

MIKE AND LILY NAKED IN SCHOOL
PART ONE
MONDAY

CHAPTER ONE
LILY

Shit, hell, and damnation.

I had come into school on the Monday of my most important week since I came to Westport High, and I got called down to the office.

And I knew what it was. The Goddamn Program.

I'm Lily Woodard. I had only been in Westport since Christmas—and it was the end of March, so it hadn't been that long. We moved here from the Boston area—where, at my school, I had been Big Chick On Campus. Being uprooted in the middle of my junior year was no fun, but Dad got a great job opportunity here that he couldn't turn down. I understood.

But I was a nobody here at Westport. You move in mid-year, and nobody knows you. The friendships and the little clubs and the cliques had all been formed, and you were on the outside looking in.

That was fine. I knew who I was, what I was capable of. I knew I'd have my chance to shine. And that chance started this week. But not if I was going into The Program!

Look, I have nothing against The Program. When I came to Westport, and heard about it, and read the brochures, I thought it was a neat idea. We didn't have anything like it in my old school. Now, don't misunderstand me, Boston's always been a pretty liberal place, and with the recent loosening of society's mores, it's a **really** liberal place. Walking past two people fucking on Boston Common in the middle of the afternoon isn't unheard of. And you'd occasionally stumble past a mad boinking on the grounds of my old school. But they didn't have anything specifically like The Program there.

And, like I said, I thought it was a great idea. I'd seen how it worked. I had the program director, Ms. T, for biology first period, so any time we had a participant in class, I'd see how it worked. I even got asked to give one of my classmates some relief one morning, which I gladly did, and thought it was fun. I'm not a prude, nor am I ashamed of my body. I've had sex, enjoyed it, and can't wait to do it again. And I wouldn't mind at all participating in The Program.

But not **this** week.

Which is what I tried to explain to Mr. Tilling, the principal.

“Look, Mr. Tilling, I’m **not** asking to get out of this, at all! I **want** to do The Program—just not **this** week! All I’m asking for is a postponement.”

“Lily, the only acceptable excuses for postponement are illness, or something important that’s going to keep you out of school for most or all of the week.”

“What about a very important **school** activity that I can’t do in the nude?”

“What can’t you do in the nude?” he asked.

“Throw a baseball. Tryouts are this week for the team. I’m planning on trying out. I’m a pitcher. And I’ve **never** tried to pitch in the nude, and I **don’t** see how I can do it with **these** things flapping around!” I poked at my boobs.

“Baseball? **You**? A girl has never played baseball at Westport High.”

“So, I’ll be the first. I pitched for my old school. Varsity. Both years, that includes freshman year. I’m good, and I aim to prove it. But I can’t see how I can do that if I can’t at least wear a sports bra during tryouts to retain these things.”

“Sorry, Lily. No sports bras. Look, this is a high-level baseball team. The competition in our conference is incredible. Why don’t you try softball, instead? That’s next week.”

“Because I don’t **play** softball, I play **baseball**!”

Just then, the door opened. A guy walked in. I didn’t know him, but I’d seen him around school. “Hey, Mr. Tilling,” he said. “Don’t tell me, let me guess. The Program?”

“The Program. And this is your partner. Lily Woodard, Mike Kirkland.” He came over to me, big smile, and shook my hand. I forced a smile and shook back.

“OK, you two. Let’s go. Off with everything.”

Damn. He wasn’t going to let me off the hook. Damn his stupid rules—and damn his prejudices. This was because I was a girl.

Look, I didn’t expect smooth sailing. I knew there’d be resistance. I was lucky—the guys on my old school’s team were largely guys I’d played with since Little League. I didn’t have to prove anything to **them**, because we moved right up the ladder together. But girls playing baseball **past** Little League—especially with the explosion in softball programs—was a novelty. But I figured I’d prove myself. Until this.

I stripped off my clothes in a huff, rolled them in a ball. I practically threw them at Mr. Tilling. I stormed out of his office. The other kid—Mike—was right behind me.

The usual crowd of gawkers was out in the halls, clapping and cheering. I knew the rules. They were going to watch. If they were going to grope, I had to let them. But the crowd

must have picked up the waves of frustration rolling off me, because they pretty much kept their distance.

Mike caught up with me. “Hey, you seem really upset with this.”

“It just completely fucked up my life.”

“Ah, it’s not so bad. I think it might even be fun.”

“Easy for **you** to say,” I snorted.

“Look, if there’s anything I can do....”

“You want to do something? Fine. Can you rustle me up a damn catcher?”

“A catcher.”

“Yeah, a catcher. You know, baseball?” I said snidely. “I have to try out **tomorrow**, and now, because Mr. Tilling is an asshole, I have to do it in the **nude**. And I’ve never pitched in the nude before, and I need to practice it, **tonight**, because I have **no** idea if I’m going to be able to snap off my slider with **these** fucking things bouncing around!”

I could see his eyes bouncing rapidly from my face to my boobs. “Yeah, I can see why that might be a problem. They’re not...er...insubstantial,” he stammered. OK, I admit it, I stifled a giggle. It was cute.

“Anyhow,” he continued—eyes now locked right on my face, which was cuter—“I have the answer to your problem. Starting catcher, varsity, and that’s last year, too. For a Sophomore, around here, that’s quite a coup. I can catch you.”

“Really?” It was the first thing that had gone right since I had gotten out of bed.

“Really. We can do it after school.”

“Oh, Mike, that’s great. Thank you. Shit, I don’t know if I want to do it **here**, though. If I’m having trouble, I’d rather not do so out on the field, **before** tryouts, where there might be people watching. Word gets around. And I’m going to face enough prejudice.”

“Prejudice?”

“As I was just informed, a girl has never played baseball at Westport High.”

“Ah. Well, anyway, the field is no problem. We can do it at my house. I’ve got the whole set up, regulation mound, plate sixty feet six inches away, the whole bit. We’ve even got lights if it gets dark. All the guys come over to my place to throw.”

“Really? Oh, that’d be great.”

“Sure. How do you get here? My place is in walking distance, that’s how I get here.”

“Oh, I drive. We live a couple miles away. I’m in Lot C. We can head over there after we meet at the entrance.”

“Sounds good. Got your glove?”

“I’m a baseball player, what do you think?” We both laughed. “It’s in my locker.”

“Great. See you after school, then.”

CHAPTER TWO

MIKE

Going into the program was no surprise. I looked forward to it.

Now, it wasn’t the greatest week for **me**, either. Though I didn’t have to try out, I **did** have to be there at tryouts to catch the pitchers. Well, at least I could wear the cup, shinpads, chest pads, and mask. Those are “protective equipment,” not clothes, so they’re allowed. Plus, we had a game Friday night, so I’d have to be nude for that, too.

So, I could use my little session with Lily to try catching with no clothes on, so that worked out. I was guessing the chest protector was going to itch like hell. Ah, well.

Lily. I thought about her quite a bit that day. A chick pitcher, huh? Well, she obviously thought she could throw. We’d find out. She seemed quite serious about this.

Shit, though, she didn’t look like any pitcher **I’d** ever caught. She was gorgeous. She had dark brown hair, dark brown eyes, a cute little pug nose. She was tall—had a couple inches on me, actually. And she was **built**. Oh, yeah, her bust, of course—but not just that. I noticed when she was walking nude in front of me that her thighs were like tree trunks. And her ass had a woman’s curves—but I saw the muscles clench up in it and they were prominent. From the waist up, she was all girl—except for her right arm, which did look like it had hurled a few fastballs.

And, OK, yeah, she had boobs. Rather large ones.

Anyhow, I went through the day. It was fine. I got groped a little, that was fine. I didn’t have to ask for relief, because I was pretty mellow about the whole thing. Didn’t mind doing so if I ever felt the need, but I was OK. All right, I admit it—somebody in the girls’ locker room at gym jerked me off to an orgasm. Which might have been one of the reasons I didn’t have to ask for relief.

The day got through, and I went to the exit where Lily and I were supposed to meet and put our clothes back on. She was there waiting for me, glove and clothes in hand. “Hey,” I said.

“Hey. Ready to go?”

“Just let me get my clothes.” I did—and had to catch up with her, as she was already heading for her car.

We got in and I gave her directions to my place. She drove, not saying a word. Halfway there, I realized she had been moving so fast that I never did actually get dressed. Ah, well, whatever. I did say I was mellow about the whole Program. I was raised pretty liberally, never had any problems with nudity or sex or any of that. So, you know, whatever. It was fine.

“This is it,” I told her. She pulled up front. “Come on in. I’ve got to go get some equipment. Come on in, meet my Mom.”

She smiled, rather blankly, then it hit her. “Your **Mom**! Oh, shit, I’m sorry, Mike—I was in such a hurry I didn’t even give us a chance to get dressed. Here, let’s throw this stuff on before we go in.”

“What’s the point?” I laughed. “You’re just going to have to strip before you pitch, aren’t you? And I will, too, because I have to catch at tryouts and want to practice, since I have to be naked this week, too. Forget the clothes.”

“But...your **Mom**...”

“My Mom is cool,” I laughed. “She’s a child psychologist. Has her office right in the house, see that other entrance over to the side? That’s her office. She schedules her appointments so she’s done before I get off school. Anyhow, Mom says that, because of her job, she has seen **everything** and anything, and at least twice. And she says the worst thing you can pass off on a kid is repression and guilt. This is a very open-minded house. She won’t get fazed in the least about us walking in like this.”

“Well, OK. If you say so.” We got out, and went in.

“Mikey, is that you?”

“Yeah, Mom. Come on out and meet my friend.” She came on out, and I introduced them. “Mom, Lily Woodard. Lily, Elsbeth Kirkland.”

“Nice to meet you, Ms. Kirkland.”

“Please, call me Ellie.” Mom looked at me. “So, I take it The Program hit this week? What, do they make you come home from school naked, too?”

“Nah.” I explained the situation.

“Oh, yeah, I can see where that might be a problem,” Mom said. “So, you guys want some Coke or something before you head out there?”

“Yeah, that’d be great,” I told her. We sat down at the dining room table.

“Yes, please,” Lily said.

Mom went to get the stuff, and Marina came down stairs. She walked over and gave me a kiss.

“Hey, Mikey. You looking pretty good.”

“I bet you say that to all the guys,” I teased her. “Marina, this is Lily. Lily, Marina.”

“Nice to meet you.” They shook hands. She asked what was up, so we told her what was going on. “Cool. Well, Lily, you’re in good hands—this boy can catch. Have fun. Mikey, where’s your mother?” she asked me.

“Kitchen,” I told her. Marina went to find her. “Marina is Mom’s partner,” I told Lily.

“Oh. Your mother is gay?”

“Well, technically, she’s bi. I was actually created in the traditional way,” I laughed, “by your basic man-and-woman rutting. Though Mom and my father were never married, and **he** disappeared shortly after the ‘blessed event’. So she’s bi, and says she can love men and women, but I think she’s happier with women. I’ve seen both, and she’s happier with women. And it’s been a while since I’ve seen her with a guy, because she and Marina have actually been together six years now. Marina’s great, she really is a second Mom—and they’re great together. If this ass-backwards state ever got around to legalizing gay marriage, I think they’d consider it.”

Just then, Mom and Marina came back in with the cokes. We sipped them for a while, chatting about nothing in particular. Then I said, “Well, we should get out there soon. Let me go upstairs and strap on the ol’ tools, and grab my mitt. Be back down. Entertain her, eh?” I asked Mom and Marina. They just chuckled. And I headed upstairs to get my stuff.

CHAPTER THREE

LILY

So, there I was, sitting stark naked chatting to two women I didn’t know. Two **gay** women, mind you. Was I uncomfortable?

No, I wasn’t, actually. I was raised pretty open-mindedly myself. I like to think I’m open-minded. Every so often, though, you find yourself being tested.

The thing is, I liked them instantly, especially Mike’s mom, Ellie.

“So, you play baseball?” she asked.

“Yeah, played at my old school. We just moved here a few months ago from Boston. I **really** want to make the team here. I’m encountering prejudice already, and now I’m at a disadvantage.”

“We know all about prejudice,” Ellie said. “Marina and I, you see, are together.”

“Yeah, Mike told me,” I smiled at them.

“And even in this newfangled, sexual freedom, no inhibitions, everything’s great world—it still exists. It’s **better**, but it still exists. People take the whole ‘whatever makes you happy’ attitude, or so they say, but it still creeps in, especially when it comes to assumptions.”

“The one she gets,” Marina said, “is that a lesbian can’t **possibly** raise a **son**. I mean, a son needs a **man**, right?”

“I always say that I can relate to my son as well as any guy,” Ellie replied. “I mean, what do fathers talk about with their teenaged sons, anyway? Girls, right? **I** can do that!” I cracked up laughing at that.

“The one I get is the exact opposite,” I told them. “Because I’m in a sport that is traditionally and overwhelmingly male, I **must** be a complete butch lesbian, right?”

Ellie giggled. “I take it you’re not.”

“No, I’m straight,” I told them. “But girls who play guy’s sports can’t be straight. Especially if they’re good at them.”

“I take it you’re good,” Ellie said.

“I’m very good,” I grinned. “But, yeah, I must be lesbian because I’m not ‘feminine’ enough. Which is bullshit. It’s bullshit in general, because who says lesbians can’t be feminine; and it’s bullshit personally, because I can gussy up as well as any girl. I just don’t do it on the **baseball** field. But I can change from sweat and dirt and eyeblack to makeup and styled hair and a slinky dress so fast it’d make your head spin.” I sighed. “Of course, walking around school naked isn’t going to make that easier. The other thing that I get is that straight girls can’t have muscles, and I have them. And, walking around nude, I can’t hide them. The guys get a load of my thighs and butt and that just gives them another reason to think I’m butch or something.”

“Honestly, Lily,” Ellie said with a smile. “I **don’t** think the boys who see you like that are **really** going to notice your muscles. At least not at first. There’s a couple other things you can’t hide.”

I blinked—and then laughed. “Oh, you mean these two things that are going to get in my way when I try to throw my curveball?”

“Yes, those two things. I think those’ll get you noticed before the thigh muscles,” Ellie said.

I snorted out a giggle. “Earlier today, your son called them ‘not insubstantial.’ While he was desperately trying **not** to look at them. And failing miserably, I might add. It was actually rather cute.” We all laughed. Just at that moment, Mike came down, gear on, mitt in hand.

“What’s so funny?” he asked.

“Don’t ask. Trust me. Don’t ask,” his Mom told him.

“Whatever,” he stared at us. “Damn females, always talking where a guy can’t hear,” he muttered, which made us laugh even harder. He turned at the doorway from the dining room and the kitchen and stared at me. “Well, Pedro, you gonna come throw, or what?”

“Oh, he just wormed his way into my heart,” I told the ladies. “He called me Pedro.”

“Martinez,” Ellie told Marina. “Best pitcher around, plays for the Red Sox.” She turned back to me. “I know my baseball,” she told me.

“Well, she **did** grow up in Boston,” Mike said.

“And I am a member in good standing of Red Sox Nation. And Pedro’s my idol.” I got up out of the chair. “You can tell me if my changeup is as good as his.” I said to Mike.

“**Nobody’s** changeup is as good as his.”

“True story. Though mine’s pretty good.” He led me outside. It was a nice setup.

“OK, Pedro, climb the hill and let’s see what you got. Nice and easy, at first. Just warm up.” He crouched behind the plate, and I got on the mound. I threw a few easy ones.

“Hey, don’t blow yourself out, huh?” he called. “Nice and easy.”

“This **is** nice and easy,” I said. I threw a few more.

“What, are you trying to impress me?”

“Not **yet**,” I grinned at him. I threw a few more.

“OK, fine,” he said. “If that was nice and easy, fine. You should be warmed up. Fire one in here, full throttle.” I wound up and threw the heater, nice and hard.

“YEAOWWW!” he hollered, and then looked down at his catching hand. “Shit! That must have been 90!”

“Yeah, that’s about right. I’m usually at about 90. I hit 93, 94 on the gun every so often.”

“You throw ninety miles an hour?” He stared at me. Then he took off his mask, and looked down at the ground. He seemed upset. “I’m a jerk. I’m as prejudiced as everyone else.” I looked at him, totally confused. “This is my junkballer’s mitt,” he said, pointing to his catcher’s mitt. “We have a guy on our staff, Frankie Gutierrez, who doesn’t throw anything past 65. Knuckleballs, soft sinkers, you name it. But his ball really dips and weaves, and the catcher’s got to be agile. So I use this mitt for him, because it’s lightweight and flexible and it helps me keep up with his fluttering knuckleballs and dying quails. But it’s got very little padding.” He looked even more upset. “And I just grabbed it, without even asking you, because I just **assumed** that you were a junkballer. I mean, a **girl** can’t throw **hard**, right? I didn’t even ask. I just assumed. Serves me right to get my hand blown away by a ninety mile an hour heater.” He looked up at me. “I’m sorry. I’m an asshole. I’m going to get my other mitt.” He was gone back in the house before I could say anything.

I suppose I should have been upset with him for making that assumption in the first place. But how could I be upset with someone who was so contrite about it? And was absolutely adorable while doing it?

He came back out, still visibly upset with himself. So, I smiled and said, “Apology accepted. And you’re not an asshole.” He flashed me a little smile, and then put his mask back on.

CHAPTER FOUR

MIKE

It was not going well. We had been at it for a while, and it was **not** going well at all.

OK, I admit it. I was wrong. Wrong, wrong, stupid, and wrong. What an asshole. This girl could **throw**. She had five pitches, and her changeup **was** a thing of absolute beauty. Nobody’s in Pedro’s league, but for a high school kid? Fuck gender, for **any** high school kid to throw a 70 mph changeup that looks **just** like her 90 mph fastball? That’s a rare thing. She had two different fastballs, a hard slider, a soft curve, and the changeup.

But she was all over the place.

After watching the ball go everywhere except where it was supposed to—and after watching her get extremely frustrated, I stood up out of my crouch, and flipped up my mask.

“Look, you can obviously throw, but you’ve got no command.”

She glared at me.

“And you’re wild as shit.”

She **really** glared at me.

“I take it that these are not normal problems for you?”

“I pitched 85 innings last year and walked **twelve**.”

“Twelve?” That was unbelievable.

“Twelve.”

“How many K’s?”

“A hundred and two.”

My eyes bugged out of my head. “You had a strikeout/walk ratio of a hundred and two to **twelve**?”

“Told you I could pitch,” she said.

“Well, something’s obviously wrong today.” I figured I knew what it was. “It’s the boobs?”

“It’s the boobs,” she confirmed. “They get in the way of my release point, they get in the way of my follow-through. And they’re **damn** distracting.”

“Yeah, distracting, I’ll agree with that,” I blurted, then got embarrassed when I realized what I said. But Lily just laughed.

“Don’t get too distracted, I’m so wild I might take your head off.”

“Nah, my reflexes are fine,” I said. I walked out to the mound. “There must be something we can do. Shit, it’s not fair. And look at me, look at all the shit I’ve got on, and you’ve got nothing.”

“But that’s ‘protective gear’, not clothes.”

“I know.” Then I blinked. “Hey. Wait a minute!”

CHAPTER FIVE

LILY

“What?” I asked him.

“Hold on, hold on, give me a minute.” He was staring off into space. “Here. Come inside with me.” He headed off towards the house. When he got to the dining room table, he said “Sit,” and pointed. I sat. His Mom and Marina were sitting in the living room in a couch—the living room and dining room were one big room. Mike went over to a pile of papers on a small table in the corner. He ruffled through them, muttering, “Come on, come on, I know it’s in here.” His mother gave me a quizzical look. I just grinned and shrugged my shoulders.

“Got it!” He came over to the table. He had the brochure for The Program in his hand. I was completely confused. He sat next to me and started thumbing threw it. “OK, OK, I know it’s in here....here!” He started reading. “OK. Students in athletic competition, can’t wear uniform or undergarments, yadda yadda yadda.....yes! Here it is! ‘However, students in athletic competition **may** wear any padding, gauze, or tape considered necessary by the student for protection. This includes cups, protective padding, and helmets. This also includes taping and bandaging of any injuries, or other taping, as in a football player taping an ankle for stability.’ THAT’S IT!” He **bounced** out of his chair. “Wait here!” He excitedly ran up the stairs.

“ **What** is he **doing**?” I said.

His mom and Marina laughed. “Lily,” his mom began, “it is my experience that when Mikey gets a brainstorm, it is best to just let him go with it.”

“OK.” He came tearing down the stairs, a whole pile of shit in his hand. He dumped the shit on the table. From within the pile, he withdrew a large, wide, ace bandage.

“See?” he said. “We’ll tape ‘em!”

I looked up at him, and my eyes widened. “Oh, damn, Mike, that is a **good** idea!”

He laughed. “Stand up.” I did, and he started wrapping the bandage around my boobs. “Tell me if it’s tight enough or too tight.” I did, and he worked at it and got the tightness right. “OK, now move around. Do a windup or something. See if it’s stable enough.”

I did so, and it was stable enough, but..... “Is it tight enough?” he asked.

“Well, yeah, it’s plenty tight enough, nice and stable, but there’s another problem.” I swatted at the bandage. “This material. It’s like sandpaper. And it’s rubbing up against my **nipples**. Ow, ow, and **ow**.”

“Oh.” Mike looked crestfallen. Then he looked back at the table. “Wait a minute. Come here.” He unwrapped the bandage and took it off me. “OK, sit.” I did. He took a square gauze bandage out of the pile, and applied surgical tape around the edges. “I know this is going to hurt like a bitch coming off, but at least it’ll let you pitch.” He took the gauze and placed it right around my nipple, so it was covering it. Then he pushed and prodded and worked at it to make sure it stuck.

Oh, shit.

Pitching. Pitching. Concentrate on pitching, Lily, concentrate on pitching. And then he was doing the other one. Pitching. Pitching.

Shit. Who ever knew catchers had such gentle hands? Damn, I'd been touched before, but **fuck**. And this was when he was being clinical!

"Ok, that should hold. Stand up," he said. I managed to do so, don't ask me how. He then wrapped the ace bandage back around me. I calmed down a little—thank goodness—and he told me to walk around and do a windup and stuff.

ZING! Well, **this** wasn't going to work, that was plainly apparent. "Well, it's not painful, I'll say that," I told him with a little grin. "But I think the gauze is a little too...well.... stimulating."

"Oh," he blushed.

"Yeah. I wouldn't want to leave a puddle on the pitching rubber by the third inning," I grinned at him. Oh, I got a nice blush from him for that one. Ellie and Marina were giggling behind us.

"OK. Let me think. Let me think." He stood there for a minute. "Hey, this might work. Mom? Marina? Either of you two have a bra that you don't wear anymore? Even if it's ripped or broken or something?"

"Sure, I have one that I broke the shoulder strap on," Ellie said. "It's sitting in the pile to be tossed out, but I still have it." She grinned at her son. "You taking up cross-dressing, Mikey?"

"Could you just go get the bra, please?" Mike asked her. With a giggle she went to get it.

I wasn't sure where he was going with **that** one, but I just let him go with it. He unraveled the bandage, and then pointed me to sit, then he got the gauze off me. I suppose it hurt, having tape ripped off my boob, but, honestly, I didn't notice.

Pitching, Lily. Pitching.

His Mom came down with the bra. He grabbed it, and held it up. It was your basic, standard white bra. "I know sports bras tend to be less silky than this, but do you think you could pitch in a bra made of this material if you had to? I'm not talking about the restraint, I'm just talking about the material."

"Sure," I told him. "I actually did it once. I ripped one sports bra and my other was in the wash and it was fifteen minutes before game time, so I pitched wearing a bra rather like that one. The lack of restraint was a problem, but the material wasn't." I grinned at him. "You seem to know an awful lot about bras," I teased.

“Look who I live with,” he grinned, pointing at Ellie and Marina, who chuckled. “And all their friends are female. I’ve been in gatherings of twenty people where I’m the only guy. And all of them are open and unguarded. I know more about girls than most girls. Hell, I’m so surrounded by females I swear I get PMS by osmosis.” I **howled** at that—as did Ellie and Marina.

“Anyhow,” he said, sitting down. He took the bra, and cut a little square out of the cup material. OK, **now** I see what he was thinking. Damn, that **might** work. He took the little bra square, put the tape on it, and applied it to my boob.

I wonder if he noticed the little sigh that I couldn’t help escape my mouth.

Then he did the other one—pitching, Lily, pitching—and had me stand up. The ace bandage was quickly applied. I walked around and moved. And it seemed OK. Hey, I could **feel** the little squares—and it wasn’t an unpleasant feeling—but it wasn’t that bad. Since my tits were mashed into me by the ace bandage—which wasn’t the most comfortable thing in the world—it kind of balanced out. As long as they were out of my way, which they seemed to be.

“I think this just might work,” I smiled at him.

“Try it?” he said, grabbing his mitt. I nodded, and we went back outside. He crouched behind the plate, and I got on the mound, wound up, and threw the heater.

Strike fucking one. **Right** down the pipe. “Yes!” I shouted.

“Let’s see that slider,” he told me, and I ripped one off. It snapped off, nice and tight, and went right where I wanted it to.

“Damn, what a slider!” he enthused.

“This is great. They’re nice and out of the way, just like wearing a sports bra,” I said. I gave him my assortment of pitches, a couple of each. Everything worked, just the way it’s supposed to.

“Mikey, you’re a fucking **genius**!” I shouted. He came out of his crouch and took off his mask, grinning like a Cheshire cat.

“We’d better shut it down, you don’t want to wear yourself out before tryouts.”

“Yeah,” I said. I walked up to him, and kissed his forehead. Got another nice blush out of him. “Look, you’re a sweetheart,” I told him. “I was an absolute bear to you earlier, and you’ve been nothing but sweet. And you **are** a genius.”

“Ah, it’s nothing. And I know why you were a bear, you were frustrated, understandably so. Besides which, I’m glad I could help. You’re a good kid. And, I have to say, I **absolutely** want that right arm on my team!”

“I want this right arm on your team, too,” I smiled at him.

“Don’t see how you can miss,” he told me. “Come on, let’s go inside and get you undone.”

I’m sure I could’ve taken off all the stuff myself. I didn’t. I let him do it. Pitching was done for the day, right? So, I let him put his hands on my boobs and take the stuff off.

MmmmmmmMMMMMMMMmmmmmm!

My only problem was that he **stopped!**

Ah, well. I thanked him again, said goodbye to his Mom and Marina, and headed home. I went in, chatted with my parents about my day, and went up to bed and went to sleep.

OK, I admit it. I played with myself first.

Then I went to sleep.

--End of part one--

MIKE AND LILY NAKED IN SCHOOL PART TWO TUESDAY

CHAPTER SIX MIKE

I got up the next morning, ready for another day in The Program.

And ready for tryouts.

Got my stuff together, walked to school, and went to the entrance where we had to disrobe. Lily was there, flashed me a big grin. We took our stuff off, to the cheers of the crowd, did a little show for them. Then we went in.

“Hey, meet me at lunch?” She asked.

“Sure. That’d be great.”

We headed off, in different directions. I was quickly caught up to by my best friend, Eddie Bauer. We’ve been best friends since first grade. We’ve also been teammates since

then. Eddie plays third—he and I were the only sophomores who cracked the starting lineup in the varsity right from the beginning of the year last year.

“So, Mike,” he grinned. “Program week?”

“Yep. You’ll get yours, sooner or later.”

“Hey, it wouldn’t be that bad,” he said. “Maybe they’d buddy me up with my own version of Amanda.”

I laughed. Amanda Frazier was a friend of ours. When she got stuck in The Program, the beginning of the year, they buddied her up with a guy named Jared Wicklow. They’d been going out ever since. It was really cool—Jared hung around with the group of us now, and everybody liked them—and those two were over-the-moon in love. “Jared and Amanda is a fairy tale,” I told him. “Don’t hold your breath.”

