

“Once More With Feelings”

A new story by Night Hawk

© 2004 by **Night Hawk**

Chapter 14: A Fight for the Right

Supper arrived at five. At least the hospital idea of supper did. Someone had forgotten to tell the kitchen I was allowed solid food again.

Wendy, my savior, arrived at six with real food!

Okay, so it wasn't *really* real food, it was Rotten Ronnie's, but I happily devoured the cheeseburger and fries and sucked on the chocolate shake till my lips turned blue.

Father Ed had driven her over. He was so cool about it. Said that he just wanted to see if I was okay, had been coming to the hospital anyway to visit some patients and thought Wendy might like to see me. I swear I thought I saw him wink at me!

He told Wendy that she could stay for two hours, and that he would be back at 8:00.

“Thanks, Father Ed,” I said with a big smile.

This time I know he winked!

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

“I missed you so much last night, Pete,” Wendy said. “I thought I was going to climb the walls today and then out of the blue, Father Ed comes up to me and asks if I want to come and visit you! Can you believe it? We're not even allowed off school property and here he is, just as calm as you please asking me if I want to see you! He's the one who suggested McDonald's. He and I ate there first and then picked up food for you to go!”

“He's a good man, Wendy,” I said. “But I bet I missed you more last night.”

Wendy blushed.

“We have **got** to win some volleyball games,” I said. “I don’t want to have to sneak back into bed every night, and I want to spend the night cuddling with you.”

“Just cuddling?” she asked with a grin.

“Maybe a little more than that,” I said and I could feel myself blushing.

Wendy then told me at length of how the school had reacted to my accident.

“Most of the rich kids were gone anyway, but Sister Elizabeth Ann told the ones who saw it that gossip ‘will NOT be tolerated,’” her voice a fair imitation of Sister Elizabeth’s tone. “Of course, it was all over the school in nothing flat!” she giggled. “I’m sure that everyone knew by supertime.”

Her mood changed, and she looked into my eyes, seriously. “When they heard who it was that hit you, I heard some whispers of stories of other girls...”

I took her hand. “It’s over now, dear heart. He won’t hurt anyone else,” and I told her what Julie had said.

“That’s too good for him,” she said flatly.

“For me? Please?”

She smiled a little. “For you, yes!” and hugged me.

We separated and she lightly touched her fingers to the side of my face as a knock came at the door. It was a nurse coming to check on me, and I asked her for the package at the nurse’s station.

She returned with it in two minutes.

This was the first time I saw it gift wrapped and I gave it to Wendy and said, “Happy Birthday, Sweetheart.”

“Oh, Patti, you shouldn’t have,” she said as she tore at the paper.

“I’m just sorry I didn’t have a chance to get you a card,” I said.

She was ecstatic over the necklaces, and when I explained their meaning she didn’t hesitate one second before she hung the missing piece of her heart around my neck.

She looked around to make sure we weren’t being watched, and then gave me a deep soulful kiss, sliding her tongue into my mouth.

“Mmm,” I said. “I could go for hours of that!”

“And I intend to give you hours of that and a whole lot more,” she said.

Then I showed her the earrings. I thought she was going to scream when she saw them. She was so excited and wanted to know how soon we could see the nurse and get our ears pierced. I told her that we would have them done this week if the nurse was available.

“And then,” I said, “we’re going to see about getting our hair cut.”

“Oh, Pete... You think they’ll let us out for that?”

“Hey,” I said. “It’s a sports related necessity. We can’t have our hair blocking our view, can we?”

Wendy laughed and agreed that Sister Gabe would probably clear the way.

I knew Wendy wanted to crawl right into the bed with me, but we both kept glancing at the clock. Father Ed was only minutes away.

“Do you think they’ll let you come back tomorrow, Pete?” she asked.

“The doctor said there was nothing else they could do for me,” I told her. “Another night of observation and that should be all, except for coming back in a month for follow up X-rays.”

“I’m so happy, Pete. I wish it was tonight though.”

“I know, sweetheart, but I can’t move my head too quickly and this looking over our shoulders is hard on the neck!”

We were still both laughing when Father Ed came back.

