saturday, and he realized he had no desire whatsoever to drive to the school. Why bother? Michelle wouldn't be there. She'd let a few weeks pass between the First Michelle and the Second, and another few weeks between the Second and Third. If a Fourth Michelle happened, it would happen in a few weeks. Not the day after the Third Michelle.  
  
After all, she'd just satisfied her weird obsession. She'd gotten herself off. Probably her appetite would be satisfied for a while. That was the pattern, right? Once she had her fun, she didn't need Charlie anymore. She could go on with her life. Until the desires came back, and then she would seek out Charlie again. He was the only one who knew her secret, and the only one she could indulge herself with.  
  
Maybe she was like an alcoholic trying to quit. Maybe after each event, she told herself it was the last time, and she was done with it. After a few weeks, the need would come creeping back, and she would find herself seeking out Charlie for another fix.  
  
Was that all he was to her?  
  
Charlie stared at the ceiling of his room for most of Saturday morning. In the afternoon, he got in his car, but instead of driving to the school, he drove out of Pine Hills and along the highway for half an hour, finally stopping at a Gozerburger twenty miles out of town for lunch. He ate in a booth by himself, watching the cars pass by outside the window.  
  
"I can't keep doing this," he muttered to himself. He didn't doubt that Michelle was the definition of a dream girl, and any other boy in the school would trade places with him in an instant. He couldn't deny that he felt an absurd happiness when he was with her. But he'd only been with her three times in the last two months. The gaps were becoming too hard to take, the lows too deep and empty. He hated the uncertainty of never knowing if she was done with him, never understanding what drew her back.  
  
"I don't need a secret girlfriend," he thought. "I need a real one. An every day one." He hadn't felt like his life was lonely until he met Michelle. She made him realize how much he had isolated himself, hiding behind his cameras and his projects, never reaching out to anyone. He would graduate in three months and his memories of high school would all be of sitting in front of a computer, splicing together images of other people's experiences.  
  
She had come into his life and stirred something up inside him that he hadn't known was there. Now he had to admit to himself that he couldn't be satisfied with the way things stood between them. He wanted something more real.  
  
"Monday," he told himself. "Michelle has one day. One last chance. If it's like all the other Mondays, where she doesn't speak to me at all then that's it. I'm done with her."  
  
Monday came. He saw her in the hall, and she didn't say a word. And that was it.  
  
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Charlie sat at his usual lunch table in the cafeteria, with the usual gang. Andy and Greg, Michael and Dinesh, another boy that everyone called Frito. Charlie was only half-listening to their conversation, lost in his own thoughts.  
  
"What about you, Charlie?" Greg asked.  
  
Charlie blinked. "Sorry, what?"  
  
"Prom. You thinking about going to the prom?"  
  
"Sure he is!" Dinesh burst in. "He's going so he can film it!" The boys laughed.  
  
"Have you decided which camera you're going to take, Charlie?" Andy asked.  
  
Dinesh added, "Better hurry... before they're all asked already, and you get stuck with the Nikon!" Laughter.  
  
Charlie smiled tightly. When the laughter subsided, he said, "As a matter of fact, I am going to prom. I'm taking Ronni."  
  
The laughter evaporated immediately. Now five sets of eyes gazed at him in sudden interest. "Ronni?" Dinesh asked. "No kidding?"  
  
"You asked her?" Michael asked.  
  
"I asked her," Charlie confirmed. "She said yes."  
  
"Wow... you and Ronni..." Greg considered the news. "What, you like her? I didn't know you liked her..."  
  
"I don't know..." Charlie said. "I mean, I know her from the AV team. She's cool. We'll see what happens."  
  
"Yeah, she is cool," Dinesh agreed. "She's pretty, too. Nice job, Charlie."  
  
The boys all nodded, looking at Charlie with respect. The discussion turned to Andy, who still hadn't asked out his prom choice. "I'm pretty sure she'll say yes..." Andy said. "I'm just waiting for the right moment..."  
  
Charlie returned to his thoughts, only vaguely listening to the boys as they heaped unsolicited advice onto Andy. He stirred the pasta on his plate with his fork. How many bites had he taken? Two? Three? He didn't seem to have much of an appetite lately.  
  
Charlie realized the boys had all stopped talking. They all stared at him. Charlie straightened, confused. What had he missed?  
  
No, it wasn't him they were staring at. They were staring at Michelle. Michelle Santos was standing right next to him.  
  
Charlie looked up at her. She looked amazing, as always, in a pristine white dress, with her dark hair brushed straight and tucked behind her ears. Charlie blinked, surprised to find her standing so close to him. Was she actually going to talk to him?  
  
"Hey, Michelle," he said.

"Hi Charlie. I just heard..." Michelle paused to push her hair over her ear, even though it was already there. She started again. "Someone told me you asked Ronni Arthur to the prom. Is that true? Are you going to the prom with her?" Michelle's voice sounded unsteady.  
  
"Yeah," he said.  
  
She looked to the side, blinking at the ceiling. "Why? I don't understand. I mean...I thought after... after everything..." She pressed her hand against her eyes, and her fingers left a streak of wet mascara across her cheek. Abruptly, she turned and dashed away, her heels tapping furiously on the linoleum floor.  
  
The entire cafeteria had gone silent as everyone paused to watch. Charlie could feel the shocked eyes on him. "Wait!" he called. He scrambled to his feet.  
  
Michelle disappeared through the main door of the cafeteria, but by the time he reached the door and pushed it open, the hallway was empty. He took a couple steps and then stopped, noticing the door to the girl's bathroom next to him. Had she gone in there? Did he dare to go in after her? What if he went in and she wasn't in there?  
  
What was he going to say to her, anyway? What was he supposed to say? Charlie stood uncertainly for a minute. He took another step down the hall, then glanced at the bathroom door again.  
  
It was pointless. He wasn't going to catch her. Not this time. He would find her, he would talk to her, some other time. After he'd had some time to think.  
  
Charlie turned around and pulled open the door to the cafeteria, trying to wrap his mind around what had just happened. It didn't make any sense. Why had she been so upset? She barely talked to him. What had she expected?  
  
He stepped back into the cafeteria and stopped.  
  
Everyone was staring at him. The entire cafeteria.  
  
Charlie looked at all the faces. They watched him as if expecting some further development in this unexpected drama. He heard whispering, although he couldn't see who was whispering.  
  
Everyone knew Michelle. Everyone liked Michelle. Now everyone was no doubt asking who the hell this Charlie guy was who had brought Michelle to tears.  
  
Charlie glanced at his plate of pasta, sitting abandoned in the middle of that sea of eyes. Even the boys at his table gaped at him in wordless astonishment.  
  
Charlie didn't say anything. He just turned and walked out.

**Saturday Night School Ch. 04**

Charlie had always felt like he was invisible at Pine Hills High School. Or, perhaps it was more accurate to say that he felt more like a school employee than a student, invisible in the same way that Daryl the security guard was invisible to the high school kids. Or the custodians, or the guy who maintained the sports fields. Charlie had joined the AV department his first year in high school, and by junior year he was the student supervisor. He was always at the football games, always at the basketball games, always at every event, but he was always there working, and no one paid any attention to him.  
  
Now, suddenly, everyone could see him. The story of the cafeteria incident had travelled quickly around the school and now it seemed like everyone knew what had happened. Everyone knew Michelle had confronted him in the middle of the cafeteria. Everyone knew she had run away crying, and he'd chased after her. They were happy to fill in the rest of the details themselves.  
  
People he rarely talked to now came up to him as if he was an old friend. Jerrod Sanders threw his arm around Charlie in the hallway, leaned in like they were co-conspirators and whispered, "Charlie! What's this I hear about you got something going on with Michelle?" The skateboarders that inhabited the bench behind the auditorium chorused "Way to go, Charlie!" when he walked by.  
  
Myra Tenney and a group of junior girls surrounded him at his locker, with expectant smiles and twinkling eyes, to tell him that they would deliver a message to Michelle if he wanted. Also to share with him an assortment of other rumors they had heard, as if he was part of their gossip ring. His response, "This is between me and Michelle," only caused the girls to giggle and exchange meaningful looks.  
  
He didn't want to talk to anyone but Michelle, but she was now impossible to find. He wandered the hallways, searching for a glimpse of her, even staking out her locker, but she never seemed to be around. He thought maybe she had called in sick, but then he glimpsed her at the end of the day, far off at the other end of the hall, walking with a group of her friends. He rushed down the hall trying to catch her, but by the time he reached where he'd seen her, she was gone.  
  
Charlie had to face Ronni in the AV room. She approached him, looking pensive. "Charlie, did you already ask Michelle Santos to prom?" she asked in a low voice.  
  
"No!" he said. "Look... I know there's some rumors going around..."  
  
"I overheard some boys talking about it." Ronni chewed her bottom lip. "They said you had to choose between Michelle and me and you chose me. Which is good, I guess, but some of the things they were saying about me weren't very nice... like why would you choose someone like me over someone like her. They said you were crazy to pick me..."  
  
Charlie shook his head. "I'm sorry... I hope you just ignored them..."  
  
"I'm good at ignoring negativity, most of the time. But geez, Charlie... when you asked me to the prom, I didn't expect all this drama... I thought we were just two friends going together..."  
  
"I know." Charlie rubbed his forehead, trying to push away the throbbing in his temple. "Here's what happened. I met Michelle on a weekend when we were both at the school, when the school was pretty empty. She was doing spirit squad stuff, I was editing in the bay. We went out a few times. Three times. Honestly, I didn't think she liked me that much. She hardly ever talked to me when we were at school, kinda like she didn't want anyone to know she had gone out with me. So we stopped dating and I thought that was the end of it. But then she got upset that I asked you to the prom instead of her, and she let me know in the cafeteria in front of everyone."  
  
"So... would you rather go with her?" Ronni gazed at him.  
  
Charlie remembered his moment of epiphany the day after Third Michelle. Whatever was going on in Michelle's head, he didn't need to be the one to make sense of it. "I want to go with you. That's why I asked you. I didn't ask her."  
  
"Okay." Ronni nodded. "Have you talked to Michelle?"  
  
"Not yet."  
  
"You should."  
  
"I will." Charlie looked towards the glass window, the window where he had seen Michelle walking naked that first Saturday.  
  
"Girls can be like that, you know," Ronni said. "My brother's ex acted like she didn't care at all about him, until he found a new girlfriend. Then suddenly she acted super jealous. Sometimes girls take it for granted you'll be there, until you aren't, then they get possessive."  
  
Charlie shrugged. "I don't know."  
  
Ronni grinned. "Or maybe she's just crazy."  
  
Charlie chuckled. "Yeah. That could be it."  
  
They laughed.  
  
That night, Charlie sat in his room, gazing at Michelle's clothing which he had carefully arranged on his bed, and he thought maybe he was the crazy one. All he could think about was how he had never seen her wear this outfit. She had discarded the clothing in the back of his car before coming to see him, the day of the Second Michelle. He had never seen her wearing it, and now he never would.  
  
Why did he tell himself in the daylight that he was going to try for a normal relationship with Ronni, when he still had reminders of Michelle hidden all around his room? If he was serious about moving on from Michelle, he should take all of it, throw it in a paper bag and toss it in a dumpster somewhere. Everything. Even his tribute video to her, which he had put hours into. Everything.  
  
He couldn't do it.  
  
Maybe after he talked to her. Yes, that was the answer. He would wait to talk to her, get some closure. Then he'd make a clean break, throw it all away.  
  
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The next day, he didn't bother trying to hunt down Michelle. Instead, he found Vanessa Watson.  
  
