

## Chapter 21 – Wednesday Morning

### “Clarity”

Luis

You know, in football, they call a penalty for piling on.

Susan?

Where’s the ref? He’s an out-of-towner, that’s where he is. It is a given in football that out-of-town refs are a bit biased—the wrong way.

So, here I am. Still trying to wrap my mind around being with Becca. Pondering Becca and Rosalee. Then the three-way kiss we shared. Not to mention the Naked Program, Will, and, oh... East in two and a half days. Throw in football scholarships, college, the future. Will my car start in the morning? What is bugging Jason...? Now, Susan. What did she want?

I almost thought it. Caught myself. I learned my lesson in 8<sup>th</sup> grade. It was the last game of the season. We were ahead by four points. On a goal line stand as the clock was running out, I ended up on the bottom of the pile. My face down in a muddy puddle. At least eight other people on top of me in various forms. I actually had said to myself, *‘It can’t get any worse than this.’*

Murphy has really good hearing. Right about the time I was wondering if I could grow gills, someone landed on my hand. With their cleats. Hard. Plus, the other team scored and won.

I can still see the scars, faintly. The broken bones healed. All my fingers work, as well as they did before—mostly. The lesson about not tempting Murphy lives on. Burned into my being.

I wasn’t going to say it. I banned the thoughts from my mind. I prayed that it was enough.

Slowly, I came back to the moment. Becca's hand in mine. Her sweet, adorable, lovely face looking at me. Her eyes asking the question, *'What does she want?'*

I shrugged my shoulders and gave her a quick kiss. I think to reassure myself more than her. Then we moved through the funnel of the door and into the cauldron of the hall. I was praying the whole time I could shrink about a foot and not be so noticeable.

We had just broken the kiss and had been temporarily separated by requests, when Susan appeared from nowhere. She scanned the crowd, then approached me.

"Well, since your partner isn't around," Becca was behind me at the time, actually leaning her back against me. "I'd like to ask you out for Saturday."

Color me stupid. "Erg... I can't, Susan."

"Do you already have plans?"

"Nothing firm, yet."

She put her hands on her hips. "Well, then, what's the problem?"

"I've kinda hooked up with Rebecca this week."

Cocking her head to the side. "Anything formal?"

"Not yet."

"So. What's the problem?"

"Susan, I appreciate the offer. I can't, though." I could feel Becca squirming behind me. Obviously getting very excited. Susan edged closer.

"I'm better for you than that art freak." I felt Becca tense behind me.

"Art freak?" I managed to get out. Becca's hand gently ran over my butt. "I'd have to say a very talented and gifted artist."

That got me a loving squeeze. Is the cavalry coming to my rescue or what? I have no idea what to do when a female shows her claws other than to run. The male of the species is

just not equipped to handle them.

“Yeah, and what does a big, strong football player like you need to know about art?” Was she actually cooing? Is this what they mean by vamping? Where is the ref and his yellow flag?

The sweet bundle of loveliness behind me began quaking then tensed. I could faintly hear her gasps and then the moaning sigh as she relaxed. Before I could say anything to Susan, Becca thanked the person for the orgasm and gracefully slid under my arm, facing Susan.

“Well, I’d say he appreciates fine art and wants to explore it further. Plus, I like to have strong, virile models around.” She squeezed me with the arm behind my back and then patted my chest.

I think I know what the process of a supernova looks like now. Susan’s eyes collapsed and she tried to suck all the mass and energy of the Universe into her being. Then her eyes exploded, throwing all that energy back out to create havoc and chaos.

“At least I know what to do with a hunk like him.” I wonder if they’re going to start pulling each other’s hair and trying to gouge out eyeballs?

“I know enough to swallow, like when I woke him up this morning.”

“When you... WHAT?”

“Let’s go sweetie, we’re going to be late to class.” Becca turned us, gracefully I might add, and started moving us down the hallway, leaving the remnant of a dead star, spluttering energy aimlessly.

Had I just witnessed this allegedly shy, retiring—no, retreating girl just zap another girl verbally in a cat fight? As I was trying to wrap my head around it, I managed to keep putting one foot in front of the other.

“I don’t mind you playing around and having fun, even falling in love. Just be choosy, okay?” She gave me a hug.

