

“Once More With Feelings”

A new story by Night Hawk

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Chapter 22: Show and Tell, It's a Game...

I stared at him for so long he nervously raised a hand toward his face, glancing around as if to look in a mirror.

“What?!” he demanded. “Have I got spinach in my teeth or something?”

“You’re right,” I replied slowly.

“Huh?”

“You’re right,” I repeated. “I’m not you.” Then I added, “And you’re not me.”

A smile spread across his face as I went on, “I’m really Patricia Johnson. And you’re Patrick O’Donnell. And just *what* are you grinning about?”

“It hit me the other day when I was with Julie. I finally realized that this,” he said, patting his chest with both hands, “is *me*.”

“And you have memories of my past, and I have yours,” he went on, “but the other memories I have belong to neither of us, because they haven’t happened, and,” he said solemnly, “I am going to do my utmost to make sure they never happen!”

Einstein was right.

I was no longer Patrick O’Donnell. I didn’t look like him, feel like him, hell, I didn’t even think like him any more. All I had left of who I had been were some memories that belonged to neither of us.

I was Patricia Johnson. My future was *not* preordained; I could change whatever I liked. Hell, I had been doing that since I first woke up in her body, as Einstein had been doing with my previous body. I could only pray I was doing as good a job with my second chance as Einstein was with his.

We sat in Einstein’s room for a while trading sexual innuendos, much to Wendy’s delight. She totally accepted the fact that while we were all technically and physically 14, Einstein and I had nearly a century of experience between us. Sure, we could have talked about historical things, things that were to come, that no matter what we did we couldn’t change, but all we really remembered were the sad things.

How could either of us let the Americans know that in 1983 the shuttle Challenger would be destroyed because of a seal failure? Who would pay attention to someone not yet 25? Set back a multi-billion dollar program on the word of someone not involved in the American space program? Nope, we could try, maybe getting close to someone who

would be listened to, but the sad fact was that we would live through those tragedies again.

We'd be older by September 2001, but that didn't mean we'd be able to do anything. At least we had 26 years to think about it. Maybe we might be able to do something about some tragedies in time. For now, we realized, reluctantly, nobody was going to take two 14-year-old kids seriously.

This was something I had really wrestled with, as the useless death of John Lennon still haunted me. But Mark Chapman had tried twice to get close to Lennon; this might only set him back just one more time. Would the first President Bush listen to a Canadian in 1990 if we advised him to continue his push into Iraq until he unseated Saddam? Highly doubtful, which meant that his son would take the US into another war with Iraq in 2003.

These were the things Einstein and I had discussed many times through the last week. I know Mike and Ann were wondering about the amount of time Wendy and I were spending at Linda and Julie's house, but nothing we did gave them cause for concern. I think that Ann was hoping I might become attracted to Einstein, but it also worried her, as she still believed I shouldn't date until I was 16!

On those evening visits or after school rendezvous at Linda and Julie's, Einstein and I took advantage of some time to talk alone. Wendy, Linda, and Julie, having been blown away by our admissions, understood this was a time for Einstein and I to make some serious decisions. What we had finally decided on, and it wasn't an easy decision, was to do the best for those we could help. Spoon feeding information when it seemed right to do so. We knew that money would not be a big issue for either of our families or us in another ten years. While the stock market is a dangerous game for small time players, we knew the major stocks that would be growing such as Microsoft, IBM etc., and when to get out of them. We would earn what we could, invest and advise when we could, but more importantly, we could prepare ourselves to take better care of ourselves and our families for the turbulent times that lay ahead. In the meantime, we could really enjoy this second chance at being teens in a time when there was so many exciting changes taking place and we would not suffer from the normal teenage angst.

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Rita called us to supper, and I sat down with my new extended family. Wendy, as she always would, sat by my side, and Einstein took his place beside her. Father Ed said Grace, and we dug into Linda's homemade lasagna! This was excellent lasagna! The steaming loaves of garlic bread that Julie had baked with its dripping, melted mozzarella cheese drove me nuts! The smell was so enticing. I ribbed Wendy that we would have to take up another sport if we kept eating this well. Tom and Rita smiled. Ann said that if we got any thinner, we would have to be put in the hospital! I looked at Einstein and he winked. Little did anyone know that the days of well-rounded girls were coming to an end. By 1990, thin was in.

I looked at my parents. Mike and Ann. Yes, “my parents.” I made a promise to myself that I would never hurt them or disappoint them. The smiles on their faces showed how happy they were, and though I had not known Linda and Julie before, they beamed. No one questioned their relationship in this, our extended family, and I knew that there would be many, many more family meals and outings, and we would of course always include Father Ed.

Linda and Julie had brought Chianti to serve with supper, and after a bit of playful bantering between the parents, Wendy, Einstein, and I were allowed a glass as well. It had been a while since I last had Chianti and I was overwhelmed by the burst of flavors on my unspoiled tongue. I was now more sure than ever that I would not take up smoking in this lifetime!

After a meal filled with fun chatter and jokes and laughter, the parents retired to the living room and us three kids volunteered to do the dishes. It was funny, because, even though I had supposedly never set foot in this house before, I knew where to put everything.

One thing that was really pleasant, that I realized broke up a lot of families in the decades to come, there were no pay per view television events or movie networks or videotapes. When we finished cleaning up, Einstein put on a pot of coffee and a pot of tea, and we joined the parents in the living room for good old fashioned conversation.

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When Wendy and I finished brushing our teeth that night and had kissed and hugged Ann and Mike goodnight, we shucked our nightgowns and cuddled in bed, skin against bare skin.