Vanessa was the head cheerleader, and Michelle's best friend. Everyone called her Vampire Vanessa, a nickname she didn't seem to mind. She had perfect teeth, except for her canines, which were slightly crooked, protruding down more than normal. They did look a little like fangs when she smiled, and combined with her raven black hair and light complexion, the nickname fit her well.  
  
Charlie found her at her locker. Alone, thankfully, so he didn't need to ask to speak to her in private. He wanted to deal with as few of Michelle's friends as possible.  
  
"Hi, Vanessa," he said.  
  
"Hi, Charlie." She pulled books out of her locker without looking at him. She didn't seem overly surprised that he was there.  
  
"I need to talk to Michelle. Do you think you could ask her if she'll meet me?"  
  
"I don't know, Charlie... what do you want to talk to her about?" When he struggled to formulate a response, she chuckled. "Can't answer, huh? That's all right. She won't tell me anything either."  
  
"I just need to talk to her."  
  
Vanessa closed her locker door and turned to face him. "You know, Charlie, a week ago I would have said Michelle was my best friend and that we had no secrets from each other. I thought she pretty much told me everything. I believed it right up to the point she stood up in the cafeteria and walked over to you. Now, I'm really not sure if I know her at all."  
  
He kept his face impassive. "Will you ask her?"  
  
Vanessa scowled for a moment. Then she rolled her eyes. "Fine. Tell you what. Give me your number. I'll talk to Michelle. If she wants to talk to you, I'll text you and tell you where to be. Maybe she'll show up, maybe she won't. If she doesn't want to talk to you, I'm just going to text 'sorry', and that'll be it. Okay?"  
  
"Okay. Thanks."  
  
"I don't know what happened between you and her. She hasn't told me anything, so far. But I'll tell you what, Charlie. You're an idiot to turn down Michelle. She's the nicest person I know. I could easily recite a list of boys who want to take her to prom, a long list. Why she wanted to go with you, I have no idea. Just like I have no idea why you wouldn't want to take her. This whole thing makes absolutely no sense to me."  
  
Charlie hadn't intended to tell Vanessa anything, but now he felt like he needed to defend himself. "I found out Michelle wanted to go to prom with me the same time everyone else did. In the cafeteria. That was the first time she ever mentioned the prom to me."  
  
"Bullshit," Vanessa retorted. "You and Michelle have something going. She didn't just spontaneously decide you would ask her. She had a reason to think you would."  
  
"We had something going," Charlie said. "But not anymore." He opened his Calculus textbook to the first page and quickly jotted his phone number in the corner. He tore off the corner and gave it to Vanessa.  
  
"No promises," she said.  
  
"I know."  
  
Half an hour later, his phone buzzed. He checked and saw a text message: "Football stands, top row, after school."  
  
He texted back: "Tell her I'll be there."  
  
"Thanks, Vanessa," he murmured. "Owe you one."  
  
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He ascended the football stands right after his last class. He looked across the long rows, but he was the only one there. That time of year, the track team used the football field and surrounding track, and Charlie could see a handful of runners already doing warm-up laps. Most of the track team wouldn't show up until later; practice didn't start until an hour after last bell. Charlie made his way to the last row and sat down. He watched the joggers circle the track. They took no notice of him, sitting up there all alone.  
  
Maybe she wouldn't show up.  
  
It was an overcast day. They predicted rain later, and Charlie could already feel a cold breeze stirring the air. He wished he had brought his jacket. He wondered how long he would wait for her.  
  
Then he saw her. She appeared at the edge of the field and glanced up at the stands, quickly locating him. He was the only one up there. She walked to the stairs and started to make her way up to him. She was beautiful, as always, wearing a grey knit dress and black coat, with black leggings. She looked down at the stairs as she ascended them, only looking his way when she reached his row.  
  
"Hi, Michelle." His voice sounded muted, as if the still air swallowed the sound.  
  
"Charlie." She sounded tired. She sat down near him, leaving a gap between them.  
  
They sat in silence, gazing at the empty field. Finally, she spoke. "Glenn Mack asked me to the prom. I said yes."  
  
"When?"  
  
"When did he ask me? Or when did I say yes? He asked me before I heard you were going with Ronni. I said yes yesterday."  
  
Glenn Mack was a football player. Tall, handsome, athletic. The type of guy someone like Michelle would be expected to go to prom with. The type of guy Charlie thought she would go with in the first place.  
  
"Did you really think we would go to prom together?" he asked.  
  
"I don't know. I thought you would ask, at least. I mean, I didn't know if you would want to go at all. But I thought, if you did want to go, you'd want to ask me..." She looked down. "It doesn't matter."  
  
"I never thought you'd want to go with me."  
  
"You didn't ask. Why'd you think I wouldn't want to go with you?"  
  
"Because I thought you'd want to go with someone like Glenn Mack." Charlie rubbed his forehead. "We spend our time in different circles. We don't hang out with the same people. You don't talk to me, you don't even say hi to me. You pass right by me in the hall like I'm not there."  
  
"You do the same to me," she said quietly. "You don't talk to me. You walk by me and don't look at me. You told me we were a secret."  
  
"Aren't we a secret? I thought you didn't want anyone to know..."  
  
"I never said we were a secret. You said it."  
  
Charlie looked at her. "Really? We're not a secret? You think we should tell everyone what we do in the school on the weekends?"  
  
"No. No! Of course not." She frowned. "It's none of anyone's business. But just because we don't tell anyone what we do, that doesn't mean that I thought you and I were a secret."  
  
"Well, what does it mean then?"  
  
Michelle didn't answer for a moment. Then she said, "Daryl knows about us. He thinks I'm your girlfriend. Remember? You introduced me as your girlfriend."  
  
The corner of Charlie's mouth twitched. "You don't really think of yourself as my girlfriend, do you?"  
  
Michelle looked at her black boots, propped up on the seat in front of her. "No..." she whispered.  
  
"After that first Saturday... I tried to talk to you in the hall. I thought you'd be glad to see me, or something. I saw you and I said hi, and you walked right by. I tried again later and the same thing. Walked right by. Like you didn't want anything to do with me."  
  
"I was shy."  
  
"You were shy?" He stared at her. "Two weeks later, you came up to me completely naked and sat right in my lap. You didn't seem shy then."  
  
Michelle twisted a strand of her hair around her finger. "I didn't know what to say to you. You caught me walking around the school naked! And instead of running away from you and getting dressed, I stayed naked and I just kept going. I even went outside with you... and we walked to the locker room... then we had sex..." She bit her lip. "I didn't really know you. I hoped you wouldn't tell anyone... but I didn't know you enough to trust you yet. I didn't know what there was between us...or if there was anything! Or if it was just something that had happened that went out of control, and would never happen again. I guess I wanted you to tell me what it meant. Because I didn't know. I didn't know what it meant." She took a breath. "I guess I thought you would chase after me. When guys like me, they chase after me. They'll ask me out and even if I say no, they'll ask again, and again..."  
  
"I guess I don't know the rules," Charlie said. "I didn't know I was supposed to chase after you. I didn't think I had to. I thought that Saturday had already made us close. We had sex. That meant something to me."  
  
"What, and you think it didn't mean anything to me?"  
  
"Did it?"  
  
"How can you even ask that!" Michelle glared at him.  
  
"You acted like it never even happened." Charlie hunched over.  
  
"No, YOU acted like it never even happened." Her voice was starting to rise. "You know what I did? I came back to you, and I gave myself to you. I came to your AV room and I sat in your lap like I belonged to you. You wanted to take me to the locker room so you could have sex with me, and I went. Then you wanted to have sex with me again on your car, and I did that, too."  
  
"Michelle... keep your voice down..."  
  
"And then you acted like that never happened! So I came to you again, and I gave myself to you again. Completely, absolutely. I was naked, on my knees, with your dick in my mouth, trying to make you happy while you were working on that stupid play!"  
  
"I never asked you to..."  
  
"I guess Ronni says hi to you when you pass her in the hall. Is that what it is? Is that the difference between me and her? I've let you fuck me, what, four times? But she says hi to you in the hall. So that's why you'd rather be with her. Of course! It all makes sense now."  
  
"No! That's not why."  
  
"You know what? I don't even want to know why." Michelle set her boots back down onto the metal flooring, causing a rattle to vibrate through the stands. "You take Ronni to the prom. I hope you have a good time. I hope you treat her better than you treated me."  
  
"Michelle..." he started, but she was already on her feet and walking away. He thought about chasing her, but the truth was, he didn't really know what else to say. He watched her walk down the stairs, watched her until she was gone.  
  
"Bye, Michelle..." he whispered.  
  
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"You ever eat anymore, Charlie?" Greg asked him.  
  
Charlie took a moment to register that Greg was talking to him. He looked down at the fork he'd been using to scratch at his mac and cheese. He stabbed one of the noodles and brought it to his mouth.  
  
"Glenn Mack and Cody Scolari," Greg said. "Is that who you're looking at?" The two football players sat together on a table in the corner of the cafeteria, laughing about something.  
  
"Yeah."  
  
"Those two guys should go to prom together," Greg said. "You never see one without the other."  
  
Charlie stabbed another piece of macaroni. "No. Cody is going to prom with Vampire Vanessa. And Glenn is going with..."  
  
"With your Michelle. Yeah, I know. I was just joking."  
  
"Vanessa and Michelle are best friends. Cody and Glenn are best friends. It's a perfect fit. Two cheerleaders, two football players. The popular kids. Isn't that how it is in all the movies?"  
  
"You regretting you didn't ask Michelle?" Greg asked.  
  
Charlie shook his head. "No. Why would I? I'm going with Ronni."  
  
"Right."  
  
Charlie pushed his food around with his fork, staring at his plate silently. "I just regret how I handled it," he said finally. "I could have handled it better."  
  
"Yeah?" Greg asked, too casually. No doubt hoping Charlie would finally tell the story of what had transpired between him and Michelle.  
  
"Yeah. I should have talked to her more. I just assumed... I just made too many assumptions. I should have just talked to her." Charlie shook his head. "I guess it doesn't matter. It's all the same in the end."  
  
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Charlie lay in bed, staring at the ceiling. It was early evening Wednesday, and he was wondering if he should go in to the school on Saturday. Michelle wouldn't be there, of course. Or maybe she would be, but she wouldn't talk to him. Probably, she wouldn't ever talk to him again.  
  
Under his bed, he still had his treasure trove of Michelle's things. He should get rid of them. Bundle them in a paper bag and toss them into a dumpster somewhere. Or, even return them to Michelle. It would be awkward, but maybe she deserved to have her things back. Did she wonder where she'd misplaced her vibrator?  
  
He felt very tired all of a sudden. Tired of everything. He closed his eyes, surrendering to his weariness.  
  
In the dream that came, he sat by himself on a school bus. The bus was full, and he could hear the chatter of teenagers around him. The bus wasn't moving, but he knew it would move soon. Outside, he could see the bus waited in front of the high school.  
  
Someone came up the steps onto the bus. It was Michelle. She wore a frilly pink dress that seemed too fancy for the school bus. Michelle stopped, standing at the front of the bus next to the bus driver. She looked up the aisle uncertainly, as if not sure where to sit.  
  
The bus driver was a middle-aged woman with short hair. "Clothes off, honey," the woman barked. "Whores don't get to wear clothes on the bus."  
  
"She's not a whore," Charlie whispered, but Michelle immediately complied with the bus driver's command, reaching around to unzip her dress. She pushed it down her body until it fell at her feet. Underneath, she wore a black bra and panties, and she stripped these off as well, her eyes downcast. Now naked and shivering, she gathered up her clothing and pushed them into a black box which sat behind the bus driver.  
  
