

“Once More With Feelings”

A new story by Night Hawk

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Chapter 24: 1975

Christmas 1974, the second time round, was the best I had since we stopped putting milk and cookies out for Santa, some thirty-seven years in my past. Up till now, Wendy's Christmases had been strong on the giving of thanks with little rejoicing, and her delight at each new surprise helped us all to see once again the wonder of the season.

Boxing Day at the Denures' was every bit as exciting as I could have hoped for!

Mike had picked up Linda and Julie, and had swung around to pick up Father Ed who had also been invited. Tom and Rita arrived with Einstein.

We could have opened a liquor store with the bottles exchanged between Robert and Mike and Tom and Julie and Linda. They laughed, decided to open one and we sat in the huge living room.

While Father Ed was passing out cigars, Annette pulled Wendy and me off to join Mandy and her in their bedroom where we swapped stories and they showed off their Christmas loot. Mandy and Wendy had shopped together I saw, by the camisoles and panties that Annette showed us. I had already seen the charm bracelet she had bought for Mandy, and it looked beautiful displayed on Mandy's wrist. We were just four girls giggling together when Annette suggested we go swimming!

The pool was heated, but unlike the last time, we couldn't go without suits. Annette said it was no problem as she had one that would fit me, and one for Wendy. She blushed as she took a box out of her closet and said that she hoped we would come swimming more often.

“It's a pity you don't have suits for Linda and Julie,” I said. “I bet they'd love to take a dip.”

“Well,” said Annette, “it just so happens that we do have suits for adults. Mom loved to swim, and always had extra suits in case her friends wanted to join her.”

We kidnapped Linda and Julie and Annette showed them the bikinis kept in a storage closet in the hall. Linda and Julie took one look at the suits, then at each other and both started to giggle.

“C'mon you guys!” I said. “You're too young to be couch potatoes!” That got me a strange look from everybody, but Wendy clued in and started to hold up various tops against Julie, trying to match sizes.

They were a bit reluctant, but it didn't take much convincing and minutes later the six of us were in the pool.

Einstein wandered into the pool area and pulled up a lounge, putting his can of soda on a table beside him.

Annette said she was sorry she hadn't thought of getting trunks for him and that there might be a pair she could find for him, but he brushed it off and said that he preferred to sit and watch six beautiful women play in the water. That got some blushes and giggles, but then we did play – mostly tag, and we all watched as Annette and Julie took turns on the diving board.

Linda and Julie looked ravishing in their borrowed bikinis, and I thought to a time in the future when fashion would give us bathing suits with padded bras and higher waists. To me, there was nothing as erotic as seeing a rounded tummy with an exposed belly button, and padding a bathing suit top, why, that was just plain cheating!

Ann and Rita came out to watch, pulling up chairs beside Einstein. Wendy and Mandy were still staying close to the shallow end, but Wendy was quickly picking up how to swim. Mandy had real patience for teaching, and they both looked great in their bikinis, mostly because they filled them out. Annette and I had to be satisfied with just stiff nipples.

We tried to convince Ann and Rita to join us, but they laughed and said maybe another time. Ann was starting to get up to get herself a drink when Einstein beat her to the punch and asked her what she would like. Then he asked Rita, and then he asked the six of us in the pool if we wanted something. With a list in his mind, Einstein wandered off to fill the order.

Linda and Julie got out after Einstein brought the drinks in. I watched their firm rounded bottoms with a bit of envy and even a touch of lust as they climbed the pool ladder, imagining I could see a hint of pussy hair peeping from the edges of their costumes. They towed off then went to sit and talk with Einstein, Ann, and Rita.

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"That Patrick, he's like no other boy I've ever seen," Annette whispered softly from beside me.

"I know," I said. "He doesn't gawk or make crude remarks or behave like a jerk. I think that's why Wendy and I get along with him so well."

"I see him looking," she said, "but even though I'd never, you know, it's nice to be looked at without feeling like I'm being undressed."

I nodded. "He's a lot more mature than some adults," I said.

Annette had been holding on to the side of the pool and pushed her feet against it flipping herself backwards into the water to get back to where Mandy and Wendy were. I could do that, I thought, and I followed her lead.

We decided that we had enough pool time for today but Annette said they were going to throw a pool party early next week for some of the other girls on the team and their friends who lived in London or who had opted to stay through the holidays. Her dad had given his okay and Hilda was going to make up a lunch platter for us. We could leave our new suits here or we could take them home.

"Might as well leave them here," I said. "Wendy and I aren't likely to be going to any other pools soon!"

Annette smiled at us, and then we took Linda and Julie to the guest bath so they could shower and change. Wendy and I went with Annette and Mandy. Annette's bathroom was more than big enough for the four of us, and as Annette said last time, it wasn't like we weren't used to seeing each other in the nude to start with.

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There was still time to sit with our fathers, all four of them, before Hilda called us to dinner.

Right. Dinner. A linen tablecloth, crystal wine goblets, and cutlery that I swear was real silver and not plated.

Pineapple glazed ham, so moist and tender you could cut it with a fork. A stuffed turkey big enough to feed most of the volleyball team with home made stuffing on top! Scalloped potatoes and mashed potatoes and even some of those little broiled potatoes Wendy loved so much. The vegetables sure as hell didn't come from a can or a freezer bag! My stomach started to ache just looking at all this scrumptious food!

