

Rebecca and Luis: Naked in School

Part One - Monday

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I'm a new writer to the "Naked in School" universe. I would like to thank Karen Wagner for coming up with the original concept and allowing others to adopt it. I'd also like to thank Frank Downey for introducing the Partner concept to the series. Plus the many others that have added to and expanded this universe – PeregrineF for the Carl and Beth stories, CWatson for Arie and Brandon, and the many all that have expanded this concept. You have all brought me here. Thank you for paving the road, putting in the infrastructure, and allowing others to play in this world. Thank you tenyari for creating the collection and keeping the universe alive! Here is my attempt to take it where I need to.

If you are new to this concept, please visit the Naked In School pages at ASSTR (www.asstr.org/~NIS/) or Google "Naked in School".

Long live Karen Wagner! The first student written about that went "Naked In School" and the first person to write about it.

Many thanks to Ian (you know who you are) for editing and all my on-line and off-line friends that have reviewed, commented, and supported me through this. The Lady G gets the most credit for tolerating my hours with pen in hand and hands on the keyboard.

"Cold hearted Orb that rules the night,
Steals the colors from our sight..."
Moody Blues, *Knights in White Satin*

Chapter One – Monday – Daybreak

***** Rebecca *****

His lips were tracing sparks across mine. His hands were moving to my bodice. The cool wind was flowing over us and not cooling our passion. "Yes, kiss me. Take me." My bedroom door opened.

"Good morning sleepyhead, time to get up, school day." Mom retreated from my room and went down to make breakfast.

My dream slowly faded. The soft meadow of heather replaced by my covers. The

haphazard collection of paintings, sketches, and charcoals that lined my walls replacing the mists on the hills in Scotland. My imaginary lover would have to wait until tonight to finish seducing me. I hopped out of bed, straightened my nightgown, and reached for my robe hanging on my easel. "Just a few more strokes and you're done," I decided as I studied the oil mounted in the easel. I needed the paints to settle a bit before adding the last few details. "Maybe tomorrow."

Just before opening my door I looked at my "Wall of Inspiration." Sketches that I had at one time thought might be hiding a painting and I wasn't in the right frame of mind to see it. No sudden inspiration from any of the sketches pinned to the wall. Yet, I decided they would all survive another day before taking the trip to the archive in the back of the closet.

I crossed the hall still wrapping my robe around me. My younger brother and I traded the bathroom and I made some noises. He mumbled something back. It was our private morning ritual and joke. Neither of us is a morning person. Yet, he'd already been out for a run. At least I'd gotten an extra hour of sleep.

In the shower I started a new short story, hearing the dialog in my head, seeing the scene, hearing the characters, and watching it unfold. I've learned to not force my dreams. A long, hot shower usually lets them come out in story form. I let the story wash over me as I finished rinsing off. This one was a keeper. I'd capture as much as I could on paper this morning. Kind of funny that it was about being naked in school and the Program would be starting up for the year today.

The Program. It was some silly thing that came from another school system a few years ago. We all got pamphlets about it each year. There were two naked teenagers on the front of it. Kids were "chosen" to go through school for a week naked. Something about discovery and becoming more comfortable with themselves. Blah, blah, blah. I could ignore it. No way I'd ever be in the Program.

After wrapping myself in my robe, towel on head, I headed for my room. Time to apply the camouflage. My wardrobe was mostly ankle length skirts, mostly vintage with some retro. Flowing and not at all revealing. My tops tended towards baggy, almost shapeless. I wanted to keep my body private. I used to dress like everyone else. Then my body started to change and I got boobs before anyone else my age. Girls can be so cruel and boys only want to stare or touch. Or worse.

Besides covering myself from ankle to neck I looked for the right scarf, shawl, hat, or other accessory to continue the illusion. Mixing colors, textures, and lines in a way that stood out yet was ignored. I got away with my eclectic attire by being the artist. My large bag of sketchbooks, pens, pencils, charcoals, journals, cameras, and such just made it obvious. I had perfected hiding in plain sight.

“Thanks for the wake up, Mom.” I kissed her on the cheek as she cooked. I fixed my cereal, juice, and grabbed some toast. My brother was well into his 4 egg omelet as I sat down. We ceremonially grunted at each other, a slight smile on our lips.

“Neandertal,” I mumbled louder.

“Hippie,” he retorted.

“Morning Daddy,” I said to the Wall Street Journal at the head of the table. Home delivery no less.

“Morning Rebecca,” the paper said. I pulled out my journal and captured the gist of the new story while I ate.

“Want a ride today?” Jason was finishing his 20,000 calorie, cholesterol laden breakfast and getting ready to go. I don't have a car. I'm really not a good driver. I spend too much time in my head writing, thinking about my next painting, or just seeing the world my way. Not enough attention on the road, I'm afraid. On my 16th birthday I had traded the offered car for a nice camera, some lenses, a really good easel, and the tools to make my own paints. I had never regretted it. I'm sure the other drivers hadn't either.

“Sure, Jase, thanks.” I finished up my notes, knowing I had a few more minutes while he gathered his books.

Mom and I did the kissy-cheek thing, the Paper wished us well in school, and Jason and I went out the door to his car.

“You know the Program starts today,” Jason said as we settled into the car and he backed out the drive. “Who do you think they will pick?” The Big Secret we kept from our parents was we actually talked to each other, a lot. We got along really well. Far be it for us to burst their bubble about sibling rivalry and all. As a matter of fact, I considered Jason my best friend.

“Don't know. I only hope I can get some artistic inspiration from them.” The Program. Damn. Is that going to be the only topic for conversation today? Being naked. Getting fondled under the guise of a request.

“The boy or the girl?”

“Both and maybe together!” I laughed. “It would be too much to think they'd be in my art class.”

“Bec, what if our parents signed us for the Program?”

“No way. They really don't know we're around except as tax deductions.” That's why I was so safe from it. Parents had to sign their kids up for it.

“Don't be so hard on them, Bec.” Before I went off on my parents it hit me. Jason is everything they'd wanted. Six feet two, 240 pounds of solid muscle. A star running back as a Junior including All State and All American honorable mention. National Honor Society. Popular.

“Sorry Jase. I'm just not the daughter they wanted. I'm not the social princess, the cheerleader, or even the gymnast. I'm not all that popular. I don't want to be. I want my writing and my art. That's all.”

“Oh Bec. Don't think they don't love you or really care about you. They really do. They also respect that you have something rare and special, your artistic talents.”

“Yea, like they see that.” I almost spat out these last words.

My dear brother, all big handsome hunk of him, able to find a hole in any defense and get five more yards, looked at me. His eyes were starting to tear. “We all see it, Bec. They just don't know how to relate to you.”

What could I do. I broke and cried. I leaned on my “little” brother, my rock, my friend and bawled. He put his arm around me and hugged me. “We all see the magic you have with words and painting. We're all in awe, even a bit jealous. You make something we can't imagine doing look so easy. But we see it, we respect it. Mom, Dad, and me, we do love you.”

Jason pulled into the parking lot, found a spot, and shut down the car. I was still leaking rivers. Sobbing. Almost heaving. He handed me a towel and helped me start to pull myself back together.

“I'm such an emotional time bomb, aren't I?”

“I guess it comes with the artistic vision, Sis.” He gave me a gentle punch on the arm. Eventually I did get myself together. My rock helped by just being there and not judging me. I thought, 'how could someone so physical be so gentle'. I almost lost it again.

Composed again, the perfect picture of the eccentric artist, we walked up to the school together. As we got closer I let him go on. Part of me wanted to just see and feel the early fall changes happening around the school. The other part began the 'hide in plain sight' ploy.

I watched as Jason joined the other football players outside the office. In that crowd his size looked average. I'd never noticed that before. I just held back at the edge of the crowd. Happy to observe and not be seen. It took on the flavor of a hanging. Everyone wanting to be a part of it and at the same time not wanting to be the star. Except, this lynching, no one in this crowd knew who the stars were going to be. The rubberneckers and gawkers waiting for the car wreck packed around the door to the main office.

The PA system came to life and the crowd grew silent in anticipation. “Would the following students report to the main office: Rebecca Davis...”

***** Luis *****

“Oh, God! Oh, Yes! You're a God! Harder!” This incredible blond was riding my cock and screaming while I fondled her nipples. Her face twisted with pleasure, her nipples rock hard, her fluids running down my balls. Then the alarm went off.

Shit. I was almost there with my fantasy girl helping me along. I managed to control my hand just before I crushed the stupid little box making all the noise and waking me from THIS.

After finding the snooze button, I pulled my arm back under the sheet and started

the process of waking up. Find this cramp. Stretch. Find this pain. Relax. As much as I wanted to stroke that rock hard thing tenting my sheets, I needed to piss and shift gears.

The beginning of the third week of school, a Monday. I was still a little sore and tight from the football game Friday night and was looking forward to getting to school early and using the whirlpool to loosen my muscles. “Another ten minutes and I'd start my morning routine,” I said to the room. My body sank back into the warmth of the bed. “No Good. Get Up!” Yea, it was a Monday, it was in season, it's transition day.

“The weekend is for recovery, Monday is transition day. Wake up stiff and sore, get out of bed with a focus on the next game. Get past it.” I repeated my Monday Mantra a couple of times. By now, I found myself in my running shoes, jock strap, shorts, and a t-shirt, at the door ready to begin my run. Monday through Friday – rain, shine, snow, or whatever – 5 to 7 miles. My run. By myself. A few stretches and I headed out, Tchaikovsky's *1812 Overture* on my headphones. Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops version that I'd ripped from my parent's vinyl. All the energy of that long ago July the 4th evening channeled through this wonderful composition. I needed it this morning. Start out depressed, build, retreat, build, and then win. Just what I needed.

When I turned back into the driveway of our house and the last cannon had shot, I realized I wasn't that stiff anymore. I had a new visualization of the carbon cycle within a protostar, and I was beginning to think about our crosstown rivals we'd play Friday night. I went into the basement door of my apartment within my parents house. I stripped off my clothes and began the Short Yang Form of T'ai Ch'i. “Thank you Dad for introducing me to this,” I said to myself before emptying my mind for 15 minutes and focused on moving slow, breathing, and feeling my imaginary opponent. Into the shower, dressed for school in dockers, oxford shirt, loafers, no socks (my rebellion point). Up the stairs from my hideaway to the house and into the kitchen.

“Ah, Luis!” Mama said as I walked into the kitchen.

“Hi Mama, you look good enough to eat!” I bent down and gave her a kiss on the cheek. Some wonderful 1920's Jazz playing in the background.

“Oh, you guys and your sweet tongues. You say sweet things and all you want is our sweet things! Good morning, sweetie. You sound chipper.” She returned to cooking eggs and bacon. She wore a long robe that accented her trim body. Over it she was wearing a chef's apron. Fitting, as she owns and is the head chef of the best restaurant in town. Italian food, imagine that.

“I had a good run this morning and feel recovered from Friday.” I headed to the fridge and fixed a large glass of orange juice and another of milk. As I was settling in at the kitchen table Dad came into the kitchen from the garage carrying the morning paper.

“Morning, Papa.”

“Well, Luis, you seem to be in better shape than this weekend.” He tossed the paper

on the table by me as he went to kiss Mom and get a cup of coffee. When he came back he took my hand in a shake. He always tried to out squeeze me. In the last few years I had let him win. Ever since the first time I saw real pain on his face.

“Fully recovered and getting ready for East on Friday.”

Mama brought plates of food to the table and we all dove into breakfast and the paper. We chatted about news, plans, and just general stuff. About halfway through breakfast a tornado whipped through kitchen.

“Hi, Sis.” She grabbed a bottle of juice from the fridge.

“Hi, Honey.” She grabbed some toast from the table.

“Good morning, Margaret.” She blew kisses to each of us.

“Hi. Late. Gotta run. Love ya. Bye!” Peace returned slowly as the wind died down. The three of us just went back reading and chatting.

Just another morning in the Contadino household. Margie was off to some meeting before school. As a sophomore she seemed to be involved in everything. A gifted planner and organizer, as well as a great person, she was in constant demand. Even the seniors deferred to her when they needed to get something organized and done.

Half a dozen eggs, half a pound of breakfast meats, four different fresh fruits, and a liter of fluids later, I bade my parents goodbye and headed out the door. Bending, folding, and cramming my body into my car I took off to school. The stereo cranking *One Way Out* by the Allman Brothers, the live version. Duane's guitar riffs powering the car to school.

I got to the gym early enough that all the whirlpools were open. I cranked up the full body tub, went to my locker and stripped, grabbed a towel, and settled in to the magic of hot water and bubbles up to my neck. I'd slipped in some old Motown into the resident boom box and was drifting into space on *My Girl* when it started to get crowded.

“Yo, look at the wimp defensive lineman pampering himself.” Spoken by the only person on the team that out weighed me, our center, Mike Holloway. He only had me by five freaking pounds.

“Yo, Hollow Dick, what's your complaint? That I got here first and got the good tub? Did you remember your rubber duckie?”

“Better than that rubber dickie of yours, wimp.” He settled into the tub next to me. Both of us were serious students of the game of football and immediately dropped into a critique of Friday's game. We compared what we'd felt and seen on our side of the field and gave our observations when we were off the field. It worked out well since we were rarely on the field together and respected each others ability and observations. As other starters wandered in they joined in the critique. Better us to talk about our strengths and weaknesses than our coaches! Not that we wouldn't hear from them later in the day. Yet, they knew us well enough to know that we were tough enough on ourselves. Always striving for that unobtainable, perfect game. They'd taught us well.

Most of us had played together since 5th grade and the youth leagues. Last year we'd missed the State Championship by one field goal. I blamed myself for letting their offense get an extra field goal. Mike blamed himself for not letting our offense get an extra score.

I started to climb out of the deep tub, feeling a bit like rubber. "Mike, what do you think of Jason Davis? How's he coming along?"

"Man, I'm impressed. I don't even have to open a hole for him, he makes them. I spend half my time following him down the field!"

"Can he catch?"

"What ya' thinking, WOP?" Yea, I'm Italian. And I like the words. I'm proud of where my family came from. Just don't call me worthless!

"By now, all the scouting reports are gonna focus on his running. We haven't used him as a receiver. He comes out of the backfield without the ball, everybody's ignoring him. We should work with him as a receiver and save it for when we need it."

"Gotcha. Done deal." Our starting QB, Paul Rogers, said stepping up, "I'll work with him. I'll let you two pieces of beef tell us when to use it."

"Yo, Hollow Dick, when did we let management into the labor talks?" I shouted as I left the wet room. "Next thing you know, they're gonna think they run the place." I couldn't hear Mike's response over the laughter and objections. Yea, we're in the mood to get ready for East. Relaxed enough, still working as a team, and good energy.

A quick workout in the weight room focused on my legs, into the showers, dress, and to the hallway outside the offices. Like everyone else. It was Monday. The start of the Program. We all wanted to see who was going Naked this week. The football players tended to group together. Mike and Paul joined me, as did others from the team. Jason had just come up to us when the PA system started up. They announced in descending class order starting with the Seniors.

"Would the following students report to the main office: Rebecca Davis," I was trying to place her and almost missed the next name, "Luis Contadino..."

Chapter Two – Monday – Welcome

***** Rebecca *****

Just before complete shutdown, I managed to think to myself, "so much for 'hiding in plain sight!'" Like a fattened cow taking the last walk up the ramp, I moved forward. I could see over the crowd the office door opening and closing as other names I was not hearing were called. Just like the last door cattle enter at the slaughter house.

I took one last look around for Jase. He and his football buddies were laughing and pointing. I don't think he saw how hurt I was that my own brother, my rock, would be

making fun of me.

Mrs. Grant gave me a kind smile and pointed down the hall to Dr. Cavanaugh's office. The room was cramped. I must be the last one. All the seats were taken around the conference room table so I began to fade into the corner and disappear.

“Mr. Contadino, it would be polite for you to stand and give your seat to the lady.” Dr. Cavanaugh was looking directly at me, compelling me forward with his eyes. Then this monster arose from the chair. He was HUGE. He just kept standing and standing. Unfolding and unfolding. My God, he made Jason look tiny. His neck was bigger than my waist. Two of me would fit his width with lots of wiggle room left over. Almost no body fat yet none of the sharp definition of a bodybuilder. It was obvious he was very, very strong.

Amazing for his size and sheer physical power, he very gently offered me the chair. I did my best to disappear into it. Retreat into my own little world and not let this be happening.

Dr. Cavanaugh was talking. I couldn't hear the words. Didn't really want to. I just wanted to wake up in my bed, real soon. After a bit, the mountain behind me spoke a few words. His voice very deep. I heard him say his name was Luis and something about the football team. That made sense.

I felt Dr. Cavanaugh's eyes on me and heard him say, “Rebecca?” Something about introductions flashed through my brain. I don't really remember what I said. I'm sure it was a whisper.

Dr. Cavanaugh was speaking again. I think it was something about me, it sure felt like it as I sensed every eye in the room on me. Yet, I couldn't be here, now. Not with what was going to happen very shortly. I focused on my hands in my lap. Willing myself to wake up from this dream.

***** Luis *****

“What the FUCK!” I'm sure a seismograph in Australia registered my explosion. Before I could get my feet under me, my breath back in my body, it felt like the entire football team was pushing me towards the office door. They were laughing and pointing at me. I couldn't hear their jokes, I'm sure they were good.

Alone, I was propelled into the cavern of the outer office. Mrs. Grant, the school's secretary, was behind the counter and casually hooked her hand towards the Principle's Office. I could feel every muscle trying to lift my feet, coordinate, keep my balance, and walk down the hallway. There was no music. Not even Muzak. A funeral dirge would have worked.

