

“Once More With Feelings”

A new story by Night Hawk

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Chapter 17: Visitors

The shrill chirping of a bird outside the window brought me into that halfway state between sleep and wakening, and I felt Carol spooned behind me with her breasts pressed up against my back and her arm wrapped around my chest. It felt so good – I had forgotten how good it felt to cuddle, just sharing skin and couldn’t remember just how long it had been... Then she moved her hand to caress my breast, thumb and finger teasing my nipple and I could feel my clit engorging, my nether lips swelling, moisture oozing, ready for a big hard stiff dick to slide into me...

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I sat bolt upright, my heart pounding, trembling. *Wendy was still in bed with me!*

“It’s okay, Pete,” Wendy said softly. “We’re in our own bed now.” She pulled me down to her, wrapping her arm around me again. “Honey, you’re shaking! Are you cold?”

“No,” I whispered back, “I just got a fright when I woke up, that’s all.”

“What?” she asked, snuggling up to me.

“I realized you were in bed with me, and I thought we were still in the dorm.”

“Oh.”

That single word told me she saw my fib for what it was, and I knew that if I wanted to keep her, I would always have to tell her the truth.

I wriggled around till I could see her eyes. “Honey, I was dreaming I was about to get fucked, and I was wanting it!”

I could see the tenderness in her eyes as she replied, “Darling, I’ll fuck you any time you want!”

My tears started as I replied, “I was getting fucked by a boy! And it scared me so... so much! ‘Cause I wanted it! And I love you so much!”

And the thing that scared me so was that I knew just whose dick I was getting wet for...

***It was mine!***

Wendy held me as I cried, my tears running to wet her cheeks as well. Eventually my sobs slowed to a snuffle, and Wendy wiped my face with the sheet.

“Pete, if you want to get fucked by a boy, I don’t mind as long as you love me,” she whispered.

“If it ever happens,” I whispered back, “Will you hold my hand?”

She giggled. “Like when we got our ears done?”

I giggled too. “Well yes, but you have to be naked!”

The scene was suddenly in my mind, I was lying on my back, Wendy’s hand on my nipple, teasing me as she kissed me, another body over mine, lean, hard, as he nudged the firm head of my dick between my lips... Wendy’s hand was between my legs, a finger deep in me and I was coming, my moans muffled by her lips as she curled her finger, Oh God!!

I lay panting for a few minutes, Wendy clutched to my breast when a knock at the door made us both jump.

“Come on sleepyheads!” came the voice of Annette. “The paper is here! Meet us in the caf!”

I looked at the clock and groaned. It was just after 6 AM!

Oh God, we needed a shower! We both reeked of sex! I fingered Wendy to a gentle climax during our shower, but we spent most of our time cuddling and kissing before the water cooled.

Even though it was a bit chilly, I opened the window wide to let in some fresh air and hopefully some of the amorous smells out.

We brushed our teeth and our hair in record time, got dressed and made the bed, and then rushed off to join up with our teammates.

“We’ve got to get to bed earlier,” I whispered to Wendy as we filled our plates with bacon, scrambled eggs, and fruit.

You could really tell that we had become a team, because even though there were five or six copies of the London Free Press on the table, we all sat around Annette who read the copy over another time. We took up the entire front page of the sports section! Pictures galore and even an editorial. As we had been told by Sister Gabe, the title across the top of the page was “Saints: Divinely Inspired!”

We all laughed at the joke. We had no doubt we had help, but we had also worked our asses off to get that good. The pictures were fantastic. There were enough of them so that every one of us was in at least one of the pictures.

The editorial, written by Jim Blake, started with a history of; or rather a lack of history of St. Ursula’s winning record. Blake had dug out trivia about the school and its half century fielding the team least likely to win in any sport, but all that had changed last night when a very shocked and surprised Catholic Central had met us on their home court and how we had thoroughly trounced them in the first game of the season. Catholic Central, last year’s divisional and regional champions, had been totally caught off guard by the well-oiled finely tuned Saints. Blake went on with statistics about scores and speed etc and finished off his editorial with a prediction that the Saints would take home the provincial championship if they could keep playing with the skill they had shown.

