

“Once More With Feelings”

A new story by Night Hawk

© 2004 by **Night Hawk**

Chapter 19: Getting to Know Me

Wendy was unusually quiet when we went to bed Thursday night. I couldn't really blame her. It had to be a lot like walking in on a secret meeting only to discover that life, as you knew it, was actually run by a committee.

She just cuddled real tight to me that night and kept telling me how much she loved me. I knew she needed reassurance so I just showed her with gentle kisses and soft murmurs about how much I loved her and that I never wanted us to be apart. I could feel her tears on my shoulder as she finally drifted off to sleep.

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

Friday found ten new girls at Volleyball practice, mostly from grades 10 and 11. Sister Gabe told us that out of the dozens of candidates that had expressed interest in joining the team, these ten were the best, but there was already a line up to join the Basketball team when it was formed.

“Why wait until the season starts?” I asked Sister Gabe. “If we start now, we'll have months to put a great team together! And if you hold basketball practice after volleyball, Wendy and me can join in and maybe make that team as well.”

“Yeah,” said Annette. “I wouldn't mind a piece of that action myself.” A chorus of other voices joined in as well. Sister Gabe just beamed from ear to ear.

“Okay,” she said. “We'll keep the Volleyball practice schedule the way it is but for only an hour and then the Basketball team can start preparing.”

I looked at Annette and said, “Are you up for Track as well?”

Annette smiled. “Think you can beat me?”

We both laughed and knew then that when spring came, we were going to have one hell of a track and field team.

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

We didn't pay as much attention to the news on Friday as we had the week before, but the team gathered to listen anyway as the sports reporter recounted our stunning victory over Saunders.

Over breakfast with the team, we read, or rather listened to Mandy read the account of the game in the London Free Press. The team picture that Jim Blake had taken took up a good deal of space on the front of the sports section and there were two perfect shots of Annette side by side, one of her facing the serving line and the other of her spiking the ball in the second. The story continued on the inside pages along with more stats and somehow he had managed to get our complete season schedule for both home and away games. He even listed where we would play the first game on our way to the divisional championship!

Wendy and I watched a bit of the game being replayed Saturday morning but grew tired of it pretty quickly. That was all history now and we had new history to write.

After confession, Wendy and I spent a couple of leisurely hours in the gym shooting hoops and just talking. I was pretty introspective that morning. Sunday I was going to meet my first parents for the first time.

I realized I couldn't remember what they were really like, my memories of them colored by my teenage perceptions at the time. Dad seemed always to be withdrawn, more often than not retreating to his shed after supper with a half dozen beers. I remembered Mom's perpetually worried look when she wasn't nagging me or Dad, and being glad to put the place behind me when I was old enough to move out. I hadn't seen them in the last ten years now. Our last meeting hadn't been real friendly. They both looked old and tired and gray, and now I wondered... how much misery and pain had I made for them?

Instead, they now had a bright and attentive son in Einstein, making their lives very happy. I knew that Mike and Ann were happy, but they had been also happy with their first Patti up until she turned 17. They had only been concerned about her shy personality and her withdrawal from society as she started High School.

I was seeing that as each day passed by, I was acting and thinking more like the girl I now was, that person I once had been becoming more a stranger to me each day. I felt less a 45 year old man in a girl's body than a girl with the memories of a 45-year-old man.

It made me see as well how women were treated and I wasn't very happy with it. What bothered me more was remembering that I had once been one of those people who treated women as less than equals.

I also started to accept that there were things in life I couldn't change or prevent, no matter how much I wanted. I'd be certified as a lunatic until after an event happened and then probably be charged for knowing too much about it. I really felt bad that I couldn't do anything to prevent the needless death of John Lennon. That really bothered me.

I felt a certain frustration over the fact that not only would I not be taken seriously because of my age, but doubly so because I was a girl, and yet I was so content living as one. I had even mentioned it to Father Ed during confession that I felt I was somehow wrong in enjoying my life so much. Bless him, Father Ed just asked me if I still believed in God, and would God want me to enjoy life or suffer. I told him that I thought God would want me to enjoy what I had been given and he had said that there was my answer.

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

On Saturday afternoon, Linda and Julie came to visit us in our room and brought even more goodies. I made the tea, and we sat and had a pleasant visit before Linda couldn't contain herself any longer.

"So you just came right out and asked Patrick?" she asked.

"There was nothing to ask," I replied. "Ask Wendy or Julie. I told him his studies were required and he simply agreed."

Linda fell back in her chair. "I can't believe it. I couldn't believe it when Julie said he agreed to do it, and I still can't believe it."

"I can also tell you that aside from having extremely good genes, he has never tried any drugs or had any problems apart from the usual childhood things," I said.

"How do you know all this?" Linda asked.