I entered Dr. Cavanaugh's office and discovered I was the first one there.

“Well, Mr. Contadino. Welcome to the Program.” Dr. C. was one of those few people that made me feel short. At 6' 9”, he had had a brief career in the NBA. After, he had returned to school and received a doctorate in education. His mere presence was

enough to quieten any hallway.

“Feel free to relax here while we wait for the rest.” He pointed to the back of a chair and handed me a copy of the Pamphlet to occupy my hands. I played with it while I tried to process all this. Could I even get my head around it? SHIT. I think I sat down in the chair.

One by one the others came in. I only felt them enter the room. I was focused on the naked couple on the cover of the Program's pamphlet. When I was in my stance on the football field, I was aware of most every player on the field. Yet, right now, all I could see was that naked couple.

“Mr. Contadino?” Dr. Cavanaugh cleared his throat to get my full attention. “It would be polite for you to stand and give your seat to the lady.”

“Oh, um, yeah. Sorry.” I dragged myself into this world. Standing, I saw the others. West High was a big school. To get everyone through the program, we had 4 people per class in the Program each week. Sixteen at a time. Naked. As I turned, I notice Rebbeca, the school's resident artist, standing and offered her my chair at the table. She looked about like I felt. While Rebbeca sat, I looked around the room at the others. WHAT! Why is Margie here?

Dr. C.'s voice took over. “Before I go through my little speech, I'd like you each to introduce yourselves. Please share with us your name, class, and little about your activities at school. Mr. Contadino, please start us off.”

Somehow, my mouth worked. I guess all those sports interviews I'd done over the years helped. “Luis Contadino. Senior. Starting defensive lineman and co-captain of the football team. Also, Science and Chess Club.”

“Ms. Davis?” Dr. C. prompted the girl seated in front of me. “Rebbeca?” When she didn't immediately respond.

“Hm, ah, I'm... I'm Rebbeca Davis. Senior. I'm an artist....” Her words were barely above a whisper.

Dr. C. spoke up. “If you look at the signature of most of the murals around the school, you'll see her signature.” The back of Rebbeca's neck, I noticed, was becoming very red.

“Tim Carter. Senior. I just transferred this year. Theater is my main interest.” Three weeks and I'd never noticed him. About 6 feet. Very red hair and medium build. Seemed like a nice guy.

“Shirley Koen,” she pronounced it Key-oh-en. “Senior. Editor of the school paper and class editor for the yearbook.”

“Mike Watson. Junior. Nervous.” We all broke up at that! Yeah, we are too!

Dr. C. wasn't letting him off easy. “I will add National Honor Society and the school's first ever Chess Grand Master.” Didn't I know it. Although he killed me most times we played, he was also a patient teacher. Short. Skinny. Just what you'd think a nerd looked like. Really funny when you got to know him.

“Ah, oh...” The next victim started to choke. Mike reached out, put his hand on her shoulder, bent, and whispered something in her ear. He left his hand there, squeezing lightly. “Stacy Williams. Junior. Photographer for the paper and annual.” She managed to blurt out, then put her hand on top of Mike's. Stacy and Mike had been an item since their Freshman year. She was nearly coal black and large framed. The odd couple. Despite her size, when she was in photographer mode, she could disappear.

“Jane...” “Chris...”

“One at a time. In a rare breach of protocol, gentlemen first. Mr. Flanagin?”

“Chris Flanagin. Junior. Pitcher on the baseball team, Latin Society, and Debate.” He looked down at Jane.

“Jane Chung. At least that's my American name. Junior. Choir and Spanish Club.” A beautiful girl with an incredible voice. Although she was squeaking a bit now. I am certain I'll be buying her recordings in the not too distant future. So far, everyone had been on the same side of the table as Rebecca and I. The Sophomores and Juniors were across the table. Margie.

***** Rebecca *****

After my intro, Dr. Cavanaugh told everyone about my murals. I'm sure I was red as a California sunset. Suddenly, my artistic muse smacked me in the back of the head. Screaming, she said, “Listen! Watch! Observe! You need to capture this. You cannot miss the tension, energy, emotions. Think of the stories, the paintings this experience will bring!”

I started agreeing with my muse. WHAT! “Look,” my muse spoke as she appeared standing on the hands folded in my lap, “this is going to happen. You can be self-absorbed and miss the unfolding motions, actions, energies, and emotions of the others. Watch. Listen. Learn.”

All the Juniors and Seniors had introduced themselves. Suddenly, I felt Luis's energy change. It became very cold, not angry, just cold. Something was really wrong. I wish I could see his face. I split my attention to observe the kids across the table and feeling Luis behind me, or at least his energy.

“Stanley Rosenberg. Sophomore. I'm a transfer student and am joining the Math and Science clubs.” He looked a little bit like a young Albert Einstein, at least his hair did! I could easily use his image as either the great teacher or, with a few shifts in his face, the perfect mad scientist.

“Rosalee Tuner. Sophomore. Token trailer trash and aspiring class slut.” She got a case of the giggles. Dr. C. gave one of his looks, the kind down his nose. She straightened up a bit. “Okay, frustrated actress, piano and wannabe conductor.” That was Rosalee. Always on stage. I think she would have been a great actress, but she was better with music. It would be interesting to see how this week played out for her. I already had in mind a scene with her as the great courtesan.

“Luke Nguyen. Sophomore. Point guard on the basketball team, at least I hope!” We all chuckled. He was maybe 5' 6”. But he could shoot. He'd made varsity as a Freshman and was the team's leading scorer. Good thing I liked sports or I wouldn't know half these folks. Wiry is the best way to describe him. I found myself wondering what his shoulders look like. Well, I'd find out in a minute!

“And, soon to be National Merit Scholar.” Dr. C. added. Then he nodded to the next person. If Luis was cold before, he was frozen now. Anger? No, that was usually heated. Fear? Could be. I wish I could see his face.

“Margie Contadino. Sophomore. Class President, cheerleader, and assistant stage manager for the Drama Club.” She looked at Luis and gave a little wink. He was unmoving. His energy had not changed.

As people started to get the connection, Dr. C. spoke up, “Yes, they are siblings. Our first in the Program at the same time.”

“Jorge Borges.” He pronounced it Whore-Hey Bore-Haze. “Freshman. Somehow, Freshman Class President.” One look at him and you knew why. A serious line to his face, yet mirth in his eyes. Someone you wanted to trust. I could see an older version of him in the scene with Rosalee.

“Sherri Jackson. Freshman. Ah, just here.” We all laughed with her.

Dr. C. added, “Shirley, you'd better watch out. She's a damn good writer!” Sherri tried to turn purple. Jorge rested his hand on her shoulder to reassure her. I felt Luis's energy change, beginning to warm up some. Just a hair.

“Paul Templer. Freshman. Wannabe river guide. Ecology Club.” Rugged looking. Very deep tan. His accent sounded British, but not quite. Talk about stereotypical! His looks and accent and wanting to be a river guide in deepest, darkest Africa. He would definitely make it into at least one of my works.

Dr. C. felt compelled to speak up. “Paul joins us from Zambia.” That explained the accent.

“Um. Crap. Why am I here?” A cute little waif. “All you guys are so unreal. I'm just a nobody.”

Oh, oh. A meltdown. Before anyone could say anything, Paul leaned down and place both his hands on her slender, freckled shoulders. He whispered, but had the kind of voice that just carries. “It's okay, Ginny. We're all in this together. We all want to meet you.”

Whatever it was – his words, touch, his energy – she looked back at him, smiled, and while holding his eyes spoke. “Ginny Smith. Freshman. Confused.” No one laughed. She would make the perfect girl taken and held by the natives. Bound and waiting for Paul to rescue her. I felt Luis beginning to return to his normal energy state. I wish I could see his face.

Dr. C. waited for a second to see if she was done. “Ginny has test scores that would scare most of you and with this group, that's saying something. She also volunteered for

the Program. She has some special circumstances that you need to respect. Get to know her and you will understand.”

Ginny blushed so hard her freckles disappeared and her skin blended with her flaming red hair. Mmm. That was going to be fun to try to paint.

“Okay. Welcome to the fourth year of the Naked in School Program at West High School. Everyone in the school and your parents have all been given the pamphlets explaining the program. You sixteen are the first group this year. I expect you to set the tone for the year, help each other, and help those that come after you.”

Tone? I knew about color tones. How could I set a tone? Wait. I'm going to be getting naked in a minute. My eyes drifted down to my hands again.

*** Luis ***

Margie is in the Program? Isn't this week going to be bad enough for me without this? What is Mama going to think? Papa? What are they going to expect of me? I knew they were beyond the typical Italian-Catholic crap they were raised with, but this? While they didn't come to the States until they were teenagers, they had become fully American, even liberal in their social attitudes.

As the introductions came to Margie, I shut down. No other way to say it. When she finished and gave me a little wink, I know she saw me doing a great impersonation of a slack-mouthed, idiot-eyed jock.

The near meltdown with the cute, redheaded Freshman – Ginny, yeah – brought me back. Dr. C. was saying something about expecting us to set the tone.

“I'm looking to the Seniors to be the leaders I know them to be and act as mentors for you all. Each person in this group has already shown themselves to be outstanding in some dimension. In your own way you are already leaders and carry a lot of influence. The rest of the school will be watching how you behave this week.”

“What? Scared shitless and embarrassed?” Sherri blurted out.

“Bare assed is more like it,” quipped Rosalee.

“Sherri,” Dr. C.'s voice pulled our attention back, “If you weren't scared, I'd be worried. Rosalee, how many times have you performed on stage?”

“Um, around a hundred, I guess.”

“Do you ever get nervous about it?”

“Every time but once. Butterflies about the size of 747's.”

“How do you deal with it?”

“Turn it into the energy I give my audience through my playing. The one time I wasn't nervous was the worst performance I ever gave.”

“Nervous now?”

“Better believe it!” We all laughed with her.

“Getting ready for your biggest and longest performance to date?”

“Besides Trailer Trash Queen?” We all laughed. It was an act she'd been using since

I knew her. "I'm still dressed! But, yes."

"Luis?" I was now in Dr. C's gun sights. "On the playing field you are focused. Nearly a machine. Do you get nervous before a game?"

"I'm already getting nervous about East and it's just Monday!"

"Yet, we don't see that on the field. Why?"

"I have a ritual I go through in the training room when I'm getting taped up for the game. It takes about 30 minutes so I use the time to turn all the nervous energy into focused energy. Focused on winning the game." He went through a few others. Okay, I knew how to do it for football. Could I do that this week? What was a win? Making it through the week alive?

All of us must have been zoned and thinking because it took Dr. C. a minute to get us to focus on him again. Must have been a record.

"Now, I have a request of the gentlemen." We all stood up a little taller and focused on him. He looked more serious than I have ever seen him. "The Program still has its dark side. A very dark side because all of society has not embraced its concepts. As a result, there are still cases in this and other schools of abuse – and worse." He let it sink in for a minute and then pointedly look at me, Chris, Luke, and Paul. "I expect you gentlemen to provide as safe a space as possible for all the Program participants this year. I want you to help others understand that no means no. Maybe means no. And what is reasonable when requests are made. The Program is about pushing limits, not about inviting abuse."

He again looked each of us, this time all the males, in the eyes. Looked at each of us until we nodded. "Good." As our commitment settled in, I looked at the others. It was easy to see the commitment in every eye. We were bonded. "Thank you, Gentlemen." Damn, he was good.

"Two more things. First, we will be doing the Partner version of the Program. Gentlemen, you are currently standing behind your partner for the week."

"Secondly, ladies..." He did the eye contact thing with each of them and began talking to them. I wasn't listening. I tried to consider what being partnered with Rebecca would be like. Yet, I kept thinking about how to deal with my little sister being in the program at the same time as me. Hell, I was having trouble dealing with ME being in the program!

***** Rebecca *****

"Partners" and "Time to strip." That's all I heard of that part of Dr. Cavanaugh's speech at the end. My muse left. On automatic, I somehow undressed except for my sneakers and socks and put my clothes in the box with my name on it. Cloaking myself in my artistry, I looked around and observed the others move. Undressing, hiding, exposing. Here I had 15 nude models of almost every body type and for free!

Luis, my partner for the week – got to get used to that, was massive. He didn't have chiseled sharpness, yet in a more primal way I knew he was incredibly strong. As large as he

was, he was very graceful when he removed his shirt and his pants. His muscles moved in a well choreographed dance that wasted no energy or motion. Almost a ballet.

I was glancing around catching a scene here and there. The long sinuous motions of the pitcher Chris. Tom's dramatic flare, movements almost larger than life. Rosalee's bold confidence. She was putting on a very sensuous, no, very erotic show. You could see the effect it was having on Stan by the bulge in his shorts.

I felt a change in Luis. As his hands moved towards his waist to remove the last of his clothing, his grace had disappeared. I could see the muscles in his arms, shoulders, chest, and torso begin to work against each other. The primal power he had just naturally exhibited was replaced with doubt and uncertainty. Certainly, he's not ashamed of how small he is, is he? WHOA! Where did that come from!

I suddenly thought about the Greek and Roman sculptors of long ago. They showed the average man, from what I had read, in size when flaccid. Not like many of the artists today. Size seems to be everything to the point the average male must feel inferior. Was that why he was nervous? I promised myself not to react in a negative way.

He was still fumbling with his waistband. Moving to catch his eyes, he looked up for the first time. "It's okay, Luis, just look me in the eyes." He looked at me with surprise. I could feel him relax, his power was not back, but his doubt was gone. As he finished stripping, I kept eye contact and smiled.

He smiled back and turned to put his boxers in the box. When he did, we broke eye contact. I couldn't help myself, I looked down.

"OH!" That was it. My mouth stopped working. Like the rest of him, his penis was massive as well. It hung halfway to his knees and was still flaccid.

I heard a few gasps, a few "Oh My Gods!", and Rosalee's "WOW! Mama Want!" I forced myself to look up and found him turning very red. I sought his eyes. The hurt in them caused my compassion to flow towards him. He hadn't chosen his size, yet by the end of the week that's probably how people would remember him. My heart went out to him. I reached out and touched his arm, feeling the massive muscles for the first time. He was trembling. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to draw attention to you."

His eyes said thanks as he spoke. "It's okay. It was bound to be noticed eventually." I couldn't help but giggle a bit. That seemed to relax him some. Then he looked me over for the first time. He scanned my entire body slowly. When his eyes met mine, he simply said, "You're beautiful."

Still looking at his eyes, I know he meant it. I must have blushed to my toes again. I was getting a lot of practice today with that. My nipples hardened and I notice him glance down for a second. A little smile appeared on his face. His gentleness back.

"Okay, folks!" Dr. Cavanaugh's voice came through our silent communications. "First period is about over. Your teachers have all been notified of your absence, no notes will be needed. Any homework assignments will be in your box at the end of the day.

Time to head to your second period classes.”

“Luis, would you help me?” I don't know where that came from. “Would you walk me to my next class?”

“Sure, partner!”

With that, all 16 of us headed out into the hall. It was empty, the bell had not rung yet. Maybe we can make it to my next class before... RING!

***** Luis *****

“Strip.” Couldn't Dr. C have found a gentler word? I pulled Rebecca's chair back for her, watched her stand. Funny, as shy and introverted as I'd always thought her to be, she didn't hesitate about starting to disrobe. She wasn't stripping. She was disrobing.

I looked down to unbutton my cuffs and the focused on the buttons down my chest. By the time I was tugging my shirttails out of my pants, she was nude. She wasn't naked, she was nude. It was almost as if she was cloaked in something. I've shucked my clothes many times in locker rooms, at the swimming hole, and with girlfriends. I've been watched many times. She was observing, studying.

When I moved my hands to the elastic on my boxers, I felt clumsy. Afraid. Actually ashamed of my size. I was the envy of many men, yet my size seemed to have scared every girlfriend I'd ever had away. Suddenly, I didn't want to scare Rebecca. I froze.

I felt her eyes on my face, so I looked up and into her eyes. “It's okay, Luis. Just look me in the eyes.” I suddenly felt okay. I slid my boxers down, turned, bent, picked them up, and put them in the box. The turn was to hide myself from her.

“Oh!” Then a massive intake of breath. I guess I don't hide so easily. I've scared another one. I heard the others comment. Rosalee's almost made me laugh. At least one volunteer, my libido noticed. When I looked back at Rebecca, I expected to see fear, revulsion, anything but what I found. I saw tenderness, warmth, caring. She touched my arm and apologized. I guess I shrugged my shoulders and let her know it was okay. After all, how long could I hide this thing this week?

I couldn't help it. I had to check her out. Yet, with the cloak she was wearing, I found myself seeing and not leering. I mean, I'm a healthy teenage male. Hormones and all that. I'm pretty sure I'm not gay. Here in front of me is a nude woman. Rosalee was naked. Rebecca was nude.

Here's a girl I've seen around for years. Barely have exchanged 10 words with her. She obviously dressed to conceal. She was Venus Di Milo with arms and infinitely more perfect breasts. Wonderful. Spectacular. Magnificent.

“You're beautiful!” Wow, Luis, you dumb son-of-a-bitch. Could you not come up with something better than that! Yet, when I looked in her eyes, I could see that she sincerely accepted what I had said. She did turn an interesting shade of red, though.

I'm sure I was pretty red myself. Blood being elsewhere in my body would be the only reason that Junior had reared his ugly head. Her next words almost triggered a full

fledged reaction, though. "Luis, would you help me?"