We were still whooping it up when Sister Gabe came into the cafeteria. The smile on her face told us she had already seen the paper.

“Now we really have to practice, girls,” she said. “You can bet that every school in the city, probably in the province, is going to be practicing like crazy in the hopes of defeating you.”

“Never happen,” said Annette looking around at us. “I graduate this year, so do Marcie, Mandy and Rita. This is our last chance have a go at the Regionals and I, as the captain of this team, say that as hard as they might practice, we are going to practice even harder! Right girls?”

Needless to say, the answer was a resounding **“YES!!!”**

Sister Gabe said she thought that was how we would feel and had arranged for the gym to be open for practice for two hours every night of the week right after the last period. Then she hit us with a shocker. The board of directors had approved a Sports Nurse to be on site every day till the season ended: Julie Wilson.

Damn! You could have knocked me over with a feather. Julie had hoped to start university and become a doctor in a few years, but with the kind of money that she would earn at this privately funded school, she could start her classes at the beginning of the next semester.

Classes that day were erratic to say the least. The whole school was buzzing with the news and by six pm, the entire team was gathered in front of the color TV in the main lounge to watch CFPL-TV's local news. For the most part, the national and international news didn't interest the other girls, but I was interested, vaguely remembering what was to come. Our interest came to a peak when the sports coverage started, and we were getting disappointed when it seemed they were only going to do national sports when suddenly the back picture changed to the school logo.

*“Last night, local volleyball school team, The St. Ursula's Saints, entered the record books by demolishing Catholic Central, defeating last year's Regional Champions two sets to zip in the first game of the season. They set a record for fastest return of service point, making their first point off Catholic Central's serve less than five seconds into the match, and never in the regional competition have last year's wooden-spooners taken out the leading team in the first meeting of the season.”*

As Brett Faison was reading, the screen showed grabs from the game, starting with the first point, and showing the progressive desperation on the faces of the CCH players and finished with a shot of the scoreboard while we shook their hands.

The picture changed to show Sister Gabe looking uncomfortable in front of the camera.

*“Sister Gabriel, you have worked a miracle in turning around your team since last year’s season score of 16 to 1 and a draw. What has been the major factor in this turnaround?”*

*“Well,” she replied as the microphone switched to her, “I certainly can’t claim a miracle. We leave those up to the Boss,” she said with a smile. But,” she went on, “I also believe that God helps those who help themselves. Every girl in our team was determined to give her best, and tonight they were rewarded with a win. But,” she went on, a twinkle in her eye, “I think we may have caught Catholic Central by surprise, so the girls are now looking forward to some real competition.”*

I was amazed! Our self-effacing coach had just managed in the nicest way to describe Catholic Central as no competition at all. And at the same time she told everyone they ain’t seen nothing yet!

Brett Faison finished the segment promising that CFPL would air the entire game Saturday morning at 11 o’clock.

I looked at Wendy just she looked at me, and we grinned. I raised my hand and looked at her, expectantly. After a moment, she raised hers, and I slapped it, yelling “Go Saints!”

“Yeah! Go Saints!”

Suddenly, we were swapping slaps around the team, and it seemed quickly to slow down to swapping hugs. I felt tears come to my eyes, but I knew they were tears of happiness. I saw tears in the eyes of most of the girls as we hugged each other, and knew we were bonding closer than ever before.

I ended up hugging Wendy once more, and felt a surge of desire run through my body, the feel of her firm mounds against me making my nipples erect.

I looked around to see three other couples, not too obvious, but apparent if you're looking for it – the loving glances, the lingering hands... We exchanged glances, tacitly recognizing each other, then danced a disengage, separating to go our various ways.

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That night, Wendy wanted to try going down on me, but I held her off, asking her to wait until the weekend when we would have the time to do it properly and there would be no need to hurry. Now that we had a room of our own, we could stockpile some food and not have to get up so early on the weekends to rush down to breakfast.