I paused. Einstein seemed to have no problems with the truth, he just doled it out in small quantities and I really respected the way he had handled getting our two families together without making it look like it was all set up.

"Okay... Trust me on this," I said. "You are NOT ready for the whole story yet, but I'll give you a conundrum: I met Einstein for the first time in the hospital, but I have known Patrick all my life."

Both Linda and Julie's mouths dropped open as they stared at me, but Wendy got up and put her arm around me. "I trust you, Pete," she said, "and I believe you."

I let my breath out and turned to give Wendy a kiss, right in front of Linda and Julie.

Linda finally nodded and took Julie's hand.

"And, Linda," I said, "If you're going to be a mother, I think it's time you quit smoking."

Linda slowly nodded. "Can I finish this pack, Mom?" she asked teasingly. "God, girl, you know how to stop a conversation, don't you! Hey, Patrick's a virgin, isn't he?" At my nod, she continued, "So who's going to get his cherry?"

Beside me, Wendy blushed bright pink and Julie and I giggled. "Well, not me," I said, "I'm still learning how to make love to a woman," and Wendy blushed even brighter, "and I can just see me going up to Sister Elizabeth 'Oh Sister Elizabeth, can Patrick stay the night? Oh, he's a virgin, you see, and I need to teach him how to fuck!'"

Wendy had both hands over her mouth trying to hold in her laughter, but Linda and Julie were almost falling off the bed in their mirth.

"And she just might want to do it herself!"

There was a stunned silence.

"God, girl, you got a nasty imagination!" growled Linda, "and if you don't stop it, I might just have to take my woman home and make mad passionate love to her!"

I looked to see Wendy's wide eyes on mine, her hand still over her mouth, but then noticed her nipples poking dents in her blouse.

"Anyways, Wendy is my first love." I said, stroking her hair. "I might try it someday, but not just yet."

"He looks pretty good to me too," said Wendy with a smile, surprising me, "but I don't want to cheat on Pete."

I laughed. "Honey," I said hugging her close, "it isn't cheating if your lover knows and approves!" I moved my hand down to cup her breast. "Besides, maybe one day we'll do him together and fulfill his every fantasy!" I nuzzled her neck, feeling her nipple erect under my touch and Wendy moaned.

"Oh, God girl, get a room!" Julie whined.

Wendy giggled. "We got a room! What you two going to do?"

"So," Linda said, changing the subject. "Who's it going to be?"

I looked at them. "I think that since he is going to be making love to you, Linda, that Julie should teach him how. That way the two of you can both experience the act and it will draw you even closer sharing in the creation of your child."

"Patti's right," Julie said. "Who better to teach him how to make love to you, Honey, than me?"

“Now all we need to do is pick a time and location for you to start,” I said.

As we enjoyed the rest of the afternoon, Wendy turned on the radio and Elvis came on singing his version of “In the Ghetto.”

“That man can still sing,” said Julie.

“Enjoy it while you can,” I said, “In 1977 he’ll die of a prescription drug overdose.”

“My God!” exclaimed Julie. “Can’t we warn him?”

“And what would you say, Julie?” I asked. “Assuming you could get to him. He doesn’t realize he has a problem and his doctor prescribes all of his drugs. Are you going to get past the Memphis Mafia and tell Elvis to change doctors?”

Julie sighed and agreed, but said that it was just so unfair.

“I know, Julie,” I said as I sat on the arm of her chair and put my arm around her. “Sometimes life isn’t fair and there’s nothing you can do about it.”

Julie looked so sad.

“But,” I said, “there are things we can do to make life better for our friends. It might never be a fair world, but that doesn’t mean we have to be miserable in it!”

We were interrupted by a knock on the door.

Father Ed had decided to stop by for tea.

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

For the next two hours the five of us sat drinking tea, and cracking up over Father Ed’s jokes. The old priest knew a bunch of them too. Just slightly off color, swearing he had learned them from the nuns!

As it was getting close to suppertime, Father Ed asked all of us to join him for a meal out. He said he got a special ‘family’ discount at an Italian restaurant not too far away so we wouldn’t have to drive.

Linda and Julie were a bit surprised but gladly accepted the invite and we set off on foot to the Satellite.

We feasted on real Italian spaghetti and meatballs and toasted garlic bread with melted mozzarella. Linda and Julie split a carafe of red house wine with Father Ed, while Wendy and I had 7Up. I excused myself for a few minutes and used the pay phone back

by the washrooms to call Ann. I explained where we were and asked if I could invite Father Ed to the family barbeque. She was very pleased and was delighted that he might come along. I told her I loved her and to give my love to dad and said I would see her at mass in the morning. From old habit, I checked the change slot on the pay phone to see if I had gotten my dime back and then laughed, remembering how important it had seemed when I was 14 the first time.