Of course, my hormone laden, teenage mind began to think "help her to the floor or over the desk..." Praying that her next words had something to do with an itch, I waited for her to continue.

"Would you walk me to my next class?" That brought me back to the here and now. Plus, I began to shrink before anyone else noticed the difference.

"Sure, Partner!" I really do need to work on my lines.

We all headed out into the empty hallway. Rebecca seemed fine until the bell rang. I could feel the meltdown starting so I reached out and took her hand. "It will be okay, I'm here."

Chapter Three – Monday – The Fun Begins

***** Rebecca *****

Luis took my hand, which I gladly allowed to happen. The halls filled with vultures and jackals sensing fresh kill. I didn't realize so many hands could touch the body at the same time. My ass, my boobs, well – all of me, was stroked, touched, poked, prodded, and squeezed.

"OW!" Someone had turned one of my nipples almost all the way around. Luis's voice rang out, "Reasonable!" He didn't shout or scream, yet I'm sure it was heard downtown.

The touching didn't stop, but it became more gentle. For the next 15 feet down the hall at least. Then someone, from behind, tried to ram a finger into my cunny. Not only am I a virgin, I'm still intact.

"Shit!" I screamed and almost doubled over from the pain as the finger tried to ram through my dry lips and push through my hymen. Luis's hand left mine but was immediately replaced by his other hand. While I was trying to pull my eyes back into my head I heard a definite scream of pain and Luis growl, "That was NOT reasonable." Then his arm was around my shoulders and he whispered by my ear. "Are you okay?"

"I am now, thanks." Automatically, I moved closer to him. Except for the occasional pat on the butt, the touching stopped. I felt very safe in Luis's arms. I could feel his energy and his power. Even after the unwanted touching and the pain, I found myself getting damp. I thought about what had happened. I knew at some point, something is going past where my hymen is. I couldn't stop it. Frankly, I didn't know that I wanted to stop it.

I looked up at Luis as we got to my class. "Would you do me another huge favor?"

"If I can."

"Would you meet me after class and walk me to my next one? I'm just not quite ready for all the touching yet." We were in third period together.

“I'm right across the hall. No problems.”

“Thank you.” I smiled up at him as he released me and held the door. I wrapped my artistic cloak around me as I walked into AP English. I'd observed these folks for three weeks. Now, let's see what the “change of seasons” looked like! Yet, a very core part of me was thinking about how to solve my “problem.”

There were only ten people in this class. I guess very few people really wanted to study literature of the Victorian Era. Eight of us girls and two boys. Yet, the class was always lively. Mrs. Richardson had turned it into a seminar and did an excellent job of keeping it hopping and on track.

“Rebecca, delightful to see you today!” Mrs. Richardson had a kind smile with a bit of laughter in her eyes. “Do you need relief today?”

I almost lost my cloak with that. I'd forgotten about relief. I was allowed to relieve my “tensions” in the first five minutes of the class. In front of the class. With someone helping if I wanted. “No ma'am. Not today.”

Class started. Except for the obvious but silent interest in my dress and a few outright leers, not all of them from the boys, it was like a normal class.

The bell rang and I tried to hurry out into the hall to wait for Luis. Mistake. I found myself trapped in the doorway. There was the usual groping and fondling, even some actual requests. I only wanted it to stop, get all the way into the hallway. Get to Luis. I did keep my legs closed, though. Lesson learned.

“Rebecca, pose for us and open your legs.” So much for protecting myself. Before I could move the crowd parted in front of me. Luis was walking straight towards me as if he were the only one in the hall and I was his target. My observer noticed how people just moved out of the way, as if he had an invisible plow in front of him. For the first time, I noticed all the hands on him. Four grabbing his penis at the same time with room left over!

“Yes, Rebecca. I'd love to see you pose.” Luis said this very gently while looking me in the eyes with a bit of a wink. “Why don't we all give her some space. THAT was a reasonable request. An uninvited finger between her legs is NOT. Nor are trying to twist her nipples off.”

At that, the crowd did move back and gave me room. I weakly smiled thanks to him, then I tried to become an art model and pose, opening my legs and bending my knees a bit to give a better view. I was waiting for the next request when Luis spoke up again. How he could talk with that many hands stroking his cock – wait, did I just say that?

“Thank you, Rebecca. Now, we need to get moving to make it to History class.”

There were a few grumbles and a few thank yous. He was smooth. I was so relieved that I didn't even mind that this huge mountain with a monster of a hard cock was putting out his hand to walk me down the hall!

The walk to our first shared class was easier. There were requests and a fair amount of uninvited fondling, yet it wasn't as bad as before and didn't make me want to run away screaming. I didn't like it, but it was becoming easier to handle. Or was it being with Luis?

*** Luis ***

Could that first walk down the hall been any weirder? Rebecca's near meltdown when the bell rang, then all the poking and prodding. No doubt about it, more people have touched Junior so far today than in all my life! I think HE likes the program.

Then some asshole tried to twist Rebecca's nipple off. "Reasonable," is what I think I nearly growled. It did get better for about 5 of my steps. Then some dickwad tried to shove his fingers into her pussy from behind.

I reacted to her scream of pain and almost doubling over. I let go with one hand, turned, steadied her with my left. My right found the arm still between her legs. I wanted to feel his bones crushing, but settled for a nice screeching yell instead.

"That was NOT reasonable." Let the asshole try to explain that bruise. I put my arm around her to check on her and asked if she was okay. She moved closer to me and let me know she was better. The walk to class was much quicker and easier.

When I dropped her at her classroom door she asked me to meet her after class and walk her to our shared class. "No problems." Hey, Luis, you stud – way to smooth talk a real beauty and damsel in distress!

The walk across the hall did nothing for my hardon. I thought a little Freshman darling was going to join me for AP Physics!

"Thank you." She grinned as she finally release me, turned and ran giggling to her friends. Must have been a dare, they were staring in disbelief.

"Anytime, sweetheart, anytime!" Oh, that made her day and her friends drop their jaws to the ground. Chuckling to myself I walked into class.

"Well, I see we have a splendid example of defying gravity today, class." Thanks, Mr. Thomas, that helped a lot! Right! "Luis, do you need relief?" I thought about it then realized my only choice for assistance (something I was going to use all week) would come from one of the five other guys in class or the teacher.

"Not today, Mr. T." Looking around the room I realized I'd heightened more than one inferior complex. I took my seat and we went into an intense discussion of gravity and its effects on star formation.

Class ended too quickly. This was my favorite subject and something I wished to pursue all my life. Then I remembered Rebecca and a potential meltdown. I almost ran, but kept it to a walk as I heard a real, reasonable request being made. Ah, an opportunity to create a "safe space" and make my thoughts known on the reasonable caveat. Plus, it would give me a chance to look at Rebecca. She was worth looking at. Damn hot! I had to

wonder why she had always hidden herself.

I extracted her from her fans and walked with her to our history class. We chatted about minor stuff. I realized I liked holding her hand. Small, no tiny. Yet, it fit just right in my paw.

The walk seemed easier, although there seemed to be at least one hand on my prick at all times. Not just holding it either. Some definite pressure was beginning to build in my balls.

When we got to the door, our hands parted naturally and comfortably. It felt, well, right. I let her go first. Yeah, part of me wanted to check out her ass – it's gorgeous. Mainly, my parents raised a gentleman. This was a large class. Over 30 people and pretty evenly split between the sexes. A little more than half the class was very happy to see Rebecca. Over half the class was very happy to see me. Must be some switch hitters in this group!

Ms. Chin spoke from the front of the room. "Ah, the Program starts. Do either of you need relief?"

"No, not today," Rebecca answered and headed towards her chair in the back. I think I was enough of a distraction that she managed to get there unmolested. Watching her perfect, swaying ass just made me harder.

"Ah, yeah Ms. Chin. I could use some relief." You would have thought cancer had been cured by the cheers and excitement. Didn't look like there would be a problem finding help for my problem! After sitting my books down at my desk, I walked to the front of the class.

"Do you want assistance?" I felt like asking Ms. C., 'is the Pope Catholic?'

"Please." Before Ms. Chin could ask for volunteers there were around 18 hands in the air. Needless to say, not all the girls raised their hands and more than one boy had. I got a weird feeling when I noticed that Rebecca hadn't raised her hand.

"Who will it be?" She kept looking down at Junior. Did I just see her lick her lips? Damn.

"Let's use the lottery." This was something Dr. C. had started last year in response to one of the more beautiful and slutty girls going through the programs. Every guy in every class volunteered. The lottery was a simple way to prevent riots. I think I was the first guy to use it! Ms. C. counted out the white marbles, less one, for the number of people now in the line halfway around the class room. Those plus a black marble she put them all into an opaque jar. The line moved forward selecting their marble. The fourth person in line screamed and held up a black marble. Fortunately for me, she was all girl. The losers went back to their seats while she headed straight for my cock with both hands. She was a very cute brunette with short hair, glasses, and a huge grin – lust driven it would seem. She couldn't have been 5' tall. About a foot and a half shorter than me.

"Oh, goodie, goodie, goodie! All mine!" She was bouncing and giggling as she latched on to me with both hands. Neither came close to getting more than a little past

halfway. She went right to it, stroking firm, hard, and just the right speed. She's done this before! I started groaning with pleasure. Damn, that felt good after all the teasing and looking at Rebecca. If my eyes could have focused, I would have sought her out as a visual aid. Sweetie on my cock started stroking her thumbs under my cock and pressing delightfully hard. Damn.

“Shoot on me, shoot all over me, give me your cum. Mark me, oh god, yes, shoot all over me.” She was ignoring the offered towel. She kept up her requests, demands really, for me to shoot all over her while making other interesting sounds. For the next two minutes, she never missed a beat. Most girls stop, adjust, shift, rest – not her.

“It... Won't... Be... Long... Ah, shit, here it comes...” I had to shut my eyes and lean my head back. This was intense. All these people watching. This little darling wanting my cum all over her clothes and face. Rebecca nude and watching me. I started a growl that came from my toes, my balls felt like they pulled up into my throat. My toes curled. The first spasm and shot felt more powerful than ever. Driven on by the sounds of joy and delight the girl jacking me off was moaning, hell, screaming. The first person in my life that had wanted to do this. Was in joy for doing it. WOW! I think I screamed with every spasm and there must have been 5 or 6 big ones. I couldn't even count the small ones. I felt like my entire being was being pumped out of my cock. When it ended, the sweet thing was gently fondling my cock and cooing. I came back to Earth and looked down.

“Damn, I'm so sorry, I've covered you! Oh, I'm so sorry!” It was everywhere. In her hair, all over her face, her clothes, arms, and hands. Amazingly, I couldn't see any on the floor.

“Don't be silly. I'll proudly wear this load all day! Thank you!” She smiled and rubbed the strands into her clothes, occasionally licking her fingers clean and savoring the taste. “I'll do that any time you want, big boy!”

“WOW! Well, thank you. That was great.” I was searching my mind for her name. Oh, yeah, “Susan, that was really wonderful. The best.”

She positively beamed as she gave me one last, loving squeeze. “Any time, Luis.”

Unsteadily, I walked back to my seat. Junior receiving some very appreciative pats on the way. I noticed that Rebecca had this wide-eyed stare going. Part lust, part wonder, part – I couldn't place it.

Chapter Four – Monday – Midday

***** Rebecca *****

I was shaking inside. I had just witnessed the most awesome – no, hottest thing I had ever seen. The observer was in overdrive trying to commit all the details to memory. It had been raw, direct, sex for sex's sake. Pure release. Pure dominate male marking his harem. The energy was raw – primal. Intense. Overpowering.

The moral me was in terror. Watching this. The whole lottery. The pleading to worship this massive cock. Then the submission of this girl. Her joy in being marked in a most humiliating way. Subsuming her pleasure for his release. Becoming his property. She seemed two feet shorter than him. At least 200 pounds lighter. Her hands, together, couldn't reach around Luis's penis. That part of me was a bit angry.

The deeper me was more sexually excited than I had ever been in my life. I was going to leave a puddle when I stood up. I was leaving a puddle already! Well, this week is about extending limits.

“Mmm... Ms. Chin?”

“Yes, Rebecca? Too late to ask for relief.” I noticed that she was flushed and had a couple of beads of sweat on her brow. That's when the smell of the room hit me. It wasn't just me making a puddle!

“Ahem, no, Ms. Chin. However, may I use the towel please? I don't want to leave a mess behind.”

She nodded her head and tossed me the one that she had offered Susan. With the titters and giggles there was more than one “after that, I need one too!” As smoothly as I could, I spread the towel on my chair and sat back down. As the class calmed down and Ms. Chin started a conversation about the early 1900's in the US, I tried to process what I had just experienced. The artist was thrilled. So much inspiration that it was going to take days to process it all. The moralist in me was horrified. I guess another word for the moralist in me is prude. The sexual me, that I was discovering today, was turned on and wanted relief. Wanted to loose the hymen and get a cock in me. It hit me that I had been a little jealous that Luis hadn't picked me as a partner. Then I realized the prude hadn't raised my hand.

I had never kissed a guy before and I wanted to masturbate my Program partner? 'Girl, you had better pick a more manageable one for your first time!' Damn my muse, why was she in this discussion. 'Just helping your art, dear.' What? 'Wait, you'll find out.' First time? What?

The rest of the class passed with me bouncing all around my head. I did know what I'd be drawing in art today!

I took Luis's offered hand after class. It just seemed natural. I didn't notice much or talk much as we walked to lunch together.

“Rebecca, do you want to sit together at lunch? No one is supposed to bother you during break. Plus, I thought it would be good to talk about the Program. Maybe get some of the others to join us?” His first words sounded like an invitation to a date. I got my hopes up. Talk about the Program. Others. Dashed. At least he wanted to include me. Yet, I could see the logic of what he was saying.

“Sure. Makes sense.”

We got our food and saw that Paul had already staked out a table and was waving us

over. Ginny was there, looking down. Stan and Rosalee were just sitting down as we got there. Paul waved Chris and Jane over, then sat. The school had three lunch periods, with this the primary one. Not surprising that there were eight of us there.

“Wow. So many hands, such little time!” Leave it to Rosalee. I think most of the guys agreed. We all laughed, though. Even Ginny, who wasn't looking down any more.

“I thought I was going to die,” she said. “But, Paul really helped me out.” I nodded agreement with her, having a partner really helped.

“Luis?” He turned to me or should I say the mountain came to the little girl? Damn, that boy was big. “What did you do to that guy? You didn't kill him did you?” That got everyone's attention.

Looking around, Luis thought an explanation was in order. “Some dickwad tried to ram his hand into Rebbeca from behind. She screamed. I only removed his arm.”

Paul broke in. He wasn't a small guy by my standards before Luis. “And screamed! He was mouthing off about going to the office and complain until I told him I saw the whole thing I reminded him of the concepts of reasonable and request.” He had that smile guys get when they've done something brilliant in their own minds. “Made sure he heard me by grabbing him by the bruise Luis gave him.”

“Well, you should have sent him my way! Too many timid guys out there.” Was Rosalee really a slut or just playing her game?

“I have to admit that the right person, at the right time, in the right place I'd welcome someone taking my cherry. But a stranger in the school hallway while I was so freaked I was dry as a bone?” Was that me that just said that?

“You're a virgin?” Both Ginny and Rosalee asked at the same time.

“Intact, too. At least, I think I still am.”

“The bastard. I'm going to kill him.” Luis's growl was quiet. Yet, it sent shivers down my spine. “Paul, who was it?”

“NO!” I was scared and horrified. “Leave him alone, please? I couldn't handle you guys hurting him again.” I was shaking. I never been around raw anger before.

Ginny reached out to me and took my hand. “It's okay, Rebbeca. The guys just need to release the energy. They want to protect us. Which is good. They are reacting right now, they'll think it through before they do anything. For some reason, I trust these guys. I need to.”

“Rebbeca, don't worry about it.” Chris looked at me. “Luis is not dumb. Look, he's good on the field because he can control his emotions. He's reacting right now, he'll calm down. If he does anything, he'll have a plan and he'll have thought out the consequences. Now, if some bozo with a bruise on his arm about the size of Luis's hand does something like that around me this week, all bets are off!” He winked at me.

Everyone started talking, speculating about who it was and what should happen. I looked at Luis while he was engaged in a lively conversation with Paul and Chris. I noticed

his eyes for the first time, dark and deep. I guess with his size, very few people took the time to study his eyes. I watched as they went through various emotions. Yet, you could tell he was in deep thought the whole time. This massive hulk of a person was a deep thinker. Imagine. So much for jock stereotypes! I could also see his heart in his eyes. Compassion, a love of life, humor. No, mirth. When he laughed, it was from his soul.

Susan walked up. Sorry, strutted. My partner's release was dried in her hair and in strips across her face. Her clothes were stained with it.

"Thank you Luis, you made me very happy." And she floated away.

*** Luis ***

Suddenly every eye at the table is on me. Even Ginny looking at me in a bit of awe. Damn. Everyone was looking at me with questions in their eyes. Wait, this is High School. The whole lunch room, hell – the whole school knew about it now. Except for the others at the table. Well, Rebecca knew about it. That just made it tougher for me to talk about it.

"Okay. I assume you want to here the story?" Everyone nodded and leaned into me. "For some reason, Junior..."

"Who?" Jane asked, perplexed.

"Junior. My cock."

"Oh." She turned an interesting shade of red.

"Small name for such a wonderfully big thing," chuckled Rosalee. I'm sure there were a few more red faces at the table, including mine.

