

“Once More With Feelings”

A new story by Night Hawk

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Chapter 16: All Saints Day

The big day was finally here! The first game of the season, and the entire team had the day off from classes to rest up for our game against Catholic Central. Rest, however, was about the furthest thing from any of our minds as we sat around the cafeteria chewing on fried chicken.

For the last two weeks we had worked our asses off shaping a group of unexpectedly talented athletes into a coordinated team, and I thought we had done really well for such a small school. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately now I thought about it, we could only field six players at a time, and there were thirteen of us. We had an entire team in reserve! With substitutions and rotations, we should all get a chance to play, but we knew the importance of starting off strong. Catholic Central would not be expecting St. Ursula's to put up much of a fight, and were probably confident of an easy victory. They certainly weren't prepared for us!

Annette, our team captain, was determined to undermine their self-confidence in the opening minutes of the game and we went over the rules as we sat finishing our lunch.

“It's been fun during practice,” she said, “but now it's game time. Wendy, I want you on the first rotation, Center Back and Patti, you'll be Front Left.”

I thought that some of the older girls might resent that two juniors were in the starting six, but no one commented about it at all.

“I'll try and get everybody a shot at the game today,” Annette continued, “but I want this to be the most stunning upset that Central has ever had. I don't want the papers to say we beat them today, I want them to say we whipped them!”

That brought a cheer!

“We're all going to the finals this year,” Annette said, “so there will be plenty of opportunity for everyone to play, but I want this first game to be the one that will make all the other schools get really nervous!”

Another cheer!

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The two weeks that had led to this day had been filled with practice and more practice. The school even called a seamstress to alter our uniforms as we lost weight from the hard pace we set ourselves. Courtesy of Sister Elizabeth, Wendy got an entire new wardrobe of school uniforms and gym outfits because she had lost the most weight, turning the remains of her puppy fat into muscle. She had seen the school nurse three times in those two weeks to monitor her weight loss and general health and each time came back to tell me the nurse was really happy with her progress. We had stuck to our diet of low carbs, high fiber, and protein and I noticed that others in the team were starting to copy our eating habits. We also worked on our basketball practice every night as well.

I survived my first period with only minor casualties, and every night I made sure that Wendy was kissed for every minute of my miseries. Our love-life hadn't gotten as far as the night I had first tasted her juices on my fingers, but we managed to keep up our cuddles and deep kissing, which was about all we could do as long as we were still in the dorm.

The other girls in the dorm were upset that we could keep our lights on till 11, and that we had food waiting for us after every practice, but a quiet word from one of the nuns had prevented any open hostility. While our dorm mates didn't exactly shun us, we weren't privy to any of their activities either. Not that it would have made much difference - we were hardly in the dorm room other than to sleep, but we were looking forward to next year when we might have a room of our own.

Classes went by quickly during this time and it was a good thing that Wendy and I were able to cruise through most of them without much effort. It seemed more like we were at school to play Volleyball and to make out with each other rather than to attend classes.

Father Ed and Sister Elizabeth stopped by on most practice nights and a number of the other nuns had started to come around as well to see what the fuss was all about. We had a fan club for the school's athletic department! The size of that fan club would surprise us all come game day.

Somebody must have talked to the Alumnae Association.

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The game was to start at 7:00, and would be played at Catholic Central. Their court, home court advantage and all that stuff, but we had a good captain in Annette and super guidance from Sister Gabe.

Our meeting – psych session – broke up at 3:00; all of us felt positive about the game and that it would end in a win for St. Ursula's. Some of the girls went to lie down while others spent their time with crafts, books, or just relaxed and watched TV. By 6:00, we had all dressed and met in the gym where Father Ed blessed the team and we

said a team prayer together. Since the majority of the girls were seniors it was accepted that St. Ursula's only played senior teams if another school had two teams.

I suppose I had expected a standard yellow school bus to take us to the game, but was amazed to see what waited for us outside the gym. It seems I wasn't the only one!

At first I had thought this was usual for the school, though I didn't remember it from my previous life, but it soon became apparent that none of the other girls had ever seen it before either! Somebody had a lot of faith in our talent.

There stood a deep blue luxury coach with tinted windows, and a sign written on the side in huge gold letters declaring "*HERE COME THE SAINTS!*" We climbed aboard to find it equipped with reclining bucket seats and excitedly talked about where it had come from - except for Annette who just sat quietly near the front with a small smile on her face.

The ride over was exciting and our adrenaline was pumping. I wondered if Catholic Central had any idea what was going to hit them!

That was not the last surprise before game time though. The driver pulled up at the auditorium doors and we were shocked to see the parking lot filled to capacity with luxury cars of all makes. As we got off the bus we saw CFPL-TV had a camera crew there. Hot Damn! Talk about feeling instant pressure!