It was a great meal and afterwards we walked back to the school taking the long way to let the pasta settle. I asked Father Ed if he would be free to join our families for an afternoon picnic at Fanshaw and he seemed genuinely delighted.

We hugged and said goodbye to Linda and Julie in the parking lot and then headed in with Father Ed. We checked in at the front desk and then gave Father Ed a hug goodnight and Wendy and I headed for our room to clean up.

While we had cups and saucers, we didn't have a kitchen sink, and had to wash it all in the bathroom basin. Not that there was a lot to do, but it was nice to see that we could entertain three visitors at a time even if Wendy and me had to sit on one of the beds to do it.

We looked through our civilian clothes for something we could wear for the following day and realized that Wendy had lost so much weight that everything was just hanging on her, and I certainly wasn't thrilled with my polyester slacks. I promised Wendy that we would go shopping sometime soon and get ourselves some casual pants, jeans hopefully, and a couple of sweaters for the cooler weather.

I had an idea. "Honey, I want us to wear our tracksuits tomorrow to the picnic." When Wendy asked why, I just smiled and said, "You'll see!"

We finished off the night cuddled nude under a blanket sitting in one of the good chairs, Wendy in my lap, listening to the radio and looking out at the stars by the light of a single candle.

It was nice, it was romantic, and I realized I was in love.

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

Einstein and his parents weren't at mass Sunday morning, but I knew that Tom and Rita were not regular churchgoers. I wondered how Einstein had adjusted to that part of his new life. I know she stopped attending church after the death of her daughter, but I wondered how much of her beliefs had stayed with her.

Me, I didn't mind going to mass. At least it wasn't in Latin anymore and they sang modern hymns to try and bring more young people out to services. Father Ed was a good speaker and his sermons were always interesting and topical to what was going on in life today. The rest of it I could easily go through but I did my praying to the Goddess,

because in my heart I knew that the Almighty could not be a male or a female but what we ourselves saw our Creator as being, and I knew Her to be a loving Mother with a wicked sense of humor!

Wendy and I sat together flanked by Mike and Ann, and even Julie and Linda were there! Afterwards, Wendy and I changed quickly and joined up with Father Ed. Ann's station wagon was big enough to hold all of us with room for the food so off we all went on the 45-minute drive to Fanshaw.

On the way, Mike told us Tom would have the barbeque loaded and ready and hoped we were all hungry!

I giggled when he proudly held up a brand new 8-Track tape and announced it was the latest thing, a quadraphonic tape! – Then slotted it into the player. He was not amused, and asked me what was so funny.

“Oh, Daddy, an eight track tape is four tracks split into stereo on quarter inch wide tape,” I said. “So quadraphonic is sixteen tracks, and each track has got to be about,” I thought for a moment “about one and a half hundredths of an inch wide! That's not going to work real well in a mobile unit, there's too much vibration!”

“It's not 8-track” he replied tersely, “It's quadraphonic on an 8-track format!”

“Ah!” I replied, “So it's not compatible with existing players?”

“You don't like it?” he asked, sounding hurt.

“I'm sorry, dad,” I said. “I know it sounds like a good idea, but I think it will die off like the old 78 records. The problem is that it trades four channels for sound quality, and if you look at all the advances in recording technology, they've all been for better sound.”

“Alright, smarty-pants,” he challenged, “How would you do it?”

I sat in thought; not realizing the rest of the car was quiet as they listened to our exchange.

“Okay, Daddy, you're right, I can't think of any media that will support four discrete channels any better than the tape. You could do it commercially on movie film, but I can't think of anything for home use that would work better than tape. The problem is that you lose backward compatibility. You may as well set up a couple extra speakers in pseudo-surround. Anyway, turn up the music!” And next we were listening to Herb Albert and the Tijuana Brass.

‘I won't be bothering to buy any of *those*,’ I thought to myself. ‘Maybe some collectable albums, though.’

Mike pulled the station wagon up close to the pavilion and we started to unpack the back. Ann asked us why we had worn our tracksuits, as I assumed she would, and I explained to her that we didn't have any casual slacks or jeans and a skirt would be just a bit too cool today.

"Oh, good!" she exclaimed. "A perfect excuse for another girls' day out!"

I grinned at her, and she ruffled my hair. "You're getting too smart for your own good, little girl!" she said with a laugh.

I waited behind as everyone else collected various bags and baskets and carried them up to the pavilion, and when Mike had closed the tailgate of the wagon, I took his arm. "I'm sorry, Daddy, I wasn't making fun of you, it's just that I think that quadrasonic eight track tapes will be just a bit of a fad. You should keep a look out for tape units with Dolby noise reduction. That man, Dolby, will have an enormous influence on how music is recorded."

