

“Once More With Feelings”

A new story by Night Hawk

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Chapter 15: Bloody Hell!

“That was too close,” I said to Wendy over breakfast the next morning.

“God, I know, but what you were doing... I thought I was going to die!”

“It’s me that will die if I don’t get a taste of you soon,” I said. “God, girl, you smell delicious!”

Wendy blushed a furious beet red.

We did decide though that we would only try bed sharing on the weekends when most of the girls were gone. For the rest of the time we would have to try to stick to the showers.

“Maybe we can use the shower in the dorm,” I said. “I hardly ever see anybody in there when we brush our teeth.”

“I think it’s too risky,” said Wendy. “You never know when somebody might come in to use the toilet. But damn... we need to stick around in the gym longer.”

After classes that day we were pleasantly surprised to see all of the members of the volleyball team in the gym. It wasn’t planned but pretty soon a group of girls had absconded with Wendy. They were the shorter players and wanted to learn how to set up the ball for those of us who were taller and could spike over the net without having to jump so high. Wendy, remembering how I had started her off just bouncing the ball back and forth, soon had six girls juggling three balls in a circle, hitting it just right so that it seemed to hover before it came down. I figured if they could keep three balls from touching the ground, then when it came time for our first game, we could keep that ball on our side of the net for longer periods and look for the open spots.

With the taller girls I showed them how I practiced using newspaper targets taped to the wall. One of them suggested we stick to the net and use tape for targets on the ground. We split into two groups and those of us that had the targets on our side worked hard at blocking all spikes. We didn’t manage to block them all, but our team mates were working hard at looking for the open areas before they actually spiked.

The first hour flew by so quickly that I was surprised when one of the girls said she had homework, and so ended our first unofficial practice. As they headed to the showers, Wendy and I volunteered to put the balls away as we were going to stick around and work on something else.

Wendy and I brought out the basketballs. When the seniors saw us working the basketballs one of them said that we were ball crazy, but it was said in good humor so we waved as they left.

I had Wendy work on dribbling with both hands, low down to the ground and walking the ball while crouched. The dribbling had come back to me quite quickly and with my height, I worked on free throws and dunks. My shots from court were only running around 50 percent, but I knew as long as I kept on practicing...

We were both pretty tired when it came time to stop for the day. Walking or running the track wasn't as hard! We were both pretty beat when we hit the showers but at least we were alone.

Standing in between the last two rows of lockers, well out of sight of any prying eyes, we embraced and kissed, dueling tongues and nibbling on lips.

I slid Wendy's shorts off as she slid her hands into mine. Her top was next to go and my talent with undoing bras far surpassed my ability to do my own up. Soon we were standing naked, flesh pressed against flesh, our sweat intermingling. My hand found her love mound and I toyed with her sex as our mouths stayed in a passionate lock.

Wendy was dripping juice and I easily slid a finger inside her hot box, pressing my palm against her clit. Not wanting to be outdone, Wendy wasted no time inserting two fingers into my cunt. We shifted position just enough so we could hump each other's hand and within minutes we were both groaning in ecstasy.

"God, Wendy, you make me come on command," I whispered in her ear after my peak had subsided somewhat.

"Mmm, I know what you mean," said Wendy. "I'm always horny just being around you, so cumming is so easy!"

"I'm dying to get a room of our own," I told her. "Then we can go even farther."

"You mean like what you did last night?" she asked.

I gently laughed. "What I did last night was nothing, babe. Just wait until I know we won't be interrupted!"

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After supper, and squeaky clean, we went to the nurse's office for the big piercing routine. I remembered how in the 80's every corner jewelry store did it for free with the purchase of a set of earrings and how hair dressers also did it as a side line, but this was still 1974. We didn't even have starter studs!

There were a couple of girls ahead of us, mostly gas pains from over eating or menstrual cramps. We sat and waited for about forty minutes.

The pain of having the needle pushed through our earlobes was sharp but thankfully quick. The nurse gave us ice cubes wrapped in surgical gauze to help take away the swelling. We must have looked pretty funny sitting there holding a hand to each ear.

The nurse said that since we were there anyway, she was going to do a quick update on our charts. "Oh good," I thought. I was finally going to find out what I weighed and how tall I actually was!

She did Wendy first, weighing her in and measuring her height. Wendy was five foot three and weighed 126 pounds.

"Wendy, have you been sick?" the nurse asked.

"No, Sister," Wendy said, "as a matter of fact, I've never felt better!"

"But dear," the nurse said, "You've lost over 20 pounds! And that's just too much in three weeks. I'm going to have to insist you see the doctor."

"If you say so, Sister," Wendy said, "but I think it's from all the exercise. Patti and I have been on the track for an hour a day every day and then an hour in the gym as well, plus we're on the volleyball team."