Father Ed and Sister Elizabeth had ridden over with us, and along with Sister Gabe, led us to a classroom that had been set aside for us.

Sister Gabe was the one to break the news and try and get us focused, but even she was hyped up.

"Ladies, I realize that some of you are overwhelmed right now with the attention being given to our team, but this is still the same team that has worked so hard for this night. I want you to forget about the crowd and the TV and remember you are here to play a great game of Volleyball!"

"I have been told that it is standing room only in the gym, and Central is starting to get a bit nervous with all the people and all the attention. BUT... I want you girls to focus! This is what the game is all about. Play like you have been this past month and we will surely walk out of here tonight as victors, and we will ride on that lovely bus to every game to the finals!"

That brought on a cheer!

"Don't let yourselves get distracted, and behave like ladies. Treat the other team as rivals, but remain friendly and polite. Let's show them what good sportsmanship is all about!"

“I just have one request,” said Sister Elizabeth, and everyone stopped talking instantly.

“I would like to see you girls enter that gym the way you have been at home. Run on to that court like the champions you are. You are the pride of our school and many people have gone out of their way to make this night possible. Play well, play fair and...” Sister Elizabeth blushed a bit, “and play to win!”

We responded with another cheer and then Father Ed opened the door and we took our positions in the hall.

When the auditorium doors were opened we let out with our war whoop and trotted into the gym, trying not to pay attention to the packed audience.

A brass band started playing, for God’s sake, as we circled the court. I couldn’t count how many pieces there were in the small group, but they started belting out “When the Saints go marching in.”

Fuck! No performance anxiety on my part!

As per protocol we lined up on our side of the court and after scanning the crowd, shucked off our tracksuits. Sister Gabe told us again not to let our attention wander but to focus on the game. “You can look at the people when you are off the court,” she said, but while you are on it, the only thing I want you to see is the ball!”

After the introductions and handshakes between coaches and team captains we took to the court. I think for the first time in my life, either one of them, I fully appreciated how Goliath must have felt when he met David. We were considered the worst sports school in the region. We had always been the underdogs and rarely won a game in any sport, while Catholic Central was the reigning division champion.

But this time - they were Napoleon and he had just met his Waterloo!

The coin toss won Central the first serve and as the rules specified, we couldn’t block the serve, but Wendy was right under it, lifted it to me in one easy push and I spun and spiked it for our first point.

Five seconds in and we were up 1 – 0! Just 24 more to go for the set!

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Annette served five times, each resulting in another point before we had to change servers. Jeannie rotated in and with a wicked smack just caught the top of the net causing the ball to slow and drop straight down for another point. The cheering of the crowd was deafening!

They returned her next serve and we volleyed the ball back with no chance to spike, but when Central's tallest player blocked a shot without spiking it Wendy managed to slide under it and raise it high enough for one of the other girls to slam it right into an open spot. Sister Gabe called a time out and sent in a substitute. Jeannie was still serving, but Wendy was now Back Right and I was Front Center. Two more rotations and I would be out of the set.

Central did manage to get two points in before the first set was done, and both Wendy and I had been rotated off the court by the time we took the first set 25 – 2. We were humiliating Central on their own court!

During the first break, Sister Gabe told us we were playing well and to keep it up. Annette decided who would start the next set and that gave Wendy and me a chance to look around at the crowd.

Linda and Julie had managed to get seats to this match and I felt a lump in my throat when I realized they were sitting with Einstein and his parents. My parents from... that *other* time... My eyes welled up.

Tom and Rita were cheering on our team and only looked at me when Patrick drew their attention to me. They all looked so happy. I was glad that Einstein was doing for them what I hadn't been able to do.

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I didn't think a High School girls' Volleyball game would normally get this much interest - I mean, a TV crew for God's sake! - And I also saw a press photographer running around with his big camera. A lot of the crowd filling the bleachers looked professionally well dressed and I guessed that they belonged with the expensive cars in the parking lot, but they were cheering just as loudly as everyone else. It looked as if most of the audience were St Ursula's supporters.

The brass group played again during the three minute break, and though it was a corny song, they managed to make it swing with an amazing rendition using harmonic repeats that kept the crowd and the team excited.

I saw Ann and Mike sitting just two rows away from the O'Donnells and saw Einstein looking at them a few times before I was called in for a substitution.

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We ended the game, a best two out of three set match, with a 25 – 4 score on the second set. The people in the stands went wild, but Sister Gabe reminded us of sportsmanship and good manners, so we shook hands with the 18 CCH players and thanked them for the game. Most looked stunned by our victory, and a couple looked

ready to burst into tears at being beaten so easily by the worst performing team in the league.