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

It was Father Ed who picked me up Monday morning and drove me back to school. Instead of driving straight there, he took me on a tour of the city. It looked like he was in no hurry to get back and I knew that I probably wouldn’t be in any classes today anyway. The funny thing was that as bad as I had been hurt, I was only taking a couple of Aspirin, and that was mostly to prevent any blood clotting.

Father Ed talked to me the entire time he was driving, pointing out various churches he had served at before settling in at St. Ursula’s for service to the nuns.

After an hour he pulled over at Riverside Park and he bought us each a bag of dried bread pieces to feed the ducks. As we walked along the boardwalk that hugged the banks just before the dam that created the oversized waterway, he told me the police had been to the school and that they would be back later this afternoon.

“I don’t want you to think that I am trying to influence you in any way, Patti,” he said as he tossed some bread to some greedy squirrels trying to get a free lunch. “I’m only telling you so that you’ll be prepared. I won’t even be there. Sister Elizabeth Ann will be the one representing the school. It is after all her school.”

“So what do the police want with me?” I asked.

Father Ed sat down on the concrete dam, took off his socks and shoes, and let his feet dangle in the water before he answered. That was just one of the things that endeared me to Father Ed. He wasn’t quick to speak, but thought about what he was going to say, and he didn’t let society tell him what he should or shouldn’t do. Despite his age, he still took pleasure in the simple things in life.

I took my socks and shoes off as well and though the water was a bit cold, it was fun being a kid.

“Patti,” he said. “What Father Bob did was wrong. I can’t explain why he did it, and nothing can ever justify what he did.”

“I understand what you mean, Father,” I said.

“Be that as it may, Patti, but it was still morally and legally wrong. That’s what the police want to speak to you about. One of the emergency room doctors called the police when he saw you. There was no way that was the result of an accident and he thought at first you had been abused by your father. By the time the police arrived we had explained who had attacked you, but now the police want to know if you will press charges.”

I thought about that for a while before I answered. Father Ed let me think in peace and quiet and just continued feeding the ducks.

This could be my chance to really stick it to ‘Bobby’ but... was that really what I wanted to do? Start my new life off with a court case? Maybe have Father Bob do some jail time? It didn’t feel right. Not with the way I was living my new chance, and I had to trust my intuition. Maybe I could have handled Father Bob better from the beginning but he and I seemed to have been destined to butt heads from the first time I met him. Even Father Ed had admitted that they thought Father Bob was near a breaking point. Maybe I was destined in this life to be his final straw.

“Father Ed?” I said to get his attention, “If I don’t want to press charges, does that disqualify me from having any say in Father Bob’s future?”

He turned and looked at me. “What do you mean, Patti?”

“I don’t want to press charges. I mean... I’m okay. The doctor wants to take another X-ray in a month, but I think that it will turn out just the way it did yesterday. Maybe it was a miracle... I’m not the one to say...” I caught his eye. “But the doctors were surprised it wasn’t worse. Much, *much* worse.”

I saw him wince and turned my gaze back to where the ducks paddled waiting for more bread. “Anyway, the bruising will go away soon enough, and I don’t want to hurt the school.”

I looked at him again. “If you could give me an assurance that this would *never* happen again, and that Father Bob would...” how could I put this? “That Father Bob would get the ‘help’ he needs, I see no reason to involve the police.”

He was silent for a while, as if marshalling his thoughts.

“Patti, I can assure you that Father Roberto will not be in contact with children again, *ever*, and his... exposure... to even regular parishioners will be a long time coming. He will get the help he needs, and the time to reflect on his vocation.”

The way he said that last part sent a shiver down my spine, and I realized there was steel behind the kindly face he showed the world.

I emptied the last of my bread into the water and neatly folded the plastic bag to dispose of later. I shook the water off my feet and got up.

“Thank you, Father Ed,” I said looking down at him. “I want our school name in the papers, but not for this. I want the papers to be talking about our volleyball team!”

He got up laughing. “A much more admirable thing to put in the papers!” he said.

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

We got back to the school and I told the police in front of Sister Elizabeth Ann that I did not want to press charges. They weren’t satisfied with that and called Mike and Ann.

This was so frustrating! Being 14 had a lot of advantages, but so few people take you seriously at this age.

While we waited for my parents to show up, Sister Elizabeth -- she had told me to only use her full name in public -- had asked the novice who worked as her secretary to ring for a pot of tea. I asked if Father Ed could join us.