Michelle lifted her eyes, gazing into the interior of the bus. She looked even more anxious now, her eyes darting from seat to seat, looking for an empty space, and the raucous crowd showered her with catcalls and laughter. Charlie waited for her to see the empty seat next to him. He knew that was where she would sit.  
  
She began to make her way slowly down the aisle, and as she did, those she passed reached for her greedily, fondling her body as if she was public property. A hand reached out to squeeze her breast. Another hand slid over her backside. Michelle took a step forward, and a blonde girl reached between her legs to dig a finger into her. Michelle grimaced, but endured these violations without acknowledging them. She continued down the aisle.  
  
The boy in front of Charlie twisted around, and Charlie recognized Cody Scolari's freckled face grinning at him. "What a whore!" Cody smirked. "You see her?"  
  
"She's not a whore," Charlie said louder, but Cody didn't seem to hear.

"You can tell she likes this," Cody said. Michelle passed his seat, and Cody lunged for her, catching hold of her nipple and pinching it tightly between his thumb and index finger. Michelle flinched and stopped. She leaned forward, trying to pull out of Cody's grip. Charlie could see her breast stretch into a conical shape as Cody kept a tight hold of her nipple. Finally, the nipple slipped free and Michelle's breast snapped back to its normal shape. Michelle resumed her torturous walk.  
  
Charlie looked at the empty seat next to him, then watched Michelle pass by without even looking at it. Charlie kept his eyes on her, watching helplessly as she approached an empty seat next to an unknown boy with long black hair and a goatee. She sat, and the boy immediately reached for her, pulling one of her legs into his lap, groping between her thighs...  
  
His cellphone rang, startling him awake. Charlie sat up, momentarily disoriented. Such a vivid dream... he could still picture the distraught look on Michelle's face...  
  
He glanced at the screen of his phone, seeing a number he didn't recognize.  
  
Michelle!  
  
He seized the phone, his heart pounding. He pressed it to his ear. "Hello? This is Charlie."  
  
"Hey! Charlie Tucker?" A man's voice. Not Michelle.  
  
"Yes, this is Charlie..."  
  
"Hey, how're you doing. This is Brent Greene. I'm a professor in the film department of Jefferson University."  
  
"Oh, right! How are you, sir?"  
  
"Good, good. I wanted to let you know that we're reviewed your application for our Apex film program, and we've selected you as one of our final candidates. We'd like you to come in for an interview, and to show us some of your work. Can we schedule a time?  
  
"Sure! When?"  
  
"We have some openings this Saturday, or you can come in the following Saturday."  
  
"I'm free this Saturday. What time?"  
  
"Let's see. We have 2 PM, 3 PM, 3:30..."  
  
"How about 2?  
  
"Okay, I'll write you in for 2 PM. You're in Pine Hills, right?"  
  
"Right."  
  
"What's that, about a half hour drive?"  
  
"Yes," Charlie said. "Or I can take the train."  
  
"Sure. There's a train stop just a few blocks from the university. You'll be able to show us some of your work?"  
  
"Yes. I'll bring a few things."  
  
"Great. 2 PM, this Saturday, at the film department. We'll see you then."  
  
"Okay!"  
  
"Looking forward to seeing what you got. Bye, Charlie." The call ended.  
  
Charlie gripped the phone in his hand and stretched his arms towards the ceiling. "HELL YEAH!!" he yelled.  
  
His next thought was that he wished he could tell Michelle.  
  
The Jefferson University Apex film program received a large number of applicants each year for only ten slots. Anyone who was accepted to Jefferson University could decide to major in film, but the Apex program was specifically designed for students who intended to pursue careers in the film industry. It was an intensive program that offered access to cutting edge production and editing facilities, and a lot of the alumni from the program had gone on to work for major studios.  
  
Ten slots. Charlie wasn't sure how many applicants had been selected as "final candidates", but he suspected at least twenty. He knew he shouldn't celebrate yet. He really needed to nail the interview. Suddenly, his editing reel seemed pretty flimsy. A few student films from his Video I and Video II classes, plus a lot of edits of sports and live events. He hoped it was enough.  
  
Charlie gazed at his phone. Michelle was probably still mad at him and he didn't have her phone number anyways. But he had Vanessa's, from when she'd texted him, and maybe Vanessa would give him Michelle's number. Suddenly, all the drama from the past week seemed unimportant. He just wanted to speak to Michelle, to share his good news with her.  
  
He found Vanessa's text on his phone and selected the "Call Back" option. He put the phone to his ear and listened to it ring.  
  
Click. "Hi, this is Michelle. Leave a message please." Then a beep.  
  
Charlie was too confused to speak for a moment. Michelle's voice. Michelle's phone. So it wasn't Vanessa that had sent that text to meet at the football stands. It was Michelle.  
  
He found his voice. "Hey, Michelle. This is Charlie." He took a breath. "Hey, I heard back from Jefferson University. The Apex film program. They told me I'm one of the final candidates. They want me to go to the university this Saturday, for an interview." He hesitated then the words rushed out. "I thought I'd take the train. My interviews at 2, and if I catch the 12:30 train to Linterna, I'll be there in plenty of time. There's a train station right near the university. Michelle... do you want to go with me? To Linterna? You could go shopping while I do my interview... there's all those shops on Campus Road... and then after, we could eat at one of the restaurants maybe? You could meet me at the train station, and we could go to Linterna together..." He faltered, leaving a moment of silence. "I'd just really like it if you would come with me, Michelle... this could be a big thing for me and... and I feel like I'm going to mess it up..." Again he faltered. It felt like he had so much he wanted to say to her, but he didn't know where to start. The silence stretched endlessly, and finally, embarrassed, he disconnected the call.  
  
For an hour, he couldn't do anything but pace his room with an eye on his phone. He hit himself on the head, called himself stupid, wished again and again that he could delete that message from her mailbox. The last time Michelle had talked to him, she'd stormed off in anger. They hadn't said a word to each other since then. And now he'd just called her out of the blue and asked her to go with him to his interview? In a city thirty miles away? What the hell was he thinking?  
  
His phone didn't ring. Of course it didn't. She probably deleted the message right after she heard it.  
  
He barely slept that night. When he woke up in the morning, the first thing he did was check his phone. No response. No text message. Not even a 'go to hell'.  
  
Thursday. Friday. Nothing.  
  
He told himself he shouldn't have expected any different. Why would Michelle respond to his ridiculous message? Michelle thought he was an asshole, and honestly, she was right.  
  
At least it had given him something other than the interview to worry about.  
  
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On Saturday, Charlie bought his train ticket and walked onto the platform. He counted ten, maybe fifteen people waiting. Michelle wasn't one of them. A few of the benches had empty seats, but Charlie chose to stand.  
  
So he would go to his interview alone. He would go, do the interview, then maybe get some fast food and eat it while waiting for the train back. A waste of time to worry about the interview now; it was going to go how it would go. It wasn't like he could edit something new on the train ride there. He had a portable drive in his backpack with all his work on it. Hopefully something he had done would impress them.  
  
Suddenly, he smelled her. That familiar scent of her perfume. He whirled around, and Michelle was standing right behind him. She wore an army green jacket over a yellow fifties dress. Charlie was so surprised that for a moment he could only gape at her with his mouth open.  
  
She stepped forward to stand next to him. "I told you that you would get into the film program at Jefferson."  
  
"Ah..." He blinked at her, still barely able to believe she was there. "... I'm not in yet... I still have this interview..."  
  
"I know. But you'll get in. You'll see."  
  
He gazed at her profile. "Thanks for coming with me," he said quietly.  
  
"Sure."  
  
After a moment, he said, "You look amazing."  
  
She smiled slightly. "Thanks."  
  
The train arrived promptly at 12:30, and Charlie and Michelle boarded. It was half full, and they had no problem finding a seat together. Michelle took the window seat and Charlie took the aisle. The train started to move.  
  
At first, they talked about trains, and then they talked about Linterna. Michelle had been to Jefferson University earlier in the year, to visit a Pine Hills graduate from a previous year. He asked her if she'd applied there, and she said she had not.  
  
"I'm not going to college next year," she said. "If I go to college, it'll have to be a state school, and I'd have to move there. I'm not ready to move out of Pine Hills."  
  
"So what will you do next year?"  
  
"Work. My sister works at Macy's... she says they'll hire me. I'll just work and live at home. I need to think more about what I want to do with my life before I go to college."  
  
Charlie looked out the window as the train passed a herd of black horses in an enclosure. "I'll probably live at home, too. I'll probably take this train every day to Jefferson and back. I'll get used to this ride." He added, "If I get in, I mean."  
  
"Right." She smiled.  
  
They passed through the small towns that lay between Pine Hills and Linterna, each of them with their own stop. A few people got off, but more got on, and the train gradually filled up, until every seat was taken and a few people stood in the aisles.  
  
Finally, the tinny recorded voice on the speaker announced, "Next stop, Campus Road, Jefferson University. Repeat, next stop, Campus Road, Jefferson University."  
  
Charlie and Michelle waited until the train slowed to a stop, then made their way down the aisle to the doors. They stepped out onto the platform. Across the street from the train station, Charlie could see the small shopping area called The Village, a maze of cafes, boutique clothing stores and bohemian craft shops that lay just across from the Jefferson campus. Charlie checked his phone for the time. It said 1:40.  
  
"Jefferson is a few blocks that way, on the other side of the stores," he told Michelle. "I need to get over there and find the film department. Do you want to hang out here, and we'll meet afterwards?"  
  
"Okay. Where do you want to meet?"  
  
"I'll text you when it's done. Shouldn't be longer than half an hour. Just let me know where you are, and I'll find you."  
  
"Okay."  
  
They walked across the street. At the corner, Michelle wished him good luck and told him not to be nervous. She turned left into The Village while Charlie continued walking straight. He turned his head and watched her as she walked away.  
  
He picked up a map of the campus at the security station, which wasn't entirely necessary, since the night before he'd found the film department on the same map on the school's website. But he was glad to have the map in hand, just in case. He walked through the campus at a brisk pace. Even though he was on schedule to get there ten minutes early, he still worried that an unforeseen event would delay him.  
  
He found the film department building. The door to the building was propped ajar, and inside he found an empty waiting area. An ink board was set up on an easel, and he read his name written in large letters: CHARLIE TUCKER, 2 PM. Below his name, he read other names, for interview appointments after his. He didn't see where else to go, so he sat and waited.  
  
At around 1:59 PM, a thin boy with dirty blonde hair in a ponytail and horn-rimmed glasses came out into the waiting area. He was followed by a pretty woman with long dark hair. The woman smiled at Charlie. "Charlie Tucker?" she asked.  
  
"Yes."  
  
She offered her hand, and he shook it. "Harriet Behzadi," she introduced herself. "Associate professor of Film. Will you follow me? Do you have your stuff?"  
  
Charlie followed her into a room with a computer hooked up to a large monitor. A man with short hair and glasses waited there. He introduced himself as Brent Greene. Charlie took the seat they offered him, and Harriet also sat.  
  
They spent the first ten minutes asking Charlie the usual questions. What career goals did he have? Why was he interested in the Apex program? Who did he consider to be his influences? Charlie answered each question carefully, but he couldn't tell how he was doing. Brent smiled and nodded encouragingly at everything he said, almost like it was a habit. Harriet, on the other hand, looked very serious, her face an impenetrable mask.  
  
"Let's see what you've got," Brent said. Charlie attached his portable drive to the computer. He went to the drive and launched his editing reel.  
  
They watched for a minute. "You like sports?" Brent asked as the monitor played a portion of a basketball game, which Charlie had edited together from the footage of four cameras.  
  
"I like the way it edits together," Charlie said. "I'm not really a fan of any particular team."  
  