I wanted very much to see Tom and Rita, but Sister Gabe told us we were to dress and get back on the bus as quickly as possible. Maybe it was just as well that I didn't get a chance to talk to them, as I wasn't sure how I would have reacted. The timing just didn't feel right, and I would have to talk to Einstein about this need.

Once we boarded the bus the reason for the big rush was obvious - waiting for us were piping hot pizzas and an ice chest full of cold sodas. We learned soon enough that it was courtesy of Sister Elizabeth Ann, and we all thanked her profusely. Instead of going directly back to the school, the coach driver took us on a leisurely tour of London's north end, taking most of an hour to get back to St Ursula's, during which time Wendy and I persuaded Father Ed to have some pizza.

We were all hot and sweaty and lowered the windows to help us cool off but I was looking forward to a hot shower, as I was sure we all were.

When we pulled into the St Ursula's parking lot, we saw it filled with the same cars that had been at CCH. Instead of dropping us off at the gym doors, the driver pulled up to the main entrance where Sister Gabe told us we had fifteen minutes to shower and change into fresh uniforms and then to meet outside of the gym. "Nobody is to go in, understand?" she said with a mischievous grin.

The semi private rooms for the seniors and the 'paid way' students were on the East wing, closer to the gym, while the dorm rooms were on the West wing. Wendy and I started off at a trot when Sister Elizabeth called us back.

"You girls won't have time to shower in your dorm in time to get back here in fifteen minutes," she said. "Here, use this room for now," she said, giving Wendy a key.

"But, we won't have fresh uniforms to change into," said Wendy.

"Trust me, ladies. It's been taken care of," said the principal.

I glanced at Wendy to see her returning my puzzled look, but we just said our thanks and headed to the room.

Wendy turned the key and stopped dead in her tracks. Being behind her gave me the advantage of looking over her head, but her abrupt stop bounced me back.

"Holy shit, Pete!" she said. "Damn!"

"What?" I asked impatiently. "Hurry up, Wendy. We've only got ten minutes!"

She turned and let me see the room.

Sweet Jesus!

I'm sure my jaw hit my chest as I realized what Wendy was babbling about. All of our clothes and uniforms and personal effects were in the room!

There was a note on one of the beds. Wendy tore it open and we read:

***“To Wendy and Patti. No matter how the game went tonight, the St. Ursula’s Alumnae Association has decided that based on your academic standing and your very welcome addition to our sports department, you deserve this room. May you enjoy it the entire time you are at St. Ursula’s.”***

Jesus... there were even flowers in a vase on the desk!

I lifted Wendy up in the air and twirled her around the room as she squealed with delight! ***OUR room!***

Two real beds! And a large closet along with two dressers and two comfortable chairs with a small table in between! But most important was the lock on the door!

Wendy couldn't stop giggling, but we checked out the bathroom, realized the shower was just big enough for the two of us and we quickly stripped and jumped into the water.

I swear we washed each other more than we did ourselves, but we were kissing the entire time.

“Hurry,” I said to her as she was brushing her teeth. I had already done mine and I was brushing Wendy's curly hair trying to tie it back into a ponytail. We really needed to get our hair cut!

As we slipped on clean underwear and uniforms we hugged once more. “Just wait until tonight,” I said. “No more interruptions! Just Eruptions!”

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We weren't the last ones back to the gym, and it made me wonder that maybe Wendy and I weren't the only ones on the team enjoying a 'close' relationship!

Finally, with all thirteen team members itching to find out what was going on in the gym, the doors were opened. While we had expected to enter with our regular war whoop, we were instead blasted by the brass band that had played 'our' theme song at CCH. The place was **packed!**

Our trot in slowed as the crowd cheered, and we ended up walking a lap of honor around the gym, waving at family and classmates and all the while laughing and grinning our heads off. I saw Mike and Ann sitting proud as punch with Linda and Julie and only wished that Einstein was here to share in my glory - after all, it was her body that got me here! Sister Gabe eventually had us sit on chairs behind the podium set up at one end of the gym where Sister Elizabeth Ann stood waiting, a broad smile on her face.

She turned on the microphone, “Members of the Alumnae Association,” she began, and an earsplitting squeal echoed through the hall. It died out almost immediately, but not before she shot a look off to where one of the nuns was fiddling with the public address system.

“Members of the Alumnae Association,” she said a little quieter, “Parents, students. Tonight is an auspicious occasion for a number of reasons and I thank you all for being here to celebrate it with us.”

She paused to look around the gym at all the faces intent on her.