The nurse looked skeptical and consulted her chart. "According to your records, Wendy, you've never been involved in any sports. Why the sudden interest?"

"It's all Patti's fault," Wendy giggled. "She convinced me that walking and exercise is good for me. She even has me eating broccoli!"

The nurse laughed. "Well, it looks good on you, Wendy, just let me take your measurements to update my data, but I want to see you every week to keep track of your weight."

Wendy stood in her bra and panties while the nurse measured her. Her hips had trimmed down to a nice 35 inches, her waist was 30 inches, and her bust was 36. The nurse took her behind the screen to check her boobs and Wendy told me after we left that she still had a B cup.

I weighed in at 109 pounds, and stood all of five foot 10 and a half. My hips were 28 inches, my waist a mere 24 and my bust was 32. Behind the screen, the nurse quietly said to me that there was no use trying to measure my cup size as there wasn't enough to register an official size. I wasn't even big enough to warrant a double A. The nurse tried

to console me on something that I guess would have made a lot of women feel upset, but I was glad that I wouldn't have to be stuck wearing a bra all my life. I did however try to look crestfallen. The nurse tried to tell me that they might still grow, but according to what Einstein had told me, I knew the only way I was going to get tits was to get pregnant, and that was going to be a long while off.

"Now I know you've had surgery recently, Patricia," the nurse said after we were dressed again, "but I'd like to see some more meat on those bones."

I promised I would eat healthy and let nature take its course.

Twenty minutes later we were the center of attention in our dorm room as the other girls inspected our pearl studs.

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I woke up the next morning with a dull ache in my abdomen. For a while I was worried that it was related to my appendix surgery, and then I realized I was slightly bloated around my stomach and I quickly scrounged for the literature Marcie had given me about menstruation.

Yep, on the third page it described the symptoms I was feeling as being a precursor to my first period. Okay, it wasn't the first period for this body, but it was the first one I was going to experience!

I took one of the pads and went into the bathroom, silently thanking Marcie for having me practice with them before hand. I wasn't sure how soon the flow would start, but I knew that I had a good five days of this ahead of me. The term PMS had not yet found its way into the common jargon of the day, but I vowed that I was not going to become an irritable bitch.

Sure enough, by the time lunch was over, I had started my flow. Now it's one thing to practice with nice clean pads, but quite another having to deal with changing them when there was real blood involved. By the time the day was over and we headed back to the dorm to change for our gym time, I could appreciate what women went through. This was my first period and I was already looking forward to menopause!

Wendy asked me why I was so cranky. I hadn't realized I was but then I understood that I had been pretty self absorbed most of the day with the dull ache. I told her that I had started my period.

"You want an aspirin?" she asked.

"Will it help?" I asked her.

"Not really," she giggled. "God, Pete, I can't believe you've forgotten the curse!"

“I’m glad you find it amusing,” I said to her, and then I realized that I was cranky. “I’m sorry, Wen, but I don’t remember.” My eyes were starting to fill with tears. Fuck! Now I was going to suffer from mood swings as well.

Wendy came and sat beside me. She gave me two aspirin and said that it would help a little but not as much as ice cream and a hot water bottle and staying in bed would.

Well, I didn’t want to escape into ice cream and though a hot water bottle and bed sounded very tempting, I knew that in real life I would have to learn to deal with this. But these pads... I knew there was something better than this!

We detoured to the office before going to the gym and since my restrictions had been lifted I asked the secretary if I could make a phone call.

I dialed Linda’s number and explained my situation and asked if she could get me a box of tampons. I probably should have called Mom for this, but I remembered that in the 70’s only girls who were no longer virgins used tampons. Well, I certainly wasn’t going to let a little bit of skin stand between me and comfort. I had no plans of having a boyfriend and since I was bleeding anyway, I might as well make the most of it.

I realize that I was asking Linda and Julie for more involvement in my life, but I really didn’t have any one else on the outside to whom I could turn to for the kind of help I needed.

Linda asked me if she could drop off a package at the office without getting me into trouble and I told her how all my restrictions had been lifted. She promised to get a box to me before the night was over. I thanked her and promised I would make all this up to her real soon.

She laughed and said for me to take it easy and not to worry about anything.

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I wasn’t in the mood for practicing volleyball or basketball, but Wendy talked me through it, reminding me that I had to get the taller girls ready for the big game, and of course, the whole team was waiting for us when we got there. Because we had arrived a bit late, they were all working on the exercise that Wendy had started them on, even the tall spikers and blockers. We just joined the circle and soon we were bouncing a half dozen balls back and forth to each other. We managed to keep them all off the ground for nearly fifteen minutes, although at times we really had to scramble!