"Well, Junior has been getting a lot of attention all morning. With the Program, I figured I have a chance to gain some diversity in experience, if you know what I mean." All the guys were nodding their heads. "Well, by last period, I needed relief. Badly. When I said I wanted assistance, there were too many hands, so I chose the Lottery."

"You didn't choose your partner?" Jane, Chris, and Ginny all asked at the same time.

"Ahem, she didn't raise her hand." Everyone looked at Rebecca like she was nuts or something.

"Hey, I'm still getting used to all this." Rosalee gave Rebecca a look that said she though her a fool. Ginny and Jane seemed to understand, kind of. As they turned back to me, Rebecca quiet enough that only I heard it, "I was too damn slow."

"Go on, what happened? Why is Ms. Prim and Proper wearing your cum like a badge of honor?" Thanks, Chris. I wanted to get Ginny to continue, she had left off at a key place, I thought. Everybody was looking at me expectantly, though, even Ginny.

"Like I said, I chose the Lottery..."

"Someone, in class, said that he was the first guy to chose it." Thanks, Rebecca – go back to being shy! Damn, I didn't mean that. Not at all. I was beginning to like this Rebecca, a lot.

"Well, there was a line halfway around the classroom, including some guys." I paused

for a minute, maybe an hour, hoping for the bell. I looked down and said, “this morning, my greatest fear was scaring everyone with my cock. With the girls I've dated, the reaction I've gotten was fear when it got to that point. Being left excited while they ran away is no way to have a relationship. In the locker room, it's the jokes and envy.” It flashed on me what had happened that morning, “I was beginning to freak when it came time to drop drawers. Then,” I took Rebecca's hand, “this sweet lady told me it was okay and to stay focused on her eyes. Becca, thanks. What did you think was happening?”

She turned a nice shade of red, yet held my eyes. Nice eyes. She gave my hand a hard squeeze. “I was thinking you were worried because you might feel inadequate about your size. Hmm, Junior as you call him.”

“That explains your gasp! Yet, you didn't pull away. Thanks.” I squeezed her hand back.

“Oh, get a room, you guys!” Leave it to Rosalee. “Luis, get back to the story, lunch is about to end. So, you did the Lottery? Cool. I've used it each period so far! Never know what's going to happen.”

“Well, like I said, I didn't think I'd get many takers. So when I did, that's the path I took. Well, the fourth girl in line won, Susan – I can't remember her last name! She came straight at me, latched on with both hands, and went to town.” I slowed down at that moment, remembering and reliving the handjob was causing Junior to take notice.

Rebecca noticed the pause and added, “What a contrast. Here's Man-Mountain and a very petite girl. She looked 2 feet shorter and 200 pounds lighter than Luis. With both hands she couldn't reach all the way around... Junior. Yet, she seemed... committed.”

“Then she started telling me how she wanted me to mark her, claim her. I was freaking a bit on that until she did something with her thumbs and I lost it. Hardest I think I've ever cum.”

Rebecca's eyes glazed as she took over, “Luis closed his eyes, reared his head back, and this animal noise came out. It shook the whole room. Susan was nearly knocked backwards on his first blast. Hit her right in the forehead. Then it seemed she was using him to paint her face and clothes. It was the most intense thing I've ever seen.”

I watched Rebecca flush, she was panting! Junior was definitely taking notice. “When I recovered, I tried to apologize. Damn, she was covered. Drenched. Yet, she looked and acted like she had just won Miss America and a Noble Prize at the same time.”

Junior wanted, no demanded, a repeat performance. A thousand questions started when the bell rang. Ah, on to English. On to relief!

Chapter Five – Monday – Changes

***** Rebecca *****

What is happening to me? Luis is walking me from the lunch room. Obviously, the retelling of the Susan Story excited him. Junior was leading the way down the hall. Here I am with this lake between my legs. Every step and my boobs bounced, every bounce sent this really nice shock down and made the lake bigger.

Hey, I focus on my art, on my writing. Yeah, I rub my cunny every now and then to help me go to sleep. This is different. Every request just made things more intense. I welcomed the stares, the touches, the caresses. We made it to my Trig classroom before anyone challenged Man-Mountain's presence to touch my cunny. Damn.

As I disengaged from Luis and entered class, my Muse let me know I should have drug him in with me.

“Miss Davis, do you need relief?” My Trig teacher asked.

“Yes, please.” Who said that?

“Would you like assistance?” Well, here I am having committed to having an orgasm in front of the class. Did I want someone to help me? HELL NO. Maybe I could fake one real quick and get it over with.

“Yes, but he just went to his class.” Who is talking? I managed to get my books down and sat in the chair at the front of the room. My observer noted the towel. Thank goodness. My hand was spreading my juices all over my out lips before I realized I was in front of the class. My other was pinching and pulling on my nipples. My outer lips spread as I opened my legs to the class. I started stroking my inner lips and opening them all the while my thumb had found my clit and was running it hard.

My eyes could not stay focused. What was left of my mind blanked out the class. Instead I saw Susan stroking Junior. No, I was stroking him. No, Junior was pushing into me, Luis was hovering over me. It felt gentle but so raw.

My universe exploded. I died. The Muse was celebrating, opening champagne – seems each cork caused another massive spasm. She was setting off fireworks, which is all I could see. A thousand people were cheering.

The observer noted people with towels cleaning up a big spill. Hands and arms helping me to my seat. Then the bell rang.

Somehow, I got into the hall. Luis was there. I did my best to snuggle in as we walked. A millisecond later, he was dropping me at the entrance to the Boys Locker Room. I think I said something about PE. I think he said yep, here you go, you have to use the Boys.

Well, that was easy. Just walk on through into the Gym.

We had a volleyball game that day. I didn't even notice I was nude until I started

coming down from my release earlier. My boobs bouncing everywhere. As I became more aware I noticed that most of the shots were coming my way. Amazing how having a naked target improves people's aim. My muse let me know that every time my feet hit the ground after a jump I was landing in a better place.

TWEET. Game over. I started to follow the other girls into the locker room when one of my classmates pointed to the Boys door. Thanking her, I gladly headed that way. My cunny telling me I wanted to feel the fireworks again – NOW!

I walked into the Boys Locker Room and straight to the showers. The warm water washing over my body felt wonderful. Sadly, I had to soap myself up and only had a few requests for poses. Damn, where are the touches! WHAT! Oh shit. I'm turning into a slut. Somehow I got out of the shower without being touched. I found a towel, dried, put on my shoes, and walked out the door.

Luis was standing right there. I started crying. What is happening to ME!?!

“You're doing fine,” I thought I heard my Muse say.

***** Luis *****

As I walked Rebecca to her next class after lunch, Junior proudly led the way. Hey, the telling of the Susan story, looking at four beautiful naked girls, and walking with Rebecca – would he want to do anything less? I tried to talk to Rebecca, but the constant invasion of hands and fingers left me trying to keep from making a large puddle on the floor. That along with the reasonable requests of both of us, I barely got her to her Trig class. Then I had twins doing their best as I crossed the hall to my English class. God, four hands moving as if connected to one person. Oh, Lord, let this week come to an end!

Here I was worried about Junior scaring people. Well, as I walked into English class I learned. The Lottery Queue was already halfway around the classroom awaiting my arrival.

“Mr. Contadino. I assume you want relief. If not, then you deal with them.” Ms. Richard said this while sweeping her hand around the room indicating the queue. She had an interesting smirk on her face.

“Well...” I let my words hang as the class went dead silent. “Sounds like a good idea.”

She couldn't help but laugh. “Let me guess. You don't want assistance?”

“Hadn't really thought about it.” I shrugged my shoulders. Yet, I couldn't help the grin on my face as we played this game with the class. Talk about some anxious and antsy people in that room!

“Well, your options are self relief;” GROAN, “you can pick a volunteer,” hands everywhere, “or choose the Lottery.” Cheers.

“Hmm. Let me think.” I started slowly stroking Junior. Wow! Seems every eye in the place was tracking the movement of my hand. “Oh, let's go with...” How long could I

pause? "The Lot-" The singular shout of fifteen plus happy campers cut me off as the line moved forward to pick out a marble. Groans and disappointed looks accompanied every white marble pulled. It didn't stop the losers from walking by and fondling Junior. He enjoyed it. The fourteenth girl through the line got the black marble. Okay, the scientist in me was tracking the numbers. I really didn't know her. She sat in the back of the class and rarely participated. She was large framed with really comfortable looking padding. Someone I wouldn't snap like a twig.

As she approached, the class started chanting: "Shashana, Shashana..." With the grace of Nubian royalty, she approached me. Her coal black skin already glistening with moisture from excitement.

"Hi, Luis! I have a reasonable request. I'm giving you a blow job."

"Ah, yeah, sure." There goes that Contadino wit and smooth manner again! She gracefully doubled the offered towel, placed it on the ground in front of me, and knelt with the comportment of a queen. Her hands went behind me and cupped my ass cheeks. Slowly, her mouth approached Junior's business end. Her tongue came out, wrapping around him like a serpent as her head continued forward. Her lips surrounded me and her tongue went wild laving every bit of me in her mouth and still to enter! Without changing her Regal pace, she took me to the root. Her eyes were locked on mine while I tried to cope with this whole new feeling of a throat massaging the head of my cock. God, I must have been in her stomach!

She stayed all the way down for a few seconds then moved off of me at the same speed as she went down. Stopping at the crown, her tongue continued it's magic. A couple of seconds, and slowly down again.

"Oh, Shit! That's wonderful, Shashana! Oh, God!" There was no pause, no barrier when I entered her throat. Hell, she got me all the way in her mouth. This was new for me! The next time down, that magical tongue managed to lick my balls! I'm sure some sound came out of my mouth. What it was, you'd better ask others. I was a bit distracted. My first deep throat. DAMN! And, she licked my balls while I was buried in her mouth!

She sped up slowly on each intake. I had to put my hands on her head just to steady myself. I'd love to have a video with sound of this. That way I'd know what sounds were coming out of me!

God, she could tease. Almost enough, not quite enough with her throat and tongue and the speed. Then, she stopped on one withdrawal. I was ready to climb a wall, promise undying devotion, anything! Without warning, she seized my ass hard and slammed all the way down on me. Her throat and tongue going into overdrive. And she started humming! FUCK!

I tried to warn her. Nothing came out of my mouth except some growls and wails. My balls pulled up. Every muscle in my body contracted. My vision went black, with stars. I could feel the ropes pumping through my prostrate and into my shaft. I know I was thrusting uncontrollably, even though I was buried in her mouth and throat.

As I finished and turned into complete jelly, Shashana stood and wrapped me in a huge hug. I babbled and shook as she held and snuggled me. When my mind returned from its journey around the galaxy, I looked down and met her eyes. My mouth wasn't working yet, but she could see the thanks in my eyes and beamed. I kissed her forehead, then her nose, then her lips. As I tasted myself, she tried to pull away. I hugged her and managed a whispered "thank you" just for her.

The class was applauding, even Ms. Richards. She had a glazed look in her eyes and the front of her dress was wrinkled as if she'd been rubbing between her legs. Vigorously.

I escorted Shashana to her seat, thankful for the support as my leg functions returned. Another thanks. I found my own seat and a very flustered teacher began class. I have no idea what was said or happened in that class. Note to self, get someone's notes.

The bell rang and I managed to find the hall and Becca. No holding hands, we snuggled to each other as I walked her to her PE class at the gym. When I stopped at the Boys Locker Room door she had a confused look.

"PE," I said.

"Yeah?"

"You have to use the Boy's..."

"Oh. Yeah..." I was bent down so I could hear her. Before I could stand, her lips brushed my cheek with a quick kiss. It left a trail of fire and tingles. WHAT!?! I had just received the BJ of a lifetime and a slight peck on the cheek was igniting my being and soul?

She scooted and I headed for my last class of the day, Political Science. Since it was on the other side of the school, I was hustling. Note to self, when moving with speed and determination, not many hands found Junior.

Most people take Current Events or other such courses. Not me. Advanced Placement Political Science. The interest came naturally to me. My parents had taken Margie and I traveling every summer for as long as I can remember. Different continents, countries, and cultures. The way the world related to itself was a constant topic of conversation at dinner in our house. How do the different cultures within a country manifest itself in that society's identity in the world. I loved the class because it helped me gain a deeper view, plus I planned on pursuing Poly Sci in college, at least as a minor.

With Junior temporarily happy, I managed to get to my seat as if it were a normal school day. That's when it hit me, for everyone not in the program it was a normal day. Except when a program participant was near. For the next four plus days, the attention would be normal for me. After this week, my view of others in the program would be way different. I was no longer a visitor to Rome. This week I became a Roman citizen. Which means the way I act is how the visitors to Rome will judge Romans. "When in Rome..."
Damn.

As soon as first bell rang, I hoofed it back to the Gym. As soon as Becca latched on, she started crying.

“What's the matter, Becca?” She was working up to sobbing and people were leaving us alone. I had taken her book bag and art bag to free her hands. That's when I realized she was no small girl, she was strong to carry all that weight all day long.

“I'm so confused, Luis.” The sobbing was calming, the tears had not slowed.

“Do you want to talk?”

“Not right now. I need to get to art. I need that time to think and sort it all out. It's a safe place for me.”

I wrapped her in, close to my side. Hiding her as best I could as we headed to the Art Department. Girls appeared to respect my need to focus on Becca and the guys weren't about to try to get through my human shield. Pax Romanus ruled. At the door to a large art studio, she turned and attempted to get her arms around me. She made it a little over half way.

“Luis. It's not you. It's me. I'm confused and just need to think. Can we talk later?” Her tears had stopped. She didn't seem scared, just pensive.

“I finish with football at 6.”

“I stay here working on art projects and ride home with Jason. Why don't you guys meet me here, okay?”

“Ah, sure.” More brilliant wit, wake up you asshole! You're hugging a beautiful, naked girl. One who wants to be in your arms at the moment.

She whispered thanks and I walked her into her class. I wanted to get a look at some of her work. Just curious, I kept telling myself.

Chapter Six – Monday – They Call it Art

***** Rebbeca *****

What was wrong with me? I wanted to go into hiding, being my normal self. Safe from the world. I wanted to be touched and fondled more. I wanted the feeling again, it was wonderful. I'd been a willing and ready participant into the group conversation at lunch about sex! And, I desperately wanted to hide in my art. I realized I was still mad at Jason for this morning. I wanted to be wrapped in Luis's arms and feel his heart and, yes, his hard-on. I wanted to touch it, stroke it, put it in my mouth, maybe in my cunny. I was scared that he didn't want me and petrified that I was going to do something wrong. Now, he was coming in the studio with me.

“Ah, Rebbeca! In the program I see.”

“Hmm, yes Ms. Rotella. This is Luis, my partner for the week.” Francesca Rotella had been a major gift to the school and me. A noted sculptor with an international reputation, she had moved to the area and volunteered to teach an advanced art course.

She took at most 10 students a year. I'd been with her for 3 years.

“So good to meet you, Luis, Francesca Rotella.” She used the very Italian pronunciation of his name and shook his hand as she appraised him. It was nothing sexual or raw, just the way an artist takes apart a subject.

“Luis Contadino, ma'am.” The other students were filtering in.

“Ah, paisan!” They shifted into Italian for a minute. “You're parents are from the South, no?”

“A little town in the south, Rotondella. They came over as teens.”

“Bene! I'm from just outside of Napoli, we're almost neighbors.” She studied both Luis and me. “Would you pose for us, Luis?” Damn, I'd like that!

“I'd love to, Ms. Rotella. This is normally a free period for me, but we've got East High this Friday and I need to spend time in the weight room.”

“Please, Luis, call me Francesca. Let me ask you this, are you getting nervous about the game?”

“Yes ma'am. Always before a big game.”

“An hour today through Thursday that you can use to relax, not think about the game, would that help you?”

“I practice meditation everyday already.”

“You'd be surprised how much of a workout you will get just holding still.”

“Okay, I'll do it, but only through Wednesday.” Wow! I was doing flips inside. Finally a chance to study him.

“Deal. Rebecca, you will be posing with him.”

“What?” Yeah, WHAT!

“You are in the Program. I'm a teacher, right?”

“Yes ma'am.” Shit. She didn't have to ask. I had to comply with requests from teachers.

“I'd rather you do it willingly, though.”

“Okay.” Wait, who said that? Not me! Nine other people were looking at us now. Suddenly, I realized I wanted to pose with Luis.

Ms. Rotella had Luis fetch a divan from the storage area and place it on the posing stage. He made lifting and carrying the piece of furniture look so easy and effortless. It was interesting watching his muscles shift as he worked different sets. The divan only had half a back and one arm. She draped it with silk sheets and adjusted the modeling lights.

“Okay, class. We have a change of plans for the week. Today through Wednesday, we'll have two live models. For Thursday, just one. Friday will be an optional day so we can all get ready to support our male model this week when he beats East. This is Luis Contadino, defensive lineman and co-captain of our West Warriors. You all know Rebecca, she'll be our female model. Any medium, we'll be doing 15-20 minute poses.” Wow, she knew a lot about Luis. More than I did.

“Francesca, you follow football?” Luis asked.

“I prefer Italian football, soccer. But, I've found I enjoy high school and college football. And, yes, I'm a big support of the Warriors.” With that she directed us onto the stage. She had me lay on my back with my hair draped over the back of the arm of the divan. My inside leg, my right, bent at the knee and my hips twisted out slightly to show my pubic hair to the room. My left leg was straight. My left arm casually dropped to the floor.

