

FRANKIE AND CASSIE NAKED IN SCHOOL
PART ONE
MONDAY

CHAPTER ONE
FRANKIE

I suppose it was inevitable, huh? I mean, it looked like they were going through the baseball team one-by-one. First Mike and Lily, then Ed—and now me. March/April seemed to be Baseball Player’s Month in The Program. You’d think they’d let us ballplayers do this at a time when we **didn’t** have to go out on to the **field** naked. Ah, well. Not that that would have done **me** any good, anyway—I play soccer during the fall.

I’m Frankie Gutierrez. Francisco Roberto Gutierrez DeJesus, if you want to get all technical (and Spanish) about it. I’m of Mexican heritage—though I was born here; right in Westport, as a matter of fact—my parents came from Mexico when they were teenagers. My grandparents—both sets—were poor folk who came here hoping for a better life for their children. My parents didn’t let them down. Mom’s a schoolteacher, and Dad’s a computer programmer. We’re not rich—Dad says that if he wanted to be rich, he wouldn’t have had five kids—but we don’t want for anything, not by a long shot. All of my Grandparents are still alive, and all take great pride in my parent’s—and aunts’ and uncles’—accomplishments. Family’s a big thing to Mexicans.

And there’s enough family in my house! I turn 17 in a couple weeks, and there was a hiccup after me—Mom had two miscarriages—but then the floodgates opened. Rosa is 12, Maria is 10, Gabriella is 7, and Ricardo is 5. After Ricardo, Mom said “finito!” Being the oldest of five in a Mexican family is a bit of a responsibility. I’ve done a **lot** of babysitting. I’m also supposed to lead by example. I think I do OK. I’m a good student. As I said, I play baseball and soccer—a pretty mean feat considering you wouldn’t peg me as an athlete if you saw me walking down the hall. I really do love my brother and sisters. I have good friends and don’t get into trouble.

I wondered how Mom and Dad would react to me being in The Program. We’ve discussed it at home—not a big surprise considering so many of my friends have been through it. Mom and Dad are still a bit Old School. They grew up Catholic. Now, with the changes in society, the Catholic Church some time ago stopped prattling about the evils of premarital sex and birth control and all that. I guess they were sick of empty pews. But my parents grew up with that, and it’s sometimes hard for them to shake. They do try, though. When they got the info on The Program, and the form to fill out to opt me out of it, they told me it was my decision. I **can** talk to them about this kind of stuff, though Mom gets faintly scandalized. It’s become kind of a joke—especially between me and my oldest sister, Rosa. Rosa started developing a few years ago, and started getting interested in that kind of thing. She hasn’t **done** anything yet, of course, but she asks me questions, which I try to answer. We’ve always been close, despite the 5-year age difference. When she came along, I **really** wanted that elusive sibling, so I’ve doted on her her whole life. So, we talk, and she knows what sex is. And our big joke is that, whenever the topic comes up, Mom tries her best but always lets a “Madre de Dios!”

escape her lips. When Rosa has a question she wants to ask, she'll come up to my room and say, "Hey, Frankie, I've got a question about 'Madre de Dios!'" It's funny.

Anyhow, so now it was my turn. How did **I** feel about it? Mixed, to tell you the truth. I'm nobody's sex god, let me tell you. I'm about 5'7", and not exactly muscular. To be honest, I'm scrawny. I'd probably be the type that people picked on, if I didn't have some athletic accomplishments. Luckily, fast—which I am—is better for soccer than big and bulky is. It's also better for playing center field. As for pitching—well, I get by. One thing I **do** have is nice, long, supple fingers. Mom jokes that I should've been a piano player. Instead, I put those fingers to use throwing a baseball. With my body, I don't throw hard. Hell, I have a **girl** teammate that throws 20 mph harder than I do! If I didn't like Lily a lot, I'd be jealous. But what my fingers **do** enable me to do is throw a ball that whistles "God Save The Queen" in seven languages on the way to the plate. Whatever gets the job done.

So, yeah, parading my scrawny body around Westport High in the nude wasn't my first choice of activities. But, you know, I really didn't have anything against it. I had seen so many friends go through it, and they all came out of it changed—and for the better. Of course, most of them also came out of it with Significant Others. I wasn't counting on **that**. I'm not Mister Suave with the girls. I'm everybody's buddy. I've had a few girlfriends—I'm not a virgin—but they always seemed to be short-lived. One ex-girlfriend told me I was "too easygoing." I still don't know what that meant! I've come to think it's code for "too scrawny." Hey, if girls really **do** think I'm too easygoing, I don't know what to do about that. When you're the oldest of five, you'd **better** be easygoing.

Anyhow, I walked into Mr. Tilling's office that Monday morning, and found him behind his desk.

"So, are we just checking off the names of the baseball team one by one, or what?" I joked.

He chuckled. "Come on in, Frankie. No, I'm not. You were selected for The Program this week, yes, but for a reason."

"OK, fill me in," I said.

"When your partner gets here."

"And who might that be?" I asked.

"Cassandra Vyshenko."

Ah, Cassie. Cassie and I had been friends forever. She moved to Westport the summer before fifth grade—moved in four houses down from me, as a matter of fact. We'd been friends since then. We weren't **best** friends—we ran with very different crowds, and I didn't like much of hers. I did like **her**, though. I often wondered how she ended up hanging with the status-is-everything catty-gossip crowd. Her two best friends, Missy

Jenkins and Laura Elliot, I couldn't **stand**. And, for a while last school year and into the beginning of this one, she dated Nick Chase, who was the prototypical full-of-himself asshole football player. So, I didn't run with Cassie much. But I **did** like her—she was a lot different from her friends, which is why I often wondered why they **were** her friends—and Rosa was **best** friends with her sister, Tanya.

I knew, however, that they preferred not to pair up friends in The Program. I was about to ask Mr. Tilling about that, when Cassie walked in.

“Hi, Mr. Tilling. Hey, Frankie.” I smiled at her. “Did you tell him anything yet?” she asked Mr. Tilling.

“No, Cassie, I was waiting until you got here.”

“OK, then,” she said.

“Frankie, Cassie has a special situation. She wasn't going to go into The Program at all, but she decided to give it a shot. Because she has an issue, we decided to let her pick her partner. She picked you.”

“We've been friends forever,” she smiled at me, “and I know you're not an asshole.”

“She's going to need help. She's going to need a **lot** of help,” Mr. Tilling said.

“Anything for a pal,” I grinned at them, “but what's the big deal?”

“You'll find out,” Mr. Tilling said mysteriously. “Time to strip. You first, Frankie.”

I took off my shirt, and said, “Look. Scrawny arms, scrawny chest.” I went for the pants and said, “And now, the scrawny legs. How this guy pushes off the mound is a mystery.” Cassie was giggling. I then stripped off my underpants.

“Well, **that's** not scrawny,” Cassie giggled.

I smiled at her. I didn't think it was all that impressive, but it was nice of her to say what she did.

“Now, you, Cassie,” Mr. Tilling said.

She dropped the smile, and started fidgeting with her shirt. “I'm going to turn around, so you get the full effect after I get everything off.” She turned her back to us, and started stripping—very hesitantly. There was **something** here I wasn't getting. Cassie was cute. She was petite—5'0” or 5'1”, and probably not more than 100 or 110 pounds—but she was cute. She had longish, very curly light brown hair, which she often tied up in a ponytail or with a hairclip. She had cute blue eyes, an adorable button nose, and a smattering of freckles. I'd never seen her naked, but didn't see any cause to complain.

She finally finished, and turned around—and, at first glance, I **really** didn't see any cause to complain! Like I said, she was petite—which, under clothes, probably masked how curvy she was. Her breasts weren't huge—probably a B-cup—but they looked big on **her** small frame, and then were firm and pert. Her hips and ass were perfectly proportional. She was thin, but not **skinny**, if you know what I mean.

Her legs were perfect.

“My God, Cass, you're beautiful,” I said. “I never knew how lovely you were.” She beamed.

And then, I saw them. I really **didn't** see them until after I registered how beautiful she was—but, then, I did. Scars. A **lot** of scars. A whole lattice-work of them, covering her belly from right below her breasts down, all the way down her stomach and trailing off onto her thighs. They were clearly not new—but she'd obviously been through something major. If they had been new, they would have been **nasty**. Now I knew why going naked was a big deal for her.

She was looking at me expectantly. So, I asked. “What's up with the scars?”

She looked at me, and **launched** herself at me, wrapping me in a bear hug. “Thank you so much,” she said.

“For what?”

“For telling me I was beautiful before you noticed the scars.”

“That was genuine,” I grinned. “I really did notice how gorgeous you were before I noticed the scars.”

“I know. You're a sweetheart, you always have been. That's why I picked you.” She sat down in one of the chairs across from Mr. Tilling. I sat next to her.

“A car accident. I was 8. This was before we moved here. I was in the car with my grandfather. Of course, at 8, I'm supposed to be in the back seat with a safety belt on, right? Well, I was a complete imp at that age. I had taken the belt off and climbed into the front seat, unbuckled, next to my Grandpa. Grandpa doted on me, and didn't have the heart to tell me to get back where I belonged. That haunted the poor man for **years**.”

“Anyhow, it was at an intersection. We had the green light, but some idiot ran the red light from the other direction. Grandpa couldn't stop, and plowed right into him. The safety belt and air bag saved Grandpa, but I went right through the windshield.”

“Oh, Jesus, Cassie,” I interjected.

“Believe it or not, it could've been worse. The windshield shattered from the crash, so at least I didn't break through it. Since they tell me I went headfirst, that could've been **it**. Broken neck. I don't remember the crash, but they tell me that. What **did** happen is that

my body went flying through the broken glass. They think I went facedown, because the glass **above** me was pretty cleared out. That's why my back really didn't have much damage, just a few scrapes from the falling glass. But my front scraped on jagged glass on the way out, and that's why I got cut so bad. The glass ripped me to shreds. Some of the scars—the straighter, more regular ones—are from subsequent surgery, but most of them are from the original cuts. They think I had my legs together, which is a good thing, because I got within an inch on either side of my vagina, but the glass missed that."

"It looks like it didn't miss much else," I said.

"No. I was in the hospital for quite a while. I lost my spleen. They had to repair my intestines. And I only have half a right kidney—luckily, the left one was undamaged. There were a lot of other things—I **still** get muscle pulls in my stomach. Plus one of my ovaries had to be removed. The other one's fine. Luckily, my uterus was unscathed." She gulped. "And I did almost die from the blood loss. There was an ambulance not too far away. They told my parents that five more minutes and I might not have made it."

"My God," was all I said.

"It was a long time ago," she said. "I'd like to say I'm over it. But I'm not. I don't wear a bikini. I won't wear a belly shirt. I don't take showers in gym. I make love in the dark, for goodness' sake. The only person who's ever seen this besides my family, until today, was Nick. And after **he** saw it, he wouldn't let me take my shirt off when we made love. Said it was 'gross'. That **didn't** help."

"That asshole," I said.

"You knew it before I did. Wish I'd have listened," she grinned at me. "Anyhow, I'm tired of being so self-conscious about it. I don't want to live in fear anytime someone **might** get a glimpse at my stomach. I'm tired of it. I'm tired of being with a guy, and either stopping it before it gets that far, or trying to hide it. I'm tired of going shopping with my main criteria being 'don't show any belly.' I'm tired of it. I need to get over it. That's why I told Mr. Tilling and Ms. T that I wanted to do The Program. Full immersion, get it over with."

"You live with it," I told her, "so you might not realize something. They're not as bad as you think they are. Nick's an asshole. I don't see anything 'gross' about your body at all." And I meant it. She **was** beautiful, and the scars didn't detract from that.

"Yeah, but Frankie, you **are** staring," she said—but she was grinning when she said it.

"Well, there's these two, on your right thigh. They form a little heart. It's kind of cute."

She looked down, and burst into laughter. "I never noticed that. It's not as obvious from this angle. But you're right, that **is** a heart." She turned and hugged me again. "Oh, I **knew** I picked right when I picked you!"

“What are friends for?” I smiled.

“OK, you two. Are you ready?” I nodded. Cassie did too, but not enthusiastically. “Frankie, she’s your partner. You need to support her.”

“I plan on it,” I said, earning another big grin from Cassie. “Cass, you are one brave person, you know that?” She blushed, and beamed at me.

“Good. Get out of here,” Mr. Tilling said.

We walked out of the office. I went first.

CHAPTER TWO

CASSIE

Yes, I was scared. A **lot**. But my life had gotten to the point where I **had** to do **something**—and this seemed like the best solution.

Look, what had happened to me was extremely traumatic, no surprise. It wasn’t just physical—I needed therapy. I never have consciously remembered the accident, but I used to have horrific nightmares about it. And I **do** remember the recovery, which was traumatic enough.

So, I could say I was over it, that I recovered. But I lived with the reminder. And I’d live with the reminder every day for the rest of my life. It had gotten all bound up together. Every time I chose a one-piece bathing suit—and kept shorts on over it—every time I insisted on turning the lights off with a boyfriend, every time I held a shirt up to me to see if it showed the slightest hint of belly—it came back to me. Self-consciousness about the scars and reliving the trauma of the accident were all mixed up together. Therapists had told me for years that I had to come to terms with the scars. I thought I was finally ready to at least try.

I tried once before—with a person who said he loved me. Frankie was right about Nick—he told me right when we started going out that Nick was bad news. I should’ve listened.

I’ve known Frankie since I moved to town. He’s a sweetheart. We’ve never hung around together, but that doesn’t diminish our friendship—we just move in different circles. When we see each other, out in the street or at school—we’re friends. I’ve always liked him. And I knew he was a good soul at heart, which is why I picked him.

The thing is, if it weren’t for the scars, I don’t think I’d have any appearance issues. I’m petite, but I’m not rail-thin or anything. I have no issues with my facial features. I’m no Miss America, but I have no real issues. Except the scars. Frankie helped, with what he said. But Frankie was only one person.

He walked out of the office in front of me, to the waiting crowd. All of **his** friends were there. I didn’t see any of mine. Ed Bauer greeted him with, “Hey, Frankie’s naked!”

Another member of the ball team proudly strutting his stuff.” He mock-sniffled. “Go make us proud, son.” All of Frankie’s friends laughed.

I knew all these people, but not well—as I said, Frankie and I traveled in different circles. So, I was nervous as I stepped out of the office. I quickly realized why Frankie hung around with these people.

“Jesus, Cassie,” Mike Kirkland, Frankie’s teammate on the ball team, said. “I never knew you were so curvy!”

“Damn right,” Jared Wicklow agreed. “Cassie, you’re a babe.” I glowed all over. Dammit, maybe this **wouldn’t** be that bad. Of course, after those nice words, they noticed. I could see them looking—and wondering what to say.

“Hey, Cassie,” Ed Bauer broke the silence. “Do you know you have a map of Brazil on your stomach?”

I couldn’t help it. I laughed. Frankie looked at him like he wanted to kill him, but then eased up when he saw me laughing. No, I didn’t get offended. I knew Ed well enough to know that jokes were his thing. That was better than a horrified gasp. Especially when Ed kept it up. “Really!” he said, coming over and touching my stomach. “See, here’s the Amazon, and this one here, that’s Rio de Janeiro.” I giggled—because it tickled!

“I like the little heart on her right thigh,” Frankie grinned.

“Oh, yeah,” Ed agreed. “Cassie,” he said seriously, “what happened, anyway?” I explained about the car accident.

“Wow. And you’re going through the program?” Lily Woodard asked me. “That’s brave.”

“That’s what I told her,” Frankie said.

“Well, I need to. And I asked for Frankie as a partner, because we’re friends. This **is** really scary.”

“I’ll bet,” Ed said.

“And I have to go to my first class, which Frankie isn’t in,” I said.

“Bio, right?” Mike asked me. “I’m in it.” He turned to Frankie. “I’ll keep an eye on her.”

“Knew you would,” Frankie grinned. “I’ll see you third period,” he said to me, and the group disbanded. Mike walked with me to bio.

“You guys really watch out for each other,” I said to Mike.

“Yeah, we’re pretty close-knit. Especially those of us who’ve been through The Program. Which is Jared and Amanda, Ed and Natalie, and me and Lily.” He grinned. “Now you and Frankie.”

“Yeah. It’s neat that you all support one another.”

“Well, you know, we know what to expect. By the way, watch out for the fondling,” he grinned.

“ **That** I can handle. Why, did you want a crack?” I teased.

“Well, let’s see—I go out with a girl who could take my head off with a well-placed fastball. And I don’t have any current Program participation myself as an excuse. So I think I’ll just walk you to class and keep my hands to myself,” he grinned.

“Lily’s something else,” I said. “I don’t know if she knows how much she’s a hero to a lot the girls in school. And moreso to younger girls—my sister Tanya and Frankie’s sister Rosa, who are both 12, worship her for what she did.”

“Oh, Jesus, don’t ever **tell** her that, OK? All I need is for her ego to expand **more**,” Mike laughed.

“She has a big ego?” I asked.

“Well, not in general. About **pitching**? Oh, you bet your ass,” he laughed.

“I guess you’d have to have one to be that good—especially being a girl in a guy’s game.”

“Oh, don’t think for a second I’m complaining,” Mike said. “I **love** to watch some skeptical guy walk up to the plate against her—and then watch her blow him away with her ‘take that, motherfucker’ look in her eye. It’s great.”

“You really love her, don’t you?” I asked.

“Yeah, I really do,” he admitted.

“That’s sweet,” I smiled. “Hey, look, we’re almost at class and I’ve escaped the groping.”

“How’d **that** happen?” he laughed.

“Everyone took one look at my scars and backed away,” I grumbled.

“Now, Cassie, don’t assume that.” We walked into class. I heard the murmuring—but then I heard the gasps. It was unmistakable. Not everyone, but enough for me to hear. Mike just patted my shoulder and walked to his seat.

“Cassie? How are you doing?” Ms. T asked me.

“Well, the ordeal has just started,” I grinned. “We’ll see.”

She made me sit in front of the class. When the class quieted down, she said, “Guys, we have a Program participant in the class today. Cassie Vyshenko has decided to do The Program this week. She has a special motivation for doing so, and I’d like her to tell you about it.”

So, I did. I talked about the scars, and about the accident. And I talked about the self-consciousness I had about the scars, and how it had affected my life. I told them that I hoped getting through the Program would help some of that. I got an ovation when I was done. **That** was nice.

My next period was Spanish, which was OK. Lily was in that class, and she sat next to me. Another one of Frankie’s friends watching out for me. It really was incredible how close-knit they were.

Third period was where the trouble began.

It was history, and it was the first period that I shared with Frankie. However, there were other people in that class. My two best friends, Missy Jenkins and Laura Elliot. **And** the guy I had been dating for two weeks, Paul Ribeiro.

People have wondered how I could be such good friends with Missy and Laura. Frankie hasn’t said much, but I know he doesn’t like them. When I first moved to Westport, in fifth grade, they were the first friends I made besides Frankie. And I guess I’m a creature of habit. We’ve been a threesome since then.

Yeah, I knew they could be shallow. I knew they could be judgmental. Hey, I’m not for a second going to pretend that I wasn’t guilty of both those things myself. I’m not perfect. And they could also be nice, and hanging out with them was fun.

So, I knew they could be shallow and judgmental—and I also knew they thought The Program was stupid. But I also thought I’d get some support from them—they **were** supposed to be my two best friends.

Talk about shattering your illusions.

“**You** are doing the Program?” Missy started. “Why on **earth**?”

“I needed to,” I said simply.

Laura gasped. “Oh my God, **what** is all that crap on your stomach?”

“Scars. Car accident, when I was eight. That’s why I wanted to do the program, because I’m too self-conscious about them,” I said.

“Well, you **should** be!” Missy asserted. “They’re **gross**!”

“And now we’re going to have to look at them all week!” Laura added. “Cassie, that’s disgusting.”

“Jesus. Now I know why you never wear a bikini,” Missy added. “And it’s a good thing, nobody wants to go to the beach and see **that**.”

Unbelievable. I got more support from Frankie’s friends—who I barely knew—than I did from my own. I was practically in tears. “You two are supposed to be my **friends**,” I said. “I expected more support than this.”

“Support?” Missy said. “You want us to support you walking around grossing everybody out? I’ll give you support. I’ll go fetch your clothes for you, so you can cover that shit up.”

As this went on, I managed a glimpse at Paul—who was looking at me in horror.