They watched some other events he'd edited together: an awards assembly; a pep rally; a football game. Afterwards, Charlie showed them a short film from his Video II class called "The Chase", which involved a police officer chasing a fugitive through a park. (Charlie played the police officer and Greg played the fugitive.)  
  
"I can see you have a good technical understanding of film, Charlie," Harriet said. "Everything you've shown us demonstrates you know how to use a camera and you know how to edit. But I'm wondering if you have anything that shows more of your artistic side?"  
  
"Artistic side?"  
  
"Yes. This film of yours, it's not so different from your sports edits, right? It's basically a well-shot and well-edited action sequence. I wonder if you have something that shows more of your range... something with more depth."  
  
Charlie went to the main directory of his drive. Something with more depth? He had basketball games, football games, track meets, assemblies. He had his work from his Video classes, but most of those weren't much more than class exercises. "The Chase" was the best one, and he had to concede her point, it was more technical than artistic.  
  
He noticed a file on the drive. "Uh...I do have this project I've been working on... for my... ah... girlfriend. A gift for her, a graduation gift. It's kind of the story of her high school experience."  
  
"Okay, let's see it," Harriet said.  
  
Charlie prayed he wasn't making a huge mistake. He moved the mouse to the file "MICHPROJ" and launched it.  
  
On the monitor, Michelle's face appeared.  
  
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When the video ended, Harriet was smiling. "Oh, that was beautiful," she said. "Your girlfriend is really going to love it."  
  
"Nice work," Brent said. "Great transitions, great use of music. Some interesting choices, but they all worked."  
  
"It has a lot of emotional resonance," Harriet said. "I can tell you really put your heart into it."  
  
"Thank you," Charlie said.  
  
Brent looked at the clock. "We've gone a bit over. We're going to have to cut it off here. Thanks for coming in, Charlie. We'll be letting everyone know what we've decided in a couple weeks."  
  
"Thank you," Charlie said again. He stood and disconnected his drive, stowing it back in his bag. When he was ready, Harriet walked with him back to the waiting room.  
  
To his surprise, Michelle sat in a chair waiting for him. A short-haired girl with purple hair also waited, presumably the next interview. "Oh!" Harriet's face lit up. "You didn't tell me she came with you!"  
  
"Yes," Charlie said. "This is Michelle."  
  
"Glad to meet you, Michelle." Harriet beamed. She shook Charlie's hand one last time. "See you later, Charlie." As Michelle stood, Harriet spoke to the purple-haired girl, inviting her into the room that Charlie had just left.  
  
"What was that about?" Michelle asked as they left the building.  
  
"You didn't go shopping?"  
  
"I did... for a little bit... but then I decided I'd rather wait for you. Did that woman recognize me? It seemed like she did..."  
  
"Um..." Charlie considered what to say, then decided to just tell the truth. "I showed them a little project I've been working on. They asked to see something more artistic... Um... anyways, It's kind of meant to be a gift for you, and they watched it."  
  
"Really?" Michelle was delighted. "A gift for me? You made me a video?"  
  
"Yeah..."  
  
"Oh, I want to see it! Can I watch it?"  
  
Charlie looked away, embarrassed. "No! I mean, not yet. It's not really done."  
  
"Okay!" Michelle leaned in close to him, looping her arm around his. "I can wait. But I really want to see it." She pressed against his side, and the subtle scent of her perfume made him feel like he was walking through a garden of blooming flowers. They made their way back towards The Village, to find someplace to have a late lunch.  
  
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By the time they stood again on the platform, waiting for the train back to Pine Hills, the sun cast an orange glow on the faces of the waiting passengers, and Charlie knew it would be dark when they finally reached their destination.  
  
"Thanks again for lunch," Michelle murmured from beside him. "And for my pin." She'd attached the silver butterfly pin to the lapel of her jacket as soon as he'd bought it for her. It was something that had caught her eye while they browsed through a few of the shops after leaving the restaurant.  
  
"You came all this way with me," Charlie said. "The least I could do is buy you lunch."  
  
The train pulled up to the platform and the doors opened. Charlie could see through the windows that this train would be more crowded than the train earlier in the afternoon. As they stepped into the train car, Charlie looked for a spot where they could sit together, but didn't see anything. Michelle ended up next to an old man wearing thick glasses, and Charlie sat next to a large sleeping woman in an overcoat, but at least they sat across the aisle from each other.  
  
At first, some of the passengers had to stand, and one man stood in the aisle directly between them. A seat opened up, and the man sat, so that Charlie could see Michelle again. He smiled at her, but it was still difficult to have a conversation across the aisle, when people kept walking between them. Night fell, and soon the windows of the train only showed darkness outside.  
  
The old man sitting next to Michelle stood to leave, and she stood up as well to let him out. Charlie thought they would finally be able to sit together, but Michelle didn't return to her seat; instead, she took hold of the strap that hung just over Charlie's seat and stood right next to him. Charlie looked up at her, confused. He considered offering his seat to her, but why would she take it when she had a perfectly good empty seat behind her?  
  
The train started to move, and she swayed with the motion, her leg bumping against his hand. He gazed thoughtfully at the hem of her dress, which stopped just above her knees. Was it coincidence that she was positioned so that the bare skin of her leg kept touching his hand? He looked up at her, but she kept her eyes towards the front of the train. Again, her leg bumped his hand.  
  
Charlie could hear the low snore of the woman next to him, deep in slumber, paying no attention. He adjusted his arm, letting it fall loose by his side, so that the back of his fingers pressed just above Michelle's right knee. She didn't step away or even look down. She kept her eyes towards the front of the train, as if she didn't even notice his touch.  
  
Charlie felt his pulse accelerating. He began to move his finger against Michelle's leg, stroking the smooth skin above her knee. He remembered her standing naked in front of him, that first Saturday, and how she had rubbed her hand again and again over this same spot on her leg, as if feeling for pants that weren't there. Such beautiful long legs, so smooth, so velvety soft.  
  
Slowly, his hand rose, a little bit higher with each stroke, creeping up her leg, moving further under her dress. He peeked up at her, but she still pretended as if nothing was happening. She carefully avoided looking down at him, even as his hand touched her upper thigh.  
  
His fingers found the edge of her panties crossing over her hip. He traced his index finger along this line, back and forth, back and forth, each time going a little bit further, moving closer and closer to her inner thigh.

Michelle shifted slightly, widening her stance. She still had her eyes pointed towards the front of the train.  
  
Charlie could feel the warmth radiating from between her legs. His fingers skated over the middle of her silky panties, crossing from one leg to the other, then back again. He brought three fingers between her legs, lightly stroking her across the bottom of her panties. The fabric felt perfectly smooth at first, but as he explored closer, he thought he could feel the outline of her labia underneath the silk. He peeked up at her again, and aside from nibbling on her bottom lip, she looked completely nonchalant. No one would have known by looking at her that he had a hand up her dress tracing the line of her pussy through her panties.  
  
The train slowed for the next stop, and Charlie quickly withdrew his hand. A few passengers rose from their seats to leave. Charlie took the opportunity to stretch up and check the remaining passengers. Only a handful remained in their car: the sleeping woman next to Charlie; a short-haired woman in a leather jacket who was wearing giant headphones; an old black man whose eyes sagged halfway down, as if he was on the verge of passing out; two Indian women towards the back wearing nurse trainee uniforms.  
  
The train started moving again. Charlie gazed at Michelle's yellow dress. He wondered if she wore a pair of matching yellow panties. So far he had felt the silky fabric of her panties, but he hadn't actually seen them. He glanced up at her and found that she was looking directly down at him. She had the hint of a smile on her lips and her eyes were twinkling. It was a mischievous look, a playful look. A look that asked, "What will you do now?"  
  
Charlie returned his gaze to her dress. If he wanted to know the color of her panties, then why not simply look? He caught the hem of the dress and wound it around his finger, hiking the dress up, exposing her long legs inch by inch. Finally, he had it high enough that he could see where her legs converged, her panties a triangle of chaste white.  
  
He held the dress at her belly with one hand while his other hand stroked the surface of those panties, following the curve down between her legs, tracing the crevice of her pussy. He pushed against the middle of the cloth experimentally, feeling it give underneath, and he knew that if he tore a tiny hole in her panties right there, he could probably sink his finger into her up to the second knuckle.  
  
Charlie could see a nervous flush on Michelle's face as he stroked her. He could tell it made her anxious to be so exposed, but he also knew she wasn't going to ask him to stop. He removed his hand from between her legs and beckoned her to lean down. When Michelle complied, lowering her face to his, Charlie stretched up and kissed her lips. While they kissed, he slid his hand down the front of her panties and cupped her pussy. She let out a moan, continuing to kiss him while his fingers pushed inside her. She was very wet, and his fingers slid in easily.  
  
The recorded voice over the speakers announced the next stop. Charlie pulled away from kissing Michelle, but continued to finger her inside her panties. As the train started to slow, Charlie could see out of the corner of his eye that the two Indian women in the back gathered their belongings. He pulled his hand out of Michelle's panties, but then on a whim caught the sides of the panties and tugged them down her hips. Michelle obediently brought her legs closer together so he could slide her panties all the way down to her ankle boots, then she daintily stepped out of them, nudging them to the side with her toe. Charlie glanced at the discarded garment on the floor of the train but didn't make a move to pick it up.  
  
The train stopped and the two Indian women walked behind Michelle on their way to the door. Charlie couldn't tell if they noticed the pair of panties in the middle of the aisle. If they did, they didn't say anything.  
  
The Indian women stepped off the train and no one boarded. After a minute, the train started moving again. Charlie reached down for his bag and brought it up to his lap. He unzipped the main compartment and rummaged around inside for a few seconds before finding what he was looking for. He carefully extracted a cylindrical device: Michelle's vibrator. When he showed it to her, her mouth was in the shape of an 'O'.  
  
"Did you ever wonder where this went?"  
  
"Um... kind of..." She looked very flustered.  
  
He hiked up her dress again, exposing her bare pussy. "I have some of your clothes, too," he told her as he pushed the vibrator into her. "Don't forget to get them from me when we get to Pine Hills."  
  
"Ah!..."  
  
"Does that feel good? When I move it in and out like this?"  
  
"Ah... ahh..."  
  
"I'm not sure how to turn it on, though. Will you turn it on for me?"  
  
Michelle looked very agitated now, and her hand trembled as she reached down and fumbled with the vibrator. It started to buzz. She clutched the strap above her head as Charlie began to move the vibrator against her clit.  
  
"Oh! It's so loud..." she whispered.  
  
"Too loud?"  
  
"Uh huh..."  
  
"Well, this woman here is asleep. That other woman in the front is wearing headphones, she's not even paying attention. What about the guy behind us? Can he hear the buzzing?"  
  
Michelle glanced that way, then quickly glanced back. "Yes. He's watching."  
  
Charlie looked over his shoulder. The old man was indeed looking in their direction, but he was blinking blearily, as if not sure what he was seeing. "I think he's drunk," Charlie murmured.  
  
"Still... he's watching..."  
  
"He is. I'm pretty sure he can see everything." Charlie pushed the vibrator into her. "Hey, listen. It's quieter when it's all the way inside you."  
  
"Oh my God..."  
  
"It won't stay in by itself, though. Look, it's sliding out." Charlie caught it and pushed it in again.  
  
"Ohhh!"  
  
Charlie adjusted the way he was sitting, trying to free up space for an erection that felt like it went halfway to his knee. He pulled the vibrator almost all the way out, then pushed it back in, fascinated by the sight of the long device disappearing into her glistening pussy. It was easy to imagine that it was his own penis entering her, fucking her. Suddenly, he surged with the desire to hold her. He propped himself up on his knee, lifting himself off the seat so that his face was on the same level as hers. As he continued to work the vibrator in and out of her, he kissed her hard on the lips. She opened her mouth, kissing him back hungrily, her body leaning into his as she dangled from the strap.  
  