“Er...” Maybe it is the effect of intense gamma rays.

“My Mountain, just go with it. Okay?”

“Erg...” Lord only knows the number of particles that went through me during the supernova. That must be it.

“Strong silent type! I love it. I love you.”

“Er...” Is that Mission Control? “Ah... I love you too.”

She actually escorted me to my next classroom. Calculus. Yeah. Pretty numbers and symbols. I can focus on that instead of the scattered thoughts in my head. I’m sure I made noises in response to the requests being made, because there were hands other than Becca’s on Junior.

“See you after class, okay love?” She gave me a quick, discreet kiss as she said that, then moved gracefully through the crowd to her class. Somehow, I made it to mine and folded myself into the seat. These school chairs and desks just weren’t made for someone my size. They were better than the airlines seats I’ve wedged myself into over the years. Not much, though.

As I got out my notebook for class, the thoughts just kept rolling on. The airline seats reminded me of my travels this summer. Not only did the family do a couple of countries in Europe, I had traveled to one football camp in Los Angeles and made unofficial visits to Boston, Atlanta, and Austin.

I tried to remember anything about the art departments at the various schools. Then it hit me that I wouldn’t know good from bad. I knew that a few of the schools I was looking at had excellent music conservatories either on campus or nearby. And music has to do with East, how?

“Luis?” Mr. Singh’s voice penetrated the play maps in my head.

“Ah... Sorry sir.”

“That is quite alright Mr. Contadino. I do understand that the Program week to be a distraction for the participants. More so on a Wednesday than any other day. It would be a most fascinating study.” His sing-song accent wasn’t hard to understand and actually quite pleasant to listen to.

“I-I’m sure it would be, sir.”

“You have had no problems with simple integrals thus far, have you?”

“No sir. I’ve been using them for a couple of years. I did enjoy learning the history and basis behind them, though.”

“Good. Good. Most outstanding. This week, we will cover rotating an integral around an axis. In other words, double integrals. Do you feel comfortable?”

“Yes sir. I do. Not until we get to logarithmic and trig integrals do I have problems.”

“Most excellent. Then your program distractions will not impact you this week. I will refrain from calling on you.”

“Ah... Thank you, I guess.” He went back to the board and started showing rotating a simple integral about the Y-axis. Just like East is going to try to rotate around our defensive line. I need to make sure the outside linebackers play their assignments and not get sucked into fakes.

I wonder how many assignments I have messed up this week. It couldn’t have been too many or I would have had notes from my teachers.

Notes. Maybe I should write something for Becca. A poem? Hell, I’m not a poet. I could write her an equation!

What are all the variables I need to look at when selecting a college? I’m assuming that most of them would want me, at least academically. I know quite a few wanted me athletically.

I haven’t seen my T’ai Ch’i teacher this week. Did I need to?

I need to breathe.

As soon as I said it, my body started a relaxing, focusing series of deep breaths. Ah, all I had to do was remember to start it! My body knows.

In. Feel the rush of rejuvenating energy flow through my Crown and into my Center. Hold. I hope the refs will be watching holding. East is famous for it.

Out as slowly as in. Push up from my Center, pull the built-up toxins from my toes while pulling in grounding energy from the Earth. The painting on Becca’s easel—WOW!

Hold. Repeat. Just like my lessons in school and in T'ai Ch'i. Repeat, repeat, repeat. Why we run plays over and over in practice.

Breathe.

Let the energy in my Crown pull me up. Let the Earth ground my feet. Relax into the energy flow, like I relax into a Becca hug.

Breathe.

Let the thoughts go without engaging. The soft acoustic guitar of John Meyer drifted through my head.

Breathe.

Let the sounds become just that—sounds. Don't label them. Don't name them. Just let them flow through you. The music flowed until it became background.

Breathe.

Relax into the chair while letting the energy flow naturally. Become seated with the chair. Let go the chattering mind.

Breathe.

Accept the ringing of the bell. Know that it is time to become aware around you. Engage without surrendering again.

I packed up my stuff and noticed that I had actually taken some notes. So some of the class had filtered in. I felt calmer. Not completely centered, but calmer.

I headed towards the door. Time for Physics.

