

“Once More With Feelings”

A new story by Night Hawk

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Chapter 10: Patti Joins The Team

Monday's classes flew by. I'm not sure if it was in anticipation of joining the "team" or if it was just that I was settling in so quickly. I guess I had expected more problems, but in this structured environment, life was relatively easy. Hell, it was downright pleasant! Here I was, with a new life and a new body, even if it was a girl's body, and young and healthy. In my former life, I realized too late the mistakes I had made. This time I knew what life could and would dish out and I was prepared!

Wendy and I headed to our dorm to pick up our gym outfits before heading out to the track. Imagine our surprise when they weren't there! Instead, there were half a dozen outfits for each of us in our respective sizes. Nylon track suits, proper shorts with elastic waists and matching tank tops in a lustrous satin finish. Gold with green piping and stripes and our numbers embroidered on the front and back. Ah, the joys of private school.

Wendy nearly flipped. This was so new to her, and I pointed out that Sister Gabe realized she was a goddess in the making as she was officially a 10, the number on all her outfits. I was number 16.

We hit the track at a slightly faster pace, looking very hip and professional in our tracksuits. More of a slow jog really than the speed walking we had worked our way up to but Wendy was still matching me stride for stride.

"The only thing I don't like," said Wendy "is that two days out of the week we won't be able to shower like the way we've been doing."

I swear that girl thought she had discovered the fountain of youth and couldn't get enough of it. Not that I was complaining, I was enjoying every single orgasm that she had and of course the ones I was having as well.

"We can find an excuse to wait around," I said, "but look at the positive side. On Mondays and Wednesdays, we get to take two showers together. You didn't plan on going for supper all sweaty, did you?" I asked with a grin.

We stuck to the track for over an hour and then checked in the gym to see how many girls were still in the shower. We could have practiced more volleyball, but I suggested we save our fingers and hands for the first time with the team. "Besides," I said "We're on the volleyball team, now it's time to teach you basketball!"

By this time, we were under the showers.

“You can’t be serious, Pete,” she said, “I don’t know a thing about basketball.”

I had already lathered up my hands and turned towards her and cupped both her breasts, slightly smooshing them. A moan of satisfaction and pleasure escaped her lips.

“Remember,” I said, “you didn’t know a thing about volleyball either, and now you’re on the team.”

“God, Pete, what are you doing to me... it’s driving me crazy... it feels so good.”

I gave her a long sensuous kiss as I continued to massage her tits. Her nipples were as hard as granite and stuck out even further than normal. “Make yourself come, Wendy,” I said as I broke the kiss. “Come for me, baby.”

Both her hands immediately dove for her cunt, and I felt her body jerk as the sensations became too much.

“Slowly, my darling, slowly...”

Her hands slowed and her breaths came deeper as she drove herself higher and higher, and then I felt her tentatively touch me with one hand, her fingers slippery with her own juices as she explored my slick folds, then one finger diving between my lips and drawing out my moisture to gently slide across my clit.

I moaned into her mouth and that drove her over the precipice.

She took her hand from my pussy to pull me to her, and I drove a hand down to replace hers, our arms rubbing as we frantically thrust our hips together. I pulled her to me and crushed my mouth down on to hers, the screams of our simultaneous release muffled in each other’s throats.

We stood there under the water for a little while after that, just holding each other close.

We had taken another step on our road to self and sexual discovery.

“Where does it go from here, Pete?” she asked as we were drying off.

“I have no idea, Wendy, I haven’t been here before either.”

“Oh,” she said. “I thought maybe that’s why your other friend called you Pete. You know, a name that sounds like a man’s. I just figured you and her were...” she tapered off leaving the unspoken.

I laughed. “No, Sweetheart,” I said lovingly to her. “My entire sexual experience up till I met you was a one night thing with another woman and though we did a few things you and I haven’t gotten to yet, you and I have done things I didn’t do with her.”

Wendy looked at me with curiosity. “What have we done that you didn’t do before?” she asked.

“I’ve never kissed another woman with passion, Wendy. You’re my first.”

Wendy blushed. “I’m not trying to be nosy, Pete, but did you do a lot more with this other girl?”