“You’ve changed, Pete,” Wendy said, as we lay wrapped in each other.

“Hmm?” I enquired fuzzily.

“You’re more *yourself*, I guess, like all of a sudden you’re *inside* you instead of being a bit *outside* like you used to be.”

I lay quietly thinking for a few moments as her words sunk in. “Yah, Einstein was right. I finally realized that this is who I am, and I rather like being me.” I kissed her nose and gave her a little squeeze. “And I’m the luckiest girl in the world ‘cause I got you,” I added as I grabbed a firm butt cheek.

She giggled, then asked, “What did it feel like to have a thing?”

I laughed. “A thing?”

“You know,” she said, digging me in the ribs where she knew I was ticklish. “A penis.”

“Oh,” I said, “You mean what did it feel like to have a cock? A big fat hard juicy cock?”

She giggled. Wendy loved it when I talked dirty!

“I can’t really describe it, Honey,” I said. “It’s like asking what it feels like to have a pussy. It’s just there. Fun to play with, but you can’t do it all day long.”

“If I had one,” she said, “I’d probably play with it all day long.”

I laughed again as I told her how I had tried that when I first discovered I had a pussy of my own, but that the fun part was playing with somebody else’s.

“I’d like to play with Patrick’s for a while,” sighed Wendy as she moved down to take my nipple in her mouth. All this talk was turning me on, and I started thinking again about having Einstein’s cock inside of me.

“Maybe we’ll do that this week before Julie spoils him,” I said. “I can teach you how to give him a blowjob.”

“You mean take it in my mouth?” asked Wendy, suddenly sitting straight up.

“Yeah,” I said, thinking about it more. “I’ve never done it to a guy, but I know that Einstein has a nice cock, and I wouldn’t mind trying it either.”

“You are so wicked,” she said as she crawled back under the sheets to get to my dripping snatch.

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On Monday we took a long walk down Dundas Street. From the downtown section as it was known, near the Farmer’s Market close to the river, all the way to the uptown section past Adelaide. It was a long walk, but the weather was nice, and all we were really doing was window-shopping anyway.

With the increase in business that Mike had coming his way thanks to the contract with St. Ursula’s, he was starting to make some real money. Einstein told me that Mike had always made a comfortable living, but not a rich one. It was one of the quirks of this timeline, just one of those things which changed because of the changes in Einstein and me. And since in this life, I wasn’t living at home, they had fewer expenses as well. Of course Ann changing careers was boosting home income too and every day we went out, Ann would slip me ten dollars to pay for lunch. Of course ten dollars was way more than we needed, but when I tried to give back the change, Ann always refused it. Mike had

started to give both Wendy and me an allowance as well, not that we could spend it at school, but it was still nice to have some money of our own.

*About six months later, Social Services sent someone to do a follow up on Wendy and her new foster home, and discovered that Mike and Ann had never filed for financial assistance. They tried to say at the time that they didn't need it, but the caseworker made such a fuss over it, saying "It's against all the rules – we have to pay you," so Mike finally gave in. Social Services paid them from the day that Wendy was liberated to the day she graduated from University seven years later and every penny went into a bank account they opened for her.*

We ate a light lunch at one of the many family owned restaurants near the Western Fair grounds, spent some time looking at the horses as they did their exercise runs around the track and then stepped on a bus for a scenic ride around Oxford Street. Since we were wearing our school jackets, we rode for free and sat up front with the driver who was talking about sending his daughter to our school. We transferred buses and ended up at 4:00 walking down Richmond to Central Ave to Linda and Julie's house.

Mike's shop was actually not too far from where Linda and Julie lived. He had a little storefront operation on Richmond Street before you hit the busy and expensive retail section of downtown. Our house on Maitland Street was on the south side of the CNN tracks that cut through the city, while Einstein lived on the north side of the tracks on Dufferin Avenue. It seemed funny that we had lived within walking distance of each other for 14 years and had never crossed paths, but that was the way London was, divided by rivers and railroads, each section having more than enough parks and shops that people didn't feel the need to go far from home.

We stopped in to say 'Hi' to Mike, and tease him about his taste in music. As I looked around, I spied a shape of polished wood and dark material in the corner, familiar from so long ago.

"Daddy," I squealed. (Yes, I actually *squealed!*) I looked at him, beaming. "Daddy, you didn't tell me you had these speakers!"

I looked back at them, missing, (so Wendy told me later), his puzzled look. And then almost shuddered. They were both mounted on their custom stands, one piled on top of the other, I went and carefully lifted the top one to the floor, then examined the cabinet of the supporting one for scratches.

I turned to Mike. "Really shouldn't stack them eh."

"Pardon?" was his puzzled rejoinder.

"Oh, they... err," I trailed off. I was about to tell him I had heard there were tales of the slim, stylish stands breaking... "Err, they just look, err... delicate, ah... Daddy," I said sweetly, "What's the biggest amplifier you have here?"

“Ah, I have this Marantz here that I’ve been hot testing for a customer, why?” he asked, indicating a *very* large amplifier sitting on the side of the counter with its back to me, thin wires sprouting from the speaker terminals.

I let my eyes follow the wires to the tiny speakers hanging from the walls of the shop. “You’ve been playing it through *those*?” I asked incredulously. I looked at him and smiled winsomely. “Daddy,” I asked, and I clasped my hands behind my back and even *wiggled* a little, (and in a far off corner my brain said ‘*what are you doing!*’), “can I have,” I quickly judged the length, “two eight-yard lengths of your heaviest speaker lead, stripped half an inch both ends? Pretty please?”