Mike looked at me curiously. "Patti-cake, I love you. You're my baby girl. I just don't understand how you know so much about the field that I spent years studying in. You never showed much interest before." Then he glanced around and seeing nobody was within earshot, he said, "and you're not the first one to laugh when they saw that tape deck. Patrick helped me install the extra speakers and when I told him what they were for, he couldn't stop laughing either. That boy might only be 14 years old, but he knows as much about recording tape as I do. Even down to what the tape was made of and what kind of oxide coating I should be looking for in the future. He even suggested that I replace this with a cassette player!"

"He's got a good point, Daddy," I said.

Mike put his arm around me as we walked up the small rise. "You two kids... You're so different than the kids we see everyday. I'm glad that Tom and Rita don't mind sharing Patrick with me. Rita and your mother have gotten a group of women together to make doll clothes that will fit Barbies. And did you know that Tom makes wooden toys to give to kids in the hospitals? I've been going over with your mother and helping him out. I think it's a good cause, and then I hear about you and Wendy giving your hair to the Sick Children's Hospital... We seem to be doing a lot for sick kids, don't we, sweetie? Maybe it's just to remind us that we're lucky to have such great kids ourselves and grateful that you both are healthy."

And then we topped the rise and I saw Tom and Rita.

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

I stopped so suddenly that I caught Mike off balance, and found I was hugging his arm for dear life.

“Patti-cake, what’s the matter?” he asked anxiously. “You’re trembling! Honey, are you okay?” He put down the basket he was holding, took me in his arms and I buried my face in his shoulder. He didn’t say anything, just held me, and I found I was wetting his shoulder with my tears.

After a minute or so of stroking my hair, he asked, “What is it, Honey? New people?”

I nodded into his shoulder, and he went on, “It’s okay honey, they’re nice people. You just take your time.”

I felt another presence, and Mom’s voice asked, “Are you two okay?”

“It’s okay, honey.” Mike replied, “Patti’s just a little anxious about meeting new people again.”

His words with their unintended accuracy brought a choked sob from me, and Ann replied, “Okay, I’ll tell everyone you’ll be a few minutes.”

Moments later, I felt Mike’s arm lift and another body snuggled up to me. Wendy didn’t say anything, just wrapped her arm around me and I felt Mike hug us both close.

After a couple more minutes, I felt better and raised my head to look at Mike. “Thanks, Daddy,” pecked him quickly on the lips, and then squeezed Wendy. “Thanks, darling, love you!”

“Love you too!” she replied, then blushed as she shot a glance at Mike.

He hugged us both again, saying to Wendy, “It’s okay, honey. Your Mom and I love you both too.” Turning to me, he said, “You ready?”

I smiled at him, “Yes, Daddy, let’s do it!”

With a ‘that’s my girl!’ he looped his arm through mine, and with Wendy on my other arm, we strolled the twenty yards or so to the pavilion where everyone was gathered.

Einstein came to meet us and greeted us with a smile. “Hi Patti, hi Wendy. Hi Mike, Dad’s got a beer waiting for you. Everyone else has been introduced, would you like to meet my parents now?” he asked, with the slightest emphasis on the ‘my.’

“Yeah, Einstein,” I smiled back, “I’m ready now,” and the three of us followed him to where Tom and Rita sat.

“Mom, Dad, this is Patti Johnson, and her best friend Wendy Miller.”

God! I couldn't believe how different from my memories they looked, happy and relaxed.

Rita gave me a quick hug, and I shivered at the scent of her familiar perfume. She didn't say anything, but I caught her anxious glance as she released me to give Wendy a similar greeting.

With a “Call me Tom!” he carefully shook our hands in his huge paw, and then turned to Mike. “Got your beer? Good. I think we better get that barbeque going before my stomach thinks my throat is cut! We'll leave you ladies to get acquainted.”

Ann and Rita shooed us off, saying they had everything under control. “Just don't go too far, or there'll be nothing left for you!”

We wandered down toward the lake, Einstein between us with an arm over our shoulders. He was as tall as me, and I commented, “You've grown a bit since we first met at the hospital!”

“Yeah, well, I was mostly sitting in a wheelchair, if you remember. But I have grown a bit in the last few months. Mom had to let down some of my pants.”

Wendy snaked her arm back behind Einstein and gave my butt a squeeze, so I slipped my arm behind him as well to play with her bra strap, threatening to undo it. I heard laughter from behind us the two Moms unpacked the food.

“I'll bet they wouldn't be laughing if they knew what we were talking about yesterday,” said Wendy.

“And what would that be?” asked Einstein.

“We were just thinking of giving you every man's wish and have a three way with you,” I said, which made Wendy blush.

“Hmm... let me first find out if I can make one woman happy before I try and tackle two at the same time,” he said without even batting an eyelash.

“You're not having a problem with the idea of sleeping with a woman?” I asked surprised.