“I truly believe there’s somebody for everybody,” Eddie intoned.

“If there is—well, your soulmate is, no doubt, in Latvia and you’ll never meet her,” I teased.

“Latvia?”

“Latvia. Milking goats.”

“Do they **milk** goats in Latvia?”

“I don’t know. But, your soulmate, that’s where she is. Milking goats. In Latvia.”

“Well, then, I guess I’m just going to have to apply to the University of Latvia and major in goat-milking. So, what about **yours**? Your partner, I mean. The new kid, eh?”

“Yep,” I confirmed. “Lily Woodard. Good kid.”

“Nice tits.”

“There is that. Spent all evening with her last night,” I told him. I got a look I should’ve expected. “No, you sex maniac, not **that**. I was helping her out. She’s trying out, and didn’t know if she could throw naked. Turns out she **can’t**, but we found a solution for that.”

“Trying out for what?”

“The team.”

“What team?”

“Our team.”

“The **baseball** team?”

“What other team are we both on?” I grinned at him.

“The chick plays baseball?”

“‘The chick’ is a pitcher. ‘The chick’, by the way, throws ninety.”

“No way!”

“Believe it. Hey, I found out the hard way. I figured the same thing, before I saw her throw. So I went out there with the Frankie Gutierrez mitt. She damn near broke my hand.” He grinned—he knew that mitt. “Trust me, she throws ninety—and, once we got her boobs taped up and out of the way, she throws ninety with movement and **command**. Oh, and her changeup is Pedro Martinez-esque. Oh, and her slider will buckle your knees.”

“You’re lying to me. You’re lying to me, and I’m waiting for the punchline,” he maintained.

“No lie. I know it was only one workout, but she’s the best pitcher I’ve ever caught.”

Ed was incredulous. “She’s a **girl**!”

“Don’t matter. Best I’ve ever caught.”

“But you caught Freddie Millhouse last year!”

“Don’t matter.”

“But he got **drafted**! By the **Dodgers**!”

“Don’t matter. She’s better.”

Eddie sighed. “You’re serious. This I **gotta** see.”

I grinned at him. “Tryouts are at two-fifteen. I know you aren’t required to be there, but come on down. Prepare to get blown away.”

CHAPTER SEVEN

LILY

As I made my way through school that morning, I suppose I wasn’t paying much attention in class. I wasn’t even paying much attention to being naked, and being groped, and all

that. Nope, I was thinking about two things. First was the tryouts. I had expected to be thinking about them. I had been expecting to be preoccupied by them. That was fine.

What I **hadn't** been expecting to be thinking about was Mike Kirkland.

But I was. A **lot**.

By the time I got to lunch, my brain was just fried. By tryouts. By him. And, as I walked from the lunchline with my food, there he was, waving at me.

I took a good look. I hadn't done that—I'd looked, of course, but I was so preoccupied by my misery yesterday that I hadn't **really** looked, so I did, as I walked toward him. He was squat and compact. Of course he was, he was a **catcher**. But he was also built—muscular legs, muscular torso and arms. Nothing overwrought, you understand, but he was in fine shape. He was hairy, decently so for a guy his age, on his legs especially—but I didn't mind hairy guys.

And, OK, yes, I certainly noticed the **other** muscle. And **that** looked pretty damn fine, too.

But what **really** got me—and what I **had** noticed, though somewhat foggily, yesterday—was his face. He had black hair, fairly long, a bit shaggy, just perfect for running fingers through. His smile was slightly crooked and totally endearing. And, the piece de resistance—his eyes. They were easily the most gorgeous eyes I had ever seen on a guy. They were like liquid pools of iridescent sapphire.

Oh, **Jesus**. When I start waxing poetic, you **know** I've got it bad.

I didn't get it. I'd known this guy a **day**. But, OK, yeah, I **did** get it. I'm not one to dawdle on things. Look, he was sweet, kind, funny. He was solicitous. Smart—the tape job was brilliant. He even had the class to admit when he was wrong—like the mitt incident yesterday. He didn't just admit he was wrong, he berated himself over it. I can't possibly tell you how attractive I find that. And, just as a kicker, we had the same Number One Overriding Interest.

And **that** was the problem.

Guys do **not** go out with **girls** who can strike them out on three straight pitches. I'd never dated a fellow baseball player. I knew better. As long as the 'girl with the cannon arm' was one of the **guys**, a teammate, everything was fine. Anything past that? Never. Raging male ego, here we come.

Maybe Mike would be different.

Yeah, and if wishes were pigs, then I'd have some bacon.

But, dammit, I couldn't help it. He was so damn cute. And I couldn't stop thinking about his hands on my boobs.

Shit, if I let my thoughts go down **that** path any farther, I'd be asking for relief. Which I didn't figure was a good idea four hours before tryouts.

Anyhow, I sat down with him, and we started chatting.

"Ready, Pedro?" he asked.

"Ready as I'll ever be," I said with a chuckle. "I just hope that tape job holds."

"It will. You realize you're going to shock people, right?"

"I'm kinda counting on it. Hey, I can pitch. I know it. Pretty soon, they're all gonna know it. Damn the prejudices."

"Did you get a lot of this back in Boston?" he asked.

"Actually, no, but I played with the same guys, mostly, right from Little League. They all knew what I could do. But there are other problems. I didn't have a long list of guys lining up for dates." Yeah, I laid down a hint, I admit it.

"Guys. So, you **are** straight, then."

"Yes. Why, did you assume I **wasn't**?" I said indignantly.

"Didn't assume anything. Didn't know either way," he said mildly. "When you grow up the heterosexual son of a bisexual mother and her lesbian partner, you learn not to assume a damn thing."

"You're right," I smiled. "I'm sorry for snapping. I just get that 'you must be a lesbian' thing a lot. I had a nice talk with your mother about it, actually, when you were upstairs getting your gear. Anyhow, it gets tiring." I smiled. "And guys tend to get intimidated by a girl who throws ninety."

"Aah. Well, the only time you intimidated **me** is when I had the wrong mitt on."

I laughed. Fine, let's see where we stand. "I could strike you out on three straight pitches," I challenged. "And you're not intimidated?"

"I hit .390 last year. I also led the team in RBI. I don't crank too many dingers—but I'd take that heater of yours and drive a double in the gap."

"Sure you would."

“If you make it through the cut today—which you **will**,” he told me, “tomorrow, they’ll ask you to face live hitting. I can get up and take some cuts if I want to.”

“You’re on!” I took a bite of my sandwich. “You really don’t think a girl who throws ninety is a freak.”

“**Any** high school kid who throws ninety is a freak,” he said. “But I’m a baseball player. A girl who throws ninety is my kind of freak.” I had to laugh at that. “Though, I must admit, I think that a girl who throws ninety is much more rare.”

“Try pretty much unheard of,” I said. “It’s a physical thing. Girls don’t have the build for this. Girls have weaker arms. Also, a girl’s pelvic structure isn’t designed for it. I don’t have the biggest hips around, but I do **have** hips. It makes it harder to get any torque from your lower body. I have great technique, damn near perfect mechanics, which helps—I work damn hard at my mechanics, I have to. I also overcompensate by lifting weights like a madwoman.”

“I noticed that your ass and thighs are like rocks. Your throwing arm, too,” he commented. I looked at him. “Well, you **are** nude. Awfully hard not to notice.”

“Yep,” I admitted, “and that’s another way to get guys to **not** line up at your door. Have an ass and thighs that **look** like a guy’s.”

“Ah, I said they were muscular, I didn’t say they looked like a **guy**,” he told me. “You’ve got a girl’s ass. It’s just not a particularly **squishy** girl’s ass.” He blushed a little. “Well, as far as I can tell by looking, anyway.” Then I noticed the eyes, doing the whole slide-down-to-the-boobs-and-jerk-back-up thing. “Trust me, nobody with functioning eyes would ever mistake you for a guy.”

Damn, he was cute!

And, I admit it. I’m shameless. I moved so my boobs jiggled. Noticeably.

THUNK! Down went the eyes. THWIP! Up they came back up again. I could’ve made him sprain his eyeball if I had kept it up. He really was adorable.

And he seemed accepting. Reasonable. Open-minded. And maybe, just maybe, even a little bit attracted to me. Dare I hope?

Well, anyway—I had to put that on the back burner. I had to get through tryouts first.

CHAPTER EIGHT

MIKE

Damn. I **really** have to stop staring at her boobs.

It's difficult. It's particularly difficult when the boobs are **naked**. It's **especially** difficult when said naked boobs are **particularly** fine, and attached to a completely lovely rest-of-the-body.

Muscles? I **liked** girls with a bit of muscle. Didn't have a problem with it at all. And the rest of her was just fine. What particularly grabbed me were her eyes. They always seemed to have a glimmer in them.

As for her personality—she was delightful. I was just getting to know her, mind you, but I liked what I saw. She was sweet, smart, funny—and fiery. Deliciously fiery. I am **not** attracted to doormats. The one 'demure' girl I ever dated was the shortest relationship I've ever been in—and I'm the one that ended it. I couldn't stand it. Yeah, I'm sure most guys wouldn't consider "I can strike you out on three straight pitches" to be a come-on. I am **not** most guys.

And it seemed like she was dropping hints. I don't know. I am absolutely **shitty** when it comes to reading that stuff. You think I'd be able to read girls better, with the way I grew up. Not so. I don't know if the lesbian mating dance is different than the male-female mating dance, or what. But I never learned to read females. Well, at least I've never been able to read **hetero** females that **I** was interested in.

And I **swear** she caught me looking at her boobs—and **jiggled** them!

Damn. I think I needed relief.

Anyhow, I was trying to read her—and failing. Meanwhile, I am liking this girl more and more every second.

We finished our lunch, said goodbye, and headed off to afternoon classes. And I thought about her all afternoon. I wish I could read her better. I wish I knew what she was thinking. Because I was in a special situation here—and I couldn't even **hint** at anything, or ask her out, or **whatever**, until I absolutely, positively **knew** that she wouldn't be offended or hurt or anything.

No, I'm not usually **that** cautious. Hey, since I'm bad at reading girls, I usually just pick out what I like and take a chance. Sometimes I get a yes, sometimes I get a no, and that's fine. But we had a special situation here. I'm her **catcher**.

You have to understand. Catchers have myriad responsibilities. Throwing's important. Handling the mitt behind the plate is important. Hitting's less important—lots of teams will put up with a catcher with no stick if he handles the defense well—but it's a nice bonus. But, to me, the absolute most important part of a catcher's job description is his relationship with his pitchers.

You have to guide them, support them. Sometimes you have to baby them. Sometimes you have to kick them in the ass. You have to know what they throw, how they throw it, and when to call it. You have to absolutely get in their heads. It's a symbiotic

relationship. And there has to be **absolute** trust on both sides. You have a pitcher that doesn't trust his catcher, you have a problem.

As for myself, I can throw, and I can handle the mitt. The hitting **was** a bonus—when I made varsity, no one knew I could hit that well, except for **me**—but it was a good bonus. But the absolute first number one reason why I made varsity, and started, as a sophomore was my relationship with my pitchers. The pitching staff wanted to throw to me. That's why I made it.

Now, here I was—with this girl that I was increasingly attracted to—but I had to catch her. If she made the team—and she was **going** to make the team—I was going to be her catcher, all year long. And my relationship with her—in the baseball sense—was new in itself. We'd need time to develop the bond. And I was terrified that if I acted on my attraction prematurely, I'd shatter that pitcher-catcher bond. Which means she'd resent me, not pitch as well as she was capable of, and we'd lose a whole lot of games.

Damn, damn, damn. **Why** on **earth** couldn't she have been a **shortstop**?!?!?

Ah, well. I resigned myself. I wasn't happy about it, but I resigned myself. I was her catcher. That was all.

CHAPTER NINE

LILY

Damn, I was nervous. **Really** nervous.

I didn't hang around right at the field. I hung around on the periphery. I spend a lot of time in a clutch of trees off the third base line. Mike came up and helped me with the tape job. I was almost too nervous to get turned on.

Almost.

Anyhow, I put that out of my head. He went down to the field, to take his turn at catching, and I waited my turn. I hadn't put my full name down on the tryout sheet, so, when they called my name, the manager just bellowed out "L. Woodard!" I took a deep breath, and strolled out of the trees and onto the field, and walked towards the pitcher's mound.

The murmuring started immediately. And the manager—who was standing behind the pitcher's mound, so he could watch for break and movement and that—bellowed, "Hey, there's a naked chick on my baseball field!"

"Excuse my attire, I'm in the program this week." I held out my glove for the ball, which he was holding.

"What are you doing on my field, honey?" No ball was presented to me.

"It's my turn. I'm L. Woodard. Lily, actually." I tapped my glove.

He laughed. “**You** are trying out for my team?” No ball.

“No.” I grinned at him. It wasn’t a pleasant grin. “I’m not trying out for your team. I’m **making** your team. Now gimme the ball.” I think I stunned him, because he finally gave me the ball.

“Hold it!” came a bellow from the stands. It was my biggest “fan”, our beloved principal, Mr. Tilling. “Lily, you’re in the program. You’re covered up. That’s a violation.”

“No it’s **not**.” It was Mike, rushing out of the dugout. “It’s legit. That’s not clothes, it’s taping for stability. That’s allowed.” He walked over to Mr. Tilling with a program brochure in his hand. “It’s right here.” He pointed out the section and handed the brochure over to Mr. Tilling. Mr. Tilling read the thing three times and had to admit, grudgingly, that we were right. **Very** grudgingly.

Mike, bless him, walked over to the plate, and told the guy who was behind it, “Hey, Brady, take a break. I’m going to catch her.” Brady shrugged and gave way. Mike grinned at me and bellowed to the pitching coach, over at the third base line, “Hey, Muggsy, you got that radar gun ready?” Then he looked at me and bellowed, “All right, Pedro, show ‘em what you got. Let’s see the number one.” I grinned and nodded, he slipped his mask back on and got in his crouch, I wound up, and threw the fastball.

WHAP!

“HOLY SHIT!!” Muggsy, the pitching coach, was staring at the radar gun. “That pitch was 87!”

“The gun must be on the fritz,” the manager said.

“Was workin’ fine a minute ago.”

“Eighty-seven?” Mike yelled out to me. “That one was a little off, Lily. Let’s really reach back and get one.”

“A little off?” the manager moaned from behind me.

I stifled a giggle, reared back, and threw. Thwap!

“HOLY SHIT!” Muggsy. “That was **ninety-one**!”

“That’s more like it,” Mike yelled.

“You bet your ass,” I yelled back. I threw a few more fastballs, all hovering around 90, while Muggsy looked at his radar gun like it was possessed by demons.

“All right, Lily, let’s show ‘em the changeup,” Mike yelled. I nodded, kicked, and threw. Very nice.

“That was a fastball. That had to be a fastball, right?” the manager babbled from behind me. “That was no changeup.”

“Uh, Skipper?” Muggsy said. “That was a changeup.” He held up the radar gun. It said 68.

“HOLY SHIT!” the skipper yelled. “That looked just like the heater!”

“Well, Pedro Martinez **is** my idol,” I giggled at him. I threw a few more of **those**—while listening to the Skipper muttering incredulities from behind me—and then Mikey called for the slider. In it went, and out and down it broke, right off the table, right like it’s supposed to.

The skipper was just staring down at the plate. Then he said, tentatively, “Muggsy. What’s the gun say?”

“Eighty-four.”

“She throws an 84 mph slider and it breaks like **that**?!?!?!?”

“Well, honestly, it’s usually closer to 81 or 82. Adrenaline rush, and all that,” I told him.

“Oh my fucking Christ.”

I threw a few more of those, showed them the curveball and the cross-seam tailing fastball, and then the Skipper said, “OK, Woodard. I’ve seen enough.”

I flipped him the ball, and strode off the mound, with every eye staring at me. And it was **not** the same stare I had gotten when I walked **on** the field. Hey, I’ve been in The Program for two days now. I didn’t mind the program, I liked my body, and I liked being a girl. I did **not** at all mind having my pussy and boobs stared at. But not **here**. Not on the field. When I’m on that baseball field, you’d best not be staring at my pussy—you’d better be staring at my **arm**.

When I walked off that field, they were staring at my arm. A few of the less-charitable ones, I am sure, were hoping it’d fall **off**—but they were staring at it.

Damn, it felt good. If I hadn’t been trying to be cool, calm, and collected, I would’ve done the Happy Dance up and down the third base line. But I kept cool.

I hung around until the end of the tryout, got called back to pitch and hit the next day—of course—and then started getting my stuff together. Mike came over. We walked up behind the third base stands.

“You showed ‘em, Pedro. That was something else. They’re still muttering.”

“Damn, that felt good,” I told him.

“I’ll bet,” he grinned.

“Thanks for the support. You’re a great catcher,” I told him.

“Yes, I am.” We both laughed.

I looked at him. With the pressure of the tryouts done, all those **other** feelings came rushing back. And **how**. I looked at him, smiled—I was shooting for ‘coyly’ but don’t know if I got it—and said, “Can you help me with my tape?”

“Sure thing.” He unwrapped the ace bandage, and then went for the scraps taped over my nipples. He was very careful. Took his time. Oh Jesus.

I reacted. I **know** I reacted. I wasn’t trying to make it **too** obvious, but I know I reacted. And, suddenly, the fabric was off, and he stepped back and proclaimed, “All done!”

All done? All **done**? NO! No, you are not ALL DONE! GET BACK OVER HERE! YOU ARE NOT ALL DONE!

I didn’t say it. My mind screamed it. But something must have been in my eyes, because he said, “Are you OK?”

NO! I’M NOT OK! GET THOSE HANDS BACK OVER HERE AND MAKE IT OK! As my mind kept screaming, I looked at him. Oblivious. Completely oblivious. I thought he had more of a clue than that.

Unless he wasn’t oblivious. Unless, instead, he was completely disinterested. Which I should be used to by now.

Damn, damn, damn. When the **fuck** am I going to learn? **When**? He looked at me and saw a right arm. When has it ever been any different?

I’m such a fucking idiot.

Out. I had to get out of there.

“Lily, are you OK?” he asked again.

“Fine. Great. Thanks. See you tomorrow,” I blurted, and not at all nicely. And I got out of there.

Ran to my car. Got in. And almost broke my hand punching the steering wheel.

Finally, I drove home.

CHAPTER TEN

MIKE

"Mike, is that you?" I heard Mom call from the kitchen when I walked in.

"Yup."

"Want a coke?"

"Love one, thanks." She came out of the kitchen with one, and we sat on the couch. She kissed me on the cheek. She always does that. Embarrasses some guys, I know, but not me.

"So, how was your day? How'd tryouts go?"

"Great, and great."

"How was Lily?"

"Mom, you should've **seen** her!" I told her. "She was fantastic. Incredible. Blew everybody away. I was behind the plate, catching her, and couldn't stop grinning. I think Muggsy almost ate his radar gun."

"That's great," Mom said. "She must have been thrilled."

"Well, she **was**," I told her with a frown. "Until the very end."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, we hung around until the end of tryouts, right? She was fine. She was excited. So, she asked me to help her take her tape and stuff off. I did, and then she got all weird or something. She was like, staring into space. And when I asked her if she was OK, she snapped at me, and then stormed off. I don't get it."

Mom stared at me. For a good long minute. With an expression on her face that looked like I had just told her the sky was purple.

"Mom?" I asked.

"Michael," she began. "You are my son, and I love you dearly. But you, my dear son, are a ninny."

"Huh?"

"A ninny. A complete ninny. Look. **Why** did you help her take her tape off?"

“She asked.”

“Why did she ask?”

“Because she needed help?” I didn’t know where Mom was going with this.

“Why did she need help? Mikey, it’s an ace bandage and two pieces of bra. It’s all within reach. She certainly could’ve gotten it off herself. She didn’t need any help from you.” She stared at me. “She didn’t want ‘help’, she wanted your **hands** on her **boobs**! You were turning her on! You ninny.”

I sank back into the couch. “Oh, shit. I **am** a ninny.”

“Yes, you are,” Mom agreed with an affectionate smile. “Now, it’s one thing if you’re not attracted to her...”

“Shit,” I cut her off. “She’s sweet, smart, funny, absolutely gorgeous, sexy as hell, cocky, fiery, and she throws ninety. What’s **not** to be attracted to?”

“Many guys wouldn’t be attracted to the cocky, fiery, and throws ninety part.”

“She’s actually said as much,” I told her. “I’m not most guys. At lunch today she challenged me and told me she could strike me out on three straight pitches. I’m sure that’d turn off most guys. It made **me** want to grab a stick, get up in the box against her, take my hacks—and then fuck her brains out in the middle of the infield.” Yeah, I can talk that way to my mother. Always have been able to.

“That’s pretty amazing,” she said.

I grinned at her. “Growing up as **your** son did **not** predispose me to be attracted to shrinking violets.”

She cracked up laughing. And then she just smiled. “I get the impression you’ve been attracted to her right along.”

“Yeah.”

“So, you’ve been attracted to her. And **she** is giving out **blatant** signals. And you didn’t pick **up** on them?”

“I’m not good with signals,” I admitted. “Unless it’s one for a fastball, two for a curve. Any other signals are complete Greek to me.” I sighed. “Plus—and I know this was part of it—I was trying to ignore my attraction to her.”

“Why?” Mom asked.

“I’m her catcher.”

“Ah.” Mom understood. “But you can be her catcher, **and** something else, too.”

“I suppose,” I admitted, “but you know how I feel about the catcher-pitcher bond, and how important it is. I mean, cut me **some** slack here—I haven’t had a female teammate since I was **nine**. And I’ve **never** had a female teammate I was attracted to. And I have to deal with that and **still** be her catcher.”

“I understand that,” she said, “but what happened today happened **off** the field. **After** the tryout.”

“Yeah, to a point, but I was still being her **catcher**. I was helping my pitcher with her equipment. Yes, if I were better at picking up signs from girls I might not have seen it that way. But I was still in catcher mode.”

“And I know how your tunnel vision gets.”

“Yeah,” I said. “Hey, **she’s** got tunnel vision, too. I’ve seen it. I just think she might know when to drop it better than I do.” I sighed. “OK, and I’m willing to entertain the possibility that I was subconsciously keeping myself in the tunnel. So my hands wouldn’t shake while I was taking the tape off. If I had let ‘Oh, God, I’m touching her boobs’ cross my mind, I would’ve been tearing off skin because of hormone-addled clumsiness.”

“Ah,” she laughed.

“Anyhow, Mom, thanks a lot.” I got up and kissed her on the cheek. “You were a big help. As usual.” I got up to head upstairs to do some homework before supper.

“So, what are you going to do?” she asked me.

“Stop being a ninny.” We both laughed, and I headed upstairs.

--End of part two--

MIKE AND LILY NAKED AT SCHOOL

PART THREE

WEDNESDAY

CHAPTER ELEVEN

LILY

I was still out of sorts the next morning.

I tried to calm down, but it wasn’t working all that well.

Especially when I got to school, and there **he** was. At the entrance, ready to do the get naked thing. He flashed me a big smile. I forced one back, and we stripped.

Then I headed for my first class. In a hurry.

The more I thought about it, though, the more I realized I was being silly.

Hey, if he wasn't attracted to me, I can't **blame** him, can I? Plus, we needed to get along. He was my catcher. And, I suppose, a person can't have too many friends, right?

I had to relax about this. I just had to relax. We **had** to get along, I couldn't hold a grudge just because he wasn't what I thought he might be. It would take an intense amount of fortitude for a fellow ballplayer to be interested in me. **I** know that. So, I just needed to relax.

I actually surprised myself about that. I accepted relief in third period. A kid named Paul, knew him slightly, fingered me to a nice, glorious, very relaxing cum. OK, so I admit it—I needed that. And, judging by the looks he was giving me, which looked **very** interested—at least I seem to have an option or two. I've never really been a one-night-stand type of person, but I'm not opposed to it or anything.

Anyhow, I was relaxed, and more at ease about things—so when Mike waved me over to him in the lunchroom, I went.

There was another guy with him. “Hey, Pedro. Like you to meet my best friend. Ed Bauer. He's also your future teammate.”

“Nice to meet you,” I shook his hand.

“Nice to meet you, too,” he said. “Welcome to the team.”

“Well, I haven't officially **made** it yet.”

“Formalities, formalities. Trust me. I was there yesterday. You're on the team.” He took a bite of his food. “Mike, here, was telling me about you yesterday morning. I was going ‘no way!’ He was going ‘way!’ I must admit, he was right, I was wrong.”

“As usual, pal o' mine, as usual,” Mike butt in.

“Yeah, you're **always** right. You were right about her from the first, yeah. Three words: Frankie Gutierrez mitt.”

Mike cracked up laughing. “OK. You got me.”

“You told him about that?” I laughed.

“I would’ve loved to have seen that,” Ed said. “First he gets his hand blown away, then he had to bow and scrape. He does a very good bow and scrape. Though usually he has to do it to his mother.”

“Oh, no, Marina far more often,” Mike said. “Mom’s a pussycat. Marina’s the one that always catches me doing something.”

“Well, he **must** have had practice,” I said, “because he **does** bow and scrape very well. He was very contrite.” Fuck it. Yeah, I was tempting fate. “He was even cute as hell doing it.” He **did** blush. But he also grinned. That was a definite grin.

I didn’t know what was up or down. Jesus.

Anyhow, I changed the subject. “So, Ed, what do you do?”

“Well, when you’re pitching from the stretch, right, and your facing out to your right—there I’ll be. The ol’ hot corner.”

“Yeah, and he’s the best defensive third baseman in the state,” Mike put in. “He can really throw the leather. If only he could hit.”

“Hey, I **can** hit,” Ed proclaimed. “Well, **some** of the time.”

“Ed, y’see, is an all-or-nothing kind of guy. The ball either goes a long, long way—or it’s strike three, grab some bench.”

“It’s going to be better,” Ed proclaimed. “I’ve worked on it in the cage all winter, trying to shorten my swing but not lose any power. Hey, I led the team in homers last year, and I can play third like the dickens—but I almost lost my starting job because I only hit .238. Not this year.”

“Well, it is nice to have some teammates who can score some runs for me. But, hell, if you’re **that** good, I’ll take the defense,” I told him. “I tend to pitch inside to righthanded batters. And I tend to make them get **way** ahead of my changeup. You know what **that** means.”

He did. “Ground ball to the third baseman,” he grinned. “Line shot to the third baseman. Popup to the third baseman.”

“You got it,” I grinned back.

“Except, this year, if **you’re** gonna be on the hill, I think I’m switching to catcher. Third basemen only get to see you from the back. **Mike** gets to watch you from the front. Far better deal.”

I had to laugh. “Don’t mind him, he’s a lech,” Mike said.

“Hey, last time a good friend was in The Program, she let me fuck her in the shower in the gym locker room,” Ed said. “Now, I’ve got my **best** friend in The Program, and he’s escorting around this gorgeous babe with great tits who also happens to be the savior of our pitching staff. I must say, I like this program thing.”

I laughed. Ed was kidding. I could tell. I didn’t mind. Ed said that whole spiel without once looking at my tits. He was just joking. Mike, on the other hand, **was** looking at my tits. And wasn’t making a single hint of an effort to hide it.

What was **this**?

“Hey, you guys are making me feel like a piece of meat.”

“**Us**?” Ed asked. “Hey, Lily, did you notice that when you took the hill yesterday, there was a flurry of people getting out of the third base bleachers and moving to the first base bleachers? That’s because we got a better beaver shot from the first base side when you went into your leg kick.” I couldn’t help it. I howled.

“That’s the worst part of pitching in the nude. Well, except for the boobs, which Talented Hands Mike took care of for me.” Mike almost choked on his soda with **that** one. “No, now the worst thing is that every time I go into my leg kick, my pussy rubs together. That can be a little distracting.”