Not three feet from the door, I had my first request. I smiled, gave permission, and a sweet little thing wrapped her hand around Junior. He was very pleased. I actually found myself enjoying just feeling and not giving into the chatter in my head.

I scanned around the hall and didn't see Becca. Given the number of people changing classes, I wasn't surprised. Yet, you'd think a beautiful naked girl would stand out.

Every time I took another step towards her class, another request was made. Wasn't the novelty of the Program supposed to wear off by the third day? I guess the disruptions of yesterday delayed it. I looked down at one point and counted four small hands playing with Junior and two playing with his friends. At least that many hands were rubbing my butt and countless number were stroking the muscles of my arms, legs, chest, and back.

I gave into the feelings and just drifted with them. Every chance I got, I took another step down the hall. The girls were all very polite, asking before touching and looking me in the eyes for answers. Yet, I really wasn't engaging with the person. How should I?

I filed that question to tackle when there wasn't so much stimulation.

The door to the classroom for physics appeared long before the requests ceased. While I wasn't in danger of cumming, Junior was pretty pumped up. Mr. Thomas's class was one place I doubted I'd ask for relief.

"Ladies, I need to go to class now."

"Aww... Just a few more strokes!"

"We can make you cum if you want."

"Please, just a minute more!"

"Mr. Contadino, care to join us for class today?" Mr. Thomas was eyeing Junior the way the girls were. With a chorus of disappointment, the hands disappeared and I found a seat.

"Do you need relief?"

"No thanks, sir." I settled in and tucked Junior under the desk, got out my notebook, and prepared to take notes. Breathe, boy. Breathe. I calmed and slipped right into my center. The first time today. You know it when it happens. The world shifts. You feel connected, completely. The energy just flows. The roots grow from your feet down to the center of Earth.

Physics was... Physics. We worked with the Newtonian gravity equations and dove into Einstein's view to add relativity to the mix. While he was explaining gravity lenses and drawing pictures on the board, a picture started to build in my head. The planets were key considerations. The star light was the different paths I could take. Comets, asteroids, solar winds, and debris were distractions.

I could see there were many paths. And, yet, those paths bent, joined, and mixed. Suddenly, I grasped that the first few steps would allow me to see more, without closing any of my paths. As long as those steps were in the general direction of where I felt pulled.

Undergrad was about football, with enough of a basis in physics to get me to the next step. Later. Football was my path now. Becca was my path now.

Soon, we needed to really talk so I could learn about her choices.

At the same time, some of the things I was thinking about for college no longer made sense. It was time to focus on schools that would be in the top five in football consistently over the next five years. All of them had talked to me. All of them seemed eager. I still had four official visits to make. Which of those schools would have a good art school?

I could find my way, now. I knew how. All I had to do was keep the fears and doubts at bay. Stop from losing my head.

In other words, get my ass back on Center!

I wonder how I missed Becca during passing period. Miss her I did. In a little over 48 hours, she's taken possession of my heart. I've given it willingly.

The tigress that showed herself this morning. Wow! Where did that come from? Here I was hoping for the cavalry and I got something better. Becca. The new, improved model. Damn! She hit Susan as hard as I hit offensive lineman, and she did it without pads! Plus, she's as complex as cosmology, wrapped in the soul of an artist. She's beautiful. She's wonderful. She's... WOW!

As class drew to a close, Mr. Thomas assigned problems calculating the bend of light around various masses—gravity lenses—as homework. Simple now. Plus time to work on my own homework.

Out into the teeming masses, again, to find Becca and head to our long lunch/planning session.



## Rebecca

Okay, who is this pod person occupying my body?

*‘Maybe the pod person has just surrendered and given you your body back!’*

*‘Could be, Muse. Could be.’*

My plans this morning, almost destroyed because I didn’t understand how sore—and grumpy—Luis was going to be. That got back on track, but the collapse...

Just don’t do it again, my Muse had said. Yeah. Well... I’ll do my best. Then Rosalee this morning. Oh. My. God!!

Then, just now, leaning back-to-back with Luis while Rashad, from my art class, gave me a nice little orgasm. Did I really say that to Susan? Yep!

So much to think about.

Just as I was walking into biology, Ms Carlisle stopped me.