For some strange reason, women’s sports had always fascinated me as an adult in my former life (maybe the short skirts and tight asses?), and having watched enough volleyball, I introduced a new move to the girls of the St. Ursula’s volleyball team; playing backwards to the net.

It took a lot of trust and faith in your team mates to do this right. You had to rely on their eyes and vocal commands for directions, but it gave the added advantage to either sending the ball back into our own court or belting it over the net.

Sister Gabe had provided us all with literature and exercises we should be practicing on, but I was showing these girls the way the game would be played in the Olympics of the 21<sup>st</sup> Century! Some of these moves hadn't even been tried yet at a school level. I also realized that with the entire team living under the same roof and no home to go to or boyfriends to distract us, we would either really come together or fight like cats. From what I was seeing, it looked like we had a real team spirit going. I sort of felt sorry for Catholic Central. But not too much!

When the hour was up, we hit the showers, and for the first time, we showered as a team. It was also the first time I noticed a couple of the senior girls being a bit more than just friendly in the shower. I nudged Wendy and gave a slight nod towards the two near the rear. She looked them for a long moment, then gave me the most lustful smile and proceeded to soap up her body, moving her hands sensuously up her body, fondling her nipples and cupping her breasts to present them to me.

"I'm gonna get you for that, little girl," I whispered.

"Promises, promises," she giggled, then quickly rinsed off and grabbed her towel.

I was embarrassed as I fitted my pad, trying to get it comfortable, but nobody paid any attention except for Mandy who noticed me trying to wrestle it into place. It felt like I was wearing a two-by-four between my legs!

"Hey, Patti, you getting some chafing from your pad?" she asked.

I must have gone all shades of red, but the senior girl just breezed on. "You should put some Vaseline on the inside of your thighs. It'll help a lot."

I muttered a thank you, but I knew I wouldn't have to put up with this torture much longer.

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For the first time, we ate as a team as well. As we were headed back to the court after supper, Annette suggested we dress in our uniforms to meet in the dining room where we pushed some tables together. It turned some heads as it became obvious to the whole school that we were now a **team!**

Since we were headed out to exercise again, we all ate lightly, but I noticed most of the senior girls only had salads. Since this was our last meal for the evening, I asked

why. I knew that with only a salad, I would be starving come morning. Mandy looked at me as if I were totally clueless.

“Don’t you and Wendy have supper after practice?” she asked.

Wendy and I looked at each other in wonder.

“No,” answered Wendy. “We have to get a hall pass just to get back to the dorm after practice.”

“Oh, that’s really not fair,” Annette, said heatedly.

“Yes,” agreed Mandy. “They put on a platter for us in one of our rooms around nine o’clock.”

I said the first thing which came into my mind “We have lights-out at nine o’clock,” which got a slightly stunned reaction.

“Oh, bummer,” was the response from Krissy.

“Them’s the rules,” I said, and the subject was dropped.

Or at least I thought it was.

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At my suggestion, we waited outside the gym doors until exactly 8 o’clock, and then jogged in as a team three abreast, bursting through the doors and doing a jog around the gym whooping as we got to the court.

Sister Gabe was grinning from ear to ear. I was surprised to see Sister Elizabeth there however, and then felt a bit foolish for having suggested the battle cry as we hit the court. But Sister Elizabeth just smiled from where she sat in the bleachers.

Sister Gabe quickly divided us into two teams and the first serve was soon under way. The problem we ran into right off the bat was that we had all been practicing keeping the ball afloat until one person called for it to spike it, and even though we had our blockers well in place, both sides scored nearly every time. It turned out to be a long and sweaty game as we fought tooth and nail for control of the ball. Rotation went easy enough and even though the pad between my legs was chafing at my skin, I still managed to get airborne enough times to either block or spike. Wendy was in her glory though. She wasn’t even paying attention to Sister Elizabeth watching from the bleachers, and just focused on getting the ball to the person best in position to spike.

The game had gone on for over an hour and neither side had yet accumulated enough points to win. Sister Gabe kept rotating our one spare player into both sides as

one girl after another need a break from the action. The only ones who weren't rotated out were Wendy and me as we had spent weeks building up our endurance.

Finally Sister Gabe blew the whistle and called an end to the game. She congratulated us all on a superb display of athletic agility and told us to hit the showers. As we trotted off, I noticed Annette and a couple of the seniors hang back to talk to Sister Gabe and Sister Elizabeth Ann and wondered what that was about.

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After we had showered and changed we went to see Sister Gabe to get our hall passes. Sister Elizabeth Ann had left.

"You won't need passes any more," said Sister Gabe. "Sister Elizabeth Ann told me that she will notify all the night staff that you have free run of the halls up to 11:00 o'clock."

"Thank you, Sister," I said. "We won't feel like we're sneaking around, then!"