Just then, Frankie came up behind me—and started rubbing my shoulders. “It’s OK,” he whispered in my ear.

“You’re in it, too?” Laura said to him. “How appealing—the program, featuring the Scarred and the Scrawny. I think I might barf.”

“Maybe next week you and Missy can get into it, and it will be the Asshole and the Bitch,” Frankie snarled. As they sputtered, he grabbed me by the shoulders and steered me to the other side of the class, in a seat next to him.

“Are you OK?” he asked me.

“No, not particularly,” I said. “My two best friends.”

“They’re just jealous,” he said.

“Jealous?”

“Yeah. They’d never have the guts to do this,” he smiled at me.

The rest of the class proceeded without incident, and Frankie walked me to my next class, art. And I walked in, and saw the front of the class set up with props, clearly meant for a human being to be posed on and with.

Uh-oh.

Frankie was in that class—thank goodness—but so were Missy and Laura. I wasn’t looking forward to this.

Mrs. Taylor, our teacher, confirmed my fears. “This is what I’ve been waiting for,” she grinned. “We’ve had students in The Program in class all year—but you don’t start with something like Life Drawing, you have to work your way up to it. So, this week, this class gets to do it. Cassandra and Frankie are going to be our models.”

“Oh, gross,” Laura muttered. I don’t think Mrs. Taylor heard her, but I did.

“Having two of you gives us lots of possibilities, but I’m going to start with solo poses. Cassie, why don’t you come up here?”

Gulp.

I walked to the front of the class, and, of course, she noticed. “You have scars,” was all she said.

“Car accident, when I was eight,” I told her. I should just bring a tape recorder with that phrase recorded on it and hit play all day.

“That must have been nasty. You have a lot of courage doing The Program, Cassie.” I just smiled at her. Then she spoke to the class. “You will notice that Cassandra has scars on her stomach. She tells me it’s from a car accident. Well, when you’re drawing, it’s just one more thing you have to deal with. Everybody has something. It’s no different from the dimple Cassandra gets in her cheeks when she smiles. It’s no different than the wrinkles in her nipples. When we get Frankie up here tomorrow, you’ll notice he has hairy arms. It’s no different. When you’re drawing, you have to make the decision of how—and if—to draw these things. But it’s just part of the whole. Everybody has something—hair, dimples, wrinkles, scars. I had a student in The Program last year that we drew, who had a prominent mole on her hip. How you draw the person depends on what you see.”

She smiled at me and first had me pose on the couch. Pretty standard prone-position pose. I was on my side, legs together. Lying on my left side, I was holding my head up with my left elbow. My right arm was on my right side—on top, that is. She told me to look at the class and smile. I held that for a while as pencils scritch on paper.

Then, she maneuvered me to a ladder she had. I was standing up for this one, up against the ladder. She had me face the class, leaning against the ladder. My left leg was on the ground, my right one bent with my foot on the bottom rung. She had me reach slightly behind me and grip the ladder with both hands. I managed to joke, “Oh, great, that makes my stomach more prominent.”

“I was noticing that it was the **boobs** that were more prominent,” Frankie yelled out, getting a giggle from the class—well, most of it—a grin from Mrs. Taylor—and a blush from me!

Anyhow, she made me turn my head for this one, giving a side view to my face, and she told me to look pensive rather than smile.

After a while of that one, I got to stretch and take a break. “You can check out what your classmates are doing,” she told me. “Walk around, take a look.”

Yeah, I looked at Laura and Missy’s. I probably shouldn’t have. Laura just drew my face in both pictures, refusing to deal with the rest of me. Missy was worse—she drew all of me, but my stomach was drawn as an ugly mess of dark black jagged scribbles—and she didn’t seem to put much effort into drawing the rest of me. That’s what she saw—an ugly mess of dark jagged scribbles.

I sighed, and moved to Frankie. He sat next to his friend Amanda, so I stood in between their easels and looked at both of them.

“I’m no Picasso, so be kind,” Amanda joked.

“Hey, I’m a baseball player,” Frankie laughed. But both pictures were nice. Neither of them shied away from the scars, but neither over-emphasized them, either. And, yes, Frankie, in the ladder pose, **did** seem to put a whole lot of emphasis on my boobs! I also liked the way he drew my eyes. And, while he didn’t over-emphasize the scars—he **did** make the heart-shaped one on my thigh prominent. I smiled at that.

“I like them. Thanks,” I told them.

“Go check out Natalie,” Amanda said, pointing. Natalie Weinberg was Ed Bauer’s new girlfriend. They had gone through The Program last week. “Natalie’s really talented,” Amanda continued.

“She really is,” Frankie agreed. “She’s been drawing sketches of the baseball team—we have them hung up in the locker room.”

I walked over to where Natalie was—and gasped. Oh my God, was she **good**!

She did the same thing Frankie and Amanda did—dealt with the scars, but didn’t over-emphasize them. And the **rest** of me! Wow. With the ladder pose especially, she actually made me look **sexy**!

“Wow. I’m flabbergasted,” I said.

“Thanks,” she beamed.

“How the hell did you make me look sexy?” I asked.

“You **are** sexy,” she laughed. “Hey, I’m straight, but, when you’re an artist, you learn to recognize these things.”

“We’ve been in this class all year and I never remember seeing any of your stuff hung up,” I told her.

“I never let Mrs. Taylor do that,” she admitted. “Hey, we all have reasons to hide things. Sometimes it takes a kick in the pants, or someone seeing something from a different angle, to realize that you have no reason to hide anything. I got mine last week.”

She was saying that, and I was looking at a drawing that made me look sexy. Wow. “Frankie and Amanda told me you were good,” I grinned.

“Yeah, the baseball team discovered me sketching last week. Now they want me to keep doing it,” she giggled. “I can’t wait for Friday.”

“Friday?” I asked.

“The team has three games this week. Today is an away game, but Wednesday and Friday are home games. Wednesday will be cool, because I haven’t drawn Lily pitching yet. But Friday will be particularly cool—because, though I’ve drawn Frankie pitching, not in the **nude**,” she giggled.

I laughed, and then Mrs. Taylor called me back up to the front. She had me do one more—sitting, elbows on my knees, chin in my hands, grinning. Even Laura and Missy dealt with that one better—my stomach was mostly hidden behind my arms—but I really liked the way Frankie drew the twinkle in my eyes. And I liked the way Natalie drew **everything**. She really was talented.

Feeling better, I headed to lunch.

CHAPTER THREE

FRANKIE

Oh, man, I felt **so** bad for her.

Art got better, after she saw some of the drawings that just treated her scars as just another part of her. But the two hyenas that called themselves her best friends couldn’t bring themselves to do that. It sucked.

Lunch was worse.

I was behind her in the line the whole time. The first thing I saw was that rat Paul breaking up with her! That asshole—did it right in the lunch line, in front of everyone else. He walked up to her and said, “Cassie, I think we should break up. I can’t handle it,” and walked away. I saw her shoulders slump—but I couldn’t get to her because she was eight or so people ahead of me in line.

What happened when we got out of line might have been worse. She went over to her usual table.

“Jeez, Cassie, do you have to **eat** here like that?” Laura said.

“Yeah, I can’t eat looking at you. It’s too gross,” Missy pitched in.

“I’m afraid I’ll barf my lunch right back up,” Laura continued.

Damn it all to hell, she looked like she was going to cry. I walked up to her, put my tray in my left hand, wrapped my right arm around her waist, and steered her away from them.

“You eat with us,” I said. She gave me a grateful smile. “I’m sorry about Paul.”

“Well, it wasn’t any big love affair,” she sniffled. “I liked him, but it was only two weeks. It’s **why** he did it.”

“And **how** he did it. That showed no class,” I told her. She just shrugged, and by then we were at the table.

“Hey, Brazil!” Ed joked as Cassie approached the table. Natalie hit him. “Look. Boyfriend abuse. Why do I put up with this?” he lamented.

We all laughed. “How’s everything going?” Amanda asked us.

“Well, my best friends don’t want to eat with me because I’m too ‘gross and disgusting’, and the guy who I was dating just dumped me. Outside of that, everything’s fine,” Cassie said.

“Oh, damn,” Ed said.

“I just don’t get it,” I said.

“What don’t you get?” Ed asked me.

“The whole thing. So, she’s got a few scars. Who cares?” Cassie beamed at me.

After that, the conversation turned to generalities, with Ed trying his best to get Cassie to laugh. He made the same joke I had thought of that morning, about The Program going through the baseball team one-by-one.

“Well, not me, because I opted out,” Ty Christopher chuckled.

“Yeah, that’s because all those overblown muscles of yours would scare the children,” I teased. Ty and I get on one another all day long.

“Better than having to grab a tree when the wind blows, you beanpole,” he volleyed back. “Anyhow, no. I opted out because they couldn’t guarantee that Emma and I would go through it together. She opted out for the same reason. We talked about it.” He took a drink from his coke. “It’s not that we don’t trust one another, not at all. It’s just that if we went through it, buddied up with someone else, we didn’t think it’d be half as much fun.

Look, all you guys that went through it made new friendships, and you all got boyfriends or girlfriends out of it. Well, I've been dating the love of my life for some time now, and I've got great friends. Even Gutierrez," he joked. "So, what would be the point?" he asked.

"I'm wondering that myself right now," Cassie said depressedly. I looked at her. "Look what **I** got. My friends insult me and I **lose** my boyfriend. It seems to work in reverse if you're 'damaged'." She sniffled, and said "Excuse me," and bolted out of the chair, sobbing, headed for the bathroom.

"Oh, fuck," I said. A quick look between Mike, Lily, and myself, and Lily got up and followed her. I stood up right after.

"Where are **you** going?" Ty asked.

"Some people need a talking to," I said, and wandered over to the table where Missy and Laura were sitting. Did I say earlier that I was easy-going? Well, yeah, 99 percent of the time. **This** was the one percent. I was furious.

"Well, look at this," I said, approaching them. "Cassie's **best** friends. With friends like you, who needs homicidal maniacs? She's in the bathroom bawling. I hope you're happy."

"Fuck you, Frankie," Laura said. "Nobody **told** her to parade her scars all over the place."

"She's doing it because she **has** to. Those scars aren't just on the outside. If you had an ounce of compassion, you'd see that," I said. "You and that asshole Paul. He just dumped her."

"Well, do you blame him?" Missy said. "Who'd want to go out with someone who looked like that?" she said. Laura nodded agreement.

"I would," I said. "We're good friends, and I've learned not to mess with a friendship, but based on looks alone? I'd go out with her in a heartbeat. She's beautiful, scars or no."

"You're crazy. They're disgusting," Laura said.

"Well, Laura, let me tell you a few things—your eyes are too far apart. Your nose is huge. You have no tits." She looked at me in shock. "As for you, Missy, you could stand to lose twenty pounds, your mouth is ugly as hell, and your hair is a disaster area." They were dumbfounded. "And that's clothed. If the two of you ever had the **guts** to do The Program, I'm sure I could find a lot more flaws. Now, I'm not much into insults, usually, because it's obvious that **I** am no prize. But the two of you need to get off your high horse. And I haven't even gotten into how ugly and repulsive your **personalities** are."

After that, I walked away—they gaping at me. **Damn**, that felt good. I had a feeling that Cass wouldn't be too happy with me when she found out about that diatribe—but I had to.

I heard back that Lily had calmed her down in the bathroom. And she was better by the time I saw her last period, in psychology. We had a nice discussion in that class about how people react to visual stimulus—especially unexpected visual stimulus. The people in the class were nice to Cassie—good thing, since she was the center of that discussion—and it was fine. Of course, those two hyenas weren't in that class.

We had an away game afterwards, and Cassie had band practice—she plays the flute. After the game—which we lost, our first loss of the season, dammit—I got home right in the middle of the dinner preparations.

I found Mom and Rosa, along with Tanya—Cassie's sister—in the kitchen. I kissed Mom and Rosa on the cheek, then grinned at Tanya, who was rolling out homemade flour tortillas.

“Hey, not bad for a Ukrainian,” I told her.

“Well, if I cut ‘em in half, put cheese in the middle and folded them up, they'd be varenniki,” she laughed.

“Varenniki?”

“Ukrainian filled dumplings,” she grinned. “Well, yeah, the recipes are different—varenniki are moister and stickier. But rolling dough is rolling dough.” She looked at me. “Hey, so did you start today, you and Cass?”

“Yeah.”

“I came over here before Cass came home from band practice. How did it go?” she asked.

“Not well. Can you **please** tell me why she hangs around with Missy and Laura?” I steamed.

“Oh, no. They gave her a hard time?” Tanya asked.

“A **real** hard time,” I said.

“What are you talking about?” Mama asked.

“Well, Mama, they put me in The Program today.” Mama just kind of put her hand on her forehead. Rosa and I looked at each other and mouthed “Madre de Dios!” with a grin.

“Oy, my baby is running around the school naked?” Mom said.

“Yeah. My partner is Cassie.”

“Cassie, Tanya’s sister Cassie?” Mom asked.

“Yeah. She has a problem, so she requested me.”

“She was in a really bad car accident when she was eight,” Tanya told her, “so she has bad scars all over her stomach and thighs. She’s really self-conscious about it.”

“Yeah, and she decided to do The Program, as kind of a cure. And the powers that be let her pick her own partner, for the support, so she picked me.”

“Ah,” Mama said. “And you help her, si?”

“Si. Unfortunately, the two people who are supposed to be her best friends didn’t.”

“I don’t like those two, never have,” Tanya said.

“And Paul broke up with her,” I added.

“JEEZ!” Tanya exclaimed. “My poor sister.”

“Is it that horrible, the scars I mean?” Mama asked.

“I never thought so, but I grew up with her like that,” Tanya said.

“Well, I didn’t—today’s the first time I ever saw her naked—and I didn’t think they were that bad, either. People see what they want to see, I guess. Your sister’s beautiful—scars don’t change that,” I said.

Tanya grinned at me. “You like my sister!”

“Of course I do, how long have we been friends?”

Tanya’s grin got wider. “No, I mean you **like** my sister!”

“Let’s not get carried away, here,” I grinned at her. “Cassie and I are friends.”

“Sure,” Tanya grinned.

CHAPTER FOUR

CASSIE

The rest of the afternoon was all right, I guess. Band practice was fine. When I got home, Mom asked me to go fetch Tan from the Gutierrez’s.

I knocked on the door, and Frankie answered. “Hey. Looking for your menace of a little sister?”

“Yeah,” I laughed. He let me in, and I found Tanya in the kitchen. I said hi to Rosa and Mrs. Gutierrez.

“Hi, Cass. Frankie likes you, you know,” Tanya said.

“I should hope so, we’re friends,” I laughed.

“No, I mean he **really** likes you,” Tanya maintained.

“Yes, Cass. I must confess. You are the love of my life. Marry me now and have twelve babies,” he joked.

“**Twelve**? You **are** crazy,” I smiled back. “So, why is my sister trying to set us up, anyway?”

“She asked how it went today.”

“Ah,” I said with a frown.

“And Frankie said he didn’t care about your scars, that you were beautiful anyway,” Tanya piped up.

“Well, you **are**,” Frankie grinned. “Somehow, that little compliment has lead your insane sister to suddenly start shopping for a bridesmaid’s dress.”

“Well, of course,” I grinned. “Need I remind you, she’s twelve. Girls are all die-hard romantics at twelve.”

“Ah. When I was twelve, all I cared about was learning the knuckleball,” he said.

“See, you had the knuckleball. Tanya’s being a knuckle**head**.”

“HEY!” Tanya said.

“Truth hurts, Tan,” I grinned. “Come on, Mom wants you home.” She came, after saying goodbye. On the way home, she said it again.

“Frankie **does** like you, I swear! I saw it in his eyes!”

“How would **you** know?” I joked. “Tanya, Frankie and I are friends. Boyfriends come and go. Friends are forever. Got me?”

“I think you’re nuts,” Tanya said. “Frankie Gutierrez is the nicest guy you know.” Well, she **was** right about that. “Hell, he’s probably the nicest **person** you know. Considering what he told me about Missy and Laura.”

“I don’t even want to think about those two,” I said.

We settled in for dinner. I told Mom and Dad all about my day. They commiserated with me about Missy and Laura.

“It’ll get better,” Mom said. “It was the first day.”

“I expected random strangers. Not my two best friends.”

“Yeah, I can see where that was tough.”

After dinner, while doing some homework, I got a phone call. It was from another friend, Vicki Langham.

“Hey, Cass,” she said. “I think I should warn you about something. Frankie came over to our table at lunch and read Missy and Laura the riot act. And they’re **pissed**.”

“He did?”

“Yeah, towards the end. I guess you were in the bathroom crying. He told them to get off their high horse, said they were shitty friends. When they went on about how ugly your scars were, he even told Laura her nose was too big and she had no tits—and then he told Missy she was overweight and had bad hair.”

I couldn’t help it. I giggled. “He **didn’t**!”

“Yes, he did,” she laughed.

“Vicki, why are you telling me this?” I asked her.

“Because I wanted you to watch out. Those two are on the warpath.” She dropped her voice a little. “Honestly, I wanted to cheer Frankie on. Those two have been horrible to you. You have a lot of guts doing what you’re doing, Cassie. I mean that.”

“Thanks, Vicki. I appreciate it.”

I hung up the phone, and had to smile. First about Vicki—at least not all of my friends are assholes.

And about Frankie. Good ol’ even-keel, never-get-upset Frankie Gutierrez—got mad defending **me**. He really was a sweetheart.

I finished my homework, and went to bed.

--End of Part One—

FRANKIE AND CASSIE NAKED IN SCHOOL
PART TWO
TUESDAY

CHAPTER FIVE
FRANKIE

I woke up Tuesday morning, and ate breakfast. I walk to school—it's close enough—and, since the middle school is right next door, Rosa walks with me. Cassie usually gets dropped off by her Mom. Since Tanya's there, too, Rosa has a standing invitation to go with them—I probably could, too, if I asked, but we only live a half mile from school, and I like the walk. In bad weather, Mom'll drive us—but, on a nice day, walking's cool.

"Hey, Frankie, explain this program thing to me," Rosa asked as we walked.

"I thought you knew about it," I said to her.

"I thought I did, too, but I guess I didn't know some of the details. You have to let people touch you? And you have to take your gym shower in the **girl's** locker room?"

"Yeah."

"I don't know if I'd want to do **that**. Just going nude is scary enough," she said.

"The only reason going nude is scary to me is that I'm not all that muscular or anything," I laughed. "I'd rather keep my scrawny body hidden." She giggled at that. "Outside of that, though, I don't mind it. It's makes you feel kind of free. You go to school with Amber Woodard, right?"

"Yeah, I know who Amber is. And I know she's Lily's little sister."

"Amber goes nude all the time. She was at one of our ball games nude last week."

"HUH?" Rosa was dumbfounded. I told her what Lily had told me, about the school carnival, and how Amber found she enjoyed being nude.

"I don't believe it," Rosa said. "I thought maybe I'd be more comfortable with it when I got older."

"You might," I agreed. "Amber's pretty gutsy."

“Well, with Lily for a sister, she’d have to be,” Rosa giggled. “All the girls in sixth grade think that Lily’s the greatest. Imagine, she’s a **girl**, and she’s the best pitcher on the team!”

“Yadda yadda yadda,” I teased. “And the **second** best pitcher on the team—who **only** happens to be your **brother**—is overwhelmed by your support.”

“Oh, Frankie, you know you’re my favorite player. “

“Uh-huh,” I grinned.

“Are you jealous of her?” Rosa asked.

“A little, I’ll admit it. I tell **her** that all the time. But only a little. I like Lily too much to really be jealous. Look, I’m good. I had a good year last year, and so far I’m doing **great** this year. Lily, however, is special.”

“Yeah,” Rosa agreed. “I’ve got a question for you.”

“Shoot. Is this about ‘Madre de Dios’?”

She giggled. “No. Look, was Tanya right?”

“What, about me liking Cassie as more than friends?” Rosa nodded. “No. Been there, done that, don’t ever want to do it again.”

“What do you mean?”

“A couple of times, I’ve taken female friends and tried to make it into something more. It doesn’t work. It just doesn’t work. Rosa, I’m everybody’s buddy. Girls want to be my pal, not my girlfriend. I’ve been friends with Cassie for a long time. It would never work.”

“I think any girl would be lucky to have you as a boyfriend,” Rosa said.