I could hear a trace of possessiveness and jealousy in her voice though she tried to hide it. I sat her down on the bench in the locker room.

“Wendy,” I started. “You know that I’m still pretty clueless about my past. It seems I was an extremely shy girl and only had one friend all the way through grade school. I’ve met her and she is *so* into boys. She clued me in about a lot of things she and I had done while growing up, and she had the opportunity to rekindle any flames that might have been there, but there weren’t any. Nothing happened between Cathy and me. I don’t know where or how she came up with the name ‘Pete’ but I kind of like it. I really like it when you call me that. It’s something special between us. It didn’t have any special meaning for me when Cathy used it, but when you say it, when we’re alone, it’s special.”

Wendy nodded in understanding, so I continued.

“When I woke up in the hospital, it was like I was born again. I know that I seem to know a lot of stuff, but I don’t know anything about who I was. Not just as a person, but as a personality. You understand? I didn’t really become who I am now until I woke up after the surgery. I was real lucky to have a couple of really understanding nurses taking care of me. They thought I might prefer girls to boys and they set it up so that another nurse would help me discover my sexual preference. It was a two-hour experience and it was fantastic and it was fun, but it wasn’t a relationship. We didn’t make out in any of the ways that girls can, all that happened is we masturbated each other. I think that’s what convinced me that I liked girls. The thought of touching or kissing a guy turns me off so much! So, if we keep on going, Wendy, **you** will be my first relationship.”

There were tears in Wendy’s eyes and as I gently kissed them away, I asked why she was crying.

“Because I love you, Pete!”

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Wow!

That revelation from Wendy blew me away like a feather facing a hurricane. I hugged her tightly, and I could feel my own tears forming. “I love you too, Wendy,” I said, and I meant it. In a short time, we had become really close friends. We spent all our time together and I think for the first time in either life I really understood love. And who knows? Maybe Wendy was destined to become a lesbian even if I hadn’t come along, but either way, I loved her, and I wanted to be with her. I said a silent prayer of gratitude for whoever was writing my destiny.

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As we sat down to eat, Wendy asked why I was such a stickler about the food we could and couldn’t eat. I was still telling her what she could have every time we went down the food line.

I explained to her about the starches and complex carbs in potatoes and bread, and that the only good bread was whole grain, why the best food was chicken or turkey but that any meat was better than no meat. I tried explaining the problems with having too much red meat, but saw that I was confusing her.

“Just trust me, Wendy,” I said. “Fruits and vegetables and meat for protein. Try to stay away from dairy products as much as possible, too. Rice is good for you but even then, you should try for brown or wild rice. It’s okay to indulge a little bit in sweets every now and then but try to avoid it. Tea is better than coffee, and water is the best thing of all next to natural fruit and vegetable juices. Raw or steamed veggies are better than boiled.”

I had been reciting this litany without really looking at Wendy and when I looked at her, I saw her saucer eyes.

“How do you know all this stuff?” she asked. “This isn’t something like an event you know is going to happen.”

I sighed, more out of regret than anything. I realized I had known all this before, and still managed to kill myself out of sheer pig-headedness.

“Wendy,” I said, “just trust me for a while. I can’t lie to you, but I can’t explain it to you either. At least not now because I’m waiting for an answer myself.”

“Okay,” she said but the puzzled look remained.

We changed in the dorm room into the nice shorts and tanks, and with more than a little bit of pride, walked to the gym to meet Sister Gabe and the rest of the team.

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I should have realized that we weren't going to be met with outstretched arms. Most of the girls on the team were seniors and two juniors joining their clique two weeks into practice just didn't sit right with them.

In 1974, girl's sport teams were not as popular as the boys were, so generally there were no junior or senior leagues. Most girls' sport teams were one per school.

Two of the girls on the team were taller than me but they seemed to be ashamed of their own height, slouching to hide their height instead of being proud of it, which would only lead to back problems and drooping shoulders. Stupid cows.