She laughed at that. "And I hear that you have been coming to practice after eating a full meal. That is **not** a good thing. For the rest of the season, you will have food waiting in your room after each practice and game. Just tell the cafeteria staff what you would like to have and it will be waiting for you."

"Thank you, Sister!" said Wendy.

"And finally, for the time being," Sister Gabe continued, "Sister Elizabeth Ann is going to have some of your dorm partners moved. She doesn't know if there are enough free rooms in the other dorms to empty your dorm, but she will make as much space between you and the other girls as possible. Lights out for you two has been changed to 11 as well, but I don't want you keeping the other girls awake."

"Thank you, Sister," we said in unison.

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Waiting on my bed was a box wrapped in plain brown paper addressed to me. The return label was Linda's, and embarrassingly, the front office had marked the contents on the outside: Personal feminine hygiene products, URGENT!

Nothing like advertising it to the whole world!

Wendy's eyes got big when I unwrapped it and she saw what it was.

"Pete, you can't use them! You said you were still a virgin!"

“Sssh,” I said to her. “Let’s talk in the bathroom.”

After we had closed the door behind us, I started to look over the package for instructions. It should be simple enough, but damn, looking at the two sections of cardboard tubing I wasn’t so sure.

“You’ve never done this before have you, Pete?”

“Nope,” I said as I inspected the mechanics of the blasted thing.

“You’re going to pop your cherry with that if you shove it inside,” Wendy said.

“Uh uh, I know for a fact that a lot of virgins use these. It’s just a myth that only girls who have had sex can use them. Besides, how much of a hymen do you think you have left? At our age, it’s pretty well gone anyway.”

“Here we go with the facts again,” muttered Wendy.

“Jesus, Wendy... It’s bound to be a lot more comfortable than wearing a pad! And if your hymen wasn’t already gone, you would have broken it the other day when you shoved two fingers inside of yourself.”

“Don’t get prissy with me, Pete,” she said. “I know how my body is laid out. Let me see the instructions.”

“I’m sorry, Wendy. I don’t mean to be cranky, but this is my first fucking period and already I regret being a girl.”

Wendy stopped dead.

“What do you mean you regret being a girl?”

**FUCK!**

I had to be more careful with what I said. “What I meant, Wendy, was that I don’t think guys have anything like this to put up with. I wonder if we had a choice when we were born.”

She looked at me for a long time before she turned her attention back to the instructions.

“Well, I’m glad that you’re a girl,” she said quietly.

“Oh, Wendy, give me a hug. I feel like shit, I’m bloated and I can’t remember any of this.”

Wendy embraced me and I could see her eyes were shiny.

“God, Wendy, I’m sorry if I hurt your feelings. I didn’t mean to. I love you.”

“I love you too, Pete,” she said, and then gave me a quick bite on the neck. “Next time you snap at me, I’ll really bite back!”

I laughed with her and promised to be kinder.

“Okay,” she said. “I’ve got this figured out now. You have to insert the open end of the big tube into your vagina and then press the smaller tube up to push the tampon in. Just be careful that you don’t go too far or you’ll lose the pull string.”

I put one foot on the toilet, spreading my legs and felt around with the tube until I knew it was in. I could feel wetness on my fingers and hoped like hell that I would get the hang of this quickly or my hands were going to look like I had them in a meat grinder.

When I felt that the larger tube was in place, I gave the smaller one a push and **JESUS!**

Now I was absolutely positive no guy was ever going to shove his cock into me!

But it held, and after checking to make sure the string was dangling just right, I slipped my panties back on and kind of teetered to the sink to wash my hands. All this stuff I had dispose of... I wrapped the tubes and wrapper in toilet paper and rolled up my used pad as well and dropped them into the trash container.

We brushed our teeth, kissed for a long time, and then crawled into our beds.

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My experience the next morning changing the tampon didn’t bolster my faith in vaginal penetration any, but at least I could walk without feeling the bulky pad between my legs. I remembered a popular joke from the 90’s about the young boy who went into a drug store and bought a box of tampons. The druggist asked the boy if he knew what he was buying and of course the boy didn’t have any idea, but as he told the druggist, according to the TV, you could ride a bike, go swimming and all kinds of other neat things if you used them, and he couldn’t do them now.

When I told Wendy the joke, she looked at me like I had lost my marbles. I realized that commercials extolling the virtues of tampons would not become common for another decade or so, and told her she would get the joke in a few years.

Contrary to Sister Elizabeth’s best intentions, Sister Gabe told us at lunch time that there simply weren’t enough free beds in the other dorms to give us some space at

night. “But don’t you ladies worry too much. We have a fantastic alumnae and if we beat Catholic Central, things will look much different.”

With that strange remark she left us with our food.

An aspirin did help alleviate some of the discomfort that came with my period and we zipped through the afternoon classes and headed off to practice.

To be continued...