“That’s a sweet thing to say,” I smiled at her. “But, unfortunately, that’s not the way it works. And I don’t think that it would work most especially with Cassie. Look, I know who she’s gone out with in the past. She’s attracted to good-looking musclehead assholes. She’s not attracted to scrawny Mexican pitchers.”

“But, if they’re assholes, why would she like them?” Rosa asked.

“That’s a question I’ve often asked myself,” I grinned. “You should probably be telling **me** that—you’re the female. You want **me** to explain the female mind?” She giggled.

“Seriously, though, I do understand part of it. There’s an element of danger, of excitement, in it. I’m way, way, **way** too safe for a lot of girls. I’m not exciting. I’m Mister Dependable. This is why Cassie asked me to partner her through The Program. Because I’m safe. And don’t ever underestimate the looks thing. That’s a well-kept secret

—that girls are just as shallow as guys when it comes to looks. And I’m not good-looking.”

“Frankie, that’s nonsense,” Rosa said. “You underestimate yourself. Tanya thinks you’re cute as all get-out, she tells me all the time. You have a good face. I’m your sister, and even I see that. As for the other part, maybe you should be more exciting, or something,” she giggled.

“I am what I am,” I told her. She smiled, and then we reached the middle school. She peeled into the campus with a wave, and I continued down the street to the high school.

Cass was right. 12-year-old girls are hopeless romantics, Rosa included.

Anyhow, Cass and I met in front of the school building.

“I hear you blew Missy and Laura away yesterday at lunch,” she greeted me with.

“Oh, you heard about that.”

“Yeah, Vicki called me and told me. Vicki loved it, by the way. She thinks those two are giving me a bad time.”

“You’re not mad?” I asked.

“Should I be?”

“Well, I blasted your two best friends. I think I might have made your life a bit more difficult.”

“Honestly?” she said. “I don’t care. And I was touched, actually. I don’t think I’ve **ever** seen you get mad—and you got mad on behalf of **me**. Thanks.”

“You’re welcome,” I said with a smile. “Ready to go strip for the crowd?”

“Sure,” she said. We approached the designated entrance. The crowd was **huge**.

“Look at all these people,” I said.

“Yeah. People who heard rumors about my scars and want to see the whole horrible truth for themselves, no doubt.”

“Or people who just want to see a gorgeous babe,” I grinned. She grinned back. “Or a skinny pitcher, one of the two.”

“Frankie Gutierrez, you’re a doll.” We walked up the steps, and did the stripping thing. Unfortunately, I think she was right. The gasps and murmurs after she took her shirt off tended to indicate that. She dealt with it all right, though.

I didn't see her again until after second period. Our classes are close, so I met up with her to walk her to history.

"You know what? This sucks," she said.

"More problems?"

"It's just that The Program isn't for me what it is for other people. I thought I'd have **some** fun."

"What do you mean?"

"You've had your dick grabbed three times in the ten seconds we've been walking together. You see anyone reaching for **me**? The scars are scaring them off. I think I've been grabbed twice all morning. You know I'm no prude. It's kind of disappointing."

"You want to be fondled?" I teased.

"I wouldn't say no," she grinned back.

That's when I surprised myself. I must've had Rosa's words about being more exciting echoing in my head. I didn't grab **random** girls in The Program, much less one of my best friends. But I found myself grabbing her arm, and pulling her so she was against the wall.

And reaching my hand down.

CHAPTER SIX CASSIE

You want to talk about **stunned**? When I said I wanted to be fondled, I wasn't talking about **him**! Not that I was opposed to it, mind you, I just never thought he'd do it. We were friends, right? Pals. Buddies.

Well, he did it. Backed me against the wall and started running his finger up and down my pussy. Which became sopping wet in a **hurry**. He was **good** at this!

"Jeez, Frankie," I gasped. "I knew you had strong fingers from pitching—but I didn't know they were this delicate."

"I throw the knuckleball," he grinned. "It's a pitch that takes a lot of touch." Oh, man, did he have **touch**! My oh my. He worked those magic fingers up to my clit, and I was a goner. Then he took his other hand and slipped a finger in my pussy. Hello, nirvana! Boy, was **that** quick!

"Oh, man, WOW!" I blurted out as I came down.

“I hate to burst your bubble,” he grinned, “but we’re going to be late for class.”

“Who cares?” I gasped.

“Come on,” he grinned.

“You expect me to **walk**?” I said. He just laughed, and wrapped his arm around mine, steering me down the hall. “My goodness, I’m leaving a **trail**,” I giggled.

“Now don’t say you haven’t gotten fondled.”

“Yeah, and by the **last** person I ever expected it from. You surprised me.”

“It was an impulse,” he grinned.

“You should have more of those,” I grinned back. “So, do all the girls in school know about your magic fingers?”

“Nope,” he said.

“Good. It’ll be our little secret,” I laughed. “You look a little, well, **strained** there,” I said, looking down at his **very** erect dick.

“Well, you know. Stimulus. I got relief last period, though, so I should be OK.”

“You did? I’ve been afraid to ask for it.”

“I got grabbed a lot—I was **really** feeling it,” he said. “Hey, most people around here are used to The Program, so I didn’t have any problems with it.”

“Well, I won’t need any **now**, I’ll tell you that! Damn, Frankie, you are **good**. Thanks.” I gave him a little kiss on the cheek.

“You’re welcome.” We walked into class and grabbed seats together. Missy and Laura were in this class, as was Paul. I didn’t care. I was still grinning.

“Hey, look, Deformed Girl is here!” Missy shouted.

“Hey, Cassie, I need directions to Newburgh,” Laura added. “Can I plot out a route on your stomach?”

“That’s not Newburgh,” I replied, “that’s Brazil. Ed Bauer said so.” Most of the rest of the class laughed at that. Laura just looked constipated.

“You’re better with this,” Frankie said to me.

“Just post-orgasmic bliss,” I giggled. “I’ll be mortified again in a few minutes.”

“Hmmm. Maybe I’ll just have to keep you in post-orgasmic bliss.”

“MmmmMMMMmmmm!” I said. Frankie just laughed.

The teacher started up then, so the conversation ended. But I thought about what had happened all through class—not paying much attention to history, I admit. Look, I’m fairly orgasmic to begin with. I **love** orgasms, I freely admit it. Even when between boyfriends, I play with myself regularly.

But orgasms from someone else are usually better. Even so, this one had been **particularly** good. I’m sitting there in history and I felt like a cat all curled up on a windowsill. But **why**? Was it him? Was it Frankie? Well, you know, part of it was. He was **really** good at it. Who knew? My own fingers didn’t seem to know my pussy that well.

But that wasn’t all of it. A lot of it was that I wasn’t hiding, wasn’t apprehensive. My scars were in full view. Frankie knew they were there. He didn’t mind that they were there. He still fingered me. I was able to just relax and let it happen.

And, OK, I felt comfortable with Frankie. Always have. After that first initial surprise, I felt completely comfortable with what he was doing. That didn’t hurt.

Who would’ve thunk it? I’d been fucked by guys I was, at least at the time, in love with. Who would’ve ever figured I’d have an orgasm like **that** just being **fingered** by a pal?

My meditations continued until the bell, and Frankie and I left the class, headed for art.

“Damn. Too bad art is at the other end of the building. We have no time,” I said impishly.

“Jesus, Cassie, are you insatiable?” Frankie laughed.

“Well, since we’ve just been friends all these years, you wouldn’t know—but, yeah, I kinda am,” I giggled.

“Wow. The things you learn from someone when they’re naked,” he laughed.

“Tell me about it. You should have those hands registered, or something. Insure them for a million bucks. My goodness.”

He cracked up. “Jeez, and all that time I was doing finger exercises and touch-sensitivity exercises, I thought I was just learning the knuckleball.”

“Fuck the knuckleball,” I laughed. He chuckled, and I happened to look behind me. My two erstwhile best friends were right behind us and had heard every word. You know

what? To hell with it. “You just passed from the knuckleball hall of fame to the finger-fucking hall of fame.” Did you hear that, girls? Hee hee hee.

“I think I’ll take that one,” he grinned. We got to class, and he went up on the podium. It was his day to pose. Which means, I had to draw.

“Welcome. Yes, Frankie, it’s your turn. I even brought your favorite prop.” Frankie laughed as Mrs. Taylor handed him a baseball bat. “We’ll do this one first.” She arranged him in a standard batting stance. His body was facing the class, his head pointed to the right of the class—as if the pitcher’s mound was out there. It was the kind of view you’d get from the first-base on-deck circle. (I knew a little baseball!) Mrs. Taylor had him get in position as if he was waiting for the pitch. “Just look out there like you’re waiting for one of Lily Woodard’s fastballs,” she said.

Without getting out of his stance, Frankie started creeping backwards. The whole class broke up at that one. “Hey, Lily’s a teammate. I don’t have to **hit** against her. Thank GOD,” he said, making us all laugh louder. Even Mrs. Taylor, then she had him get back in the stance.

I drew—which I had to concentrate at, as I wasn’t that good—but I looked as I drew. I’d seen Frankie play baseball before, but not where I was concentrating on it like this—and not while he was nude. Look, Frankie wasn’t a big guy. The ‘scrawny’ stuff was a joke as far as I was concerned—he **wasn’t**—but he wasn’t a massive specimen. He was short, and fairly thin—but he was trim and athletic. His muscles didn’t bulge, but they **were** there, sinewy and flexible. He held the bat above his head, and I saw them. His legs, spread slightly in his batting stance, were fairly thin, but firm and strong. And when he stood there, glaring at an imaginary pitcher, bat held high above his head—he really **was** transformed. He looked ten feet tall.

Jesus. I was having **these** thoughts? About **Frankie**? Lord. This was one hell of a post-orgasmic bliss!

I did the best I could with the drawing, then Mrs. Taylor re-posed him. She had him lie on the couch as I did yesterday. He had his head on the far left armrest, looking upwards. His left leg was flat on the couch, his right one bent behind it. His left arm was hidden behind his body, his right one hanging off the couch and touching the floor.

And he had an erection. It wasn’t as noticeable in the batting stance pose, but here? It was pointing to the sky.

“Is that OK? Can you hold that?” Mrs. Taylor asked.

“Well, I don’t know where the hard-on **came** from, so there’s no guarantee it won’t go **away**, but I can hold the rest of it,” he laughed.

I couldn’t help it. I blurted out, “Just keep thinking of what you did to me two periods ago.” He looked at me, grinned—and got **harder**!

Poor Frankie. I'm a menace to society, I really am. "What was **that** about?" Amanda, sitting next to me, leaned over and asked.

"I was complaining about nobody feeling me up. So he did. Very well, I might add," I admitted. Amanda just grinned at me.

Anyhow, now I had to try to draw him like this. OK, I admit it. I drew his dick first.

I wasn't kidding in Mr. Tilling's office. As I said, I didn't think he was scrawny anywhere, but he most certainly wasn't scrawny **there**. So I drew his dick, paying very close attention to every vein and bulge, and then moved on to the rest of him.

That's when it hit me. I wanted it. My God, I was having sexual thoughts. About **Frankie!** My buddy, my pal! I was having sexual thoughts about Frankie Gutierrez. Hey, I could pass off what he did to me as just a pal helping a pal out. But I couldn't pass off this—looking at him naked and getting little quivers. I couldn't pass **that** off. I wanted him, dammit.

Jesus, it had been **too** long. I hadn't been fucked in a couple months. I'm not really insatiable, but, as I said, there wasn't anything I liked better than a good orgasm. And, as I said, I felt safe around Frankie, especially now that he knew about the scars and they didn't disgust him.

That's it. That's all it is, I told myself. It's just that it's been too long, and I'm horny. I mean, I can't have sex with **Frankie!** Look, I didn't have many male friends, and Frankie was the best of them. I treasured that. And I'm not the type of person that can take a friend to bed and leave it at that. Some people can, like Maggie Benson, but I'm not built that way. I've had a one-night stand or two—I probably would have had more if I weren't desperately trying to keep the scars covered—so I'm not opposed to them. But with a **friend**? I don't think I could pull that off.

Draw, Cassie, draw. Get your mind off of it. Draw something safe, like his hand. Oh, yeah, **right**, what am **I** thinking? I tried to draw his hand and started quivering worse. I drew his feet instead. Good thing I don't have a foot fetish.

I finally finished. I wasn't that good to begin with—and I wasn't concentrating all too well!

CHAPTER SEVEN

FRANKIE

What a morning, huh?

What got into me when I did Cassie? I don't know. I really don't. It really was just an impulse. But I'm glad I did it, because it was fun to watch. Boy, is **she** a firecracker! I

never knew **that** about her, I can guarantee you. I just figure I'd give her a quick feel—I didn't think I had time to make her **cum**. But it didn't take much time at all.

And then she kept joking about it for two periods!

After I did the two poses, Mrs. Taylor let me walk around the room, stretch, and look at the drawings, as she did with Cass yesterday. I saw the two vultures, Missy and Laura, and had to laugh. Laura drew me as Quasimodo or something. Missy drew me as a stick-figure holding an enormous baseball bat. If this was the best they could come up with, I wasn't worried.

Amanda can draw pretty well. I liked the way hers came out, and told her so. Natalie's were magnificent, of course. And then I walked over to Cassie's—and my jaw dropped. Cassie's not the greatest artist in the world—neither am I, so that's not criticism—but she's good enough for me to see where she was going with it.

The batting stance one, she made me look like Mark McGwire—six-five with bulging muscles. And the prone one? She seemed to take a lot of time and care drawing my **dick!**

Uh-oh. What was going on in this girl's mind?

“Those are really good,” was all I said. She smiled, and I headed back to the front for another pose. A sitting one this time. Sitting on the couch, arms spread out along the top of the couch, looking at the class and grinning. I held the pose, thinking.

Did I make a mistake getting Cassie off?

I didn't know what she was thinking, and didn't know how to ask her. But the drawings were worrisome. It almost looked like, well, she was **interested** in me. In **that** way. And that could never happen. We were too good friends for that. And if Cass was as insatiable as she said she was—well, she was horny. Some guys can take a friend to bed and still be friends afterwards. I can't. I've tried it. It was a disaster. Because I wanted **more** than just a quick fuck—and, afterwards, she didn't.

Rosa's not the only incurable romantic in the family, I guess.

The Program is a dangerous thing, I decided. I had been friends with Cass for over six years. Had I ever thought about her romantically? No. Was that because I truly wasn't interested, or I was **forcing** myself not to be interested for the sake of our friendship? I don't know. Had I ever thought of her **sexually**? Not really. Was I **now**?

Hell, yes.

Like I said, The Program is a dangerous thing.

I had gotten burned too many times trying to make a friendship into something more—but that was always because I was turned down. Or, like that one I talked about, where the

girl just wanted friendship with a little sex on the side. I wasn't going to make that mistake again.

Luckily, after art, Cassie seemed back to normal. We walked to lunch, chatting about normal things. She didn't make any jokes about me fingering her, and she wasn't looking at me funny. We ate lunch with all my pals. She was fine. I breathed a sigh of relief.

We walked to our next classes—different, but near each other—and I noticed she was getting fondled more. I was glad.

The rest of the day was fine. I saw her in last period, she was fine. I went to baseball practice, she went to band practice. It was just post-orgasmic bliss, like she said.

I ate, did my homework, and went to bed.

CHAPTER EIGHT

CASSIE

I was in turmoil the whole afternoon, I admit it. Oh, I hid it from **him**. I saw the look on his face when he saw my drawings—and what I saw was **fear**. He knew what was in my head when I drew him—and it scared him.

Hell, it scared **me**.

He's your **friend**, Cassie. Friend, friend, friend. That's what I kept telling myself. After a while, it almost worked.

The good thing was that it seemed like people were getting more used to the scars. I got fondled a lot more in the hallways that afternoon. I even got fingered to an orgasm in the gym showers, by a guy I didn't even know.

He wasn't as good as Frankie, though.

Ah, shit. I just **had** to stop thinking about this. I just had to. It wasn't ever going to happen. It wouldn't be fair to Frankie **or** me if we risked our friendship on a quick fuck. No matter **how** much I wanted it. And, let's not forget, I had no idea whether or not **he** would want it.

I got through the rest of the afternoon, and band practice. Went home, ate, did my homework. OK, I confess—I was a little distracted doing my homework.

I played with myself before I went to sleep. I thought about Frankie while I was doing it.

Oh, hell.

--End of part Two--

FRANKIE AND CASSIE NAKED IN SCHOOL
PART THREE
WEDNESDAY

CHAPTER NINE
FRANKIE

I got to school the next morning, and met up with Cass. Everything seemed fine, she was her normal self. We went to the entrance, got undressed, and went inside.

That's when all hell broke loose.

We walked in, and noticed people huddled in knots at various points along the corridor. We went to one of them, and took a look. People were looking at something that had been hung up on the walls.

GodDAMMIT!

Someone had gotten a camera. Somehow, they had taken a picture of Cassie—not all of her, just from the bottom of her breasts to her knees. Yeah, in other words, the scarred area. They had copied this picture and had hung it up all along the walls—each one with a 'clever' caption. One said, "Get the new Cassie Vyshenko road map!" Another one said, "Play connect the dots on Cassie's stomach!" And one—the cruelest one—said, "Windshield one, Cassie zero!"

It was horrible. And poor Cassie turned white, and then started bawling. She was crying out in the middle of the halls—the **crowded** halls, remember—while these horrible pictures of her were hanging all over the place. **Everyone** was looking at her. I put my arm around her and she cried on my shoulder.

"We need to go see Mr. Tilling," I said. She sniffled and nodded.

We got there, and walked in. "Cassie? What's wrong?" he asked when he saw her crying.

"Mr. Tilling, have you walked the halls this morning?" I asked him.

"No, not yet."

"You might want to do so. We'll wait here. That's better than explaining." He looked at me, and then walked out of his office. I cuddled Cassie against me and let her cry it out. She was starting to settle down when Mr. Tilling walked back into the office, a pile of the pictures in his hand, and a furious look on his face.

“Cassie, I’m sorry this happened. Believe me, we will find out who did this and they **will** be punished.”

“Oh, we know who did it,” I said, “We just can’t prove it.”

Cassie nodded, and said, “Missy Jenkins and Laura Elliot. There’s no doubt in my mind. They’ve been cruel about this all week.”

“I thought they were your best friends,” Mr. Tilling said.

“Yeah, so did I,” Cassie said. “But they’re not. Not after the last two days. They’ve said some horrible things to me.”

“And I went after them, in defense of Cassie, on Monday,” I added. “This is their idea of revenge, I have no doubt. I’d bet my spot on the baseball team that it was them.”

“Well, then that’s where will at least start the investigation,” said Mr. Tilling. “Cassie, are you all right?”

“No, I’m not,” she said, and took a deep breath. “Mr. Tilling, I’d like to ask a favor.” Another deep breath. “I’d like for you to go to the box outside and get my clothes, please.”

I looked at her in shock. Mr. Tilling was pretty surprised himself. “Cassandra, are you **sure**?” he asked.

“Yeah. I can’t do this anymore.”

“All right. Be right back.”

He left, and I turned to her. “Cassie, I think you’re making a mistake.”

“Easy for **you** to say,” she snorted.

“No, it’s not. I saw those pictures, too. And I can’t help feel partially responsible because of how I ripped into them. But you can’t let them **win**, Cass.”

“Dammit, Frankie, this isn’t a baseball game! This is my **life**! I’m a freak. I’m deformed, as one of them said yesterday. I walk around the halls and people look at me like I’m a monster.”

“But I thought that was getting better,” I argued. “It looked like you were getting more attention in the halls late yesterday, at least when I saw you.”

“Well, a little,” she admitted.

“People are getting used to it. I think some people are deciding it doesn’t detract from the rest of you. It’s just a few people, Cassie. I told you before, I think you’re beautiful.”

She smiled sadly at me. “Frankie, I appreciate it, but let’s face it—it’s easier for you to say that. We’re friends, and you’re also my Program partner.”

“Being friends does **not** make it easier. Are you kidding me?” I didn’t mean to say it, it just came out. “Dammit, Cassie, it would be easier if we **weren’t** friends. Because, if we weren’t, I could do what I really want to do every time I see you naked—ask you if you’ll come in the woods with me and let me fuck your brains out. Fuck, I haven’t been touched at **all** today and I have a **raging** hard on! Where do you think I got it? More to the point, **who** do you think gave it to me? The gorgeous naked chick next to me, that’s who.”