Ed howled. I **liked** Ed. As a friend, but I liked him. I appreciated people who were free and easy about stuff. “Hey, we’ll just schedule it,” Ed said. “We have the seventh-inning stretch, right? Well, we’ll just pencil in the fourth-inning screaming cum. On the mound.”

“The fourth inning,” I said through my giggles. “And the fifth, and the sixth, and the seventh.....”

“Gives a whole meaning to the term ‘call for relief’, doesn’t it?” Ed laughed. We were rolling right then. Except for Mike. He was laughing, sure, but he was blushing. And there was a strange look in his eye.

So, I went for the jugular. “Hey, if I’m going to be standing on the mound cumming every inning, I’m gonna need some help.” I looked at Ed when I said it, but said, “So, do you think that’s in a catcher’s job description?”

Ed howled louder. “Well, a catcher **must** help his pitcher out any way he can, right?”

Mike was laughing, he was. But he was also blushing purple. And looking at my tits again. When he looked up, there was **something** in his eyes. I wasn’t sure what it was. But there was something.

Goddammit. I was going to be **nice**. I was going to be **friends**. I was **not** going to get my hopes up. Wasn’t I?

Well, so much for well-laid plans. Of course, I didn't really want any well-laid plans—what I **wanted** was a well-laid **pitcher**. And, despite the banter, I didn't think I was going to get that—not, at least, from Mike. It was just banter. Ed was bantering, too—but he was just being funny, I didn't see any real interest there. I knew that. That was fine. I liked Ed, instantly, but not **that** way. So why would I manufacture Mike's banter as something more in my mind? It wasn't going to happen.

Then again, there was that strange look in Mike's eye.

Fuck it. I could **not** do this to myself. I had more tryouts this afternoon.

Pitching, Lily, pitching. Remember?

CHAPTER TWELVE

MIKE

Oh, my fucking head.

After **that** performance, I needed relief. **Bad**. I requested it—and got it, a superb blowjob from my friend Maggie Benson—two periods after lunch. And it wasn't enough. And it should've been, because Maggie's the blowjob queen of the junior class.

No, wasn't Maggie's fault. It wasn't enough because I couldn't get that picture out of my head. Lily standing on the mound—and me out there, helping her cum.

Jesus Christ. Was this **real**?

I knew I was going to try to find out what was what, after tryouts. I knew that. But she had me on a knife's edge all afternoon. I didn't know if it was banter, or if it was serious—or even, horrors, if she had given up on me, the ninny, and was going after Ed. I didn't think so. I knew Ed wasn't serious—Lily isn't his type—he's just like that all the time. But she had just met Ed, and I didn't know if **she** knew that.

I managed to get through the day. Don't ask me how.

Went over to the field. She beat me there. She was also all taped up already. Well, that didn't surprise me. She probably still figured I was in ninny mode.

Anyhow, I put on my stuff and headed on out there. Skipper asked me to catch a while, so I did. A kid named Paul Sinclair was on the mound. Up from junior varsity. He was a junior in school, also, but I didn't know him well.

He pitched to a couple of guys—and then in stepped Lily. Paul chuckled, wound up, and threw his first pitch. It was a brushback. Missed her boobs by three inches. “Hey, watch that shit!” I yelled. Lily bounced backwards, but didn't go down.

She turned to me. She was furious. Not at me, but at him. She hissed to me, “That little shit better knock me right out with the next one if he knows what’s good for him.”

Shit. Like I said to my mother, what’s **not** to be attracted to?

Sinclair didn’t knock her out. He gave her a pitch to hit. And hit it she did. And again. And again. And still again.

It was great. She was spraying base hits all over the place.

“You can hit, too?” I asked her in between pitches.

“Damn right I can hit. I have no power, but I can put the ball in play and get on base.”

She just kept hitting, and hitting, a little grin on her face with every whack. “OK, one more, Woodard,” the coach yelled up. And Sinclair wound up—and hit her right in the helmet. Smack in the side of her noggin.

“GODDAMMIT!” I yelled. The coach ran out screaming at him. And I saw Lily pick herself up off the ground, wipe the dirt off her naked body, and calmly walk back into the dugout.

They changed pitchers, and batters, and I asked Brady to catch a few.

I went into the dugout, found Lily. “You all right?”

“Yeah.” Her tone was one of unrestrained fury.

“The bastard didn’t like you hitting him all over the park.”

“Too fucking bad. He has to hit, right? I want to pitch to him,” she said.

“Coach won’t like a beanball war.”

“There won’t be any beanball wars,” she said firmly. “Trust me.”

I went and fetched the coach. He was skeptical, too. “There will **not** be a beanball war,” Lily maintained. “I absolutely promise. I will not throw at him. But I want to pitch to him.”

The coach agreed.

A couple batters later, Lily came out and took the hill. “OK, Sinclair, time to hit,” the coach said. He strode up there, all cocky. I went out and took over for Brady.

“What, are you going to try to hit me with that little girl’s arm?” Sinclair taunted.

“No,” Lily said, and reared back and threw the heater. He never saw it. Strike one.

“I’m not going to hit you,” Lily said. Slider, this time. I think his knees **did** buckle. Strike two.

“I don’t get into beanball wars,” Lily said, and wound up. Changeup. He swung an hour before the ball got to the plate. Strike three.

“The question is, are you going to hit **me**?” Lily said, and wound up again. Back to the heater. Strike four.

She stopped talking and just kept throwing. About ten more, all her different pitches. The poor bastard didn’t even make contact. After making him look completely inept on a hellacious curveball, she stood on the mound and announced, “You know what my Daddy once told me about beanballs and brushback pitches? Don’t get mad. Don’t get even. Just get ‘em **out**. Next?”

Sinclair slinked off, and Lily stood there on the mound grinning. Then I got a glimmer. “Next, huh?” I said. “Brady, come catch, would you?”

“What, you want to hit against me?” she asked, surprised.

“Damn right.” I took off the ol’ Tools of Ignorance, and grabbed a stick. “OK, Woodard, let’s see what you got.”

First pitch. Fastball. Never saw it. Strike one.

Second pitch. She threw me the slider, which didn’t surprise me, and I got my bat on it—but not enough. Fouled it off. Strike two.

I expected the change next. She must have known that that’s what I’d expect—because that’s not what I got. I got the curveball instead. I waved at it feebly. Strike three.

“I told you I could strike you out on three straight pitches!” she yelled—but there was no triumph in it. She should’ve been gloating. She wasn’t. I know why—because she thought it made me not want her. Little did she know that I was restraining myself from tackling her right there. Anyhow, I just waved at her to give me another one.

It was the cross-seamer. BLAM! Double to the gap in right.

“And I told you I’d hit a double in the gap off you.” That time she **did** grin. Genuinely. And wound up again.

We went at it for a while. I won a few, she won a few. She won a few **more**, but I held my own. And, every time she got me, I grinned at her. Just to let her know there was no hard feelings.

Hard feelings? I felt like it was **foreplay**. She really was at her most beautiful and enticing when she was bearing down on me with a fastball.

Afterwards, I went to sit down, and she followed. “Thanks,” I told her. “You are now not only the best pitcher I’ve ever caught; you’re the best pitcher I’ve ever hit against.”

“Thanks,” she beamed. “And you are what my old manager used to call one MTO.”

“MTO?” I asked.

“Motherfucking Tough Out.” I laughed. “It was his highest praise for a batter. ‘Look out for this guy, Woodard, he’s one motherfucking tough out.’ It took him six weeks before he could say that to me, his girl pitcher, without blushing.”

“I can imagine,” I laughed.

Tryouts ended, and they announced the team. Of course she made it. Was there ever any doubt?

So, I was her catcher. What else was there? It was time to find out.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

LILY

I made it! I made it, I made it, I made it!

Yeah, for all my tough talk and bluster, I thought they’d find a way to deny me a place on the team. But I MADE IT!!!

I needed to let it out. I sat there on the dugout bench, as everyone else left, just drinking it all in. It was getting dark. I wanted to be alone.

But I didn’t think I’d get that chance, because Mike wasn’t going anywhere. Ah, well, you know—that was all right. I thought he’d understand.

When we were the only two left in the whole place, I ran out of the dugout and started running across the field yelling, “I MADE IT! I MADE IT!” And, I was right, Mike didn’t mind. He was standing at second base watching me—and laughing—as I romped around the outfield.

When I finally stopped, he walked up to me and said, “You doubted you would?”

“You never know. They didn’t want a girl on the team, you know that—so, you never know.”

“I knew,” he told me.

“You’re so sweet. And, hey, there is no way I would’ve made it without you. Not only are you a great catcher, you let me work out with you on Monday, and you even came up with this contraption.” I pointed at the bandage. ”Thank you so much.”

“You’re welcome.”

“And I think I need to take this contraption off.” I started to turn away from him, and grab at the ace bandage.

“Do you need some help?”

“No, thank you.” That’s what I said. What I thought was, **hell** no! Have you “help” me and work me all up again and then leave? No fucking way.

But then he came around and was in front of me again. And he said, “Please. Lily, let me help.”

Oh, man, if only he knew what he was asking.

Oh, shit. What if he **did** know? What if he knew? What if he figured it out? Did I have the guts to take a chance? I looked at his face, and in his eyes I saw—that **something** again.

So, I said, “OK.”

He took a step towards me, and unraveled the ace bandage. Then he went for the bra scraps taped to my nipples. I didn’t hold a thing in. I let it happen. I closed my eyes, and gave in to the need to breathe heavy. Then, they were off. They fluttered to the ground in the outfield where we were standing. I held my breath for a half-second. And then I felt his hands, right back on me.

Thank goodness.

His hands were all over me. And even when not being clinical, they were gentle and tender. I moaned a little. Then I felt one of his hands leaving my boob—and wandering down, right towards my pussy. Oh God. Please please please, I was **so** wet. And then I felt him gently run his fingers up and down my pussy.

I couldn’t stand anymore. I sunk down, kneeling on the outfield grass, pulling him down with me. We kneeled in front of each other there, as he had one hand on my boob and the other one on my pussy. I spread my legs a bit and his finger slipped right in. Heaven. It was heaven.

I opened my eyes, and looked into his. Then I kissed him. I devoured his mouth, every single inch of it, and danced my tongue with his. With my tongue in his mouth and his hand in my pussy, I **came**. Nice and hard.

I broke the kiss—I was afraid I’d bite his tongue off—and, afterwards, I opened my eyes. He was grinning at me. I gave him one hell of a smile back.

“This stops whenever you say it does,” he whispered. I just giggled. “Lily, what do you want?” he asked.

“I want **this**,” I said, grabbing his dick and pulling it towards me, “and I want it in **here**.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes. Absolutely. As sure as sure gets.”

“Are you protected?”

“Yes,” I told him.

“Then lie back.” I did so, and then there he was, hovering over me. “God, you’re so beautiful,” he said.

Beautiful. I was filthy! Jesus, I realized I still had **eyebblack** on!

And he wanted me.

Miracle of miracles.

Then, there he was, at my entrance. He slid right in. I was **really** wet.

He built up a rhythm. It was fantastic. He slid in and out of me, and I just gazed up at him, enjoying what my body was doing. Then, I got a little flash. I giggled.

“Did I tickle something?” he asked, bemused.

“No,” I said, with a half gasp. “Just dawned on me. All my years of baseball, I’ve never made love in the outfield before.”

“Me neither,” he laughed.

He was going nice and slow, making sure he got me all worked up. Well, I was worked up. So I told him. “Mikey, harder, OK?” He obliged. Oh GOD.

That’s when I started howling. I’m not always loud. I have to be well-fucked to let loose. Well, I found myself getting **really** loud. Oh, man, this was the fuck of my **life**. At one point, I opened my eyes, and found his were open. And I found myself drowning in his. You know, those liquid pools of iridescent sapphire.

That’s when I came. With an earth-shattering **scream**. He went right with me.

Afterwards, he rolled off me—but pulled me towards him, cuddling me, as we collapsed in a pool of sweat and cum.

This was better than making the team. I couldn't **believe** that thought went through my head, but it was.

Then I heard him chuckle. "You know," he said, "It's a good thing I don't play right field. I wouldn't be able to concentrate. I'd be having flashbacks.'

I laughed at that, and looked at him. "So," I said with a sly little smile, "you finally figured out I was a girl, huh?"

He laughed. "I knew that all along. I just didn't know what to **do** about it." He told me about the conversation with his mother last night. "I wanted you in the worst way," he said afterwards. "I just wasn't getting the signals from **you**. Yeah, you were sending them, but I wasn't getting them. And I still had to be your catcher."

"Your mother's right. You **are** a ninny." He gave me a grimace. "Sometimes. Yesterday. Today, you were most definitely **not** a ninny." I sighed. "How do you think I feel? Mike, you know what I told you. Ballplayers don't go for me. And **you**! I struck you out! After I did **that**, I figured it was **all** over."

"The minute I waved at that curveball like a damn fool, I wanted to tackle you behind the pitcher's mound right then and there."

"You're kidding," I gasped.

"I couldn't stop looking at you. I still can't."

"Yeah, I'm filthy and I still have eyblack on."

"And you have grass stains on your butt."

"Oh, shit, do I?" I laughed. "That's what I get for getting nailed in right field, huh? Anyhow, I'm filthy with eyblack and sweat and grass stains. And you can't stop looking at me."

"You're beautiful," he said.

Damn. Damn, damn, damn. This was my fucking **dream** guy.

I needed to say something. I needed to find out exactly what went on here. I didn't know how to say it. I sat up, and grabbed my knees, thinking.

"Anything wrong, Lily?" he asked.

“No,” I sighed. “Just a little—I don’t know. Look, I’m not philosophically opposed to one-night stands, but I don’t make a habit of them.”

“Is that what this was?” he asked tentatively.

“I don’t know. Was it?”

“Is that what you **want** it to be?”

I smiled at him, and admitted it. “No.”

“Good,” he said immediately, with a giggle. “Hallelujah. Then it wasn’t.” He beamed at me, and then said it. “Will you go out with me?”

“Yes!”

“Good!”

I looked at him and said, “Boy, I really like you.”

“The feeling’s mutual, Pedro,” he said. And kissed me on the nose.

“I must admit, though, it will be a very new experience going out with my **catcher!**”

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

MIKE

Ok, I’ve played baseball a long time. I’ve taken showers with teammates before.

I’ve never taken a shower with a teammate who was asking me to help wash her **boobs**. And assorted other naughty bits. But that’s exactly what we did. The team was gone, we were alone, so it was fine. Of course, we **had** been taking showers in the opposite-sex locker room because of The Program, anyway. But there wasn’t much mutual washing going on in there.

After that unbelievable, incredible experience out in right field, we both decided we were ravenous. I suggested the Burger Hut, and she said, “Grease! That’s perfect!” But we needed to clean up. Even if we decided to get dressed, all Lily had with her was what she had worn—and discarded—before school. A pair of short shorts that would’ve clearly showed the grass stains on her upper thighs. I suggested that might be kind of cool. She hit me. Well, she giggled while doing it.

Anyhow, we cleaned up, did decide to throw some clothes on—there was a bit of a cool breeze and we had been quite naked all day—and got in her car to go to the Burger Hut. When we got out of the car, she came over to me and grabbed my hand.

You know what? Having her grab my hand felt **just** fine.

Well, we walked in, and were confronted by half the baseball team—and every eye was on us. And she didn't drop my hand. We walked up to the counter, ordered our, as she called it, "high-quality grease," grabbed our order, and looked around.

There, from a table in the corner, we were being waved to. It was Eddie, plus Frankie Gutierrez, and our big first baseman, Ty Christopher. I looked at Lily, she smiled and nodded.

"Hey," Eddie said. We introduced Lily to Frankie and Ty. "Welcome to the team," Ty said. "You were great."

"Where have you guys been, anyhow?" Eddie asked.

I tried to come up with an answer to that one, when Lily said, impishly, "Christening right field, mostly."

Eddie looked at us blankly. Then it dawned on him. "Waitaminnit," he said. "You...and **her**?"

"Me and her," I confirmed. "In right field."

"Which I think they're now going to have to squeegee," Lily joked. "We should've laid down the tarp."

"Then you would've had tarp burns instead of grass stains on your ass," I told her.

"Hmm. There is that."

"OK, let me get this straight," Frankie butt in. "You two did the nasty in right field, huh? Well, that's an interesting way to celebrate making the team." We all howled at that. "I should try that."

"For that, Gutierrez, you need a **chick**," Ty told him. "Which leaves you **right** out."

"Hmm," Frankie thought, then looked at us. "Tell me, was this a quick bang for the hell of it, or are you two together?"

"We're together," Lily confirmed before I had a chance to. I just nodded in agreement.

"That's awesome!" Eddie enthused.

"Yeah, it is," Frankie agreed. "However, that leaves the rest of us right out of luck for the celebratory boink. What this baseball team needs is a community-property chick."

"You have some," Lily said in between bites of her greaseburger. "They're called cheerleaders." The four of us just stared at her, then we howled. "Hey, if this school is

anything like my old one, **all** the cheerleaders put out. The guys in my locker room used to keep a tally.”

“Amanda Frazier doesn’t,” Frankie said.

“Amanda Frazier **did** at one point, for about a week,” Eddie countered, “and she still does, but only rarely, and only with a very small list of people. And only with Jared’s permission.”

“This sounds like a story,” Lily said.

It was, and Eddie and I told it to her.

“That’s pretty incredible. And they’re still in love with each other?” Lily asked.

“Totally. Head over the moon,” Eddie said. “They’ve calmed down a lot since that first week—Amanda hasn’t done anything like that gangbang since that one time. Here and there, now, that’s it. Amanda took **me** to bed three weeks ago—I was horny as hell, it had been a while, and she knew it. Jared was at his house doing Maggie at the time. But there’s a lot less of that. They plan to be together when they’re old and grey—and, this way, there’s no what ifs, no wild oats left unsowed.”

“That’s cool, that they can make it work. Don’t think I could do it,” Lily said.

Much to my relief. “I couldn’t either,” I said. She flashed me a thank-goodness smile.

“Then again,” she said, “it’s easier for me to say that than it would’ve been for Amanda at the time. I sowed all my wild oats in Boston.”

“I laid down a few acres myself freshman and sophomore years,” I told her.

“Good. Hey, I’ve never been gangbanged—and, honestly, I don’t think it’s something I’m missing out on personally. But I’ve done enough. I have evolved into a one-guy girl.”

“Sounds good to me,” I grinned.

“So, I got to know this,” Frankie asked. “How’s a girl get so interested in baseball? Not that I mind, mind you. I think it’s great.”

“You think it’s great that a **girl** throws 20 miles an hour harder than you do?” Ty teased.

“Yeah, but can she make the ball whistle ‘Singing In The Rain’ on the way to the plate?” Frankie retorted.

“Frankie, I might be able to teach you some tricks to help you increase your velocity.” Lily said. “I don’t think you’ll pitch 90—you can either do that, or you can’t—but I can check out your mechanics. I know a few tricks.”

“I don’t think I have your arm,” Frankie admitted.

“It’s less arm than you think it is,” she told him. “Look, I have a major disadvantage—I’m female.” She explained to them what she had explained to me the other day about trying to pitch with a female body. “So I do more with mechanics than you realize. Frankie, I think I could throw a few things at you.”

“That’d be great,” he said.

“But, in return,” she grinned, “you have to teach me the knuckleball.”

“Oh, wouldn’t **that** be something!” Frankie said. “Can you imagine her coming with that heater, and then following it up with a **knuckler**?”

“Can you imagine her **catcher** having a friggin’ **coronary**?” I butt in.

“Ah, you’d adjust,” Lily tweaked. “Anyhow, to answer Frankie’s earlier question, my Dad is a huge baseball fan. Both my parents, actually. When you’re a baseball fan in Boston, you’re a Red Sox fan—and when you’re a Red Sox fan, you’re **serious** about it. We live and die with the Sox. Die, mostly.” We all laughed at that. “Anyway, I just grew up with it, and I remembering asking Dad, real young, if he’d teach me to throw. He did, I loved it, started Little League young, and kept on going. And here I am. Still love it.”

“Oh, you weren’t pushed by your father or anything,” Ty said.

“No, not at all. He—both my parents—have been incredibly supporting, but neither of them push.”

“How do they deal with a girl pitcher?” I asked her.

“Great. They’ve accepted it all along. Although, Dad once said that if he had known that he was getting a baby girl that was going to grow up to be a flamethrowing pitcher, he would’ve named her something a little less blatantly girly than Lily April Woodard!”

I howled at that. “I see his point.”

“My little sister plays soccer. She’s 11, her name’s Amber. That’s almost as bad. Though her teammates call her Woody.”

“That’s cause they’re 11. Once puberty hits, and they figure it out, they **won’t** be calling any little **girl** Woody, no matter what her last name is!” Eddie said, to general merriment.

It went on like that for a while—and I was amazed. She was one of the guys. Perfectly, as natural as you can be, one of the guys. She laughed at the blue humor, got into the insult games, talked sports. If Eddie, the pig, had suggesting a piss-for-distance contest, she

probably would've been game. I kept expecting her to belch. Especially when Ty did, and she broke up laughing.

But, at the same time, she was with me—she was my girlfriend—and she **acted** like it. She had her arm around me, snuggled up onto my shoulder, her hair smelled like honeysuckle from her shampoo. She even kissed me on the cheek once.

It's my experience that when you get one couple around a bunch of guys, one of two things happen—either she gets offended or he gets embarrassed, or the guys are uncomfortable and just want her to leave. With Lily, there was **none** of that. And then Jared and Amanda showed up and joined us, and after we introduced them, Lily and Amanda started in with the typical girl small-talk. But Lily kept up with the **guy** talk, too. Even Amanda—who has far more male friends than most girls, and spends more time with guys because of it—wasn't that adept. Lily switched like it was **nothing**. Natural.

She was all girl. She felt damn good with my arm around her, snuggled up to me. But she was one of the guys.

Jesus Christ, and my mother had to ask if I was **attracted** to her? Fuck attracted. I was halfway gone already.

And, remember, this was **after** sex. I wasn't horny. I was quite satisfied, thank you very much, so I was **not** thinking with my dick. Yes, I had in my mind the memory of the greatest sex of my (admittedly young) life—but sex, even great sex, doesn't hold my interest in anything other than more sex.

My interest was held with her. And how.

Anyhow, we finished up, and headed home. She dropped me off—leaving me with a hellacious kiss that almost woke it up again—and then was gone.

I went in and found my Mom. “Hey, Mikey. Lily make the team?”

“Sure did.”

“And how's my ninny?” she giggled.

“We've banished the ninny. He's gone. Ninnys don't get laid in right field and get a girlfriend in the bargain.” Mom screamed in delight. I knew she liked Lily. That was fine with me.

I dragged my ass upstairs and did some homework. I couldn't concentrate all that well, though.

Yeah, big surprise, huh?

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

LILY

After I dropped Mikey off, I drove home. Humming. I admit it. I was actually **humming**. Little singsongy things, I didn't even know **what** they were.

I think I was insane. Deliriously, gloriously insane.

What a day. Made the team. Had **fantastic** sex. Then got asked out. Went to dinner with him, crowded around the table with a group of friends, and had a great time.

Now **that** was weird, actually. Look, when you're a ballplayer, you tend to have a lot of guy friends. I'd **never** dated anyone who I could bring around my ballplaying friends. And it wasn't because of baseball talk—I dated baseball **fans**—and it wasn't because of my friends—some of my boyfriends were friends with the guys on the team. It was the mixture. It was combustible. Because when I'm with the guys, I'm one of the **guys**. Boyfriends are threatened by that. They get possessive. I can't **imagine** any of my previous boyfriends not reacting in horror to some of my banter with Ed and Frankie and Ty. Shit, most of them would've turned purple in embarrassment with **just** the cheerleaders crack.

But not Mike. I actually had a boyfriend who treated me like one of the guys. Well, **sort** of. Not completely. That was the best news yet. Because you don't generally sit all snuggled and cozy with one of the guys, now do you? Well, he did say all along he knew I was a girl, right? So he treated me like a girl, his girlfriend. But treated me like one of the guys, too. And didn't seem to mind at **all** when the **other** guys treated me, one hundred percent, as one of the guys.

Shit. I wanted to pinch him. To make sure he was **real**.

Look, I've always known I was different. There are some days I think I should've been born a boy. But not really—look, I wasn't lying when I told Mike's mom that I could pretty up just fine. And I **like** doing that. I **like** the whole makeup and hairdo and frilly underclothes and slinky dress and make-all-the-men-drool bit. I do. Hell, I even own pantyhose. And high heels. And a couple of push-up bras. Sometimes I even wear them—when I'm allowed to go to school in clothes, that is.

But I also own cleats. And baseball mitts. And a replica Pedro Martinez Red Sox uniform, and a couple of tins of eyeblack, and baseball caps galore. Plus, I can gossip with the girls, and bullshit with the guys. I can dance, and I can cook, and I can sew, and I throw ninety miles an hour. I have a perfectly fine set of tits, and I have muscular thighs. I'm in perpetual conflict. All of it, both sides, is **part** of me. I've come to live with it. The only thing about me that's completely over to one side or the other is my sexuality, since I'm completely straight. But, that's it. Everything else is nebulous.

So, as I said, I've learned to live with it. But I always had to hide at least part of my 'guy' side from anyone I was dating. Guys are so damn insecure about their heterosexuality, most of them, that when they're with anyone who is at **all** "masculine", they think they

must be half-gay or something. Last year, over the winter, I was dating this guy I had convinced myself I was in love with. During the **winter**, when I could play girly-girl to my heart's content, it was fine. When baseball season hit, forget it. The **minute** he saw me with eyeblack, it was all over.

And Mike just made **love** to me—while I was wearing eyeblack.

Well, as all this was running through my mind, I made it home. Dad and Mom were waiting for me.

“Did you make it?” Dad asked.

“Of course. Blew ‘em away.” I grinned. “All the guys that have seen me pitch and know I’m from Boston have started calling me Pedro.”

“Well, doesn’t that just warm your heart,” Mom said.

“You betcha.”

“We haven’t seen you much this week. How’s The Program going? Outside of the problems with the nude pitching, that is,” Mom asked.

“Fine. No worries. You know me, I don’t mind showing off a little skin. Well, a **lot** of skin, this time. But it’s been fine.”

“Anything interesting happen?” Dad chuckled.

“Well, you know. A grope here, a grab there, a little finger here, an orgasm there. Normal program stuff.” They laughed. They had read the brochure, and they were cool. They had known about me being sexually active since it had started, and were cool with it.

“Yeah, I was wondering about something out of the ordinary,” Dad asked.

I laughed to myself. I couldn’t help it. “Hmm, out of the ordinary. I don’t know. Does getting nailed by your catcher in right field count?”

“Excuse me?!?” Dad asked.

“I had sex with my catcher in right field, after tryouts. I didn’t know if that’d be out of the ordinary or not. Then again, I suppose it would be, because most girls don’t **have** their very own catcher. So I doubt anyone else **could** make love with **their** catcher in right field after tryouts. Maybe **a** catcher. But it’d have to be Brady, because Mike’s the only other catcher and he told me that was his first time fucking in the outfield. So, yeah, I guess that was out of the ordinary. In fact, I’d be willing to wager that I’m the only program participant that ever fucked her catcher in right field.” I was grinning like a nut by the time I was done.

Mom and Dad were laughing. “Dear, you’re babbling,” Mom said.

“Yeah, I am, ain’t I?” I laughed.

“Yes,” Mom replied. “So is this sexually satiated babbling, or lovesick babbling?”

“A little bit of both,” I admitted. “Not that I’m not—what did you say—sexually satiated, because I am. But this may very well be my dream guy.”