She positioned Luis so Junior was hidden by the back of the divan. Damn. Oops. I didn't think that! She had him bend at the waist, just enough to show his massive shoulders. His left hand was inside my head on the arm and his right on the outside back of the divan. She had him turn his head so he was looking down into my eyes. As soon as our eyes met, the rest of the world disappeared.

Just then, Ms. Rotella pulled my inside arm up and put it on his arm just at his shoulder. Damn. Does cunny juice stain silk? We are about to find out.

Luis and I began a conversation with no words. There was openness that comes from looking at another person's soul. At the same time, my nipples were crinkled so hard they almost hurt. I knew that if he just licked one, I'd cum. And cum. Yet, I felt safe. Comfortable. Perfect.

We were swimming in our own universe. At the same time, I found it very stimulating. I was building an orgasm that was going to be intense, yet all we were doing is looking each other in the eyes. What was going on with me? Yet, I continued to swim in his eyes, soul, and the energy around him.

“Okay, time to shift positions. Why don't you get up and stretch a bit first.” As soon as Ms. Rotella finished, I reached up and put both my hands behind Luis's neck, pulled myself up, and gave him a kiss. Just lips. Then his hand went behind me and he kissed back. OMG. Did we kiss! Our tongues were doing this wonderful slow dance. A waltz, I think.

“Oh, you two are lovers?”

“Ah, mmm, we just really met this morning.” I managed to say.

“Not yet.” Oh, Luis! Yes!

“Ah, you two are lovers. You just haven't had enough time! I saw it in the pose and definitely in the kiss at the end. Now take a break so we can get you in the next pose.” I hadn't broken eye contact with Luis through the kiss and the conversation. I could see mirrored in his eyes my feelings. Fire, passion, fear, doubt, fire – did I mention that?

***** Luis *****

What the hell was going on? Here I am on a Monday afternoon posing nude in an art class and finding myself engaged in the most intense, passionate, loving, caring kiss of my life. The Program is supposed to be about becoming comfortable with ourselves and

our sexuality and helping others do the same. Yet, if this is what kissing Becca is like, I'll die if we ever make love!

Rewind. Hit play. Make love? No. I fuck. I think I want love, like what my parents have. But the few girls that have let me go all the way it was fucking. And this kiss, in front of the art class was better than all those. Way better. Just a kiss better than a fuck! Wow! It was Duane Allman and Eric Clapton jamming and together hitting the perfect note. It was a cannon blast for the "1812 Overture" that blew out windows miles away. It was scarier than facing East's offensive line in the nude.

Yet, our eyes stayed connected. I wanted to know the stories in her head, now that I had connected with her lips and her soul.

"Either you two need to finish what you've started in private," Francesca interrupted us, "or get up, stretch, take a break. I'd suggest you walk around and see what the class has been up to. We'll do only one more pose before class ends. You held that one so well, I let it go on. For that, I thank both of you."

We broke eye contact and separated, reluctantly, and walked around the class to see how the others saw us. Since this was an advanced class, all the artists were good. Damn good. My size and strength as compared to Becca's smoothness and grace. Yet everyone captured the energy in the eye contact. Most had managed to do quick sketches of the kiss at the end.

I was looking at one of them when the girl said, "Would you like a finished version of this?"

"Most definitely! Thank you. I'm Luis."

"Kathy. Thanks for posing for us. You and Rebbecca are really into each other." Thank god these were sketches or she'd be puzzling how to match the red in my face after that! "I'll have it for you by tomorrow."

"Thanks!" That's when Francesca called us back up.

She had me lay on my back on the divan, my right foot flat on the floor, my left leg pulled up, and my hips twisted slight towards the class. Junior was only semi-hard until he noticed the class looking at him. Damned exhibitionist! She had me rest my head back on the arm and look up. A bit later, Becca was seated on the back with her right leg along the top, her other foot on the floor I guess. She twisted at the waist and looked down. We locked eyes again. Francesca directed us to hold hands.

Junior stayed at attention the entire pose. Our eyes stayed locked the whole time. I could see out of the corner of my eyes that her nipples were quite erect and they stayed that way. Who knows how long it was. We didn't care. Our souls talked through our eyes. I could see questions, awe, excitement, fear, care, and interest. I'm sure she saw the same in mine.

“Thank you, both,” Francesca said as we broke the pose. “Do you both need relief?” I think we said yes at the same time. I looked at her and saw her nod to my unasked question. I picked her up off the back of the divan, stood, placed her gently on the main seat, both feet on the floor. “You first, my lady.”

I bent and kissed her. While our tongues found each other and her hands went to the back of my head, I slowly sank to my knees. I felt her breast for the first time. God, they felt good in my hands. Just right in my massive paws. Her nipples were hard to start with but managed to get harder as she moaned into my mouth. It felt as though I was squeezing it slowly out of her and into me.

Reluctantly, I ended the kiss. With a little smile to her I bent and took one nipple in my mouth. While I suckled that one, I rolled the other between my fingers, gently. More moans and gasps escaped her between the building pants. My free hand slowly slide down her side, tracing gently to her bellybutton and lightly circling it. “Oh god, that feels so good!” She was growling more than moaning now.

I switched breasts with my mouth, the bellybutton hand now keeping her very wet nipple happy. My new free hand traveled down her other side to her bellybutton. I opened my eyes and noticed the flush to her chest and the little beads of sweat. I looked up into her eyes. At first I saw they were almost feral with lust, then shifted to something deeper when we connected.

I moved off her nipple and gave light kisses and licks all through her cleavage. Then started south, keeping eye contact as best I could around those magnificent globes. Her eyes got really wide. I think she had figured out that I was just going to finger her. When I got to her bellybutton and plunged my tongue in, she growled and her head snapped back. I worshiped her navel for a minute before continuing my journey south.

By the time I got to her pubic hair, her legs were already splayed wide. Her thighs covered with her juices. Damn, had she already had an orgasm? Well, didn't matter. I was going to give her a proper one. I stopped teasing – relief time was short – and dove in. My first contact in this new world was that delicious skin between the labia and the anus. Her taste was... it was... her. Unique and wonderful! Her outer labia were already swollen and open. I licked, kissed, and lightly nibbled up each one. Then started again at the bottom, working my tongue between the inner and outer lips, savoring each moment. She was squirming, panting, her hands were on my head trying to pull me into her. My first time into her vagina she started babbling incoherently. She tasted sweet, beyond my dreams. Just enough of the taste every girl has but a huge overlay that was uniquely her. Her juices were flowing freely, giving me lots of chances to taste and feast. The first time over her clit I could tell she was right there. So, I sucked it into my mouth and my tongue did a mad dance on the tip.

I've had offensive linemen not hit me as hard as her legs when they snapped closed on my head. I rode her with my mouth as she shot off the seat and her feet came off the floor. She was convulsing big time. Even with my flesh ear protectors I could hear the

wail! Then she squirted.

I've heard about female ejaculation. Even seen some porn featuring it, allegedly. Never experienced it or completely believed it until now. I drank as much as I could. Slightly acidic at first, then more or less neutral. Yet, a slight flavoring of her. Nectar! Her plentiful vaginal juices more than aiding! Sorry Grandmama, but she tastes better than your Christmas sweets, even your Peta! She was still cumming, I was still latched on to her clit. Whether it was one long one, the next one, or ten down the road, I didn't know. Just as I was making a note-to-self about bringing a snorkel next time so I could breathe, she collapsed. Melted would be a better description. Her bones had simply vanished.

I had my hands under her ass. Delightful, I assure you. So I helped her settle gently into the divan. I could finally hear her again. Yes, she was breathing. Ragged, but it was breath. The quiet in the room concerned me at first until I heard the sounds of scratching on paper. It seemed as fast and furious as Becca's orgasm! I also heard the unmistakable sound of a digital camera shutter in high-speed capture mode.

I came up, staying on my knees, and lightly kissed her stomach and stroked her sides. Eventually, this wobbly head appeared in my vision. The eyes had trouble focusing. Her mouth tried to form the word 'wow', I think. I gently gathered her in my arms, pulling her into my lap while I sat on the floor. I showered her hair with a thousand little kisses and gently stroked her.

Slowly she came back to the world. She tried to talk a few times before the words finally formed and her voice returned. "Thank you, Luis. Oh God, thank you. Shit. Wow!"

I continued to hold her. Eventually, she looked up at me. "Luis, I... I... I really... I want to..."

"Becca, listen." Her eyes focused on me. "I'm fine. Don't worry. What just happened pleased me too. There's no rush, you and I have all the time in the world. You just enjoy right now."

She looked at me, her eyes filled with understanding and yet demanding. "Ask for assistance. But, aim here." She waved over her face, boobs, and stomach. "Luis, I can't move – thank you for that." She winked and smiled. "But, I want to feel like Susan. Now." I tried to tell her I was okay, but before I could find my voice, she found hers. "Luis needs relief and I can't do it right now. Are there any volunteers..."

There was no need to say more. Hands lifted Becca to the divan and laid her out. Then helped me off the floor standing in front of her. Too many hands to count grabbed Junior. I locked eyes with Becca. It took less than ten strokes and I was jetting. The anonymous hands aimed my cum. I was standing outside of myself watching Junior as he jetted 4, 5, 6 massive ropes of cum onto Becca. Then my orgasm slowed and the hands moved me closer so I was dribbling my spend onto her stomach. She was painted from her

pubic hair to the top of her head. My knees began to buckle. Becca's eyes never left mine. Hers were glowing. The hands helped me down on the divan to snuggle up to Becca.

All I could do was say thanks with my eyes and give her a little kiss. My strength slowly returned and I glanced at the clock on the wall. Shit, only 10 minutes to the team meeting.

“I've got to get moving. I've only got 10 minutes to the team meeting.”

“I know. I'll be here when you're done. We can talk then you can give me a ride home. Okay?”

“Sure.” I gave her a quick kiss and managed to walk out of the art studio.

On automatic, I made my way to the team meeting room.

“I've got to clear my head. Focus on football. Focus on East.” I told myself as I walked rapidly. “I need a nap after that! Damn!” Just then, the B. B. King, Eric Clapton song “Riding with the King” came to mind. Humming it, I shifted gears and made the meeting just in time.

“Well, good of you to join us, Luis.” Ah, Coach McFarland. Extreme task master. Perfectionist in all things. Great coach. Perfect in my mind. “You'll be happy to know that the Program now allows the regular football uniform for contact practices and the game. You are currently dressed for all other occasions.”

His pronouncement was met with the usual round of locker room humor. In my opinion, best left there and quietly washed down the drain. Lots of industrial strength cleaner required. Testosterone and manners don't seem to mix in a locker room. Something more primal occurs. And is going to stay there.

Coach got the melee under control again. “There are conditions, though. First, for practice you can dress no earlier than 15 minutes before the start. For the game, 30 minutes. You have to disrobe immediately after both practice and the game. Oh, you have to dress and undress in public. For games, standing in the middle of the 50 yard line.”

Shit. I hadn't even thought about that aspect of the program. I'd been so wrapped up in the rest of it. For practices, it takes 15 minutes to tape. For games, it's over 30 minutes. Now, I'd have to tape, carry my uniform out, and put it on midfield. “Ah, Coach?”

“Yes?”

“Taping. Some of it goes over the uniform. How do we handle that?”

“You tape your ankles, knees, elbows, and hands in the training room like always. Then go out and dress. We'll have a trainer and equipment manager available to help you and tape your shoes and pads once the uniform is on. They'll be available when you undress as well. Don't worry, you won't be the only one parading around nude. The cheerleaders will be nude for the game as well.”

Needless to say, that produced hoots and hollers. Then I remembered Margie. I hadn't seen her all day. And I twigged on something Becca – sigh – had said about Jason

that morning. I owed it to him to warn him of the brewing storm.

We settled into a review of last week's game with Mike and I adding our analysis before Coach could point out our weaknesses. Then into a review of the game films of East so far this year. We began mapping out our strategy for handling them on both offense and defense. Mike and I would be taking copies of the films home tonight for further study. Then we outlined the real plays versus the plays designed to throw off the other side. Look, all teams spy on the other team's practice. We threw in plays that may or may not be part of our game plan. We might even practice the real plays behind locked doors in the gym. Anything to gain an advantage. That's enough of that aspect of the team meeting. What gets said and decided stays. Everyone else finds out what we decided on on Friday. At the same time East finds out. We hoped they liked our little surprises!

At break I motioned for Jason to join me outside. "Jason, you know Rebecca is my partner this week in the Program?"

He got kinda strange. "Man, it's okay. As long as you respect her."

"Dude, no problems." No kidding. Respect? Me, the Italian? "She said something about this morning you need to hear."

"Huh?" Don't ya just love us football players. Quick on the uptake!

"She thought you were making fun of her this morning when we all got pulled into the office and put into the Program. She's hurt, dude."

He thought for a minute. Smart guy. "Damn. You know she and I are tight, best friends?"

"I got a glimpse."

"I'll talk to her. Thanks. You guys connect today?"

What do I say? Connect? Does her pussy juice all over my face and my cum all over her count as connecting? Does the kiss while being drawn and photographed in art count? That our souls touched each other? Shit.

"Ah, she's my partner. We've spent time together." He looked in my eyes. Hard. "Yes, she touched my heart." Breathe, bastard, breathe. "She's waiting for me in the art studio and wants me to give her a ride home." Breathe.

He didn't say anything. Just looked up at me in a way that made me feel small. I could see and feel how close he was to Rebecca.

"Jason, if in your mind I ever do anything to disrespect your sister, I won't fight back when you come after me." Okay. I'm like a foot taller (almost) and 100 pounds heavier. Yet, I felt the love and concern he had for his sister.

"Give me a few minutes with her, okay?" I nodded agreement. We went back to the team meeting.

Chapter Seven – Monday – After School

***** Rebecca *****

I don't know how long I lay on the divan. My brain was fried. I am covered in Luis's semen. I've just had the best orgasm of my life. My hormones are in overdrive, which was totally new. This is just Monday! What was Friday going to be like? Who was I going to be on Friday? Who was I now? Not shy, hidden Rebecca. That's for sure. "Nothing wrong with you, girl!" Hi, Muse.

On top of it all, I'm attracted to someone. Not someone shy and withdrawn like the old me. Not like the perfect characters in my dreams. Instead, I'm falling for a mountain. Kind and gentle, yes. Mountain – yes! Huge in every dimension. Okay, shut up hormones. That thing – okay: penis, cock, dong... Junior. Junior would split me in half! Yet his touch, his tongue. Divine.

Here I am. Miss Invisible. Laying naked in Art with semen, okay – cum, drying on me. There because of an activity suggested by my teacher. With the full participation of the class, at least it seemed it. And me? Instead of feeling abused or debased, I'd had a small orgasm when the first stream hit me. Or, it could have been another after shock from the mammoth one earlier.

Oh, god! I'm openly naked in school. I also hadn't really thought about it in a couple of hours. Not since the beginning of PE! I posed without noticing I was nude. Damn, some of those sketches are hot! I wonder who the girl is in them, though. Certainly not me!

"Good night, Rebecca. Thank you for posing. You and Luis did a wonderful job."

"You're welcome, Ms. Rotella. Believe it or not, I enjoyed it!"

"I know, dear. He's a keeper, you know. See you tomorrow."

"Tomorrow."

I managed to get my legs under me and wander over to my easel. I removed the painting in it and loaded a new canvas. From memory, I sketched out a new scene. It was forever burned in my mind. As I began to mix the paints on my palette, I went into my zone. Only my muse and I are allowed in that space. The paint flowed onto the canvas. Only once or twice did the image in my mind need to change to make the two dimensional canvas work. Soon, the canvas was nearly filled. I'd finish the background and the details later.

"Oh my god, Bec, that's intense!" I was so into my zone that I didn't hear Jason come in. I'm so used to being interrupted that it no longer startled me, it's more like a doorbell or phone ringing.

"Hi, Jason." I know I sounded distant. The pain from the morning coming back.

"Bec, I want to apologize to you." I looked at him in the eyes. "When Luis was

called, we were all making fun of him and I didn't hear your name being called. We were making fun of him, not you.” He sounded and looked saddened by the error.

“Thanks, Jase. I guess I was so shocked about being in the program I was being overly sensitive.”

“How's the Program going so far?”

“About like you'd think. I'm generally red head-to-toe walking down the hall. Yet, I've been in here for four hours and have only thought about being naked once, briefly.”

“Sis, I hate to say this, but you look really good without clothes. If you weren't my sister...” He looked away blushing.

“Thanks, Jase. My ego needs to hear it. I have to admit, something woke up in me today. I'm not only not embarrassed about walking around nude, I'm kinda scared it's turning me on.”

“Bec, I'd have a problem all day if I were doing it!” Jason laughed.

“I understand.” I chuckled. “Luis has been 'leading' the way to classes!” I couldn't help it. I broke up laughing. Jase could help not laughing.

“Yeah, that's... a big.. problem for him!” Jason said, gasping between howls. I was laughing so hard my side started hurting.

When we finally calmed down, I took his hand and looked him in the eyes. “You know I'm a virgin, right?” He nodded. “I don't want to be by the end of the week.”

“Your decision, sis. Have fun, but be safe. Okay? One thing, though, I'll take apart anyone that hurts you.”

“Even Luis?”

“I'd try. But he told me that should he mess up and hurt you, he wouldn't stop me.” He looked me deep in the eyes and at the painting. “You falling for him?”

“I think so.”

“I think he's got it for you to.”

“God, Junior scares hell out of me.” He looked at me questioning. I ended up telling him the Susan story and the lunch conversation. Even the posing and what we did after.