There were barely enough girls to make up two teams for practice and one to rotate in. Sister Gabe tried putting Wendy and me on opposite sides of the net, but while I could handle myself, no one encouraged Wendy on her side to set up. I could see she was getting frustrated and thankfully so could Sister Gabe. She called for a change and placed Wendy and me on the same side. The very first ball that came over, Wendy called it and went to reach for it, but a senior, taller and heavier, tried to physically push Wendy away from it. It must have been like running into a brick wall because Wendy had her feet well planted and with all the walking we had done, her leg muscles were strong. Francine managed to reach the ball but fumbled it into the net then started abusing Wendy for being too stupid to get out of the way. I was about to run interference when Wendy spoke up for herself, loud enough for everybody to hear.

"It's not me who's stupid," she said. "Anybody with eyes could see I was directly under it and ready to set up, but you had to come rushing over here like a bull, and if this was a real game, we'd already be down a point. I'm here because I like to play and I like to win."

I was impressed!

Sister Gabe called a time out and lectured about giving space to the person who called the ball and making sure they had the room to work with it. "I've been coaching here for ten years," said Sister Gabe, "and I agree with Wendy. I'd like just once, just one season, for us to be able to beat another school. It might be vanity on my part, but a decade of losing with grace should be enough for anybody. I invited these girls to join the team because I've seen them play just for fun. They agreed to play with our team, and so help me, you are going to play as a team!"

There was a lot of murmuring and "yes Sister" responses but when we got back on the court, and Wendy called her ball, nobody interfered and just like it had been when the two of us were playing, she set them up perfectly: Just the right height for spiking. Soon other girls were calling out to Wendy that they were ready and with her talent for floating a ball in mid air, each one struck home.

It was a grueling one hour practice, but Sister Gabe seemed thrilled with the level the team was playing at now and started to rotate other players with Wendy and me to see which combination would work best. The official season was going to start in three weeks and she was determined to make a winning combination.

After practice, Wendy showed no hesitation in stripping down and walking into the shower with all of the other girls present. Most of the girls who were on the team came from rich families and had attended private schools most of their lives. They had semi private rooms because of that. Wendy and I were still in a dorm, and it was well after 9:00 when we headed back with a note from Sister Gabe that would allow us hall access this late at night.

As we walked back, I asked Wendy where her shyness had gone.

She giggled. “I don’t know, Pete,” she said. “Maybe it’s just that I know you’re there with me, or all those pep talks you keep giving me, but after that cow tried to bulldoze me, I think I realized that I’m just as good as her. I had nothing to be ashamed of either in the way I looked or the way I played.”

I put my arm around her and gave her a big squeeze. “That’s my girl!” I said proudly.

That night I was still hyped from the practice and had trouble falling asleep. It was then that I heard for the first time the sounds of ‘sinning’ coming from various parts of the room that Wendy had told me about. I dozed off with a smile on my face, looking forward to hearing those sounds from Wendy.

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Father Edward had kept his word, and I realized that he was a man I could trust. It started slowly on Tuesday, but by Thursday, nearly every single teacher was calling me Patti. I left a note for him at the office after class on Thursday, and on Friday, I was called to the Principal’s office.

Father Edward was in Sister Elizabeth Ann’s chair and told me to make myself comfortable. Looking at him in regular light I could make out details I hadn’t seen in the confessional. I figured that he was past 60, his hair almost all white with streaks of gray, and his craggy features told me of life endured, but with laugh lines softening his features.

He asked me to call him Father Ed, and I thanked him for getting the nuns to use Patti for my name.

“It was only right, Patti,” he said. “It’s the name you identify yourself with. The Sisters choose their names when they enter the convent, and they pick names they

identify with. At least that's the logic I used when I explained it to them." He laughed. I liked the deep rolling laugh he had and I felt at ease with him.

"And are you enjoying your stay with us, Patti?"

"Oh yes Father, it just seems to get better every day."

"Any improvement on your memory yet?" he asked, and I could see that he was genuinely concerned about my health.

I explained that while I was having no problems remembering everything that had happened since I woke up in the hospital, my other memories still eluded me.

