

“Once More With Feelings”

A new story by *(the)* Night Hawk

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Chapter 3: Patti Gets Wet

I laid in bed watching TV waiting for Linda and Julie to start their shift. I was looking forward to another lesson in makeup, and I sure wouldn't mind another shot at that whirlpool tub!

I realized the drugs I had been given for the surgery were working their way out of my system as I could feel more of my body coming back to life, especially in my groin. It was quarter to eleven when a young student nurse came into my room and told me that it was bath time.

“But...but...” I started to sputter.

She looked around and winked at me. “It's okay Patti. Linda called me today and told me how much you enjoyed your ‘bath’ last night. She said you were a bit embarrassed and that maybe I should help you tonight, if that's okay with you.”

“Uh, yeah, sure. If you don't mind.” I said while taking in the sight of this young gorgeous girl in front of me. I hoped to hell that my eyes weren't showing the lust I was feeling.

“Good,” she said and brought my wheelchair out and helped me into it. “By the way, I'm Marcie.”

Marcie must be Greek or Latin or something for Goddess I thought. She was a lot shorter than me, maybe just breaking the five-foot mark, but she was curvy all over. Even her uniform couldn't hide that. A beautiful oval face framed in corn-silk blonde hair and with teeth as white as any I had ever seen in any toothpaste ad, and breath like honey. Where the hell had girls like Marcie been when I was growing up? As she wheeled me to the hydrotherapy room, she told me that Julie and Linda would be in after midnight with more makeup tips.

After she had locked the door behind us, “for privacy and modesty” she said, she helped me get up out of the chair. Damn but I had to take a leak. I kind of gave her a hint that my bladder was full but to my surprise, she just pointed to the toilet and said to go ahead. It was just us girls here.

Yeah, right! This beauty is telling me that we're just girls, but I hadn't mastered the art of peeing like one and Marcie wasn't taking her eyes off me. Last night I had been too involved in taking a look at my new body to worry about undressing in front of

Julie and Linda, and they had after all given me sponge baths for the previous nights, but the few times I had tried to urinate today sitting down had been awkward and I still hadn't figured out yet how to 'towel' dry my pussy with toilet paper.

"It's okay Patti," Marcie said. "I know that you've lost a lot of your memory. Maybe I can help you regain some of the basics."

Before I could say please or thank you or anything else, Marcie was pulling my nightgown off. I still wasn't allowed underwear so I was instantly nude. Damn. In my mind I was a 45-year-old male, and here was a gorgeous girl, probably no older than 18 looking at my new female body. I felt my nipples start to pucker and I crossed my arms over my chest to hide them. Marcie however was more intent at looking at my crotch.

"It's awful how they shaved only part of your pubic hair for the operation," she said as she removed the smaller dressing. "It'll itch like hell when it starts to grow back in."

She helped me to sit on the toilet and adjusted my positioning.

Oh, that was *much* better. I felt my bladder release it's contents and it sounded like a waterfall. I must have blushed a beet red. I started to pull some toilet paper from the roll when Marcie stopped me. "Like this," she said, and with two fingers she did a quick twirl around and with a flick of the wrist snapped off a section. "You try it."

It took me four times before I could do it properly and then Marcie told me to pat, not wipe and if I had a bowel movement to always wipe to the rear so as not to chance a bacterial infection.

I relaxed a bit realizing that Marcie was just trying to be professional about this. It still felt strange though because we were much closer in 'physical' age than anyone who had treated me up till now. Then she asked me if I remembered menstruating.

Ah Fuck! *Just fucking wonderful.* I was going to have to deal with this now as well.

I shook my head and said that I wasn't sure I had even started yet.

"Patti, I know you just turned 14 last month, but if you haven't started, I'm sure your Mom would have had you into the doctor's."

Female hormones were starting to kick in and I could feel tears welling up in my eyes.

"That's okay Patti," Marcie said in a soothing voice. "I'm sure *that* memory will come back real quick when your next period starts, but I'll get a booklet on how to use

sanitary napkins for you from the Nurse's station and some pads for you to practice with."

Marcie was stroking my back and holding my head against her breasts as I sat on the toilet. It was a little embarrassing, but not so much that I didn't appreciate the soft feel of her bra-encased breasts against my cheek and my tears stopped almost instantly. I might have the body of a 14-year-old girl, but my 45-year-old male mind remembered the warm scent of woman.