He wore a slightly stunned look, which quickly faded into amusement as he turned to his workbench in the back. “Okay, Honey, why not?”

Wendy hissed, “Pete? Should you...?”

I put my arm over her shoulders. “It’s all right, Sweetie, I’m just going to give Daddy a surprise.”

“But, but!” she sputtered.

“It’s okay, Honey,” I said, putting my finger to her lips. “I must have read about it sometime, okay?”

She stopped protesting, looking anxiously into my eyes. “I love you, Honey,” I whispered, taking my finger from her lips and kissing it. “I won’t risk that. But Daddy will like this, okay?”

Her eyes glistened. “I love you too, Pete. Please be careful!”

Mike turned from his workbench, wires in hand. “Remind me again why I’m doing this?” he asked as his strong experienced hands efficiently stripped off the insulation.

“You’re indulging your number-one daughter,” I smiled. “And I think you’ll like the result,” I grinned at him and turned to Wendy.

“Would you please take that speaker,” I asked, indicating it, “and take it over to the other corner there? Careful, it’s heavy.” While she did that, I located the active equalizer behind the other speaker, still in its protective box. I powered off the big Marantz 2325 receiver and stripped the tiny speaker wire from the terminals, then carefully plugged in the equalizer’s signal and power cables.

Mike handed me the leads, then leaned on the counter to watch fascinated as I attached them to the amplifier terminals. I was attaching the lead to the second speaker when the telephone rang, and Mike reluctantly turned to answer it. I had just positioned it when the front door opened and in came a good-looking man of about 25, heading for the counter.

I gave him the once-over as I quickly stepped up to greet him. Neatly combed dark hair, well dressed in slacks and leather-patched sports coat over a checked open necked shirt, no rings.

“Good afternoon, sir, how may I help you?”

“Hi, I just came to see if my Pioneer turntable is ready yet?”

To the side of me, Mike straightened with the telephone still to his ear, looking at me a little anxiously. I smiled reassuringly at him and scanned the rack beside the counter. I had worked in a few repair shops before and ‘CLICK’ all of a sudden I remembered the pattern. There’s the workbook, there’s the receipt book, the job rack and on the repair rack is the gleaming bulk of a Pioneer SL-1200 turntable, an invoice tucked beneath the lid.

“Yep, there it is!”

I carefully moved it to the counter and checked the invoice, my eyes widening as I saw ‘Magnesium Head-shell’ and ‘Shure V-15 Type III Cartridge’. Then I fetched the small case that held the new head-shell and cartridge and placed it on the counter beside the turntable.

“Mr. “ – I read his name on the invoice – “Britlin, would you like to ensure it’s acceptable before you take it home? I’m sure you’d like to know that your new cartridge is tracking properly. We have the new RCA test record for you to try!”

He thought for just a moment then smiled. “I’d love to!” and he looked at me in such a way...

I blinked, and remembered what I was up to. I handed him the turntable leads and asked him to plug them into the big Marantz.

“Hey, Dad!” I called over to him. He glanced up from where he was doodling on a pad, the receiver to his ear. “Is the arm zeroed with the new cartridge?” He held up one hand, fingers circled in the ‘OK’ symbol.

“Mr. Britlin, the arm has been zeroed and the correct setting for this cartridge is one and three-quarters grams,” I read from the instructions.

He mounted the cartridge, and carefully watched as the arm settled in balance. Of course, then he had to adjust it, and watched in consternation as it slammed against its stops. Another quick fiddle, and it was nearly back where it started, if a little nose up before he screwed the counterweight to 1.75 grams. I passed him the RCA demonstration record, and he placed it on the platter then carefully wiped it with the cloth I handed him. After starting the platter rotating, he lowered the stylus to the record and quickly closed the lightly smoked acrylic cover.

I smiled at him. “Please turn around, Mr. Britlin,” I said as I turned the volume control to almost one-third.

His puzzled expression changed to amazed pleasure as the blare of a trumpet fanfare from behind spun him around.

In the four beats of silence that followed, I announced, “These are the Bose 901s.”

*I knew this man better than he knew himself.*

*Mr. Britlin was smiling. A big, ‘got money burning a hole in my pocket’ kind of smile. I might not know everything about being a girl yet, or what made a good lover, or a good daughter, but one thing I did know was men who loved to spend on themselves. I had once been one.*

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Ah, the legendary Bose 901 Direct/Reflecting speakers. I had fallen in love with them back in 1988 when I heard them at a friend’s place. I had even owned a set – briefly – just before I had to settle an outstanding debt. And these I considered the best – the original Series 1.

I had guessed right and these were set up almost perfectly, the rear drivers reflecting off the hard walls of the shop and surrounding us in sound.

Twenty minutes later, we had listened to the entire first side of the record and I was writing up his receipt. Fifty dollars for the cartridge upgrade; the remainder for a brand new matched pair of Bose 901 speakers. He seemed a little skeptical when I assured him that if he had any problems, he could also ring the toll-free number for help.

“They figured that word-of-mouth was the most cost-effective advertising,” I said in answer to his question. “So they try to fix any problem before it becomes an issue.”

Mike and I helped him to his car with the bulky boxes then watched as he drove off, Mike’s arm comfortably over my shoulder.

“Patti-cake, that was amazing!” he marveled. “I thought his head was going to fall off, he was grinning so much! How did you know how to set them up, honey?”