"Well, Patti," he said, "I'm afraid I don't know what to tell you. I've spoken with the teaching Sisters and with Sister Gabe as well, and they all have nothing but complimentary things to say about you. You are polite, smart, participating and you don't seem to have a vain bone in your body. The only place you are competitive is in volleyball where it is natural and hoped for, but in the classroom, you are willing to help any student who asks you for it. Quite frankly, I don't understand why Father Roberto was so insistent on getting you a special needs scholarship for your safety and spiritual well being. I can't remember a single student like you in all the years I've been here. You are well balanced emotionally and spiritually."

"Thank you Father," I said. "I don't understand it either, but I am truly thankful for the opportunity to be a student here."

He shook his head, chuckling. "You know Patti, it's usually girls who think they have a calling who want to come here, but I don't get that feeling from you. You really are a unique child."

I accepted his calling me a child because Father Ed was really a nice old man. I couldn't tell him that most girls had boys on the brain or the desire to experience a wilder side of life, something that I had already done once, or that St. Ursula's was a perfect place for me to hide from the world while I rebuilt my identity. I thought of Einstein and wished that he could have had this chance, both now and in his first time through.

Father Ed must have noticed the sad look on my face because he asked me if I was okay. I explained to him that I felt guilty for being so privileged when so many others didn't have this opportunity.

"We all have our paths in life, Patti," he said. "Sometimes God has special plans for us and those who realize it take the right path. I don't think your coming here was an accident at all. Now, is there anything I can do for you?"

"Now that you mention it," I said with a laugh.

I explained that I understood the rules and had no problems with them, but since I was confined to school for the semester, I had no way to buy a present for Wendy. I told him that I had made friends with two nurses during my stay in the hospital that would be willing to help me out if I could get permission to call them.

He said he could see no problem with that and asked if I needed privacy for my call. I thought about it for a moment realizing he was going to let me make the phone call either way, but that I was still a newcomer and he was placing trust in me. I smiled at him and said that if he didn't mind hearing girl talk that he was welcome to listen. I was NOT about to give him any cause to regret his trust in me. He had shown such faith in me by saying I could make the call on my own, knowing I could be calling for a dime bag of pot, that I wanted him to know I was not ever going to betray that trust.

He passed the phone and phone book over to me and I quickly found Linda's number, hoping that she or Julie would be home. I didn't know what shift they were on this week. Thankfully, Julie answered on the second ring.

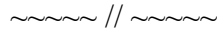
After exchanging pleasantries, I told her that I was being allowed to make the call because of special circumstances. Then I went on to say that I had told Linda about the great friend I had made here who helped me to get settled and oriented. Julie laughed and said she had heard about my 'special friend' and asked what she could help me with.

I explained that I was limited to the school grounds until the semester ended and I couldn't go out shopping to buy Wendy a special gift for her birthday. I quickly told her how much money I had and that I would pay them for it right away if they didn't mind picking up something special for Wendy. I was kind of clueless as to what to buy for a girl and stumbled around that for a minute when I finally said, "Maybe something like a locket?"

Julie laughed again and said to leave it with her and they would get it to me on Sunday.

I thanked her profusely and said I looked forward to seeing her again soon.

After hanging up, I thanked Father Ed who had busied himself with some paper work, to not overtly listen in on my conversation. I also thanked him once again for his intervention regarding my name and then told him that I thought he was a really special man. He blushed at that, then blessed me and told me to stay safe and happy. I was nearly skipping my way down the hall when I realized what I was doing. I was skipping! It seemed to me that with each passing day I was more and more becoming the young girl whose body I now had. I paused for a moment to look out the window at the sweeping grounds. Old memories were becoming second-hand, the memories of that other person I once was, although the knowledge I had gained was fresh and bright. I realized again the chance I had been given, and renewed my determination that I would do my best with it, and once more gave thanks to God and Her sense of humor.



Since it was Friday night again, and with school well in session, even more girls went home for the weekend. There were only four of us in our dorm and the other two took advantage of the peace and quiet to watch TV.

Wendy and I hit the track, and for an hour, we kept up a quicker pace. We were both sweating when we made it back into the gym. Wendy wanted to work on her volleyball skills and I obliged her for half an hour and then I insisted that we start on basketball.

“I don’t see why we need to get on the basketball team, Pete,” she said to me. “Just being on the volleyball team will get us special mention on our report cards.”