Oh, shit. Did I really **say** all that? It was out before I could stop myself. Take can of worms, open, and spill all over the floor. And she was looking at me in **complete** shock.

“Shit, now I’ve said too much. Forget all that. But, please, drop this ‘it’s only because you’re my friend’ crap, OK?”

“OK,” she said with a little smile. Just then, Mr. Tilling came back into his office. “I’m sorry, Mr. Tilling, but I’ve changed my mind.” She grinned. “Frankie convinced me to stay in The Program.”

“Good for Frankie. I’ll put your clothes back in the box later on. Now, get to class, would you? You’re already late for first period. And, don’t worry, we’ll get to the bottom of those pictures.

We thanked him, and took off.

Well, at least my diatribe helped **her**. I wasn’t feeling too great, myself. Oh, man, I did **not** want to tell her that!

Ah, well, I couldn’t take it back now. And it wasn’t a lie. If we weren’t friends, I would’ve **killed** to get her in bed. But we **were** friends. And, as I said, that just didn’t work.

Damn.

CHAPTER TEN CASSIE

I couldn’t believe the pictures. I just couldn’t. I **knew** Missy and Laura did it. I didn’t think they were capable of such cruelty. It was horrible.

I really did want to just end it. Cover me back up, let me hide my little problem again. Of course, it was too late for that, anyhow. Everyone had seen the scars. And what Frankie said, about it getting better, it **was** true. It was just a few that were giving me a hard time.

I remembered what we had talked about in psychology on Monday—how unexpected visual stimulus can cause a kind of disorienting effect, I think the teacher called it. In other words, most people weren't shocked by the scars—but they **were** surprised, a lot, and it took them time to deal with the surprise. As Frankie calmed me down, I remembered that.

And then Frankie dropped the bomb on me—and I forgot all about my scars and former best friends and nasty pictures.

My first reaction? Oh, I admit it. HE WANTS ME! HE WANTS ME!

But my second reaction was more subdued. We walked to our first period classes together as long as we could before we had to go in opposite directions, and not much was said. I thought about it my first two periods. I thought more after second period, when I was walking with Lily Woodard.

“So, I hear you got the handjob of your life from Frankie yesterday, eh?” she teased.

“Pretty much,” I grinned.

“Anything else going on?”

“No, just that,” I admitted. “It was an act of mercy more than anything else,” I giggled. Well, I thought so at the **time**. After what Frankie said today.... But I wasn't going to tell Lily that!

“You guys are just friends, right?” she asked. I nodded. “Do me a favor, OK? Be careful. Frankie's a complete romantic. I know that's not obvious, but he is—since I'm safe, because I'm in love with one of his best friends, he tells me things. I understand, last year, he had sex with Renee Boddicker. Up until that point, they were the best of friends. Frankie wanted more than friendship. Renee wanted friendship with the odd bout of sex. And I know he's had a couple other close friends that would've taken him to bed but drew the line at anything emotional. Like I said, he's a complete romantic. Friends with 'benefits' isn't his style.”

That gave me a lot to think about—because friends with 'benefits' wasn't **my** style, either. But there was no denying the fact that I wanted him. And he couldn't deny, after this morning, that he wanted me.

We sat next to each other in History, as usual, and I thought about it. I thought about a way where we could hook up and not lose our friendship.

The problem was, I was denying the obvious, which became quickly apparent next period, in art.

Having had us pose individually, Mrs. Taylor decided the time had come for both of us to pose. “These will be innocent, don’t worry. They’d be **completely** innocent if you guys weren’t naked.” We both laughed at that. Anyhow, she first got us on the couch. She had us sit next to each other, Frankie to my left. Then she had me twist slightly to my left, so that I was partially facing him. My left leg was bent, on the couch, and my right leg hanging down onto the ground. She had Frankie put his arm around my waist, and had me put both of my hands, one halfway on top of the other, on his right leg. Then she had us look at each other. With the difference in our heights, he was looking slightly down, and I was looking slightly up. We were grinning at one another.

It was very cozy, but completely innocent, right? Well, except Natalie shouted out, “Oh, I love that. It’s so cute. It looks like they’re about to kiss.”

Don’t I **wish**! That’s what ran through my mind. Oh, God, I wish he’d kiss me. And that scared me. Wanting him to fuck me? That was one thing. That was lust, pure and simple. But wishing he’d kiss me silly? That was something entirely different.

That’s when it hit me, like a ton of bricks. I was in love with him.

Oh, Jesus Christ, I was in love with Frankie Gutierrez.

I must be **insane**. If I were still talking to the two hyenas, they’d be the first to point out that Frankie was **not** my type. And, judging by my past dating history, they’d be right. I didn’t date sweet guys like Frankie. I dated guys with a hint of danger. I wanted excitement.

Frankie was safe. But he was warm and comforting. Sitting in this pose, as fairly innocent as it was, I felt **so** good. And excitement had bitten me in the ass more than a few times. Maybe I was just growing up—or maybe I had just realized what I really wanted. I don’t know. What I **did** know is that Frankie treated me like a princess. Not just helping me through The Program—he’d **always** treated me like a princess.

Why hadn’t I seen that before? I didn’t know. Maybe it was the chemistry thing. I’d loved Frankie for six years. Platonically, yes, but I’d loved him all the same. Maybe I just hadn’t felt any chemistry. Well, I was wrong about that. At least from my end, it’d been **crackling** for two days now.

That became even more apparent when we changed poses. She had us get in dance position. Standing up, facing one another, his arms around my waist, my arms around his neck. That was a little less innocent—what with his dick rubbing up against my stomach and my titties rubbing up against him! And that’s when I felt it—the combination. Love and lust. Oh, man, I wanted him. I wanted **all** of him.

What to do about it was the question. Because I knew he felt the lust—but didn’t know what else he felt.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

FRANKIE

I walked out of art with my head spinning.

She had spent the whole class looking at me in complete adoration. Posed, yes, but the look on her **face** wasn't posed. And if I doubted my own eyesight, all I had to do was check out Natalie's drawings. Nat sees things that nobody else does, and knows how to put them on paper. And, if anything, Natalie's drawings showed the look in Cassie's eyes even moreso.

We went to lunch. We didn't say a word to each other on the way.

At lunch, we sat with the gang. Jared greeted Cassie when she sat down. "Cassie, I'm sorry about those pictures."

"Well, I didn't think **you** did it, so you don't have anything to be sorry about," she grinned at him.

"How are you holding up?" Amanda asked.

"OK, I suppose," she said. "I actually almost got out of the program because of it." She grinned and pointed at me. "Then my knight in shining armor over here gave me a pep talk, and I felt better."

"Do you know who did it?" Ty asked.

"Missy and Laura. No doubt in my mind," Cassie said. "Mr. Tilling now just has to prove it."

"Nice best friends," Maggie snorted.

"Not anymore," Cassie said. "I've seen the light."

"Good," Maggie replied. "We're much more fun, anyhow."

"Yes, we are," Ed said. "When we tease you for physical deformities, we do it with much more wit and style. Nobody even superimposed a map of Brazil on your stomach in any of those photos. No creativity at all." We all laughed at that, even Cassie.

"Yeah, but I'm the only one with physical deformities to tease," she said.

"Are you kidding?" Maggie laughed. "Let's see, we have Jared's gargantuan dick. Amanda's little tummy rolls. Natalie's freakishly large tits." Everyone was laughing at this. "Ed's beanpole figure. Mike's hairy ass. Lily's manly throwing arm and her rock-hard gluteus. Ty's steroid-like biceps. And **all** of Frankie."

"Thanks, Maggie, thanks a whole lot," I said. "But you left yourself out."

“With Maggie,” Ed said, “it’s that freakish pussy without the ‘off’ switch. Drip, drip, drip. All day long. That’s one girl who’ll never get lost in the woods—she just has to follow the trail of spooage.”

“Thank you, thank you very much,” Maggie said, bowing. “Although I would’ve been a **little** less crude and pointed out my untamable mop of hair. And my nonexistent bustline.”

“You, a little less crude?” Ed laughed. “Since **when**?”

After lunch, the afternoon progressed, I saw Cassie in last period with not much said, and then I went to the ball field for our game.

I was sitting in the locker room talking with Lily. **She** was getting dressed—I didn’t have to. Lily’s not like most pitchers. Most pitchers—me included—go into a private little “zone” before they pitched. Lily didn’t—in fact, she found that counterproductive for her. She liked to talk.

“What’s going on with you and Cassie?” she asked.

“Now **that**, Pedro, is one hell of a question.” Pedro was her ‘baseball’ nickname—after her idol, Pedro Martinez, the great pitcher for the Boston Red Sox.

“I know about what happened yesterday,” she said, “and I also had a little talk with her.”

“You did?”

“Yeah, I warned her to be careful not to break your poor over-romantic heart,” she grinned.

“Well, I gave her quite the opening to do just that.” I told Lily what I had said to Cassie in Mr. Tilling’s office.

“Well, jeez, Frankie, that’s an invitation if I ever heard one.”

“Yeah. It was what happened in **art** that was really weird.” I described the poses, and how she was looking at me.

“You sure you didn’t misinterpret that?” she asked.

“Well, if I did—so did Natalie. You should’ve seen her drawings.”

“Oh, well, then. If Natalie Weinberg sees it, and draws it, then it’s there,” she said. I nodded agreement. “But was it lust—or something else?”

“That’s another fine question.”

“Maybe you ought to find out.”

“And maybe I should just let sleeping dogs lie before I fuck up another friendship,” I said.

“Friendships are fine. Love’s better.”

“Easy for **you** to say, Pedro,” I told her. “You met Mikey on a Monday, you’re fucking like bunnies on Wednesday, and you’re proclaiming everlasting love on Friday. I’ve known this girl for **six** years!”

“Have you ever felt anything more than friendship for her?” she asked.

“Yes. No. I don’t know.” I sighed. “Look, we met when we were, what, ten? Like usually happens, she matured faster than I did, and started dating before I did. Once I realized what this mysterious thing called ‘girls’ was, and decided that I liked ‘em, Cass had already had a few boyfriends. And they were **so** unlike me that I didn’t think I’d ever be on her radar screen. I’m not her type. So any feelings other than friendship were killed before they ever happened. I love her, I’ll say that—but it’s platonic. She never gave me a reason, based on her usual boyfriend choices, to entertain the possibility of anything different.”

“People change,” she said simply.

“**That** much? Come on.”

She laughed. “Frankie, if you’d like, I’ll take you up to Boston and introduce you to some of the complete weenies I spent three years dating, **and** sleeping with. It wasn’t until I met Mikey that I decided to wake up and smell the pine tar.”

“Well, yeah. You **met** Mikey. What would’ve happened if you had already known him—as friends—for six years?”

“I think it still would’ve happened,” she maintained. “I was **not** ready for Mikey before this—however, I don’t think I would’ve been stupid enough to pass it up just because I had already known him. In fact, it might have happened earlier.” She looked at me. “Has Cassie had a disaster relationship?”

“Yeah. Nick, her boyfriend most of last year. He was a complete asshole—to the point where he found out about her scars and made her hide them when they were in bed. And the jerk she was dating that just broke up with her didn’t help—though that one barely got started.”

“Let me tell you something,” she said. “I had one last year, sophomore school year, I mean. We went out all winter, but he freaked when he saw me in full baseball gear—and broke up with me. Being a bit of a butch, and playing baseball, isn’t the same thing as scars—but it’s similar in that it’s something that will turn people off. And who it turns off

is the **wrong** people. My ex was an asshole, just like Nick was to Cassie. A girl can only be blind for so long. I got my slap in the face. Maybe Cassie did, too.”

I couldn’t say anything after that, because Coach came in to talk to us.

Luckily, baseball was my refuge. I didn’t have to think about anything else for a couple of hours. That was easier when I was pitching, of course, but I did have to stay alert in center field. Especially when I had to dive after a rocket that some guy hit. Lily didn’t give up too many rockets, but she gave one up today. I dove for it. In the nude. Not quite the same as sliding into home—grass is more forgiving than dirt and sand—but not an experience I’d care to repeat.

“Lose the rockets to right-center, would you please?” I teased Lily on the way into the dugout.

“Sorry,” she giggled.

“Grass stains on your boobies, dirt on your dick,” Ty sang.

“Boobies? I’ve got the world’s first boobies that are **concave**,” I laughed.

“You need to grow some man tits,” Ty said.

“Sure. Can I borrow some of your steroids, musclehead?”

Like I said, Ty and I get on each other all day long.

Anyhow, the game progressed fine, we were winning. When I came off the field in the middle of the seventh, Lily was waiting for me on the third base line.

“Hey, Frankie, don’t look now, but Cassie just showed up.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. She’s sitting with Jared and Amanda.” I looked up, and she waved. Hmmm. She didn’t come to too many ball games.

It’s **such** a cliché, I know. It really is. But I was up third that inning, and Ty and Ed both got on base—and I hit a three-run homer. My first dinger of the season. I just had to laugh. Especially since Lily teased me about it. “Frankie gets inspiration!” and all that. Well, Cassie **was** going nuts in the stands after I hit it—that was cool.

The game finished, we won, I waved to her, she waved back, and I went into the locker room. Heard the coach speak, took my shower, went back out to the field. There she was, still sitting there, still naked.

“Hi,” I said as I walked up to her.

“Hi. Walk me home.”

OK, I thought to myself. I started to put on my clothes.

“No. Stay the way you are. I am, too.”

“Huh?” I said. “Weren’t you the one that wanted to put your clothes back on in **school** this morning?”

“I changed my mind. Look, I don’t feel self-conscious around **you**.”

“Yeah, but you’re going to be parading naked for a half-mile to your house.”

“That doesn’t matter,” she said. “Let’s go.” She got out of the stands and started walking to the exit. I shrugged and followed.

We walked, pretty much in silence, to her house. **Something** was going on, but I didn’t know what. When we got to her house—which was before mine walking from school—before I could say a word, she grabbed me and pulled me to her door.

“Cass, where are we going?”

“In my house.”

“Like **this**?” I said, looking down at our nudity.

“Nobody’s home. Come on.” I did. We went in, and she didn’t even stop—she dropped her bookbag and clothes, and just steered me up the stairs to her room.

When we got there, I said, “Cassie. What the **hell** is going on?”

She turned to me, and looked right at me, and said, “This morning, you told me you wanted to fuck my brains out.” She took a breath. “**Do** it!”

Every rational thought drained right out of my head. And all I could think to say was, “WHAT?”

“You heard me,” she hissed. “Damn, Frankie, **please** don’t make me beg!”

I had never seen her look like that. I had never seen **any** girl look like that—certainly not at **me**. Fire was coming out of her eyes, and she was practically shaking.

I **knew** I was going to regret this. I knew it, I knew it. But that was my rational thoughts—and those were just a dull roar at this point. God, I wanted her—and she wanted me.

That was something, right?

Repercussions could wait. I tackled her onto the bed.

CHAPTER TWELVE

CASSIE

The idea had been brewing in me all afternoon. I knew he felt lust, right? So, let's work on that part first. Get him into bed, and take it from there. Of course, the fact that I was practically **burning** with lust was a given. I wanted him **so** bad I could taste it. So, after band practice, I went to the game—fully intending on doing what I did.

In retrospect, this probably wasn't the best way of handling it.

However, at first, it seemed like a perfectly awesome way of handling it. Before I knew it, I was sprawled on the bed, his hands all over me. He leaned down and kissed me. **Man** did he kiss me! It was as wonderful as I had anticipated. We did some serious making out while his hands roamed all over my boobs and—thank you God—my pussy. Oh, man, it was as good as yesterday. I almost came again from just that—but I wasn't in the mood for a whole lot of foreplay.

"Frankie, please, fuck me **now**!" I said.

"You're protected, yes?"

"Of course," I said.

He grinned down at me, and started lining his dick up with my pussy. He started sliding it in oh so slowly. The anticipation was killing me. I tried to hump myself on him to make it quicker, but he was having none of that. Finally, he was all the way in. Then he started moving, in and out, slowly.

Too slowly, I thought at first, but I was wrong. Oh **man**. I wasn't used to **this**. He was **so** gentle. I had mostly gone out with guys who just rammed it in. I thought I liked it that way. I was wrong. He had me hovering right on the edge for **so** long. It was delicious. He looked down at me, grinned, and started kissing my forehead. After a bit, he looked into my eyes, and, without either of us saying anything, he started to move faster.

Jesus Christ! I felt it building, and building, as he picked up his pace little by little. And then I went. "Oh, God, FRANKIE!" I screamed, and came like gangbusters. When he felt me go, he started going full-bore into me, keeping me riding the waves for a full minute. Then **he** came into me.

Oh my fucking head. It was...incredible. I'd never felt anything like **that**. I felt like a wet dishrag. I was completely spent, and my brain was mush.

Which is the only thing that explains what happened next. We ended up cuddling, side-by-side on my bed, as we both came down. I could tell that, now that we were done, he felt awkward. He was holding me, but he wasn't looking at me.

There were things I needed to say. "I don't want to just be friends anymore," or "This could be the start of something beautiful," or even a simple "I love you." Those were the things I needed to say.

That's not what I said. What did I say?

"My mother's going to be home soon."

In other words, thank you very much, now get out. Please, shoot me. I'm such an idiot. I wanted to take back the words as soon as I said them. Especially when I felt him stiffen as he held me, and then he unraveled himself from me.

"Yeah, I'm sure she is," is all he said. He got out of the bed and started gathering his clothes, then put them on. He still couldn't look at me. It was so awkward.

"Frankie?" I said. He looked up at me. "Thanks. That was....incredible."

At least he smiled at that. "Thank you," he said. "It was pretty damn incredible from my end, too." He leaned over and kissed me. Well, that was something. At least he didn't hate me. "Don't get up, I'll find my way out," he said. And then he was gone.

STUPID FUCKING IDIOT! Oh, man, I could've just crawled under the nearest rock.

Instead, I just lie in bed, staring at the ceiling, trying to figure out just how in hell I was going to fix this.

Why didn't I just say it? Cowardice. I wanted **him** to say it—because I had no idea how **he** felt, other than turned on. So, I wanted **him** to say something loving and sweet. Of course, I didn't give him much time, not with that "Mother will be home" comment.

And it was afterwards, lying in bed, that I realized something. I had made love, in broad daylight, nothing covering my stomach. No darkness, no hiding, no nothing.

For the **first** time. And I practically kicked him out.

Oh, man. I am such a fuckup.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

FRANKIE

I walked home from her house in a daze.

I was still trying to figure out just what had happened.

Hell, I'd had sex before—but never like **that**. She was just amazing. I'd never seen anybody cum that long! I probably could've held out a bit longer—but not with all that cumming and spasming and writhing going on around my dick. It was just mind-blowing. And I will **never** forget the look in her eyes when she asked me to fuck her.

However, I had the horrible sinking feeling that I had just blown another friendship. That's what I get for thinking with my dick. Because sex—even incredible sex—wasn't worth a friendship. And the way she reacted afterwards didn't make me feel better. She acted like she couldn't wait for me to get out of there.

I needed to talk to someone about this. I needed advice on how to fix the damage.

I went home, and found Mama. She asked about the game, and I told her. She gave me a kiss on the cheek for the homer. I asked if she minded if I headed to the Burger Hut and found the guys down there. “No, Frankie, go right ahead. More supper for the rest of us,” she smiled.

I walked downtown to the Hut. Most of the gang was just getting assembled. I found them, and leaned in to Lily and Mike. “Hey, Mike, do you mind if I borrow your girlfriend for a bit?”

“You getting tips on how to throw harder?” he laughed.

“No. This is personal. And Lily knows some of it, and I trust her judgement.”

“Sure,” Mike said.

“I'd be glad to,” Lily said, and we found an out-of-the-way table.

“Don't tell me, let me guess,” she started. “Cassie.”

“Cassie,” I confirmed. “We just made love.”

“ExCUSE me?” Lily said with a stunned laugh. “OK, how did **this** happen?” I told her the whole thing.

She thought for a minute. Then she said to me, “Look. You know I'm not shy about sex, I've told you that. You know I was no virgin when Mike and I met.” I nodded. “But, I have to say,” she continued, “the only person I **ever** wanted **that** badly was Mike. That she wanted you that badly tells me something. Plus, the way you described her looking at you in art tells me something.”

