

“Once More With Feelings”

A new story by Night Hawk

© 2004 by **Night Hawk**

Chapter 5: Patti and the Exorcist

Sunday afternoon, Father Roberto paid me a visit after mass. There wasn't much to watch on Sunday daytime television, and I was thoroughly immersed in a novel that Linda had snuck in to me the night before. Xaviera Hollander's "The Happy Hooker."

To say it was interesting was an understatement. I was so engrossed by her autobiography that I didn't hear Father Roberto come in. I suppose I should have blushed or tried to hide the book, but my mind was much more mature than my body, and my sense of morality hadn't felt threatened by books.

Father Roberto on the other hand was livid. Didn't I know the church had banned this book? Didn't I know that the writer would spend eternity in Hell? Did I realize the penance I would have to do because I had read part of it?

Sigh!

I really didn't have room in my new life for this kind of grief. I wanted my future to be full of hope and promise. I certainly didn't want this kind of guilt trip hanging over me or following me for the next few years. At least I knew enough about Catholics to know what direction to take.

I asked Father Roberto if I could make a confession right now, and the look of pleasure on his face was enough to make me want to puke. Self righteous prick was the only term that came to mind.

He took out one of those fancy neckpieces out of his pocket and kissed it before slipping it over his head and sitting on the chair beside my bed.

I'm not sure what titillating words he thought were going to come out of my mouth, but the minute he declared this was a sacred act, I knew that he could never repeat what I was about to lay on him.

"Okay," I said. "This is the deal. I admit I was reading that book, so that prevents you from telling Mom or Dad."

He started to sputter.

"I'm not finished," I said. "I've got a history lesson for you. In about ten years the truth about all those orphanages your church ran in the west, where you took native

children away from their families for ‘their own good’ is going to hit the fan. It will rock the Catholic Church harder than Martin Luther splitting in 1520. But it will be nothing compared to the scandal the church will face in the following decade when literally thousands of boys and hundreds of girls will seek justice for having suffered for decades at the hands of priests who harbored homosexual and pedophilic tendencies. Then just as the ‘End of Days’ seems to be bringing the church to its knees, the Vatican will declare that there really is no Hell.”

“That’s impossible,” he declared.

I held up my hand. “There is no end of the world by the new millennium and no return of Jesus, but the Anglicans beat you to this profound revelation by a good year.” Then I leaned closer to him and whispered, “Do you want to know the name of the Pope who will make this declaration?”

He scrambled to his feet, backing away from me and though he was furious, I could tell that the church already knew in 1974 it had these problems. I could see it in his eyes.

“There’s no way you could know this,” he hissed.

I just looked at him calmly and said, “You know Father, I had my doubts before last week, but now I know there really is a God, and She’s got a sense of humor. I also believe in miracles. I know I’m going to do penance for a lot of things, Father, but nothing that you will give me. I have a higher authority to answer to now, and if you break the sanctity of this confession, mention anything I have said to you to anyone, and I will deny it, and then tell everyone that the confessional is no longer sacred.”

He blessed himself, suggested something that sounded a lot like blasphemies and beat a hasty retreat out of my room. Well, at least that was one problem solved. If my ending up in Patricia’s body had been an act of divinity, I sure didn’t need organized religion messing up my plans.

~~~~~ //

Monday morning Mike and Ann came in to see me. Ann looked worried.

“What’s the matter, Mom?”

It was Mike who answered, looking upset as well. “Dr. Mallard wants to meet with us this morning to decide if your memory loss is a sign of something more serious.”

“Don’t look so worried, you guys,” I said trying to reassure them. “I’m fine, I’m healthy, and I’m sure there aren’t any missing screws though a few might need a bit of tightening up.” At least that got a laugh out of Mike.

As we sat there, a nurse came in with a message for me. She handed me a note. I opened it up, fear knotting in the pit of my stomach. Cathy wouldn't send a note through the nurse's station, so it could only be from Einstein.

I unfolded the paper and read:

***“ST:TNG, not quite a bona fide hit yet, but shows great potential.”***

It was signed “*Einstein*.”

I nearly laughed out loud. Obviously Einstein was making out okay and had found the perfect way to get a cryptic message to me that nobody would be able to decipher!

Ann asked for the note and then asked who Einstein was.

“A friend I made here. A really wonderful girl,” I said. “I just know that the two of you would love her.”

I couldn't say to them that Einstein was really a boy given that I wasn't allowed to date, and I didn't want them to worry, but it wasn't a complete lie... they would love Einstein, if they knew who he really was. Instead they had me, and I was going to make sure that I did right by them for Patricia.

And so it was that an hour later, all three of us were in the doctor's office.

Dr. Mallard was concerned about my amnesia. He was seriously thinking of bringing in a brain specialist and considering placing me in the psych ward.

I had a lot of talking to do.

Okay, so I embellished a lot of details, but I only had sketchy information to work from. I told the doctor about my first period, where it had happened, and how I had freaked over it. I even told him about my first kiss, and how I couldn't understand the big deal. Playing with the material that Einstein and Cathy had given me I was able to spin a pretty good yarn, and though I was watching the doctor's eyes, I could see Mike and Ann nodding at every piece of information I presented that they could verify. I went through the family structure, my birth date, the teasing at school ... all trivial stuff but something that only I could know. I was starting to feel like a bit of a con artist, and could see how with a bit of information you could fool a whole lot of people. It was not a comfortable feeling.

The doctor still seemed to be wavering, but I had to get myself released from the hospital and without worrying Mike and Ann about my health.

“Dr. Mallard, I know who I am, and I realize there are still some blanks, but like you said to me last week, it will all come back with time. I don’t think much more is going to come back until I’m home with my Mom and Dad and sleeping in my own bed.”

He seemed to agree with that at least.

“What I guess I’m saying is, I realize you’re worried about me and I appreciate that, but the longer I stay here the more of the school year I’m going to miss. I don’t mind getting my head X-rayed if it will make you feel better, but couldn’t you find out faster if my brain is functioning with an MMPI or a ‘Cognistat’ test?”

“Where did you learn those terms?” he asked with a shocked look.

I smiled at him. “I’m a fast learner, ask my Mom or Dad. I might have already known them, or I might have heard about them just being here. I’m sure the tests will show that my brain is functioning normally and you can always run a blood screen to see if there is anything toxic in my system.”

Doctor Mallard smiled and agreed. “And you just turned 14?” he asked, laughing. And so it was set up that I would meet with an independent psychologist who would administer the tests without knowing anything about my recent amnesia.