“Really?” Dad asked.

“Hey, I’ve never kept secrets from the two of you. You know what some of my previous relationships have been like. You know how much I’ve had to hide. Think about it. I’m dating a **baseball** player. He made love to me **after** tryouts. You know what I look like after I’ve thrown.”

“Eyeblick and all?” Mom asked, incredulously.

“Eyeblick and all. And after I struck him out.”

“You’re kidding,” Dad said. “Did he hit you?”

“Oh, yeah, after the strikeout he ripped a double. He hit .390 last year. He’s one of Coach Morris’s legendary MTO’s.” They cracked up, they both knew what that stood for. “We went at it for a while. We were pretty evenly matched. But I can get him out. He **still** wanted me.”

“There’s two sides of that, you know,” Dad said. “He hit you, you said. You still wanted **him**.”

“It’s funny. I’ve never had any kind of relationship with a ballplayer, so I never knew **how** I’d react to that. Mike said it was foreplay. Strangely enough, I agree with him.”

“Sounds like quite a guy,” Mom said.

“Yeah, he is. It’s new, so we’ll see, but do you know how **nice** it is for **once** not to have to hide parts of myself?”

“Yeah, I can see that,” Dad said. “Good for you, Lil, I’m really happy for you.”

--End of part 3--

MIKE AND LILY NAKED IN SCHOOL
PART FOUR
THURSDAY

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

MIKE

Thursday dawned. I was in a hell of a mood. There's a surprise.

Sat down, ate breakfast with Mom and Marina. Told them all about it. Hustled myself to school.

I got there early. Grabbed the school paper, which had just come out. Figured I could read it while I was waiting—figured I'd have to wait for Lily since I was so early. I went over to the parking lot. Surprise, surprise—she was waiting for me, sitting in her car. She got out the minute she saw me coming.

"I've been waiting for you," she gave me a come-hither grin.

"Oh, goody." I walked over to her, and we wrapped each other in a soul kiss.

"You know what's a pity? You're not in any of my classes," she told me. "I'd rather get relief from you."

"Yeah, me too," I agreed. "Hey, if you need it, take it. It's The Program. Plus, one of two things is going to happen today. You're either gonna get felt up **more**, or people are going to avoid you."

"Why?" she asked.

"Because you're about to have a bit of notoriety around here." I held up the school paper. Right there, on the front page, was a picture of her—pitching, in the nude—and the big headline: "Girl Makes Westport Baseball Team; First Time In History."

"Oh, geez. I should've expected this."

"Yeah, I should've too. It'll be alright." I took her in my arms. "Your catcher will protect you."

"Oh, will he?" she grinned. "How? By kissing me senseless so I don't care about the notoriety?"

"That sounds good." So I did. The rules against PDAs were still on the books at Westport, but, in wake of The Program, they really weren't enforced. Especially in the parking lot a half hour before school.

I broke the kiss, and she grinned at me. I grinned back, and looked down. She was wearing a sleeveless white blouse with flowers on it, and a knee-length flared knit skirt.

"You know what? You're gorgeous even with clothes on," I told her.

“Is that so?”

“Yeah. And even without the dirt and the grime and the eyeblack.”

She just giggled. “You’re the best, you know that?”

“I’m glad you like what you see,” I joked. “Hey, we only have that team meeting today. It’ll only be about an hour. You want to go out on a real date? Dinner?”

“Love to. Burger Hut or real food?” she laughed. “We can always go to The Mariner nude.”

“That’s an idea, but we could always do that after the game tomorrow—it’s kind of a tradition among some of us to hit The Mariner after a Friday game.”

“Oh, great. Cool.”

“For today, though,” I said, “I was thinking more about Luciano’s.”

“Oh, yeah! I love that place. Only been there twice, but I love it.” Luciano’s was a good Italian restaurant in town. “Can’t get nekkid **there**,” she laughed, “but that’s cool. I’d love to go there with you.”

“It’s a date, then,” I said. Then I kissed her again. It went on for a good long time. Until we heard a sports car vroom into the lot. It pulled into the space next to where we were, and the driver yelled, “Hey! Get a room!” It was Ed.

“Don’t spoil my fun, Ed,” Lily teased him.

“Of all the people on this whole wide earth, only **you** would consider **him** fun,” Ed teased back.

“Oh, yeah? Made your travel plans to Latvia yet?” I put in. Lily was, of course, confused—so I explained my earlier joke to her.

Eddie teased us for another minute or so, then went in. We were still cuddling.

“Almost time to go in,” Lily told me.

“Yeah. Darn.”

“I know.” We started to walk to the entrance. “I have a surprise for you,” she continued.

“A surprise?”

“You’ll see.” I swear she shook her hips in front of me when she walked away after she said that. She positively sauntered. Hadn’t seen **that** before.

We got to the entrance, and all the kids were gathered around for the daily unveiling. We hadn’t really put on a show, so I decided to do a little. I went up the stairs ahead of her, and yelled, “Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome Westport High’s newest ace pitcher, coming soon to a clothing-optional ballpark near you, Lily ‘Pedro’ Woodard!!!!”

She giggled through my whole spiel, then bounded up the steps, bowed to all four points of the compass, and then flexed her pitching arm. I thought she might’ve been embarrassed by my little speech—I did it on the spur of the moment—but she was enjoying it. Little did I know that she had a little show of her own planned.

“Thank you, thank you. Mikey, can you start the disrobing today?” I shrugged, and started peeling off my shirt. “Now, you all might like to know that that beautiful guy over there getting naked—well, he and I made love for the first time yesterday evening.” Shit! She **said** that? “Right after I made the team. Those of you who use the baseball diamond for a cut-through, look out for the cumstains in right field. We wouldn’t want any accidents.” SHIT! “And now we’re going out. All done, honey?” I, now naked, nodded, bemused. This girl sure was unpredictable. And, boy, did she have—there’s no other word for it—balls. “OK, now, since we were already naked, because of The Program, there was no grand unveiling. I thought about us undressing each other **here** today, but we’ll have plenty of time to do that. Then, I had a better idea.” Her shirt came off.

“Y’see, I was thinking about him all night last night. **And** this morning.” She reached back and unclasped her bra. “All the way here, that’s all I could think about, what we did yesterday—and how soon we could do it **again**.” The bra fell to the floor. I was mesmerized by this point. “And I was making myself hornier and hornier, just thinking about it.” The skirt was unzipped. “And, so, while I was driving, I let my hand slip down....here.” Her skirt fell, and she stepped out of it. She gathered up her skirt, bra, and blouse, and dropped them into the box we used for that. Then she turned back to the crowd. “I was so horny.” She stuck her hand between her legs. “I spent the whole ride here thinking about him, making myself horny—and making myself oh....so.... **wet**.” Off came the panties. They were pink and frilly. She wasn’t kidding, I could see the moisture on her pussy. “So, I spent the whole ride here making myself so hot and bothered—because of Mike—that I absolutely **drenched** these panties.” She held them up. She was right, they were soaked. Then she took them, folded them up, unzipped my bookbag, and put them in! “A souvenir, sweetie. Not a direct one, but the best indirect one I could come up with.” Then she kissed me on the cheek, and disappeared into the building.

Oh my **fuck**.

The crowd was going apeshit. I turned back towards the school, half in a daze—with one thought on my mind. Relief. I need relief. DAMN do I need relief. And why, oh why, wasn’t she in any of my classes?

Eddie caught up to me. “That is **some** girl,” he said admiringly.

“You got that right,” I agreed.

I went to first period, and immediately requested relief. That was probably the most desperate cum of my **life**. If Lily had been here, I might’ve taken out one of the fluorescent lights with it. As it was, my friendly reliever got a healthy blast in the cheek. Luckily, she didn’t mind.

Unfortunately, the relief was rather temporary. Because **every** time I opened my bookbag, all I could smell was **her**. I sit next to Maggie Benson in third period, and, when I opened my bookbag, she leaned over and said, “Why does it smell like pussy in here?” When I told her, she howled. “I don’t know this girl, and already I like her.”

Eddie was right. She’s some girl. It just got better and better.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

LILY

I couldn’t **believe** I had done that!

It was impulse. I **was** getting all hot and bothered thinking about it driving to school, and I **was** rubbing myself—and the kisses we shared in the parking lot didn’t help any. So this brainstorm hit.

I hope he liked his present!

Word got around that Mikey pretty much **had** to ask for relief before first period. Of course he did, the poor dear. I must’ve really got him going. And the rest of the morning must have been torture—every time he opened that bookbag!

So, when I found him at lunch, I had a shit-eating grin on my face. He smiled back, came around the table, and sat next to me, instead of across from me. I was about to ask him what was up—and two fingers plunged in to my pussy. Oh FUCK. I almost elevated off the chair, and had to swallow the squeak that buckled up. He sat there, very calmly, munching on the sandwich he held with his left hand—while his right hand was furiously thrusting in and out of me.

Ohgodohgodohgod—in the middle of the cafeteria, where I couldn’t even **moan**. It was torture. It was delicious.

And right in the middle, Ed and Frankie came over and sat down across from us!

“Hey, kids, how’s it going?” Frankie asked us.

“Great,” Mike said nonchalantly. I managed to smile and nod. At least I think I smiled.

“Nice stunt before school, Pedro,” Eddie laughed.

“Th-thanks,” I managed to stammer. Oh fuck, I was hovering right on the edge of one massive cum.

“Hey, are you all right?” Frankie asked. I tried to say “Fine,” but, when I opened my mouth, the only thing that came out was a half-squeak/half-gasp.

“Hey, what’s going on?” Eddie asked.

“Payback,” Mike grinned at them. That’s when I went. I grabbed his hand and ever-so-slightly humped myself on it. I stifled the huge **roar** that wanted to come out. I grit my teeth. I probably looked like I was in extreme pain. **Fuck**, what a cum.

I sat there panting, not trying to **look** like I was panting. It’s very difficult to catch your breath when you’re trying not to let anyone **know** that you’re out of breath. And, my torturer, my delicious, wonderful, torturer—took his juice-covered fingers and lifted them to his face. “Hey, I know that smell,” he said—and then he licked them off.

I was a pile of goo. A complete pile of goo.

Then Mike said, “Hey honey, don’t you think you might want to eat something? Lunch period’s getting on, you know.”

I just sighed, and shuddered. Ed and Frankie were **very** amused. I managed to pick at some food, but didn’t really care. After a cum like that, who needed **lunch**?

And do **not** ask me how I stood up when the bell rang. I have no idea.

Anyhow, I made it through the rest of the day. Somehow. And then, at the exit, was my wonderful guy. We had to go to the team meeting—au naturel, of course—so we just grabbed our clothes and went. Once we got away from the crowd, I said, “You cruel beast. I was having aftershocks for three periods.”

“Payback, sweetheart. I’ve been smelling you **all** day.” We grabbed hands and walked to the meeting. We got there, and grabbed a seat on a bench with Frankie and Ed.

First, we elected captains. There was no requirement that captains be seniors, except that they usually **were**. Unfortunately, there were very few seniors on this team. When Coach assembled his team last year, he had a whole lot of seniors—who had since graduated—and not too many juniors. He said the junior class last year was the worst he’d seen in 15 years at Westport. However, he had a lot of good sophomores, who were now juniors, who were the core of the team. The couple of seniors we **did** have weren’t considered leaders. So, it was with no surprise—but a great amount of delight, at least on my part—that Mike and Ed were elected the co-captains.

Then we got measured for uniforms. I wouldn't get to wear mine right away, of course, but I would eventually. The equipment manager asked me if I had a number preference. "45," I said immediately.

"We usually don't do numbers higher than 30," the coach said.

"Can you?" I asked. The coach looked at the equipment manager, who said. "I don't see why not."

"Any particular reason?" The coach asked me.

"For 45? Well, of course. It's Pedro Martinez's number."

"That's right, it is, isn't it," the coach chuckled. "They told me you were from Boston." I nodded. "OK, 45 it is." Thank goodness. I had **always** worn 45.

Then the coach started talking about our opening day game—tomorrow, Friday. "OK, it's Newburgh. For those who are new here, Newburgh High is the perennial conference champion. They won States two years ago, and were runners-up last year. And **we** haven't beaten them in six years—and most times it hasn't been **close**. I'm sure those of you who were here last year remember the 15-1 drubbing."

"So, we're going to do something different this time. Woodard, you're starting." **I was?** I AM? Number one starter? I didn't expect **that**. Frankie had been 7-2 last year, and there was an impressive sophomore on the staff. They only knew what I could do from a brief tryout. **I** knew it, but they didn't. And they were starting me first? I was thrilled.

For a minute. The coach went on. "Hey, we're going to lose anyway, so we might as well waste her in this game, and we might get lucky." The team members who didn't want any girl on the team all chuckled. "And, who knows? She'll still be in The Program tomorrow. Might increase attendance."

Damn it. I was being used as a sacrificial lamb. Mike was furious, I could see, but fuck it. If that's what the skipper thought he was doing, he was in for a rude awakening—I didn't care how good this team was.

Then he started talking about hitting. After talking about some of the guys in the order, he got to me. "Woodard, was that hitting display of yesterday a fluke?" he said with an ill-concealed laugh.

"No," I said, my fury building.

"Now, you didn't play every day with your old school."

"Yes, I did."

"Obviously, that school had a talent problem," he chortled.

“That’s an interesting theory,” I said, “about the Massachusetts State runners-up. Division Two, true, but state runners-up all the same, and we would’ve won the championship if I hadn’t exceeded my innings and been able to pitch the final game.”

“You mean to tell me that a state runners-up didn’t have anyone else to DH?”

“I **didn’t** DH! When I wasn’t pitching, I played Center Fucking Field!”

“Hey, that could work,” said Frankie, who was going to start in center when **he** wasn’t pitching. The coach just glared at him.

“And they would’ve found **somewhere** to play me when I wasn’t pitching—you don’t sit down your fucking **leadoff** hitter!” I continued.

“You. Hit leadoff.” The coach was flabbergasted.

That did it. “Leadoff. .320 average. .430 OBP. Plus 27 steals in 29 attempts in only 28 games, **plus** I scored 35 runs. Oh, and if you think you’re sending me out as a sacrificial lamb tomorrow, get a load of **these** numbers. Nine wins, zero losses in ten starts. And the one I didn’t win, I left a scoreless tie in the eleventh. **Zero** point three two earned run average. A strikeout to walk ratio of a hundred and two to **twelve**. That’s in 85 innings. I threw **two** no-hitters. I didn’t make all-conference, I made all **state**. As a **sophomore!**” I stood up. “You have your little chuckles. You think you’re setting me up to take a fall tomorrow. You’d better be good and damned prepared to come here tomorrow and watch a fucking three-hit **shutout**. Now, if this silly meeting is over, you’ll have to excuse me. I have to go study. Because I’m a straight A student, too!” And I stormed out of the room.

I probably shouldn’t have done it. I know. But I was **pissed**. I slumped against the locker room door, totally drained. Then I heard the sound of laughter from inside the locker room. I was all set to storm back in there and rip somebody’s throat out. Until I heard the coach bellow, “Kirkland, what’s so fucking funny?”

“The greatest girl in the world, that’s what’s so funny,” I heard Mike say. “That, and the **look** on your face. Sorry, Coach, but you looked like you had swallowed your tongue. And, Coach, I gotta say it. If I were a betting man, my money’d be on the three hit shutout.”

Aw. That’s all I could think. Aw. He stuck up for me—and he did it without getting all possessive and pissed off and **boyfriend**-like. He did it with wit and style.

Then he came out. Big shit-eating grin on his face. I got some glares from some of the team—but pats on the shoulder from Eddie, Frankie, and Ty. We walked out of the locker room, he pulled me off into a corner—and gave me a big hug. “You, my dear, have more balls than most guys.” I could just smile.

We made arrangements to go out, he was going to pick me up, so I gave him directions. Then I threw on my clothes—chuckling at the lack of panties—and headed home.

“Lily, is that you?” It was Mom.

“Yeah. I’m starting tomorrow.”

“That’s great! Too bad your father and I can’t go.”

“There will be plenty of opportunities. Hey, I need your help. Can you come upstairs with me?”

“Sure.”

“Mike’s taking me to Luciano’s for dinner.”

“Aw, that’s nice,” Mom said. “Oh, that means your father and I will get to meet him, yes?”

“Yes, he’s picking me up. Anyhow, I need your help. I need something to wear, and I want you to help me with my hair.”

“Going all girly-girl tonight?” she chuckled.

“Yep. He’s seen me halfway—in the parking lot this morning before school when I was wearing this. And he’s seen me with dirt and eyeblack and stuff. But he’s never seen me in full girl mode.”

“Are you testing him?” she asked.

“Nah. Hey, if he can accept the eyeblack and stuff, I don’t think he’ll have any problem accepting Lily The Girl. However, I **do** want to shock the shit out of him,” I grinned.

“Ah,” she laughed. “OK, well, let me riff through your closet, I’ll get a selection out for you. And while I’m doing that, **you** need a shower. Wash that hair before I style it.”

“Good plan.” I started stripping off my clothes, forgetting what I **wasn’t** wearing.

Mom noticed. Ah, well, like I said—she’s cool. “Lily, honey? **Where**, exactly, are your panties?” She was stifling a giggle.

“In Mike’s bookbag,” I grinned. “Presented them to him this morning. And I made sure I got myself **nice** and horny on the way to school.”

She wasn’t stifling the giggle anymore. “You minx! So he had your…wet panties…”

“ **Very** wet panties.”

“Oh my. OK, very wet panties in his bookbag all day?”

“Yup,” I grinned.

“Oh, Lily, I hope he really likes you after **that!**”

“Oh, he got me back.”

“Oh, really? How?”

Hmmm. Well, should I answer that? What the hell. “Under the table at lunch, with his hand, right in the middle of the lunchroom,” I grinned.

“He **didn’t!**”

“He did. Have you ever been in a situation where you were cumming up an absolute **storm** and had to **force** yourself not to make a single noise? Jesus. It was complete, blissful, fantastic, exquisite **pain**.”

“I can imagine,” she laughed. Then she looked at me. “Lily. You’ve actually found a guy to keep up with you, haven’t you?”

“Yeah. And how. And in every way.” I told her about my outburst to the Coach, and Mike’s reaction to it.

“I’ve never told you about this. I worry about you. I know you’ve had lots of boyfriends, but they never seemed to last, and there never seemed to be much emotional content, even for a teenaged girl. It just seemed they were all about sex. And I must admit, I sort of worried when I found out you slept with Mike before you guys even had an actual **date**. But, jeez, honey, if you’ve actually found a guy who can keep up with you.....wow. I worried they didn’t exist.”

“Yeah, me too,” I admitted. “And Mike is a new thing. But, Jesus, Mom, so far he’s just **perfect**. I have to tell you, I think I could fall for this guy in a **big** way.”

“I think you already are,” she smiled. I smiled back. She had a point.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

MIKE

I showed up at Lily’s at the appointed hour, and knocked on the door. Her Dad answered. He shook my hand and welcomed me in. Said he was glad to finally meet me “after hearing so much.” Hmm. I wonder what Lily had told them. Anyway, if he knew about our right-field escapades, he must not have minded, because he was very nice.

We sat in the living room, and chatted. About baseball, about the team. You know, guy stuff. Then I heard a creak on the stairs, and looked up, and saw Lily walking down.

Oh. My. God.

I couldn't fucking swallow. Or breathe. Or think.

She was wearing a spaghetti-strap blouse, black, low-cut, ruffly, with a cinched waist, that flared out at the end. A red skirt, short and flared. Black panty hose. Red heels (not **too** high, thankfully, since I was shorter to begin with!). And her face! She had makeup on, lightly but skillfully applied. And her hair was down. I'd only seen it in a ponytail, or up under her cap on the field. Tonight, it was down, and had been styled with a curler of some sort. It cascaded past her shoulders in chocolate waves.

She was...exquisite.

Don't forget, I had fallen in love with a **ballplayer**. I had made love to this girl when she was a sweaty, dirty, mussed-haired, grass-stained pitcher. And I had told her she was beautiful. And I had meant every word. I saw the beauty in a cocky, shitkicking, take-no-prisoners ball of fire who struck me out on three pitches and made love in the outfield like a banshee. And now I was confronted with this **vision** coming down the stairs at me.

And it was the same girl. The same unbelievable girl.

She walked over to me and shyly said, "Hi."

"Hi. And **wow**," was all I could come up with.

She giggled. "You like?"

"You're beautiful."

She blushed but giggled. "Better than that dirty pitcher you rolled around in the outfield with, huh?" Ah. So her parents **did** know, as they were right there. But they were still smiling at her.

"No. She's just as beautiful. Beauty is beauty, there's just different ways to let it out. Thank you for showing me this one." I never thought of myself as all that eloquent. I just speak from the gut and the heart. Well, I saw the moisture in her eyes right then. I guess I'd said the right thing.

She beamed at me and sniffled. Then she ran her hands over my simple (but clean and pressed) blue oxford button-down and tan chinos and said, "You know, you clean up pretty well yourself. For a catcher." I just grinned at her.

She made a supreme effort to keep her composure—and then introduced me to her mom. We chatted a bit, and then it was time to go.

I let her in the passenger side, then swung around and started up the car. We drove for a minute in silence, then she said, “Thanks.”

“You’re welcome. For what?”

She giggled, and then her voice got soft. “For what you said in there.”

“I meant every word.”

“I know you did.” Sniffle. “Damn it, I **can’t** cry! My mascara will run!”

“Ah, fuck it. Let it run. We’ll just smudge it around your face and call it eyeblack.” She looked at me, and **roared** with laughter. “Then again, though eyeblack suits you just fine, I don’t think it’d go all that well with **that** particular ensemble.” She let out another snort of laughter, then got serious and turned to me.

“Is it OK? I mean, really OK? I know you’ve never seen me like this. I know Luciano’s is sort of casual, and I tried not to go overboard, but I wanted you to see me like this.”

“Is it OK? I’m gobsmacked,” I said. “You came down those stairs, and I couldn’t have made a fist if my life had depended on it. Look, you know me. You know how I reacted to that grubby pitcher in the outfield yesterday. And you know I meant it when I called you beautiful. What I see now is different. It’s a different kind of beauty.” I took a breath. “I guess the best way I can say it is this: the Lily that stands on that mound glaring in at me builds a fire in my gut. The Lily that came down those stairs tonight took my breath away. Do you realize how beautiful that makes you, that you can do **both** those things?”

Her voice, when she answered, was low and hoarse. “Do you realize how beautiful it makes you, that you can **recognize** both those things?” There was a slight sob at the end of that, and then a tone of wonder. “You’re the first. The absolute first. **Ever**.” She sniffled. “If I were to be asked, I’d say that the most beautiful thing about you, physically, is your eyes. They’re the most gorgeous eyes I’ve ever seen on a guy.” I could hear the grin in her voice. “In my diary, I called them ‘liquid pools of iridescent sapphire.’ That’s when I **knew** I had a thing for you, when I started waxing poetic.” I cracked up laughing. She giggled a little, then her voice dropped again. “But now I know the truth. The true beauty in your eyes isn’t the way they look; though they **are** beautiful and I drown in them every time I look into them. The true beauty in your eyes is **inside**, what they **see**. You see things I didn’t think **anyone** would **ever** see.”

“They weren’t looking hard enough.”

“I don’t think you had to look hard at **all**,” she replied.

“You’re right, I didn’t. It was there, it was all there. Every time I looked at you.”

She sighed, and sniffled a bit. Then her voice got forceful. “Mike Kirkland, you had better be ready, because I am falling head over heels in love with you, and I am doing it good and fast. And I don’t do **anything** halfway.”

I **roared**. Is this girl something, or what? I couldn’t stop laughing.

“What?” she said.

“Only **you** could tell me you’re falling in love with me and make it sound like you’re challenging me to a duel at ten paces.”

“Oh, jeez, I did, didn’t I?”

“Hey, I’m the one that thinks that getting struck out is foreplay, who am **I** to argue? Besides which, I can hit **that** meatball out of the park. If you think you’re falling in love with me, Lily Woodard, you’d better catch up in a hurry, because I’m rounding third and headed for home.”

“Good,” she sighed, and snuggled up to me for the rest of the ride.

We got to Luciano’s and got a table right away. We looked at the menu, ordered, and then sat there, chatting.

“I’ve been meaning to ask you,” I said, “Do you have any dreams about being the first woman in the majors? I mean, I caught a guy who got drafted last year, and you’re better than he is.”

“Well, yeah, **now** I am,” she replied. “But I won’t be. My body will break down eventually. Pitching-wise, I mean, and probably long before I’d be ready for the majors. We’ve talked about the whole women’s body not being meant for this thing. Well, it’s only gonna get worse. I’m only seventeen. That’s going to get harder to maintain.”

“Yeah, but some of it won’t. I mean, your hips are your hips. They might get fatter, but you do a good job of keeping that in line. A lot of maintaining your body for pitching isn’t any different than maintaining your body for any other kind of sport—like soccer. A lot of the basic differences-in-physiology problems you have aren’t going to get any worse. Not any time soon.”

“I see your point, and it is something to think about,” she said. “What they tell me—doctors and such, I mean—is that, because I’m female, I have more of a chance of something going wrong. There’s more of a chance that I could snap a tendon in my hip. There’s more of a chance of arm problems. Hey, my arm bone is smaller than yours. I do a damn good job of building up the muscle and such around it, and I do a good job with exercises to keep it flexible. But it’s smaller. It could snap in half on my first pitch tomorrow. Hey, if it happens in high school? Oh well. If it happens after three years of mucking around the low minors? It’d be far more devastating.”

“You’ve thought about this,” I commented.

“Oh, yeah. Look—if I keep my stats the next two years the way they’ve been the first two years—well, if I were a guy, I **would** be drafted. We’d have to see if any organization would want to take a chance with a girl pitcher—knowing what I know, and just told you—but, yeah, it’s a possibility. I’d have to at least consider it. Especially if I were to get drafted by the Red Sox. Having the chance to make that kind of history with a **Sox** uniform on my back? In **Fenway**? I admit, that’s enticing. Frankly, chasing a slim-chance dream, being in the back of busses for years, doesn’t hold much appeal if that slim-chance would happen—if it ever does—in a Florida Marlins uniform, or something. But the Sox? Yeah, I’d have to at least consider it.”

“What about college?”

“You mean, if I were offered a baseball scholarship? Oh, yeah, in a heartbeat. No question. Even if my arm falls off halfway through sophomore year, I’ll have my education. And, I’ll tell you, that **is** a milestone that I **might** be able to get to before my body goes south—first woman in the College World Series.”

“What to you want to go to school for?” I asked her.

“Journalism,” She grinned. “If I can’t **play** for the Sox, I’ll be their beat writer.”

“I should’ve known, shouldn’t I have?” I laughed.

“Yes you should’ve. And you?”

“I want to go pro—however, I won’t be accepting any offers if I’m drafted out of High School. I **am** going to college first. If I’m drafted out of college, to the minors I go. In college, I plan to major in psychology. If the baseball thing doesn’t work out, I’m going to take after my mother.”

“That’s neat,” she beamed.

“That would be awfully interesting,” I said.

“What would?”

“What if we got offered scholarships, but not to the same school? What if we ended up in different schools? I can just see it. College World Series, final game. Pitching for Arizona State, Lily Woodard. Now batting for Miami, Mike Kirkland.”

She laughed. “I’d strike you out on three straight pitches.”

“No way. Double into the gap.”

“In your dreams.” She took a breath. “Well, we might not be able to go to the same school. But if we’re still going out next year when the offers come out—which we **will** be—I hope we end up at closer schools than Arizona State and Miami.”

“Good point,” I laughed. “‘Which we will be,’ huh?”

“Well, you know....I just feel something about this.”