“I read about them while I was in the hospital, Daddy. Someone left a copy of *Stereo Review** and I was bored and there was a story about them.” Well, I wasn’t going to *really* tell him, was I?

**(Reviewed in Stereo Review, September 1968. Hospitals and dentist’s waiting rooms are, as you know, like the Sargasso Sea of old magazines.)*

“I only got them last week,” he said, “it was really strange. A rep came in, and almost insisted on leaving some with me. No money, pure consignment, and they pick up return shipping and insurance if they don’t sell. I thought they were too expensive, so I only took five sets even though he offered me ten. I don’t even know how he got my name,” he mused.

“How many things like that have you bought in within the last month or so?” I asked, indicating the big Marantz receiver.

“Ah, well I’d say about a dozen or so, a couple amplifiers, couple turntables, things like that.”

“Well, that’s probably your answer. One rep talks to another rep, and they’re always looking for good, stable outlets. You must have impressed him,” I laughed, “he gave you over a thousand dollars worth of speakers!”

“And I have never seen such an easy sale!” he said with a smile, then it faded a little. “But I won’t have that amplifier for long, the customer is coming to collect it the day after tomorrow.”

“Well, at least you can demonstrate the receiver with the Bose, can’t you,” I said with a grin. “And then you can see if Marantz will give you a demonstration model! Anyway, that Mr. Britlin, he’ll tell his friends, and I’ll bet you sell the five sets within a month.”

He thought for a moment. “Nah, it’ll take ages to get a demonstration amplifier and I’d be lucky to sell them all in six months!”

We were both wrong. The four remaining sets sold in two weeks, two of those sales buying new amplifiers as well! Mike vowed to never underestimate the power of word-of-mouth again!

The Marantz rep must have got wind of the Bose sales, because three weeks later Mike was ‘persuaded’ to accept a demonstration set of their top components – including their own speakers!

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Einstein was waiting for us when we got to Linda and Julie’s. He was so comfortable at their place he got up and made tea for Wendy and me.

Once we had our drinks, I explained what the delay had been.

“I’m glad you told him,” Einstein said. “I don’t have a clue about most of the technology from this time period. But ask me about a Maytag, and I can tell you nearly anything!”

We laughed together realizing we each had unique strengths. Combined, Einstein and I made a formidable team, complementing each other in our areas of knowledge.

“So,” I asked. “Has Julie given you any more lessons?”

He blushed.

I rolled my eyes. “I thought you said you didn’t get turned on much,” I teased.

“I didn’t originally,” he said, “then I discovered how good it could feel when it’s done right.”

Linda and Julie laughed.

“So, Julie, are you ready to let Linda have a go with him yet?” I asked.

Julie sighed. “I suppose. I guess I was just enjoying it a bit too much.”

“Enough to change back to men?” Wendy asked.

Julie looked shocked. “I never even considered that,” she said. “It’s just something about Patrick that I never found in a man before.”

“And I seriously doubt you’ll ever find it in another man,” I said. “There just aren’t that many men around as good looking or as sensitive.”

“Or ones who have the mind and memories of a woman who has had her own experiences with men,” said Wendy.

It became very quiet in the room.

“Wendy’s right,” I said. “It’s easy for you to forget because of the way we look and sound, but Einstein and me, we’re totally unique.”

Linda put her arm around Julie. “It’s okay, Honey. I know you love me. That doesn’t mean we can’t have some fun, does it?”

Julie looked relieved.

“But if you’re finished with him for today,” said Wendy, “Pete said I might be able to talk Patrick into letting me feel his penis.”

“Hey,” said Einstein. “I’m not just a sex object, you know.”

I laughed. “You are to us,” I said.

Wendy had a twinkle in her eye. “You told me that I turn you on, remember?”

Einstein was smiling. “Yes, Wendy, you do. It’s just that I’m not that used to showing it around, much less having you ask to touch it.”

“Be careful, Wendy,” said Julie. “He’s got a hair trigger!”

“You don’t think I’m going to let her handle this on her own, do you?” I asked. “Wendy and I are going to share him.”

“You’re welcome to use the bedroom,” said Linda.

“I’ve got to be at the shop in half an hour,” Einstein said. “Maybe we should wait for another day?”

“Ha, I doubt if this will take more than five minutes,” I said.

Wendy was already standing, so Einstein reluctantly got up, the growing bulge in his jeans obvious to us all. He held his hands out to Wendy and me, and led us to the bedroom.

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Einstein sat on the end of the bed, but Wendy quickly pushed him on his back, and clambered up on the bed beside him. She kissed him and then he kissed her back. Wendy blushed and when she came up for air she was flushed.

“Show us your cock,” I said seductively.

“Hey, where’s the romance?” he asked.

“Wendy’s kissing you. There’s your romance,” I said. And with that I reached down and undid his belt and the top button of his Levi’s. Then I slowly pulled down his zipper. Since he was busy pawing my lover, I grabbed hold of his pants and underwear and pulled them down to his knees.

“There you go, Wendy,” I said. “All prepped for you.”

Wendy looked down and gasped. She had felt it at Fanshaw in the maze, but this was the first time she had seen it in the flesh, so to speak.

“Oh, My, God! It’s HUGE!” she said, her eyes as big as saucers.

“No, Honey,” I said. “It’s a nice size, and it will get even bigger in a couple of years but even then it won’t be outside of the normal range. I used to think it was big, but I know that I was only stroking my own ego.”

“Can I touch it?” she asked. She was sitting up now just staring at it.

“Can I touch you?” Einstein asked.

Wendy blushed. “I, I don’t know. I’ve never even been seen by a boy!”