“No, not once I got used to the idea,” he said. “Women are softer.”

“This is so weird,” I said. “I wasn't sure which way I would go, but I sure as hell wasn't going to let a man near me. Lucky for me, I found Wendy. I really know what

love is now, but we're both virgins as far as being with boys goes, so we thought that just so we know, we would try it once and being you're the best candidate..."

Einstein laughed as he walked us to a picnic table where we could sit down and look at the lake.

Fanshaw isn't really a lake; it's more like an oversized pond that was created when they blocked the Thames River to put in a generating plant. I'm not sure how deep it was in the middle but it was big enough to have its own yacht club and the lake was covered in sails as weekend skippers took their boats out. Power boats weren't allowed on the man made lake except for the one the lifeguards used and one weekend a year when they had power boat races on the lake.

Einstein brought me back to our present train of thought when he said that he was still hanging on to his virginity as well. He liked the idea that Julie would teach him how to make love to a woman properly, and that the idea of sharing a bed with Wendy and me had given him a boner.

I laughed and Wendy blushed again. I have to say that Wendy was taking all this strange conversation in without question or any doubts.

"So what do you think of your dad's new tape system," he said with a chuckle.

"God. I felt so bad," I said. "I laughed when he showed me the 8-Track, but I hear that you laughed as well."

"Yeah, I helped him wire in the other speakers. Did you know that he offered me a part time job at his shop?" he asked.

"Really?" I said. "That would be so cool. You can become a nerd before they invent the word!"

"What's a nerd?" Wendy asked.

"It's a term they'll start using in the 80's," I said, "to describe people who are hooked on technology."

"But," said Einstein, "nerds will rule by the 90's! Speaking of which, I joined the computer club at Beal."

"Oh wow!" I said. "Back to punch cards? Why'd you want to do that?"

"I always liked computers," he said, "and this is the best training to get in on the ground floor if I want to follow it right through to the end. I might be able to learn enough to get into University with it and get a Master's in computer science. Hell, I've got 16 years to go before PCs become popular and then another five before the Net really

takes off. It's a good career move. I know I said I wanted to study law, but being at Beal, I've got a chance to get a real head start, and I might get into Ryerson University. I'll be able to double my chances of getting a scholarship if I apprentice under your dad in electronic repairs."

I nodded my head and agreed with him but reminded him to stay active so that he didn't turn into a desk blob. He laughed and said that he was exercising regularly, watching what he ate and that it was his goal to end up teaching programming skills.

I turned my eyes away from the lake and then swiveled on the bench seat so I could watch Tom and Rita.

"I really should be over there helping," Einstein said, "but I know exactly how you're feeling. What do you think of them?"

"I've never seen them so happy," I said. "I hear that you got the two families introduced as well and that they're now regulars at your place."

"Yeah, it's really been lucky for me. I hope that you're as happy as I am."

"So how long," Wendy asked, "before I hear the whole story?"

"Soon, Sweetheart," I said. "Real soon. I know you've been patient with me, and I know you know I love you, but when we tell our story, I want it to be just you and Linda and Julie who hear it."

"You don't want your parents to know?" Wendy asked.

"If they knew!" exclaimed Einstein. "Jeez, that would really screw the pooch, right, Peppermint?"

"Absolutely!"

Finally we got off our butts to help with supper. Einstein went over to stand with Tom and Mike who were basically just drinking beer and watching the coals turn just the right color. Father Ed was drinking coffee from a thermos and was talking to Ann and Rita about how disappointed he was with the majority of the girls at the school who didn't want to part with their long hair even though it meant helping somebody less fortunate.

"Vanity, thy name is woman," said Rita. "I like the way Patti has her hair, and we all know how fast it grows back."

Father Ed laughed and stroked his own thin hair.

"Well, for some of us anyway," Rita added.

Linda said she and Julie were going to let theirs grow for a year so that they could donate a good length but that right now it was too short to take off ten inches.

There wasn't much we could do to help, so Wendy and I took care of adding the mayo to the salads and just listening to the older women talk.

"We must really be the luckiest parents in the world," said Ann.

"Why's that, Ann?" asked Rita.

"In these times of confusion for teenagers, we have surprisingly well balanced mature kids. Their choice of friends is excellent," said Ann, smiling at Wendy and Linda and Julie, "and they don't waste their time on frivolous things but seem intent on getting a good education."

"Well," said Rita, "I had my worries with Patrick over the last few years, but since he started High School, he has done a complete turn around. I'm very proud to call him my son now."

My eyes filled with tears as I choked down my emotions. I quickly turned away so that neither Ann nor Rita could see me.

"I know what you mean," said Ann. "I thought Patti was going to become a permanent wallflower. She only had one friend, who I really didn't approve of, and stayed to herself most of the time. Now look at her. Volleyball, outgoing and even smarter than she was in grade school."