“Yeah, me too.”

“Hell, I’ve even contemplated the nasty possibility that you might be drafted by the **Yankees**. Which means, if we’re still together, which we will be”—we both giggled—“I’d have to go be a beat writer in **New York**. Writing about the team in all of pro sports I despise the most. Jesus. Shoot me now. I don’t know if I’d be able to keep the dripping contemptuous sarcasm out of my columns.” I howled at that one.

The food came then, and we ate and happily chatted. I paid the bill, and we left.

“Mikey?” she said shyly after we had climbed into the car.

“Yes?”

“I, uh, want you. Really, **really** bad.”

“You do **not** beat around the bush, do you?”

“No, not usually,” she giggled.

“That’s just fine by me, because I want you, too. Really really bad.”

“Where can we go?”

“That’s easy.” I started driving to my house. When we pulled up, she said, “You sure?”

“Mom won’t care.”

“Yeah, I guess she wouldn’t,” she said. “She seems open to all of this.”

“Always has been.”

“Actually, I don’t think my parents would mind all that much either—if I didn’t have an eleven year old sister.”

“Good point.” I stopped the car, walked around, and took her hand. We went into the house and found Mom and Marina there. We chatted for a bit, then I took her upstairs. Mom just gave me a grin and a wink.

I got her up to my room—which I had had the foresight to straighten up—and looked around. The only girl I’ve ever had in my room that appreciated the baseball posters, I can tell you that. Then she looked above my bed—and started howling.

I had pinned the panties onto the wall right above my headboard.

She pointed at them. “Did you at least **wash** them?” she chortled.

“Never,” I told her. She laughed louder. “I’m trying to decide whether or not to frame them.”

“You’re a nut, you know that?” she giggled, then tackled me onto my bed. “C’mere, you nut.” We rolled around on the bed, making out, wrapped around one another. Various pieces of clothing started to be shed.

Before long, her blouse and bra were undone—the bra had hooked in the front--our mouths were locked, my hands were on her boobs, and she was writhing all over the place. Not long after **that**, her pantyhose and panties were in a ball at the end of the bed, my mouth was on her boobs, and my hand was in her pussy. Then I started kissing downward. I **knew** what I wanted—I had wanted it since the first moment that morning that I had opened my bookbag. So I started trailing kisses down her stomach. She giggled. Her skirt was still on, so I just lifted it out of the way, and started kissing her thighs, moving my way towards the bullseye.

She tensed. “Mikey? W-what are you doing?”

“I’ve been smelling it all day,” I chuckled. “Now I need a taste.”

“Oh. Well, uh, nobody’s ever done that to me.”

I was stunned. “You’re kidding.”

“No. I dunno. It just never happened.”

I looked at her. “And for some reason, the thought bothers you.”

“Not **bothers** me, really,” she said. “It just seems so....personal. I don’t know how to explain it.”

“If you don’t want me to, I won’t,” I said simply.

“No. I’m being silly. Well, why do you want to do it?”

“Well, the first reason was what I said, I want to taste you.” She shot me a dubious look. “Really. Some guys **like** doing this, you know, and I’m one of them. As for the second reason—well, you’re just going to have to trust me.”

“Trust you?”

“Yeah.”

She smiled. “OK. I do,” she said, and then lied back—still visibly tense, but I’d change that. I moved back down towards her—and started with one long lick up the length of her pussy.

She **jumped**. I worked my way up and down and delighted in her increasingly ragged breathing. I worked my tongue in and out of her hole a few times and she writhed all over the bed. Then, I dragged my tongue upwards again—and went right for the clit.

“YYYYYYYIIIIII!!” she wailed. “OhmygodNNNGGGGGG!!” as I worked my tongue up and down. A little bit of that, and I zeroed in on the clit, and listened to the wild animal cries coming from her mouth. When she came, she almost threw me off the bed bucking her hips. I eased off as she came down, lightly trailing my tongue on her labia, then I brought her right back up again. This one was even more explosive.

I quit after that, crawled up next to her. She was beet-red. She was still gasping for air. Her fingernails were practically digging a hole in my mattress. Her legs were still shaking. She opened her eyes, saw me lying next to her—and she grabbed me and wrapped her arms around me, hugging me ferociously, still shuddering.

“That’s the second reason,” I said in her ear.

“Ohgodohgodohgod.”

“I’m glad you liked it,” I chuckled.

“Oh God that was—I can’t describe—I can still **feel** it!” She was babbling. “Oh, God, Mikey please fuck me!” I was going to argue with that?

I quickly got my pants off—she had already taken the shirt off—and crawled on top of her. And entered her. She started moaning right away.

I looked down. After all this time we had spent together naked, this was almost better. Her black blouse and black bra—both undone—still hung off her shoulders. And her skirt was still on, and bunched up around her waist. I moved in and out of her, and she went **fast**—I guess she wasn’t kidding about still feeling the tongue bath—as she howled. I was nowhere near, so I kept going.

I noticed her starting to build up again. Right then, I leaned over and started kissing her. She had her legs around my hips, and she wrapped her arms around my neck as I fucked her. On every stroke, I felt her mouth vibrate on mine as she let out a “MMMMMMMMMM!” And then she went again. She grabbed my neck and ground her mouth on mine as she screamed into my mouth. Her pussy ground on my dick. Connected at both ends like that, I felt **her** orgasm **all** over.

Did I say I was nowhere near? That ended in a hurry! But not before I brought her to another one, still connected mouth-to-mouth and dick-to-pussy.

I'd never passed out from sex. I came **damn** close that time. I collapsed in a protoplasmic heap beside her.

When I had regained my wits, I looked over to her. She was still wheezing and gaping. Her breasts were flushed and heaving. Her face was flushed, eyes closed, hands bunched into fists. Her lips were swollen—**both** sets. She was still shuddering.

When her eyes fluttered open, she gazed at me with a look of wonder. "Oh my. **What** was I missing?"

I just chuckled. "I'm a little surprised that you'd never had that done to you."

"Well, like I said, I sort of shied away from it. Stupid me. But the other part is, hey—not a lot of guys, even in this day and age, will do that. I've heard that enough from girlfriends over the years. 'Expects a blowjob, but won't give **me** any'." Then she blinked. "Which I've never done for you, come to think about it."

"I don't mind," I laughed.

"Next time," she promised. "Anyhow, like I said, not all guys will do it. I've also heard that some guys will **try** it, but aren't very good at it." She shuddered again. "You, my sweet, are very good at it. I have never cum so many times in a row in my life. And so **loudly**. Jesus, I probably woke up the neighbors."

"Well, Mom and Marina, at the very least. Well, if they had been asleep, that is. They're not—they're downstairs."

"OH SHIT!" she blurt out. "I forgot where I was!"

"Don't worry about it," I laughed. "This is Mom, OK? You think you're the...well, forget it. Just that Mom won't care."

"What were you going to say?" she pressed.

"Nothing. Forget it."

"Mikey, come on. No secrets."

"Fine, all I was going to say was, do you think you're the first girl I've ever had up here."

"Oh, is that all," she said. "Hey, I know you have a past. **I** have a past. I'm actually rather glad I wasn't your first, nor you mine. When I lost my virginity, I wasn't **capable** of what just happened."

“Yeah. How old were you?”

“13. Summer after seventh grade. You?”

“14. Eighth grade. Right after my 14th birthday, which is in January. The 25th.”

“Cool, you’re an older man,” she giggled. “Slightly. Mine was a couple weeks ago. March 10th. You turned seventeen also, I assume?”

“Yeah,” I said. “Have you had a lot?” I asked.

“Yeah, I’d say. 8 or so, I think? As I told you, I’m not a one-night-stand sort of person, generally, though I did have one. I mean one that I **knew** exactly what it was when I did it. Of course, that was the one time I was with a **considerably** older man.”

“Oh, really?” I laughed.

“Yeah. Look, that’s a topic of girl-gossip when you’re teenagers. How much better older men are. I was 15. He was 26. I wanted to try it out. And I have to admit, he **was** good.” She looked at me. “Oops, maybe I shouldn’t have said that.”

“Why not?” I asked reasonably. “My male ego’s pretty resistant, you know. Besides which, I have eyes. If you tell me **anything** you’ve ever had was better than what I just saw, you’re lying, lying, lying.”

She cracked up laughing. “OK. I admit it. Hell, I thought our roll in the outfield yesterday was the ultimate. Until **this**. Five times I came. Unbelievable.” She took a breath. “You like doing, you know, what you did to me tonight?”

“Sure do.”

“GOOD!” I had to laugh at that. “Anyway, back to my experience—except for the older guy, it was never a one-night stand. It might have ended up not being many **more** nights than that, but it was always what I considered a relationship. Even if it ended up being short-lived.”

“You ever had your heart broken?” I asked her.

“Once. Bill Shumer. I went out with him last year, sophomore year, over most of the winter. I thought I was in love, but I was fooling myself. You see, he **knew**, in his mind, that I was a baseball player—but it was winter, so he was able to avoid it. Then, right after the season started, I was walking home from practice and I ran into him downtown where I used to live. I still had my uniform on, spikes, eyeblack, dirt, the whole bit. He broke up with me that night. Said he thought he was going out with a **girl**. I told him he knew I played baseball, but that didn’t matter. Confronted with visual evidence of it, he freaked.”

“Oh, damn, Lily,” was all I could think to say.

“Lucky for me, no more of that,” she said, smiling at me. “Now you. How many?”

“Ten or so. I’ve done a few one-night stands. Mostly relationships.”

“All right, I have to ask. You said a few one-night stands. Have you ever done Maggie Benson?”

“Yeah,” I laughed. “Right here, as a matter of fact, about a year ago. And that’s why I know that Mom doesn’t care—because Maggie’s so loud, I think she shattered a couple bulbs in the dining room chandelier.” She howled. “You know, it’s kind of incredible that I can tell you this stuff.”

“Look, your past is your past, that’s the way I look at it. And I would’ve been surprised if you **hadn’t** been with Maggie Benson. That’s a small list.”

“Speaking of Maggie, she sits next to me third period, and when I opened my bookbag today, she leaned over and said ‘I smell pussy.’” Lily really broke up at that one. “When I told her **why** she smelt pussy, she said she liked you already.”

“Uh-huh,” she giggled. “Have you ever had your heart broken?”

“Once myself. Marcia Ryerson.”

“She’s in my English class.”

“Maybe I shouldn’t tell you this story, then. Ah well, it was two years ago. Freshman year. We went out for a couple of months, and were doing it the whole time. She always told me her parents were strict, she had to keep it secret, we snuck around a lot. That part wasn’t the greatest, but I had really fallen for this girl. Unfortunately, it wasn’t her parents she didn’t want to find out about her guys—it was her other guys.”

“Oh, shit.” Lily saw what was coming.

“Oh, it gets better. Despite all her grand schemes, some guys just can’t keep a secret from their best buddies. **I** can....but Eddie can’t.”

“Oh **no**,” she said.

“Yep. He sidled up to me one day and told me about this great relationship he was in, but he had to keep it hush-hush because of her parents, but he wanted to tell **me**. And then named the girl I had been fucking not two hours before. I almost hit him. Then I realized that he didn’t know.”

“What happened then?”

“We confronted her. She got all weepy, ‘I love you both so much I couldn’t decide’ yadda yadda yadda, all that crap. We both turned our back on her, and shook over it. And we made a vow, right then and there, that, no matter what, we would **always** tell each other about the girls in our life, so that this never happened again.” I grinned at her. “Of course, I didn’t have to tell Eddie about **us**—you did that yourself at the Burger Hut.”

“Yes, I did.” She giggled.

“I don’t like sneaks. I treat everybody on the up-and-up, and prefer to be treated that way myself. We’ve told you about Jared and Amanda. Now, while that might not be **my** style, I respect that, when they stray, they’re open about it. And I actually have enormous respect for Maggie. She like sex, she likes variety, and doesn’t apologize for it. I just don’t like sneaks.”

“You don’t have to worry about that with me,” she said.

“You, Miss Blunt?” I laughed. “No, I didn’t think so. If you ever got pissed off enough to cheat on me, you’d scream it from the top of the school building.”

“I might at that,” she giggled. “Though, you know,” she said softly, “that’s never going to happen.”

“I know.” We just smiled at each other.

--End of part 4—

MIKE AND LILY NAKED IN SCHOOL
PART FIVE
FRIDAY DAYTIME

CHAPTER NINETEEN
LILY

What a day. What a day, what a day.

I floated to school on cloud nine. Because I got to pitch today. And because of what had happened last night.

I got in the car, started it, and turned on the radio.

U2 was singing. “It’s a beautiful day, don’t let it get away.”

Damn straight. The sun was shining, I was in love, and I got to pitch today.

In love. What a concept. Though I hadn't actually **said** it, and neither had he—just that “I’m falling” bit. Which isn't quite the same thing. But I was done falling and I think he was, too. I almost said it when he dropped me off last night. I've only said those words once in my life—and that was that asshole, sophomore year. I don't give those words away. I **knew**, deep in my heart, that Mike would never do anything like that to me—but I don't give those words away.

Sometimes I'm too damn stubborn for my own good.

Anyhow, plenty of time for that. I didn't see anything happening to this relationship any time soon. Talk about what a concept. I usually spent most of my time in relationships waiting for the other shoe to drop. Not this time.

It really **was** a beautiful day. And I had no intention of letting it get away.

Of course, the problem was, I had to spend the first seven hours of it in school. I am **useless** in school on a game day when I'm pitching. Luckily, I do good work the **other** days, so it's not all that damaging to my GPA. But I knew I'd be sitting in history thinking about my pitching strategy and not history.

I pulled into the lot, and saw Mike standing there waiting for me, with his little lopsided grin. I felt that wonderful fist-clench in my gut when I saw him.

But that's when it hit me. Oh, shit. I have to **pitch** to this guy! I have to stand there on the mound and peer in and get signals from a guy who makes my toes curl. Oh, shit.

Baseball and sexual tension do **not** mix, “Bull Durham” to the contrary. It's a damn good thing I was good at focusing.

Luckily, the day flew by. At one point I realized that it was my last day in The Program. And, OK, I didn't mind the last-day fondles I got. I was just worried I'd get **too** worked up, but I didn't. People seemed to leave me alone towards the end of the day. It was common knowledge I had to go out and pitch at 3:30.

Then, finally, we were in the locker room. Mike was taping me up. I put the pads on my nipples myself—Mike chuckled and said he understood why—but he helped me with the ace bandage.

Then the coach came in. “OK, Listen up.” He listed off the lineup. I was batting 9th. Oh, well. At least I was batting. And we **did** have a very good leadoff batter, Roger Winn, our second baseman.

“OK, you guys. Now, I have a problem with The Program. I've pleaded and pleaded with the administration to make some exceptions, but they won't—even though **other** schools that run The Program do. They keep saying ‘naked at school activities means naked at school activities’ and I can't change their mind. For **this** you should be wearing the uniform, but they won't listen to me. So, Kirkland, Woodard, be careful. Protect yourself.

Woodard, I've never had a girl on this team, much less a naked girl, so if you have any problems, you speak up. I can anticipate some of the problems Kirkland might have, but not you. I know you're not shy, so don't get that way all of a sudden." I laughed and nodded. "And, both of you: NO SLIDING!" The whole locker room laughed at that. "Jesus. Especially you, Woodard, with your running record. No stolen bases today, got it? And no stretching it. I'd rather have you get a standup single then try to stretch it to a double and rip your you-know-what apart sliding into second."

"I agree with you completely," I said with a mock-wince.

"Good. Now lets go get 'em!" The team started filing out, when the coach said, "Woodard. A word, please."

We waited until everyone else had left, and he said. "Woodard, I put you on the spot today. I probably shouldn't have done it. But one thing for sure you showed me yesterday with your little tirade—you've got spunk." Then he grinned. "So do me a favor. Prove me wrong. If you go out there today and shut these guys down, I will gladly sit in front of this team and eat a whole pile of crow."

"You got it, Skipper," I grinned. "You can get a side order of crow with that three-hit shutout you ordered."

He actually laughed. "Good. Go get 'em." And he patted me on the butt. Just like a ballplayer. Even though it was a girl's butt, and it was naked. I think Coach was learning.

I walked out to the bullpen to warm up. Mikey and I talked in between pitches.

"How you doing?" he asked.

"Raring to go."

"Stands are filling up—a lot, for us."

"Must be that new beaver shot concession," I said impishly. He laughed. "I just wish my parents were able to make it."

"Yeah, that sucks. Mom and Marina are here, though, if that helps."

"It does." I threw a few more. "Seems like we've attracted a lot of interest, eh? Everyone seems to be looking down here at the bullpen," I grinned.

"You're pretty comfortable with this, aren't you?"

"Mentally, emotionally, yes. Physically, we'll see. I'm rather exposed—and, by that, I mean to the elements. I have sunscreen on **all** over."

"Yeah, I do too," he laughed. "But you don't mind showing off your body."

“No, I don’t. They can get looks at my pussy all they want. Only **you** get to go past the no-trespassing sign.”

He laughed as he threw the ball back. “Hey, don’t break my concentration.”

“Wouldn’t dream of it. We can go, I’m all warmed up.” We walked back to the dugout.

“Now, remember, I know most of these batters, you don’t. So trust your catcher.”

“Already do,” I grinned.

We made it back to the dugout, and sat there. I took my cap—I could wear **that**, but not **pants**, go figure—and piled my hair underneath it. The cap was purple. I looked around at my teammates in their new white unis, with purple writing and gold trim. I wish I could wear one, I thought. No, like I said, I didn’t really mind being nude—but this would be the first time in years I took the mound without that 45 on my back. That actually made me feel more naked than actually **being** naked.

The stands were **packed**. There were plenty of leering guys, of course—and plenty of guys who booed me as I took the mound, resentful. What I really heard were the **girls**. My age and younger, gaggles of them, screaming as I took the mound. A bunch of girls my sister’s age, 11 or so, sitting on the third base side, had even made up a “GO LILY!” sign. That was really cool.

I finished my warm-ups, and took the ball. I stood on the mound, waiting for things to get underway. The PA announcer intoned, “Pitching for Westport today, number 45, Lily Woodard.” That was good. Even though I wasn’t wearing it, that’s how they announced me. Number 45. That made me feel better.

Of course, some wag in the opposing dugout hit right on it. “**Number 45? What** number? We don’t see no **number!**”

I couldn’t resist. I just couldn’t. I stood with my hands on my hips and shouted at their dugout, “It’s tattooed on the inside of my pussy! And, no, you **can’t** see it!” Mostly laughter. A few gasps. Probably from the parents of those 11 year old girls. Ah, well.

To their credit, the guys in the opposing dugout were laughing their ass off. And Mikey laughed so hard he just about gave himself a concussion, his mask was bouncing around so much.

Enough merriment. It was time to pitch.

The first batter got in the box. Mikey had already told me that this guy was a first-ball fastball hitter—so I wasn’t surprised when he called for the changeup. Whiff. Strike one. A couple curves and sliders later, and I had my first K.

Breezed right through the first inning, and the second. No baserunners.

By the third inning, I knew—I was feeling it. Everything was doing what I wanted it to, and those guys were helpless. You have games like that. And I found that pitching in the nude, in a game situation, was actually liberating and freeing. Pitching's a physical activity. Your body has to be into it. My body was **really** into it. I felt the breeze going through my pussy on my leg-kick—and it wasn't stimulating, it just made me feel **alive**. The sun hitting my legs. The sweat gathering on my ass. The way I could feel the skin on my shoulders stretch out when I came out of my windup and threw. It was so liberating.

And I had this catcher, see, and we were in **tune**. Just a little pitch and catch. He put the signal down, placed his mitt, and I hit it. Simple as that. After four innings, I was riding the wave and hadn't allowed a baserunner.

The problem was, **we** couldn't do much with **their** guy, either. And that includes me—I hit a weak grounder in the third. We got a little rally going in the 4th, but it got snuffed out.

Then, on the mound in the 5th, I got the downside to naked coed pitching. I got two quick outs, and the next batter hit a shot back up through the box. Went right through my legs, hitting the mound as it went. We got the guy—Roger, the second baseman, made a great play—but that wasn't the problem. The problem was that, when the ball hit the ground, it kicked up all kinds of dirt.

Right between my legs.

I walked **very** gingerly back to the dugout, sat down, and stared down at myself. This was an emergency—the last thing I needed was to try to pitch with dirt in my pussy. So I yelled, “I need a squeeze bottle, one of the ones with the long straws, filled with lukewarm water. Now, please.” After about a minute, someone handed me one, and I pulled up my leg, bent down, and proceeded to irrigate my nether regions.

I happened to look up, and saw every member of the team looking at me, in absolute horrified shock. “Hey, that shot through the mound kicked dirt up,” I shrugged. “You guys think The Program is all fun and games. You try sand in your pussy. Ow.” And I kept up watering myself. Mike and Eddie cracked up laughing, but most of the rest of the guys abruptly turned away. “Look at all these he-men ballplayers, squeamish at a little feminine hygiene,” I teased. I got a few sheepish grins for my trouble. I finished up, and casually placed the water bottle next to me. The trainer came over, grabbed it, wrote “LILY” on it in **huge** letters, and put it back down. I had to laugh. I mean, God forbid anyone **else** use it by accident, after it had been down **there**, right?

Of course, Mike'd use it. That made me giggle to myself.

Here's a conversation you won't often hear on the mound. Happened in the sixth inning.

Mike: How are you?

Me: My pussy itches.

Ed: So scratch it

Mike: Wouldn't that be a foreign substance?

Ed: You mean, like a spitball? We'd have a pussyball?

Me: How about I just ignore it and throw the fastball instead.

Ed: Or, you could let Mike scratch it.

After **that**, I even managed to somehow get the next guy out. Like I said, I was cruising.

When I went back to the dugout after the sixth, I saw **another** problem. Yes, the ol' no-no game. Don't talk to the pitcher throwing the no-hitter, because that's bad luck. I was on one end of the dugout bench, and the whole rest of the team seemed to be huddled at the **other** end. Even Mike.

"OK," I announced. "First of all, I am not at all superstitious. Second of all, I'm a complete stat-head and know exactly how many hits I haven't given up. Third of all, I threw two no-hitters last year and it's no big deal. So could you please all stop treating me like I have the plague?" They laughed, and stopped.

Alas, it was not meant to be. I got the first guy in the seventh, but I hung a slider to the next guy, and he ripped a single. I was so pissed off at myself that the first pitch to the next guy was a feeble excuse for a fastball, and he hit **that** for a single. I went from throwing a no-hitter to having guys on first and third with only one out. Shit.

Mike came out to the mound. I was quickly learning that he liked having Ed out there with him. "Get yourself together," Mike said. "Don't lose focus."

"Yeah, yeah," I said.

"Take a deep breath and bear down," he said.

"And we'll get two," Eddie asserted.

They did. The next guy hit a one-hopper to Eddie. 5-4-3 double play, end of inning. "Thank you God!" I yelled. "You're welcome!" answered Eddie.

I cruised through the eight, and led off the bottom of the inning. We had still gotten **nothing** going with the bat. Zero-zero ties are an antacid maker's dream, I'll tell you. Anyhow, I got up there, and finally got good wood on one. Single, right up the middle.

At first, it looked like it was going to get wasted again. Roger struck out. Frankie hit a weak pop-up. Two outs, I'm still stuck on first, and it was all up to a certain catcher.

And damn if my sweetie didn't rip a double into the gap! I was running like the wind on the crack of the bat, telling myself "I can score from first on a double. I can score from first on a double." But their right fielder hit the cut-off man perfectly, and he fired a bullet

to the plate. I saw the ball coming in as I sped towards the plate, and the on-deck hitter, Ty—not thinking—gave me the ‘slide’ sign.

I slid. It was a really, really **stupid** thing to do.

The only thing I had the presence of mind to do was slide tilted over to my right side, with my legs tight together, so I wouldn’t tear up the ol’ cunny. But that’s all. And that made the slide more awkward. I hit the ground hard, and at an awkward angle, and I probably would’ve been bruised even if I **had** been wearing pants. But I wasn’t. And I found myself sliding along with nothing to protect my skin from the dirt and sand and gravel. And I was a **girl**, I had **soft** skin. Sure, I had calluses on my pitching hand, but on my butt and hip and thigh, that skin was quite soft.

And I was **shredding** it.

The pain was so bad I fell backwards mid-slide, which just spread the damage. I felt like knives were dragging from my right knee to the ace bandage around my torso.

Then, the ump yelled, “SAFE!” At least **that** was something.

The trainer started to come out, but, before he did, I managed to get up. I was **walking** off this field. By myself. But, oh, jeez, my right hip and thigh and the edge of my ass were just a mass of bloody, torn skin. And my hip was already turning into a purple bruise. Jesus.

“Jesus, Woodard, I told you not to slide!” Coach exclaimed.

“You know what, Coach? You were right,” I replied with a wince.

“Muggsy, who we got in the pen?”

“No,” I said. “No bullpen. I’ll finish this game.”

“Lily, you’re hurt.”

“Not **that** hurt. Bandage me up. I’ll finish the game.” He gave me a look. “OK, look. Get the pen up, get them ready. But let me **try** this. Please.”

He relented.

The trainer stuck some bandages on the more bloody scrapes, but that was just a patch job. I grabbed the water bottle and did a little irrigation—I didn’t cut that, thank goodness, but there was more dirt down there. Meanwhile, I realized my ace bandage was **shredded**. I tore it off. “I need another one of these,” I said. A mad scramble was on to find one. But the inning was over. I had to go warm up. And there weren’t any ace bandages handy that were big enough.

“Lily, we don’t see one and we have no time,” Coach said.

“Fine,” I pulled the patches off my nipples. “Then I go out there like this.” And I did. I walked out there, and the crowd didn’t know whether or not to cheer, or gasp. If I had seen myself walk out there like this, I probably would’ve gasped myself. But I was going to at least **try** to do this.

CHAPTER TWENTY

MIKE

I was left on second, so, when the inning ended, I had to go back to the dugout and put on my stuff. Brady would warm up the pitcher—what I thought would be a **new** pitcher. But, nope, Lily was out there. She was crazy. She looked like she had gotten run over by a truck. And her boobs were out—the ace bandage must have been ruined. I finished putting on the gear, and trotted out to her.

“How you feel?” I asked.

“Like shit.”

“You sure you can do this?”

“Hell, no, but I’m going to try.”

“What about the boobs?”

“I’ll deal with them.”

“All right then. Throw strikes. We’ll take care of the rest.”

“Thanks,” she said.

“For what?”

“For, right at this moment, being my catcher and not my boyfriend.”

“I’m always your boyfriend. On the field, I’m your catcher; so, on the field, I’m both.”

“Boyfriends get all protective.”

I looked at her. “Protective? What would I be trying to protect you from—your will to win? What kind of a boyfriend would I be if I did **that**?” I trotted back behind the plate, turned—and saw the smile. Hey, I meant it. If she had to do this, then she had to do this.

Which isn’t to say that I wasn’t **worried**, mind you.

Anyhow, I got into my crouch, and gave her the sign. She threw. In **pain**, and it was visible on her face. But she threw the ball, and made short order of the first guy.

The second guy came up and hit a little dribbler, in between the mound and the third-base line. Eddie wasn't going to get to it in time, and neither was I. It was all up to Lily, and she came off the mound, pounced on it like a cat, and came up firing to first. Two outs.

But, boy oh boy, that effort **cost** her.

She stood there for a minute, after throwing the ball, hands on her knees, trying to breathe. She straightened up, with a visible effort, then gingerly walked back on the mound. Then she stood on the mound, and looked at me.

And I was gobsmacked. For the second time in two days.