And then Wendy's period started. She said she was a few days early but blamed it on all the exercise and excitement, and I lovingly helped her insert her first ever tampon.

By the time the weekend hit, we were ready for a break. The adrenaline had been pumping through our veins for three days and we both looked forward to some leisurely time with a basketball. *(You didn't think I would settle for just Volleyball did you?)*

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After a morning workout, shooting hoops and playing one on one, we headed back to our room to change. It seemed silly to use the gym shower when we had one in our own room.

We didn't bother watching the broadcast of our game against CCH that morning and were discussing whether or not we should try and get some more makeup. I had the strangest desire to paint Wendy's toenails.

Though we had seen Julie both Thursday and Friday night at practice, and had a chance to talk with her, both Wendy and I were surprised to see Julie and Linda walking down the hall towards our room on Saturday. They were carrying a big box between them and we quickly rushed to help.

It felt strange to think of Julie and Linda as being the adults in our small room, when my mind kept insisting that I was the eldest, but I was pleased to be a young girl.

They knew Wendy and I loved each other, and had gone shopping to help us set up our own place. It was only because of their special status with the school that they had the right to roam the hallways and enter our room!

Linda and Julie had brought all kinds of housewarming gifts. An electric kettle, a teapot along with a box of tea and powdered milk and sugar, a regular radio and some food and feminine hygiene products.

All the food was packaged in cellophane, mostly snacks, cookies and crackers and such, and they promised they would bring more the next time they came. I admonished Linda and reminded her that they could not afford to be this reckless with their money, but she shushed me and said that as of the start of the next semester, she would be at the school every day to assist the school nurse, and to teach!

I looked at her with a question in my eyes.

“I’m going to be teaching Sex-Ed!” she proclaimed with pride.

It seems that the regular nurse had no stomach for discussing something that as a nun, she had no experience with. Linda turned out to be superbly qualified!

We carefully unwrapped the cups and saucers they had brought and Wendy and I entertained our first, possibly our only guests ever, that afternoon. As a last surprise, before they left, Linda presented us with two large bottles of body lotion.

“Ooo!” I said with a lascivious grin, “I know just...”

“No!” she said smiling. “It’s not for that! We want you girls to start using this after you get out of the shower. If you don’t take care of your skin now, you’ll get dry and itchy skin.”

“And it will look like you have dandruff,” added Julie. “But for other special needs lubrication...” she pulled a couple of bottles of the stuff she had given me at the

hospital out of her purse, “this should tide you over for a while. Though from the looks of the two of you together... You probably don’t need it!”

Wendy blushed but I said thanks and gave them both a big hug.

After they left, Wendy checked out the radio and was thrilled that we could pick up CKLW with it. It was after all, ‘the’ rock station that played all the latest songs. Most radios couldn’t pick up the AM signal that came from Windsor.

We thought that having visitors in ‘our’ room was something really special and had enjoyed entertaining Linda and Julie. It was really nice of them to take care of us, as we were legally too young to do much of this ourselves. We had just put everything away when a knock sounded at the door.

It was Father Ed! And he was holding two potted plants. He explained he just wanted to bring a little nature into our lives and we thanked him very properly with big hugs! He hesitated, and I knew he was in a mood to talk, so why not go for broke and let him see that we had set up housekeeping?

“Father Ed, we were just about to put the kettle on. Would you like a cup of tea?”

“Thank you, Patti, a cup of tea would go down just fine.”

Wendy filled the kettle and I brought out some of the cookies that Linda and Julie had left for us. He just sat back in one of the easy chairs and watched with amusement as we served him.

“How do you take yours, Father Ed?” I asked.

“White with one,” he replied.

“I’m sorry, Father Ed, we only have powdered milk.”

“That’s all right, Patti, there is a trick to it you know.”

I grinned at him. “You add the powdered milk from one spoon and stir with a fork.”

“Did your mother teach you that, then?” he smiled.