“Our school has a long and proud history of academic achievement, but this is the first time in living memory that a team from this school has dominated a sporting event as we saw tonight. These girls, this *team*, set themselves a goal, prepared themselves, and tonight achieved that goal!”

The wave of applause was deafening, slowly petering out as she waited.

“They have shown us tonight that with preparation, determination and teamwork, we all have the ability to win our goals, and I know that these girls have a further dream in mind – to win the Regional Championship for the first time ever!”

The crowd exploded into applause, with some of the fathers – and their daughters – letting loose piercing whistles.

Sister Elizabeth stood there smiling for a minute or so as the applause continued unabated, but the crowd quieted almost immediately when she raised her hand.

“I’d now like to call on Father Edward McManus to say a few words.”

Father Ed started by thanking the Alumnae Association for their generous support, mentioned Sister Gabe’s superb coaching effort, but then seemed at a loss for words.

“Er, the girls have worked very hard for this, and, and they have put in a lot of their own time practicing...”

Finally I stage-whispered, “Say thank you, to God!”

Father Ed stopped talking and the gym went quiet as he turned to me and smiled.

“Patricia Johnson... Patti to her friends ... has just reminded me that of all those we should thank, we should give thanks to our Lord.” He held out his hand to me, and slowly I rose to stand beside him, taking his hand in mine. The nuns were the next to stand and then the entire auditorium rose as he prompted me to start the prayer.

“*Our Father...*” I began, and then everyone joined in.

“*Which Art in Heaven,*” responded the auditorium, and a thrill ran down my back as I realized for the first time ever the sensation of leading a crowd, holding them enthralled with my words, *conducting* them with the Lord’s word in this case...

We finished the prayer and Sister Elizabeth took over the podium again. “When I approached the Alumnae Association to assist this evening, I asked if they could provide transportation for our team. Our next speaker responded in a truly spectacular fashion. Please welcome Mr. Robert Denure, the owner of London Coach Lines.”

Warm applause accompanied a stocky, fit looking businessman as he strode purposefully to the podium from his seat in the bleachers.

“My late wife graduated from St Ursula’s,” he began, in a manner accustomed to public speaking, “and two of my children, er, the girls, that is...” that got a small laugh, “...have graduated from this great school, which draws daughters from fine families across the country to get one of the best educations this country can offer.”

Sister Elizabeth seemed to be turning pink at his effusive praise.

“But in this day and age, academic excellence doesn’t make headlines.”

I was thinking to myself that in 2003 things weren’t much different!

“Tomorrow, I will be able to point to the paper and tell people ‘*That’s where my daughter goes to school!*’” He surprised me by turning to smile at Annette who mouthed back ‘Hi Daddy’, then turned back to the microphone. “And I learnt another thing from Sister Gabrielle tonight – the dedication and hard work these young ladies have applied to being the very best has inspired other students to approach her about joining competitive teams in other sports!”

Sister Gabe looked a little smug, while Sister Elizabeth looked at her amazed. It was obviously news to her as well.

“Therefore, I will dedicate the bus we used tonight for the use of this school for the entire year, for class trips big and small, and of course to every VOLLEYBALL GAME! GO SAINTS!” he hollered.

The auditorium erupted with cheers!

A few more speakers offered their congratulations, then Sister Elizabeth adjourned us all to the dining room where the catering staff had set up tables of finger food, tea, coffee and sodas. On the way, I told Wendy I felt bad her parents weren't able to come see their daughter play.

She stopped me, looking into my eyes. "I used to be a fat, lonely geek, even if you did think I was cuddly. And it used to upset me terribly when my parents wouldn't make time for me. But now, I'm in love, and I'm an elite athlete and I'm one of the most popular girls in school! And it's all thanks to you!"

I wanted to kiss her so bad! Hug her and squeeze her and make love to her right on the spot. I whispered in her ear. "When we get back to our room, I'll show you how much I love you!"

"Oh, yes please," she whispered back. Then looking past my shoulder she added in a normal tone "anyway, I seem to have some extra parents!"

I turned around to see Mike and Ann walking toward us.

"You guys played great!" said Mike, hugging us both.

Wendy straightened up first, only to be hugged by Ann. "Honey, your earrings look great!" She reached to draw me into their embrace. "Honey," she said to me, "Your earrings look just wonderful, too. Have you had any trouble with them?"

"Oh, no," I replied. "They've been just great! The nurse gave us some cream to stop them from getting infected, but she told us to keep them in for two weeks." That reminded me... "Mom, Wendy is about due to have her braces removed, and her folks don't get to London very often. Do you think you could take her one afternoon?"

Ann, bless her heart, didn't even hesitate. "If it's okay with your parents, Wendy, I'm sure I could get permission from the principal."