“He'll be here in a few minutes. They're moving all his stuff over to the Girls Locker room for the week. He won't come until I give him the word. He wanted to give us time to talk.” He got real serious. “Bec, I've got nothing but respect for Luis. With his size, he could be a bully and an asshole. He's anything but. He's a natural leader. The whole team looks up to him and Mike Holloway. And they run the team on a tight leash. No bullshit, no cheap shots. Honor and respect at all times.” He paused for a minute, searching. “I don't know what I'm trying to say.”

“Jase, I think I understand. You care for both of us in different ways.” He nodded. “Just be yourself to each of us, okay?”

He smiled, bent down and gave me a quick kiss on the forehead. “I'd better run.

Your boyfriend must be waiting outside by now!” He chuckled as he left. BOYFRIEND? WHAT! “I’ll let mom and dad know you’re going to be late.”

Luis walked in to my deer-in-the-headlights look as I tried to process “boyfriend” then “late.”

“Becca, are you okay?” Luis had a scared look. I took his hands, paws, and just couldn’t help laughing and dancing around.

“I think I missed something..”

“Jason just called you my boyfriend.” Still dancing!

“I’d like to be.” When I jumped up on him and wrapped my hands around his neck, I swear I moved the mountain! When I tried to wrap my legs around his waist, lets just say I need more leg. He put an arm around me and one under me to take my weight. I gave him the deepest, wettest kiss I could. When he recovered and kissed back I melted into him.

As we explored each others mouths and our tongues cavorted, I could feel his heart through my boobs. I could feel the slight changes in his muscles. All that power and strength. Yet his kiss was tender and sweet. The touch of his arms was warm, welcoming, gentle.

We slowly broke the kiss. During the mutual shower of after kisses I managed to whisper, “I’d... like... to be... your... girlfriend.” He took charge of the next kiss. Given our position, I’m sure Junior was getting a “Becca” shower! I shivered at the thought of that in me.

“Are you okay, Becca?” He was looking deep into my eyes. God, I could see his soul. I’m positive he could see mine.

“I’m scared.”

“Of what?”

“I’m a virgin and Junior..”

“Becca, we don’t need to do that.”

“But, I want to.” I realized I did, I really, really did. “Not right now, but soon.”

“Dear, when you’re really ready, we’ll do our best, okay?”

“Yes.” We melted into another kiss. God, I could get addicted to kissing him. Then something hit me, what would it be like kissing someone else while nude? The same? Better? Worse? Was it hormones or something more?

“Becca?”

“Hmmm?” As I snuggled against his chest. Warm. Happy. Curious. Excited. Dripping. Content. Did I say happy?

“What just went through your mind?”

“Honesty, always, between us?”

“Always. No matter what.”

“I was loving being lost in your kiss. Then it hit me that you’re the first boy I’ve ever kissed nude. You’re like the third or fourth boy I’ve ever kissed. I had questions..”

“Curiosity?”

“Yes.” I tensed some.

“It's okay, Becca. It would be strange if you weren't curious.”

“But, we just decided to be boyfriend and girlfriend.”

“We did. That doesn't mean I own you. Just the opposite. It means we're partners in exploration. If that's something you need to explore, you should. This week is all about exploration. Even after this week it's okay. Just be honest with me. You don't need to hide anything.”

At first I was relieved. I could experiment. Then a little voice in my head started telling me he was just looking for an excuse to play around on me. I got scared. Then it kept on. I got mad. I actually got mad enough to hit him in the chest. Damn, he's solid. That hurt me! “You're just saying that so you can do what you want!”

“Becca, look me in the eyes.” His voice was soft and kind. I did and saw the gentleness of his soul. “This is what I believe. Jealousy is fear on steroids. It's a person's insecurities pointed outwards. I don't do fear or feel my insecurities are someone else's fault. If you're honest with me, I'm fine. That's how I am and how I feel. You're not used to my world, so I'm willing to accept limits, up to a point. That point is asking me to hurt others or myself. Or ask me to live too long in your fears.”

I held his eyes, letting his words into me. “I'm scared.”

“You should be.” I raised my eyebrows. “Oh, yeah. Scared means you're facing something new. Just like I'm scared to be naked in school. I'm scared about facing East on Friday. I'm scared about you and I.” I really raised my eyebrows. “It's new, it's different. It may not work out. I'm having to go inside and see what I have to give. Scared is facing something new or dangerous. Fear is giving into a story in your head.” That hit me. I really didn't know much about this Mountain, but I wanted to find out.

“Luis?” His eyebrows raised. “Jason's already told my parents I'm going to be late tonight. I'd like four things right now. First, you be late with me.”

My mountain just walked us over to his bag, crouched, pulled out his cell phone, and punched a button. “Hi, Mama... I'm fine... I, she told you? Yeah, it's cool... I'm gonna be late, okay?... Love you, too!” He hung up. “No problem. What are the other three?”

“I want to continue this conversation and work on a painting that I need you to pose for.”

“Done. Fourth?”

“I'll ask later, okay? Right now, I need my easel closer to the divan or the divan closer to my easel. I don't want you to see what I'm painting yet, okay?”

“Be easier to move the divan, I think.” He gently set me down and with the ease of me picking up a brush, he lifted the divan and brought it over in front the easel. I directed where to put it and then posed him and went behind my easel.

“Luis, I zone when I paint, so forgive me if I miss something you say. I want to

understand you and you to understand me. What you said about being scared and fear really hit me. That's me. I'm scared and I'm fearful. When you were telling me to explore the voices started." I started working. Filling in the details like the shape of his muscles and how they caught the light.

"My Dad introduced me to meditation and T'ai Ch'i Chuan when I was young. I guess that's where I come from. I'm from an Italian Catholic family. I could have been raised with all that fear and guilt. Instead, my parents got over it and never pushed it on us. Instead they taught Margie and I to live in compassion and understand the fine line between being fearful and scared."

"Hold your right shoulder up, just a bit more. Perfect. Okay, what do you mean? How do you tell the difference?"

"I sort of know how to explain it. The body feels both the same way. Get too close to a ledge and you will have a physical reaction. Your body doesn't want to be near the ledge and fall. A reaction to being scared is to back away. Yet, a person with fear of heights starts living the story in their head and becomes irrational." I stopped painting and gave him a confused look. "Okay, on Friday, my first play against East. I'll be scared. That's normal. I haven't played these guys. I don't know what's going to happen. I'm going to get hit and hit. I might get hurt. If I weren't scared I'd be insane. If I were fearful, I'd begin to question my abilities and talents. I'd get so wrapped up in those stories that I wouldn't play well because my mind would be in the stories, not on playing the game."

"Turn your head to the left. Hmm... Now, twist your waist the same way, just a bit. That's it. Thanks. Back to fear. How do you deal with the stories?"

He chuckled. "Sometimes, not well!" I laughed with him. "Meditation and T'ai Ch'i is how I've learned. That and football."

"I've heard of T'ai Ch'i but I don't really know what it is."

"I can tell you know and show you later. It's an old Chinese martial art that is founded on emptying the mind and practicing in slow motion. The practice forms look like a really strange slow dance. Yet, you are training your body to move in combat while teaching your mind to stay out of the way. It's call a soft art since it relies more on focusing and manipulating energy than about hitting and striking. Those are the words. They don't mean much until you see and experience it."

"Okay. You can show me later. I'll be finished with this in just a minute."

"Sure."

"Back to stories."

"What meditation does is teach you to quiet the mind while increasing awareness. When you've done it for a while, the stories just go away. In India, they call it calming the monkey mind." I gave a questioning shrug. "Think of a cage of monkeys that are excited. Chattering. Running around. Getting each other excited. Meditation is quieting them. When you do that, you connect in a whole new way to the universe."

“Will you teach me?”

“Sure. Yet, I think you already have some of the tools.”

“Huh?”

“When you paint, are there voices in your head?”

“Only my Muse.”

“Does the muse help you or question everything you are doing?”

“Ah, helps. Drives me, is more like it.”

“Maybe the muse is the real you.”

“You might be right. She really likes you, bunches.” I blew him a kiss. “That's from me and her.”

“Well, if she's the one that made you visible today then I really like her too!” He blew me two kisses. “One for each of you!”

“Back to stories, fear, and exploration. Help me understand. I hear myself saying that if I have a boyfriend, he's the only one I can kiss and mess around with. Yet, my body wants to experience new things. My heart tells me we are connecting. It all seems to conflict.”

“Becca, the only thing that conflicts is the story about your boyfriend. Think about this. Your body wants to experience and explore. Your heart is happy. Is exploring going to hurt your heart? No. Because one of two things will happen. While you're exploring and gaining experience either your heart stays happy with the connection you have or it finds a better one. Either way, you're better off.”

“What about you?”

“I am too. If I'm not your soulmate, best find out early. My mom tells me something all the time that might help. She says you can love many people. The more people you love, the more people you can love. But, being In Love is rare and precious. She also says that good sex with a stranger is still good sex. With someone you love, it's better. When you're in love, it's beyond anything else.”

“I wish I were that close to my mom so we could talk like that.”

“Do you let her get close to you or are your stories in the way?”

Damn. I felt like I had run into a brick wall. Pull out club and begin to beat myself. I dropped my brush and buried my head in my hands. I wanted to be invisible again. Damn him. Damn this Program. What the hell was wrong with the way I was? I was happy! What is happening to me! OH, FUCK!

Suddenly, but gently, two massive arms swept me up and cuddled me into a massive chest. He moved and then sat and snuggled me tighter. My tears began and flowed down his chest. He was silent, just holding me. “He's understanding and patient.” Thanks Muse. I'd rather have my suffering. “He'll wait 'til you're done.” I wanted to tell her to fuck off too. Yet.. Damn... It was simple. Honest. Pure. My stories were in my way. And did I have some. Seventeen years worth. Yet, they were just a house of cards. And they were tumbling down, like my tears. Release. Grief. Mourning. My Mountain was still there.

Hard as he needed to be, yet soft where I needed him to be. God. Pain was flowing out with my tears. My Muse was quiet. Had she run away?

No, she hadn't run away. The me that was the house of cards had gone. I didn't need my Muse anymore, since she is me.

Oh Shit. Am I hiding in Luis? No. NO! He's enabling. A partner? Oh shit. More rivers of tears.

“You just had an epiphany?” His voice soft. The kiss on top of my head gentle, but electric.

“Damn this program. Damn Jason. Damn you.” There was no anger in my voice. Just sadness. “My carefully constructed house of cards of a life just tumbled down. I'm lost and scared.”

“Welcome to the real world!” It took me a couple of seconds to process this. Yeah. Living in the world as it is, not in my house of cards as I want it to be. Yeah. My tears stopped. It took me a few minutes to collect myself. Was I going to miss my Muse? Why? She's me! I really buried myself deep, didn't I. But, I didn't lose myself.

I pushed away from My Mountain's chest just enough to put my arms around his neck. Looking him in the eyes, I came clean. “Thank you, My Mountain. A dam broke inside me. I've been using my stories to hide myself, to not live in the world. The voice I call my Muse, that's the me I've been hiding. And, now... Now, I'm scared. Not fearful. Just scared.” Before he could answer, I pulled his head down. I must be strong, it took me no effort! Then I gave him what I hoped would be a toe curler of a kiss. I know it was for me! Junior's appearance was a pretty good indicator I was doing something right! Damn, I've never even touched him.

When we broke, I softly put my hands on the sides of his face and held his eyes with mine. “Let me finish the painting. Then I'll get to request number four. Then, I'd like to ask one more favor. Trust me?”

“You're okay now?”

“Beyond okay, I'm me now.”

“Then let's get back to painting. The sooner you finish, the sooner these mysteries will be revealed to me!”

I gave him a quick kiss and we disengaged. I now know where to go when I want to be “in my cave.” He's chest is wonderful! Us introverts, we need our caves to recharge. How tiring it is being around crowds. My Mountain was not stressful like that. After all, he was My Mountain! Nice caves. Plus, a Mountain that can really kiss!

I put him back in his pose. Looked at him and the canvas and decided that it only needed a couple of details.

“Becca, what just happened?”

“I'll tell you all about it later. I'm dealing with your face at the moment and need you to hold still.” He froze his face in a bad, fake grimace. I roared. “Nice. Now, without

moving your body, unfreeze your face. Think about... eating my pussy. Yeah, I like that look!" I got busy. Hormones? Yes! Lust? Yes! Love? Yes. In love? Think so.

I worked on the last of the details. I wanted to wake up to this painting! This is the first painting I've ever done just for me.

"Done. Thank you, Luis. Come look at it, please?"

Chapter Eight – Monday – Breaking Boundaries

***** Luis *****

I hadn't really ever looked at Becca's work before. The murals on the walls were just there. So, when I came around the easel, I was expecting the level of work I had seen in class earlier. Preconceived notions. Bad. I stood there with my mouth hanging open. There was me in front of me. As she saw me. Massive, gentle, raw, warm, sexual, open, deep. Powerful. There I was leaning on the divan. My muscles visible but relaxed. My face showed all the emotions I just mentioned. Here was a very large, yet complex, person.

"Becca, that's incredible!" Ah, the Contadino wit. Who needs foot-in-mouth disease. "You're very, very good!"

"I had great material to work with." She gave me a hug and quick kiss. I'm already addicted to her kisses. Yep, got it bad for this one. "This is the first painting I've done just for me. I want to hang it in my bedroom."

"So, I get to watch you at nights? I like that idea."

"I see someone else does too!" She reached down and wrapped her hand around me. She was tentative at first. Slowly she started stroking and exploring.

"You know, that's the first time you've touched him."

"I've wanted to all day, well, most of the day. I'm glad my first time is in private, though."

"He likes you a lot."

"I'm beginning to like him a lot. What about you?"

"Probably falling in love with you."

"Probably?"

"It's been less than a day, but yeah. I've got it bad."

"Me too." With that, she started stroking me for real. After a minute, she got on her knees and started examining me. Her other hand lifted my balls, carefully weighing them, caressing them. A groan escaped my lips. When she looked up, she had the most delicious grin on her face. Her tongue came out and gave Junior's head a light lick. A shiver shot through me. The look in her eyes when she did that made it the most erotic experience I'd had so far in life.

I can only describe what she did next as loving Junior. It wasn't worship. It was loving, tender, gentle, and powerful. She licked and kissed all of him and my ball sack. Not

as direct as Shashana nor as wanton as Susan's need. Sexual? Yes. Sensual? Hell yes. Erotic? Damn straight. Loving? Better believe it.

When I could open my eyes, I could see she was looking up at me when she could. Desire. Love. Then she took Junior in her mouth. I thought I would pass out. My knees got weak. "Oh god!" came out as a moan of pure pleasure.

I could feel her experimenting. Discovering the texture, the taste. Her tongue working around him. Her lips caressing. It was beyond anything I had ever experienced. Eventually, she took in a couple more inches. Her tongue was everywhere. She suckled the head. My legs were shaking. She was still stroking me with one hand, her other making love to my balls. She began sucking hard, her tongue moving faster, stroking me faster and faster.

"Ah, Becca! Shit! I'm gonna cum!" Instead of pulling off, she stroked harder and more deliberately. Her mouth, tongue, lips, and other hand still loving me. I did my best not to stroke into her as my balls pulled up and I felt the first surge. It felt like it was coming from my toes, up my legs, and out through Junior. When it hit her throat, I expected her to pull off. She groaned, shook, and sucked harder.

I gave. She took. I gave more. She wanted more. I could feel her swallowing while still trying to work more out of me. My knees were beyond shaking, buckling. She had emptied me. I had to sit. Now. I managed to stagger to the stool at the easel and rested my ass on it. Becca never broke contact. She continued to suckle and nurse Junior.

"Oh my god, Becca. Thank you. Shit. Ah... Let me... Get.. my breath... back." Somehow she knew I was starting to get too sensitive and pulled off. Yet, she showered Junior with little kisses and "thank yous."

Standing, she walked between my legs and hugged me. "Thank you, My Mountain. That was part of number four."

"Part?" My breath finally coming back. "Am I gonna live through the other part?" I bent my head and kissed her. It was a very deep, mutual kiss. I held her, she held me as the kiss continued. I made a new discovery as the kiss came to the end. We seemed to know when to end a kiss. They were just right for both of us.

"Was that your first blow job?"

"With Junior. Yes. Any... okay, I can say it, cock. Yes. First time I've ever touched one, even."

"Oh god, I'm in trouble."

"Why? What? Did I do it wrong?"

"Like it? No." I felt her slump. "Loved it? Yes! Incredible? Yes! Wonderful? Yes! Best ever? Yes!" Ever try to talk when being showered with kisses? It's kinda fun. "My point was that if that had been any better, it would have killed me. But, what a way to go!" She hit me! Yes. She HIT me!

"You bastard! Teasing me like that!"

"But, your bastard."

“Yeah, I like that. My bastard.”

“So, what's the rest of number four?” She got fidgety. “Honesty. Remember? Spill it.” She tensed, then relaxed with a sigh.

“Straight out honest?” I nodded. “I don't want to be a virgin by the end of the week. And, I want Junior to do the honors. Yet, I still have my hymen and him ripping that scares me. So, number four is for you to use your fingers and break my hymen while you're going down on me. When I peak, that would probably hurt the least. Then get me ready for Junior another day. Please?”

“Here? Now? Why?” Bewildered? Who, me?