“Yes, Father, a long while ago,” and I thought ‘*yes, a very long while ago.*’

He stayed for an hour or so, and eventually the conversation worked around to the gardens outside the window. I suggested we could plant vegetables amongst the flowers to supply the kitchen, and that brought another round of stories.

“You know, girls, St Ursula’s was originally founded as a home for unwed mothers. Now, I have gone through the records and it seems the Mother Superior at the time, one Sister Mary-Anne, was able to marry most of them off to decent men.”

“To help support the home, they planted gardens and sold the produce into the surrounding community and everyone here was expected to work in the gardens or inside, at least until the young mothers got too close to term. But most importantly, she taught the girls who came here, some no older than you two. It became a rather strange mixture of convent and school with maternity facilities. Then she made a change, which set the path for the school we have today. Do you know what that was?”

I glanced at Wendy. She was as entranced by his story as I, and she shook her head. “No, Father,” I replied.

“She accepted girls who weren’t about to become mothers. I don’t know if she was looking for additional income for the school, or if she was persuaded to take on the extra girls, but that was the first step. The school gained a name as a place where parents could send their daughters to keep them out of mischief and receive a good Catholic education. That’s pretty much as it is today except that the school provides such an ideal learning environment that now the school’s reputation is for education. However, there are some odd links to the past, such as that scholarship which brought you here, Patti.” He looked sad for a moment. “I don’t know what brought that about, but I hope it has been a blessing in disguise.”

“Oh, yes, Father,” I agreed enthusiastically. “I think that it was all for the best,” I added, smiling at Wendy.

He smiled fondly at us. “And now you girls and your teammates are forging the future. Do you know the school motto?”

We both shook our heads. I didn’t even know the school had a motto!

“Superbio factumi.”

We must have worn equally blank looks.

“Loosely translated, it means ‘*be proud of your achievements*’.”

With that, he got up to leave, thanking us for a wonderful time and asked if he might drop by again sometime, adding it had been a pleasure to talk and share a cup of tea.

After the door shut behind him, Wendy just looked at me and went, “Wow!”

“Yes, wow,” I agreed. “I think he could be a very good friend.”

“But he’s so *old*,” she said.

“Oh, I don’t know, he’s only what, 55 or 60? That’s not much older...” I saw her expression and hastily changed what I was about to say, “compared to say, the Galapagos turtle, which lives for five or six hundred years. Honey, age difference is relative.” I hugged her close, thinking I had a special perspective.

“Oh, Pete, I’ll always love you, no matter how old you are!”

I hugged her closer, my tears falling on her hair. “Thank you, darling. I’ll always love you, too!”

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Father Ed said Sunday Mass, and his sermon was ‘Being the best you can be’. Afterward, Mike and Anne took Wendy and me out for lunch. Our status had changed immensely thanks to being on the volleyball team, and we only had to tell the duty nun we were going out with my parents and when we expected to be back.

There must be a way of milking this, I thought idly as Wendy and I sat in the back of the car, but I couldn't think of anything I wanted that they weren't already giving me!

I have a fourteen-year-old girlfriend, I thought, and that brought a weird combination of feelings – a flush of puppy love and a realization that I loved – really loved! – A girl so much younger than myself!

I had two people – my new parents – who were looking out for me, as well as Father Ed, and Sister Elizabeth Ann, and Sister Gabe, and Linda and Julie...

I sniffled, and Ann turned around in her seat.

“Are you all right, Honey?” she asked.

“Oh, yes, Mom, I'm just so happy!”

She turned back to gaze out the windscreen, but I'm sure not before she saw Wendy's lips pursed as she drew my face down toward hers.

Mike enjoyed the Ponderosa, so that's where we went. Wendy and I had rib-eye fillet steak with fries and salad. As I told Wendy, we weren't on a diet and God knows we burnt off enough calories in a day, but as long as we were careful what we ate, we could enjoy special treats like this.