"Thanks Mrs. J!" Wendy said hugging Ann again. "Do you think we could get our hair done on the same day?" she added hopefully. "Maybe if we ask Sister Elizabeth Ann now?"

Ann laughed and said that would be her pleasure.

I looked around and saw Sister Elizabeth with Father Ed, talking with Mr. Denure, Linda, and Julie. "There she is now, Mom."

"Right, come with me, girls," she said.

Sister Elizabeth saw us coming and said something to the others that made them smile, then introduced us as we approached.

Mr. Denure shook hands with Mike and Ann, then with Wendy and me.

“Sister, I have a favor to ask of you,” said Ann.

“Yes, Mrs. Johnson?” she answered a little warily.

“It seems Wendy is due for a dental appointment, and with the approval of her parents, I should like to take her one afternoon next week.”

Sister Elizabeth smiled.

“And then I’d like to take both girls to the hairdresser’s for a trim.”

Sister Elizabeth looked directly at me and I gave her my most innocent look back. “*Who, me?*”

“I think that’s a good idea,” she smiled at Ann.

“Hair getting in the way?” boomed Mr. Denure, looking at Wendy and me in turn.

“A little,” I replied.

“Good, good,” he said. “I’m very pleased to meet you, Patti and Wendy. Sister Elizabeth Ann was just describing you two as a catalyst – she said that things have just seemed to happen since you two got together.” My heart jumped to my throat and my face must have shown my shock, for he added hastily “I mean good things!”

“Yes,” continued Sister Elizabeth smiling, “Sister Gabrielle used to tell me she didn’t have enough to keep her busy, but informed me tonight she might need an assistant. Perhaps,” she said glancing at Mr. Denure, “one with swimming experience?”

Mr. Denure grinned back at her. “I should think that if you approached the Board of Directors, they would look favorably at your request. And I should tell you the Alumnae Association had a car park poll a little earlier...” He looked at Wendy and me for a moment, as if wondering if he should continue, then turned back to Sister Elizabeth. “...And we have decided to approach you and the Board of Governors with the proposal that sports be added for a full credit in all years.”

Sister Elizabeth’s eyes went wide for a moment, and then she smiled. “It will require proper funding,” she said sweetly.

“I know,” replied Mr. Denure. “We’re prepared to sit down with you and cost it out.”

Sister Elizabeth's smile grew even wider, and then she turned to us "Please excuse us, it seems Mr. Denure and I have something in common we wish to discuss. Mr. Denure?" she asked, holding out her arm.

"Of course, Sister Elizabeth," he replied and placing his arm beneath hers, they walked off in the direction of her office.

I blinked a couple of times, trying to suppress the sudden image of Sister Elizabeth, naked except for her headdress, suspenders and stockings, astride a nude Mr. Denure...

I may have been slipping into the role of a fourteen-year-old girl with strange ease, but the thoughts and fantasies of the man I once was... I turned away to hide the smile on my face just in time to see the grin on Mike's face disappear as Mom elbowed him in the ribs.

Well... after all, neither Sister Elizabeth nor Mr. Denure was *that* old!

I hugged Linda and Julie, and then said, "Guess what, Mom! We got our own room!" I said, "Just tonight!"

"That's wonderful news, dear!" exclaimed Ann. "When do you move in?"

"Right now! They moved us in while we were at the game!" I could see Mike looking quizzically at us, and I moved to hug him. "Thanks for caring, Daddy!"

He held me close and whispered, "You know I worry about you, Patti-cake. But you know I support you 100%, so if you're happy, I'm happy too."

"Oh yes, Daddy, I'm very happy!"

I hugged him tighter as he rubbed my back and I felt closer to him than I had to any man, including my original father.

"What was that about?" asked Ann as we separated.

"Oh, just a father-daughter thing," he said smiling, but I saw his eyes glisten with unshed tears of pride.

"This is for you, Einstein," I whispered mentally to the cosmos, "Mike and Ann will never lose you again."

"It's a pity that Einstein couldn't make it," I said to Linda. She had seen the exchange between Mike and me, and her reaction told me she understood my effort to change the subject.

“Oh yes, Patrick had another of those weird messages for you as well,” she replied. “He said he never played as well as you did tonight. I didn’t know he even played any sports,” she added.

“So, how did you two get invited to this party?” I asked Julie, changing the subject.

“Well, after a certain incident, Linda and I became sort of unofficial staff,” she replied. “Sister Elizabeth Ann rang to invite us.”

“This party was an invitation only event,” she went on, and I realized that there has been no reason to invite Einstein or his parents. “Staff!?” I exclaimed, as I realized what she had just said.