She broke the kiss. Her face hovered right in front of his, a blissful smile on her lips as she gazed into his eyes. She let go of the ceiling strap and wound her arms around his neck, kissing him gently.  
  
They kissed again and again. He didn't notice that she was slipping off her green jacket until he saw it sliding off her arms and falling onto the floor. He pulled back from her, puzzled, and noticed her fingers slipping the straps of her yellow dress off her shoulders. That was when he realized what she was doing.  
  
"Michelle!" he whispered urgently, concerned that she dared too much. She just swayed with the movement of the train as she peeled the dress down her body. She left the dress bunched up at her waist as she paused to undo her bra. A satiny white bra, matching her panties, which already lay on the floor. She carelessly dropped the bra next to them. Her dress, now just a ring of rolled-up fabric around her waist, fell to the floor next as she pushed it over her hips and down her legs. Michelle reached up and took hold of the strap again, now stretched out completely naked aside from her black ankle boots.  
  
Charlie was so stunned by the sight of her perfect nude body that he forgot for a moment he held a buzzing vibrator in his hand. He found the switch on the device and turned it off, letting it fall from his fingers onto the seat. For a moment, all he could do was stare at Michelle. He could see in her wide eyes that she was almost as astonished as he was by what she'd just done. Perhaps the impulse to strip had come upon her suddenly, and she had acted on it before she had a chance to consider the implications of her choice. Now she found herself in a situation beyond anything she'd ever risked before, standing naked and vulnerable in the middle of a public train.  
  
Should he intervene? Should he insist that she put her dress back on? Was this a situation where he needed to save her from herself?  
  
Instead, his hands went to her breasts, and he stroked and squeezed them, pulling on her nipples. Michelle's eyelashes fluttered as she surrendered to the feel of his hands on her body. Her back arched, pushing her breasts out towards him.  
  
Charlie slid a hand down her flat stomach, traveling over her neatly groomed strip of pubic hair until his fingers slid into her wet pussy. He pushed his fingers deep into her a few times, then pulled his middle finger up to rub against her clit. "Ohhhh..." she breathed. "The vibe felt so good... but I love having your actual hand touching me... Oh my God... I love that you have your fingers playing with me in front of all these people..."  
  
All these people? The woman in the next seat still snored softly, completely oblivious to the naked girl getting finger-fucked three feet away. Charlie glanced at the old man behind them. The man still watched, although his expression hadn't changed; he still looked puzzled by what he was seeing, as if Michelle must be a dream or a hallucination. Charlie looked the other way, towards the woman with the headphones in the front, to discover she had turned in her seat and was looking right at them. She was smirking and clearly amused by what they were doing.  
  
"The woman in front is watching us now," Charlie murmured to Michelle.  
  
"Ohhhh..." Michelle blinked helplessly at Charlie as he continued to stroke her clit. "This is too far, isn't it? Have we gone too far?"  
  
"I don't know..." Charlie said. "All I know is you look incredible, standing naked like that."  
  
"Ohhh..." She closed her eyes. "Thank you, Charlie..."  
  
"Maybe you shouldn't use my real name when we're doing this," he whispered, smiling.  
  
"Okay... what should I call you then?"  
  
"You can call me Clyde. And I'll call you Bonnie."  
  
She giggled, her eyes still closed. "Bonnie and Clyde?"  
  
"Partners in crime."  
  
"Okay, Clyde," she murmured. "We do seem to always break the rules when we're together..."  
  
"We do, don't we?" Charlie couldn't deny that he'd been the instigator this time. Michelle had bumped his hand with her knee, that was all, and now he had her standing completely naked in the middle of the train, his hands exploring her body in front of a bunch of strangers. How had he deluded himself before, telling himself that she was just using him to get her exhibitionist fix, like he was some kind of innocent bystander? He was with her every step of the way, every time. He pushed her to go further, pushed her to take more and more risks, every time. If she was the gasoline, he was the match, eager to set her off and keep her burning.  
  
He got off on this just like she did. Bonnie and Clyde.  
  
The speaker announced the next stop, Sisco Junction, which was just outside Pine Hills. Charlie settled back in his seat as the train slowed, returning to the charade of being just another bored passenger, although he didn't know why he bothered, since Michelle made no move to put her dress back on. Sisco Junction was more of an intersection of freeways than a town, and Charlie didn't expect anyone new to get on the train. To his surprise, someone did. A middle-aged man with long hair and a beard came on carrying a brown duffel bag. The man wore a tie-dyed t-shirt.  
  
The newcomer saw Michelle immediately, and looked surprised at her nudity but not offended. "Hi..." he greeted her as he carefully picked his way over her discarded clothing.  
  
"Hi!" Michelle said back, smiling broadly as the man passed behind her. She didn't seem embarrassed at all. If anything, she seemed excited by the idea of having another spectator. The man took a seat towards the back of the car.  
  
The train started to move again, and Charlie knew the next stop was Pine Hills. They didn't have much time left , maybe five minutes. Charlie stood up from his seat, facing Michelle, embracing her. She looked up at him eagerly, nearly quivering with excitement. He leaned in to kiss her. His right hand slid down her back and over her ass, continuing down onto her leg. He tugged at her leg, pulling it towards him and to the side, until her boot rested on the seat. His hand slid between her legs, cupping her pussy. He kissed her hard while inserting his middle finger into her.  
  
Michelle bit hard on her lip to keep from crying out as Charlie kissed his way down her neck and onto her breasts. He sucked her nipple into his mouth while his fingers continued to grind at her sensitive clit. Michelle practically hung off the ceiling strap, her legs trembling as she came closer and closer to an orgasm.  
  
He put his mouth close to her ear. "Come on, Bonnie..." he whispered. "Let's show all these people what you look like when you cum."  
  
Michelle took her hands from the ceiling strap and threw her arms around Charlie's neck, clutching him as her vagina spasmed around his fingers. She pressed her mouth against his shoulder to muffle her cries. Her right leg started to buckle but he managed to hold her up. Her body shuddered against him.  
  
When it was over, she leaned against him, letting him support her weight. "That was a big one," she whispered.  
  
"I can imagine."  
  
"They all saw."  
  
"They did."  
  
"Don't you want to cum too?" Her hand went to the front of his pants, tracing his erection through the fabric.  
  
"No time. We're almost at our stop."  
  
"Ohhh... that's not fair... " She pressed her body against him. "Maybe we can figure something out..."  
  
"I think maybe you should put your dress back on," Charlie said. "We're seriously going to be at Pine Hills Station any minute."  
  
"All right." Michelle reached down and scooped up the yellow dress, but just draped it carelessly over her arm. Charlie waited a moment for her to pick up the rest of her clothes, then gave in and gathered them up himself. He pushed her jacket and underwear into his bag. He remembered the vibrator and put that in his bag as well. Michelle still hadn't made a move to put on her dress.  
  
The voice came on the speakers. "Next stop, Pine Hills. Repeat, next stop. Pine Hills."  
  
"Put on your dress, Bonnie," Charlie told Michelle. "I don't think you want to get off the train naked."  
  
"Okay, Clyde," Michelle answered, giggling. But as he led her to the front of the car, it seemed like that was exactly what she intended to do. She walked down the aisle naked, swinging her dress on her arm like a cape, completely uninhibited. She was practically glowing.  
  
The short-haired woman climbed to her feet as they passed, holding out her hand to Michelle. Michelle stopped and let the woman take her hand. Charlie thought for a moment that the short-haired woman would kiss Michelle's hand like an old fashioned gentleman.  
  
The woman squeezed Michelle's hand and grinned. "You a wild one, ain'tcha.." The woman's voice was low and gruff. "You got a hell of a body. You ever want that pussy licked by a woman who's an expert, I'm on this same train every Saturday."  
  
"Oh! Thank you so much!" Michelle smiled and bent her knees in something that might have been a curtsy. Charlie tugged at her hand to keep her moving.  
  
The train was slowing as they neared the door. Charlie shook his head as Michelle stood waiting, still completely naked. "Okay. Let me have that." He tugged the yellow dress from her hand. "Arms up."  
  
Grinning, Michelle held her arms out. Charlie threaded her hands through the straps of the dress, then pulled it over her head. He slid the dress down her body. Michelle seemed perfectly content to let him dress her, and didn't mind at all that his hands brushed her breasts while he did it.  
  
The train stopped and the doors opened at Pine Hills station. Michelle took his hand as they stepped off onto the platform. It was the opposite platform from where they had stood earlier that day. Charlie could see several people waiting for the train to Linterna on the other side, but on their side the platform was empty.  
  
Michelle pulled on his hand, tugging him towards a pillar. She turned, putting her back against the pillar, and he leaned into her, kissing her. They kissed a few more times.  
  
"You know I'm not wearing any panties..." she murmured.  
  
"I do know that, actually."  
  
"Let's find someplace. It's not fair that I came but you didn't. I want to take care of you."  
  
"My car is in the parking lot. So is yours, right?"  
  
"Mmm. Those will do... if we can't find any place better."  
  
Charlie kissed her again. He imagined pulling his hard-on out of his pants, lifting up her dress, fucking her right up against the pillar. After what they had just done in the train, it didn't seem like such a far-fetched idea.  
  
He paused. Something moved in his peripheral vision.  
  
Charlie glanced to his right, looking across the train tracks at the opposite platform. A tall boy with a freckled face stood there, holding up his phone. Taking a picture of Charlie and Michelle kissing. Maybe taking a video.  
  
Charlie recognized the boy. Cody Scolari. Glenn Mack's best friend.  
  
Cody's eyes met Charlie's, and Charlie could see the hostility radiating from the large boy's gaze. Without a word, Cody turned away, heading towards the exit to the parking lot.  
  
"Oh my God. Was that Cody?" Michelle asked.  
  
"Yeah," Charlie said uneasily. "I think I might be in a lot of trouble."  
  
"I think we're both in a lot of trouble," Michelle said.  
  
But she didn't seem unhappy about it.

**Saturday Night School Ch. 05**

"Charlie? Is that you?" Mrs. Tucker used her remote to turn down the volume of the television, listening for sounds from the kitchen. She thought she'd heard the door creak.  
  
At first, no one answered. Then Charlie's voice called out, "Yeah, it's me. I'm home." He appeared a moment later, stepping into the living room. He had his bag in his arms, the bag he'd taken with him to his interview.  
  
"Hey, Charlie! Did you just get back? I expected you earlier. Did you eat?"  
  
"Yeah, mom," Charlie said. "Sorry, I spent some time wandering around the area around the university. I got something to eat there."  
  
"It's fine. I didn't know if you'd be home, so I didn't make anything." Mrs. Tucker smiled. "So...? How'd it go?"  
  
"I think it went pretty well. We'll see." Charlie tried to shrug it off, but Mrs. Tucker could see the ghost of a grin threatening to break out on his face, and she suspected it had gone very well. Charlie added, "One of the professors who interviewed me told me 'See you later' when I left. That's a good sign, right?"  
  
"Sounds like a good sign to me. Did they like your videos?"  
  
"I think so..." Charlie said vaguely. He shot a quick glance over his shoulder towards the kitchen. "Um... I'm going to head up to my room, okay? I have some stuff I want to work on... some projects on the computer..."  
  
"Okay. Being in that film department probably got your creative mind working, huh?"  
  
"Yeah. Right, totally."  
  
"You sure you don't want any dinner? I can cook up something quick."  
  
"No... thanks, mom. I'm good."  
  