“Maybe. But the way she basically booted my ass out of her bedroom before my cock even got limp tells me something different.”

“Fear, Frankie. Fear. Look, the first time Mike and I made love was sort of awkward, too, afterwards—because we hadn’t whispered words of love in each other’s ears yet then either. However, you know me. I took the bull by the horns—and pretty much **said** to Mike, ‘Hey, what just happened?’ I don’t think Cass is as blunt as I am.”

“Nobody is as blunt as you are,” I laughed.

“Too true,” she grinned. “Most girls want to hear that stuff from the guys first, you know?”

“Yeah,” I agreed.

“How **do** you feel about her now?”

“Confused,” I admitted with a laugh.

“Which is why **you** didn’t say anything,” she said astutely. “You need to fix your confusion first, Frankie. Then you can fix your friendship. And see what else is there.”

“Good point,” I told her.

We went back to the table with the rest of the guys, then, and ate. Afterwards, I walked home, and tried to do some homework. I didn’t get much done—too much on my mind.

How, exactly, **did** I feel about Cassie?

Look, it’s not an easy thing to be confronted with the end of a valuable six-year friendship. Even if there’s the possibility of something better. I’d been through it more than once—and the ‘something better’ never happened. But, what I had to ask myself was, how much was that fear clouding my thoughts about Cassie?

A lot. I admit it. Quite a lot. I hadn’t allowed myself to really think about the something better, because I was too scared to lose the friendship. So, pretending to do Trig homework, I relaxed my mind, and allowed myself to imagine it. Me and Cassie, together, and not as friends.

I liked it. I liked it a **whole** lot. Even when I forced myself to forget the memory of the earth-shattering sex we had shared. I **still** liked it. I liked looking up in the stands at a game and seeing her there. I liked going to one of the band concerts and watching her play the flute. I liked having her by my side as we gathered with the gang at the Burger Hut.

It just felt... **right**. Everything I imagined, it felt right.

Good. Now I just needed to somehow tell **her** that.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

CASSIE

I held it together through supper. I held it together while I did a bit of homework. I didn't hold it together sitting on the couch with my mother late that night.

I spontaneously started crying.

Mom, of course, was concerned. She came over to the couch and hugged me while I cried. Only after I had calmed down did she say, "Cassie, what's wrong?"

I told her everything. She fumed at the hyenas and their picture trick. She smiled as I told her about my experiences posing with Frankie in art. And, to her credit, she dealt pretty well with what had happened in my bedroom this afternoon. Mom's not stupid—she knows I've been sexually active. She's not **that** old-fashioned, though I know she used to be. She really does try.

I think, though, she was surprised it happened with **Frankie**.

"How was it?" she bravely asked.

I had to giggle. "I can't believe you asked me that, Mom. Anyway, it was the best ever."

"And it only took you six years?" she laughed.

"Something like that," I laughed back. "Who knew?"

"Cassie, you know I've always thought the world of Frankie Gutierrez. That boy has a heart of gold. Never thought **you'd** see it, though. Not through the haze of idiots like Nick."

"Well, I'm an idiot, too," I admitted.

"Not anymore. Looks like you woke up."

"Not completely," I sighed—and then told her about the aftermath. "I lost my mind. I panicked, and completely lost my mind. And now poor Frankie, I have no doubt, thinks I just wanted him for a quick boink."

"That's not what you want him for, though, is it?"

"No," I admitted. "I want him for keeps."

"You need to tell him."

"I know. If only I can get him to **listen** after today."

“You will,” she smiled. “Cassie, I’m happy. Even if you are having, you know, sex with him. I am really happy. I hope it all works out.”

“So do I,” I smiled.

--end of part three—

FRANKIE AND CASSIE NAKED AT SCHOOL
PART FOUR
THURSDAY

CHAPTER FIFTEEN
FRANKIE

“Hey, Rosa, will you get a move on? I want to get to school.”

“What’s your hurry?” she replied.

“I want to get there early.”

Rosa grumbled, but she complied. We set out for school early—even **earlier** for Rosa, as the middle school started 15 minutes after the high school.

“So, what’s so important that we get there so early?” she asked as we walked.

“I need to talk to Cassie.”

“I talked to Tanya on the phone this morning, said Cassie was weird last night. I also heard about those pictures. That was horrible.”

“Yeah. Cassie was weird last night?”

“Yeah, Tanya said she thought Cass was going to start bawling a few times. I guess the pictures really got to her.”

“Well, no, I don’t think that’s it,” I said.

“Why, did something else happen?” she asked.

“Yeah.”

“Well, what?” she pressed.

“None of your business,” I grinned. “Sorry, but it’s not.”

“Hmmm,” was all she said. Anyhow, we got to school, and she found some friends at the middle school who were there early. I, however, wasn’t so lucky. Cassie’s Mom pulled up and let her off at the last minute. The warning bell rang, and we had to go do the undressing thing right away.

“Hey,” she smiled at me. “I owe you an apology. For yesterday.”

“Uhm, well, I was willing, so what are you apologizing for?”

“Not **that**,” she laughed. “I meant afterwards. I didn’t mean to kick you out, but that’s what it sounded like. I’m sorry.”

“Don’t worry about it.” Then, we had to strip and head inside.

I sleepwalked through my next two classes, until history. She sat down next to me and smiled. However, before we could say anything, Mr. Riley, the teacher, came in.

We had been studying World War Two, and were talking about the Battle of Stalingrad. Mr. Riley had this map set for WWII, it was this big series of cylinders that hung from the top of the wall in front of the board. Each cylinder had a different map in it that you could pull down. He had been using the one for the Battle of Stalingrad the past day or so. You pulled it down, and it had a map of Stalingrad and the surrounding areas, crisscrossed with all the troop movements and battles and such.

He pulled that map down today—and I wanted to strangle someone.

Up the top, where it said “BATTLE OF STALINGRAD”, Stalingrad had been crossed out, and “CASSIE’S STOMACH” written in below. Around the map with all the troop movements, someone had drawn a stomach and torso and thighs. And they had added more jagged lines in amongst all the troop movements on the map.

I really wanted those two assholes dead.

I looked at Cass, and she didn’t look like she was going to cry—which is what I thought I’d see. No, instead, she looked **furious**.

Mr. Riley was pretty pissed himself. “I want to know who did this! This is inexcusable! Not only did you ruin a map that’s part of a set that’s **very** expensive, you also humiliated a fellow student who’s trying to do something that takes a **lot** of guts.”

“They didn’t humiliate me,” Cassie spoke up. “They **tried** to humiliate me.” I looked at her, as did Mr. Riley. She continued. “I know who did this, and they know, too. I also know who did the pictures that were hung up yesterday. I got all upset at those pictures, to the point where I almost dropped out of The Program. Which would’ve been stupid.”

“Because you can’t humiliate me unless I allow myself to be humiliated. I have scars. I can’t hide them. There they are. What I’ve learned this week is that some people can see past them. Some people can’t. And, if you can’t, that is **your** problem, **not** mine.”

Suddenly, she stood up. She was facing the whole class, but I knew who she was talking to. “Does this disgust you? Why? It’s just a few marks. OK, more than a few marks. But that’s all it is. It’s healed skin. It’s skin that was once wounded but now is healed. That’s all it is. It’s not **me**.”

“This is the **good** part. Scars? Who cares about **scars**? I don’t have a fucking spleen! I don’t have half my right kidney. I don’t have about a foot of small intestine. I don’t have a right ovary. Think about **that** one. I want kids someday. A woman only has a certain amount of eggs. I lost half mine before I even entered puberty. I only ovulate every other month. And some of you are disgusted by **scars**.”

“I have had to live with this for nine years. And some of you assholes can’t live with it for a **week**. Well, fuck you. I’m done hiding it. If anyone doesn’t like that—well, you all must be **perfect**. And it’s funny, I don’t see any perfect people in this room. Keep trying to humiliate me. It’s not going to work anymore.”

“Someone told me yesterday that I was beautiful. **That** is what I choose to believe. I’m Cassandra Vyshenko, and I’m beautiful. Scars and all.”

Oh, man, if I could’ve, I would’ve hugged her right then. As it was, I just joined in with the thunderous applause that spread throughout the class. Including Mr. Riley. The two hyenas not included, of course—but everyone else—even Paul, the guy that had dumped her on Monday.

She sheepishly sat in her seat, blushing, as the applause went on. I reached over and grabbed her hand, and gave it a squeeze—and got a blinding grin for my trouble.

Mr. Riley sent a message down to Mr. Tilling about the damage to the map, then managed to get the class underway. He got through it, mostly, and then the bell rang, and we headed to art.

When we got in the hall, I reached for her hand. “You’re incredible, you know that?” I told her. “That was great.”

“Thanks,” she said, gratefully squeezing my hand. She left her hand in mine as we walked down the hall. “I saw what they had done to the map, and I just got so mad. And I started talking and just got on a roll.”

“It was a good roll,” I grinned at her. “But I’m glad you finally took my words to heart. You **are** beautiful. Don’t you ever forget that.”

“I won’t,” she said. And then, in barely a whisper, “as long as you’re around.” Before I could say anything to that, we were at art class.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

CASSIE

Yes, it felt good. It felt **damn** good. I got it off my chest, and it felt very, very good.

Missy and Laura? Fuck ‘em. They want to keep trying to get to me. It succeeded yesterday. No more. I had other things to do.

And one of them was walking down the hall with me, holding my hand, telling me—again—that I was beautiful. We needed to talk, and **badly**—but, somehow, I thought it might be a good talk. Maybe I hadn’t blown it all to pieces yesterday.

Anyhow, no chance to talk now—it was time for art. Mrs. Taylor called us up to the front.

Her first pose arranged us on the couch. Frankie was on his left side up against the back of the couch. His head was propped up by his left hand. I was in front of him, also on my left side, flat on the couch. His arm was around my waist. It was a very cozy pose.

It was also turning me on, because I felt his dick up against my ass!

Then, after a couple minutes in the pose, something strange happened. As I said, he had his hand around my waist, so it was resting on my stomach. Suddenly, I realized his hand was moving. His fingers were lightly tracing some of the scars. I breathed sharply.

“Does that bother you?” he whispered.

“No,” I said. “It feels funny.”

“I’ll stop, then.”

“No, I didn’t mean **bad** funny,” I said. And I didn’t. As his fingers lightly grazed the scars, my stomach was doing flip-flops like you wouldn’t **believe**. Because he was--- **caressing** me, is the only word I could come up with. He was caressing my **scars**. Like you’d caress a dimple or something.

It is hard to describe how I felt right then. Content, warm, loved—hell, I was verging on euphoric. Talk about feeling accepted. I knew he didn’t mind the scars. Didn’t **mind**! He was **touching** them! I was a little stunned. I felt it hard to hold the pose—I was supposed to be looking at the class and smiling. I just wanted to close my eyes and drift off on a cloud.

Mrs. Taylor had us change poses and I didn’t want to move. I just felt so content. It was almost like how you’d feel right after a good cum—but I **hadn’t** cum.

She had me lie on my back, my head propped up by the armrest on the couch. She told me to spread my legs, and then she told Frankie to crawl up between my legs.

“Oooooooh!” I said with a laugh.

“No, no, not **that**,” Mrs. Taylor laughed. “This pose is going to be suggestive, but not **that** suggestive.” She had Frankie crawl up further. His hands were on my hips, and his head was hovering above my stomach. “Y’see, that’s more of a hint,” Mrs. Taylor said. “It looks like he’s kissing your stomach. Now, this implies where he’s **headed**, but we don’t draw **that** part—we draw the anticipation.” The whole class laughed at that.

“Am I supposed to be kissing her, or just hovering?” Frankie asked.

“Well, it’ll be hard to hold a kiss for that long,” Mrs. Taylor said.

“Well, if I don’t move too much, you should still be able to draw it,” Frankie said. And he started kissing me. Little tiny kisses all over my stomach, that he held as long as he could for posing purposes. Little kisses....all over my scars.

Oh MAN. I **had** to say something to him. I **had** to tell him how I felt. Unfortunately, this wasn’t the time or place.

After about fifteen minutes, Frankie said, “My arms hurt! Not to mention my neck.” He had been holding himself up by his arms, hovering over my stomach, and his neck was kind of in an uncomfortable position.

Mrs. Taylor laughed. “OK, relax. Find a comfortable position while we finish up.” He flopped onto my stomach, resting his head on it, just lying there. I reached over and stroked his hair. I just lay there in bliss for about five minutes, until Mrs. Taylor said, “OK, guys. Time’s up. Frankie, Cassie, you can take a look.”

I didn’t even bother with Laura and Missy. Who cares what they drew? A lot of them were very good. I liked Amanda’s. And Natalie’s were, of course, magnificent.

We walked to lunch, and he held my hand again. Again, it wasn’t the time or place to talk. I looked at him, and tried to talk with my eyes.

Lunch wasn’t the time or place to talk, either—not with the Ed Bauer show going on around us!

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

FRANKIE

It was just an impulse. Me tracing her scars with my finger, I mean. I really didn’t think about what I was doing. Well, maybe I **did**. Look, they really **didn’t** bother me. And maybe, when I did it, I had her little speech in the back of my mind. Because she had said that some people could see past them. I really **didn’t** see past them, not in my mind, because to me that implied sort of ignoring them. You know, pretending they weren’t

there. They **were** there, and I didn't pretend they weren't—but they didn't **bother** me. They were part of her—and everything that was part of her was good.

Maybe that's why I touched them. And then, in the second pose, kissed them.

I wondered what she felt about it. In the first pose, when I first touched them—she relaxed, visibly, after she told me that she wasn't feeling bad about it and I kept on doing it. She visibly relaxed herself into me. She couldn't react much more, or we would've blown the pose!

I had to talk to her. I wanted the school day **over**. I needed to find out exactly what was going on.

I suppose we could've gotten an out of the way table during lunch, but no tables in the lunchroom are **that** out of the way. So we sat with the usual suspects.

"Hey, Brazil," Ed greeted Cassie, "I hear you smacked a few people in the head with the ol' clue-by-four in History class."

"Something like that," Cassie grinned.

"Let me tell you, it was impressive," I chipped in.

"Not as impressive as the poses I'm getting to draw in art," Natalie grinned. "You should see these two," she told the table. "Even though the poses are pretty innocent, they still put on quite a show."

Cassie just blushed. I was pretty sure I was, too!

"A better pose than **I** gave you when you drew my naked ass up at bat?" Ed asked.

"No, of course not, sweetie," Natalie grinned at him.

"I should hope not!" Ed said indignantly.

"I can see it now," Lily grinned. "Natalie, five years from now, a young, sought-after new artist. She's having her first gallery show. Featuring seventeen drawings of Ed's naked tush."

"She'll make a mint on them," Ed grinned.

The rest of lunch pretty much went like that, so Cassie and I just got drawn into the rest of the conversation.

The afternoon passed by way too slowly. Then I had baseball practice. Because I was pitching tomorrow, I was allowed to take a light practice. I threw a little, and did my running. Then, done, I asked Coach permission to take off, which he granted.

I ran back to the school building. I was hoping to catch Cassie before band practice ended.

I wasn't disappointed. There was an observation window on the side of the band room, and looked in, and there she was—stark naked, playing the flute. She caught my eye at one point and smiled. About fifteen minutes later, band practice ended. I waited until most of the band had gotten out of the room, and walked in—and there she was, still sitting at her chair. The rest of the stragglers, and her band director left, and it was only the two of us.

“Hi. We need to talk,” I said.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

CASSIE

Here it was. Do or die time.

“Yes, we do,” I agreed. “Can I go first?”

“I suppose.” He sat down next to me.

“Look, I am **really** sorry about what I said yesterday, when we were done. It was stupid, and I'm ashamed of it. I was feeling awkward, and I panicked.”

“You weren't the only one feeling awkward,” he grinned. “It's OK. The question is, where do we go from here?” He sighed. “I don't want to lose your friendship.”

“Well, I have to admit, I don't want to be friends anymore.” He looked at me. “I want **more**.” There. I said it.

“That's what I want, too,” he said softly.

“You DO? I wasn't sure.”

“You weren't?” I asked. “Cassie, I don't make love with just anyone.”

“Yeah, I know—but it's been awkward since then. I wasn't sure what you were feeling.”

“I wasn't sure what you were feeling, either,” he said.

“This is what I'm feeling. I love you.” There, now I **really** said it. “I figured that out before we ever went to bed. And I'm sorry that I didn't say **that** yesterday.”

“Better late than never,” he grinned. “I love you, too, Cass.” I grinned back at him. “I'm still worried, though.”

“Why?”

“Because relationships don’t always last. If this blows up in our face, there goes another good friendship. And I can’t help but being a little worried that I’m not what I would’ve considered your type before this week.”

I sighed. “One thing this week, and baring myself as I have been, has done, I think, is make me grow up.. Let’s face it—I’ve been dating little boys, and I mean mentally. And I suppose I was a little girl myself mentally. I mean, look, the two people that I thought were my best friends have been acting like eight-year-olds all week.” I grinned at him. “You’re no little boy, not with your family. You haven’t been for quite a while. And I’ve been through too much this week to be a little girl anymore.” I smiled at him. “This hasn’t happened before this because I wasn’t **ready**. I’m ready now. Frankie, it’s not going to blow up in our face. Not from my end. How do **you** feel?”

“I talked with Lily about this,” he told me, “and she said some similar things about her and Mike, how she wasn’t ready for him before either. As for me? Look, you might say you’re a ‘little girl’ but you matured dating-wise far before me, and you were already dating before I ever would’ve been interested, so I never **let** myself become interested. It took a lot of thinking to decide if I felt anything more for you than friendship. It was a leap I had to make in my mind.” He grinned at me. “What I found was it was a pretty easy leap to make.”

“Good,” I grinned. “It hit **me** all at once.”

“I just thought of something,” he said. “Tanya is going to **freak**.”

I broke up laughing. “Yeah,” I agreed. “I guess she saw it before either of us did.” He grinned at me, then stood up. He pulled me up to my feet, then wrapped his arms around me—and kissed me, long and deep.

I broke the kiss and said, “Let’s get out of here.”

“Where are we going?” he asked.

“My house. Nobody’s there again.” I grinned at him. “And you thought I was kidding about being insatiable.”

“Oh, look, I get a girlfriend—and she’s a horny teenaged boy’s dream. How cool is **that**?” he laughed.

I laughed back. Then we practically raced to my house.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

FRANKIE

We got to her room—still naked—and I wrapped her in a kiss as we tumbled on to her bed.

“No quickies today,” I told her. She smiled at me. I kissed down her neck and went right for her boobs, nibbling on them while I stroked her thighs. She moaned and gasped underneath me. Then I started kissing my way down from her boobs.

I kissed my way down her stomach, and I took my damn time. I ran my tongue right down one of the more prominent scars. She giggled.

“Tickles?” I asked.

“A little,” she said. “That was **not** a suggestion that you stop, by the way. I’ve never let anyone get near my stomach, you know that.” Her voice dropped a little. “So I never knew how sensitive it was.”

“Ah,” I said. It was turning her on. How about that? Not that she wasn’t turned on in the **first** place, mind you. I just kept kissing my way down her stomach. Heading closer to paydirt, I took a little detour—to kiss the heart-shaped scar on her thigh. She let out a long sigh when I did that.

Then I headed straight for paydirt. This I hadn’t done to her. Honestly, I hadn’t done it much at all. Like I’ve said, though I’m not a virgin, the most experienced guy in the world I am **not**. But I had done it, a couple of times, and more or less knew my way around down there. It must’ve been more rather than less, because I had her squealing and moaning in no time at all. As I felt her movements get more frenzied, I slipped a finger gently into her pussy. BAM! Off she went!

As she came down, I started coming back up, kissing my way back up her stomach. She reached down and ran her fingers through my hair. And then she said, “Frankie? Make love to me, please?”

“Gladly,” I said, and moved up and slid into her. “Oh God,” she moaned. I started in on her, a slow rhythm meant to build her back up. It worked. It didn’t take too long before she was moaning and gasping. Finally, she screamed, “Oh God Frankie FUCK ME! FUCK ME HARD! Oh God....” So I did. I knew it wasn’t going to take **me** long, but I knew she was close, too. I was right. We went together, in no time at all.

This time, when we curled up in each other’s arms afterwards, it wasn’t awkward. Not at all. It was wonderful.