“Honey,” I said to her, “did you see the benefits we got just for joining the volleyball team?”

“Yeah, we got these cool uniforms,” she said.

I realized that Wendy didn’t know what I did and explained to her that once the season started we would be taking trips to other schools.

“Wow! I never thought about that,” she said. “I guess I figured all the games would be played here.”

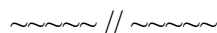
“Not only do we go to other schools, Wendy, but if we make it to the playoffs, we get to go for weekend tournaments!”

She couldn’t believe her good luck. She had never traveled far, and this was an opportunity that she had never thought of. I explained that we would be on a different team every sports season and we were going to do it right through grade 13. “We are going to be on one winning team if we have to drag the whole team with us!” I said.

Wendy laughed and said that would make Sister Gabe real happy.

“Not as happy as it’s going to make you and me, Sweetheart,” I said. “If we’re good at sports, we won’t be in the dorm much longer. Athletes who travel get to have semi private rooms with other athletes. And since we’re the last two to join, guess who I’m getting for a roomie!”

I swear that girl squealed with delight. Five minutes later, Wendy was learning the basics of basketball.



By the time we hit the showers, we were soaked right through with sweat. For a girl who thought the closest she could come to dribbling was drooling, she picked up on it fast with great reflexes and natural ball-handling skills. She just needed to be taught what to do. I had the idle thought as we stripped, 'How many others are like her – just need to be involved...'

I had barely turned on the water before I was attacked with kisses, her lips all over my face, and her hands on my ass pulling me tight to her crotch.

"Let me wash your back for you, Wendy," I said lustfully, pulling my lips from hers. As much fun as it was, I was still a little leery of someone walking in on us. We really had to get our own room!

Wendy turned for me and I lathered up my hands and started on her back but before too long I had my arms wrapped around her and was massaging her tits, teasing her slippery nipples into hard points as I licked behind one ear and sucked her earlobe. She was moaning and squirming in my arms... she was that horny.

I slowly worked one hand down her body, spreading soap all the way and within minutes, I had my fingers tracing patterns through her thick puffy cunt lips. She arched back against me with a groan as I slowly slid one finger into her, feeling her slippery channel spread around my probing digit.

"Ah fuck, that feels so good," she moaned.

Slowly I moved my middle finger in and out while my index and ring fingers kept tracing the valleys between her lower lips. I remembered what the nurses had taught me about taking time to build up to a peak so I gradually built Wendy up. I knew she was ready to come and could at any second if I would let her, but I was in control of her experience now and I wanted it to be extra good.

Her breathing was erratic and she was squirming and pushing back against me so I finally let my thumb brush against her clit and she exploded. She had wrapped her arms behind her so that she was actually hugging my ass pulling me tighter to her and when she came, she dug her nails into my skin, thrashing through her orgasm. She convulsed on my hand and her entire body shook for the longest time, but even as she came down from her high, I kept that middle finger pumping in and out of her cunt.

Wendy was whimpering and I added my ring finger to her tight twat, filling her up totally. I started to increase the pace at which I finger fucked her and laid my thumb against her clit and she blasted off once again. All this time I had kept my arm around her, playing with her tits and also to make sure that if she sagged I would be able to hold her up, but as she started to come for the second time I grabbed her big nipple and gave it a squeeze and a little twist. I was sure her scream of ecstasy would bring others running to see who had been murdered.

As she came out of her second climax her legs started to wobble and I let my hand slide out of her dripping snatch and just concentrated on holding her up. She leaned forward and grasped the shower pipe with both her hands to steady herself. When her breathing returned to normal and she was steadier on her feet, she turned and kissed me hard, her tongue driving deep into my mouth. Her hands went to my nipples but I pulled away from her.

“Not now, Honey. We’ve been here too long already.”

“But,” she pouted, “I want to do it for you, too!”

“Later,” I kissed her softly on the lips, “but don’t forget - we’re going to be elite athletes! And when we get our own room, my sweet...” and I added a dirty chuckle.

She brightened up immediately, but as we were drying off, her glances and her wicked grin told me the night was not yet over.

To be continued...