“That’s okay, Sweetheart,” I said. “That’s why I’m here to help.”

I moved behind Wendy and started to unbutton her blouse. She reached out ever so tentatively and with her index finger pressed on Einstein’s prick.

“It’s so hard and yet so soft,” she said as she pushed it again, amazed at how it sprang back every time she let her finger slide off the end.

“Hold him, Honey,” I said, gently nibbling her ear while my fingers finished unbuttoning her.

Wendy stroked it gently, her finger running lightly from the helmet down to the root and watched as it pulsed in time to his heartbeat. Then she did it again, all her fingers this time, reveling in the touch.

"It feels so soft, Pete!" she said again in wonderment.

"Hold it, Honey, take it in your hand."

Wendy moaned at what I was doing to her, and Einstein moaned as her fingers wrapped around his engorged cock, his breathing erratic. I undid her front closing bra and her tits sprang free, her nipples hard and extended. I took Einstein’s hand and put it on Wendy’s tit, while I massaged her other one, still nibbling on her ear,

“Watch it grow,” I said to her. “Just stroke it up and down a few times and watch what it does.”

Well, I didn’t expect her to get *that* close a look, but she bent forward and was stroking his cock as I saw the head turn a dark red and before I could say, “Look out!” he had released a load right into Wendy’s face and hair.

Wendy jumped back and I could see Einstein unsuccessfully humping the air where Wendy’s hand had been. I quickly took over knowing that he would need a few more strokes to finish him off properly.

He groaned as another jet of hot white cum spurted from his cock, this time landing on his own shirt, then squirmed on the bed as I twirled my palm over the top of his now sensitive cock-head using his cum as lubricant, and letting my long tapered

fingers continue to push and pull on his foreskin. Finally, he could take no more and jerked out of my grasp, curling into a fetal position on his side.

“Wow!” was all that Wendy could say.

I looked at my darling Wendy. Her face and hair was covered in stringy strands and globules of cum. Her top was still open and her nipples were still hard. I grabbed some tissues from the nightstand to clean her up, but I could see that she would have to rinse her hair before we went home.

Einstein flopped over onto his back again, his breathing slowly returning to normal.

“Jesus, Peppermint, what the hell did you do? That felt fantastic!”

“Oh, look, Pete, it’s shrinking!” Wendy said, sounding disappointed.

“They all do that after a climax, Wendy,” I explained. “The nice thing is, you can get them to grow again.”

“I don’t think it’s going to grow again today,” Einstein said. “That last climax took all I had. That really was fantastic! Thanks!”

“You’re welcome,” I said.

“Would giving him a blowjob make it hard again, Pete?” Wendy asked.

Einstein’s cock instantly twitched and started to grow, as did his eyes.

“I’m sure it would, Sweetheart. Look at it growing just thinking about it!”

We watched as on its own accord, Einstein’s cock started to swell.

“You would do that?” he asked Wendy.

“Pete said she’d show me how,” Wendy said.

He looked at me.

“I know you’ll like it a lot,” I said. “I know it’s not a regular thing in this decade, but we both know how common it’s going to be in another ten years. Linda Lovelace made ‘Deep Throat’ two years ago, but I didn’t see it until after I finished high school,” I said. “Then every guy wanted his girlfriend to suck him.”

“Does it feel better than screwing?” he asked, his cock twitching. “I gave enough head myself last time, but as a guy, I have no idea what it feels like.”

He was serious, and I realized there were some things that just had to be experienced.

“It’s different,” I said. “Screwing is great, but it takes a guy more effort most of the time unless the woman is willing to get on top. Getting blown is entirely hedonistic. You lay back and enjoy the thrill of letting someone else pleasure you. Of course if you want it regular, you had better be prepared to give some of the same treatment to the one who gives it to you.”

Wendy was watching us debate the finer points of oral sex. Her eyes kept jumping back and forth between Einstein and me.

“Well, I thought fucking was great, compared to beating off,” he said, “but then, what you did a minute ago was something else all together!”

“I told you I know your body better than you do,” I said with a smirk. “If Wendy still wants to try it, we’ll have to set up a time when we can spend some quiet time alone. Right now, I think you better rinse the cum out of your shirt and get ready for work.”

“Ah, but I’m horny again!” he pouted.

We could hear laughter from outside the bedroom.

Reluctantly, he got off the bed and gave Wendy a great big kiss, long and involving lots of tongue during which he gently massaged her boob. “Next time maybe you’ll let me touch you,” he said.

“I’d like that,” said Wendy.

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Fifteen minutes later, Einstein was gone. He still had a few damp spots on his shirt, but at least it looked like it was just water now. I had thought to have him ask Mike to pick us up, but realized that Mike didn’t know we met Einstein on a regular basis at Linda and Julie’s.

Linda offered to drive us home, but I said we’d take advantage of the free bus rides. Besides, it would give Wendy’s freshly washed hair more time to dry!

“You’d really take a guy’s cock in your mouth?” asked Julie after things had settled down.

“Yeah,” I said. “I wouldn’t have thought so when I first woke up as a girl, but... My whole body image is changing. I’m not a man any more. I’m a girl. Still, I can’t

imagine me letting just any guy touch me or anything like that, but Einstein is different. Wendy's my lover. I know that I really love her, and I'm not about to let her go."

Wendy moved closer to me, sliding her arm through mine.

"But that doesn't mean we can't do some fun things with someone we both like," I said. "I'm certainly not going to get jealous over Wendy having some fun. I know she loves me as much as I love her."