Ann told us that she had cleared it with Sister Elizabeth and she would pick us up on Wednesday before lunch to visit the dentist, and although she understood we had volleyball practice after last class, she had arranged an appointment with her hairdresser for both of us girls.

We ate in companionable silence for a while, and then Mike turned to us.

“You know,” he said, “The strangest thing happened yesterday. I was up the ladder trimming the big tree out the front yard,” gesturing with his fork, “and a boy just walked up and started holding the ladder for me. So I said, what you doing there? And he said ‘I don't want to see you fall off the ladder.’ So he held the ladder awhile, then he

climbs up the ladder while I hold it, and I tell you, he's got a better head for heights than me."

"I just got home from work," Ann chimed in, "and there's your father just standing there looking up a ladder into the tree with bits of leaf and tree falling down around him. I wondered what on earth was happening, and then I saw this boy up the ladder!"

'Einstein!' I thought to myself, *'You just couldn't resist it, could you!'*

"And so your Mom did some sodas for us when we were finished, and we got to talking. Real nice young man, turns out he only lives a couple blocks away, wouldn't take a cent for helping, either."

"He ended up staying for supper, after he had called his folks," Ann went on, "and he and your father got to talking electronics!"

"Yes, Pat – his name's Patrick, by the way, Patrick O'Donnell – he's got some interesting ideas on where electronics will go in the future. I'm going to try getting him a part time job at the shop helping out."

"And after supper, he even helped in the kitchen!" Ann exclaimed.

"You should hear you two," I laughed. "You sound like a double act! He really impressed you, huh?"

Ann looked at me, mortified. "Oh. I'm sorry, honey, I don't know what we sounded like..."

I took her hand. "It's okay, Mom, he sounds like a really nice boy. Maybe us and his folks can get together one weekend and you can introduce us."

I wondered how Einstein had felt getting a chance to meet and talk to his former parents. I hoped to have the same opportunity soon myself.

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After lunch, Mike drove us back to the school. Sunday shopping was still years in the future, but we found an open drug store where I bought a bottle of light pink nail polish, and being the big spender that I am, I splurged on a packet of emery boards.

Later that night in our room I put a coat of polish on Wendy's toe and fingernails, very much to her delight.

"You know this Patrick O'Donnell, don't you?" Wendy asked unexpectedly.

"What makes you say that?" I replied, trying to be nonchalant about it.

"I could see it in your eyes when your folks were talking about him. You weren't really surprised," she said, watching my eyes.

I smiled as I put a coat of sugar pink on her pinkie. "Yes, Honey, I know Pat. I met him in the hospital after I had my appendix out, but he was gone a couple days later."

"I won't push this, Pete," Wendy said weighing her words carefully, "but I'm in love with you and I saw something today that tells me you know this Patrick what-ever-his-name-was a whole lot better than you know anybody else."

"O'Donnell," I said, looking up from her nails. "His name is Patrick Charles O'Donnell." I smiled and returned my attention to where I was painting her nails. "And I suppose you could say I know Pat reasonably well."

"What's he like?" she asked curiously.

"Well, he's got dark hair with a bit of curl in it, and he's quite good looking, even if he doesn't think so himself. He's a bit shorter than me, but he'll probably grow up to be a bit over six foot. And he's quite nice now."

"Now?"

"It seems he used to be a bit of a troublemaker, but that stay in hospital changed his life around." I grinned, knowing Wendy wouldn't know why.

"It changed your life around too, didn't it Pete?"

I looked her, startled. “Yes honey, it did!” I leaned to kiss her lightly. “And it was worth every bit of the pain!”

“Will I meet him?”

“One day, Wendy. Maybe sooner than you think.”

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Monday night, Wendy made love to me.

I’m not sure how it started. We had been sleeping together since we moved into our own room, although we swapped beds, and our nighttime lovemaking continued with shared fondling, masturbation and lots of loving kisses.

For the first time ever, in two lives, I knew what it was to love and to be loved.