“Well, sort of,” she explained. “Sister Elizabeth got the Alumnae Association to hire us by the hour to do fitness assessments of all the fourteen and fifteen year old girls. But,” she continued quietly, “I think she really wants us for somebody the girls can just *talk* to...”

“You and Julie are just what they need,” I said looking at each of them in turn.

“I was surprised ~~we~~ we were even invited,” said Linda. “This really **is** by invitation only. Alumnae and parents and some very important people. There are more VIPs in this room than I’ve ever seen gathered in one place. These people are the movers and shakers of London.”

“They do put on a pretty funky spread though, don’t they,” said Ann laughing.

God, this was strange. I was actually *talking* with Mike and Ann, my Mom and Dad! I had never been able to talk this way with Tom or Rita, ever, and Mike’s hand on my shoulder felt reassuring and comforting.

Julie and Linda were also drawing closer together, their unconscious touching showing us their love for each other. I saw Ann’s eyes widen momentarily, and she moved to embrace them, speaking quietly for a moment.

I was a bit befuddled by the initial expressions on Linda and Julie’s faces but then they lit up like Christmas trees, beautiful and gracious smiles on their faces and a warm look in my direction.

Ann returned to slide her arms around Mike and me. I saw Wendy standing apart, looking uncomfortable and reached to pull her in beside me.

Mom adjusted her arm to include Wendy’s waist as Mike asked. “What did you say to them?”

“I told them that if they needed someone, we,” she smiled cutely and darted a little kiss to his lips, “would be there for them. Right?”

“Damn it, woman,” he laughed, “I’ve told you and told you, ‘*Stop reading my mind!*’” and he motioned for Linda and Julie to join us.

“Sorry. Sir!” she dimpled, and then turned to Wendy. “The same applies to you too, darling. If you need us, we’ll be there for you just as much as Patti!”

I saw Wendy tearing up as she replied “Thank you, Mrs. J!”

We must have made a strange sight. Mike, tall and in control with five women in his arms as we did a real group hug.

As we separated, I noticed several strange looks from other girls. I looked at one, and her suppressed look of envy made me think she hadn’t been hugged for just *forever!*”

We walked as a group to the buffet table where we grabbed a bite to eat and a drink.

“Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you,” said Linda. “Sister Elizabeth Ann said she might be able to swing a permanent part-time position for Julie while she studies for her doctorate in medicine.”

“Wow! I said. “That will look great on your CV!” then realized from their blank looks that I had said the wrong thing once again. CV’s were still the purview of professional people and in 1974 nursing was an occupation rather than a profession.

“Well,” I blurted, “You might be surprised!”

“Should I get a CV, too honey?” teased Mike.

“Oh, yes, Daddy, especially you! You might have forgotten just what you have done!” I replied with enthusiasm and his look of surprise was comical!

We were all still talking, sipping on some soda, when Sister Gabe came over to join us.

“I just got off the phone with a Mr. Blake at the newspaper,” she said with a big smile. “They got some good pictures at the game and he told me that this will be the first time a girls’ event will feature as a first game of the season story. He really knew his facts and said that Patti’s first point was the fastest return of service point they can find in the record books. He wanted both your names for the piece he was writing. Said he has never seen a more professional game at a high school level than what he saw tonight.

He's going to make it a personal goal to be at every game we play and he's already predicting a championship title for the Saints!"

Sister Gabe was obviously excited by the news, but I had to ask her if he took the names of all the other players as well. "It's not just Wendy and me," I said, "we are a team, and we got a whole lot of support from the school!"

Sister Gabe assured me that every player was being named and that the title of his piece was going to be, "Saints: divinely inspired."

"We have to be heading off to work now," said Linda, as they shook Sister Gabe's hand then surprised me by giving each of us a brief hug, even my Dad.

"See you girls soon," said Julie.

Mike and Ann also had to head back home and said their goodbyes to everyone, and again both of them hugged Wendy and me.

"I'll make an appointment for you next week, love. We should have your parents' approval by then, shouldn't we?" Mom asked Wendy.

"I think they'll be glad they don't have to bother," she replied. "I don't think they were looking forward to driving all the way down just to take me to the dentist..." she continued wistfully.

"Never mind, dear," said Mom tenderly, holding Wendy close again. "Patti and I will be here for you."

"Oh, I know," she said, turning her loving gaze on me.

"Always," I said to her as I returned her loving look, feeling tears threaten.

Realization seemed to hit Ann like a thunderbolt, and then she looked me and smiled. "Come here, honey," she instructed me, holding her left arm wide invitingly.

My tears fell as I tucked in close to her. "Oh, Mom!" I was close to bawling as I felt a weight I didn't even realized I carried was lifted from my shoulders.