"Besides," said Wendy, "most of what we want to do, we'll do together anyway."

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Ann took us on another shopping trip on Wednesday, and we got more jeans as well as some new tops. She drove us out to the White Oaks and we spent most of our time in the Sears store. After we had scored some pretty cool body hugging turtlenecks, we headed to the food court. Wendy and I spotted the security guard who had come to our aid last week, and he smiled at us as he walked over. I was afraid that he was going to say something about the incident, but he just said, "Go Saints," and walked on by.

"My, you girls are sure popular," said Ann.

I could think of a group of boys who didn't think so, but kept my mouth shut as I glanced at Wendy, seeing her return my smile. After a lunch of Kentucky Fried Chicken in the food court, we headed for the Woolco store. Wendy and I got some new panties and we convinced Ann she needed a new winter coat, a London Fog knee length with a removable liner. Ann looked good in it, and Mike complimented her on it when he got home from work.

He ruffled my hair as we sat down to eat. "Seems you were right, Patti-cake. I had two people come in today to buy those Bose speakers. I've already placed an order for ten more. Maybe I should have you come work the counter for me on a regular basis."

"I'd love to, Daddy, but it's back to school for us next week."

"Damn," he said. "I forgot how soon you girls were going back. I wanted to do something special for you."

"You already did, Mr. J.," Wendy said.

"That's right, Daddy, we got to spend two weeks at home, eat home cooked food and sleep in late. Besides, we have all the weekends ahead and Christmas will be here before you know it!"

“Christmas is going to be very special this year,” said Ann. “Rita and I have been talking with Linda and Julie. Can you believe they were going to spend Christmas alone?”

“Linda and Julie?” asked Mike. He shook his head, looking disgusted. “Some people,” he said. “It makes me sick to see good people being judged by their lifestyles.”

“You know, Daddy?” I asked.

He looked at me surprised, then looked at Ann. “You haven’t told them yet?”

“Not yet, dear,” said Ann. “We’ve been too busy having fun and the subject just never came up.”

There was more to this story, I could feel it, but, I was happy, Wendy was happy and so were Mike and Ann. Whatever the rest of the story was, I could wait to hear it.

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We met up with Annette and Mandy again on game day. Instead of going out this time, Annette invited us to her home. Yeah, if you call a five bedroom with four bathrooms a home!

Annette’s bedroom was close to the size of our house. She had a walk-in closet filled with clothes and shoes and an attached private bathroom with a bathtub big enough to hold two people. I looked at her and raised my eyebrows. She smiled the sweetest smile at me, and I knew that the way Wendy and I loved our shower, Annette and Mandy loved the bathtub.

Annette’s older sisters were married, so the house was mostly empty except for her Dad and a maid. Annette said her father was considering selling the house, but it was too much a sentimental thing for him. He had built it when he and his wife had their first child, intending to fill it with children. It was clear that Robert had loved his wife, and he remained a bachelor after her untimely death.

“If I attend Western,” said Annette, “I can live at home. Mandy can live here with me if she still wants to be with me after graduation. She’s a sure bet for a scholarship, and then Dad won’t be alone so often.”

Mandy gave Annette a big hug and a kiss, the first open display of real affection I had seen between the two of them. “If I get the scholarship, you know I’ll stay with you, Honey,” she said. “Nothing could drive me away!”

Wendy and I just smiled as we reached for each other’s hands.

“Want to go swimming?” Annette asked.

She took us to the enclosed swimming pool attached to the rear of the house. It sure did look inviting. A big rectangular pool with a diving board at the deep end. It had big glass windows that let the sun shine in and gave a fantastic view of the flowers and yard. A yard that was probably big enough to graze a herd of cattle on!

I looked longingly at the crystal clear water, then sighed and said we didn't have bathing suits.

Annette looked at me and then laughed. "Bathing suits? How long have we been showering together, Patti? Three, four times a week after practice?"

"Oh, it's not that," I said, "I was thinking more about the maid and your father walking in."

"Oh," she said. "No problem. Hilda made a lunch for us and then took the rest of the day off. She lives here full time, but likes to visit her mother when she can. She won't be back until tonight, and Daddy's at work. We have the place all to ourselves."

"Well, in that case," I said as I pulled my new turtleneck up over my bare boobs, "what are we waiting for?"

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Wendy didn't know how to swim.

Sometimes I felt like an idiot for not remembering her background. But she was game, and no longer the shy little girl who had not wanted to shower with other girls around.

She was lithe and toned. All those hours of exercise and healthy diet had paid off bigtime! I knew she was also still growing but what a body she was growing into! She was the first one totally undressed and then sprung the news about not knowing how to swim. I took her to the shallow end and spent an hour showing her the basics, as I knew them, of swimming. I let her discover for herself how light she was in water and how easily she could remain afloat.

"Don't get too tired," said Annette swimming up behind me. "We have a game tonight!"

"We're in shape," I said. "All we need is an hour to recuperate and we'll be as good as new."

Annette laughed and dunked me under water, then tore off for the deep end.

"Go get her, Pete," Wendy said, so I tore off after her.

Annette and I had a similar build. Long and lean, no boobs or butt, so we both knifed through the water like a couple of seals. When I caught up to her she shot up and grabbed the diving board and quickly threw her feet up so she was suspended crab like underneath.

I treaded water beside her as she snickered at me. "I bet Mandy likes you in that position," I said. That caused her to laugh so hard she lost her hand hold on the board and fell into the water. We splashed water at each other for a while, then swam to the edge and caught our breaths.

