

“Once More With Feelings”

A new story by Night Hawk

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Chapter 11: Bless Me, Father!

We had little homework to do as the teachers allowed time in class. One of the advantages of the private school system aside from smaller classes is the “Learn It Approach.” Rather than sending kids home with material to study, it was presented in such a manner as to provoke discussion and ideas. Homework could be copied. Participation in class ensured students knew what they were doing and when working on an assignment, if one got stuck on something, everybody stopped while it was explained.

After supper, with nothing else to do, Wendy and I headed to the library to read. Let the others burn their brains out watching TV. I wanted to expand my horizons and reading is a great way to do it. I had promised myself that with the free time I would have over the next few years, I was going to read all the classics.

We were back in our dorm room well before the bells rang and had changed into our nightwear and brushed our teeth. The other two girls who were staying the weekend came rushing in just at the last bell, quickly changed, and jumped into bed.

Just before the overhead lights went off and knowing the wardrobe concealed me, I looked at Wendy and blew her a kiss. She blushed and mouthed, “I love you.”

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I woke with a start, fuzzily wondering what had disturbed me, then felt the mattress shift under another’s weight. What?

“Shsss,” said a familiar voice, and then a wet tongue dived deep into my ear. I was instantly awake as the thrill ran from my ear to my toes, wakening my nipples and my clit on the way.

Wendy! What was the time? I blinked a couple of times and focused on the glowing hands of my alarm clock. It was 12:30! Did they check the dorms this late?

Her hand sliding over my pajama top chased the thought from my mind as my nipples erected into aching, wanting nubs, demanding the touch of my lover.

Lover! The thought echoed in my mind as she gently kissed my cheek, my brow, and then she whispered, "I've been waiting all day for this..." and locked her lips to mine.

"Mmm Mmmmm," My response was half whimper, half moan, and Wendy sucked it straight out of me, thrusting her tongue into my mouth to give me the minty-fresh taste of her toothpaste.

She kissed me with a passion that I had never felt before. Her hands were all over me as she toyed with my tits and tweaked my nipples. God... my tits might be small, but they were sensitive and my nipples shot lightning bolts through my body every time Wendy tweaked them.

While we were busy exploring each other's mouths, Wendy's arm slipped behind my neck, moving to lay beside me on the narrow bed. With her free hand she started to undo the buttons on my pajama top and quickly had me exposed to the night air. As she kneaded my little tits she giggled quietly into my ear... "This is the first time I've felt them dry!"

I was miffed when she removed her lips from mine but Wendy had plans!

Slow loving kisses trailed down my neck working slowly but surely toward my nipples, which were now so tight and puckered, they nearly hurt. They were aching to be sucked into Wendy's loving mouth.

And suckle she did!

Her lips wrapped around one nipple while her hand kept squeezing and toying with my other tit. Then she slid that hand down to my bottoms and started to push them down.

I arched my back up in pleasure as her hand found my cunt, slowly dragging her nails through my pubic hair, and I held her head fast on my nipple while I bit down on the other hand to stop myself from screaming out in pleasure.

My lover was so gentle and attentive to my fur-covered mound. She cupped it at first just slightly palming it, and I just knew she had to be feeling my 'sex wet' coating her hand. With a skillful finger she gathered some of the moisture and started stroking my labia. All the way from top to bottom she traced my outer lips until I was starting to pant with lust and desire. Then she began to slide a finger in between my lower lips, sliding first up one side and then the other before inserting it all the way. I could feel my inner muscles grab her finger and I squeezed her finger with an iron grip and then I flexed and started to hump her hand. I was so close!

When her thumb stroked my clit, I nearly passed out such was the intensity of the climax, but Wendy kept on stroking that finger in and out, slowly fucking me towards another climax. And I did! I came a second time and didn't have time to breathe before another washed over my body.

I was out of breath and out of control. I just sank into the mattress like a stone, trying to gulp air into my lungs. I felt wetness on my face and realized the pleasure had been so intense it had brought me to tears.

With what little strength I could summon I pulled Wendy's face to mine to kiss slowly, gently and to nibble on her mouth, her eyelids, and her ears. "I love you with all my heart," I whispered, and I meant it.

I now knew the difference between sex for fun and sex with love. It had been fun up until today, but now I knew how and why Wendy had reacted so strongly to my attention to her earlier in the day. I was in love.

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Wendy had to wake me up Saturday morning. I had slept through the bell.

I jerked awake wondering if something was wrong. I had no memory except that of Wendy kissing and cuddling me all night. My eyes must have shown my fear.

After the others had left for breakfast, Wendy told me that she had snuggled with me till I had drifted off to sleep, and then crawled back into her own bed.

“You looked so peaceful, Pete, but it was hard getting you buttoned up again!” she laughed.

We did a quick wake up face wash, dressed in our casuals, and headed to the cafeteria.