“Yes. Right here. On the divan. To me, it's already a special place for us. Now? Damn straight. I'm going to be fingered as part of the program all week. I want to be able to enjoy that. Plus, I want a little time to recover so when I take Junior I won't be sore anymore. It's you I want. It's Junior I want. I don't want anyone else to take my hymen or my virginity.”

“I want you too. I don't want to hurt you and that scares me.” I took a deep breath. Cleared my head. “I still have some stories around the reactions that Junior has gotten in the past. That really scares me.”

She grabbed my head and directed me to look in her eyes. “Do this for me, now. On the divan, my love. My Mountain. We'll tend to your stories later.” I melted. I picked her up in my arms and walked her over to the divan. The silks were still there. I laid her out with her head on the rest and left foot on the floor. Her right leg I draped over the back. We kissed with me hovering over her, not touching except our lips.

We kissed deep. Connecting deeper than we had before. I could stay here forever! Then that perfect mutual ending. I moved to kiss between her breasts, to taste her lovely cleavage. To love it the way she had Junior. On the way, I took a side trip to her ears, playing them with my tongue and lips. Then the hollow of her neck where it meets her shoulders. By now, her hands were on my head, more as acknowledgment than directing me.

Slowly, tracing each curve of her body with lips, tongue, and fingers I approached her breasts. Starting in wide circles around each one, with a lot of time spent enjoying the taste and fragrance of her cleavage, I made love to her large breasts. Before I got to her left nipple, I switched to her right. That got me a groan with a moan! While my lips and tongue made love to her left breast, my hand caressed and fondled her right, avoiding her nipple.

When my lips finally got to her nipple, my hand began working on the other. Her hands pulled me into her. Her back arched. The moans shifted to something more like a growl. I licked, sucked, nibbled first one then the other. Damn near pulling the rock hard bud into my throat. Suddenly, she stiffened, wailed, and convulsed. I didn't relent my attack while her orgasm washed through her body. When she started coming down, I

moved South.

No more teasing. I pulled her knees back and arched her back up. She took her knees and spread herself wide open for me. I attacked with tongue, lips, fingers, chin, and nose. I rode her through her second orgasm. When she started building for her third, I probed deeper into her vulva. My fingers lightly brushing her hymen. Exploring. This orgasm was going to be huge the way she was bucking and straining to get there. When every muscle in her body hardened, I got ready. Then the convulsions hit, hard. I thrust my finger into her, straight through her hymen. I was surprised, there was very little resistance. No screams or jerks from her. Her orgasm sucked my finger deeper into her with each wave. By the time she came down, my finger was all the way inside her. I held still as her pussy adjusted to me.

“God, Luis. That feels so good! Put another finger in me and fuck me with them! And don't stop with the tongue. Oh, god!”

She came for the fourth time as I pumped two fingers into her and sucked her clit. She had adjusted and my fingers moved easily, though it was wonderfully tight. This orgasm was deeper and longer. Not as violent. Her waves felt like a velvet glove that suddenly turned into a velvet vise. When she came down, she went completely limp. I eased my fingers out, stretched her out and snuggled up next to her. While she struggled to get her breath and vision back, I showered her face with kisses.

***** Rebecca *****

“WOW! WOW! WOW!” So much for AP English. My Mountain, my lover, is snuggling up to me as I recover from more orgasms in an hour than I've ever had in a week. And none of these was by my own hand. And each was better than any I'd ever had before. He talked about living through this! I'm ready to die right now. And, my hymen was gone. A little tug, it felt like a pop. Then the feeling of being filled. Then being full. For the first time. Overwhelming. I wanted this again. And again. And again. Next stop two fingers. Soon, Junior. Bring him on! Not now, though.

I showered his face with kisses. “Thank you, thank you.” And, “My Mountain.” More kisses, more words. More joy. More love. More thanks. I grabbed The Hand that had taken me. It wasn't red. Okay, a bit of pink. Covered with my juices. I took The Finger and sucked it into my mouth tasting me and my blood. When I cleaned it, I offered the other covered finger to him. He paid homage to it. He was slow, deliberate. His eyes told me how much he relished it.

“Now, we are bonded with my blood.” He kissed me and we bonded with our saliva as well, mixed with me. I really want to remember the clouds I'm walking on. I want to paint them one day. Perfect. My Mountain and these clouds. Hummm...

“Now, My Mountain. Your stories about Junior. I've seen him. I've felt him. I've tasted him. I've given a part of me to you. I want him. Not tonight. I couldn't live through another of those orgasms. And, I'm gonna be sore. Soon, though. He doesn't

scare me. Just the opposite. I felt your tongue in me. That was heaven. I've felt your fingers in me. Two of them are bigger than most guys cocks that I've seen. Yes, I'm comfortable saying that word. My Cave wants Junior to fill her. Desires to be filled while My Mountain makes love to me."

The kisses that followed had words, none of them important. Just two lovers being together and doing a happy thing. Sweet nothings flowed. Kisses. Touches. All gentle. Together, it seems, we hit a point in time.

"Let's go." My Mountain said first.

"Where to?"

"I have to eat. Sorry. Training. Then there is some work I have to do tonight to fulfill some promises. Maybe some homework as well. Anything you need to do?"

"Some homework. Food would be good. Not training, but famished after that!" My stories started. I remembered our promise. Honesty. "Do you need to be alone?" I watched his face, carefully. Felt his muscles. Thinking I was a human lie detector. Another story? Yeah. Rejection.

"I'd get my work done quicker if I were alone." He paused. My heart started to sink. Collapse. "But, I'd rather it take me longer..." Okay, I like jumping on My Mountain. And smothering him with kisses. Even when he teases me like that! And playing with his ears. And his nipples. They're really sensitive! He started tickling me! The BRUTE! The torture!

"Pax! Pax!" I tried to scream while catching my breath. I was about to pee everywhere.

"About to loose control?"

"YES!" Thank god, he stopped.

"Wait 'til I have you in my bathroom!" He was twisting a pretend mustache like a 1920's screen villain. That just started me laughing again. Okay. I snorted. Sometimes I do. It's not my fault. "You just snorted!" No kidding. Well, that just got us going again. Okay. My Mountain was gentleman enough to go steal some towels to clean up the puddle. And we laughed through that! He's ticklish too! I'm not telling where. My Mountain. My Secrets!

Finally, sanity, for the moment, prevailed.

"I picked up your clothes from the front while you and Jason were talking."

"He told me you were moving your locker into the Girls?"

"That meant the Equipment Manager showed me where I was now located for the week. He enjoyed doing the actual move with all the girls teams showering!"

"Perv."

"Like I'm not?"

"But, you're my Perv."

"Yes I am!"

"So, what do we do for food?"

“Well, my family is about to sit down for dinner. Care to join us?”

Was I ready for that? Actually, was I ready to put on clothes yet? WOW!

“Honesty?” He nodded. “I’m sort of comfortable being naked. I’d like to try to stay that way out of school tonight. It would really help me.”

“Then my place it is. Let me call Mama and tell her to set another plate. Then ask Margie if she wants to do an Outreach as well.” Damn. Okay, when did I start with the profanity? Oh, my Muse, I mean me, used it all the time. Cool. I’d forgotten about Outreach. It’s part of the Program where we’re encouraged to extend our nudity beyond the school into the world around us. Was I ready for this? Breathe. Trust? My Mountain? Yep.

“Okay. I’m game.” Sounding cooler than I felt. “Tomorrow night at my house?” WHAT! He nodded vigorously as he dialed his cell phone and I started dialing mine. We related plans to our families. He finished first as Jason asked me questions about my day. My Mountain started poking through my clothes, which made me lose track of what Jason was saying. Damned if the man didn’t wrap the sash from my dress around my waist and put my hat on my head. I felt more deliciously nude than before! Somehow, I finished with Jason.

“Bellissimo! Perfecto!” We gathered our stuff, including my painting, and headed to his car. The idea for my next painting of him rushing into my mind. My pussy, not my cunny any more, my pussy was beginning to drip at the image. And here we are, arm in arm, deliciously nude.

“Oh, what was the other mystery, My Lady?”

“We’re doing it, My Mountain.”

“Why mountain?”

“Big and strong. Yet, with wonderful, safe caves for me to crawl into. Plus, the thrill of climbing the peak!”

“And the next, and next...” I danced at his words. Did you know that Mountains don’t really dance? Yet, they’re real fun to dance around! Oh, he can sing, even if he doesn’t know the words.

My Mountain loves music. The inventory in his car was huge. Overwhelming! All types of Jazz, Blues, Rock, Classical in many forms, Show Tunes, and... and... and... When I couldn’t decide, he started Joe Cocker’s “You are So Beautiful” and started the car. While he was driving, he held my hand and sang it to me. Damn him. He made me cry. Not sad tears. Joy. He was telling me through music how he felt like I did through my art.

Note to self: I need to do a painting of me for Luis. Of me? WHAT! I’ll work on it. Maybe a photo for now. One step at a time. Hmm... In the sash, hat, and some high heels. Yeah.

Chapter Nine – Monday – Veal Santa Rosa

***** Luis *****

I pulled into the drive and parked. We finished Cocker's "With a Little Help from My Friends" before emerging from the car. The song made me think of becoming a Roman Citizen. "Friends, Romans, Countrymen..." I took her hand as we walked to the front door.

"We're here! Feed us!" I shouted as we entered my house. Hand in hand with my beauty!

Margie came bounding down the stairs. Stopped and took one look at Rebbeca. "Wow! You look great! I love what you've done. Classy and sexy!"

"Luis dressed me." She giggled. "You're looking good, yourself, Margie."

"Well, Really Big Brother, I'm impressed." My very nude sister told me. My family is casual about it. We aren't nudists, but had no problems going around the house in whatever. So, I'd been "Really Big Brother" for a while. I'd like to think it wasn't because of Junior. Now, I know she was impressed because of Becca.

"Good evening to you, Delicious Little Sister." She ignored me as usual and took Becca's hand.

"Mama says I'm to escort you to the dining room. He can come along." She grinned at me. "She's pulled out all the stops in only 15 minutes. That woman amazes me."

Mama had pulled out all the stops. Our two best candelabras framed a centerpiece of fresh fruits. Massive tapers lit the buffet and sideboards. The family's 'really good' china and flatware decorated the table. We only used the best for weddings and funerals. The smell of fresh, hot bread filled the air. Our best olive oil was on the table right next to a wonderful balsamic vinegar. Two wine glasses were at each setting.

Margie walked Becca around to my side of the table where two settings were put very close together. Just as we got to our chairs, Mama and Papa came out of the kitchen. She was carrying a platter of Antipasti and he was carrying two bottles of vintage Italian wine. They were both nude. Outreach had reached their home!

"Mama, Papa, this is Rebbeca Davis, my partner in the Program this week and new girlfriend. Becca, my parents. Doctor and Doctor Contadino."

"Rebbeca, such a pleasure to meet you." My Mama put down the platter and took Becca's hands. "Welcome to our home. Welcome to our family for as long as you will have us. This place setting is here for you, always." She then kissed both her cheeks. Did I mention I love my Mama?

"Thank you. Doctor Contadino. I'm honored." I could see happy tears forming in Becca's eyes. My eyes were a bit moist. Had to be an allergic reaction.

"Please, Rebbeca, call me Carmella." She moved aside so Papa could step in.

"Rebbeca, I'm Pietro. Peter." He kissed both cheeks as well. "I think I've raised

my son well. Yet, should he hurt you, you come to me. He's not that big. Capisci?" He winked at her, yet I knew he was serious. "Welcome to our home and family."

"Thank you, both." She took my hand. "I'm not worried about Luis. The things I've already learned from him and where he got them..." She winked at my parents. "I'm happy with him. Might even keep him." Oh, two can tease? "Thank you both for the welcome. And you, too, Margie."

We sat, finally. We feasted. Mama took off Sunday and Monday from her restaurant, so we were lucky to have her home. Even running a professional kitchen, she still loved to cook at home. Knowing my schedule for the week, she had shown some restraint. We only had a three course meal. Although, she did extract a promise from Becca to come for Sunday lunch and a real feast. Nine courses and long naps after!

The conversation flowed. My parents went light on the wine for Becca and I, since we still had homework to do. They gave Margie a bit more, but not much. The starter was traditional Antipasti. Yeah, not antipasto. It's the plural since there is more than one type of food before the food. We had marinated artichoke hearts (Mama won't even share with her only son the recipe for the marinade), four different salamis, plump black olives, slices of Roma tomatoes, sweet onion sliced thin, anchovies, five cheeses from soft water buffalo to a hard Romano style, three different kinds of peppers, and other fresh veggies. Plus, three different breads for dipping in the olive oil and vinegar.

When we got around to the Program, I was open about my day. Becca was too. I know we both turned a bit red. Thankfully hard to see in the candle light. Margie shared her day as well. So much for my thoughts about her innocence! Yet, her day is her story. I'll let her tell it another time. My parents took it all in and talked about their day, as if what we kids said was normal. Becca learned of the connection between my mother and the best restaurant in town. She also discovered that my father did consulting work for her father.

Papa is one of the top economist in the world, if you believe what you read. Hey, he's my Papa. They say he's THE expert on currencies and trade policies. He's a consultant because, as he told me once, never have a boss you don't trust and can't respect. I guess he never found one. It was good, because he worked out of the house. When he wasn't traveling, I got a lot of his time and attention.

I found out I could get Becca to try new things if I feed them to her. I introduced her to anchovies by putting one on a slice of sweet onion like a cracker and feeding it to her. I don't think she knew what she had eaten until I told her. After that, she took great delight in stuffing hot peppers in my mouth! But she did eat a few more anchovies that way.

Mama's Veal Santa Rosa was the main course. When she's not at the restaurant, it's not on the menu. She refuses to share this recipe with anyone. It's a milk fed veal fillet

pounded out wafer thin. She then fills it with backfin crab meat from Blue Jimmy's and her secret mix of spices and "stuff." She flash cooks it in wine and capers, then reduces the pan liquor and adds cream to make the sauce. The bottom line? It teases while it assaults. It assaults while it teases. It's named after her mom who is the master teaser of the family.

A pasta dish tossed with fresh, blanched veggies was the side dish.

When Becca took the first bit of Santa Rosa, she turned to Mama. "Oh my... This is... I'm sorry, I don't have the words! Wow is too trite."

"We call it the tease that assaults, after Grandma." Mama gave me a little glare.

"Rebecca, thank you. That's the most sincere compliment I've had on this dish. Do you cook?"

"Compared to this? No. I attempt."

"We'll find some time and I'll teach you how to make this." Okay. I should be pissed. No, livid with anger. Out of my mind. I've been working on Mama for years to teach me. Less than an hour and she's offering to teach my girlfriend! I knew then and there that I'd better do right by Becca or I'd have to move and change my name.

The conversation flowed again. Music, economics, nudity, the news, movies, books. I noticed that my parents had Vivaldi playing. "The Four Seasons." A wonderfully complex and beautiful work.

Dessert was my absolute favorite. Crème Brûlée. Not even Italian, but we should have invented it! When she served it, I stood, bowed, and kissed her hand.

We tarried a bit at the table after. The fresh fruit was now fair game. I had to convince Becca it was okay. Our centerpieces were designed to be eaten! As the meal wound down, Mama turned to us. "You kids have some homework?"

"Yes, Mama."

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Well, what's keeping you? We'll clean up." She started picking up dishes. "Oh, Rebecca, will you be here for breakfast in the morning?" I know my jaw hit the table. A look at Becca told me the same thing had happened to her. She's quicker to recover than I am!

"Carmella, I don't know. I'd like to be. I don't think it's all up to me. As my... Okay, boyfriend... I'm getting used to that... said, honesty." She hesitated. Looked at her hands, much as she had done this morning in Dr. C's office. "I'm scared. Today has already been overwhelming. I probably need some space tonight. Plus, I do need to spend some time with my folks."

"Whatever you decide, dear. Please think of this as home."

"Thank you!" Becca ran up to Mama and kissed her. Those two were already thick as thieves.

"Mama, get Rebecca to show you the painting she did today." Yep, I'm evil. Becca stared daggers at me. Then she saw in my eyes that I really did think it was the right thing

to do. She nodded her head and I ran out to the car to get it. When I came back, she was relating the history of the painting, if four hours can be a history.

“Viola!” I pulled it out from behind my back and held it out for them. I had no idea the reaction I was expecting, what I got made me think. Mama hugged Papa closer, tears forming in her eyes. Margie just kept looking from me, to the painting, and to Becca with awe in her eyes. Papa hugged Mama tighter with a huge grin on his face. He looked at me and nodded with pride.

Mama broke the silence first. “Rebecca, I don't know what to say. That's the absolute best likeness of my son I've ever seen. You caught his soul. At the same time, it's impossible not see his love for you.” Her eyes glazed a bit and she flushed. “Or miss his lust for you either. Ah...” Papa was gonna get lucky tonight!

“Rebecca, you're in trouble.” She looked quizzically at Papa. “When I look at Carmi, that's how I feel.” She looked questions at him. “In love, deeply. You're just starting down this path with my son and you've got it bad. Yep, you're in trouble.”

“Trouble?” Becca was clearly confused.

“Yep. Next thing you know, you're our age, with kids, making a good living doing something you enjoy, happy with life, and still deeply in love.” That got a quick kiss from Mama. They were both going to get lucky tonight!

“Now I know where Luis gets his teasing gene from!” We all laughed. I used the moment to say we're off to do our homework and I led Becca down the stairs to my room.