"How about you and Wendy?" she asked.

I could see that she was serious and concerned. Annette was 17, and she had a few more years of experience with hiding her sexual orientation.

"I'm not sure," I told her. "Some people know about us, but they don't judge. I think my Mom and Dad know, but ... it's like they accept it. It's all kind of weird."

"I know," she said. "My dad doesn't understand why, with so many bedrooms in the house Mandy prefers to sleep with me, but he never questioned it after she said she wants to be with me."

"We are extremely lucky," I said. "There was a time when our choices would have us sent us off to be nuns!"

"Absolutely the worst punishment in the world for a girl who loves girls," laughed Annette. "Lock her up with a hundred other girls!"

"Hey! I never said it made sense! It's just what they did."

Annette got serious. "I know," she said. "I have an aunt... she was like us. When her folks found out, they made her get married. She's got four kids now, but as much as she gets along with her husband, she still sees her girlfriend once a week. They both live in Toronto, but close enough that they belong to the same PTA and social clubs. Both of them look like model mothers and wives, but my aunt told me that if she couldn't spend time alone with her lover once a week, she'd have never survived. So, I guess you're right, Patti. We are just so lucky!"

We both turned at the same time, noticing the lack of noise from the shallow end. I had barely noticed Wendy and Mandy were gone, when ...

"Aaaiii!!"

My shriek matched Annette's as I was grabbed from below, realizing a heartbeat later just who was running her hands up my inner thighs, her grinning face popping up in

front of me just a moment later. I kissed her quickly, my hands going to the wet-slick skin of her firm breasts and tweaking her firm nipples 'tween finger and thumb. She squeaked and backed away, turning to escape in a flash of wet back and naked butt so I chased her. We played 'chase the maiden' for a few minutes, and I was starting to tire when she laughingly drew a close to the pursuit by swimming to the ladder.

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We were sitting, just wrapped in towels that Annette had gotten out for us, eating the late lunch that Hilda had provided. There were thick sandwiches of ham and cheese on Italian bread, with devilled eggs and celery and pickles on the side. Annette brought out a pitcher of iced tea, and filled our glasses nearly every time we took a sip.

"Enough already," I laughed. "God, Annette, can I at least drink one glass?"

She grinned, and put the pitcher down. "Sorry," she said. "You and Wendy are the first real friends we've entertained. Anytime Daddy brings somebody home, we have to pretend that we're just school friends. It's nice to feel we don't have to pretend."

Wendy stopped chewing and swallowed. "It has to be hard," she said. "Pete's Dad was just saying last night about how society still judges people by their life choices instead of the goodness in them."

Mandy nodded. "Your Dad sounds like a wise man," she said.

I thought about that. Mike was exceptionally tolerant and generous and loving, but I hadn't really known him long enough to be able to say he was wise, except... that day at Fanshaw. I still remembered the look in his eyes as held both Wendy and me.

"I think he is," I said trying to laugh, "but then I'm probably biased."

We were still laughing when Mr. Denure walked in.

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"Daddy!" said Annette, as we quickly pulled our towels tighter. "What are you doing home so early?"

Mr. Denure took a look at all of sitting around the breakfast island, smiled a beaming smile and said good afternoon to us "ladies" before he said that he always came home early on game night.

I think we should have blushed or something, but he was so cool about the whole thing, just like he expected any day he might walk in and see four girls eating in his kitchen, naked but for the towels wrapped a little inadequately around their boobs and butts. He looked at the pile of sandwiches and asked if there was enough for a starving

old man. Actually there was enough to probably feed the entire volleyball team. I lifted the plate towards him and said, “more than enough.”

He got himself a beer out of the fridge and a plate from the cupboard and sat with us.

“It’s nice to see some people in the house,” he said. “Big pool that hardly anybody uses. Seems to be a waste, but then, my sweet Annette, she doesn’t have a lot of friends.”

Annette did blush, and said, “Daddy!”

“I know,” he said. “I’m telling tales out of school again. Hey! Why not invite the volleyball team over one night for a pool party? Maybe after you girls finish wiping up the locals?”

I had to laugh, and it caught on.

“Oh, Mr. Denure,” Wendy said. “First we have to finish the regular season. That means eight more games.”

I was surprised. I hadn’t realized that Wendy was tracking the team’s progress or how many more games we had to play.

“Actually, Wendy,” he said and I was even more surprised that he remembered her name. “You only need to win two more games to guarantee a spot in the city finals. You could stay home for the other six games, but I think that would be arrogant, and the Saints aren’t arrogant, are they?”

“No, Sir,” I said. “We’ll play them all and give them all the right to be beaten by us!”

Mandy happened to be taking a drink of her iced tea at that moment and nearly coughed it all up laughing. When she regained her composure, she said, “I love your humble attitude, Patti!”

“What can I say?” I asked. “There’s no use in pretending that we aren’t the best team this city has ever seen. We really worked hard to get this way, and I doubt that next year will be as easy because the other schools are going to be working their butts off.”

“And it won’t help either that we’ll lose two of our star players this year,” said Wendy.

Annette and Mandy both blushed. “You’ll help the new players along,” said Mandy to Wendy. “And I’m sure that Sister Gabe will be working you guys harder than ever!”

“Say, Patti,” said Mr. Denure. “Your father does electrical repairs doesn’t he?”

I was sure he knew the answer to that before he asked it. “Yes, Sir. Anything that’s wired he can fix.”