"Better now?" Marcie asked as she stroked my hair.

I looked up at her and said, "Oh, Yes!"

She chuckled and released me to run the water, the powerful flow noisily filling the tub in a minute or so, then started the pump and added some bubble-mix. I *really* liked the bubbles!

I was getting stronger by the day and got into the tub by myself and let the water jets caress my sensitive young body. Marcie coaxed me to lean back so she could wash my hair. What she was doing felt really good and I was slowly falling under the spell the sensations of having my head massaged sent through my body. Then abruptly, Marcie stopped.

"Do you mind if I join you?" she asked. "I'm getting all wet doing this from behind the tub, and I could do a much better job if I got in with you."

Would I mind? Like I was going to pass up the chance to see the body of this pocket-goddess? Yeah, right! But I just quietly said okay, it was a big tub and we should fit.

Marcie unzipped her uniform and let it fall silently to the floor.

Her orange-sized breasts were barely supported by a pale blue cotton bra, with matching bikini panties, and then she undid the front clasp and peeled back the cups to show me her puckered pink nipples on slightly darker aureoles. Her breasts drooped hardly at all as she let the bra fall, standing full and proud above her slender waist. Next she kicked off her shoes, and slowly pushed her panties off her hips revealing her small, light bush showing me she was definitely a natural blonde. She let the panties fall to the floor and stepped out of them, and I looked at her face to see a gentle smile.

"You like?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," I replied, flushed. "You're *beautiful!*" If I had been wearing my old body, I would have shot my load right then and there just from the view, and as it was I could feel a warmth spreading between my legs. She slipped in behind me and I felt her breasts brush my back. God this felt wonderful, and I think I moaned.

Marcie hugged me from behind and then returned to the scalp massage she had started. She kept it up for a few minutes longer and then helped me rinse. Then she hugged me again and picking up the soap began washing my tits!

Oh Jesus. I never knew how sensitive nipples and tits could be! I was moaning out loud and then I felt one of Marcie's hands travel down to my groin. I felt her fingers play around my pussy and then a finger started to stroke and gently probe my hole.

"God, you're already wet," she whispered, and then began to nibble on my ear.

"Yes," I giggled. "Of course I'm wet. I'm sitting in water."

"No silly," she said between nips on my ear and neck. "You're lubricated. Sex wet."

"Huh?"

She dipped a finger into my hole and then lifted it out of the water to show me the shiny coat of what looked like baby oil on her finger. "That's from you. You're sexually aroused."

I grabbed her hand and pushed it back to where it had just come from. "Please Marcie, don't stop doing what you're doing. It feels so good."

She pulled me back against her allowing her more freedom to explore and the water just continued to churn around us. Her fingers were all over my new toy, slipping and sliding and spreading the folds she found there until her finger flicked upwards and I felt a jolt go through me. So *this* is what women liked so much. I knew immediately that Marcie had found my clit, something that I had rarely found on a woman.

I spread my legs wider and my knees came up on their own giving Marcie all the room and freedom to continue. I felt it start in my groin, heat that started to radiate all over my body. I couldn't describe the sensation, but I began to buck my hips trying to make more contact with Marcie's magical fingers, and then I burst. I could feel the release of something deep inside and I saw stars. I groaned and I moaned and thrashed about but Marcie wasn't done with me and worked at me till I came a second time. I think she would have been willing to bring me off even more, but she whispered in my ear that I needed to relax. "We don't want to rip your stitches," she told me, and then asked if we could change positions.

I moved so that Marcie could lead the way, and she slid around me until she was facing me. "Bring back any memories Patti?" she asked.

I must have looked totally confused at her question and she hastened to explain. It seemed that Linda had noticed my lack of attention to the male staff and patients and

then saw my strong reaction to the whirlpool last night. Figuring I might prefer women to men, she had called Marcie, a friend who swung both ways and a sympathetic soul.

It turned out that Marcie didn't even normally work on this wing, but had swapped shifts with another student nurse so that she could help me and see if I recovered any of my memories. I told her honestly that I didn't know, but that my mother wouldn't let me date until I turned 16. I mentioned my best friend Cathy, but that I didn't know if we had ever played around or not.