Wendy squeezed my leg and said, "I don't think that Patti should be hearing all this praise," she laughed lightly. "Her head won't fit on the pillow tonight."

"Well, I think she deserves it," said Rita. "She's a good looking girl and has a bright future ahead of her."

"It's going to be a while before supper is ready," Ann said. "We don't need any help here. Why don't you kids go for a walk or something?"

Father Ed spoke up. "That's a good idea. Maybe I can convince the youngsters to walk the maze with me."

That was one thing that Fanshaw had that had been standing forever. A huge maze made out of evergreens. It was easily ten feet high, and complex! It spread out over an acre and it was a challenge to find the middle. It reminded me of the one in the movie "The Shining."

Ann insisted that Linda and Julie go with us as well, so calling Einstein over, the six of us headed up the hill to walk the maze.

There were three ways into the maze so we decided to split into pairs. Einstein and I would take the path to the left, Wendy and Linda took the path to the right, and Julie and Father Ed took the center path. It was a race to find the heart of the maze.

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

Within a few short minutes we were totally out of sight from the others, and the trees were thick enough to allow us private conversation.

“How do you feel about being a boy now?” I asked him.

“It’s weird,” he said. “At first, all I could think about was that I was a full grown woman older than our parents, but as time went on, it seemed like I was becoming a boy. I still remember everything, but...”

“I know exactly what you mean,” I told him. “I had trouble with what gender I was but recently I decided that I really am a young girl. Like you, my memory is still intact, but I’m seeing it through different eyes.”

“Damn these hormones,” he said after a few minutes of wandering through what were apparently dead ends.

“Why?” I asked.

“That comment about a three way won’t leave my little head and it can get quite painful all bent over.”

“So... adjust it,” I said.

“I haven’t figured out quite how to do that yet,” Einstein said. “I generally don’t get turned on by much these days since I’ve accepted my new gender, but some things... well, you know what I mean.”

I stopped us in the path and turned to him, undoing his belt and slipping my hand inside his jeans.

“Patti! You can’t do that!” he said.

“Oh hell, Einstein,” I said. “I’ve been adjusting this cock for 40 years. It sure as hell isn’t something I haven’t seen before. I know it well.”

It was hard, no pun intended, to do this from in front of him so I moved behind him and drawing back the foreskin brought a weird feeling to me. His cock felt so firm,

so hot, so excited, and so tempting. It was like an electric current shot through my body. I quickly shook those thoughts out of my head and adjusted it so that it was fully extended but down by the side of his leg, outside the leg of his jockey shorts.

“Now do yourself up,” I said, “and let’s get to the middle.”

He laughed. “We’re nearly there already, Peppermint. You want into a maze you just follow the left hand wall all the way always following wherever it takes you. You want out, you just follow the right hand wall. And, thanks for the helping hand!”

“You goofball,” I said with a smile.

“That, Wendy,” he said, “she’s hot. Nice body and a great personality. Cathy couldn’t hold a candle to Wendy.”

“Oh... what am I?” I said trying to sound indignant, “chopped liver?”

He laughed and said that as easy as it had been for me to adjust him, he saw me the same way. “I know your body, Peppermint. I already know what makes it tick and where your most sensitive spots are. It’s a weird kind of turn on because I know what you look like naked, but visually, Wendy gives me the boner.”

“She needs to hear it from you,” I said. “She had pretty low self esteem when I first met her. It might be nice to hear that coming from you.”

Einstein thought about it for a minute as we made the last turn and found ourselves in the middle of the maze. “Okay,” he said, “I’ll suggest we all change partners and see who can get out of the maze the fastest, and I’ll just take her hand.”

We sat down on the bench and just to tease him, I softly said that I also knew how much he would learn to love having his cock sucked, and that since I knew his body better than anybody else ever could, I could give him a blow job that would literally blow his mind!

He didn’t get a chance for a come back as Julie and Father Ed entered the clearing. We all sat on the benches located there waiting for Wendy and Linda to make their way through.

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

Wendy and Linda managed to stumble into the clearing about ten minutes later and collapsed on one of the benches.

Father Ed said that next time he was going to try the maze he was bringing along a canteen and a picnic lunch!

After a bit we read the memorial plaque that described who had created the maze, how many years it had taken for it to grow and that since the start of the flooding of this part of the Thames and the lake it created, after the owner's death that it had been donated to the park and was maintained by the Upper Thames River Conservation Authority.

"Now I suggest we switch partners and see who can get back out the fastest," said Einstein.

Before anybody had a chance to say anything, he grabbed Wendy by the hand and led her to the opening that Father Ed and Julie had come out of.

"I'm not coming in last this time," said Linda and held her hand out to Father Ed and they took off the way Einstein and I had come in.