“Good, good. I’m just wondering if he can help me out of a bind I’m in. One of my travel coaches came back last night and the driver said the sound system went out somewhere between Dryden and here. It’s scheduled to head back out to Montreal on Monday, but my mechanics aren’t equipped to handle or diagnose that kind of problem, and the manufacturer can’t send anybody till Tuesday.”

“My Dad does a lot of repairs on stereos and radios,” I said. “I’m sure he’d be willing to take a look at it for you.”

“I think I’ll give him a call, then,” he said getting up. Thankfully I knew the number to Mike’s shop and recited it to him. He wrote it down and grabbing another sandwich, left the kitchen.

We four girls giggled about his unexpected appearance for a few minutes before we realized this was our chance to grab our clothes and a shower.

Chlorine left in the hair too long can be a bitch getting out. I didn’t mind for myself as my hair was just barely more than an inch long, but Wendy’s would be rough to untangle.

Annette showed us the guest bath and showed us where there were new razors, small personal bars of soap, and bottles of shampoo and conditioner, then ran giggling to join Mandy. This was better than some of the fancier hotels I had stayed at!

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I called Mom and told her that Wendy and I would be getting a ride to the school with Annette and her Dad.

Talk about arriving in style! Mr. Denure explained that he usually drove down to the game by himself, but, being in the company of four beautiful young ladies, he took us down to the terminal where our school bus stood ready, freshly washed.

“Hi Patti-cake,” I heard from behind me. My Dad was there! And standing next to him, looking like the cat that ate the canary, was Einstein!

“Daddy! What are you doing here?” I asked.

“Bob called and said he had a problem with one of his tour buses. Patrick and me were just setting up a demonstration area in the shop for those Bose speakers, so we decided to come and see if we could figure out what the problem was.”

“And?” I asked

“We just finished,” said Einstein. “Your Dad ran a feedback loop on both channels and found the left one had a short in it. Then he had me remove the speakers starting at the back and we moved forward to where the signal ended. Somebody must have had something sharp in the overhead rack ‘cause it cut right through the molding and into the line.”

“Can you fix it?” asked Mr. Denure.

“Quite easily, Bob,” said Mike. “I was going to ask you if you wanted a quick patch or if you wanted to remove the panel.”

“Taking the panel down won’t take long,” said Bob, “but, damn, now I’ve got to order a new panel because of that hole.”

“Actually,” said Einstein, “it’s more a tear than a hole. Almost looks like a knife went through it. If all you want is that it’s sealed, and looks blended, I might have the solution for that.”

“That would be fantastic,” said Bob. “This is my best coach. I don’t want it looking like it’s been in a battle.”

“All I’ll need is a small iron,” said Einstein. “Mike, can you permanently mount a piece of steel the size of a quarter to one of your soldering iron tips?”

Mike thought about it a minute and then said, “yes. I can do that, but wouldn’t it be easier to drill and tap a small piece?”

“Yeah!” said Einstein. That would be even better. “Mr. Denure, can you have one of your mechanics cut a smooth piece of steel, drill and tap it to this size?” he asked holding up a standard soldering iron tip.

“I’ll get our machinist to make you one right now,” he said, and he walked away with determination.

“What are you going to do?” I asked him out of earshot from the others.

“It’s a vinyl molding, Peppermint,” he said. “In another life, I had a few vinyl covered chairs that were all torn up. I bought a kit to fix them, and all it was, was a small fancy iron. You just hold the two sides together and run it back and forth until it melts itself back into one piece. The trick is to keep it moving.”

We still had plenty of time before we were supposed to be at the school but Mr. Denure called ahead and told Sister Gabe that he had one third of her team with him and that we would be arriving on the bus, and on time.

It only took ten minutes for the mechanic to pull the panel out, and while Mike ran a new section of line, Einstein went to work on the panel. Mr. Denure was quite impressed as he watched Einstein work his magic, the torn section growing smaller with every pass of the iron.

“Does this work on vinyl seats as well, young man?” he asked.

“Yes, Sir,” said Einstein, “but it’s not a totally invisible repair. Where the iron passes, it leaves a smooth surface. It’s not that visible to anyone not looking for it, but it does leave a signature.”

“The reason I’m asking,” said Bob, “is I’ve got a fleet of over 50 school buses. I’d say that out of every bus there are at least four benches with tears in the seats or on the back. I’ve threatened to replace them with wood because it costs so much to re-cover them.”

“You might want to think about this,” said Einstein. “If they have foam backings, you’ll need to slide a piece of vinyl in first before you can make the repair. It doesn’t take much longer but it will be stronger and safer than if you melt the foam.”

“So,” said Bob with a determined look on his face. “Want the job? I’ll have the seats pulled out and replaced with spares and I can bring about ten in at a time. Just name your price, son.”

“I’m sorry, Sir,” Einstein said. “But I only work for my... I mean Mike.”

I wasn’t sure if I should laugh or cry. Einstein had nearly said that he only worked for his father. I could see where this was a very important thing to him. Then I thought about how Mike treated me. He was a special man and we had a wonderful relationship as father and daughter. Einstein had screwed that up the first time by getting pregnant, and had lost that special relationship. He was savoring every minute he spent with Mike.

It felt a bit funny. Maybe it’s the difference between boys and girls, but I had never really been that close to either Tom or Rita. Up until I started becoming a troublemaker, I was a fairly decent son to them, but I didn’t have an interest in their lives or even in my own. Einstein got on better with Tom and Rita than I ever had. But I was happy. Happy for Einstein, and for the bond he had developed with Mike as a son, and giving Tom and Rita a son to be proud of. And, I was happy being me.

*To be continued...*