"Not to worry Patti," she said. "As long as you enjoyed yourself." Then she lifted one of her legs and twisted her body so that the jet stream hit her pussy like it had mine last night. I watched fascinated as she quickly started to pant and put a hand between her legs to help herself along.

I was mesmerized! I watched her climax once and she stayed in that position, just moaning. Hesitantly I reached forward and cupped one of her breasts. It sure felt good to me and Marcie must have liked it as her moans increased. This turned me on so I started to knead her boob and flicked my thumb over her nipple. She opened her eyes and smiled encouragingly and suddenly I knew I had the power! I dropped one hand into the water and searched for her sex center. Knowing now where my own clit was, I reached under her sex with an upturned palm and pressed my thumb against her love button. This caused her to squeal in delight and using her own hand to guide me, inserted my middle finger right into her hot chamber.

"Lift it like you're telling somebody to come to you," she panted out between clenched teeth. I did and I felt her vagina clamp on my finger as she climaxed again. Bracing her elbows against the tub she started to hump my finger and that triggered yet another climax. Finally she just eased back and I felt my finger slide out of her.

Marcie leaned forward, kissed me on the mouth, and said, "I'm not sure what memories woke up in you Patti, but this definitely is not your first time with a woman."

I couldn't tell her the truth, so I just shrugged and said I didn't remember.

We rinsed in the shower together and dried each other off. After I was safely back in my bed, she went and fetched some information about menstruation that was clearly written for girls who were expecting their first period, and, as promised she brought me an entire box of pads so that I could practice with them. Making sure no one was looking, she gave me a kiss goodnight and left to attend her regular duties. I didn't realize at the time that she had come in early, on her own time, to try and help me regain my memory. Marcie was a very special person and I will always consider her my first real lover.

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Julie and Linda came in earlier than their normal shifts as well, and Linda had bought me a good hairbrush. With the help of the tray mirror, they helped me to apply my own makeup. Julie had bought some basics for me to start me out right. They told me to practice and to make sure that I brushed my hair and they would be back after their first rounds.

I watched Johnny Carson on TV as I brushed my hair the required 100 times. This took some practice as well. It took both hands and some dexterity to brush both under and over my long hair, and I really didn't like the part in the middle so I decided I would start brushing it back away from my face. I was pleased to see in the mirror that this made me look more mature and even though the hair still hung around my face, the part was gone and I had some managed some lift. Julie and Linda both seemed pleased with the results when they came in and they sat on the bed with me as Johnny's last guest did his shtick.

"Did you hear about the O'Donnell boy?" Linda asked Julie during a commercial break. That got my ears perked up quick.

"Who would have thought?" said Julie. "Strong healthy looking boy like him... Mrs. MacDonald said she walked into his room and he was crying, bawling like a baby... said he wanted to confess everything and practically begging his father to forgive him."

"I was surprised that Mrs. MacDonald called his father this late at night," Linda said.

"Is this Patrick you guys are talking about?" I asked.

Linda turned to me and asked if I knew him. I just said that I had met him today and we played a few hands of cards.

"Did he seem depressed to you?" Julie asked.

"He was really bummed out about something," I said. I figured that Patricia had improvised on our plan and from the looks of things, had gotten a lot of things rolling at once. "What happened?"

"Well," said Linda, checking to see nobody else was listening in. "I guess his father said that he was coming right down and then Mrs. MacDonald arranged for him to be taken down for a psych consult. I think that Patrick and his parents have a lot to talk about tonight. He just kept going on about how stupid he'd been and that he done the one thing he never wanted to do, make his parents ashamed of him."

It took all my willpower not to grin. "Way to go Patti!" I thought to myself. Mom and Dad were good people and this late night 'breakdown' would validate Mom's belief that Pat was a good kid at heart. Dad might be skeptical, but if Patti played her hand right, even he would be won over by the change in attitude.

“I really hope it works out for them,” I said, “family is so important. Friends come and go, but family is there forever.”

Both Linda and Julie looked at me a bit strangely. I saw a tear in Julie’s eye and Linda reached over, stroked my hair for a minute, and then gave me a kiss on the forehead. “That’s right Patti,” she said softly, and then she took Julie’s hand. “I guess that sometimes we just forget.”

*To be continued...*