"Okay. Glad it went well, Charlie."  
  
\*\*\*  
  
Charlie returned to the kitchen and opened the refrigerator. He grabbed two cans of Sprite and set them on the counter. A minute passed while he stood there, listening to the sounds of the television from the living room. Finally, he heard the volume go back up. He crept into the hallway and went up the stairs.  
  
When he opened the door to his room, Michelle was reclined naked on his bed. Charlie gaped at her, then quickly looked over his shoulder, making sure no one was behind him in the hallway. He pushed the door closed behind him and made sure it was locked. "Michelle!" he scolded her in a low voice. "What if my mom walked in on you?"  
  
"Does she usually walk in if the door is closed?" Michelle asked.  
  
"Not usually." Charlie sat the Sprites down on his desk, noting Michelle's clothes lying in a pile by his chair. "But she might have. Or what if I'd invited her up to meet my friend Michelle? What if she'd been right behind me just now?"  
  
Michelle sat up. "Then I would have said, Hello Mrs Tucker, so nice to meet you!"  
  
"Ha ha." Charlie gazed down at her, letting his eyes wander over her nude body. She was partially reclined on his two pillows, her firm breasts curving out of the slope of her front, her nipples hard and pointed. She had her legs bent, and her hands tucked underneath them, pressing against the back of her thighs. Her legs were parted slightly, and he could see the line of her pussy, pink and glistening. He felt his penis swelling, knowing that he would soon make love to her, knowing that she had come to his house for that exact reason.  
  
She wasn't completely naked. Around her neck, she wore a black ribbon, and pinned to the ribbon was the butterfly pin he'd bought her in Linterna. Charlie reached out and touched the ribbon. "Where'd you get this?"  
  
Michelle pointed to a shelf. "Over there. It had a medal on it."  
  
Charlie saw the medal sitting by itself. "Oh, yeah. I won that medal in summer camp when I was ten. I made the kite that flew the highest."  
  
"Cute!" Michelle giggled. "You must have been so proud."  
  
"Oh, I was. You can keep it, though. It looks good on you." Charlie slowly slid his finger down from the ribbon, over her collarbone and onto her right breast. Michelle gazed at him, not saying a word as he perched his finger on her nipple. He squeezed the tip, gently pinching, gently pulling, feeling it becoming even more stiff in his fingers.  
  
His erection pressed against the tight confines of his pants. He found it incredibly arousing, the way that she sat silently, allowing him to stroke her nipple while looking at him as if she expected him to continue their conversation. It was as if she was letting him know that her body was his to touch as he wished.  
  
Charlie put his hands on her knees, pulling her legs apart. She offered no resistance, allowing him to spread her wide, and when he took his hands away from her knees, she remained in that position, with her legs to the sides and her pussy clearly exposed to him. She still looked at him with a calm facade, acting as if it was perfectly normal for him to pose her in such a lewd position, although he could tell that she was very turned on.  
  
He almost reached between her legs to push his finger inside her. But then he remembered that he had a small video camera under some papers on his desk. He reached over, dug under the papers until he found it. Holding it up to his face, he pointed the camera at her and pressed record. The red light came to life on the front of the camera.  
  
Michelle's calm facade faltered for a moment when she realized what he was doing. Her eyes widened and she bit her lip. Her knees dipped inward slightly, as if she struggled with an automatic reflex to close her legs, but then she returned them to their prior position, leaving her legs spread while Charlie panned over her body.  
  
"This is Michelle," he said, zooming out so he could show all of her in the frame. "She's naked on my bed right now. Very beautiful, isn't she?"  
  
"Are you recording?" she asked, even though he knew she could see the red light.  
  
"I am. Is there anything you'd like to say to the people who are going to watch this?" Charlie pointed the camera at her face.  
  
"Umm..." She blinked into the dark eye of the lens. "Hi...?"  
  
"Let's take a quick look at Michelle's lovely body." Charlie began to move the camera downward, holding it close to her so she knew exactly what part of her body he was filming. He stopped over her left breast. "This is Michelle's left breast. It's the second most perfect breast in the world. What's the most perfect breast? That honor is held..." He moved the camera sideways. "... by Michelle's right breast." He focused on the right breast, bringing her nipple into sharp detail. She giggled.  
  
Charlie brought his hand into the frame, lightly touching the tip of her nipple, then pinching it. He heard her quick intake of breath. He filmed his hand palming her breast, slowly squeezing it.  
  
"Let's keep going down." Charlie moved the camera lower, stopping on her belly button. "This is Michelle's belly button. An innie, but not a very deepie. I think it could only hold a drop or two of Sprite. But it would be a fun cup to sip from. Let's keep going."  
  
Now the camera passed over her strip of pubic hair. "Let's follow this perfect line of hair, and see where it leads." He slowly brought the camera lower until it hovered over her pussy. He was amazed at the sight of her swollen vulva showing on the view screen. He couldn't believe that he was filming this, that she was letting him do it. His voice was a low whisper as he said, "This is Michelle's pussy." He could see that this was turning her on immensely. "Michelle, will you please show the camera how wet you are?"  
  
Obediently, she reached down between her legs with her right hand, pushing apart her labia to expose the glistening inner pathway for the camera. She slid her finger inside, then extracted it, showing the camera that it was now shiny and wet. After a moment, she put her finger in again, sliding it in and out, fingering herself while the camera recorded it all.  
  
Charlie couldn't remain a disconnected observer any longer. He put the camera down beside the bed and reached between Michelle's legs. Michelle leaned back on the pillows, happy to pass the role of intruding finger on to him. She splayed her legs open, making contented murmurs as he stroked her.  
  
Charlie held his face close to her, inhaling her scent. He leaned forward, letting his tongue touch her, then kissed her wet vulva. She breathed out a sigh as he licked her up and down. He lost himself in exploring her edges and crevices, his tongue drifting here and there, finding and tickling the sensitive parts of her. She squirmed and wriggled underneath him.  
  
The more he tasted her, the wetter she became, and he finally decided he had to be inside her. He climbed to his feet and started to undo his pants. Michelle quickly sat up. She pushed his hands away from the front of his pants and began to undo the clasp and zipper herself. As soon as his pants and boxers came down far enough that his erection sprang free, Michelle leaned forward and took it in her mouth.  
  
Charlie watched Michelle's head bob up and down on his penis. He could feel her lips on his shaft, her tongue darting around the head. She pulled it free of her mouth and held it in her hand while she kissed the underside of it. He could see her upturned face, his penis between her lips, her eyes closed. She kissed her way to the base of his shaft, then returned to the tip and took it in her mouth again.  
  
It didn't take long before he had to stop her. He took a step backwards. "What's wrong?" she asked. "Was that okay?"  
  
"What you were doing felt awesome. I just didn't want to... uh... surprise you."  
  
"Surprise me?"  
  
"You know..."  
  
She looked up at him mischievously, lightly stroking his erection with her fingers. "Are you that close?"  
  
"Yes... you might want to stop. Just give me a minute."  
  
But she didn't. She continued to stroke him, looking up at him with her impish grin. "Do you remember when you took my clothes off and had sex with me on your car?"  
  
"Yeah..." He was having a hard time concentrating. Her hand felt so good.  
  
"You stripped me completely naked," Michelle breathed. "In the middle of the day, and you did me right on your car."  
  
"Yeah... um..."  
  
"And we'd just made love in the shower, like, five minutes before. You know what I think, Charlie?"  
  
"What?"  
  
"I think you should go ahead and cum on me right now."  
  
Charlie felt his penis throbbing under the light touch of her fingers. "Michelle..."  
  
"Go ahead," she urged him. "It's still early, and I think I can get you hard again. In fact..." She smiled up at him. "I'm positive I can."  
  
He opened his mouth to protest, but immediately realized he didn't want to argue. What she was doing felt too good. She stroked him a few more times, peeking up at him, and when he didn't say anything, she leaned in and touched her lips to the head of his penis. Her tongue slipped out, tracing the line where the head curved into the shaft.  
  
She held his erection in her palm, pointed at her face, and kissed the tip of it, her tongue darting out to explore the hole at the end. Charlie felt it throbbing, pulsating, and felt sure she must be seeing it swell, since it was right in front of her eyes. But she continued daintily kissing and licking him as if oblivious to what was about to happen.  
  
Maybe he should have warned her. Instead, he watched silently as his cock started to jerk in her hand. The first jet of cum launched out and landed right on the tip of her nose. "Eek!" Michelle squeaked, recoiling in surprise. Charlie could see the line of cum dangling off her nose, crossing over her lips like a gooey streamer.  
  
Michelle immediately recovered, leaning forward and attempting to take his cock in her mouth again, even as it continued to shoot cum on her lips and tongue. She got her lips around the head of it but then started giggling and pulled away again. "Oh my god..." she said. "How much is in there?"  
  
He couldn't answer for a moment as his cock continued to spasm. "Built up... all day..."  
  
"I can tell." Michelle waited for his climax to subside, her cum-covered face hovering patiently in front of his erection. When his spasms finally slowed, she leaned forward and licked the head of his penis clean.  
  
Charlie went for the closest garment he could find, which happened to be his own shirt. He pulled it over his head and quickly folded it into a square. "Here, let me clean your face." He reached down, but Michelle pulled away.  
  
"Take a picture first," she said.  
  
Charlie picked up the camera again. He pointed it at her and started filming. "Hi, Michelle."  
  
"Hi!" she chirped, beaming at the camera.  
  
"You look lovely as always."  
  
She smiled brightly. "Even with your cum all over my face?"  
  
"Yes. Even then. Can I clean it off you now?"  
  
"Okay."  
  
Charlie continued to film her as he carefully wiped off her face with his shirt. "Thank you for getting me off."  
  
"You needed to," she said. "I kept you waiting too long."  
  
"It was worth the wait." He flipped the shirt inside out and dabbed at her face again. "How's that? Did I get it all?"  
  
"Yeah. But do you think I could visit the bathroom and wash up in the sink?"  
  
"The bathroom's across the hall. What if my mom sees you?"  
  
"You can check the hall first."  
  
"Right." Charlie glanced at the door. "I guess that's fine. But can you put your dress on?"  
  
Michelle rolled her eyes at him. "Yes, Charlie." She got to her feet and leaned over to pluck her yellow dress from the floor. She pulled it on over her head and tugged it down over her breasts. "Didn't you say you would check the hall?" she reminded Charlie, after noticing that he was just standing there watching her.  
  
"Oh. Right." Charlie grabbed a new t-shirt and pulled it on as he went to the door. He opened the door a crack, peeking out. The hall outside was dark, only illuminated by the thin light leaking up from the first floor via the staircase. Charlie opened the door wider, listening for the sound of the television from downstairs.  
  
"Coast is clear." He let Michelle out and she crossed the hall to the bathroom. She turned on the light and closed the door behind her. Charlie could hear the sound of water running into the sink.  
  
He turned off the light in his room and crouched down in the dark doorway, keeping guard on the hall. If he heard footsteps on the stairs, he could run over and intercept his mom before she reached the second floor. Stall her long enough for Michelle to creep out of the bathroom and hide in his room. Not that he had any big reason to keep Michelle hidden from his mom. He just didn't want to introduce them until things were... more clear.  
  
What would Cody Scolari do with the video he took of them kissing on the train platform? Would he show the video to Glenn? Would he show it to the whole school? What was the worst case scenario?  
  
Did it really make any difference? Whatever happened in the future, the day had definitely been worth it.  
  
He was just glad that he'd made Michelle put her dress back on before the train pulled up to the station. She had been ready and willing to hop off the train wearing nothing but her boots, and that would have been a complete disaster. Even if they'd been just a few seconds later putting her dress on, Cody might have been able to film her through the train window.  
  