Julie and I continued to sit for a few minutes longer. The sun was shining down, just starting to cast some shadows and the trees kept the breeze out.

"You're not in a rush to get out?" Julie asked me.

"Nah, there's a trick to it," I said. "We could sit here for another ten minutes and still be the first ones out."

"What's on your mind, Honey," Julie asked me.

I smiled at her and told her I was a bit confused. I knew that I really loved Wendy, and just couldn't picture my life without her, but a part of me wanted to know if I was really a lesbian.

Julie laughed and said that only mankind placed such strict regulations on sexuality. She went on to tell me about chimps and other animals that were sexually active with both genders.

"I knew when I was twelve," she said, "that I only wanted to be with a woman, but that was for love and life. It didn't mean that I wasn't going to give men a chance. A man can be fun, if he has a good heart. I just personally prefer women."

"But you're going to teach Einstein how to make love to a woman properly," I said.

"Yes," she said after some deliberation. "He's got a good head on his shoulders, he hasn't been corrupted by male attitudes and I think he has a really good heart. It will be fun to teach him how to make a woman feel like she is being loved by a man instead of being used."

Ouch. That sounded an awful lot like the old me, but I smiled and said, “Be sure and teach him well, Julie. Wendy and I want to lose our cherries to a good loving man. Now let’s get out of here.”

Holding on to Julie’s hand felt comforting, and I just trailed my hand along the right hand wall never breaking contact with it, and as I predicted, 10 minutes later we were sitting outside of the maze waiting for the others to join us. I didn’t know why it was taking Einstein so long to make his way out, but I was to find out later that night.

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

We made it back to the pavilion just in time to see Mike and Tom put the steaks on the grill. Ann and Rita had set the table and covered bowls were all over the place. Aside from the salads that Julie and Linda had brought, there was regular salad, Caesar salad, and coleslaw. Fresh buns and real butter and cold fried chicken. The potatoes were already baking on the grill and soon we were feasting on a delicious meal.

During the meal I kept glancing at Tom and Rita. They were so content and in their element. I listened to the way Tom talked about Einstein, and I was really glad that he had not had to deal with the way I had turned out the first time. He was obviously proud of his son and Rita was just glowing.

They included me in the conversation, mostly about school and the hair and of course the Volleyball, which was good because that included Wendy as well. We told them about our practicing Basketball so we would be ready for the season, and Rita asked if that wasn’t taking away from our study time. It was Father Ed who answered that one.

“Its amazing, Mrs. O’Donnell, but the more energy these girls spend on sports the better their grades get. I don’t want to make predictions yet, but based on what Sister Elizabeth Ann has told me, these girls are in the top 5% of all their classes. If they continue at the pace they are going, they will easily be on the Honor Roll at the end of their first year.”

“That is amazing,” Ann said. “Girls, you should be proud of yourselves!”

Wendy blushed, and I tried to brush the whole thing off. “We like the school, the teachers and we like sports. I guess that if you like it all, you can’t help but do well.”

“And I hear that Patrick is doing just as well,” said Ann. “High marks on the mid terms, member of the electronics club, the radio and TV station and the computer club as well!”

It was Einstein’s turn to blush.

“We’ve got some smart kids here,” said Mike, “we should be grateful.”

“Ah, now, that you should,” said Father Ed. “I wish more of this generation would take their studies so seriously and still find room to enjoy extracurricular activities.”

While I was busy sneaking glances at Tom and Rita, I noticed Einstein giving Wendy the eye on more than one occasion and realized that when she saw him do it, she blushed. I was going to have to find out what happened in the maze!

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

After supper, there was pie for dessert. Big slabs of it! Blueberry and Peach and Apple. It was a difficult choice, so I had a bit of each!

We cleaned up the dishes and packed most of the food away. Mike and Tom took most of the stuff back to the cars and then brought back a football.

“We know we can’t beat you girls in Volleyball,” Mike said, “but maybe we stand a chance in Football.”

“Mike, that’s not fair,” said Ann. “Football is a man’s game.”

“That’s okay, Mom,” I said. “I think that us girls have a pretty good chance.”

“Well, I’ll be doing the cheering from the sidelines,” said Father Ed. “I’m afraid that I’m a little old to be running around after a ball.”

We laughed and told him that he was still young at heart, but then Ann and Rita said they would sit and drink coffee with Father Ed and for us youngsters to have a good time.

Linda looked at Julie and I knew we had ringers on our side. It was four girls against two men and Einstein. I knew that Einstein had my strength and agility, but he had never played before, and my arms had muscled up considerably from all the sports Wendy and I participated in.

The men though, they thought that this was going to be easy!

We huddled and Linda told us that she used to play with a varsity team in college and I told her that I could throw the ball arrow straight easy. So it was decided that once we got the ball, Julie and Wendy would run for the back and either Linda or I would throw.