CHAPTER TWENTY

CASSIE

Oh, I felt so happy and content. I felt loved and wanted. And I love **him**. Does it get any better than that?

Well, the aftermath could've been better. No, no, it wasn't awkward like yesterday. It was wonderful. Too wonderful. We were both so content and at peace—that we fell asleep, naked, in each other's arms.

Tanya has a very bad habit of not knocking on doors.

I was woken up by her yelling “Hey, Cassie, do you have my---“ and my door bursting open, and then a blurted “OH MY GOD!” She turned **bright** red and quickly backed out the door saying “I’m sorry! I’m sorry!”

“Oh shit,” I murmured.

“Hum, was that Tanya?” I heard from behind me.

“Uh, yeah. We fell asleep. And we just got caught.”

“Oops,” he said.

“My mother knew, she knew about yesterday—but I’m sure she’s **not** going to be thrilled we let Tanya catch us.”

“No doubt,” he said. “I think we’d better get dressed and go face the music.”

“Yeah.” Right after we got our clothes on, there was a knock on the door. “Can I come in?” It was Mom.

She came in, and I said, “Mom, we’re so sorry. We fell asleep.”

“It’s all right. Really. Tanya’s **got** to learn how to knock on doors.” Mom grinned. “I don’t think she was shocked to find you in bed with someone, I think she was shocked at who you were **with**. She was so excited when she came downstairs, I thought she had caught you in the **middle** of something.”

“No,” I laughed. “Naked, and spooning—but sleeping.”

“Yeah, I finally got that,” Mom laughed. “Like I said, I think she was shocked it was you two.”

“She called it,” Frankie said, “before either of us knew.”

“Yup,” I agreed. “She was trying to tell me on Monday that Frankie liked me. Remind me to listen to Tan more often. But, I’m still sorry we let her catch us like that, Mom.”

“Don’t be. Look, you know that dealing with your sexuality hasn’t been the easiest thing for me. But I think I’m getting better. And you know I think the world of Frankie. And Tanya’s getting older. I was **way** too uptight when you were Tan’s age—I don’t want to do that to her.”

“Oh, Mom,” was all I could say. “You were never **that** bad.”

“Thank you for saying that,” she smiled. “I **was** overprotective, though. Because of the accident.”

“Hey, I was overprotective of **myself**.” My voice dropped. “Yesterday, and today, are the only two times I’ve ever made love in a lit room with my shirt off.”

“Oh, Honey,” she said, and then looked at Frankie. “You’re a good man, Frankie Gutierrez. I’ve always known that. If I **had** to catch my daughter in bed with someone,” she giggled, “I’m thrilled it was you. I mean that.” Frankie just blushed. “Tan wants to come up and talk to you.”

“OK,” I said.

Mom left, and Tanya came right up and entered the room, looking sheepish. “I’m sorry I didn’t knock,” she said, looking downcast.

“That’s all right. Sit,” I pointed to the chair at my desk. Frankie and I were sitting on the bed. “Mom knows, but, outside of her, you should be the first to know, anyway.”

“Yeah, since you predicted it back on Monday,” Frankie laughed.

“Wait a minute, that’s **right!**” Tanya laughed. “You **do** like her!” she said to Frankie.

“I love her, actually,” he said.

“And I love him, too,” I said.

“Wow. That is **so** cool!” Tanya enthused. “Were you two just sleeping, or did you, uh....”

“Have sex?” I laughed. “Yes, we did. We did yesterday, too, but we managed not to fall asleep then.”

“Wow!” Tanya said. “I can’t wait to tell Rosa!” she said, starting to stand up. Then she stopped. “Oh, well, I guess you’d rather tell Rosa yourself, Frankie? I almost forgot she was your sister,” she giggled.

“No, that’s all right. Since you predicted it, you get to tell Rosa,” Frankie laughed.

“COOL!” and she was out of the room.

I just looked at Frankie and laughed. “She’s almost as happy about this as I am,” I said.

“You’d better watch out. I think her and Rosa are going to start looking for those bridesmaid’s dresses any time now,” he laughed.

“I’ll have to tell her that I’d kinda like to go to college first,” I giggled.

“Good plan.”

Just then, Mom showed up. “Uhm, guys? You need to go to Frankie’s house, OK?”

“What’s up?” Frankie asked.

“Well, when Tan told Rosa what was up, I guess she screamed ‘Frankie and Cassie are in love? And they had sex?’ Right within earshot of your mother.”

“Madre de dios,” Frankie said with a smile. I grinned back. I knew all about he and Rosa’s code word.

“So, your Mom got on the phone, asked for me, and then told me that she’d like to talk to the two of you.”

“Oops,” Frankie said. “So, shall we go face my mother—and kill Rosa while we’re at it?”

“Yeah,” I laughed.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

FRANKIE

We walked over to my house. Tanya tagged along, apparently hoping for some fireworks.

Rosa saw us coming and opened the door. “Madre de dios!” she said with a big grin.

“You, little sis, are dead meat. Fajita filling. Sliced and diced.”

“I’m sorry, Frankie,” she said, “I forgot Mama was there.”

“It’s OK,” I said. We walked into the kitchen to find Mama. She was working on the supper. She looked up, and gazed upon us with a stern expression. “Hi, Mama. You wanted to see us?”

“Si,” she said. “So, you finally woke up, eh?”

“Huh?” I said.

“You two. You finally woke up. You two were made for each other.” She looked at me. “I was wondering when you were going to figure it out, el stupido.” Then she looked at Cassie. “You, too. You think I don’t see? You live right over there. Your sister is in my home all the time. You think I don’t see your boys? Like that one last year, that pendejo you wasted six months on.” I was shocked—Mama **never** cursed! “And **you**,” she looked back at me. “All those flighty little girls. Always looking for the one, when she was four

doors down all the time. I don't interfere, but I wondered if you two would ever wake up." Then she smiled, walked over to Cassie, kissed her on the cheek, and said, "Welcome to the family."

"Thank you," Cassie managed to get out. I think she was in shock. I **know** I was.

"What?" Mama said to me, seeing the expression on my face. "You think I'm shocked? You think I brought you over here for a lecture?" I nodded. "Feh. I know everything. You and Rosa, with that 'madre de dios' stuff, you think I don't know?" I just looked at her. She smiled. "Why do you think I keep saying it, every time sex comes up? To give you two more ammunition." She looked at me. "I was brought up in a different world, it's true. Your grandparents are very traditional, you know that. But I know the world my children are living in, and it's different. I wasn't ever really worried about **what** you were doing, it was **who** you were doing it with. Frankie, you're my firstborn, mi bambino. And I watched you falling all over yourself over the likes of Renee Boddicker. I wanted to barf. She wasn't worthy of you." She smiled at us. "But you two together, that's what I've been hoping for. Cassie, now **she** is worthy of my firstborn son. Just don't let the little ones see all that 'madre de dios' going on, OK? And I want grandbabies from the two of you, but not **now**!"

I cracked up laughing. "You don't have to worry about that!"

"Good. Now, **go**! Get out of here. Eddie Bauer called and told me to tell you that the gang is going to The Burger Hut if you wanted to come. Go. Go celebrate with your friends." She leaned over to me and dropped her voice. "And I'll prepare your father. He's **much** more old fashioned than I am," she grinned.

I laughed, stood up, and hugged her. "Thanks, Mama. You're the best."

Cassie and I left the kitchen hand-in-hand and walked through the living room like that, through the "Ooohhhhh!" comments from Rosa and Tanya. Then we headed out to the Burger Hut.

"Wow. Who woulda thunk it?" I said.

She laughed. "I like this. Think about it. We got together because **we** wanted to—but we've managed to make everybody around us happy about it. That's pretty cool, huh?"

"Yeah, that is **very** cool."

"Although," she added, "I think we now have to worry about your **mother** looking for her mother-of-the-groom dress. I almost swallowed my tongue when she started talking about grandbabies!"

I laughed. "You think we should get tee shirts made up that say 'Shut up, we're going to college first?'"

“That might be a good idea,” she grinned. “Frankie? Tell me something. Why does it seem like we’ve been together forever, and not just a couple of days?”

“Because we’re comfortable with each other. We always **have** been. The only thing that’s really new is the chemistry between us. And, looking back, I think that might have always been there, but we were willfully ignoring it. At least **I** was.”

“Good point, and I think I was, too,” she said. “I guess your mother was right about **that**.”

“Well, since you’re now a member of the family and all, you’ll have to understand something. My mother is often right. Infuriatingly so at times, but she’s often right.”

She laughed. “Yeah, your mother, and my **sister**!”

We got to the Burger Hut, and walked in, hand-in-hand. We went up to the counter and ordered, got our food, then wandered into the dining room.

“Frankie! Over here!” Lily yelled. She waved us on over to where the whole gang had commandeered a table. We walked over hand-in-hand. I could see the questions on some of their faces.

“Hey, where were you? Your mother didn’t know, so we didn’t know if you’d show up,” Ed asked.

“We fell asleep,” I said.

“**We**?” Lily asked.

“Well, we fell asleep in **my** bed, so I **hope** I was there,” Cassie grinned.

Ed started singing the old Queen song, “Another One Bites The Dust.”

“You got that right,” Cassie laughed.

Lily leaned over and whispered in my ear, “This isn’t ‘friends with benefits’, is it?”

“Not by a long shot,” I whispered back.

“Good!”

“And the program works its magic on another unsuspecting duo,” Ed declared.

“Yup,” I happily agreed. “So, who’s next? Maggie?”

“I doubt it,” she grinned. “I think for me to find true love and all that gooey stuff, they’d have to pair me up with someone I’ve never been with. And that ain’t a long list.”

“Well, there’s Dave Shiell,” Jared said. Dave was a good friend of his.

“Dave’s sweet, but maybe a bit **too** sweet,” Maggie grinned.

“Dave’s also terrified of girls,” Cassie said. “We’ve been in band together for almost three years, and he still blushes when I say ‘hi’ to him. And if he’s terrified of girls in general, he’d be absolutely flummoxed by Maggie.”

“Too true,” Maggie grinned. “Too bad I didn’t go through **this** week, I’ve never been to bed with Frankie.”

“And you never will,” Cassie grinned. Maggie just grinned back. Me? I didn’t mind Cassie’s comment at all. A girl getting all possessive over **me**? I must admit, I liked it!

“Mark Dufor,” Amanda said.

“No, I’ve been to bed with Mark Dufor. Freshman year. For all of the seven seconds that it took, mind you.” We all laughed at that. “Hey, it was his first time. It happens. And I’m **always** willing to give someone a second go-round, especially a virgin that goes off too quickly--but he was so embarrassed he hasn’t talked to me in two years.”

“There’s always Chuck Braden,” Mike said with an evil grin.

“OVER MY DEAD BODY!” Maggie proclaimed.

“Who’s Chuck Braden?” Lily asked.

“That’s right, I keep forgetting you’re new,” Maggie giggled. “Chuck is the Mouth That Roared. Go to bed with him, and it’s practically posted on the bulletin board.”

“**You** do that, though,” I said.

“What I’ve found is that most guys don’t mind. Girls **do**. Especially when it never actually happened. And I know the guys that **would** mind, and my lips are sealed. There’s guys that I’ve been to bed with that even **Amanda**, who’s my best friend, doesn’t know about.”

“Really?” Amanda said.

“There’s one, I won’t tell you who, but when we slept together, he had a girlfriend,” Maggie said. “And things were getting to **that** point with the girlfriend, and they were both virgins, and he was terrified he wouldn’t be able to do it right. So I took him to bed and taught him how to do it right. He was very grateful, and, from what he told me, things with the girlfriend went swimmingly. But I’ll never say who, because the girlfriend probably wouldn’t understand—and they’re still together.”

“So, those are the ones I keep secret, the ones that would really hurt someone. Chuck doesn’t care, though. You know Vicki Langham,” she said to Cassie.

“Yeah. She’s my one good friend that’s **still** my good friend, because she supported me this week. And, yeah, I know what Chuck did to her.” Cassie turned to Lily. “One date, **nothing** happened except a good kiss—and, Monday morning, it’s all over school that they did it. Vicki was still a virgin at the time. She was humiliated.”

“Yeah, and there’s Tara Boucher, who’s a friend of mine,” Maggie added. “They **did** go to bed together, and it was Tara’s first time, and she **really** liked him, and thought he liked her. Come to find out the next week that it was all over school that Chuck was in bed with **three** different girls that weekend. Tara was crushed.”

“Oh, jeez,” Lily said.

“So, now you know why Chuck Braden is at the top of my shit list. He’s at the top of a lot of people’s shit list.” Maggie concluded.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

CASSIE

After the Burger Hut, we headed back to our houses.

“You want to come in?” I asked him.

“Yes. I don’t want this day to end, honestly.”

“Good point, I agree completely,” she grinned.

We walked into the living room, and my parents and Tanya were sitting there.

“Hey,” Mom smiled, “did Frankie’s mom read you the riot act?”

“Not exactly,” Frankie grinned. “She congratulated us for not being idiots anymore.”

“Well, you know I talk to Luisa all the time,” she said, “and I think we’ve both been in agreement on that for some time.” She smiled at us. “I knew what she said to you, actually. She called after you two left the house.”

“Oh, Jesus,” I said to Frankie with a smile, “we’ve been going out five hours, tops, and they’re planning the wedding already.”

“Not quite, but it was close,” Dad spoke up with a smile. “Do me a favor, you two. Go to college first, OK?”

“Exactly what **we** said,” I laughed.

“I think we should break up,” Frankie said, deadpan. “This is way too much pressure. What are they going to be doing when we’ve been going out a whole **week**, looking for baby furniture?”

“**That** had better come after college, too!” Dad said.

“Thank goodness there’s one sane person in the place,” Frankie said. “You just keep talking, Mr. Vyshenko. Get Mrs. Vyshenko and my mother over once a week, and keep telling them this.”

“Not to mention Rosa,” I said, pointing to Tanya, “and this little brat over here.”

“Who, me?” Tanya said.

“Yeah, you,” I said.

“Well, it’s just that everyone here loves Frankie,” Mom said, “and everyone there loves **you**, and we all know how perfect you are for each other, and always have been.”

“Yeah. I can see that, now,” I smiled.

“Me, too—and thank you for saying what you did,” Frankie said to Mom. “However, I think I have to get **me** back over **there** before Mama has a coronary.”

“Your mother’s not expecting you home tonight,” Mom said.

“HUH?” I said, stunned. Frankie was just staring, open-mouthed.

“Well, you can’t be together at Frankie’s house,” Mom said.. “Here, well, Tanya’s old enough to know what’s going on—and she’s also old enough to give you privacy. **Right**, Tan?”

“Of course,” she grinned.

“Good. And I’m sure Rosa is all those things, too—but your younger brother and sisters aren’t, Frankie. So you can’t go over there. We all know what’s going on. It’s no secret. I’m going to force my daughter and the guy she loves apart, when I know full well what’s going on? No, I’m not.”

We just stared at her.

“Well? GIT!”

We got.

After we got up to my room, we sat down on the bed, leaning against each other, laughing hysterically.

“You know, this is just a plot,” Frankie said. “A fiendish plot. To ensure we never break up. Think about it, if you ever dump me, you think you’ll be able to bring my replacement up here to spend the night?”

“Good point,” I laughed. “Hey, you know how you said your mother is often right?” He nodded. “Mine is, too. If they are really so happy about us dating, who are we to argue?”

“I love you, you know,” he said.

“I love you, too,” I grinned back at him. “But now you need to show me.”

“Insatiable.”

“You bet your ass. And I just got free reign to bring you up here as often as I want. You sure you can handle me?”

“Watch me,” he said, and he proceeded to handle me just fine, thank you very much. Then he used other parts besides his hands. And that was even better.

It didn’t take long after that until we fell into a deep sleep.

--end of part four—

FRANKIE AND CASSIE NAKED IN SCHOOL PART FIVE FRIDAY

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE FRANKIE

I woke up with Cassie wrapped around me, snuggled into my chest. Now **that** is something I could get used to in a **hurry**.

“Hey,” she said softly.

“I didn’t know you were up,” I said.

“Just a couple minutes. I really liked waking up in your arms, so I was just lying here enjoying it.”

“Ditto,” I smiled. “What time is it?”

“Time to get up and too late to have any fun, unfortunately,” she laughed. “The alarm’s going to go off in three minutes.”

“Ah, well,” I said. “Somehow, I think we’re going to have more opportunities to ‘have fun’ than we ever dreamed of.”

“I know,” she grinned. We kissed for a bit, then got up.

“Well, we can at least take a shower together,” she smiled, so we did. Washing her was a lot of fun, and she washed me back. And, yes, we each came once from all that attention!

We walked back out of the shower, and into her room. I went to grab my clothes, and she said, “Frankie. Stop. Let’s not wear anything. Let’s go to school just like this.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. I’ve come to like being nude.”

“Yeah, me too. OK. But what about your parents?”

“They’ll adjust,” she giggled. “Just leave your clothes there, you can get them later. It’s not like you live far.”

“Right,” I laughed. We did put socks and shoes on, then went down her stairs completely naked. We walked into her kitchen and found both her parents and her sister.

“Hi, folks,” Cassie said nonchalantly. Poor Tanya. She was taking a sip of orange juice when we walked in and she practically choked on it. “You guys are...are....well, you’re....,” she sputtered.

“I think the word you’re looking for, squirt, is naked,” Cassie teased.

“Nude,” I added.

“In the buff,” she grinned.

“Letting it all hang out,” I continued.

“Well, in your case, yes,” she laughed.

“Trying a little outreach?” her Mom asked.

“Yeah. Getting dressed seemed so pointless. Do you mind?”

“Of course not,” her Mom said. Her Dad nodded agreement. “I think Tanya’s a little thunderstruck.”

“Well, Frankie’s **naked**, and I’ve never seen...you know....” Tanya managed.

“Well, now you have,” I grinned back at her.

“All that stuff they do in sex ed in sixth grade,” Tanya smiled. “They should just bring two people that are in the program in for show and tell. It’s much more educational than those stupid films.”

“That’s not a bad idea,” I laughed. “Anyhow, we need to decide how we’re getting to school.”

“You can come with us,” Cassie’s mom said.

“We won’t all fit,” I argued, “not comfortably.”

“I can fit four in my car,” her Mom replied.

“Five.” She looked at me. “You, me, Cassie, Tanya, and Rosa.”

“Oh, that’s right, I forgot you got Rosa to school,” she said.

“That’s OK. I don’t mind the walk,” I said.

“I’ll walk with you,” Cassie offered. “What the hell. It’s a nice day. I’ve walked **home** naked, but not **to**.”

“I’ll walk, too,” Tanya said.

“Good. One less chore for me,” their mother laughed.

We ate a bit, then headed to my house. I walked in and yelled, “Hey, Rosie! You ready to go?”

“Hi, Frankie,” I heard from the kitchen. “I wasn’t sure you’d remember about me,” she giggled, and then she walked out of the kitchen with Mama in tow. And saw Cass and I naked.

Rosie and Mama said, in perfect unison, “Madre de Dios!” I couldn’t help cracking up laughing at that one.

Finally, we got out of there, and started to school. We hadn’t gotten a block, when Tanya said, “You know what? This looks **stupid**.”

“We embarrassing you, Tan?” Cassie asked.

“Not you. **Us**,” Tan said—and started taking off her clothes. Rosa looked at her, shocked at first—and then grinned, and started taking off her own clothes. They quickly got undressed, except for socks and shoes, and tucked their clothes into their bookbags.

“Wow. You two have serious guts,” I told them. They both beamed at me. Cassie agreed with me, then we all started walking. The number of cars slowing down to see these four naked teenagers—two of them too young to actually **be** teenagers yet—was incredible!

“I like this!” Rosa exclaimed after a while.

“I know what you mean,” Tanya agreed. We walked towards the school buildings, and, as we approached the middle school, Tan said, “Ah well. We’d better stop and get dressed here, Rosa.”

“No, don’t,” someone called, running up to us. As we turned, I realized it was Amber Woodard, Lily’s sister. “Don’t get dressed,” she said.

“Amber, why not?” Tan asked.

“I’ve been naked every other place, but I’ve never gone to school naked. I’m too chicken to do it alone. But if all **three** of us did it....”

“We’d never get away with it!” Rosa said. “They’ll force us to put our clothes on!”