~~~~~ // ~~~~~

I spent a pleasant afternoon with Mike and Ann. We had lunch in the hospital cafeteria after getting consent from the ward nurse, and if not for the institutional surroundings, I think we looked like a normal family out for a bite to eat. Wearing my own clothes, well, at least the ones that were mine now, made life more normal, but at the same time, so different. It was strange having people respond to me as a female instead of a generic patient, and I had to remember to handle my utensils like a lady.

During lunch, I tried to keep our conversation away from the past and talk about the future. Mike and Ann seemed willing to accept that their daughter had some glaring memory gaps, and I suspected that they thought I would never regain all of “my” memories. In fact, they seemed less worried about it than the doctor.

They left after lunch, leaving me with some money to buy myself some books or magazines if I needed them. I thanked them again for the TV. They would never know how handy that TV had been helping me to get my bearings.

I spent the rest of the day reading, waiting for the night shift nurses to come on.

~~~~~ // ~~~~~

The ward was pretty quiet after nine, and having finished the “Happy Hooker” I was decidedly horny. Since I didn’t have to worry about anyone walking in on me and

seeing me stroking a hard cock, I felt pretty safe letting my fingers do the walking. But release was not to be mine.

I found myself 'sex wet' as Marcie had said, and inserting a finger into my vagina felt pleasant but not enough to bring me off. I tried to stimulate my clit, but something wasn't working right and no matter how hard or fast I rubbed it, all I did was irritate it and make myself sore. After half an hour of this I gave up in total frustration. I got out of bed to take a leak and was immediately shocked by the pain that seared my cunt!

I had to breathe deep and calm myself. Rationally I knew that this was the result of my own attempts at masturbation. But I liked the feelings I had while in the whirlpool and under the loving hands of Marcie, so why couldn't I do this for myself?

Thankfully I only had to wait another hour before Linda and Julie came on duty. I knew that I could ask them.

~~~~~ // ~~~~~

Linda did a quick inspection on my crotch after I finished sobbing out the details.

"Oh God, Patti, you've rubbed yourself raw!"

Julie put a comforting hand on my shoulder, "it's supposed to be self loving, honey, not self abuse."

"I can't believe you've forgotten how," said Linda almost forlorn. She sat at the foot of my bed and lit up a cigarette. "Technically we're supposed to notify the doctor of any obvious areas that you can't recall," she said. "But I can't report this. This is too weird. I don't understand this at all. I saw you in the whirlpool and I know you related well with Marcie, but Marcie was trying to help you rediscover which direction your wiring went. We were sure that you leaned or preferred girls, but now... I'm just not sure."

"Linda, we can't report this," said Julie. "Under normal circumstances, as nurses we would never have discovered this. Patti only told us as friends."

"I know," said Linda grinding out her cigarette, "but it's also as a friend that I'm concerned." Turning to me she said, "Don't worry, Patti, we won't mention this to anybody. Let me get you some ointment to put on there so that at least the scalding will go away and it won't hurt to urinate."

Julie rubbed my back with genuine affection and concern as Linda headed off to get something for the burning.

"I don't understand this at all," I said to her. "I was wet, and I was horny. What did I do wrong?"

Julie actually blushed. “Uhm, did you spread your natural lubrication all over the folds of your labia?” she asked.

“Am I supposed to?”

“Wow...” said Julie. “You need to learn all about your body again. You can try it again when the pain is gone, but yeah, you should use lubricant, either your own or something that’s not going to attract too much attention if it’s seen lying around. And don’t be so rough on your clit. There’s a reason it has its own protective hood.”