We had been kissing, gently lying on top of the sheets nude when Wendy started to suckle my little tits. Little they might be, but they were sensitive and when Wendy wrapped her lips around my nipples and pulled on the pink eraser nubs, my whole body responded. I clutched her head, holding it to my tit.

Wendy managed to squirm out of my grip and slid further down the bed till she was at my navel. I tried to tell her that she didn’t have to do anything more for me, but she just shushed me and said she was cleaning the lint out of my belly button for me and, YES! She stabbed her tongue into my belly while her fingers continued to tease my nipples.

Ever so slowly, Wendy nibbled her way down, lightly nipping at the sensitive flesh just above my pubes. When she stopped to plant dozens of kisses on my appendectomy scar, I knew for sure that she was my lover for life.

I could smell my own juices, and involuntarily spread my legs. Wendy shifted position and brought her face very close to my vagina. We still had a light on and it seemed she spent a long time inspecting it, using her fingers to spread my lower lips

while she did a visual tour. Then I felt the first tentative brush of her tongue over my dripping hole. I moaned. This was so fucking great!

What I thought was hesitancy on Wendy's part turned out to be her idea of teasing me to the point where I was bursting with desire! She softly licked at my clit, slid a finger into me and twisted it around and then blew on my steamy snatch, letting my hot juices cool on my skin.

My hands were starting to pull the sheets right out of the bed when I couldn't take any more and I grabbed Wendy's head in my hands and tried to force it into my cunt!

Wendy lightly bit and nibbled on my clit and all I saw was stars! Stars were bursting all around me as I came like I had never come before! I was barely breathing after the first crash when Wendy took me to a second climax and then a third!

My whole body felt like one big orgasm, and I was sensitive everywhere! As I rolled over and tried to stop myself from hyperventilating by sticking my face in the pillow, Wendy dragged her nails all over my ass!!! I swear to God that if someone had hollered "Fire" at that very moment I would have told them, "Fuck it! I'm not moving."

Wendy cradled me in her arms for a long time before my body stopped quivering. Then we kissed like we were possessed. Our legs intertwined and though I would have thought it impossible we actually humped our twats on each other's leg bringing Wendy a much-needed climax and giving me a final one for the night.

"Jesus, Wendy," I said. "I've never had four in a night. I love you so much!"

Wendy said that she had wanted to give me the same pleasure I had given her the night we won our first game, and then surprised me by asking if we could try it like she had heard about: Doing it to each other at the same time!

I laughed and said absolutely. But another night. I was exhausted and was positive I would be walking bowlegged all day tomorrow.

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I did walk a bit funny Monday morning as we headed to our first class. In my previous life I simply had never taken the time to discover the joys that good oral sex brought to a woman. Perhaps I might have saved my marriage if I had or maybe had better relationships with the women I dated afterwards. Oh well... that was all behind me now. This time I was going to live my life with feelings. Not just my own, but those of others around me!

At practice that night, Sister Gabe addressed the team, saying she had some interesting news for us.

“Shortly after lunch a boy called and asked to speak to me. He said that I should call him ‘Einstein’ and that someone on the team would vouch for him.”

She paused for a moment, looking around at us but thought better of asking the question.

“He said that he went to Beal Tech!”

A murmur went through the girls. Beal Tech, one of the strongest teams in the competition! It was also considered the best engineering and technical school in the province and admission was earned on the basis of academic excellence. Though a public High School, they had a waiting list of applications each year and it was the only public school to come close to St. Ursula’s in academic achievement.

“He said that their TV station had obtained a copy of the film taken by CFPL at the CCH game, and their sports department is using it to study our moves and strategy!”

“Ladies, I believe this is legitimate. So what shall we do next?”

“Well, WIN, of course!” said Wendy as if it was perfectly obvious, and everyone started laughing.

“It sounds as if we have really stirred them up,” added Annette. “We’ll have a real fight on our hands!”

“Right,” said Sister Gabe. “Let’s all work on our game today and by the time we meet Beal, we’ll be ready for them. Remember our next game is against Saunders on Thursday. Their court.”

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