“No, they can’t,” Amber maintained. “There’s no program in our grade yet, that’s true, but they can’t force us to wear clothes, not even in school.”

Rosa and Tanya looked at each other. Then they grinned, and said, “Let’s do it!”

“Great!” Amber said, and stripped off her clothes. She tucked them into the bookbag, and they headed towards the middle school, eliciting gasps from the kids already gathered out front. We waved to them, and headed towards the high school.

“It’s going to be an eventful day in the middle school,” Cassie said with a laugh.

“You got **that** right,” I said.

“I think I should call my mom and tell her that Tan’s doing this, though,” Cassie said. She pulled out her cel phone and called her Mom. I then borrowed her cel phone and called **my** Mom. She let out a “Madre de Dios!” but was laughing when she said it.

“Mom’s fine with it,” Cassie said, “but a little concerned. Even though there’s no actual program in the Middle school, so no rules—she thinks Tan’s going to get touched, and doesn’t know how Tan will react.”

“Hmm, I didn’t think of that. Well, if it gets bad, they **can** put their clothes back on. That’s an ‘out’ we didn’t have.”

“True,” she agreed.

We walked to our entrance, to the cheering of our rooting section when they saw us nude.

We walked into school a bit early—and I was glad to see that things had **really** improved for Cassie. She was getting felt up left and right. In fact, one guy stopped her in the hall and had enough time to bring her to orgasm. She was standing there, in the middle of the hall, going off. Ed, who was watching, yelled, after she was done, “Someone call a janitor to wipe up the floor, eh?” Cassie was just grinning and blushing. No, I didn’t mind at all—someone was working **me** over at the same time. Unfortunately, the bell rang for first period when I was **that** close. I walked into first period barely able to walk, and immediately requested relief. Jared and Amanda were in that class, and Jared said, “Amanda, go help the poor guy, he’s got to **pitch** today, after all!” Amanda laughed, and came up front and gave me a perfectly lovely blowjob. I’d heard she was good at that. I’d heard right!

Third period I saw Cassie. She sat next to me and whispered, “Somebody got me off **again** between first and second! My God, it was so **fast**! And I’m **still** horny!”

“Oops. Somebody flipped **your** switch!”

“Nobody’s paying attention to the scars,” she said. “They’re treating me like any other person in the program.”

“I don’t know if you realize this or not,” I said, “but that’s partially because **you** are less self-conscious about them.”

“And **that** is because of **you**, you know,” she beamed. I tried to reply in the negative, but the teacher called for class to begin.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR CASSIE

I meant what I said, and I told him so again after History.

“You did this yourself,” he maintained.

“You know what? I might have been able to. Missy and Laura ruined that. Because of them, I needed help. I got it from **you**, right starting Monday morning, right in Mr. Tilling’s office.”

“I **helped**, maybe. I didn’t **do** it. **You** did it. Hey, think of it this way, Cass—this is why you went into the program in the **first** place, isn’t it—to come to terms with them? Well, you did it.”

“Hmmm.” I’d never thought of it that way. He **did** help, though!

The problem was that everyone else had come to terms with it, too. And I think most of the guys in class were making up for lost time. I was getting fingered left and right! And,

jeez, I had already had two and by the time we got to art, I was hovering on the edge of a third.

I thought I might have to ask for relief—until I walked into art class. The couch that had been there all week was gone. In its place—was a **bed**.

Mrs. Taylor called us over. “I want to go for broke today, as it’s our last day, but you have to approve. Have you two been intimate with each other?”

“Yes,” I said with a smile.

“In fact,” Frankie added, “we’ve kind of found each other this week. We’re going out.”

“Great!” she said. “You two make a great couple. Anyhow, would you mind being intimate—or at least giving the **illusion** of being intimate—to the class?”

“Not at all,” I said. Frankie agreed.

“Great.” We got up front, and Mrs. Taylor explained to the class that they were going to get to draw two people who looked like they were going all the way. “Frankie and Cassie have agreed,” she told them. “I have two positions in mind. Neither are missionary, as that’s boring,” she laughed.

First, she had Frankie lie on the bed, giving the class a side view. Then, she said to me, “OK, Cassie. Straddle him. Just kind of sit on his crotch. We’re going for the standard female superior here. Now, class, if Frankie’s penis happens to poke out somewhere, **don’t** draw it. As I said, the drawing are supposed to look like they’re doing it.”

“Well, we’ll just eliminate any possibility of any stray penis shots, then,” I grinned. I crawled on top of him, grabbed his dick, aimed, and lowered myself on it.

“OH MY GOD!” Missy yelled. “Cassie....you....you **didn’t**!”

“Well, it’s not the first time,” I grinned evilly at her. “Although, this **is** a new position.”

“Yup,” Frankie grinned.

“Cassie, you didn’t have to do that,” Mrs. Taylor said.

“I know,” I grinned.

“You might not have wanted to. You’re forgetting something. This has to be a pose.” She grinned at me. “You can’t move.”

“Oh, shit,” I said with a blush and a grin. “Oh, well.”

“Well, if you think you can stay there for twenty minutes without moving,” she laughed. “Anyhow, Cassie, we’re not done. Take your hair out of the ponytail.” I did. “I want you straight up and down, arms at your sides. Frankie? Your hands on her hips, please. And bend your knees so that your thighs are supporting her butt.” We got into position. Oh, Jesus, that bending his knees thing forced him deeper into me! “OK, that’s good. Stay right like that.”

Stay right like that?

Oh Jesus. Me and my bright ideas. There I was, sitting on him, with his dick **all** the way up in me, and I couldn’t move. And I was on a knife’s edge **before** that.

And this was **my** crazy idea—what was it doing to poor Frankie? “I’m sorry,” I whispered down to him.

“What for?” he grinned.

“For torturing us like this.”

“Oh, but what delicious torture it is,” he grinned. I had to smile. “Cass, just hold on. We’ll be able to finish this. I’m actually enjoying it. Just try to relax, then it won’t be so torturous. And it was a **great** idea.”

I smiled at him, and tried to do what he said—relax. It wasn’t easy. Not as close as I was. But I managed to relax enough to take **some** of the edge off. And I realized it felt **great**. Having him in me like this was amazing. It made me feel so close to him. It was like he was a part of me.

“How are you doing?” Frankie asked after a while.

“I love you,” was what I said.

“I love you, too.” We held that pose for twenty minutes! How I didn’t give in to the urge and start slamming myself up and down on him is beyond me. But, towards the end, I really **did** relax.

The strangest thing was when Mrs. Taylor said, “OK, you two. Relax. Take a break.” I hoisted myself off of him. And as he popped out of me, after having been in me for twenty minutes—well, it felt like I had just cut my arm off. It was such a sense of **loss** I can barely describe it.

He felt it too, I could see it in his eyes. Mrs. Taylor let us rest. We sat on that bed and looked at each other for five minutes.

“OK. Now, there’s one I want to try, but I don’t know if it’s going to work. The difference in your heights might hurt us, but we’ll try it. Frankie, on your knees, middle of the bed, side profile to the class.” He did so. “Now lower yourself. Bring your ass

down so it's resting on your calves. Legs tight together" He did that. "Now, Cassie, kneel right in front of him. Now back up so your legs are outside his. Then lower yourself into his lap." I did this. I didn't put him inside me—yet. "Does that work?"

"I think so," I grinned—then I **did** raise myself up and lower myself onto him. "Yep, works just fine," I grinned.

"Good. Leave your arms at your sides. Frankie, your arms around her waist," Mrs. Taylor said. "OK, hold that for as long as you can."

"This might be a bit hard on my legs, and I **do** have to pitch this afternoon," Frankie grinned.

"Good point. Draw quickly, everyone!" Mrs. Taylor laughed. The scritch of pencil on paper started.

"Oh, God," I moaned. "This is incredible."

"I know what you mean," he whispered.

"Having to take you out of me after the first pose was horrible."

"I'm glad I'm not the only one who felt that," he said.

"How are your legs?" I asked.

"Fine at the moment."

"Good," I said. "I **like** this one. We're so wrapped together, it almost feels like we're one person."

"You're incredible, you know that?" he whispered.

"So are you." We held it for a good fifteen minutes. With the exception of a short break, I had been holding him in me for more than a half hour. When this ended, and we had to get up and go to lunch, I was going to feel terribly empty.

And he was reading my mind. "Screw my legs," he whispered, "I could stay like this for hours."

"OK," Mrs. Taylor said. "You guys have five minutes to finish up. Cassie and Frankie, you can break the pose now. You can untangle and walk around, or you can do whatever you need to do," she grinned. "You two must be seriously on the edge."

"Uh-huh!" I agreed, to the laughter of the class. I immediately started moving up and down on him.

“Warning,” he said in a strained whisper, “you don’t have much time.”

“I won’t need much,” I grinned, and kept moving on him. He still has his arms wrapped around me, and he helped lift me up off him and lower me. It took less than a minute—and I absolutely exploded. I came **so** hard I completely lost my rhythm and just kind of flopped around in his lap. I thought I wouldn’t be able to bring him with me. Luckily, the vicious spasming of my pussy took care of **that**. I felt him pour himself into me.

“OH MY GOD!” I yelled as I came—completely forgetting I was being watched by the art class! Nobody seemed to mind. Most of the class was grinning. Well, not Missy and Laura, but who cared about **them**?

I fell forward, collapsing on the bed—and felt that strange sense of loss again as he slipped out of me. Then he came down next to me and hugged me.

“You two OK?” Mrs. Taylor asked. We grinned and nodded. “Well, class is almost over. We’ll talk about the drawings on Monday, and we’ll discuss life drawing as a whole then. But I think we should all give Frankie and Cassie a round of applause for being so cooperative and such good sports. And for the little extra show today.” The class exploded in applause.

The bell rang, and the class started to file out. We were still sprawled on the bed.

“Honey, we need to go to lunch,” Frankie said to me.

“Oh, God, **carry** me!” I joked.

“Sure,” he said, got down off the bed, reached over, and **picked** me up! And started carrying me out of class! I couldn’t believe it! It was so sweet. I wrapped my arms around his neck as he carried me. “Someone grab that door!” he yelled, and someone did. As we walked out of class, he looked at me and said, “Sorry, wrong threshold.”

“You’re a nut,” I beamed at him. We were out in the halls, which were starting to get crowded. **Everybody** was staring at me being carried down the hall.

“You’d better put me down,” I said. “We’re causing a scene. Besides, if you throw your back out and can’t pitch I’ll never forgive myself.”

“Ah, you don’t weigh anything, and I’m stronger than I look.” But he put me down. Probably because so many people were gathering around and staring and laughing that it would’ve taken us a year to get to the lunchroom!

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

FRANKIE

You know, I thought I knew what sex was. After yesterday with Cass, I even thought I knew what **great** sex was. What had just happened in art? I'm not even sure that was **sex**. I think it was a step higher, or something. It was incredible.

And I **liked** carrying her down the halls. Thought, it's true, I don't know how long my back would've liked it.

After what had happened in the past hour, I had the sinking feeling I was going to pitch like shit this afternoon!

Anyhow, we got to lunch, and the first thing we noticed at the table was Amanda and Natalie—both in the art class—staring at us in open-mouthed awe.

“That,” Amanda said, “was the most incredible thing I’ve ever seen.”

“That works, because it’s the most incredible thing I’ve ever **done**,” Cassie replied.

“Ditto,” I threw in.

“What happened?” Ed asked. Natalie and Amanda explained it, with Cass and I throwing in our two cents.

“That sounds like it was something else,” Lily said.

“Yeah. Oh, that reminds me. Did you hear about the **other** something else going on today?” I asked her.

“No, what?”

“Your sister decided to unofficially start up the program in sixth grade. She’s traipsing around Westport Middle School naked.”

“You’re **kidding**!” Lily laughed. “Wait, how do **you** know this?”

“Because she’s got company,” I grinned. “My sister Rosa—and Cassie’s sister Tanya.”

“We walked here naked,” Cassie said, “and Rosa and Tan decided to join in. When we got to the middle school and they said they needed to get dressed, Amber overheard them and suggested they **don’t** get dressed, and that she’d strip, too. They agreed, and we saw them walk into the schoolyard together.”

“That’s rich,” Lily laughed. “Leave it to Amber, the little exhibitionist. She’ll be at the game today, I can’t wait to ask her what happened.”

“Yeah, I get to go to the whole game today, too,” Cassie said. I looked at her. “No band practice. We have a concert tomorrow.”

“Oh, yeah, that thing in the park,” I said. “And you in the nude,” I teased.

“Are you coming?”

“Of course,” I said.

Just then, there was an announcement over the loudspeaker. “All juniors will report to the auditorium after lunch. Repeat, all members of the junior class will report to the auditorium after lunch.”

“Hmm. Wonder what that’s about,” Ed said.

“They’re giving an award to Frankie and Cassie,” Natalie giggled. “Most inspirational poses in art class.”

“I already got my award,” Cassie said impishly.

“Uh-huh,” Natalie grinned. “Well, I guess we’ll find out soon enough.”

We finished lunch, and the group of us headed for the auditorium. Mr. Tilling was on stage as we all filed in.

“Can I have your attention?” he said, after the auditorium had filled. The room quieted down.

“The reason we’re here is to talk about a little problem we’ve had this week. Could I ask Cassandra Vyshenko to please come up on stage?” Cassie looked at me, obviously nervous. I just squeezed her hand and smiled at her. She smiled back, and headed up on stage.

“Now, Cassie, as we all can see, you’ve been in the program all week. What your classmates might not know is you asked to be placed in it. Can you tell us why?”

Cassie took a deep breath and said, “Well, as you can all see, I have scars. I was in a serious car accident when I was eight. And the scars have affected my life negatively. I’m too self-conscious about them. So, I wanted to do the program to kind of get over it.”

“Has it worked?”

“Actually, yes,” she grinned. “It started out kind of rough, and there were a couple of incidents that were very rough—but it’s ended up working. I’m going to go to the mall this weekend and buy six belly shirts,” she grinned. The whole auditorium laughed at that. “But it’s worked, I got great support from my partner, Frankie Gutierrez—who’s now my boyfriend.” She was interrupted by applause. “Yeah, I’ll applaud that, too,” she laughed. “And I also got great support from his friends, and a few of mine, and even people I don’t know. I think people got more used to the scars as the week went on. All the guys in here who decided to ignore the scars and have been feeling me up the last two

days—thank you very much!” The class applauded again—especially the guys!—and even Mr. Tilling was chuckling.

“I’m glad to hear this,” Mr. Tilling said, “but there’s been a few glitches, haven’t there.”

“Yes,” Cassie said with a grimace. “The pictures. And the writing on Mr. Riley’s map. I was humiliated by the pictures. But I decided not to be humiliated anymore. I’d like to see whoever did that go through what I went through this week.”

“You will. Will Melissa Jenkins and Laura Elliot please come up on stage?” Mr. Tilling said. I could see a commotion over in the corner. Missy and Laura plainly didn’t want to go up there, but they were being escorted by adults. I knew one of them—Missy’s father, who was a city council member.

“OK, Missy and Laura, we now have proof that the two of you did, at least, the pictures. Copies of those pictures were found on your computers,” Mr. Tilling said. Missy and Laura looked like they wanted to crawl under a rock. “And we’ve got both your parents here. What you did to Cassie was inexcusable. I have discussed applicable punishments with your parents.”

“Both of you will be entering the program next week.”

“WHAT!” I saw Missy yell. “You **can’t**!” she cried. Laura seemed far more sanguine about it.

“Yes, he can,” Missy’s father said.

“I can and I am. Both of you will report to my office Monday morning to meet your partners. And you will be in school naked all next week.” He turned back to the class. Missy was crying. Serves her right, I thought. “And, the rest of you? I hope you get a lesson out of this. Cassie did something incredibly brave this week. **Most** of you respected that—but some people didn’t. And a few people went way too far. The Program is a reality at Westport High School, and anyone going through it **will** be treated with respect. Dismissed—please head to your sixth period classes.”

I waited for Cassie to come down off stage, and we headed out.

“This is going to be tough for Missy,” Cass told me. “She’s as self-conscious about her weight as I am about my scars.”

“I’d like to say that maybe she’ll learn something, but, after what she did, I don’t know if she’s capable of that,” I said.

“Too true.”

We separated and went to our sixth period class.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

CASSIE

After the school day was over—my last in The Program—I got my naked butt over to the baseball field. Jared, Amanda, and Natalie were already there.

Natalie had her sketchbook. “Naked Frankie pitching pictures, coming right up!” she laughed.

“Hey, did you put anything in the arts festival tomorrow?” I asked her.

“Yeah. I just got done talking to Mrs. Taylor about that just now.” She grinned. “She actually asked me to put in the one from today, the first pose. So the whole town is going to see a drawing of you straddling Frankie. I hope you don’t mind.”

“Why would I mind?” I laughed.

“You’re going to be there, right?” she asked. “The band’s playing?”

“Yeah. I’ll be there. And they’re all going to see me nude playing the flute, so what the hell, right?” I laughed.

Just then, I heard, “Hey, Cass!” It was Tanya, with Rosa and Amber. And they were all still naked! “Amber was coming to the game and asked us if we wanted to come,” she said.

“I can’t believe you three made it through the whole day nude!” I said.

“It was a **blast**,” Rosa said.

“Yeah, it was,” Amber agreed. “I’ve been wanting to do this for a while.”

“Did you get touched?” I asked.

“Oh, **yeah**,” Rosa said enthusiastically.

“We have health class together,” Amber said, “and the teacher asked us if we wanted to, you know, be the class guinea pigs. And we all said yes,” she grinned. “We got touched a **lot**.” She giggled, and her voice got lower. “I came three times.”

“Only twice for me,” Tanya said, “but they were two **good** ones!”

“Well, I only went once,” Rosa said. “I guess I’m slow,” she giggled. “But I screamed so loud I think I busted the eardrums of the boy that was doing me! And I came again at lunch when someone slipped their hand under the table,” she giggled.

“How did the teachers react?” I asked.

“Mostly so-so,” Tanya said. “Some of them are such old farts. The health teacher was great.”

“The principal said, though, we had a right to do it,” Rosa added, “so the teachers couldn’t say anything.”

“I thought you might freak out at being touched,” I said.

“Oh, man, I **loved** it!” Tanya said.

“Now we just need some **boys** to go naked!” Amber added.

“Hey, Cass,” Tan asked me, “how young were you the first time you, you know, did it?”

Uh-oh. “Fourteen,” I said.

“Did it hurt?” she asked.

“Yes,” I answered honestly. “It usually does the first time.”

“Lily was thirteen, and said it only hurt a little,” Amber said.

“Well, I’ll be honest,” I said. “It hurt me a **lot**—but only for a couple minutes. It goes away pretty quickly.” I looked at Tanya. “Tan, you’re probably still too young, because you’re too small.”

“I know,” she grinned, “but that doesn’t mean I can’t **think** about it.”

“Yeah, but you know what?” Amber said. “I can wait. As long as I can get somebody’s **fingers** down there as a substitute!”

“Yep!” both Rosa and Tan said simultaneously.

“And I’m younger than the two of you, I’m not even twelve yet,” Amber continued.

“So, are you guys going to get dressed?” I asked.

“No!” they all said.

“Good, you can keep me company.”

“Oh, I’m surprised Jared and Amanda haven’t already done that,” Amber giggled.

“Not today for me,” Amanda said. “I prefer to stay clothed when I’m having my monthly visitor,” she giggled.

“I wonder what would happen if anyone got stuck in the program when they were having their period?” I asked.

“Hmmm. Good question. That could be embarrassing,” Amanda said. “Well, Kristie Jarret got to postpone her program week for a week last January, and all I heard was that it was for a ‘personal health’ issue, so maybe you can get out of it if you’ve got your period.”

“I’d hope so,” I said.

Just then, the team came out on the field. Frankie came out to the mound to start his warm-ups.

“Hey, the pitcher is naked!” someone yelled.

“He must be in The Program this week,” someone else said.

“Hey, he’s **cute!**” someone else yelled.

“Nice ass, pitcher!” was next.

I stood up and yelled as loud as I could, “The naked pitcher is **TAKEN!**” The whole crowd laughed, and Frankie stopped his warm-ups and grinned at me.

“I feel like a kept man,” he yelled from the mound.

“I’m having ‘Property of Cassie Vyshenko’ tattooed on your ass!” I yelled back. He grinned, and then went back to his warm-ups.