“This looks like you,” she said, looking around. A desk with two computers on it and two servers under. Bookcases that she was scanning the titles on the contents. Large screen TV and associated electronics with surround sound aimed at the king sized bed. A large, comfortable sofa and two chairs perfect for snuggling in and reading. An open area with a mat for exercise and practice. On the edges, a curling bar and hand weights. Two walls with windows, because it was a daylight basement. The wall area not covered with windows or bookcases had photographs, not posters. Most all images I had captured through the telescope I had in the backyard.

“Becca, I need to review some game films. Make yourself at home. Put on some music if you want, it won't bother me.” I popped the game disc in one computer while I brought up the mapping program I had written on the other. It was designed to let me quickly map out plays and save them to be printed later.

“Hmmm... Thanks, sweetie. Why don't you pick something. I like your taste in music.” She gave me a quick kiss as she studied the titles of the books on my desk. “When I finish exploring, I'm going to do some reading for English.”

“Ah, figured me out yet?”

“Not yet.” She winked and started on the photographs. Jupiter, Saturn, tons of the Lunar surface, studies of the Sun's corona during an eclipse, and the deep space objects.

Star clusters, nebulae, and clouds. Each was 11" by 14" and had taken me as long as four hours to photograph.

I went to work understanding East. I was aware of Becca the whole time, yet felt very comfortable working. I'd look over at her and she'd look up and smile. I'd feel her looking at me and turn to smile at her. After an hour, I had mapped out a couple dozen plays and had starting printing them.

"Wanna take a kissy break?" I asked. Her answer was to beat me to the sofa! We played smoochie, grabby, and feely for a bit.

"How's your reading?"

"Okay. I love Dickens, but have always had problems with *Great Expectations*. How's your stuff? What are you doing, anyway?"

"I'm going through the games East has played this year. From that, I'm watching how their game unfolds. What plays they run and when. How they align their defense. From all that, I'm trying to get into the coach's head and understand their key players. I've got a good idea about them now."

"What are you printing?"

"Maps of their offensive plays and defensive movements with my notes on when they tend to use each."

"Now what?"

"Devise a strategy for us to defeat East."

"Isn't that the Coach's job?"

"Yep. But it's also my job and Mike Holloway's, the Offensive Captain. He's doing the same thing right now. So is every member of the coaching staff and a few other players that might want to get into coaching sometime. Coach takes all our input, then he decides. He loves having this many eyes on the field and enjoys teaching us the game from a coaching perspective."

"Do you ever want to coach?"

"I've thought about it. Don't know. Right now, my physics comes first. In a perfect world, I could do both! But college ball is a fulltime coaching job and that's what would interest me."

"Why physics?"

"It sounds really trite when I say it, but to solve the mysteries of the universe that can be solved through investigation and science."

"Like what?"

"Well, the Holy Grail of Physics is called *The Theory of Everything*."

"Do you think it exists?" She looked a bit perplexed.

"In the literal sense, no. As a unification of all the branches of physics so we have a common reference point? Yes."

"Yours?" She was pointing to the photo wall.

“Yep. You like?”

“They're beautiful.”

“They represent the other reason I like physics. The sheer beauty of the universe. I'd like to think I can find a way to share that with the world.”

“Like me and my art?”

“I only wish my photos were as good as your art. I'd love to see more.”

“Tomorrow. I'll show you my portfolio and you'll have a chance to see my personal projects at home.”

“Back to work?”

“Slave driver!” Well, we didn't go right back to work. We played a bit more smoochie face. Quickly becoming one of my favorite sports!

Chapter Ten – Monday – Homework

***** Rebbeca *****

Luis went back to his desk and came back to the seating area with a pad of paper, pen, and the maps, as he called them.

I went back to Pip and Dickens and my notes on the rise and fall of ego.

Before I got lost in the argument I was building, it hit me. Ego. Stories. Expectations come from ego. They are nothing more than stories we carry around in ourselves. They are the house of cards. It made sense to me now. I GOT IT! And I got what Luis had been saying earlier about jealousy and fear. All stories within. Stories that have nothing to do with loving someone but trying to enforce your view of them on them.

I looked over at Luis. He'd write, look at the maps, and then write some more. My Mountain is also a student. A serious one at that.

His books span so many topics. Heavy on math, physics, and astronomy. Balanced with biographies of world and thought leaders. Religious studies. Tons of Eastern Philosophy with a smattering of Western. A huge collection of Robert Heinlein, Larry Niven, and Arthur C. Clark. Boys. Plus Cussler, Lescroart, Clancy, and Grisham. Again, Boys. Then the classics. Well read but well cared for. From Plato to Dickens. YES!

Stacks of magazines. Physics journals in English and German. Astronomy rags. Scientific Americans with tons of sticky notes in them. Plus some academic journals I didn't recognize. What was CERN? Then stacks of stapled papers. It was all organized and neat, yet well used.

The bed was neat and made with no clothes scattered about. Did he do it? Or his mom?

His mom, WOW! I really connected with her. A kindred spirit and willing co-conspirator! My Mountain is in real trouble.

Back to Pip. Then I remembered a book I had seen on the bookshelf. Freud's *The*

Ego and the Id. It fit with my thesis. Luis smiled at me as I walked back. I couldn't resist. I walked over to his chair. I bent and gave him a quick kiss and Junior a good squeeze – OMG, it felt really neat soft! Then turned, bent, and shook my ass at him. HE GAVE ME A SPANK!

“Brute!”

“Tease me, will you!”

“Ah, I've got you pegged. He's gonna help me.” I showed him the book. He roared.

“He got part of the way there then fell into over analyzing!”

“I agree. But I can still use him for my essay. It just hit me a minute ago. Id. Ego. Stories. Freud. Dickens. *Great Expectations*. Pip. Me. Today. Thank you!” I gave him another kiss. As I pulled back, I searched his face and watched for his reaction. “I'm still scared.”

“I am every day. You heard what Dr. C. said today?” Forget his reaction, what did he just say?

“Sort of. Honestly, I was cloaked and withdrawn and in my house of cards.”

“He chose those of us he knew had conquered fear in specific circumstances. Then had us tell how we overcame it.”

What? I'd spent the time looking at my hands, talking to my Muse. What conversation about fear? Why was I hiding? All I'd done is gotten boobs before anyone else. Now, they weren't the largest, nor the smallest. Yet, I'd been different. I didn't choose to change. I just had. Why did all the others have to be so mean? Of course I tried to hide! But... WHAT WAS WRONG WITH ME? As I thought about the comments of the girls, the leers of the boys, my eyes began to water. “Freak!” “Weird!” “Gross!” “Oh, sweet!” “What knockers!” I started to convulse and the rain fell from my eyes. What did I do wrong?

Two massive arms softly pulled me into my cave. Through the voices of the past in my head I heard his heart. Strong. Slow. Steady.

“I wish I'd been there,” I finally croaked out. My chest tightened and I sobbed. Still, his heart was there. His arms... Stupid, idiotic me! Why did he care? What did he want from me? Sex? Just his pleasure?

I just wanted to go back into hiding. I miss my Muse!

“Becca?” I moved my head in his chest. “It's okay.”

“How?”

“Well, let me see. Someone just nuked the world as you knew it. Right?” I sort of nodded my head. “And the foundation you had is gone, right?” Another nod. His heart is still strong, slow, comfortable. “You're scared. Freaked?”

“Duh!”

“Perfect!”

“WHAT! Are you out of your mind?” I hit him. Note to self: don't hit brick walls.

“Perfect. Yes. Because now you get a fresh start. Nothing to undo and rebuild.”

“But, I don't want to be scared.”

“Nobody does. Everyone has to deal with it because we all are. Winners just do it better.”

“Is that why you're a winner?” Wow! Was my voice that sarcastic?

“One of them. The key, actually.” How could he be so calm and patient with me after that?

I took a deep breath. “How?”

“Being scared gives me the energy to do those things I need to do but don't want to.”

“Like what?” I noticed the tears were gone. The rhythm beating in his chest hadn't changed.

“Getting up at half past too early in the morning and running when it's freezing outside and snowing. The energy to spend an extra hour in the weight room when I'm hurting. To go into the offensive line one more time when I'm so tired I can hardly stand.”

“How?” I hope he understood. I really didn't feel like talking. Just listening and feeling his heart made it all okay and easier to understand.

“I clear my mind of the stories that say I can't. When one pops up, I focus on doing instead of listening. I use the energy to focus. Same as you already know how to do.”

“What? I don't know what to do!”

“How about when you paint? Any voices saying you can't?”

What the hell! “No.”

“Figured. I've seen you when you paint. You are focused. In one area of your life, you are already very successful and a winner.”

“Yeah, but that's different...” Huh?

“How?”

“I'm not scared.” Yeah, my Muse is with me then.

“I'll bet you a kiss that at some level you are. You're just not aware of it.”

“It's a bet.” Easy bet. I win, I win. I lose, I win.

“How do you feel when you show someone a painting?”

“Okay. Scared. But, that's after I've painted it.”

“So, when you paint, it's never to give or show someone?”

“Yeah, but... But...” Asshole. He's worse than my muse!

“Give me the kiss. I won!”

“Bastard!” I grabbed his ears and planted a big, wet, juicy smack on his lips. I knew he was right. I knew what he was saying was right. It's nice listening to your heart instead of all those stories. Fuck the “Monkey Mind.” I melted into the kiss. A lovely way to empty the mind!

“Will you teach me?” I whispered when we broke the kiss.

“You already know what you need to know. Now it's about finding the practices that will help you remember and build on it.” Practices? What, like piano lessons?

“What works for you?”

“In general, meditation. T'ai Ch'i is all about teaching the body without the mind getting in the way. I also empty my mind when I listen to music, lift weights, mow the lawn, wash a car, kiss you...” That earned him another one. I liked this practice!

“What can I do?”

“The path I know starts with learning to breathe right and builds from there. I know you exercise. I can feel it in your body. What do you do?”

“Yoga.”

“Explains why you're so limber. Yum!”

“Dirty Old Man.”

“But, I'm too young!”

“Pervert!”

“But I'm your pervert.” That got him another kiss. Yummy! I like this reward system!

“Maybe I can teach you some Yoga and you can teach me T'ai Ch'i?” He nodded. “You were going to show me some of it.”

“Okay, but just the opening. It wakes me up to much to do the whole form this late. After all, I'm a growing boy and need my sleep!”

“If you grow much more,” I said, grabbing Junior, “this will come out my throat when you fuck me.” Wow. Did I just do and say that? Yep. And it felt right. Plus, he laughed with me.

“Throat job while fucking. Now there's a concept!” I rolled out of his lap laughing while he collapsed. Okay, I snorted again. Really bad, too. Two or three times while imagining Junior in my pussy and coming out of my mouth and trying to say I didn't like it. “Ergh... Aumph.. Agh... That's what I'd sound like!” I snorted again. That got him tickling me. Me tickling him. No pee this time. But we did end up in one hell of a kiss with him over me and between my spread legs. I almost grabbed Junior and finished what we'd started earlier today. No. I still wanted candles and the bed and soft music and...

*** Luis ***

We broke the kiss at the same time. Uncanny. No, perfect. How easy it would have been to just slip Junior in given our position. Yet, I couldn't and I wouldn't. She wanted to wait. Honor and respect. Yep, that's me. I gotta keep telling myself that!

“I hope you don't mind. I need to get going. I want to take Carmella up on her offer, just not tonight. Okay?”

“Love, whatever your heart desires. I will use all the powers of my Mountain Kingdom to satisfy my Queen.” Okay, I'd been asking for silver tongue to come out all day. Wait! No, that was truly from my heart.

She looked at me with fire in her eyes and a misting of joy. She tried to talk. When that failed, I got another Becca kiss.

“Take me home?”

“Sure.”

“It won't be a bother?”

“For another few minutes with you?” That got me another kiss. She started packing up her stuff. “Here, take Freud with you if it will help.” I handed her the book she'd taken off the shelf about 100 years ago.

“Thanks!” I was blessed with THAT smile. Damn. I needed to work on my legs. I can't beat East with these rubber legs I keep getting around her.

Her bags packed and over my arm, we headed upstairs. My parents were in the living room listening to Bach's Brandenburg Concerto Number 4. One of my all time favorites. The Berlin Philharmonic with von Karajan conducting. Powerful. They both had books in their laps, but were holding hands enjoying the music together.

Mama moved to turn the music down. I waved her off and just pulled Becca closer. She looked up with complete understanding. We snuggled while the passage played out. Mama hit the pause.

Before I could say anything, Becca was headed for the couch. “Thank you both for such a wonderful evening.” Mama and Papa were beaming and said appropriate things. I was wondering where this girl had come from. So comfortable making the first move. Nude. Don't get me wrong, I loved it. I just hadn't expected it!

Then she and Mama disappeared. I sat on the edge of the sofa. A bit shell shocked.

“Son. Feel like a 2-by-4 just hit you in the head?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Welcome to the club. Just enjoy the ride. Twenty, thirty years from now you'll be giving your son the same advice. Trust me!”

“I do, Papa. This is just way new for me.”

“Scared?”

“Better believe it.”

“You know what to do.”

“Yes, sir. I do. Funny thing. She wants me to teach her. Her 'house of cards', as she calls her stories, fell down today.”

“You're lucky, son. It seems you've already got trust and honesty with each other. Combine that with being in love and you can't lose.”

Before I could answer, Becca and Mama came back into the room. Arms around each other. Giggling. With grins the Cheshire Cat would have envied. What were they up to? My baby pictures? Telling the tale of Kindergarten when I peed my pants? Was Mama really going to give Becca the Santa Rosa recipe and not ME? What if today had all been a set up? I didn't know Becca that well, although I've known of her since first grade. Did Mama know about my crush-from-afar in fifth grade? What if...? My father's words replayed. I took a couple of really deep breaths and just let the story go. I stood. Grinning back. Just in love. Yep, in love.

On the drive to Becca's house, no words were spoken. None were needed. We held hands. She wanted to listen to the Bach my parents were listening to. No problems.

I escorted my Queen to her castle.

“Tomorrow night, here. Dinner. You meet my family. Okay?” Before I could answer, she kissed me and played with Junior. I melted. I think I mumbled something about okay as she vanished behind the gates and the drawbridge rose for the night. “See you at school, sweetie!” As her words came to me, I drifted through my fog back to the car.

In a total daze and on rubber legs, I got home. Greeted the parents, went downstairs, and managed to get some work done before the bed became the center of my world.

What a day! Yeah, but it's all good.

*** Rebecca ***

Okay, how many times in one day can I say 'Oh My God!' I've just walked in my front door. Luis's kiss still on my lips. My plan with Carmella burning in my center. I'm still naked with a hat. No idea where the sash had gone. I needed a shower, sort of. I just lay against the front door collecting myself.

“Hi, sweetie.” My mom said coming up to me. Okay, she called me something she hasn't since I was maybe 10 or so. What's up with that? She took my hands and kissed my forehead. Motherly. Then it hit me. I was overdressed by one hat! I had forgotten about being naked? She pulled me into the Living Room.

My mom being naked was a big enough of a shock. My father was on the sofa, Jason in a chair. I was still overdressed!

Mom said, “We wanted to support you any way we could.”

Again, it hit me. My house of cards. Jason's comments this morning about my parents. Here was my whole family supporting me. Damn, Damn, Damn. I might have said that out loud before my legs collapsed. Mom tried to hold me up. Jason was right there. My dad too. They got me to the sofa. The soft, supple leather was cool on my skin but warmed quickly.

It hit me. Without my cloak, I could see they were on my side. “I'm so sorry. I've shut you out of my life. Thank you Jason – and Luis – for that revelation. Thank the Program and Luis for me being here and not hiding.” I cried. Hard. Mom held me. Dad held me. Jason was in there somewhere. Whispered words of support and love drifted through my sobs and tears.

I remember being scared versus living in fear. I gathered myself. I turned my feelings into energy. At least for a moment. “Thank you all. For this. Today, I woke up. I have a boyfriend. A serious love. I'm finding my love for my parents.” The hugs got tighter. “And, now I'm the real me. Scared? Hell YES! Yet, I'm learning that's okay. It's what you do with it. I'll need help.” I let go of the old me. I let myself feel the love and support of my family. My parents. Jason. I felt it in my heart.

“Mom?” I asked as the tears cleared.

“Yes, Rebecca?”

“Can I be Becky again to you and Dad?”

Mom collapsed into me. “You always have been, Becky.”

“Becky,” my Dad said, “thank you. You will always be Becky, my little sweetheart.”

He was crying on my shoulder. Tears of joy all around. I wrapped my arms around both of them.

“Daddy, I love you.” We all cried. Four nude people on the sofa crying.

I then remembered the rest of my request. “Mom, Dad. I invited My Moun... ah, Luis, to have dinner with us tomorrow night.” That's all I could get out. Mom and Dad were ecstatic.

“Of course, dear!”

“Ah, well... I want to make it... special.”

“Of course.” Thanks Mom for understanding.

“I don't know what to do. I want to help, but...”

“Becky, I'll pick you up right after Art. We can make this happen. No problems.”

We got teary-eyed together. I knew she was already planning. She knew I was too wiped out. Breakfast, we silently agreed looking each other in the eyes. When did that start?

I went up to my room and undressed. Okay, I took off my hat and shoes! I hung the painting of Luis where I could easily see it from the bed. Then I replayed the day and collapsed into the bed. My hands went right to my cunny... No, damnit! My pussy! My pussy and nipples. Yes! I thought of Luis as I stared at his face on the wall. And Junior.

When my orgasm hit, I didn't care. I let it out. Hard and loud! The first time I think I have ever made noise masturbating. Spent, I sank into my bed and dreamed.