I saw the wince of pain in her eyes, but I also saw the fire. Her hair had come out from under the cap, and was blowing in the breeze. Her boobs were glistening with sweat. She was filthy. Her whole lower right side was a big purple bruise, except for the parts that were covered in blood. She was a bloody, dirty, battered, completely naked **mess**.

A lot of people might think she didn't look very "feminine" right then. Fuck that. She was **primal**. All blood and guts and passion and fire—she was absolutely primal. She was the utter **essence** of female, without all the surface giltz and glamour.

She was the fucking Indomitable Amazon Warrior Princess.

And she was...magnificent.

However, we still had a game to win here. And even indomitable amazon warrior princesses need a bit of support. I called time, and trotted out to give her some. Not quite sure if I could speak, I called Eddie over with me.

"Hey, Pedro, how are they hanging?" Eddie asked. Good ol' Eddie.

Lily let out a snort of laughter, and then said, "Boys—I got nothin'."

"You want me to tell the skipper?" I asked.

"One out. One goddamn out. I can get one out, right?" she said.

"OK," I said. "Ed, be ready."

"Always am."

"Mike?" she said. "Changeups and curves, that's all I got left."

I nodded, turned, lowered my mask, and walked back behind the plate.

I called for a change. It wasn't anywhere near the plate. So I switched to the curveball. She fooled him with the first one, but not with the next two. Three balls, one strike.

I knew I **had** to end this, and **now**. She didn't have another batter in her. I didn't even know if she had another pitch in her—though she was going to have to throw one. I had to end it now, one way or the other.

I put down the number one. Fastball.

She shook me off. I put it down again. She shook me off more vehemently, obviously pissed I was calling a pitch she didn't have at the moment. I made a little “trust me” motion with my mitt. And I put the number one down.

She sighed, nodded yes, and wound up.

As I anticipated, it was probably the weakest, most sorry-ass excuse for a fastball that she had ever thrown in her life. It was like one of Gutierrez's dying quails. As I had also anticipated, the batter—after watching her 90 mph heaters whiz by all day—pounced on it.

However, as I had **also** anticipated, he was **too** eager. And got out in front of it. And pulled it. So the line shot he hit, went—as I had **planned**—right at the best third baseman in the state.

Well, not **right** at. Ed had to extend a little to get it. But extend he did, and snare it he did. SLAP! Third out. Game over.

Thank God.

And my warrior princess followed the flight of the ball, saw Ed snare it, shook her fist two times in a moment of triumph—and collapsed on the grass behind the mound.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

LILY

Oh, God, I **hurt**.

But I did it. I fucking did it. I even exceeded my boast to the Coach—that was a **two** hit shutout.

Watching the guys run in was funny. They obviously wanted to run in and congratulate me, tackle me, throw me around in victory. Not advisable at the moment. So, they all came streaming in towards me in delight, stopped short—and contented themselves with patting me on the head with their gloves. It really was amusing.

My catcher sat down next to me. My third baseman sat down on the other side of me.

“Nice pitching, Pedro,” Ed said.

“Nice glove, Brooks Robinson,” I replied. “You planned that, didn’t you?” I said to Mike.

“Yeah, I did. You didn’t have another batter in you. So I figured if you served one up, they’d get overeager and hit it to Ed.”

“And Ed would catch it, as he always does,” Ed said.

“Yes you did,” I grinned. Ed got up and told us he’d see us in the clubhouse.

We were still sitting on the infield grass. The crowd was dispersing, and it was only the two of us on the field. He turned to me and said, “That was unbelievable.”

“Told you I could pitch,” I grinned.

“Oh, that’s not what I’m talking about. Your pitching was fantastic, perfect, marvelous. But it wasn’t unbelievable. I knew you could pitch—I believed every minute.” I grinned at him, and he went on. “What was unbelievable was how you looked up on that mound in the ninth inning.”

“Yeah, an unbelievable **mess**,” I laughed.

“The most glorious, most beautiful mess I’ve ever seen in my life. You looked like some kind of Celtic pagan goddess of sex and baseball. It was amazing.”

Damn. Oh, Damn. A Celtic pagan goddess of sex and baseball? I had never told him. I had never told him that—in my wildest fantasies, in my mind’s eye—that’s how I saw myself. That was my idealized fantasy version of myself—a wild, primitive princess; her very likeness just screaming “sex!”—and with a baseball glove in her hand.

That was it. We were meant for each other. We were fucking **meant** for each other. No more hiding away the words. Not any more.

“Mike? I love you, from the bottom of my heart,” I said.

“I love you, too, from the bottom of my heart,” he returned.

I suppose it was fitting. We had first **made** love in the outfield. We first **declared** it in the **infield**.

“Let’s get you up,” he said. He did, and helped me hobble through the dugout into the clubhouse.

We got in, and the trainer immediately started taking off my bandages. “You need to clean these cuts, after coach is done,” he said, and I nodded. I could tell the guys wanted

to cheer or something—but coach had a strict rule, even after a win—no noise in the clubhouse until he got there. He was in his office—something I was told he always did.

Then he walked in. “Good game. Nice to beat these guys, eh?” **Then** everybody cheered.

“First things first. I usually talk to my co-captains and such about the game ball. I don’t think that’s needed today. Woodard.” I looked up, and he flipped me the game ball. “First of many, I hope.” Then he got a big grin, and said, “If you’d like to spoon out some of that crow, I’ll be glad to eat it.”

I grinned back. “I’ll give you a pass.”

“Woodard,” he went on, “I’ve been coaching for 15 years. That’s the finest performance by one player in one game I’ve ever seen. And, in the ninth inning, the most damn courageous.”

The clubhouse went nuts. All I could do was mouth “thanks”.

“One more thing. Bauer, what’s the rules on the jackets?”

“You get one after your first complete year on the team.” Ed said.

“Any exceptions to that?” Coach asked.

“Coach’s discretion. Exceptional performance in the first year, or exceptional contribution to the team during part of that first year.”

“Right, you got yours early last year, correct?”

“Yeah,” Eddie said. “After I had that 3-dinger game against East Warren. And Mike got his early, too, halfway through, just for general contributions.”

“Right. But this is the first time I’ve ever given one out on the first day of the season. The trainer’s been sewing the name in for me. Here he comes.”

I didn’t know what they were talking about—until I saw the trainer with it. And he brought it over to me. “Woodard, here you go. You deserve it.” It was my Westport High letterman’s jacket.

I was stunned. It was beautiful. Purple, with a gold W on the front, and two crossed bats on the other side of the front. On the sleeve, in gold, was stitched “Lily 45”.

I almost wanted to cry. Until Eddie yelled, “Hey, coach. Is that the first time you ever gave out a jacket before you gave out the uniform?”

Everybody cracked up at that. Even Coach had to chuckle, when he said “Bauer, you’re a wiseass.”

“Now, Woodard, we need to find you a place to take a shower, you need to clean up those cuts.”

“Shower’s right there,” I smiled.

“You didn’t have a separate shower at your old school?” Coach asked.

“Yeah, I did, but that was before I went into The Program. These guys have seen all I’ve got, and they’ve seen it all week. So now they’re going to see it soapy. Big deal. I’ll shower with my teammates. Besides which, I could use some help cleaning out the cuts.”

“Hey,” Eddie yelled, “is that in a catcher’s job description?”

“Why not?” Mike grinned.

“Not if **I** ever cut myself up, it’s not,” said Frankie Gutierrez.

“That’s OK, Frankie, we’ll find one of those community-property chicks for you,” I grinned at him. “Preferably one trained in nursing.”

“Well, I hope I never need it, because I’ll tell you one thing,” Frankie went on, “if I ever get in the program, you will **not** see me slide. Ever. I’ll take the L. Jesus, Lily, that was painful to **watch**.”

“Yeah, and it was my fault,” Ty said.

“Bullshit, Ty, no it wasn’t,” I told him.

“I gave you the slide sign.”

“I know you did, but that was just good baseball instinct, wasn’t it?” He nodded. “It was **my** choice. You didn’t push me down in the dirt. My choice, my cuts, not your fault.”

“Thanks,” he smiled slightly. “God, I did **not** enjoy watching that.”

“I didn’t enjoy doing it much,” I grinned at him. “Believe me, I’ve learned my lesson.”

--End of part five--

**MIKE AND LILY NAKED IN SCHOOL
PART SIX
FRIDAY EVENING**

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

MIKE

Well, the shower in a baseball locker room after a victory is always a happy place. When you beat a team you haven't beaten in six years, it's a particularly happy place. What I found out that day was, when your girlfriend is there and asks you to help wash up—it's a **very** happy place.

Of course, it would've been happier if said girlfriend was asking me to help wash something other than some pretty nasty cuts. But, hey, you can't always get what you want, right?

What was a bit strange was being in a shower with my girlfriend with twenty other naked guys. But, you know what? It was fine.

Frankie asked Lily about it. "I was curious, Lil. You're naked in a shower with twenty equally naked guys. Forget, for a minute, that your boyfriend's one of the naked guys. Do you get turned on?"

"Sure," Lily admitted. "Now Mikey turns me on anyway, but I've been in gym showers all week, with naked guys and him not there, and, sure, I get turned on."

"How do you **stand** it?" he asked. "Look, Lily, don't take this the wrong way—but if Mike weren't one of my best friends, I'd be trying to get you into the corner." She laughed. "Hell, and you're just **one** naked girl in the shower."

"How do I stand it? I don't, frankly," she admitted. "If I weren't in pain, I'd probably be pulling Mikey in the corner myself for a knee-trembler."

"Those are fun," Ed piped up.

"And you would know, you pussyhound," Lily retorted with a laugh. "Anyhow, no, I don't stand it. Look, you guys know how The Program works. I reserve actual sex for Mike, since Wednesday, but I've had other hands on my pussy this week. He's had other hands on his dick. That's fine. This week makes you horny, that's a fact, and we have no classes together. If he wasn't here, Frankie, you could talk me into a double hand-job without much of a problem. And, I'll tell you, if I were on this team in this shower and **didn't** have a boyfriend, I'd probably become your community-property chick with very little convincing." Everyone cracked up at that. "But sex is sex. Sex with love involved is better, and more important. However, you made me think. I don't mind coming in here and getting all worked up, because I know I have an outlet. I hadn't thought how it might affect the rest of you guys. If the rest of you would prefer I take my showers elsewhere, tell me. I won't be offended a bit."

"Ah, naw, Lily, you're a **teammate**," Frankie said. "You take your showers right here with us." Everybody else voiced their assent. "Though I'm thinking about bumping Mikey off," he laughed.

“Oh, yeah, Gutierrez, sure you are,” I told him. “Who else would catch your dying quails?”

“Baseball is baseball. Sex is sex,” Frankie said. “Ah, no, you know I’m just kidding. And, no, Lily, this is your shower too. It’s not **your** fault I don’t have an outlet.”

“Sure you do,” Ed butt in. “It’s called your right hand.”

“Notice, if you will,” Frankie answered, “how scrawny my right arm is. And how bulked up Ed’s is. And you answer for yourself who’s been giving that arm a workout. Hint: it ain’t the pitcher in this scenario.”

“Maybe if you worked your arm out better, you’d be able to throw harder,” Ed retorted.

“I do just fine with what I’ve got,” Frankie maintained. “Well, on the baseball field, anyway.”

“I think I just got a new life’s mission,” Lily told him. “Find Frankie a girlfriend.”

“Oh, **that** will be fun to watch,” Ed said. “And you thought pitching the ninth inning against a great team with your side all ripped to shreds was tough. You don’t know what kind of trouble you just bought.”

“Well, maybe I should go for the two-fer, and find **you** a girlfriend, too, Ed,” Lily laughed.

“Ed does not do girlfriends,” said Ed. “Ed prefers to play the field. Ed has enough trouble in his life without a girlfriend.” He grinned, but I knew what was behind it. “Ed, as you said earlier, is a pussyhound.”

Knowing what Lily was like, and knowing what Ed was like, I whispered in Lily’s ear, “Drop that one. I’ll explain later.” She gave me a quizzical look, but didn’t bring up Ed and a girlfriend again.

We finally finished the shower, and went to the locker room to get dressed. Lily and I didn’t bother, actually—Lily really didn’t want to put clothes on over that injury, so I decided to stay nude, too. Heck, it was becoming second nature by now. Though, when we went to leave, she **did** proudly don her new letterman’s jacket.

“You guys hitting The Mariner?” Ed asked.

“I don’t think so,” I said. “Sure,” Lily said at the same time.

“Are you up to it?” I asked.

“Yeah. I’ll have to grab a seat cushion or something, but I’m up for it. We have to go to my house, first. The problem is, I **don’t** think I’m up to driving.”

“I’ll drive your car.”

“How will you get home?” she asked.

“We’ll think of something.” We walked out to her car. She flipped me the keys, I helped her in, and then got in the driver’s side.

“Hey, did it bother you what I said in there?” Lily asked.

“No, not at all. Hey, I can see what you mean. We’ve decided to be true to one another—that doesn’t mean your hormones are shut off. That doesn’t mean you won’t find other people attractive. You were surrounded by 20 naked guys in a shower—if you **weren’t** getting turned on, **then** I’d worry. And I don’t blame Frankie, either.” I sighed. “Frankie Gutierrez has horrible luck with girls. I don’t necessarily understand it—he’s a **good** guy. I have no capacity to judge a guy’s looks—“

“He’s a decent-looking guy,” she interrupted. “He’s particularly decent looking with no clothes on. His arms aren’t scrawny, no matter what he says; his chest and legs are nice; and no girl would have a complaint with what’s **between** his legs. I say that in the most clinically detached way, of course,” she deadpanned.

“Surrre you do.”

“You doubt me?” she grinned. “Anyway, if he’s not getting girls, it’s not because of his looks. And I like him, so I don’t see that part of it, either.”

“Well, I dunno,” I told her. “Actually, I **do** know, but I don’t know how to solve it for him. You’re just another in a long line, actually. You made quick friends with Frankie, yes?”

“Yeah. I like him.”

“And that’s all you’ll ever be, friends,” I said. “Now, **you** have a good reason—namely, me.” She giggled at that. “But other girls don’t. Frankie Gutierrez is more surrounded by girls half the time than **I** am, which is saying something considering what my home life is like. But they’re all ‘just friends’. If Frankie had a mile an hour on his fastball for every time he heard that ‘just friends’ line, he’d throw a hundred.”

“Ah. Been there, done that, you know that.”

“Yeah, that’s right, you have,” I realized. “So you understand Frankie’s problem.”

“Yeah, but I don’t know if I have a solution for him. He just has to wait for the right girl, that’s all. All **I** could do was wait for the right guy.” She smiled at me. I smiled back. “Now, about the **other** one. Ed. You were going to explain this to me.”

I sighed. “I’m only going to give you the bare bones of this one. Any further details will have to come from Ed. Well, you know about the first blow he got—Marcia, the one that was dating both of us at the same time.”

“Yeah,” she said.

“The second one was worse. Right after Marcia, he hooked up with Annie Zipelski. We had all known Annie since sixth grade. This happened about this time freshman year. I think they had been growing attracted to each other for some time before they hooked up. So, they finally hooked up, and were going together for a few months.”

“Anyhow, suffice it to say that Annie had a horrific situation in her home life. Ed found out about it after those first couple months. He moved heaven and earth to get her out of it—and get her out of it he did. He managed to pretty much save her life.” I sighed. “I can’t get into more detail than that—as I said, you’ll have to ask Ed. That’s private. But what I **do** know is, after he put himself on the line for her, she dumped him, a month later.”

“Oh, shit,” Lily said.

“Yeah. Now, it was a lot more complicated than that, I know it. I don’t know **everything**—I **do** know that Ed doesn’t completely blame her, that it was a lot more complicated than just a ‘Thanks for everything, now get lost’ situation. But it **devastated** him. For a long time. And, since then, just the mention of the words ‘girlfriend’ or ‘love’ make him break out in hives. So he hides behind his jokes, and being, as you called it, a pussyhound. Very few people know what makes him that way. Me and Amanda, that’s about it.”

“Damn, though, he’s sixteen years old!” Lily said.

“I know. Hopefully, some day, he’ll get over it. The think is, Ed’s a healer, a protector. Ed wants to save the world. I know you don’t get that from his personality at first glance, but he is. He’s the first guy to grab a wounded bird and nurse it back to health. The problem is, when they get back healthy, they fly away. And, with Annie, he realized that people sometimes do the same damn thing. So he closes himself off to all but a very few people—because he can’t stand to watch anyone else fly away. “

“Damn,” Lily said. “Does Annie still live here?”

“No, she moved to Newburgh about a month after her and Ed ended.”

“Damn. I **like** Ed. He deserves better.”

I smiled at her. “In some ways, you’re like him, I’m finding out. Find a girlfriend for Frankie, worry about Ed. Save the world.”

“Yeah,” she smiled back. “The difference between us is that I prefer to be that way for **friends**. I like my men all healed up by the time they get to me.”

“They’d have to be,” I grinned. “Anyone lacking intestinal fortitude would wither under you. I was thinking about this—I’m very glad we met now, and not, say, two years ago. I’ve got a good strong self-image. I know what I want. I can’t say I would’ve been like that two years ago.”

“Two years ago I don’t know if you would’ve recognized me,” she sighed. “I wasn’t all that healthy myself. It took a **long** time to come to terms with who I am. Sometimes I feel I’m still working on it.” Then she smiled at me. “And you help, you know. It really does help that you love me in all my guises.”

“I really do,” I told her. “Look, growing up the way I did—I’ve seen all different types of attraction. It’s made me come to terms with what **I** like. I understand that attraction is a weird and not always easily explainable thing. In my case, I know I’m attracted to girls, first and foremost. But, you know what that means to me? I like the female body. I’m sexually attracted to people who have all the requisite female parts. And that’s pretty much it. I like the basics of the female form, and don’t get turned on by a naked man at all. Where attraction goes from **there** has nothing to do with ‘liking girls’. It has to do with liking **people**. It has to do with personality traits. To me, you’re the perfect mixture. I don’t get into ‘feminine’ and ‘masculine’ and all that crap for personality traits. You’re you—a sexy, sweet, smart, funny girl who also has a will of iron and doesn’t mind getting dirty and mucking it up. I love all of it.”

“Do you know how long I’ve waited for you to come into my life?” she sighed happily. “Look, I’ve been struggling for some time with the less-than-feminine side of my personality. I’m still struggling. Knowing you accept all of me is such a relief, you have no idea.”

“You know what? I was going to ask you this anyway. My Mom is having a cookout tomorrow. She has this every spring, right around Opening Day. All her friends are there—and she also invites the kids from the GLBT Teen Crisis Hotline that she runs. I think there will be some people there that I’d like you to meet.”

“OK, sounds interesting,” she said.

“And Jared and Amanda will be there, you know them. They work on the hotline.”

“They do?”

“Amanda is sort-of kind-of bi,” I laughed. “Not really, but she’s had a few experiences. And the girl she’s had those experiences with, Allie Fitzpatrick, **is** completely bi. They’re all friends, so they volunteer together. Ed’ll be there, too, but only because he always comes to our parties.”

“I’ll be there,” she said. “Oh, wait a minute, the school carnival is tomorrow!”

“Yeah, we can go to both,” I told her. “Mom has her cookouts early. The carnival doesn’t start until four, plenty of time. And you can wear **clothes** to Mom’s,” I joked.

“Oh, yeah, we’ll have to go to the carnival nude, won’t we?” she laughed. “Ah well. Ought to be fun.”

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

LILY

After that interesting series of conversations, we were at my house. Mikey helped me get out of my car, and helped me to the door. We walked in, and the whole family was there.

“Oh, my God, Lily!” Mom said after taking one look at me. “What **happened** to you?”

“An ill-advised slide into home,” I admitted ruefully.

“With the winning run,” Mike added proudly. “She pitched a two-hit shutout, and scored the winning run in the bottom of the 8th. And pitched the top of the 9th like **that**.”

“Wow, that’s so awesome!” Amber, my little sister, said.

“Yeah, awesome,” I said ruefully. “Awesomely painful.”

“But you gutted it out, like you always do,” Dad said. “I’m proud of you.”

“It really was something,” Mike said.

“Well, who drove **in** the winning run?” I grinned at him.

Mike and I took turns, telling them all about the game, almost a pitch-by-pitch blow. Including the part where I had to clean myself, which made Mom **howl**. Halfway through, though, Mike leaned into me and whispered. “I’m going out to the car. Be right back.” Then he got up.

“Wait a minute!” I said, and followed him into the foyer. “What’s up?”

“I’m going to go get my clothes,” he said.

“Why?”

“Because I feel uncomfortable being naked around an eleven-year-old. Especially one that keeps staring at me.”

“Oh, is she?” I giggled. “I guess I didn’t notice.”

“What’s up?” Lily’s mom said, coming into the foyer.

“He’s worried about Amber,” I told her.

“I’m sorry, Mrs. Woodard, I didn’t realize Amber would be here, or I would’ve put some clothes on in the first place.”

“Oh, nonsense,” Mom said. “She’s eleven. She’s started puberty already. She’s curious. There’s no harm in it. That’s what The Program is **for**, isn’t it? It’s outreach, think of it that way,” she continued. “Lily’s been around here naked all week. And Amber doesn’t have a brother, so you’re the next best thing.”

“He says she’s staring,” I told Mom with a giggle.

“Of course she is,” Mom said. “Now, you two march back in there and continue this story!”

I grinned at Mike, who just shrugged. We went back in the living room. We finished the story, and my parents were delighted at how the game went. Meanwhile, I took a glance at Amber. She **was** staring.

After the story was done, I figured it was time. “Amber,” I said, “have you ever seen a naked boy before?”

“Uh, no,” she admitted.

I looked at Mike, and smiled and nodded. “Do you have any questions?” Mike asked. I knew I could count on him, once he realized nobody else was uncomfortable.

“Well, uh,” Amber started hesitantly, “does it hurt when it...you know....gets...uh...” She was blushing furiously.

Mike helped her out. “You mean when it gets hard?” Amber nodded, still blushing. “No, it doesn’t hurt. It’s a bit, I don’t know, I guess ‘stretchy’ is the best word. But it doesn’t hurt. If I **stay** hard for a very long time, **that** can hurt a bit.”

“How do you get....you know....hard,” Amber asked.

“Well, I’m a seventeen-year-old boy. At my age, it’s very unpredictable. Someone like your Dad can control it better. I sometimes get hard when the wind blows.” We all chuckled at that, except for Amber, who was looking very confused.

“I guess I thought that boys got—that way—around naked girls,” she said. “But Lily’s naked! And she’s your **girlfriend**! And you’re not!”

“Oh, that’s just because of The Program. We’ve spent a lot of time naked around one another this week. We’ve kind of gotten used to it. If I got hard every time I’ve seen Lily naked this week, it **would** hurt.”

“It would especially hurt if he got hard when we’re out on the baseball field,” I said. Amber looked confused. “Do you know what a cup is?”

“No,” she said.

“Do you know what a jockstrap is?” Mike asked.

“Oh, yeah, one of the guys at school showed me. Guys wear it when they’re playing sports, so stuff doesn’t jiggle,” she giggled.

“Exactly right,” Mike told her. “Well, a cup is a piece of hard plastic that fits **into** a jockstrap. It protects the ‘stuff’” Amber giggled. “Football players wear them. And baseball catchers do, too. If I wasn’t wearing one, and I took a foul tip down there, that would be very painful.”

“Ah,” Amber said.

“And a cup fits tight. When a guy gets an erection, it gets bigger. There’s no room inside a cup for that. Plus, it’s easier to not get an erection if you’re mind is on other things. Your sister is beautiful, and I love her, and when she was standing on the mound naked I **might** have gotten excited—but I was too busy thinking about what pitch to call next.”

“OK, I see,” she said. “But if you don’t get hard around Lily, then how do you...you know...do it?”

I stifled a giggle—and I saw my parents do the same thing—but Mike really was being a trooper. “I didn’t say I didn’t get an erection around Lily—I said I didn’t get one **all** the time. There’s a difference.”

“Amber, if I wanted him to get an erection, he’d have one. There’s ways to do that,” I told her.

I probably shouldn’t have said that, knowing my sister. Because the next statement was predictable. “I wanna see,” she said shyly.

“You will, eventually,” I said, trying to get out of this.

“Lily, if she wants to see, show her,” Mom said. Poor Mikey almost **died** at that one! “Look, this is educational for her.”

“It’s not something a girl can ask her father,” Dad said. “Her older sister’s boyfriend is perfect. In the world we’re living in, the more she knows, the better off she is.”

“Look, I know how old you were your first time,” Mom told me. I nodded—I knew she knew that. “Had you ever seen one before, close up?”

“No,” I admitted.

“And weren’t you completely flummoxed?”

“Yeah, I was,” I laughed.

“Right. So you’re giving her a leg up. It’ll be helpful. Show her.”

I looked at Mikey, who was blushing up a **storm**—but he grinned and nodded. I reached down with my hand and started rubbing him. It took a bit longer than expected—he really was embarrassed—but it was working.

“You owe me for this,” he whispered in my ear.

“Maybe she’ll ask to see it ‘squirt’,” I whispered back with a giggle. **That** almost made him wilt! But he rallied. In a matter of mere moments, he was sporting an impressive erection.

“Wow. It’s so **big**!” Amber gasped.

“God love eleven-year-olds,” Mike laughed. “Only a girl your age would think I’m all that big,” he said to Amber.

“Why? It’s more than respectable,” I giggled.

“That’s because **you’ve** never seen Jared Wicklow naked,” he laughed. “Now that the weather’s better, I’m sure he and Amanda will spontaneously declare another ‘let’s go naked to school for the hell of it’ day, like they did all last fall. One look at Jared, and you may never look at me the same way again,” he laughed.

“I don’t know, it looks big to **me**,” Amber asked. “How does it—you know—**fit**?”

Mike chuckled, and said, “It wouldn’t. Not in someone your age. It would hurt terribly. But as you get older, you’ll get bigger down there. And a girl **does** stretch. Though the first time for a girl usually **does** hurt.”

“It does?” she asked.

“Sometimes,” I said. “My first time only hurt a little, and I was only thirteen.”

“My first time,” Mike said, “was also the girl’s first time. We were both fourteen. It hurt a lot. Though, the fact that I had no idea what I was doing didn’t help any.” We all laughed at that, even Amber. “Our **second** time—which was the day after our first time—didn’t hurt at all.”

“Oh,” Amber thought about that one for a minute. “Does it stay hard until you have...you know...” she blushed furiously.

“An orgasm?” Mike asked. She nodded. “Not necessarily. That’s the easiest way to make it go down, but there are others. I can think about something else. Sometimes it just goes down by itself. Of course, your sister’s hand on my thigh isn’t helping.”

“Oops,” I blushed, and withdrew my hand. “Later for that,” I whispered at him.

“What does it feel like, when a guy, you know....I know what a girl feels like, but not a guy.”

“You mean, when a guy has an orgasm?” Mike asked. She nodded. “Well, from what I understand, the difference is mostly **where** you feel it. Guys tend to feel it mostly—not completely, but mostly—down here.” He pointed to his crotch. “From what I’ve been told, girls feel it more places. It’s more of an all-over thing.”

“Yeah,” Amber agreed.

“Have you had an orgasm?” Mom asked her. She nodded yes, but suddenly looked miserable. “Do you play with yourself?” Mom continued. “It’s perfectly fine, Amber, I’m just curious.”

“Yeah,” Amber admitted, “but I’ve never been able to—you know—do myself.”

“Oh,” I asked. “So has a boy given you an orgasm?”

Oh, man, she looked **horrible** all of a sudden. She clenched her eyes shut, and nodded ‘no’.

“Who gave you an orgasm?” I asked.

The tears started right then. “T-Tiffany,” she managed to blurt out, and then started crying.

“Tiffany’s been her best friend since we moved here,” I told Mike.

“Why are you crying, Amber?” Mom asked her.