“Go slow as well,” she continued, “slide your fingers beside the hood and over top of it as you get more moisture. Only when you are really close should you touch it directly and then do it gently. We all have our own ways,” she said overcoming her embarrassment. “You’ll find what works best for you by experimenting. Try just touching yourself to feel good, not just to climax. That’s too much like a man.”

“What’s too much like a man?” Linda asked coming back into the room.

“Rushing towards an orgasm instead of enjoying all the sensations that come before it,” Julie said.

“God, yes,” said Linda. “Men get stroking and in a minute they’re ready to shoot. When they get their cocks inside of us, they think we’re the same and they just start pumping away. Very few of them have the desire or stamina to last long enough to get us past the excited stage. If you find one, hang on to him!” she added with a laugh.

She handed me a tube of cream. “I had to go to the maternity ward to get this,” she said, so keep it out of sight. Down there they use it all the time for diaper rash, but if I had asked for it here, Mrs. MacDonald would be asking who needed it.”

I promised I would make sure nobody saw it, and then she pulled a small bottle of lotion out of her other pocket. “And this I got from the doctors’ lounge. They’re constantly washing their hands and that tends to make them dry. This is the best lotion available. All you need is a very little bit to do the trick.”

“Julie was just telling me that,” I said not realizing that maybe Julie might not want to share this bit of news with Linda.

Linda laughed. “So, I’m not the only one sneaking bottles out of the doctors’ lounge at night?”

Julie blushed, and then said, “actually I get mine from the emergency room.”

Both girls laughed at that.

Linda asked if I needed help putting the rash cream on, but as much as I would have loved the attention, I said that I could do it myself.

“Okay, we’ll come back in an hour to see how you’re doing, if you’re still awake.”

~~~~~ // ~~~~~

I was awake all right! After the nurses left I took the rash cream and spread it all over the burning area. It was very soothing and it felt good as I spread it around. Remembering what Julie had said, I took a lot of time and just used my rather slippery fingers to trace my new plumbing.

On a purely technical level, I knew where all the parts were. I could see them in my mind, but with a hand under the blankets, I started to trace the outlines of my outer labia lips and felt them swell. It felt good and I was starting to appreciate there was much more to a woman’s body than I had ever realized. Heeding Julie’s words, I didn’t try to orgasm, but I was again feeling very excited.

My free hand went up under my nightgown and I started to play with my nipples at the same time my other hand was checking out the inner labia. Maybe I should have waited, but I could feel the wetness from inside my body start to flow again, mixing with the cream. My nipples got stiffer and more sensitive as well, and I could feel the current running through my body and curling my toes.

I slowly inserted a finger into my wet hole and simply let the good feelings wash over me. I moved the finger back and forth slowly, clamping and releasing it with my internal muscles. Recalling my time with Marcie, I gently let my thumb stroke over the hooded protuberance, feeling it swell and move as I ever so gently strummed it.

I don’t know how long my hand was under the covers but my knees were raised and spread as if they at least knew what to do. I allowed my body to react on its own to every move I made and after a long time of just stroking and loving myself, I felt a familiar heat start to generate from inside my cunt and spread outward like a wildfire. A few more minutes and my breath started to come ragged and I was lifting my hips off the bed. I was determined however that I was not going to rush to a finish but enjoy the waves of pure pleasure that were now coursing over my body.

I felt my cheeks turn warm and a light film of sweat formed on my chest and then, without warning, it was there!

I saw stars and lights and felt my body shake and quiver as my climax overpowered me, enveloping me in a strange new world. It lasted forever, and I was panting with pleasure and exertion, but it didn’t prevent me from slipping a second finger in to join the first and start pumping. Within a minute I was riding my second massive orgasm and yet I still didn’t stop. My other hand left my nipples and latched on to my

clit gently lifting it and pulling on it till I crashed into the strongest climax of them all. All I saw was stars and I fell back panting, the pleasure almost being unbearable.

I laid back simply letting the sensations wash over me like waves on a distant shore. I don't know how long I basked in the afterglow but my nerves tingled all over and my senses had left me. I was so relaxed and self absorbed that it took me a few minutes before I realized that the sound I was hearing in the background was clapping.

I turned my head to see Julie and Linda both standing in the doorway softly clapping. I blushed and pulled my hands out from underneath the covers, but it was obvious that I wasn't going to fool anybody. "Has it been an hour already?" I meekly asked.

"Not quite, honey," said Julie, "but we were working our way down the hall when we heard moaning and groaning."

"We thought you might be in pain," said Linda.

"Obviously we were wrong," continued Julie.

"It looks like Patti hasn't forgotten after all," said Linda finally breaking into a huge smile. "Who would have thought that she had such an appetite? I counted three. Is that your count as well, Julie?"

"Most definitely three. I'd be willing to bet she could easily reach five."

"Come on you guys," I pouted, and then smiled. "I need to get a bit more practice before I can try for five!"

That got all of us laughing.

***To be continued...***