Half an hour later, much to my surprise, I was honest to goodness drinking tea with the Principal of the school and Father Ed! The police had decided to go outside to wait.

We were drinking out of fine china complete with saucers and biscuits. Wendy was never going to believe this. I wondered how Mom would react!

When Mom and Dad finally arrived, there was quite a bit of heated discussion since Mike was all set to send ‘Bobby’ off to jail.

I managed to get them aside. “Dad, I’ve talked with Father Ed. He told me that the Church would take care of Father Bob, and I believe him. He will never be in any position to do anything like this again, and I don’t want the school to get any bad publicity out of this. Daddy, do you believe God watches out for us?”

He hemmed and hawed on that for a minute. “Honey, I’m the one supposed to look out for you.”

“Daddy, the big guy is the one who’s there when you can’t be.”

Reluctantly, he agreed. Ann was more difficult; her emotions split between what Father Bob had done to me, and the horror of future hurt he could cause. “Mom, the Church is sending him away. Right away. I think he’ll be lucky to get more than bread and water for the next ten years.”

“Honey, if that’s what you want? But I tell you, if I ever see that man again, I’ll swear out a warrant for his arrest.”

“Thank you, Mom.”

I could see that the police officers were doubtful and I wondered how much they knew, but I was more than adequately stubborn for the occasion. If Father Bob got into any more mischief it would be of his own doing and not at the hands of Patricia Johnson.

Mom and Dad stayed to have a cup of tea with us, and I looked at Mom with a question in my eyes. She nodded slightly and I realized she was accepting me more as an adult. I smiled at her and sipped at my tea in a lady like manner.

At a lull in the conversation, Sister Elizabeth cleared her throat to get our attention. “Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, Patricia,” she began, “I’m glad you’re all here, as I have something important to tell you all. I’m very pleased to tell you that the board of St. Ursula’s has awarded Patricia a full scholarship for the rest of her High School education.”

I’m sure my mouth fell open. Mike looked at me, and I could plainly read his thoughts. A bribe?

“Daddy, I did *not* know about this before!”

Sister Elizabeth saw Mike’s brow clouding and hastened to explain. “Mr. Johnson, I can assure you this has nothing to do with this recent... incident. This was decided at the board meeting last Friday evening, and was awarded based on scholastic and athletic excellence. You should have a letter in the mail today or tomorrow.”

She smiled fondly at me. “We look forward to being able to say ‘This is the school where Patricia Johnson received her High School education.’”

I’m sure by now my face was glowing red, while Mike and Ann looked stunned. Father Ed wore a pleased smile.

I thought about it for a minute, and then made up my mind.

“I’m sorry Sister, Father Ed, but I respectfully decline. I would like to continue the way things are now. I want to *earn* the right to stay at St. Ursula’s, because I know I can do it!”

It was their turn to do goldfish impressions. I was being offered the luxury of a scholarship that the rich kids paid for, and I was turning it down, sure in the knowledge that I would earn it based on my own achievements.

“Are you sure, Patti?” asked Mike. “You’re positive?” Ann still hadn’t said a word, her eyes flickering between Mike and me.

“Yes, Daddy. Absolutely.”

A wide smile crept across his face. “Okay, Patti-cake, go for it!”

“Thank you, Daddy. I’ll make you proud!”

Between Mike and I, we finally convinced Sister Elizabeth and Father Ed that I was serious about forgoing the scholarship.

Father Ed chuckled. “Oh, I have to be there when you tell them that Patti turned down the scholarship – and why!”

“And don’t you be looking so smug, Father,” she came back, “for they know the hand you’ve had in it, and all!”

“Well, I’d love to stay and continue chatting,” I finally said, “but I have volleyball practice tonight. May I be excused?”

Four sets of eyes looked at me like I had just announced I was pregnant!

“Okay, okay... maybe all Sister Gabe will let me do tonight is watch, but we have a winning team to get together.”

“From your lips...” said Sister Elizabeth.

“Amen,” said Father Ed.

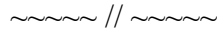
I gave Mom and Dad a hug and a kiss, thanked them again for the present for Wendy and for letting me get my ears pierced.

“Just one more thing before you go, Patricia,” said Sister Elizabeth, smiling. “Even though you have forgone the full scholarship, the restrictions on you are hereby removed. Father Edward and I feel you have a very strong moral compass, and personally, I think you have tasted the spirit of Our Lord.”