The bathroom door opened a crack. Michelle had already turned off the light, and she peeked out of the dark bathroom. Charlie motioned her over. She scampered across the hall into his room.  
  
"Don't turn on the light," she murmured. She had her dress off even before Charlie had finished closing the bedroom door, and climbed naked into his bed.  
  
She was right. Charlie could already feel himself getting hard again.  
  
"Can we watch that video you took of me?" Michelle asked.  
  
"Sure." Charlie pushed off his boxers and pants and stepped out of them. Naked, he found the camera in the dim light. He slipped into the bed next to Michelle, thrilled by the feel of her soft naked skin against his. The bed was a twin-size and they had to press against each other to fit. Michelle reached down and pulled the bed spread over them.  
  
He felt Michelle's hand circle his erection and squeeze it. "Told you," she teased.  
  
"You do have that effect on me." He kissed her, his hand finding her breast.  
  
"Let's watch the video." She ducked under his arm so that she could rest her head on his shoulder. Charlie reached around her, fumbling with the camera. He found the video and pressed play. Michelle appeared on the screen, naked, stretched out on his bed.  
  
"This is Michelle..." his voice came from the camera. Michelle watched quietly as the camera moved over her body. Under the covers, her hand remained on his erection, absently stroking as she watched herself displayed on the screen.  
  
The video abruptly jumped ahead to the image of Michelle, smiling, with cum on her face. "Oh my god!" Michelle whispered. On the screen, Charlie's disembodied hand entered the frame to wipe her face clean. The video ended.  
  
"Do you want to watch it again, or should I delete it?" Charlie asked.  
  
"Delete it."  
  
Charlie pressed the trash icon, then emptied the trash.  
  
"It's gone," he told her.  
  
"Thanks." Michelle rolled over so her back was against him. She reached behind and grabbed his left arm, pulling it around her as if she was rolling herself up in a blanket.  
  
"What did you think of the video?" Charlie asked. "Did you like seeing yourself?"  
  
"I don't know..." she said.  
  
"You didn't like it?"  
  
"I did like it. But I'm glad you deleted it. I wouldn't want anyone else to see it."  
  
"No one will." Charlie found her breast again and began idly playing with her nipple. His erection pressed against the small of her back.  
  
"Did you like it?" Michelle asked.  
  
Charlie considered. "Well, the light was a little bright... I think a softer light would have looked better...a couple lights, at different angles, so we wouldn't get those shadows..."  
  
She swatted his shoulder. "Silly! That's not what I meant! I meant, did you like filming me like that?"  
  
"Yeah..." he said. "I mean, I knew I would delete it afterwards. But yeah, it was a turn-on, definitely."  
  
"It was..." Michelle was quiet for a moment, then she said, "Charlie?"  
  
"Yeah?"  
  
"If you ever need me to help with one of your movies... like one of your film projects... I'll do it."  
  
"You'll help?"  
  
"Yes. I mean, like if you need an actress... for a part in the film..."  
  
"Okay. Thanks. Maybe I'll take you up on that."  
  
Michelle hesitated. "Even if... you know... if you had a nude scene... or something... if you asked, I would do it for you..."  
  
"You would let me film you nude?"  
  
"If that's what you needed for your movie..." she spoke softly. "Like... if it was art... if it was artistic..."  
  
"Even if other people saw it? Like, you would be okay if a room full of people watched your nude scene up on a giant screen? Like, people who know you?"  
  
She squirmed against him. "If that's what you needed... I mean, maybe I could wear a mask?"  
  
"A mask? Like in 'Eyes Wide Shut'?"  
  
"I don't know... I haven't seen that movie..."  
  
"It has a part where everyone's wearing masks. What if I needed to film you having sex?"  
  
"Oh! With who? With you?"  
  
"No. I'm the director, I have to direct. I mean with an actor."  
  
"You want to film me having sex with someone else? An actor?"  
  
"Or actress..."  
  
"Charlie!"  
  
"Sorry... I'm just kidding."  
  
Michelle took a breath. "I'm not," she said. "I mean it. Whatever you need me to do, I'll do it. For your art."  
  
"Okay. Thanks."  
  
"Sure." She reached down between her legs for a moment. "Mmm. Feel."  
  
He touched her arm and followed it down. Just before he reached her wrist, she took his hand and guided it to her pussy. His fingers skated across her slick labia. "You're so wet," he whispered to her.  
  
"Yes..." She shifted higher on the bed and bent slightly at the waist, opening her legs and reaching between them, her fingers searching for his erection. She found it, and her fingers wrapped around the shaft, pulling it through the gap in her thighs. She closed her legs, and Charlie felt his cock snugly wrapped between her thighs, pressed against her wet pussy. The head of his penis protruded out the other side, and Michelle gently toyed with it, tickling it with her fingernail.

Charlie flexed his hips, pulling away from her slightly, and discovered that her pussy was slick enough that his penis easily slid across it. He didn't pull all the way out, but left the head between her legs, nestled between her thighs. He pushed towards her and slid through the gap again, his head once again poking out just below her clit.  
  
"Mmm!" Michelle murmured as Charlie fell into a slow rhythm, thrusting in and out, his shaft stroking against her. She put her hand between her legs, touching the head of his penis as it appeared and disappeared. Her body moved in sync with his, pushing slowly against his thrust until their bodies fit together like matching puzzle pieces, then moving swiftly apart so they could once again come slowly back together.  
  
Charlie pushed her hair away from her neck so he could kiss her there, just above the black ribbon. He kissed his way up to her ear, then ran his tongue up behind her ear. It was apparently a sensitive area for her, because she gasped and squirmed. His left hand squeezed her breast while he kissed his way to her earlobe. He could see the hole in her ear, now empty of the sparkly earring she had worn earlier, and he wondered when she had removed them.  
  
Michelle reached down with her hand, and the next time he thrust forward, she guided him upward, inside her. She groaned as he pushed slowly into her. Charlie had thought the press of her thighs around his shaft was stimulating, but it was nothing compared to the tightness of her pussy. He pushed into her until their bodies met, then paused a moment, relishing the feel of being inside her.  
  
Slowly, he began to move, pulling out, then pushing in again. He peeked at her face, and her eyes were closed, her lips parted. He watched her for a moment, enjoying the subtle change in her expression each time he filled her pussy. Her body moved with him, pushing back to meet his thrusts.  
  
"I'm in my bedroom, in my bed, and I'm making love to Michelle Santos," Charlie thought as he began to move faster. "I've slept under this bedspread since I was ten, and right now the most beautiful girl I've ever known is naked underneath it and I'm making love to her. A few days ago, I thought she would never talk to me again, and now here I am, I'm inside her..."  
  
He found himself becoming more and more excited as he considered each unbelievable detail of the evening, his thoughts matching the accelerating rhythm of his thrusts.  
  
"... she wanted to come here... she wanted to come here for this... no, I wanted to come here... she wanted to have sex outside... outside!... she wanted me to cum... because she came on the train... and she wanted to make me cum too... and she did, she already did... she made me cum... with her mouth... but now I'm going to cum again... oh my god... is she having another orgasm?"  
  
She was. Michelle's body tensed, quivering with pleasure. She had her eyes tightly closed and her hand pressed over her mouth to muffle her cries.  
  
"... this is the best day of my life..." Charlie thought. "...this is the best day of my life... this is the best day of my life... oh my god... I can't hold it back anymore..."  
  
He sank into Michelle as deep as he could go and a second later felt himself began to spasm. Michelle pushed back against him, pressing their bodies together. Her pussy felt so warm and tight.  
  
Charlie closed his eyes. He pressed his cheek against Michelle's shoulder, lost in the feeling of euphoria that washed over him. His penis finally stopped pulsing, but he left it inside her. Perhaps it was exhaustion, or maybe contentment, that kept them in that same position for several minutes without speaking. Charlie had his arm folded over her, his hand resting just below the swell of her breasts.  
  
He wasn't aware that he dozed, but he must have, because the next time he focused on his surroundings he was lying on his back, and Michelle had nestled into the crook of his arm. She was asleep, her breathing deep and steady. Charlie checked the glowing numbers on his clock.  
  
"Michelle." Charlie wiggled his arm to wake her. "What time do you have to be home?"  
  
Michelle didn't open her eyes. "Wha time 'sit?" she murmured in a sleepy voice.  
  
"Almost 9."  
  
"Mmm. Still early..." She settled back into his shoulder.  
  
Charlie's phone buzzed, and the screen lit up, illuminating the room in a dim glow. Charlie did his best to snag the phone without dislodging Michelle from her spot. He looked at the screen.  
  
"Shit."  
  
"Hmm?" Michelle cracked open her eyes. When she saw Charlie looking at the screen, she lifted her head and blinked at it.  
  
The screen showed a message from Ronni. It was a photo of a beautiful red dress lying on a bed. The message read, "Hi Charlie! I went dress shopping today. What do you think?"  
  
"That's a really nice dress," Michelle said.  
  
"What do I tell her?" Charlie asked.  
  
"Hmm?"  
  
"About prom."  
  
"Tell her she's going to look beautiful in that dress and you can't wait to go to prom with her." Michelle closed her eyes again.  
  
"You think I should still go to prom with her?" Charlie turned off his phone and set it back on the table.  
  
The hint of a smile twitched Michelle's lips. "Why? You've decided you'd rather go with me instead?"  
  
"Well... yeah. I mean..." Charlie struggled to express himself. "I mean... after today... and this..."  
  
"Charlie. You asked Ronnie and she said yes, and she's excited to go. You should take her."  
  
"And what about you? You'll still go with Glenn Mack?" Charlie felt a surge of jealousy.  
  
"I said I would." Michelle stretched, her breasts pressing against his side. "I mean, I don't know what Cody's going to say to him. Maybe he'll try to sabotage it. But I think Glenn will still want to go with me, even if Cody does tell him I was kissing you."  
  
"You're still going with Glenn. So today didn't change anything." Charlie frowned.  
  
"Oh, Charlie. Are you mad?"  
  
"No..." But he was. Mad at himself.  
  
"You don't understand," Michelle said. "Glenn's a really nice guy... and his mom is friends with my mom, and both of our moms are excited that we're going together... I just can't toss him aside like that. I can't do that to him."  
  
"Right. And your best friend Vanessa is going with Cody who's Glenn's best friend..."  
  
"And you're already going with Ronni." Michelle let her hand rest on Charlie's chest. "You have your date, I have mine. We'll both go and have a fun time. I hope you know how to dance because I'm definitely going to steal you for a dance or two. Okay?"  
  
Charlie gazed at the dark ceiling for a moment. "Michelle?"  
  
"Mm?"  
  
"You said Glenn asked you to prom, but you didn't say yes until after you found out I asked Ronni."  
  
"Mm-hmm."  
  
"Why didn't you say yes right away? If he's a nice guy, and your moms are friends and... and everything... why didn't you just say that you'd go with him? I mean, I know you said you wanted to see if I'd ask you... but even if I had asked you, wouldn't you still have picked him?"  
  
"You don't think I would've picked you?"  
  
"I don't know. I guess I'm just trying to make sense of why you would have."  
  
Michelle didn't answer right away, and Charlie wondered if he should have kept his doubts to himself. But then she spoke, quiet in the darkness. "Tonight, when you took out your camera and started to film me... it was exciting, to know that I was naked and you were recording me... but also scary, knowing that everything would be saved on the camera. But I knew I could do it because I knew you would delete it when I asked you to... and you would probably delete it anyway, even if I didn't ask, because you would never risk it getting out. I know I can trust you, and I do trust you, and it makes me feel safe when I'm with you, even when I'm acting crazy. Charlie... I don't have that with anyone else... just with you."  
  