The game started, and Frankie got the first three outs in quick order.

Our offense struck quickly. After one out, Lily hit a single, and Mike doubled her home. Ty struck out, but Eddie hit a homer, bringing Mike home. Quick three-nothing lead.

Frankie came back out to the mound, and he was cruising. His knuckleball was really dancing, and the other team was looking foolish. We got a couple more runs in the next few innings. He gave up one long drive in the fourth, but Lily, playing center field, flagged it down.

It was as he came out to pitch the seventh that Natalie said it. “You know, no pitcher in the history of Westport High has ever pitched a no-hitter. Ed told me that. The betting was that Lily was going to do it this year.”

“Hmm,” I said. Frankie cruised through the seventh. Lily hit a homer in the bottom of the seventh. The lead was up to 8-0 and there was no suspense as to the outcome. The suspense was, would they get a hit? **Damn**, I was nervous!

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

FRANKIE

Yes, I knew. Of course. And I'm not superstitious, either. Lily isn't—something she told us all when she flirted with a no-no the first game of the season—and knows I'm not. After she hit the homer in the seventh, she sat next to me on the bench.

"You're gonna beat me to it, aren't you?" she grinned.

"Best I've ever thrown in my life is a three-hitter," I said. "This would be a miracle."

"You've got it going on today, though, pal," Ed butt in. "That knuckleball is dancing like Gene Kelly."

"Yeah, that's why I've walked three people," I laughed.

"So it won't be a perfect game. A no hitter is a no hitter," Lily said.

"Let's not count any chickens. Six more outs," I said.

"We'll get 'em," Ed said confidently.

He had to make good on that in the eighth. The first pitch I threw was a knuckler that didn't knuckle, and the guy hit a **rocket**. Right at Ed. One out, and he gave me a big grin. The second guy worked me to a full count, but I ended up striking him out with a well-chosen curve ball. The next guy hit a weak grounder to Rick Paschal, our shortstop. Three up, three down.

Three more outs.

I had to lead off the bottom of the eighth. Thinking more about pitching than hitting, I struck out on three pitches. Who cares? We were up eight runs.

I was quickly back on the mound. Threw my warm-ups, and then took a glance at the stands. Cassie smiled at me—and then showed me her hands, both with her fingers crossed. Hey, every little bit helps, huh?

First batter got a hold of one. Thank goodness for Lily, she tracked it down.

Second batter hit a grounder to Ed. He handled it no problem. Two outs.

One to go.

I threw ball one. Came back with a great knuckleball for strike one. Mikey put down the sign for the slider—which I threw rarely—and it fooled the batter completely. One ball, two strikes. Then I came back to the knuckleball.

He didn't have a chance. Strike three. Game over. And the first no-hitter in Westport High history. I was absolutely stunned, as Mikey and Ed and Ty tackled me.

"Nice pitching," Ty said. "For a scrawny Mexican."

"Hey, and you caught all the throws to first. There's a miracle right there," I volleyed back.

Lily came running in from center and hugged me. "Great job. I'll just have to be the second, then," she grinned.

Then I looked over to the stands. Cassie was standing up, yelling and screaming, tears running down her face. I went over to her, pulled her out of the stands, and hugged her.

"That was phenomenal," she said through sobs. "I'm so happy for you. I was so excited in the ninth inning, I almost bit my fingernails right off."

"Tell me about it," I grinned. "Love you."

"Love you too," she replied.

The locker room was raucous. The usual "don't talk before Coach gets here" rule was thrown right out the window. Today, Coach didn't mind. Afterwards, Cassie and I—still nude—walked Tanya and Rosa—still nude—back home. Of course, I told Mom all about the no-hitter. She was thrilled.

Then we headed down to the Mariner for the traditional after-a-Friday-game seafood fest. Still nude. Jared and Amanda joked that we were turning into **them**! It really had become very comfortable.

We went back to Cassie's bed.

"I want to try something," she said as we got there. "Turn on the TV, find something you want to watch." I did. "Baseball. That figures," she smirked at me. "Luckily, I like baseball. Now, lie on the bed, on your side, facing the TV." I did. "Now, let's see," she said, and lie down in front of me, so that we were in spoon position. She lifted her upper leg and placed it over my legs. Then she grabbed my dick, gave it a couple jerks to get it to full-mast, and then placed it at the entrance to her pussy. "Push," she said, and I did. It slid right in. "Now stop. Don't move."

"Uh-oh," I said. "Art class."

"Yeah," she giggled. "I want to see how long we can hold it. If you can't anymore, by all means, go to town. But it felt so fantastic today that I wanted to try it."

"OK," I said.

We lie like that, watching the baseball game, me buried all the way in her. It was fantastic. Yes, it was a bit, oh, torturous, but it was also fantastic.

“Wow. An hour,” Cassie said after an hour had gone by.

“How are you?” I asked.

“Fantastic.”

“Ditto,” I replied.

After an hour and a half, Cassie said, “This is the most incredible experience of my life.”

“I agree,” I said. “And the Dodgers are losing, even.” I was a huge Dodgers fan.

“Oh, you’re **such** a brat,” she giggled.

“Imagine what your cum is going to be like once we finally do it.” I whispered.

“OOOOOHHHH!!!!”

“Two hours,” she said in amazement when we got to that point. The ball game was ending. “I think two hours is my limit. I am **burning up** down there,” she hissed.

“Good,” I said, and started gently rocking back and forth, moving in and out of her.

“OH GOD!” she screamed. “Oh it’s so good!”

I was right. Her orgasm—which came quickly—was explosive. The **second** one, which followed quickly on the heels of the first, was even more so. Mine? Unbelievable. Just unbelievable.

The funny thing is, I didn’t go down. I stayed hard. And I stayed in her. And we fell asleep like that.

--end of part Five—

FRANKIE AND CASSIE NAKED IN SCHOOL
PART SIX
SATURDAY

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN
CASSIE

That has got to be the strangest sensation I've ever felt. Strange in a good way, I mean. Waking up with my boyfriend's hard cock buried all the way in me. And we'd been like that all night!

"You awake?" I whispered.

"Yeah," he said.

I giggled and said, "I think we beat two hours. Even if we did sleep through it."

"Yup. But, wow, the **dreams** I had!"

"I know what you mean," I giggled.

He pulled out of me then. "Hey! Get back in me!" I pouted.

"Just readjusting. If I stay in that position any longer, I'm going to get cramps." I giggled as he rolled me over onto my back. Then he climbed on top of me, and plunged into me.

"Oh, MAN," I howled. "Oh do I need **this!**" Well, what do you expect? Having him in me all night. Oy. That creates a whole new **level** of horny, believe me.

I think I came in about four seconds. And then I got to three before he came inside me.

"Wow," I said when we were done. "I thought you'd come quicker than that! Not, believe me, that I'm complaining, not for a second." I giggled.

"Well, I might have been a wee bit desensitized, actually," he said. "Or I came in you during the night some time. It was so wet in there when I woke up that I have no idea **whose** wet it was."

"Possible," I giggled. "Who cares, right?"

"I certainly didn't, I'd rather hold out anyway. Do you know how great you look when you cum?" he smiled at me. "I love watching it."

"Good. I plan on making you watch it quite a bit!"

"Fine by me," he laughed. "Miss Insatiable."

"Got **that** right," I grinned. "Hey, I think we need a shower."

"I think you're right," he said. So, we took one.

Afterwards, we went downstairs. Mom was making breakfast.

“Hi, kids,” Mom said. “Sleep well?” We both looked at each other and started cracking up. We couldn’t help it. “Did you sleep at **all**?” Mom asked, bemused.

“Yeah,” I said. “We slept.”

“Then what’s so funny?”

“Well,” I said, blushing, “We fell asleep before Frankie, er, disengaged, so to speak. And woke up that way.”

“Hmmm. I’ll have to tell your father that one,” Mom grinned. “That sounds like fun.”

“I did **not** need to know that,” I grinned back. “Where is Dad, anyhow?”

“Had to run a few errands,” Mom said.

“You guys are coming today, yes?”

“Of course,” she said. “It’s going to be kind of unusual, though, watching you play in the nude.”

“I’m actually looking forward to it,” I grinned.

“You’ve become so much more comfortable with this,” Mom said. “There’s one thing you have to remember, though, and I hate to worry you but you need to think of this. This Arts Festival is open to the whole community, not just the high school students. A lot of people in town are going to see the scars.”

“I thought of that,” I said. “Somehow, at some point this week, I stopped caring.”

“Really?” She turned and said, “Why, thank you, Frankie!”

“It **wasn’t** me!” he protested, giggling. “**She** worked it all out. Not me.”

“I think you helped,” Mom said.

Just then, Tanya came stumbling down the stairs, staring at Frankie and I.

“Morning, Tan,” Mom said.

“Morning.” She was still glaring. “Some people are too loud in the morning.”

“Sorry, Tan, we wake you up?” I asked.

“No. I was already awake. Now I’m awake and **horny**. If you guys keep sleeping over here, I’m gonna need a boyfriend!” she spat out. Then she stormed off to the living room and flicked on the TV.

“Uh-oh,” Mom said. “We seem to have opened up a can of worms. I don’t know if I can deal with a horny **twelve** year old. I have enough trouble with a horny seventeen-year-old!”

“Yeah, well, at least my horniness is taken care of,” I giggled. That’s when I got the brainstorm. It was nasty, sure. But, hey, it **was** our fault she was this horny, wasn’t it?

“Frankie,” I said. “Since we did this to her, maybe you should take her upstairs and take care of it for her.”

Poor Frankie was drinking a cup of tea, and almost dropped it! “What? Are you **crazy**?”

To my surprise, Mom was calmer, but she did say, “I’ve seen Frankie naked, and I think he might be a bit big for Tan.”

“Of **course**!” Frankie agreed. “Geez, Cass, she’s **twelve**! I know I’m not the most well-endowed seventeen-year-old in the world, but I’d **still** split her in two!”

“Well, that’s not what I was thinking,” I said.

“What **were** you thinking, then?” Mom asked.

“I was thinking of those magical knuckleballer’s fingers of his,” I grinned. “Or maybe his tongue, which is pretty magical itself.” I looked at Frankie. “**You** already got off this morning. If you get all worked up again, **I** will take care of it. I want you to help **her**.”

“I wasn’t thinking of myself,” Frankie said.

“I know you weren’t,” I said. “What do you say?”

“I still feel funny about it,” he said. That’s when we heard a frustrated moan from the other room. Frankie chuckled and said, “Someone’s gotta teach that girl how to masturbate.”

“Not the same thing, sweetie,” I grinned. “Come on. Look, she’s my sister. **I want** you to.” I saw Frankie look at my mother, and Mom gave a little nod.

“Just no going all the way,” Mom said.

“Good. Frankie, go up into her room. I’ll have her there in a minute,” I said.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

FRANKIE

OK, I can see where some people would think it was sick. I was seventeen. She was **twelve**. But I wasn't going to do anything for **myself**. And it **was** our fault that she was so worked up. And the love of my life asked me to. And her mother didn't seem to mind.

I was waiting in Tan's room, and then there she and Cassie were. And Tan was naked!

OK, I admit it. I had noticed this when we walked to school yesterday. With no clothes on, Tan looked a lot older than 12. She was well-developed for her age. Not huge, but enough. And she **looks** like Cassie. Not identical, of course, but enough.

"What's going on?" Tan asked.

"We worked you up, so Frankie's going to take care of it for you. I asked him to." Tan looked back and forth from me to Cass, wide-eyed. "No fucking, you're too young and he'd hurt you," Cassie continued. "But there's other ways. Go lie on the bed."

She did. "Are you staying?" I asked Cass.

"Unless you'd rather I not."

"I'd rather you **did**," I grinned.

"Good," she said, and sat down on a chair. She was nude—neither of us had bothered to get dressed. I looked at Tan, and said, "Lie down. Relax. You'll **enjoy** this, OK?"

"OK," she smiled, and lie down. I started with her boobs, my hand on one and my lips on the other. Like I said, they were good sized for a 12-year-old. More than filled my mouth, for sure. And her nipples were mighty responsive. When she really started moaning at my attention to her boobs, I moved my hand down.

She was wet. **Really** wet. And her pussy felt different under my hand than any I had ever touched. She wasn't completely smooth, but the hair she did have was light and downy and short. And her pussy just felt—I don't know—dainty. I can't come up with a better word.

I traced my fingers up and down her pussy. I trailed around her entrance—I didn't go **in**, but I circled the outside of it, making her jump. Then I traced back up and down her pussy—then, very gently, rubbed her clit.

"NNNNGGGGGHHHHH!" she yelled, as she **jumped**! "OH GOD!" she moaned. And then she started cumming up a storm. She **was** horny!

I didn't let up, either. Just as she was coming down, I moved down and put my mouth on her. The taste was rather different—sweeter—and she was smaller so I had to be careful aiming. But aim I did. The minute my tongue hit her pussy lips, she started moaning again. I gently headed for her clit with my tongue, and circled around it. That made her

moan harder. Then I flicked her clit with my tongue. I think it took about four flicks, and she came hard again.

I climbed up next to her as she came down. “Better?” I asked.

“Oh, yeaaaaaaah!” she moaned. She grinned, and kissed me on the cheek. “Thanks, Frankie.”

“You’re welcome,” I smiled.

She looked down. “You look a little, well, uncomfortable, though,” she giggled.

“I’m fine.”

“No, you’re not, but you will be,” I heard from behind me. I had been leaning on my side, facing Tanya—and, all of a sudden, I was on my back. And Cassie was straddling me.

“You’ve been a good boy, helping my sister out like that. You deserve a reward,” she said, and she sunk down on top of me. “Oh, I got **so** horny watching you do that to her!” she gasped.

“I can tell,” I laughed. I glanced over to Tanya, still beside us in the bed. Her eyes were **wide** open!

“You get a nice close-up, Tan,” Cassie giggled. Then she went to town on top of me.

“Wow....” Tan said, “Except I’m gonna get **going** again!”

“Use your hand,” I managed to tell her, “like I did. Slow and easy, then work up.” She nodded. Then I forgot, mostly, about Tanya and concentrated on Cassie bouncing up and down on top of me.

I have to say, **this** is a scenario I’d never envisioned. Having my girlfriend on top of me, fucking her brains out on my dick, while her little sister—who I had just eaten out—was in the bed next to us frigging herself.

No, we didn’t all cum at once. Cassie went first, I followed, and Tanya—who was working on number three—finished herself off shortly thereafter, Cassie and I grinning at her.

“Wow!” Tanya said when she was done. “Three? Oh my God.”

“Well, if you’re anything like your sister, this is just the first step. Shortly, you’ll be insatiable,” I joked.

“I think I already **am**!” she blurted out, to laughter.

“All right, that’s enough fun,” Cassie said. “I need to get ready to go play the flute.”

“Tan?” I said. “Not a word, OK? Not even to Rosa.”

“He’s right,” Cassie said. “If you breathe a **word** of this, I’ll never let him do it again,” she giggled.

“My lips are sealed!” Tanya said.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE CASSIE

When we finally got downstairs, I couldn’t believe it. Mom was grinning. I was shocked she went **along** with it. But **grinning**?

“Feel better, Tanya?” she asked.

“Oh **yes**!” Tan said. Mom cracked up. “He even showed me better how to do myself. My last one was by myself.”

“Oh, really?” Mom said. “And what were **you** two doing while she was doing herself?” Wow. Mom really **was** loosening up! Frankie and I just blushed.

“That’s what I thought,” Mom laughed. “Did you get a good view?” she asked Tan.

“Yup,” Tan answered, completely unselfconsciously. “The best. Cassie was on top so I saw **everything**.”

“Oh, Jesus,” I muttered. Poor Frankie just kept blushing more!

“Relax. I **told** you to take her up there, didn’t I?” Mom said.

After that, the conversation turned—well, **normal**—but I still thought about what had happened. I guess the strangest thing was how much it **didn’t** bother me. Though it was my idea, I thought I might have regrets afterwards. I didn’t. I probably would’ve if it had been anyone **other** than Tanya. Actually, if it had been anyone other than **Frankie**. I knew how loyal he was. I also knew he loved Tanya. Not romantically, but he did love her. And this was my sister, and **I** asked him to do it.

Of course, the fact that I got turned on beyond **belief** didn’t hurt! That **did** surprise me. I don’t have a lesbian bone in my body, so it wasn’t Tan that was turning me on, and it wouldn’t have been Tan even if she **wasn’t** my sister. And you’d figure I’d get **jealous**—not turned on—seeing my boyfriend working over another girl. But I didn’t. I wasn’t jealous at all, I was happy for Tan, and it was **such** a turn-on.

Anyhow, we ate lunch, then I had to go play the flute.

The Arts Festival was held in Westport Park, which is a big park downtown. There were art exhibits of all types, music, dancing. They even had food and souvenir concessions. The festival was sponsored by the High School, but everyone came.

I was in the school band—which is what everyone called it—but that was kind of a misnomer. It was the school bands. Plural. It was a group of musicians who formed different combos depending on the requirements of whatever gig was coming up next. Yes, we were a traditional ‘marching band’, especially during football season, or the town Fourth of July Parade. But we were also an **orchestra**. There were players in the orchestra that weren’t in the marching band—there are no violins in a marching band—and vice-versa. Plus there was a swing combo. Flute being a versatile instrument, I was in all three. There was also a string quartet, which of course I wasn’t in.

For the arts festival we’d be on a stage, so there was no marching band. I’d be playing with the swing combo and the orchestra. The string quartet would be playing, too. Now, though I **liked** the marching band, and the orchestra, the swing combo was my favorite.

We **really** worked up a head of steam. We even had singers. Al Porter, who was our guitarist, did some of the singing—but Ty Christopher, the best singer in the junior class, came up to sing a selection of Sinatra songs. Even Jared—a big Bruce Springsteen fan—came up and sang a swing version of “Red Headed Woman.” He, of course, sang it right to Amanda, who **is**. Red-headed, I mean. Jared’s best friend Dave—who plays trumpet in the marching band but saxophone with the swing combo—wailed a great solo.

I noticed something. I was watching Frankie—especially songs that I wasn’t playing, not every swing song has a flute part—and he was dancing up a **storm**! I didn’t know he could dance. He danced with Tan. He danced with Rosa. He even danced with my **mother**, while Dad was dancing with Tan. When Ty came up to sing with us, he danced with Ty’s girlfriend, Emma. He danced with Emma’s best friend Isabelle.

And he was **naked**! That was the funny part. He didn’t seem to care at all. He just kept dancing.

I’m glad he had all those people to dance with—I am most emphatically **not** a dancer. Musicians don’t dance. Schroeder said that, to Lucy. Words to live by. I guess baseball players **do** dance.

I did notice, however, when he **didn’t** dance. We were playing “Fly Me To The Moon”, a song with a prominent and rather tricky flute part. He was watching intently during **that** one, grinning at me. That felt **real** good. And I nailed it.

After we finished—to thunderous applause, which was very gratifying—Frankie and I wandered around the festival. There were a few hours before I’d have to go play with the orchestra. We got some food, and wandered around the various exhibits. There was drama going on in one corner of the park, dance exhibitions in the other. The artwork was scattered. Emma had some sculptures there, she’s very talented. And then we found Natalie’s drawings.

Oh, she's **so** good. I guess Mrs. Taylor convinced her to really go nuts, because she had a lot of stuff up. Her exhibit was one of the most popular. And, it seemed, the most popular **item** in that exhibit was the one she had done yesterday, the one with me straddling Frankie.

When we got there, there were a group of older women looking at it intently. I mean **really** intently. They couldn't take their eyes off of it. We're talking six women, and they were about in their sixties. And they couldn't take their eyes off of it. It was hilarious. It was **more** hilarious when they turned, saw us—stark naked, remember—and quickly realized we were the couple in the drawing. They couldn't decide whether to stare at us, or stare at the **picture** of us. It really was funny. Especially when Frankie smiled at them, pointed at the picture, said, "She's good, huh?" and then took my hand and led us away from them.

We got a distance away, looked at one another, and just started **laughing**!

"So," I giggled, "were you telling them **I** was good, or that **Natalie** was good?"

"Both," he said. We cracked up again.

The rest of the day passed nicely. I went back up onstage and played with the orchestra. Then we went home.

In bed that night, Frankie said, "You know, sooner or later, I'm going to have to sleep at **my** house."

"OK. I vote for later," I giggled.

--The End---