“Rebecca, given how your Program week has been going, please take your normal seat and I’ll give you a lot of space today. Okay?”

“Thank you, Ms Carlisle.” She winked at me and patted my arm.

“Wednesday is ‘adjustment’ day, you’ll need the time.” I returned her smile with a nod of my head and went to my seat. I guess it is adjustment day, kind of like when Daddy adjusts a rock in the yard with a sledgehammer.

When class began, she kept her promise and made it a review session. Since I was ahead in the class, I didn’t feel bad about zoning out.

I sat and waited for the shakes to start. I was expecting the overwhelming desire to retreat and hide. It was my normal behavior for the past five years. Why wasn’t it happening?

Did just saying I wasn’t going to do it any more really work?

I let some boy bring me to orgasm in the hallway. It was a nice one. Not howl-at-the-

moon and shaking-earth strong, but a nice one. He had requested to touch my... pussy. Okay, I can still say it. Not cunny. Pussy. While he was touching, I was thinking about Luis's bed, his... cock—I can say that too—in my mouth, and drinking his cum. I started to get more and more turned on.

The feeling of squirming against My Mountain while getting off was incredible. Yet, shouldn't I feel guilty? It wasn't him getting me off. But we did share it.

Susan. I can't believe she was hitting on him. I guess she hadn't seen me at first. Then her attack. Art freak? I guess I marked my territory, not with Luis's cum, but with words.

What all has changed this week? Other than walking around nude. And, gaining a boyfriend. It would seem my art has taken a turn for the better. But, I'm not writing at all. I haven't even thought about writing since Monday morning. That is way out of the norm for me.

I picked up a pen and opened my writing notebook... Okay. Write.

Any time now.

Ahm... Any time now.

The insolent blank page just stared at me. Unblinking. Mocking me.

My hand started moving.

*The soft wind swept through the hills as the clouds played tag with the blossoms of spring. In the distance, the sounds of the village...*

I zoned. Moving into that place where my characters live. Into the world where they let me observe and listen, hopefully catching their spirit. The words flowed onto the paper.

The bell marking the end of class startled me. I did a quick scan of the notebook. Ten full pages of writing in less than an hour. Nope, that old part of me was not dead.

Good.

Even better, what I had written felt right.

Now, the painter/writer who has discovered love and sex needs to get her ass to her next

class. I packed up and started towards the door.

“Rebecca?” Ms Carlisle called.

“Yes ma’am?” I couldn’t have knocked that smile off my face if I had tried.

“Feeling different?”

“Very.”

“I take it from the smile that this is a good thing?”

I gave a little laugh. “Yep. A very good thing.”

“Good for you. Come see me if you have any questions, though. Or doubts.”

“Oh, I’m sure I will. Thanks.” With a nod of my head, I headed out the door.

At least I made it outside before the first request. Some boy with a camera I didn’t know wanted me to pose for him. He took a couple of pictures while making suggestions. He actually made me feel good about myself.

“If you give me your email, I’ll send you copies.”

“Thank you, I’d like that.” I realized I really would and I wasn’t embarrassed.

Another step and the requests for touching started. I managed to get all the way to my English class without stepping over the orgasm cliff or running into any walls. It was pleasant, yet a little annoying, because I missed Luis.

I so wanted to see him. Hold his hand. Give him a little kiss. Just be around him. It wasn’t to be. I’ll see him next period, though. We’ve got that long lunch together.

Oh, Rosalee will be there too! Goodie!

I made it to class with seconds to spare.

“Rebecca, do you need relief?” Mrs. Richardson asked.

“No, not today, thank you.” I loved this class. It was one of the few that I had actively

participated in before. I had handled all the required reading years before, so all I had to do was brush up and then expand my knowledge of each of the writers.

Not many have patience with 19<sup>th</sup> century English writers, as witnessed by having only ten people in this class. I loved the stories, yet wading through the archaic language could be challenging at times.

“Very well, let us begin. We’re going to move beyond Dickens today and begin a discussion of the Brontë sisters. Rebecca, would you like to start us off?”

“Yes ma’am. The Brontës, while prolific writers, starting at a very early age, didn’t have much success publishing until later in life. A poetry book, their first publication, only sold two copies...”