After breakfast I sat her down at the common table in our dorm room and started to work on her hair. I had noticed that when her hair was wet, it hung down her back way past her shoulders. When it dried, it curled up, a natural curl which she tried to keep down with severe strokes of her brush.

“Let it loose, Wendy. You’ve got beautiful curls and you’re always trying to hide that.” I started to brush her hair with the brush Linda and Julie had gotten for me and I softly slid it through her hair counting with every stroke.

“God, Pete! You’re going to give me big hair!” she said as if there was something wrong with that.

I kissed her gently on the neck and told her that I loved her hair, and that was the end of that! Of course at the first opportunity I was going to make sure that both of us got in to see a decent hair stylist. It was time for us to grow up a bit and lose the little girl hairstyles with the center part.

It was a good thing the other two lived for that TV, cause the more I brushed the more moaning Wendy did. Finally, having done a count of 100, I did my own hair. I did mine a bit faster and efficiently, having gotten used to the brush by now and was actually comfortable switching hands.

Then I brought out my make up case and went to work on Wendy. She had never worn any before save for a few times her mother let her wear a light shade of lipstick. I was careful not to overdo it and applied just a little eyeliner and a touch of color on her cheeks. I told her to take a look in the mirror and she was thrilled.

“It’s a pity this is all going to come off when we shower,” I said. Since I knew that Mike and Ann were coming today we had decided to wait until after supper to go to the gym.

We read for a while and walked around the hallways. We stopped and talked with our teachers when we found them in the classrooms and they seemed pleasantly surprised to have us drop in. We gained insight to what the weeks ahead would hold, both work and study wise, and we graded them on their teaching techniques. While we all laughed at two juniors giving teachers a report card, I noticed they all paid attention to our comments. We were shown respect for our insight on such things as current affairs and how they applied to different classes. It felt good to be listened to.

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After lunch we headed to the chapel for weekly confession and Wendy mentioned that her clothes were starting to feel baggy on her.

“That’s because you’re shaping up, baby!” I said. And she was. Between the track work and the volleyball court Wendy had been very active these past two weeks and I had removed a lot of the fat from her diet as well. I could see the changes slowly as her muscles started to show definition.

“It’s a good thing that my boobies haven’t shrunk,” said Wendy. “The skirt I can tighten but I can’t get new bras.”

“Hey, so your casual clothes are a bit loose,” I said. “That just makes it easier for me to get you out of them faster.”

She stopped laughing when we entered the chapel, but her eyes sparkled as we greeted Sister Gabe who was on supervision.

When my turn came up, I expected to see Father Ed, but the shadowy figure behind the screen looked ominously familiar.

“Hello Bob,” I said, “how’s tricks?”

“Well if it isn’t Miss Johnson,” he replied. “I was wondering if you would show up today. Are you ready to make a full and complete confession of your sins?”

“I might if I had sinned, Bob,” I said, “but gosh, would calling you a manipulating devious prick be a sin?”

“Yes it would,” he said indignantly.

“Well then, I guess I better not say it.” I leaned close to the grille and said in a low voice, “Hey, Bob! Do you want to know the name of the next Pope? Paul only has another year and a few months left.”

The only response was a gasp.

“No? Not interested in the future of the Holy Church? Okay, have a nice day, Bob!” and I got up and left.

I thought that he would have sense enough to leave well enough alone, or more precisely, leave me alone and quit interfering with my life, but once again he proved me wrong.

I hadn’t taken more than three steps from the confessional when he came bounding out of his door, grabbed me by the arm, and spun me around, yelling, “You bitch!” His face contorted with rage, he drew his hand back to hit me when one of the nuns yelled, “Father Roberto!”

It didn’t stop him and he made contact. I took the full force of his blow right on the side of my head. I saw stars and then saw Wendy looking down at me. How did she get so much taller than me?

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*Time, Time, Time,
See what's become of me
While I looked around
For my possibilities.*

*I was so hard to please.
Look around,
Leaves are brown,
And the sky is a hazy shade of winter.*

*Hear the Salvation Army band.
Down by the riverside's
Bound to be a better ride
Than what you've got planned.*

*Carry your cup in your hand.
And look around.
Leaves are brown.
And the sky is a hazy shade of winter.*

*Hang on to your hopes, my friend.
That's an easy thing to say,
But if your hopes should pass away
Simply pretend that you can build them again.
Look around,
The grass is high,
The fields are ripe,
It's the springtime of my life.*

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I woke staring at a hospital ceiling.

Why do all hospitals have that smell of disinfectant mixed with alcohol?

I remembered her asking me if I could taste garlic...

**FUCK!!!**

I tried to turn my head but couldn't.

**Who** am I? Patrick or Patricia?

Wait! Let me feel...

**NO!!!**

I can't move my hands...

**When** am I???

Do I ... Am I?

I screamed.

*To be continued...*