Since the men wanted to give us “little ladies” a break we had first possession of the ball and Julie hiked the ball to Linda and tore off across the field. Linda passed the ball to me and said, “Make it count!”

As Linda headed straight up the middle, I faded back getting a feel for the ball. I saw Tom and Mike barreling towards me, but Einstein knew that ball was going to fly. He just didn't know which girl to cover.

I was amazed when I let loose with that ball. I could hear stitches already start to whistle by my ear as I let loose with a perfect shot that Linda snapped out of the air fifty yards downfield and she ran for the goal line.

There wasn't enough room to kick for field goals so we returned to kick the ball to the men.

Okay... we knew how to throw the ball and catch it, but kicking it wasn't our strong suit. Linda had the honor and I think it flew all of forty feet before it bounced off the ground and Einstein was there to grab it and he ran with it towards Wendy. It was supposed to be touch football only, but Wendy grabbed hold of him and pulled him to the ground. When they got up I could tell they were both blushing and Einstein walked back to Mike and Tom for a huddle but it seemed like he was limping. As we huddled up I asked her what she had said to him.

"I asked him if me tackling him would give him a boner," she said with a wicked grin.

Julie and Linda laughed and said that was the way equality of the sexes really worked!

Tom threw and Einstein caught it behind us and easily went past the goal line. We played for about a half hour more and then with the score still tied we decided that it was time to pack it up.

"Patrick," said Ann, "Why aren't you into sports at school?"

"Well, Mrs. J," he said, "I guess they've already got a lot of athletes who spent their grade school years playing on teams. I expect that come the spring I will try out for the track team where it's more open."

"I should hope so," said Rita. "This boy works out with weights and runs nearly every day!"

We finished packing up and with hugs and promises of more days like this, Einstein drove off with Tom and Rita and we headed back to school.

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

More hugs at the school and Father Ed thanking Mike and Ann for allowing him to join the family outing, and Mike and Ann got hugs from Linda and Julie and the same kind of thanks.

“Not all of us are so lucky to have a family nearby,” said Julie with a glance at Wendy.

Ann put her arm around Wendy and said that Wendy was a part of our family as were Julie and Linda and Father Ed.

Father Ed summed it up perfectly when he said we were all part of one great big family, but he really enjoyed spending time with this branch!

Mike shook Father Ed’s hand and thanked him for keeping an eye out on his girls, then awkwardly hugged Julie and Linda telling them that they would always be welcome in his home and in his heart. Ann, remembering how they had saved my life, misted up and said that she felt the same way.

Mike gave both me and Wendy a kiss on the cheek as did Ann and then they drove off. We invited Julie and Linda inside for a cup of tea, but they smiled and said they had to get ready for work.

More hugs followed and then they drove off leaving just the three of us in the driveway.

“Well girls, it has been one of the most enjoyable days that I can remember,” said Father Ed. “Thank you for allowing an old man to be part of your lives.”

Wendy and I flanked him and put our arms around him telling him over and over again that he was far from being an old man and that we enjoyed spending time with him.

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

After a shower, Wendy and I sat naked on the bed with a cup of tea and the remains of the blueberry pie Ann and Rita has thrust upon us.

“So?” I asked finally, “are you going to tell me what took so long for you and Einstein to get out of the maze?”

Even in the candlelight, I saw her blush a deep red that went right down her chest and colored her breasts! Her nipples puckered up as well!

“He told me I was beautiful,” she said.

“I’ve been telling you that since the day I met you,” I answered.

“But he said that not only was I smart and athletic, but that I really turned him on,” Wendy continued.

“Well he could have said that as you guys were walking out,” I said. “What took you so long?”

“I told him that he was just teasing me,” Wendy said.

“And...” I urged her on.

Wendy was blushing furiously now. “He stopped and took my hand and put it on the front of his jeans and said this was proof how much I turned him on.”

I tried hard not to laugh. I knew that Wendy needed to be reassured of her real beauty, and I had told Einstein he should tell Wendy what he told me about her. I hadn’t expected things to move this fast. Then I remembered a young man’s hormones drove him.

“So, did you feel the proof?” I asked.

“Only from the outside,” she said, “but then he kissed me.”

I smiled at Wendy, teasing her nipples with my fingers, and asked if she liked the way he kissed.

“It was so different,” she said. “He’s big and strong and when he put his arms around me, I could feel his, his *cock* against my tummy. He wasn’t rough, but it wasn’t gentle like you kiss.”

“But you liked it anyway,” I stated.

“Yeah,” she said dreamily. “For 15 minutes I really liked it.”

I could smell the scent of her arousal as she talked about her first experience with a boy. I slid down her body to give the release she needed so she could get some sleep.

To be continued...