I could feel the laughter bubbling within me! My compass was pointed directly at my darling Wendy, and I wanted to taste the spirit of her loins!

“Thank you, Sister, I won’t take advantage of your kindness or give you any reason to regret your decision.”

“I’m sure you won’t, dear,” she said with a smile. “Now off you go!”



As I had expected, I didn't attend any classes that afternoon, but I was confident I could make it up.

As it was I just got back to the dorm in time to catch Wendy, but we didn't have a chance to catch up as the bell rang announcing supper. I tried to fill her in on all the details as we walked and ate, but I was ravenous!

As I had half expected, the news of my being offered a full scholarship was all over the school. I hadn't expected that everyone also knew I'd turned it down. CNN had *nothing* on this rumor mill!

"Are you nuts?" Wendy asked. "They just offered you five years of free schooling and a semi private room. What the hell were you thinking turning that down?"

I smiled at her. "Wendy... If I took that offer, you'd be in the dorm by yourself and I'd be stuck with one of the rich bitches. I'd rather wait until *we* earn the right to a room for ourselves."

A smile slowly spread across her face as did a blush. "You love me enough to take that kind of a chance, Pete?"

"Honey, I love you and I'm not taking a chance. I *know* we can do it!"

She looked startled for a moment, then leaned to whisper in my ear. "Is this one of those things you *know*, Pete?"

"Oh, Honey, no!" I laughed. "I just know what we're capable of doing, that's all!"

We piled our plates with roasted chicken and a few roasted new potatoes. They were so hard to resist, but I made sure that we stocked our plates with lots of broccoli. I thought Wendy would go crazy when I told her that we would pass on the cheese sauce, but with a sigh she settled down with her plate and two glasses of juice and one of water.

"This is a lot of liquid, Pete," she said to me.

"Trust me, Wendy. We need to be drinking a lot more water than ever. It flushes out the system and removes toxins. You'll be thanking me for it when everybody else catches a cold and we don't!"

"Really?" she asked.

"It helps," I said, "but you also have to make sure not to touch surfaces that people with colds have touched." I explained that the common cold was just a virus that

lived longer than most and attached itself to warm surfaces. How touching something contaminated would live long enough till for one reason or another she rubbed her eyes, the fastest way to catch the bug.

“So...” she said. “I’m safe to assume that there won’t be a cure for the common cold in the near future.”

“Not as far as I know,” I said with a smile. “Now hurry up and eat your broccoli!”

After supper we headed back to the dorm. Practice was still a half hour away, so we walked slowly.

“I missed you last night, Pete,” Wendy said to me.

“And I missed you too, sweetheart, and not just for the physical stuff either. I really missed hearing your voice and seeing your face.”

“Even the braces?”

“Yep,” I said, “Braces and all!”

She laughed and told me that they were coming out in another few weeks. I asked her if her folks had come to see her for her birthday.

“I got a call from them,” she said. “They said with my brothers all working, it was hard keeping the farm running.” Wendy sighed. “They did transfer \$20 to my personal account here at the school so I could buy myself something, but it’s not like the presents you gave me.”

“Cheer up, babe,” I said. “You’ve got me, and I’ve got you. What more could we ask for?”

She smiled, and a blush touched her face. “I don’t know what it is about you, Patricia Johnson, but you bring out the best and the worst in me!”

“What’s the worst part?” I asked.

“I’m turning into a raging nymphomaniac!” she said with a laugh and ran the rest of the way to our dorm room while I followed at a slower pace.

Personally, I didn’t see the down side.

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

Sister Gabe only let me play a little bit, and it was a bit painful on the neck, but it was quite obvious we were making headway as a team. She had me take a group of the taller girls and show them how to spike properly, how to work the net as close as possible to block shots coming across.

I'm not sure what changed in the team as a whole, but I think that most of them had considered themselves part of the 'also ran' club, but with new techniques and with Wendy setting up perfect shots, the attitude was changing. There was a real spirit and good natured ribbing.

After practice, Sister Gabe gathered us all around her. She reminded everybody that our first real game was going to be in two weeks. We were going to be playing Catholic Central, a school that had over 1500 students and one hell of a girls' athletic department. For six out of the last ten years they had been the city champions out of 12 high schools.