"Oh baby, it's all right," she crooned to me. She pushed me back a little to look at me, smoothing the hair from my face. "There was a time, once upon a time..." she said looking into my eyes, and then pulled me close again.

I felt another arm across my shoulders and moved to let Mike in between Mom and me. "You telling tales again, little girl?" His whisper to Mom was followed by his saying in a normal voice "Well, we have to get going, girls."

“We’ll see you Sunday, Mom,” I grinned. With a last quick smile, they were off.

Sister Elizabeth had returned from her meeting with Mr. Denure looking very pleased with herself, and she and Father Ed took us to meet the members of the Alumnae Association who had paid for our private room, and we really gushed our thanks to them. They were warm and friendly, and just simply nice people. From their conversation I learned something of the excitement we had created in the rest of the school. Even before our success tonight, the team’s enthusiasm had encouraged even more girls to ask Sister Gabe about joining sports teams. I was beginning to understand just how much it meant to them to be able to show their friends their Old School name in the paper and I realized that sporting prowess was an important part of a school’s image.

Soon things started to settle down and we thanked everyone and said we were heading off to bed. We were tired.

Sister Elizabeth reminded us that we still had to get up in the morning for class, but she said it with a smile.

We even got a goodnight hug from Father Ed!

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“This feels strange,” said Wendy as we walked to our room.

“What does, Honey?” I asked her.

“Being in a room usually reserved for the rich kids,” she said.

“Well, I feel rich,” I said. “I’ve got you!”

“You know what I mean, Pete,” she said. “They’re different from you and me.”

“How so?” I asked. “Does somebody lift them so their ass doesn’t touch the toilet seat?” Wendy laughed.

“Or maybe,” I whispered, looking around, “they don’t use toilet paper. Just have one of the maids lick them clean?”

“Stop it, Patti!” she howled, doubled over with laughter now.

When we reached our room I locked the door behind us and with my arm around her, we took a few minutes to admire the moonlight from our open window. We had a wonderful view over the gardens, and I just enjoyed the quiet of the night and the feel of my arm around Wendy, my fingertips already tracing the smooth curve of her breast.



Turning to her, I placed my fingertips under her chin, lifting her mouth to mine. We kissed lightly, our lips barely touching, then I crushed my mouth to hers, sucking at her sweet tongue as she thrust it into my mouth. I stopped, my hands on her shoulders pushing her from me, our lips touching, lingering. I reached to undo the zip at her waist, and then pulled up her uniform, our lips separating at the last moment for me to lift it over her head. I threw it to the floor, and danced little butterfly kisses over her forehead, her eyebrows, then down over her closed eyes to her mouth, sucking each full lip in turn then covering her mouth with mine once again.

It was her turn to push me back to quickly unzip and pull up my uniform. I took the opportunity to unhook her sports bra and she giggled, muffled by my uniform as she struggled to push it over my head. I helped her take it off, then her lips were glued once more to mine as she shed her bra straps down her arms. She stepped closer; her thumbs hooked into the waistband of my panties and pushed them slowly, teasingly over my hips. I wiggled my bum to help them off then pushed her backward to a bed, our lips never separating. I used my arms to lower us in slow motion to the bed then slowly kissed my way down her taut body, hearing her gasp as I briefly sucked each stiff nipple and a giggle when I kissed her bellybutton, stifled as I probed it deep with my tongue.

As I went further down I pulled her panties with me baring her furry mound and heard her gasp as I licked her slit, tasting the love dew seeping from between her closed lips. I looked up at her.

“Oh, baby, you’re going to remember this night! Trust me?”

“Oh, yes, but...”

“I’m going to enjoy this as much as you,” I said as I slid her panties the rest of the way off, then reached for a pillow to put under her hips.

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I gently spread her legs again and slowly kissed my way from her left knee to the crease between thigh and labia, then did the same on the other side, this time continuing on to kiss her cleft, her perfume intoxicating in my nostrils. I used my fingers to separate her lips a little, and then just looked for a long minute at the pinkness within, glistening in the dim light of the bed lamp. I felt her move her head to see what I was doing, so I just gave her one long, strong lick, from perineum to pussy hair. Her arms *whumped* on the mattress then her hands grabbed me almost painfully by the hair, unsure whether to pull my teasing tongue away or to bury my face in her seeping cunt. I waited as her grip relaxed a little, then reached to place her hands on her own breasts, placing her thighs on my shoulders to give me a better angle.

I returned my attention to her pleasure center, and saw her inner lips were engorged, spreading her puffy outer labia in a display of womanhood in full heat. Her prominent clit was erect and emerging from its hood so I gave it a slow gentle kiss,

feeling her body shiver with sexual tension, before dipping my tongue into her flowing well and savoring the sweet taste of woman-juice.