“Because...Tiffany and I...we...play with...each other...and it’s **wrong!**” she wailed.

“Who told you **that?**” I asked indignantly.

“Kids at school,” she sniffled.

“I thought we were past all that in this day and age,” Mom said with dismay.

“Not hardly,” Mike told her, “and believe me, I would know.” Amber was still sobbing. Mom and dad were at a loss, but Mike got up from the couch where we were sitting, and

went and crouched down next to Amber's chair. Mom and Dad looked at him, but I shot them an "it's all right" look.

"Amber," Mike said gently, touching her shoulder. She looked up at him, tear-stained. "I have someone I'd like you to meet. Someday, I'd like to take you over to my house and meet my Mom. You'd like her, she's really cool. I **love** her, she's the best Mom a guy could hope to have. And, while you're at my house, you can also meet Marina. You know who Marina is? My Mom's girlfriend."

"Girlfriend?" Amber was incredulous. "Your mom likes girls?"

"My Mom likes girls," Mike confirmed. "Technically, she likes guys, too—that's called bisexual, when you like both—but she likes girls better. Marina's been her girlfriend for six years. Marina **just** likes girls. That's called lesbian, when a girl only likes girls. They live together, they sleep in the same bed. They're together. And there's nothing, absolutely **nothing** wrong with that. They make each other happy, that's **all** that counts. And anyone who ever tells you anything different is a damn fool."

"But what if I'm a...les...lesb...."

"Lesbian. What if you are?" Mike said. "You're too young to decide that now, but let me ask you a question. When Tiffany is playing with you, and you're having an orgasm, do you ever close your eyes and pretend it's a cute boy in school that's playing with you?"

"Yeah," she admitted. "Jerry Stevens. He's really cute."

"Well, Amber, if you're dreaming of boys when you're having an orgasm—even if it's a girl playing with you—you're probably not a lesbian. You **might** be bisexual—that's the one that likes both—but you really don't have to figure that one out now. **Most** girls have at least some sexual experiences with other girls when they're your age. It's **not** wrong, and it's nothing to worry about. Trust me. Even if you are bisexual, if you grow up to be half the woman my Mother is, you'll be doing all right for yourself."

"I'd like to meet your Mom," she told him.

"I can arrange that," he smiled.

"Good." Amber smiled at him shyly, and whispered, "Thanks." Then she blushed, and then leaned over and kissed him on the cheek—and blushed harder. Then she abruptly jumped out of her chair. "I'm gonna go call Tiffany." And then she was gone.

He got up from his crouch, bemused, and walked back over to the couch where I was sitting. "You **do** realize, don't you," I said, "that the next time her and Tiffany are playing with one another, that she's going to be fantasizing about **you**, right?"

"Oh, jeez," he said, grinning and blushing.

“Mike, you handled that masterfully,” Mom said with admiration. Dad nodded agreement. “Absolutely masterfully. You have a lot of insight.”

“Well, Mom’s a child psychologist, and talks about work around the kitchen table. I’ve picked up a few things over the years.” He got visibly upset. “Of course, a few things I picked up from Mom have nothing to do with her profession. I’d like to find the kids that are telling Amber that experimenting with another girl is ‘wrong’ and rip their throats out.”

“I understand you completely,” Mom told him. “I think you helped her, a lot. And you even handled the rest of it masterfully. I know you were embarrassed.”

“Oh, I was just waiting for the moment when she asked to see what a male **orgasm** looked like. Jeez.” Mom and Dad cracked up at that one. “And your daughter would’ve **done** it, I know her too well.”

“Oh, I was **all** ready,” I laughed.

“Well, I think Amber got enough education for one day. You can show her that part **later**,” Mom said.

“Oh boy,” Mike moaned. We all laughed, and then Mike asked where the bathroom was. I told him, and he headed there.

When he left, Mom looked at me and said, “Lily? If you **ever** let that boy go, you’re crazy. You picked yourself a real winner there.”

“I know, didn’t I?” I agreed. “He’s just fantastic. Every new thing I learn about him is great.”

“You were right, though,” Mom continued. “I hope you’re prepared for your little sister having a full-blown crush on your boyfriend, because I saw it in her eyes.”

“I think I can handle it,” I laughed.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

MIKE

Lily and I got in the car to go to The Mariner, still naked except for our shoes—and Lily’s letterman’s jacket. My head was still spinning from the little show-and-tell for Amber.

“I heard her on the phone when I was in the bathroom,” I told Lily.

“Yeah?”

“She was telling her friend ‘I wanted to ask if I could **touch** it!’” Lily giggled at me. “**What** have you gotten me into?” I demanded.

“Hey, I thought you were pretty open,” she said.

“I am. But she’s **eleven**. Yeah, I know—girls mature faster and all that.”

“Yes, they do,” Lily agreed. “Look, if she’s anything like her big sister, she’s going to have one of those big boys **in** her in less than two years. She’s almost twelve—her birthday’s in August—which means she’s in sixth grade, which is where a lot of this stuff starts. **And** she’s already **thinking** about it. She started puberty at ten, just as I did—and the hormones are dancing. In the world we live in, where kids go naked to school and sex is all over the place—it can get confusing. I think it might’ve been better for you, because of how you grew up. And Mom and Dad are open as all get-out—but, as Dad said, a girl can’t ask her father to see what it looks like. Do you know what I would’ve **given** to have a little show-and-tell like that when I was her age?”

“I never thought of it that way,” I admitted. “Today wasn’t bad, but I guess I wonder what’s going to happen next.”

“She may ask to see you cum. She may ask to touch it. Those things are up to you, but I don’t see anything wrong with it,” Lily told me. “Though something like that might be easier if it’s just the three of us in the room, without my folks.”

“No doubt,” I giggled.

“She may also ask to watch.”

“Watch what?” I asked.

“Watch **us**.”

“Oh my head,” I moaned.

“Didn’t you ever sneak in on your Mom at that age? I snuck in on my parents—though, because I was sneaking, it was very shadowy and probably more scary than it would’ve been if I had been openly watching,” she told me.

“I never snuck in on Mom because, when I was that age, she was already with Marina. And I was still working that out in my mind,” I told her. “I accepted her sexuality **intellectually**, right from the start, but, at that age, it wasn’t something I would’ve wanted to **see**.”

“I can see that,” she told me. “You said you were clueless the first time. Wouldn’t that have been better if you had more knowledge?”

“Yeah,” I admitted, “I suppose you’re right. I guess I’m just worried about how far she’s going to want to take this.”

“She’s **not** going to ask you to fuck her, if that’s what you’re worried about. She’s curious and fantasizing, but, right now, that’s too scary, believe me. What I said is as far as I think she’d ever take it. She might ask to touch, and she might ask to watch.” She grinned at me. “And she’s about to do some major league hero-worshipping, so be prepared.”

“That I figured out all by myself,” I grinned back. “That’s fine, I don’t mind that at all. A girl her age getting a crush on her big sister’s boyfriend is very common and perfectly normal—even Mom’d say that.”

“Your Mom’d probably say the rest of it was perfectly normal, too.”

“Hmm,” was all I said—because she was probably right!

“And she would be **very** proud of you with how you handled the rest of it.”

“Yeah, I know,” I blushed. “She taught me well.”

We pulled up to The Mariner and went in and placed our order. We quickly found a table with the usual suspects—Ed, Frankie, and Ty.

“Well, if it ain’t the star pitcher!” Frankie said.

“And the guy who drove in the winning run, don’t forget that,” Lily giggled.

“A lucky shot,” Ty maintained.

“That was **not**,” I said, indignantly. “That was good wood, plain and simple. I **am** an MTO, after all.” Lily giggled—the rest of the guys looked confused, so Lily explained it.

They called our number and we got our food, and then went back to the table. We were just chatting. Lily teased me mercilessly about what had happened at her house—the guys **loved** that. At one point, the talk turned to baseball, and Ty launched into a dissertation about hitting the curveball. When he was done, Lily was grinning at him.

“Ty, I have to ask you this,” she said. “Look, you know I love Mike and you’re my teammate and my friend so I’m **not** flirting, but I have to ask—do you have to beat the girls off with a stick, or what?”

Ty chuckled and said, “Do you know Emma Lashko?”

“Yeah, she’s in a couple of my classes.” Lily said.

“Well, we’ve been going out for over a year, so that’s not an issue. She’d be here, but she had a family obligation. Anyhow, what made you say that?”

“Your **voice!**” Lily enthused to laughter. “Oh my **God!**”

“He gets that all the time,” Frankie laughed. Frankie was right. Ty was a huge guy—6’4” and built—he was black, and his voice suited him. It was a low rumbling rich baritone with a hint of an accent.

“I can imagine,” Lily said. “Where are you from?” she asked Ty.

“Jamaica. We lived there until I was eight.”

Lily looked at him and said, “Do you sing?”

“Does he **ever**,” I told her before he could say anything.

“Oh, man,” Lily said, and turned to me. “The next time you and I are in your room doing the nasty, we’re bringing **him**, and he’s going to stand in the corner and sing Barry White songs while you ravage me!”

Everyone broke up at that, Ty most of all, and then Ty favored us with a chorus of “Can’t Get Enough Of Your Love.” Lily grabbed my arm, shivered and went “ooooOOOOooo!” And half the restaurant applauded when he was done! Ty can really sing—he went on for an hour, entertaining us all, at last year’s end-of-season banquet.

When all this merriment and singing was over, I noticed Ed looking at us curiously. “It’s kind of stunning, you know,” he finally said.

“What?” I asked him.

“You two.” He looked at us. “You’ve been going out three days, and I can’t believe how comfortable you are with each other. Even Jared and Amanda didn’t get there this quickly, and those two are straight out of a romance novel.” He gulped. “I mean, Lily’s practically drooling over Ty, and you don’t mind. You give her sister a show-and-tell, and she doesn’t mind. She’s in a shower with 20 naked ballplayers, and nobody minds. It really is stunning.”

“I don’t know what to tell you, Ed,” Lily said gently. “When it clicks, it clicks.”

“Yeah,” Ed said a little sadly. Then visibly made an effort to lighten the mood. “According to your boyfriend, I’m going to have to go to Latvia for it to click.”

“Brush up on that goat-milking,” I told him.

After that, we drove back to Lily’s house. It was already pretty late. Lily’s Mom was up waiting for her.

“Mike, how are you going to get home?” she asked.

“Walk,” I told her. “Mom and Marina are in for the night, I’m not going to have one of them come pick me up.”

“Mike, you live over two miles away, and it’s almost eleven o’clock!” Lily said.

“Ah, that’s OK. I’ll be fine.”

“Look, I’ll drive you. My leg’s better,” Lily said.

“I can drive him, Lil,” her mom said.

“You’re already in your pajamas, Mom, that’s not fair,” Lily said.

“I really can walk,” I said. This was getting us nowhere.

“What are we thinking?” Her mom laughed, finally. “Mike? Stay the night. Lily has a double bed. Go sleep with her.” Lily looked at her mother incredulously. “What?” she asked.

“You’re telling me to have my boyfriend sleep over,” Lily said, stunned.

“Why not? It’s not like I don’t know what you’re doing. And her bed’s more comfortable than right field,” she giggled.

Lily let out a snort of surprised laughter. “I’d never **thought** of bringing a boyfriend back here because of Amber.”

“Amber’s getting older,” her Mom said. “After today, I don’t think we have to worry about Amber. She asked good questions. She’s curious. She has a good idea what happens between you and your boyfriends now, Lily, I don’t think Mike sleeping over is going to scar her. Now **go!**”

We went, giggling.

She showed me her room. It was what you would have expected. Yeah, it was girly—pink walls, lots of makeup strewn all over her dresser, you know. But then there were the baseball equipment, and trophies, and posters. Even a replica Pedro Martinez jersey hanging on her wall.

“That stays up there unless it’s being worn or washed,” she laughed.

“Very cool thing to have on your wall. Not quite as cool as your girlfriend’s wet panties, but very cool nonetheless,” I laughed. She hit me.

I asked to use her phone, and left a message for Mom, so they wouldn’t worry. Then we climbed into bed, naked.

“So, I’ve got you in my bed,” she laughed. “What can I do with you?”

“Not much.” She gave me a look. “There is **no** way I’m making love to you in that condition. I’d be too afraid to hurt you worse.”

“How would you hurt me? I’ll just be lying down.”

“How would I hurt you? By slamming into your bruised hip and thigh on every downstroke?”

“Oh, yeah, you’re right.” She looked really disappointed. “Damn.”

“Oh, OK, fine,” I said in mock-exasperation. “We can’t do that, but I don’t suppose I can let my sweetie go to bed all horny and weepy, can I? Lie down.” She did, and I crawled down between her legs.

“Oh, Mikey, I like the way you think!” She hummed and moaned—not too loudly, considering where we were—as I licked her to three orgasms.

Then she kept the promise she had made last night. She returned the favor.

We fell asleep curled up with each other—a perfect end to a great day.

--End of part six--

MIKE AND LILY NAKED IN SCHOOL PART SEVEN SATURDAY

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE LILY

I was barely awake the next morning when I heard Mom call.

“Lily, are you and Mike awake?”

“I am,” I said as soft as I could.

“OK. Your Dad had to go to the office for a couple hours, and I need to hit the grocery store. It’s eight o’clock, I won’t be back for an hour or so.”

“OK.” I lay back down where I was—with my face all snuggled into Mike’s chest—but he had heard the exchange.

“Mmmmmmm?” he said.

“Hi, sexy,” I giggled.

His eyes flew open. “Well, hello. What a thing to wake up to. I forgot where I was for a second.”

“Mom woke you up, she was telling me stuff.”

“That’s fine, I slept enough. Plus you’re playing with my chest hair.”

“I **like** it,” I giggled. I kept running my fingers through it. “Such an impressive amount for a lad your age.”

“Uh-huh,” he said.

“You know what?” I said impishly. “My leg feels a lot better.”

“Is that so?”

“Yeah.” I kept playing with his chest hair. “And Mom and Dad aren’t here.”

“Really?”

“Really.” I was really getting into this chest hair thing. “And I hear mornings are fun.”

“Are they?”

“That’s what I’ve **heard**. I’ve never had a boyfriend stay over.” Look at all this lovely hair. Hmm. Do guys have sensitive nipples? Let’s find out.

“YEEEEEE!” he **jumped**! Well, **this** guy certainly does! I think I’ll do that again. “LILY! JESUS!” Oh, this is **fun**! If a thumb works, how ‘bout a tongue? I clamped my mouth to his nipple. At this point, I wished for a little **less** hair, but, ah well. It was **worth** it. I’ve **never** seen a guy moan and squirm like that!

“Oh, Jesus!” he moaned when I was done. “I’ve never felt anything like that!”

“Now you know how I feel when you’re playing with my titties,” I giggled. “Well, a close approximation, I’m guessing. Pretty damn close, judging how you were reacting.”

“What on **earth** made you do that?”

“Just impulse.” I giggled, and then moved up on top of him, and wrapped my arms around him, and kissed him. That’s when I felt the **other** reaction. All that nipple play got him rock hard. Anyhow, we were still kind of just kissing and fondling when he broke the kiss.

“Don’t look now, but we’re being watched,” he whispered.

“Are we?” I whispered back.

“Your door is open a crack, and I see a hairy eyeball,” he chuckled softly.

“What do you think?” I asked him.

“If she watches from **that** angle—you’re right. It’s going to be more scary than anything.”

“I agree.” I lie down next to him on the bed and said, out loud, “Amber?”

The door pushed open halfway, and there she was, looking **mighty** embarrassed. “Was there something you wanted?” I asked.

“Well, I heard noises, and, uh, was worried, and stuff.”

“Sure you were,” I smiled. She looked even more mortified. “Amber, would you like to watch?” Her eyes got **all** wide at that one. “It’s OK. We don’t mind.” She just kept staring at me, but nodded yes.

“Fine, then. Come on in and close the door.” She did. “Sit down in the chair right there. You can see everything right there.”

“I’ve never done this in front of an audience,” Mike said bemusedly.

“Hey, we **could’ve** been ‘caught’ in right field the other day. And that didn’t seem to affect your performance any.”

“True.”

“Amber, if you’re going to watch,” I told her, “you have to understand a few things. It’s scary to watch at first. I make a lot of noise that might sound like I’m being hurt. I’m not.”

“And it might look like I **am** hurting her,” Mike interjected. “I’m not. Well, I’m still worried about her **leg**, but that’s different.” Amber managed a giggle at that. “And we’re just getting started, so you’ll see more than just fucking.”

“What do you mean?” Amber asked.

“You’ll see,” I agreed. “Oh, and Amber? If what you’re watching makes you want to play with yourself, go for it. It’s perfectly normal.” Her eyes **really** got wide at that!

After that, we just got back into it and pretended she wasn’t there. Mike had been playing with my boobs the whole time, so he just went right for my pussy with his mouth. Oh MAN. I think I was addicted to his tongue already.

I had completely forgotten about our audience, but after the second glorious cum and working up to the third, I happened to glance over. Amber's eyes were as wide as a person's could be. She was completely dumbfounded. But I also noticed that her panties were on the floor, her hand was up her skirt, and that hand was working away something **furious**.

After my third cum from Mike's tongue, and while he was climbing up, preparing to mount me, I heard a definite moan-and-squeak from the corner.

Anyhow, in he went, and started fucking me. He was being gentle, because of my leg, but I that was fine with me. I was still going nuts, screaming and moaning.

I got another glimpse of Amber. Her clothes were completely off. She was spread-eagled on the chair, eyes wide open, covered with sweat, fingers plunging in and out of her, her other hand clutching one of her budding tits. I caught her eye, and grinned at her. She turned purple, but didn't stop watching—or diddling herself. Then I started to cum again and forgot all about Amber.

Mike got me to another one before he came inside me. As we were both coming down, I heard an "OH GOD!" from the corner. Amber was cumming up a **storm**. Good for her.

How many eleven-year-old girls get a live porno? Well, Mom and Dad **did** say to educate her, right?

Mike and I cuddled up to one another, amusedly watching Amber come down from what was probably the cum of her young life.

"Enjoy yourself?" I asked. She sighed, "Oh God," looked up at me and blushed.

"Well, you were wrong with what you said yesterday," Mike pointed out. "You **can** put yourself over by playing with yourself."

"That was the first time," she said. "Well, the first three times," she blushed. That's when what had just happened dawned on her—and the blush spread from the top of her head to the tip of her toes. "Oh, God, I can't believe you let me **watch!**" she gasped.

"You were gonna watch anyway, we just opened the door all the way," Mike laughed. Amber beamed at him. Oh, boy, did **she** have it bad! It was cute. "Now," Mike continued, "you **do** know that you're still too young for that yourself, right?"

"Well, yeah, the second part. You know, the---fucking," Amber said with a huge blush. "I watched it go in, and you're right—I'm a lot smaller down there. But wouldn't the boys my age be smaller than Mike?"

Mike laughed. "Yes, they would—the problem is, the boys your age would see you sitting there naked and not have the **slightest** clue what to do with you. Trust me, I was once a

boy your age. Girls mature faster, Amber. I guarantee every boy in school is scared to death of you.”

“Yeah, we try to kiss them and they all run away,” she giggled. “However, I was thinking, maybe the first part—what’s that called?”

“The proper term is cunnilingus,” Mike said. “You’ll also hear slang terms. Eating her out, cunny-lapping, pussy-eating, going down on her, there are others.” Amber was **purple** at this point! “Well, I just wanted you to know what people are talking about,” Mike continued.

“Yeah, well, I was thinking—I’m not too small for that,” Amber said.

“Oh, kid, are **you** in for a rude awakening!” I laughed. “You know the first time I ever had that done to me? **Thursday**.”

“Huh?” Amber asked.

“Lots of guys don’t like doing that,” Mike told her. “**I** think they’re nuts, but that’s me.”

“Oh,” Amber said. “Maybe Tiffany would.”

“Well, if she did, you’d have to do it back,” I said. “That would only be fair.”

Amber made a face. We all laughed, and Mike said, “Nope, Amber, I don’t think you’re a lesbian.” Amber blushed again.

“OK, well, I’m going to go now.” She gathered up her clothes and headed out the door. “Thanks!” she said on the way out.

Mike and I just looked at each other and collapsed into giggles.

“Ah, man, now I’m a show and tell display for sex ed,” Mike chuckled.

“And what a good one you were,” I told him.

“Are you going to tell your mother about this?” he asked me.

“Yeah, I think I’d better. Anyhow, we need to get a move on if we’re going to your mother’s cookout!”

We took turns in the shower, then got dressed. Mike still had his clothes from yesterday—luckily, he hadn’t actually **worn** them much yesterday, so they were still clean. We went downstairs, and found Mom in the kitchen. We started helping her put the groceries away.

“Hey, Mom, I have to tell you something,” I started. “Mike and I were in my room after you left, and we were just starting to, you know, fool around.....” Mom’s cool, but I admit I was blushing!

“Yeah, we were just making out at that point,” Mike continued, “when I noticed a hairy eyeball peeking in through the crack in the door.”

“Ah.” Mom said. “Amber was spying. Did she stay there the whole time?”

“Well, not quite,” I admitted. “I have a confession. When I was her age, I spied on you and Dad.”

“I’m not surprised,” her Mom laughed.

“Anyhow, peeking through a crack in the door—which means I **heard** more than I **saw**—was scarier than it had to be. So, we didn’t leave Amber out there to get scared.” I took a breath. “We invited her in.”

“Ah,” Mom said. “How was she?”

“Fine,” I said.

“Probably **too** fine,” Mike said with a chuckle. “I was actually afraid she was going to go try to lose her virginity more or less **today**. But we talked with her afterwards and she realizes she’s too young.”

“Oh,” Mom said. “So, you’re telling me she got turned on.”

“I think she was more turned on than **I** was, and I was the one getting nailed,” I laughed—to her credit, Mom broke up herself. “Look, we were trying to teach her what was natural, right, and I didn’t want her to get scared. So, when she came in, I told her that if what she was watching made her want to play with herself, she should go for it.”

“I take it she did,” Mom smiled.

“With a vengeance,” Mike laughed.

“That’s fine, I expected this to happen after yesterday. But you didn’t scare her?” Mom asked.

“Nope, we warned her it might be scary. I told her that it might look and sound like I was being hurt, but that wasn’t the case. She didn’t seem scared at all. Dumbfounded, but not scared,” I said.

Mom laughed and said, “I’ll have to talk with her, but that’s fine—I just want to make sure she realizes she’s too small for that right now.”

“She does,” I said. “Though she did express interest in trying Act One.”

“Act one?” Mom asked.

“Oral,” I admitted.

“Well, I think she’d have a little trouble getting one of those in her **mouth** right now, too.” Mom smiled.

Oh, Jesus. All I could do was laugh and blush. “Uh, no, Mrs. Woodard, not that,” Mike said. “Other way around.”

Mom just looked at him, and burst out laughing. “Yeah, I can see that. If I had ever seen that demonstrated, I would’ve tried that one a lot earlier myself.”

I couldn’t stop laughing and blushing. Mom really **was** cool. “Believe me, I would’ve tried it before Thursday if I had ever known.”

“Lots of guys won’t do that,” Mom said.

“Don’t I know it,” I agreed.

“I’m a man of many talents,” Mike said smugly.

Mom looked at him and grinned. “You don’t lack confidence, do you?”

Mike let out a snort of laughter. “If I lacked confidence, how long, exactly, do you think I’d last with your daughter before she ran me over like a steamroller?”

“Good point,” Mom laughed. I just rolled my eyes at him.

Just then Amber came running downstairs. She saw us, and started grinning and blushing. Then saw Mom and tried to cover it.

“Don’t worry, Amber, they told me.” Amber **really** blushed at that one. “It’s fine, though you shouldn’t be spying, you know that. But the rest of it was fine. We’ll talk about it later.”

I got an idea, and whispered into Mike’s ear. He grinned and nodded, and said, “Hey, Amber. Were you going to the carnival at the high school tonight?”

“We were discussing whether or not I would take her,” Mom said.

“You can go with us,” Mike said.

“REALLY?” Amber lit up like a Christmas tree.

“Sure,” I said. “Just be warned, though, it’s a school function and the week’s not over, so Mike and I have to go naked.”

“I don’t mind,” Amber blushed.

“Good, then,” Mike said. “We have something else to do this afternoon, but we’ll be back to pick you up about four.”

“OK,” she grinned.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

MIKE

After **that** very interesting beginning to the day, we headed over to my place.

Did I mind about Amber watching? No, actually, I didn’t. It was a bit uncomfortable at first, but I think Amber got a lot out of it. And she really was a good kid. Though, somehow, I had a strange feeling that the details of our performance were going to be all over the sixth grade in no time at all!

Anyhow, we headed over to my place. Mom and Marina were still setting up and cooking and stuff, so we pitched in and helped. Eddie arrived soon after we did.

“Well, as soon as Amanda and Jared show up, the entire token heterosexual contingent will be here, and we can get this show on the road,” Ed teased my Mom.

“There might be a few more around.” Mom teased back. “Maybe we can even find a girl for you.”

“Ellie, your potato salad is enough of a miracle for one day,” Ed said.

“Flatterer.” She looked at Lily. “Have you figured out yet that Eddie was named correctly? His surname should be Haskell, not Bauer.”

“And you sure are looking very nice today, Mrs. Cleaver,” Ed deadpanned.

Lily turned to me, grinning, and said, “Ward, I’m worried about the Beaver.”

“Yeah, I was worried about the beaver, too,” Ed said. “Yesterday. When you slid into home.” It took us a minute, but we howled—Lily most of all.

“Ed Bauer, you’re a reprobate,” Mom said through giggles.

“All part of my wit and charm, Ellie, all part of my wit and charm.” He kissed her on the cheek and reached for a plate of stuff. “This go on the picnic table?”

“Yes. Go. Quickly,” Mom laughed. Mom and Ed, just in case you couldn’t tell, adore one another.

We helped Mom and Marina finish up, and then people started showing up. I introduced Lily around. We met up with Jared, Amanda, and Allie.

“I know more people here than I thought I did,” Lily told me.

“Yeah. You know Lisa Sherrick?”

“Yeah,” she answered, “but who is that girl standing next to her?”

“The tall blonde in the green dress?” She nodded. “That’s one of the people I want you to meet. Look closer.”

“She looks like she could be Steven Dunn’s sister.”

“Steve doesn’t have a sister.”

She looked again, and her eyes got wide. “Wait a minute—is that **Steve**?”

“Yes,” I chuckled. “Though sie prefers Stef, or Stephie, when sie’s dressed like that.”

“‘Sie’?” she asked.

“Sie. S-I-E. That, along with hir—H-I-R—are gender neutral pronouns. Often used in the transgender community.”

“So Stev—I mean, Stef, is a transsexual?” Lily asked.

“No. Stef’s transgendered. There’s a difference.” I grabbed her hand. “Come on, I’ll introduce you. Stef’s cool, and doesn’t mind being questioned about this. Only a few people know about Stef.”

I brought her over to introduce her. Allie—very interested—tagged along.

“Hey, gorgeous,” I said, kissing hir on the cheek.

“Mikey!” Sie said. Stef had really done a great job on hir voice—sie had been working on that for some time.

I introduced Stef to Lily and Allie. “I think Lily is burning up with curiosity.”

“Great,” Stef said. We went and found a table to sit at. “Ask away.”

“Well, Mikey said you’re transgendered but not transsexual. I don’t understand the difference,” Lily began.

“OK. Transsexuals believe that their gender is the exact opposite of the one they were born into. A male to female TS considers himself to be all female. A TG doesn’t necessarily believe that. I’m somewhere in the middle. Because of this, TSs take medical steps to completely change their physical sex. I’m not planning that.”

“What kind of physical steps?”