"But," said Sister Gabe, "they think this is going to be an easy win for them. We've never come close to beating them. I think we can do it. If we do beat them, we've got a real shot at taking the city championship."

"Why limit ourselves to the city championship?" I asked. "For the other schools, this is an after school extra curricular activity. For us, we live here. We can practice every day either as a team or in small groups."

"Yeah," said Wendy. "I'm looking at the Provincial title myself."

This seemed to kick up the team spirit more than a few notches.

"I know Wendy and I are just juniors here," I said, "but you older girls... you've got experience and talent. Wouldn't you like to be the first graduating class to have won the Provincial title?"

Sister Gabe gave up trying to keep any semblance of order after that remark. The senior girls were already talking about changing practice times to right after classes and every day. And they were right. Wendy had gotten as good as she had because her natural talent had been honed by an hour of practice a day working on technique.

When she finally managed to calm the girls down, Sister Gabe said that she would make sure there were multiple nets up in the gym for tomorrow and she would put together a list of exercises and techniques we should all be practicing on our own time, but that team practice would remain as it stood.

With a lot of whooping, we hit the showers.

Once again we had to get a hall pass from Sister Gabe to get back to the dorm without getting into trouble. She muttered as she wrote them up. “This is ridiculous,” she said. “By the school rules, you two should be in bed already but how can you get to sleep when you’re all wound up like this?”

“We manage, Sister,” I said. “It takes a bit longer, but the exercise is good for sleep.”

She made a noise that I’m sure came from her nose, a kind of humph, but didn’t say any more.

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

I didn’t wait for Wendy to come to my bed that night. As soon as the sounds of the other girls had died down to a gentle breathing and occasional snore, I tiptoed out of my bed and crawled in with her.

She was awake but we didn’t say a word. I lightly kissed her lips, then her cheeks and slowly made my way over her entire face, kissing every available inch. Each time she started to moan I moved my lips back over her mouth and silenced her, our tongues dancing a tango.

Realizing her full length flannel nightgown would be in the way, she quickly pulled it up. I lifted my hand from her firm breast long enough to help it over her head, our lips separated only a moment, then I stroked her velvet skin softly with my fingertips. She moaned again into my muffling mouth as I circled her nipple, teasing, and then lightly squeezed the puckered nubbin.

Slowly, my hand traced the path to her other breast, first circling then capturing the hard peak for a moment, then circling away and under the curve of her velvet skin. I

placed my hand flat on her stomach, feeling the muscles taut beneath the skin, rippling in her arousal.

Her kisses were more frantic, and I could feel her hips twitching, as if about to stroke her pussy up toward my hand. Slowly, I moved my fingers toward her soft bush, then slid my hand off to the side, feather light touches caressing her inner thigh. She moaned again, mashing our lips together, then reached down to try to move my hand to her heated core.

I let her move my hand, trailing my fingertips up to stroke with a feather touch along her slit, her hips quivering with the sensation, then traced the crease between thigh and mound as I pulled my lips from hers. "I want to suck you," I whispered, then moved my lips to engulf her hard grape sized nipple.

And then I made a mistake. I nipped gently with my teeth and she went rigid for a moment, then took my lower hand in a grip of iron and jammed it between her legs. She was sopping wet and three fingers slid effortlessly between her swollen lips, fingertips spreading her opening, then her thighs clamped solidly around my hand forcing my palm against her clit.

I moved my mouth back to hers just as she writhed in ecstasy, squealing in her throat, then her body locked as the crest swept over her, muscles quivering and her vagina pulsing around my fingers. I held her tight, and then as she came down, cuddled gently against her as she regained her breath. Slowly, I pulled my hand from between her thighs to lick her juice from my fingers.

"I love you!" she whispered in my ear, hugging me to her, and then we were startled by the lighting of a bed lamp in the cubicle next to mine. We looked at each other, and then I quickly sat up and drew the sheet over her naked body.

"What's going on?" asked a sleepy voice.

"I think Wendy got a cramp from practice," I replied quietly. "I was rubbing it for her."

Wendy pulled the pillow over her face.

“Oh. Right.” And the lamp went out.

With one last caress over her covered form, I scooted back to bed.

That was just a little bit too close.

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