A new pathway opened in my mind as I realized the pure pleasure of giving love. My words had been a verbal caress, but I *was* enjoying giving my lover pleasure and my pussy was starting to leak, my excitement just behind hers.

My fingers spread her further and I gathered some of her love-dew on my tongue and spread it over her lips and protruding clit, then licked it off again. I ran a finger down between her widespread lips feeling her juices oozing from her hole, coating the crack of her bum, and wetting the sheet beneath. As my fingertip passed over her nether hole I felt her shiver and she moved to open herself even more to me. I placed my finger directly over the clenched muscle and massaged it gently, feeling it open slightly.

Ass-play had never figured greatly in my dealings with women and I had *never* entertained the idea of having it done to me. I got a couple of ass-fucks, but the women never enjoyed it, so Wendy's reaction was truly an erotic revelation to me.

I returned my attention to her labia, kissing and nibbling, avoiding touching her clit directly as I licked and sucked her lips, now spread wide as she splayed her knees as far as they could go. Now I moved the forefinger of my free hand to her opening, coating it with her slippery secretions then slid it slowly into her, spreading the hot walls of her cunt as I drove it knuckle deep. Her hips twitched as I pushed into her, driving the finger at her ass in to spread her pink ring, the sphincter clenched around my fingertip, a sensation totally unlike any I had ever felt.

The finger deep in her rotated as I slowly withdrew it, all the while kissing and licking at her engorged lips. I spread juice from my forefinger onto the longer finger beside it, then placed them both at her opening, palm up, teasing her, then oh-so-slowly pushing both to their full depth.

Her hips were twitching now, up to drive my fingers deep within her, then down to invite my tongue to taste her clit, engorged and taut before my eyes.

Remembering what Marcie had taught me, I curled my fingers up toward her pubic bone, feeling an area deep in her where the texture of her smooth inner walls was rougher, ridged. Her hips heaved, bringing her clit under my nose, so I clamped my lips around her fingertip sized pleasure button and sucked.

WHAM! Her knees clamped instantly around my head and her hips rotated to drive my finger halfway into her back door, her cunt rhythmically claspings at my fingers and squirting girl-cum to my wrist and filling my palm. I heard a squeal faintly through the thighs clamped over my ears and hoped she had a pillow to scream into. I ripped the finger from her asshole, bringing on another spasm and then she just collapsed, her legs falling away from my ears as she panted and trembled in the aftermath.

I licked her juices from my hand and wrist as I crawled up her body to lay beside her, pulling the pillow from her face. She was weeping as she rolled to hug me, and I knew they were tears of joy and love because I was crying too, our tears mixing with our kisses.

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Twenty minutes passed by as we lay there and just cuddled, listening to the sounds of the night outside, and then she tilted her head to kiss my nose.

“God, Pete... that was so fucking incredible! Have you ever done this before?”

“Not in this life,” I answered truthfully and tried to laugh it off.

“Then how did you learn?” she asked.

“I think I read about it in a book,” I said.

“Yeah, right!” she smirked as she snaked a hand down to play with my little patch of fur.

“No... really,” I said. “I’ve never gone down on a girl before.” Partly true, because it had been with grown women, but *never* had I done what I did tonight.

Wendy started kissing me and licking my lips and cheeks to clean me of her juices, all the while lightly fingering my cunt. I was still wet and it didn’t take much to get me on the path to my orgasm, my breathing becoming ragged as she toyed with my hole, gently massaging my clit. Wendy knew exactly how to turn me on!

Just as I started to peak, Wendy whispered, “I love you” and clamped her mouth over mine, at the same time pinching my nipple with her free hand. I almost cried out with the sensations of pain and pleasure ripping through my body, and then as I started to come down, she twisted it again! My thighs clamped tight around her hand as she pushed two fingers into me, my pussy muscles sucking on her deep buried digits. My body locked as I crested the wave, then slowly relaxed as I glided down the other side.

Slowly she withdrew her fingers from my oozing cunt and, looking into my eyes, tentatively raised them to her nose before licking my love juice from her dripping fingers. I leaned to kiss her, trapping her fingers between our lips, tasting my own juices, Hmm, nice, but not as nice as Wendy’s.

“I want to try it on you,” she whispered and started to move, but I held her tight.

“It’s really late, Honey,” I told her. “We have classes tomorrow and showing up late the first day after we get our own room wouldn’t look so good!”

“But I want to make you feel as good as you made me feel,” she whimpered.

“Wendy, Honey... I swear to you that giving you pleasure gave me as much in return. I do love you, Wendy!”

We went to sleep cuddled in each other’s arms.

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