"Okay."  
  
"So that's why."  
  
"Okay."  
  
Charlie squeezed her close. For a few minutes, they lay quietly together.  
  
"Your turn," Michelle said.  
  
"What?"  
  
"You found out you were a finalist for the Jefferson film program. I know Ronni is interested in film. I know she's taking the classes, and you work with her in the AV department. Plus, you asked her out and she said yes, so she must at least kind of like you. So why did you ask me to go with you to Linterna and not her?"  
  
"Ummm..."  
  
"She's pretty, Charlie. Don't you think she's pretty?"  
  
"Yeah, I guess..."  
  
"She is. She absolutely is. Don't you think she would have liked to go with you to Linterna?"  
  
"I never even considered asking her to go," Charlie said. "Actually, she doesn't even know I went to Linterna."  
  
"You didn't tell her you were interviewing for that program? Haven't you seen her?"  
  
"No...I mean, yes, I've seen her, in the AV room... but I've been distracted the last few days." Charlie took a breath. "All I've been able to think about the last few days is you."  
  
"Really?"  
  
"Yeah. I barely even thought about the interview. Just about you, and that phone message I left you... I don't know, maybe it was a good thing, maybe if I thought about the interview too much I would've made myself too nervous..." He paused. "Why didn't you call me back? I thought you weren't going to come, because I never heard from you..."  
  
He looked at her, waiting for an answer, but she remained silent, her fingers tracing a tiny circle in the middle of his chest.  
  
"I just wanted you to come with me," he murmured. "Only you."  
  
He peeked at her in the darkness, barely able to make out the curves of her face. She still had her head resting against his shoulder. Her hand continued to trace tiny circles on his chest.  
  
Charlie let his head rest on the pillow. He stroked her back gently with his fingertips.  
  
"Charlie?" Michelle asked.  
  
"Yeah?"  
  
"I should take a shower."  
  
"Okay."  
  
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They accomplished the shower with far more subterfuge than was probably necessary. Charlie even went so far as to go downstairs to the kitchen, pretending to get a glass of water, but actually peeking into the living room to make sure his mother still sat safely in front of the television. He went upstairs and joined Michelle in the shower, helping to scrub her clean and kissing her under the warm spray.  
  
They returned to his room and held each other for a while longer in the darkness. At ten o'clock, they dressed and Charlie again scouted out his mother. She was asleep in her chair, still in front of the television. Charlie helped Michelle to sneak out the back door, then went and shook his mother awake. "Mom?"  
  
"Oh... hey... did I fall asleep?" She blinked at him blearily.  
  
"Yeah. Hey, I need to pick up something at the school really quick. I'll be right back, okay?"  
  
"Okay."  
  
Charlie left his mother in her chair. He had no doubt that when he returned, she would still be sleeping there.  
  
Michelle waited just outside the back door, and they walked to Charlie's car. "Is it just you and your mom?" Michelle asked.  
  
"Yeah. My dad passed away when I was nine."  
  
"Oh... I'm sorry."  
  
"It's all right. It's been a while." Charlie unlocked the passenger door and held it open for Michelle. "He liked to ride around on his motorcycle. He rode it back and forth to work, every day. Until one night it was raining really hard and he crashed it."  
  
"Oh! That's awful."  
  
"Yeah. He was really into saving the environment. That's why he drove the motorcycle. Because it used less gas." Charlie closed the passenger door and went over to the driver's side. He sat next to Michelle and started the car.  
  
"Do you look like him?" she asked.  
  
"I'll show you a picture sometime. You can decide." Charlie turned left at the corner, driving toward the train station.  
  
"Do you think my car is going to be the only one left in the parking lot?" Michelle asked.  
  
"I doubt it. The trains run pretty late. I think the last train is two in the morning?"  
  
"Really? That late?"  
  
"Yeah. You know... people go drinking on Saturday night in Linterna, then they take the train back."  
  
"Oh, that makes sense," she said. "Cody was waiting for the train to Linterna, wasn't he? Do you think that's where he was going?"  
  
"Who knows. Maybe he missed his train. He walked off the platform, and I didn't see him outside. Maybe he just left."  
  
"Maybe." Michelle looked outside at the passing street lights. "I kind of know what his car looks like. I think I could recognize it if it's still in the parking lot."  
  
"Does he know what your car looks like?" Charlie asked.  
  
"I don't know. I don't think so."  
  
The light ahead of them turned red. Charlie slowed and stopped. A car blaring loud rap music passed through the intersection in front of them.  
  
"Do you want to eat lunch with me on Monday?" Charlie asked.  
  
"At school?"  
  
"Yeah. In the cafeteria, on Monday."  
  
"Just the two of us?"  
  
"Yeah. Or whatever. If anyone else sits with us, I wouldn't make them leave."  
  
"Okay. I'll eat lunch with you." She grinned. "People will notice us, though."  
  
"I don't mind. Do you?"  
  
"No..."  
  
When Charlie pulled into the parking lot of the train station, he recognized Michelle's car sitting by itself at one end of the parking lot. A handful of other cars were parked closer to the station. He pulled into a spot near Michelle's car.  
  
"Thanks," she said softly, looking at him expectantly.  
  
After all they'd done that day, Charlie had no idea why his heart was pounding so much at the thought of giving her a simple good-night kiss. "Um... so.. good night. I hope you have a good weekend..." He started to lean towards her, but abruptly froze. "Ahh.. damn it!"  
  
"What is it?"  
  
"I forgot, your stuff is still at my house. You know... Hoppity? And some of your clothes."  
  
"Oh, right." She grinned. "So awful. You know, if I keep leaving my clothes with you, I'm going to run out of things to wear." She slipped her arms out of the straps of her dress and started to push it down her body.  
  
"Michelle..." Charlie glanced out his window, making sure no one was nearby. Michelle pulled her legs out of her dress and tossed it into his backseat. She was naked, wearing only her boots and the black ribbon which remained tied around her neck.  
  
"Where's your underwear?"  
  
She giggled. "Under your bed."  
  
"Wow. Okay."  
  
Michelle leaned forward. "Good night, Charlie."  
  
Charlie met her, pressing his lips against hers. His hand found her breast, squeezing it and stroking her hard nipple.  
  
Michelle finally broke the long kiss, pulling back to her own seat. Still grinning mischievously, she pulled the door handle and pushed the door open.  
  
"You have your car keys?" Charlie asked.  
  
"Yes, I have them." She jingled her keys.  
  
"And you have a spare set of clothes in your car?"  
  
Michelle just grinned. She set one foot and then the other outside the car door, letting her legs stick out into the night air. Taking a deep breath, she got to her feet. She stood there, naked, looking nervously around the parking lot.  
  
Charlie watched her lovely ass sway back and forth as she walked the short distance to her car, and he felt his erection straining against the front of his pants. Would he ever get used to seeing that naked body? Would she ever get over the novelty of stripping in front of him? He watched her unlock her car and climb inside. Before closing her door, she smiled at him and waved.  
  
He waited for her to start the engine. Her windows were tinted so he couldn't see inside, but he hoped that she was pulling out a spare set of clothes from somewhere and getting dressed. Would her parents ask what had happened to the yellow dress she'd been wearing earlier? What would she tell them?  
  
He'd ask her about it at lunch on Monday.  
  
Actually, he had her phone number. He could just text her.  
  
Michelle put on her reverse lights and pulled out of the space. Charlie put his own car in reverse. He followed her out of the train station parking lot, but then she turned right, and he turned left. He watched in his rear view mirror until her red tail lights disappeared from view.  
  
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Charlie came to school early on Monday feeling pretty good about himself. He thought he would take a look at the AV closet before the week started. Michael and Dinesh had used some of the equipment over the weekend and Charlie wanted to double-check that it was all checked in and stored properly.  
  
He parked in the student parking and walked through the front door of the school. The halls were still quiet and mostly empty, with a handful of other early risers walking here and there. He walked to the Front Tee and turned left, following the hall towards the AV room. On the way, he stopped by the boy's bathroom.  
  
The bathroom was empty. Charlie entered one of the stalls and voided his bladder into the bowl. As he flushed the toilet, he heard the bathroom door open and a group of muttering boys entered. He heard one of them say, "Is he in here?"  
  
Charlie opened the stall door to find Cody standing outside. Cody smiled grimly. "Ah, there he is. Charlie Brown." Cody had two other boys with him, Ryan and Evan. They were both football players, both very large.  
  
"Hey..." Charlie said.  
  
"I need to talk to you," Cody said. "You have a minute?"  
  
"Okay." Charlie waited to see what Cody would to say. A second later, something whacked Charlie hard in the side of the head. He stumbled sideways, his head ringing, and hit the wall. His legs wobbled and he slid halfway down the wall. Tiny stars shot around the edge of his vision, and at first he had trouble comprehending what had just happened. It slowly dawned on him that either Ryan or Evan had hit him.  
  
Cody leaned over Charlie. "That was just to let you know I'm serious about what I'm about to tell you. Stay away from Michelle. I don't want to see you with her ever again. She's going out with Glenn Mack right now. I don't know what you and her had before, and I don't care. She's with Glenn now."  
  
Charlie touched the side of his head where the blow had landed. It almost felt like he should feel a crack there. "She's not his," he muttered.  
  
"Look, guy... he likes her. He's liked her for years. I'm not going to let you fuck this up for him. Got it?" Cody had his phone in his hand. He shoved it toward's Charlie face. Charlie saw the image clearly: Michelle, pressed against the pillar at the train station; Charlie pushing against her; their lips together.  
  
"Glenn saw this?" Charlie asked.  
  
Cody shook his head. "No. I've showed it to three people. These two guys, and one other. No, I'm not going to show it to Glenn. Glenn doesn't need to know because I'm solving this problem right here." Cody put his phone back in his pocket. "Stay away from her. That's all I'm saying. You're not going to end up with her. You know that. You're not going to end up with her, and if you go on bothering her, and you make her unhappy, and you make Glenn unhappy... well, I promise you, I'll make you the unhappiest of all." He nodded. "Good talking to you, Charlie Brown." He signaled Ryan and Evan, and the three boys walked out of the bathroom.  
  
Charlie waited for the door to close. He pulled himself to his feet and went to the sink. He looked at his reflection in the mirror, rubbing his head where he'd been punched, then turned on the water and splashed some in his face.  
  
What would Cody do when he saw Charlie sitting with Michelle in the middle of the cafeteria at lunchtime? Would he attack Charlie right there or wait until later? If anything, the attack had strengthened Charlie's resolve to be seen with Michelle at the school. So Michelle was Glenn's now? Did Glenn have two sets of her clothes at his house, plus her vibrator? Not only was the vibrator under Charlie's bed, he was on a first-name basis with "Hoppity".  
  
Cody Scolari could go ahead and pound on him. Michelle was worth the pain. Maybe when she saw what kind of friends Glenn had, she'd rethink being his date.

Charlie touched the side of his head again, grimacing. "Cheap hit," he muttered. "Distracted me and swung at me from my blind side. Bunch of cheap cowards." He stepped out of the bathroom, looking for the boys, but they were gone.  
  
He only had ten minutes now before first bell, but he still wanted to stop by the AV room. He continued down the hall until he reached the familiar door. He pushed it open.  
  
Ronni waited for him there, sitting in the chair from the editing bay. She looked up at him, and he could see the angry hurt in her eyes. She was holding her phone.  
  
Cody's words came back to him: "I've showed it to three people. These two guys, and one other..."  
  
Ronni held up her phone, showing him the screen. He could see the image of Michelle and himself kissing. "So, Charlie..." She spoke in a low voice. "You want to tell me what you did this weekend?"