And the discussion began. *Jane Eyre*, *Wuthering Heights*, and *Agnes Grey* all achieved success, yet two of the sisters died shortly after publication. Only Charlotte lived long enough to publish more. It was her unfinished novel, *Emma*, that we focused on.

Class flew by. When the bell rang, I felt... High. No other way to describe it. I wanted that feeling again. And again. All from engaging and actively participating.

I quickly gathered my stuff and headed out the door.

“I have a request.” I’d know that deep, rumbling voice anywhere.

“Only if it is reasonable,” I giggled.

“I’d like to escort you to lunch, my sweet Becca.”

“Not only is that reasonable, kind sir, it is desired.” His very large hand swallowed my offered hand. A quick kiss and a loving smile for each other, we headed towards the cafeteria.

“Sorry I missed you between classes.”

“Me too. The requests started as soon as I left biology and didn’t stop until I was to my English classroom.”

“Same here, from Calculus to Physics.”

“Were they all reasonable?”

“So far.”

“What about Susan’s request?”

“Erg..”

“My, we’re articulate today.” I really like this teasing game.

“Ahm... Er..”

I couldn’t help a little giggle. “It’s alright, My Mountain. You’re just not used to women fighting over you.”

“You’re right about that!” I looked over to catch his blush.

“Did it give your ego a boost?”

“No. It confused me more than I was already this morning.”

“Still confused?”

“Let’s just say I have a lot of things to work on, but I’m feeling a lot more centered now.” He paused for a second. “What...”

I tried to hide a smile with a serious, concerned mask. I could feel what he was going to ask. Yep, teasing is fun. “What about what?”

“Hmm... W-What happened with Susan this morning?”

“What do you mean?” Damn, this was fun watching him sputter and blush.

“I, um, s-saw a different you.”

“No, you saw the real me. I’ve been hiding too long. Not going to do that anymore. Still love me?”

He looked me in the eyes and a shiver went through me. My legs got weak. “Yes, I do. I think I like the real you. No.... I love the real you.”

“Good.” I thought for a few seconds. Teasing was nice, but we had something more important to deal with. “I’m glad you do, because now it is time to start putting on your game face for Friday.”

Okay, add ‘double take’ to the list of words and phrases I now have good mental pictures of. “Yeah, you’re right.”

“Damn straight I am. I don’t want you getting hurt because your mind isn’t in the game.”

“What will that do to us?”

“You getting hurt? A lot.” I couldn’t help laughing at him. He gave me a mock frown. “Sweetie, I understand. As long as we still have snuggle and kissy time, no problems. Maybe even a little more—or a lot more!”

He growled. Like an angry grizzly bear. And set his face in this scowl. Yet, I could see in his eyes laughter.

I couldn’t help but laugh. “That’s your game face? I think you can do better than that!”

“Okay. For real.” We stopped walking. He relaxed.

I mean, he relaxed. From the position he was standing, he could move in any direction without having to relax any muscles. His face relaxed, yet his eyes turned to... That I’m going to have to think about. He was seeing everything, he focusing on nothing—looking through, not at.

This was a man you did not want to try to get by. A shiver ran down my spine, hoping he would never aim that look at me.

I looked around the crowded hallway to see reactions of others. I saw Susan turn and head the other way—rapidly! Others were instinctively giving him a wide berth. I briefly saw Rashad’s face in the crowd. His naturally dark complexion turned ashen gray.

“Wow!” I managed to whisper.

Slowly a smile appeared on his face and his entire being changed. “Yeah, wow. This morning, I was scared shitless that I couldn’t center enough to be able to do that.”

“Well, let’s just keep you centered until Friday night!”

“No, let’s keep me being able to get back onto center. Forever.”

“Deal.” He put his arm across my shoulders as I wound mine halfway across his back. I still needed more arm.

“Now, let me shovel some calories into this body. It’s been a long morning.”

“And, we need to plot a little revolution with the other Naked.”

\*\*\* End of Chapter \*\*\*

**Note:** The title of this chapter comes from John Meyer’s song *Clarity*, which can be found on YouTube and [www.last.fm](http://www.last.fm) (a great online music source).

Coming soon : Part III (Wednesday) - Chapter 22 – “Sultans of Swing”