“Well, the sex-change operation, for one. Also, hormones. Even if you don’t want to change your genitals, many TGs go on hormones. That will give you breast growth, a more feminine shape, and you’d lose your body hair. Unfortunately, it also makes what’s between your legs somewhat useless. I had laser hair removal to take off my body hair—and electrolysis on my face—and I’ve been wearing corsets since I was 13, which is why I have a reasonable facsimile of a waist and an ass. These,” Stef waved at her bust, “are falsies. I could get implants, which I might at some point, but only when I’m ready to come completely out of the closet about this. But I have **no** intention of getting a sex change.”

“Are you gay?” Lily asked.

“I know all about you, you know,” Stef told her. “Ellie told me. Are **you** gay?” Lily just looked at him. “I mean, I know I’m deeper on the transgendered scale than you are, but Ellie also told me you get that assumption a lot.”

“Me? Transgendered?” Lily asked in amazement.

“Let’s see. You play baseball. You’re muscular. Your body language **is** female, but only to a point—there’s male in there, too. You don’t mind getting dirty. Ellie told me that Mike told her that you’re perfectly at ease being one of the guys. I’d say you’re somewhere on the gender scale **other** than ‘pure girl’. I believe gender is a spectrum. I’m probably 60 or 70 percent girl. Not a hundred, but more girl than boy. You most likely are **not** 60 or 70 percent guy. Probably about 40. Like I said, I’m “more” TG than you are, if I can put it that way. But you know there’s male in you. And it’s probably caused you problems.”

“Yeah,” Lily admitted.

“Of course, not as many as I’ve had. And, to answer your earlier question, I’m bi, but I prefer women. By a lot. I’ve only gone out with a girl once that found out about Stef, and she dumped me right after. Any girl that would accept me like this would almost **have** to be bi, which limits my possibilities.”

I didn’t say anything to Stef right then, but I noticed Allie—who **was** bi—looking at her like she was a particularly delectable piece of chocolate!

“I **do** know **that** score,” Lily laughed. “I got lucky. Though Mike isn’t bi.”

“No, but Mike’s very open minded and doesn’t let stereotypes cloud his feelings,” Stef said. “Thank your mother, Mikey,” she giggled.

“I do anyway,” I grinned. “But Stef’s right. I might not be bi, but I don’t wrap my heterosexuality around me like a shield, either. Not after growing up in **this** house.”

“I’ll thank your mother myself,” Lily giggled. “Anyhow, Stef, I know you’re not “out” completely, but you’re dressed like this here. Sometimes people you don’t know can be at a place like this. You didn’t know me, for instance. So, you could run into people that aren’t open-minded.”

“Yes, that can be hellish,” Stef said.

“So why do it?” Lily asked. “Why put yourself through that?”

“Why do you play baseball?” Stef asked. “Because it’s who you are. It’s part of you. This is who I am, who I want to be. I **can’t** do it in school. But, frankly, if Ellie—or Mike—likes you enough to invite you to one of their bashes, you’re all right. That’s almost guaranteed. I **have** been out in public—the mall, and stuff—but I’m lucky. Because I have feminine features and long hair that can be styled in a feminine way, and because I’m small and have a waist, I “pass”. When I go to the mall, nobody realizes who I am. I look like just another teenaged girl.”

“I had to look really close, and only with Mikey prompting me. My first reaction was, ‘does Steve Dunn have a sister?’”

Stef laughed. “I’ve gotten that. In an emergency, I’ve passed myself off as a cousin. Oh, and I do let it out in little ways. I think I’m building up to coming all the way out, but I let it out in little ways. I rarely wear anything other than panties for underwear—which can be a pain in the ass in gym, but I manage. I often go to school with very slight barely noticeable makeup on. And, of course, I wear my hair long, and I wear earrings all the time.” He looked at Lily. “Now, I know about the baseball thing, but I’m looking at you now and I’m seeing pretty much girl.”

“You should’ve seen her Thursday night. She was in full girl mode. I almost swallowed my tongue,” I interjected.

“I can imagine,” Stef giggled. “You’ve got earrings on, lipstick, nail polish.” Lily nodded. “You ever wear any of that on the mound?”

“No,” Lily admitted.

“Why not?”

“I don’t know. That’s a good question.”

“Hey, be who you are,” Stef said. “Don’t restrict yourself to ‘this is a boy thing’ and ‘this is a girl thing’. I know, I’m one to talk, being in the closet—but I’m working on that. You have it a little easier. Plus you have Mr. Understanding here,” she laughed, pointing at me.

“Yeah, I am lucky,” she beamed at me. I grinned back.

“Ah, true love,” Stef giggled. “I’ve just about given up. I either have to put Stef in the closet, or be celibate.”

“Oh, yeah? Look slightly to your right. Grab a towel to catch the drool,” I teased. I probably shouldn’t have done it, because poor Allie, when she realized I was talking about her, blushed deep red.

“Uh, well, I mean...” Allie sputtered. “All right, dammit, I admit it. Stef, I **am** bi. And you are the most gorgeous creature I’ve ever seen in my life. How anyone can be **that** beautiful and still be a **guy**—it makes me tingle.” And then she blushed deeper. Stef just looked very happy at that.

That’s when I whispered a suggestion to Lily that we make a discreet exit. She giggled and agreed.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

LILY

I’m glad Mike introduced me to Stef. It gave me a lot to think about.

Anyhow, we spent the rest of the afternoon there, just mingling and chatting and eating all the great food. And I noticed that, over in the corner, Allie and Stef seemed to be getting very close!

I ended up learning something about learning something, even. Mike and I ended up sitting with his mom and Marina. I told them about talking to Stef.

“You never stop learning,” Ellie said. “My psychology deals with children, who have the most to learn—and I concentrate on kids your age, who really have a lot to learn--but you never stop learning.”

“I can attest to that,” Marina said. “I was pretty much sure I was a lesbian when I was your age, but I was still trying to ‘figure it out’. I still went out with boys in high school. I thought I might have been bi. Until I was date-raped. Twice, within the space of a year.”

“Oh, Jesus,” I hissed.

“If I wasn’t convinced I was a lesbian before that, well **after** it I surely was,” Marina continued. “But the bad part of that was that I hated all men. I mean **hated** them. Could not stand the sight of the male half of the species. Would’ve gone around castrating the lot of them, if I thought I could have gotten away with it.”

She took a deep breath. “But then I fell in love with a woman, who I found out—to my horror—had an eleven year old son. Ellie and I almost didn’t get together, because I was horrified that there would be this **male** thing in my life. But we **did** get together. And I learned different.”

“And not just from Mike, either. I learned from his friends. Not three weeks ago, I found myself playing poker with Mike, Ed, and Frankie Gutierrez—and I had a blast. If I were 18 years younger, and straight, I’d be head over heels in love with Ed Bauer. That boy is sweet, generous, and he makes me laugh. And six years ago, I just would’ve looked at him and said to myself, ‘Male. Yuck.’ And how wrong I would’ve been. To say nothing of how much I love **this** guy.” She ruffled Mike’s hair. “You never stop learning.”

“Just don’t let any of this get back to **Ed**!” Mike laughed.

After that, I drove home and Mikey followed me so we’d have his car. We got Amber and headed on over to the school.

They had set the carnival up all out on the football field. There were rides, and games, and food—though we were pretty well stuffed by the time we got there, thanks to Ellie’s feast. The seniors ran it every year. There were fun booths, too, like a dunk tank for charity.

We met up with Jared and Amanda in the parking lot. We introduced them to Amber, and then headed towards the entrance. At the entrance, there was a box for clothes for those of us in The Program. Mike and I started stripping.

Jared looked at Amanda. “It’s a nice day, right?”

“Yeah,” Amanda said—and the two of them started shedding clothes.

“Are you two in The Program, too?” Amber asked.

“No,” Amanda laughed. “We were actually in it in September—and we figured out we like going naked on a nice day.”

I could see the wheels turning in Amber’s mind, as she looked back and forth between the four of us, all in various stages of undress. Then she grabbed her shirt and lifted it over her head.

“You don’t have to, you know,” I told her.

“I want to,” she said determinedly. “Do you mind?” she asked.

“Of course not,” I told her. She got all her clothes off and dumped them in the box. Then she blushed.

“I feel funny,” she said.

“You can put them back on, Amber,” Mike told her.

“It’s not a bad funny, it’s a **good** funny,” she declared. Then she led us to the entrance.

We walked in, and of course people were staring. The only clothes any of us had on were shoes and socks. Well, unless you count the couple of bandages on my leg. Well, unless you count the purses both Amanda and I were carrying—got to keep the money **somewhere**. But we were being stared at. Mike and I were used to that by now, and Jared and Amanda had been for some time. Amber wasn’t, but—except for the constant blush—she seemed to be adjusting well.

Suddenly Ed appeared out of nowhere. “Hello, nice to meet you, I’m Overdressed,” he said, shaking all our hands and cracking us up. “So, who’s the pint-sized nudist?”

“That’s my sister, Amber,” I told him. “Amber, this is Ed, Mike’s best friend and the third baseman on the baseball team.”

“Nice to meet you,” Ed shook her hand while she blushed. “Have they extended The Program to middle school?”

“No,” she giggled, “I just saw all of them, you know, and I, you know…….”

“I think that’s very cool. You’re a very brave girl,” Ed told her. Amber beamed. “Now, since you went and got yourself all naked, the **least** a gentleman like me can do is win you a teddy bear, right?” Amber giggled, and we all headed to the game area. “Pick out one you like,” Ed told her. She did, it was at one of those throw-the-darts games, and Ed won it for her on the second try. She was thrilled.

“I think you have a rival for my sister’s affections,” I whispered to Mike.

“I think you’re right,” he grinned back.

“HEY, JARED! COME GET ME, I DARE YOU!” We looked in the direction of the shout—and it was coming from the dunk tank. There was a tall, slim blonde sitting on the platform, wearing a bikini, grinning and waving in our direction. Jared started cracking up.

“That’s my sister, Tina,” he told us that didn’t know. “Let’s go dunk her.”

We went, laughing, over to the dunk tank. “C’mon, Jared, give it your best shot,” she taunted. “You’ll never get me wet.” Jared paid his money for a few balls, and threw them. All misses. “Come on, you rag arm,” Tina taunted. “My little brother gets me in a potentially embarrassing position, and can’t even seal the deal.” Jared threw a few more and kept missing. Tina kept shouting at him.

“May I?” I asked him with an evil grin.

“You? Oh, yeah!” he giggled. “Hey, Tina, this is my friend Lily. I’m going to pay for her to take a few shots at you.”

“Can’t do it yourself, got to get a **girl** to do it, huh?” Tina taunted.

“Lily’s no ordinary girl. You might have heard of her. She just made the baseball team.”

“Baseball team?” Tina said.

“As a **pitcher**,” Jared said with an evil grin. Tina’s grin disappeared, she went “whoops”, and I wound up and threw. First try. SPLISH! One very wet Tina!

“A ringer! You brought a damn **ringer**!” she yelled as she climbed out of the tank.

“I got to see you get dunked, that’s all that counts,” he laughed. “See you later, Sis.”

“Later, little brother,” she grinned. We all took off to walk around a bit more.

It was a good carnival. We walked around, played some games, got Amber cotton candy. Well, **Ed** got Amber cotton candy. Which she found out was very messy to eat when you’re nude!

“Ed’s charming the pants off your sister—well, if she were **wearing** any pants, that is.” Mike whispered to me with a chuckle.

“Poor Ed. He thinks he’s being nice to a young girl. Little does he know that she’s probably trying, right now, to figure out a way into **his** pants.”

Mike laughed out loud. “We’d better go warn him before she asks him if he does cunnilingus!”

“Oh shit!” I roared.

We sent Amber off to buy a coke, and told Ed what had happened that morning. He laughed. Mike told him, “Yeah, but the problem is, now she’s got **ideas**. And she’s clearly developing a thing for **you**, my friend.”

Ed laughed harder. “Let her. You know damn well I’d never take advantage of a kid that young. So, let her daydream. It’s safe. I don’t mind, in fact I’m flattered. She’s a damn good kid. She wants to fantasize, she can go right ahead.”

Have I mentioned how much I like Ed?

The six of us did the whole carnival. Amber had forgotten to put sunscreen on some of her not-usually-exposed areas, so we bought her some. I took her on a few rides—as did Ed—and it’s a good thing they provide towels to us nudists! We ran into Frankie, Ty, and

Ty's girlfriend Emma. Ed introduced Amber to them as "my miniature nude date," which pretty much made Amber's day.

However, while walking, we saw a woman glaring at us with undisguised contempt. I clearly heard her say, "I hate that program thing." Then Amber looked at the girl that was with this woman and said, "Tiffany!"

"Amber!" the girl returned. "You've got no clothes on!"

"Yeah, and it's **so** much fun!" Amber told her.

"Uh-oh, this is trouble," I whispered to Mike.

"Amber! What are you doing like that! Go put some clothes on!" the woman was saying.

"Uhm, hello," I said. "I'm Lily, Amber's sister. This is my boyfriend Mike. We're in The Program this week, so we have to be here like this, and Amber decided she didn't want to be left out."

"It's **disgusting!** It's **obscene!** The Program is bad enough, but this? A little girl like her running around with no clothes on!" This woman was rapidly beginning to piss me off. "What would her **mother** say?"

"**Our** mother would say something like, make sure she has enough sunscreen on," I said, and not too nicely. "She doesn't know Amber did this yet, but she won't have a problem with it."

The woman just snorted, then looked over at Amber and Tiffany. They had their arms around each other and were giggling about something. Probably Jared, they were looking in his direction. (Mike wasn't kidding about him. Oh My God. Good thing I'm already in love!) Anyhow, the mother saw them and said, "Tiffany! Get your hands off her! I don't want you touching her when she's like that!"

Uh-oh. I saw Mike boiling already.

"Why not?" Tiffany asked reasonably. "I've touched Amber before when she was naked."

"Yeah, me too," Amber giggled. "It's fun."

"WHAT!?!? Are you telling me that you two.....that's **disgusting!** Where do you get these perverted ideas?"

That's when the kettle boiled over. I saw it coming. The kettle's name was Mike.

"Newsflash number one," he started, in the most furious tone I've ever heard him use, "girls experimenting with each other is normal, not perverted. Newsflash number two: my mother, a nationally recognized child psychologist, would vehemently agree with me."

Newsflash number three: most people with half a brain recognize this in this day and age and you might want to wake up and smell the coffee. Newsflash number four: My mother, the nationally recognized child psychologist? Well, she touches a naked woman every night. I live with two women, both of whom I love more than I can say, that share a bed. So take your bigotry and stick it up your ass. Fuck you.” The woman was looking at him in complete shock by now. “Oh, and if I could do it legally, I’d arrange for my Mom to adopt Tiffany before you completely fuck her up. As it is—in a couple years, she’ll most likely be making an **appointment** with her, trying to undo the damage.” He looked at the rest of us. “Come on, guys. It smells too bad right around here.”

We walked away from the woman, who was staring back at us open-mouthed. Amber—in a nice display of guts—kissed Tiffany on the cheek, then came with us.

“I think I really got Tiff in trouble,” Amber said dejectedly.

“That’s not your fault, and it’s not Tiffany’s,” Mike said. “Tiffany’s mother is the one with the problem, not either of you. Understand me?”

“Yeah,” she smiled at him. “Thanks.”

“Yeah, **she** understands,” Ed said. “Who’s going to tell Tiffany? The poor kid. ‘Oh no, my baby girl might be a lesbian! Let’s kill her now!’ It disgusts me.”

“I don’t think Tiffany’s a lesbian,” Amber said.

“What makes you think that?” I asked.

She giggled, and blushed. “Because she kept saying how she much she wanted to go grab Jared’s weenie!”

“Oh, Jesus,” Jared said.

“Jared’s Weenie,” Ed said. “A beacon in the night, brining all the girls through the fog to its magnificence.”

“Yeah, fine, but **you** try being the guardian at the gate!” Amanda laughed.

“Could we have enough about my ‘weenie’, please?” Jared said in mock-exasperation.

“Well, it **is** really big,” Amber pointed out in a completely serious tone of voice. Even Jared couldn’t help crack up at **that**.

We spent another hour or so at the carnival. Amber was down in the dumps a bit at first, but Ed got her to laugh. Except for Tiffany’s horrible mother, it was a great time.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

MIKE

When we left, we just grabbed our clothes and headed for the car.

“Aren’t you guys going to get dressed?” Amber asked us.

“Nah,” Lily said. “You can, though.” Amber looked at us, shrugged her shoulders, grabbed her clothes, and followed us.

“You liked it, didn’t you?” Lily asked her.

“Yeah,” she admitted. “It feels very, I don’t know, free. And I like the wind blowing on—you know,” she blushed.

“I can tell,” Lily said. Then she whispered to me, “She might not have much in the way of boobs yet, but what she **does** have are erect as all get-out.” I had to stifle the laughter because Amber was looking at all this whispering mighty suspiciously.

Anyhow, we got in the car. I was still a bit upset. “I apologize for losing my temper,” I said.

“With Tiffany’s Mom? I’m glad you did it,” Amber said.

“Me, too,” Lily said.

“Tiffany always tells me what a witch she is,” Amber continued. “She’ll probably make Tiffany stop being friends with me, though.”

“Probably,” Lily said. “I’m sorry about that.”

“Ah, well. Tiffany knows how to sneak,” she giggled.

We laughed at that, as we pulled up in front of Lily’s house.

“Should I put my clothes on?” Amber asked.

“No,” Lily said. We walked to the front door. “Just wait here.” We walked in, and Lily’s parents greeted us. “Where’s Amber?” her mom asked.

“Hold on a second,” Lily told them. “I want you to know that this was **not** anyone’s idea except Amber’s—but I did tell her it was OK.” Her Mom looked at her with a question. “OK, Amber, you can come in now!” In she walked, stark naked, blushing up a storm, and looking at her parents hopefully.

“Did you go to the carnival like that?” her Mom asked. Amber shyly nodded. “That was very brave!” she told her.

“I liked it,” Amber said. “It was fun. All of us were naked except Ed.” Her parents looked at us questioningly.

“We were with our friends Jared and Amanda, who went through The Program in September, and who now get naked for the hell of it.” Her parents laughed at that. “I think that’s what pushed Amber over, watching all four of us undress at the entrance. Ed hasn’t been through the program yet so doesn’t know what the fuss is about. Ed’s my best friend—he plays third base on the team.”

“Oh, he’s the one that caught the final out for you,” Lily’s dad said.

“Exactly,” Lily replied.

“He won me this teddy bear!” Amber said excitedly. “And he bought me cotton candy, and took me on the rides, and **everything**! He’s really neat!” She grinned at her parents. “I’m gonna go to my room and find a place for the teddy bear,” and she was off.

“Ed’s your age?” Lily’s dad asked, a bit suspiciously.

“Yes, he is,” I told him.

“I don’t know if I like that. It seemed like he was showing quite a bit of attention to a little girl. A naked little girl. Oh, I know she’s not that little, but she’s little to **him**,” Lily’s Dad said.

“That’s Ed,” I smiled. “Protector of the helpless, healer of the wounded, and the guy who shows little girls a good time at carnivals. He made her **day**, Mr. Woodard—and deliberately.”

“She’s got a crush on him,” Mr. Woodard pointed out. “And I know what she saw this morning, so she’s also got ideas.”

“He knows that,” Lily grinned. “Besides which, she’s got a crush on **Mikey**, too.”

“True,” her mom smiled.

“Look, what do you folks think of me?” I asked.

“Well, we think you’re great,” Lily’s mom said. “Absolutely,” her Dad agreed.

“Do you think I’m trustworthy?”

“From what we’ve seen, yes,” Mrs. Woodard said. “Lily trusts you a lot, which counts a lot with us.”

“Good,” I said. “Then, let me tell you something—I’d trust Ed Bauer with my **life**. He’s that loyal. Of all the people in the **world** that you’d want escorting Amber around a

carnival when she's stark naked, he's at the **top** of the list. If I didn't know that, I'd **never** have let it happen. "

"I don't know Ed as well as Mike does," Lily said, "but I know him well enough. We **told** Ed what Amber had seen today, and that she had a crush on him, and might be getting ideas. You know what he said? Fine. I'm safe, I don't hurt little girls, let her fantasize."

"You won't find a finer human being than Ed Bauer," I concluded. "And if you don't believe me, call my Mom. She's known Ed since he was 8. As far as she's concerned, Ed's her second son."

"OK," Mr. Woodard smiled. "You convinced us. And what he said about Amber fantasizing was very mature and classy."

"She had a **blast** with him," Lily said. "He made her feel special. Which was important after the other thing that happened. Which I have to warn you about." She took a deep breath. "Be prepared for a very nasty phone call from Tiffany's mother."

"Why?" her Mom asked. Lily and I explained, told them the whole story.

"Oh, Jesus," her Dad said.

"I apologize for losing my temper," I told them. "I think that didn't help much."

"Losing your temper?" Mrs. Woodard said. "I would've **slugged** her. And I'm not the child of a lesbian. Poor Tiffany."

"Got **that** right," I agreed. "Thank you for saying that, I do feel a bit guilty. That woman's not going to let her precious little baby go anywhere **near** Amber anymore, and I feel bad about that."

"I think she would've done that if you hadn't said a word," Mr. Woodard said. "Just seeing you all there naked set her off."

Amber came back downstairs, then—still not wearing anything, in fact she had taken her shoes and socks off so was now completely naked.

"Amber," her Mom asked, "are you going to get dressed?"

"Uh, do you want me to?"

"Completely up to you."

"Well, then, no. I like being like this."

"We have a family of nudists," Mr. Woodard laughed.

“I just like how I feel,” she said. She came over to the couch and managed to worm her way between me and Lily. We just laughed and let her. “Mike?” she asked me. “Does Ed have a girlfriend?”

Whoops, I thought to myself—how am I gonna handle **this** one? “No, Amber, he doesn’t.”

“That’s too bad. He’s very nice. Anyone that nice should have a girlfriend.” I was waiting for it, trying to come up with a response—and the little bugger surprised me. “I can’t be his girlfriend, I’m too little. So you two, you have to find Ed a girlfriend.”

“That’s very wise of you,” I told her.

“Well, you know, he’d want someone his own age, right? He wouldn’t want a little kid like me.”

“Yes,” I said, “but, you know, he liked you very much.”

“I like him too,” she grinned. “He’s the nicest.” She grinned and blushed—and then headed out into the kitchen.

“Remind me again,” Mr. Woodard said to his wife with a laugh. “Why do we even worry about these two at all? Damn. Amber’s more mature than I realized.”

“She’s been impressing me all day,” Lily said. “And it’s been quite a day for her. God knows **I** wasn’t that mature when I was eleven.”

“You didn’t have a big sister,” I told her.

“He’s right,” Mrs. Woodard said. Lily just grinned.

--End of part seven—

MIKE AND LILY NAKED IN SCHOOL PART EIGHT SUNDAY

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE LILY

We had a game that Sunday. My last day in The Program—so my last day nude on a baseball field.

I didn't play, though. I wasn't supposed to pitch, anyway—Frankie pitched. And the coach called me over before the game. “Woodard, I think I’m going to try you in center when Gutierrez pitches—but not today. Rest the leg. We need you on the mound this week.”

“Fine with me,” I told him.

“Besides which, that means I can get you out on the field with the damn **uniform** on. Jeez. You nearly gave me a heart attack when you slid on Friday. I hope nobody else on this team goes through The Program.”

“I doubt you can count on that,” I grinned. “Some of us are kind of waiting for the day when Ed’s number comes up.”

“Oh, geez, that’s all I need,” Coach groaned. “Get **him** naked, and he’ll be taking time outs to go try to fuck every girl sitting on the third-base line.” Then he blushed. “Scuse my language.”

“Fuck your language,” I told him with an impish grin. He grinned back. “You should’ve figured out by now that I’m not that pristine.”

“Yeah, you’re right,” he grinned. “In fact—and I’m being a real jerk by even bringing this up, especially if it’s not true, but I’m curious. I heard a rumor that you ‘got it on’ with some guy in right field.”

“True story. Not just ‘some guy,’ though, Skipper. Your starting catcher,” I grinned.

“You...and **Kirkland**?!?”

“Yeah, I thought you knew.”

“No, I thought you guys were just good friends.”

“No, Coach, sorry. We’re going out. You now have two members of your team dating one another,” I grinned at him.

“Aw, Christ, that’s **all** I need!” Then he thought about something. “Wait a minute. You took your shower with the team Friday. Twenty naked guys. And Kirkland was **in** there.”

“We’re cool with that kind of stuff,” I told him. “Look, with every other member of the team, I’m one of the guys. With Mike it’s a little bit more complicated than that, obviously, but he understands how I relate to the rest of the team.”

“That’s good. But, look, Lily—listen, I was wrong. You’re good, you’re **damn** good, and I think this team can really go places this year. And I already knew Kirkland was good. We’re going to need both of you. And if something happens in your personal relationship....”

“Don’t even spare a minute to worry about that,” I cut him off. “Look, I know I’m only seventeen, but you know what the world is like today. I’ve been around the block a few times.” He nodded. “I’ve finally found a guy that understands me. Completely understands **all** of me. I didn’t think such a person existed. You think I’m gonna blow that? I’m smarter than that.”

“Yes, you are,” he laughed. “Go on, get out of here. And don’t distract my catcher!”

“Wouldn’t dream of it. He’s going to need all his concentration to catch that slop that Gutierrez throws!”

After the game—which we won, in a rout, Ed hit two homers—Mike and I headed to the mall. I needed to buy a few things, and we were going to grab some food.

We ran into Jared and Amanda. “You’ll never believe what happened,” Amanda told me. “I talked to Allie this morning. She and Stef went to bed last night!”

“Really?” Mike asked. “That’s great.”

“Quick, but great,” I laughed. “But, then again, quick’s nice.”

“You know what’s amusing?” Jared said. “You guys first slept together on the Wednesday of your Program week. So did we.”

“Hey, I don’t waste any time,” Mike said.

“Oh yes you **do**,” I told him. “You could’ve been fucking my brains out on **Tuesday** if you weren’t being such a ninny.”

“Fine, rub it in,” he laughed. “Anyhow, I’m happy for Stef.”

“Yeah, Allie seems over the **moon**,” Amanda giggled.

Anyhow, that’s the story of our week in The Program. It turned out not to be the disaster I thought it would be Monday morning. In fact, it turned out to be anything but. I got a boyfriend, made the team, pushed myself to my limits and exceeded them, and learned a lot about myself.

Mike and I are still together—and, I’ll admit, the word “forever” has escaped both of our mouths once or twice. Hey, I’m still in high school, I know. But sometimes you just find your soulmate.

I’m his, too. I’ve really come to terms with who I am, and he’s helped a lot. The week after we were in The Program, I pitched that Thursday. I had my uniform on this time—good ol’ 45 on my back—and I had eyeblack on and my hair up out of the way and all. But I also did something I’ve never done before—I took the pitcher’s mound wearing nail

polish, a bit of lip gloss, and earrings. All that and eyeblack too! Stef was right—be who you are. I’m a girl who does some “guy” things.

And Stef, with Allie’s help, started taking her own advice. (Yeah, her. Those gender-neutral things confuse me—and I think of Stef as a girl. Mostly.) She and Allie actually showed up at the Mariner that week. Yes, I said **she**—she was all dressed as Stef. Word got around, it’s now common knowledge. She’s had some harassment, but Allie’s helping her through it. And she wore a dress to school for the first time the other day—instructed all the teachers to call her Stef. Good for her.

That all happened the week after we were in The Program. The week after **that**?

Oh, that was the **fun** week.

Ed’s name came up. Naked Third Baseman On Parade. I’m sure he’ll tell you all about it—it sure was eventful!

--Fin--