There were devilled eggs and fresh coleslaw and a tossed salad to boot! Little finger bowls each with a slice of lemon in it to help cut the grease and real china. I was a bit nervous about handling any of it.

Hilda came out to join us, and I took note of where she sat - right next to Robert. Hmmm.

Hilda was a good-looking woman about 35 with dark red hair, just shoulder length with a hint of a curl, and liquid emerald eyes. She had a Marilyn Monroe figure, and the way she kept looking at Robert, I wondered if he would remain single much longer. She had a gentle smile and a pleasant laugh. I liked her and I could see that Annette did as well.

Robert took great delight in carving the turkey and said that anyone who hesitated would go hungry. I really doubted that! Father Ed said grace and then Einstein surprised us by standing, glass of wine in hand, to make a toast.

He first thanked Robert for having us all over for such a feast and then solemnly said, "To family... those we were born into and those who we choose to invite in. Merry Christmas and may God see fit to allow us the pleasure to enjoy our new and larger family for the years yet to come."

Linda and Julie got a bit misty eyed, then I realized I was as well. I was in this life, the daughter of Mike and Ann, but they had opened their hearts to include Wendy and Linda and Julie and of course Einstein. Tom and Rita had joined in and accepted us all for who we were and now it was expanding even more to include Annette, Mandy and Robert, and our own lovable 'family' priest.

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I don't know how we made it home that night! We had made gluttons of ourselves! The cherry cheesecake Hilda had made for dessert was just enough to make both Wendy and me groggy. The youngest of the group, four girls, and one boy, retired to the 'family' room where we stifled yawns and talked about what changes we might see in the New Year. It was after all, the three quarter mark of the century! Hell, Neil Armstrong's footprints were still relatively fresh in the dust on the moon!

Einstein and I exchanged some knowing glances as Annette and Mandy speculated on what was to come. Linda and Julie had stayed upstairs with the "old folks" to play cards. We contemplated playing pool on the giant snooker table that Robert had set up in the family room, but I think we were all too full.

"We're going to have to whip ourselves back into shape for the next game," Annette said.

"Ah, come on, Annette," Wendy moaned. "I must have gained five pounds tonight!"

Annette laughed. "Patti should be able to wear that off you in about one good night," she said with a wicked grin, then covered her mouth with a hand, as Wendy blushed, glancing at Einstein.

"I thought that was how you got her into shape in the first place!" he quipped, looking at me.

"Nah, that was from chasing her around the showers," I replied, getting an elbow in the side for my trouble.

Everyone laughed as I went ‘Ooff!’ and gradually the conversation turned to other things.

We were starting to doze off when the parents called us. It was time to go home. Annette took me aside and thanked me for my part in making the team come to life and giving her father something to be excited about.

“You already had the talent, Annette,” I said. “You just needed a chance to prove it. As for your father, I think he has other things to get excited about.”

Annette laughed. “You mean Hilda? Yeah, I guess I see it too now, but really, Patti, it wasn’t till that first game that he got interested in life again.”

I didn’t have anything to say so I hugged her and told her that we would always be friends.

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Friday morning, after rolling out of bed, brushing our teeth and a light breakfast, Wendy and I headed out to Linda and Julie’s. Einstein would meet us there, and then we would go to get their rings properly sized.

We decided to walk as we had that big meal to work off from the night before. It was chilly out, and the rising wind blew snow around our feet as we walked.

Wendy and I had gotten a late start, so it was no surprise to find that Einstein had arrived before us. The big surprise was that he was in bed with Julie!

Linda held a finger to her lips when we entered and pointed that we should drop our coats and make ourselves comfortable, and then she pointed to the bedroom and cupped her ear. It didn’t take too long before we heard Julie panting as she came closer and closer to her climax. It was all we could do to stop from laughing. Really... the sound of two people screwing just isn’t as glamorous as it’s made out to be in porn flicks.

The bedsprings were creaking and Julie was panting and saying stuff like, “God, yes, slower, hold it, wait” and then a howl as she erupted followed by a deep groan from Einstein.

“Why isn’t that you in there?” I asked Linda.

“I’m waiting until the New Year,” she said. “I want my baby conceived and born in 1975.”

We made ourselves a cup of tea, thinking that Julie and Einstein would be out any minute and then we heard Julie start to pant again. “God, to be young and able to get it up and keep it up!” I said.

Wendy laughed and asked if that ability was lost with age.

“If he stays in good shape,” I said, “he should be able to go every night when he gets older, but marathon fucking will probably be a fond memory after he turns 30! Even then it will take some real work to get it up for a second helping. The nice thing is, women find it easier to climax as they get older.”

Linda took a long hard look at me. “You said you died of heart failure, Patti. Will the same thing happen to Patrick?”

I thought before I spoke. Something I should do more often. “It’s not in the family genes,” I said, “but then you have to remember that I was very much out of shape and smoked like a chimney and ate all the wrong kinds of foods. I didn’t care much for life, so I just coasted. Einstein has already started a regular exercise routine, and I never did that at all. He knows more about what not to eat and I know he’s not going to start smoking either, so I’d say with regular check-ups and exercise, he’ll probably live to be 100.”

“And what about you, Patti?” Linda asked.

“Well, I know what caused the problems, and I don’t intend to repeat the life that the first Patti had. Like the previous me, she didn’t have much to live for, so she ignored the warning signs. And I know that if I did develop something it can be treated safely before it becomes a problem.”

Wendy held my hand. “And I’m going to make sure that Pete stays healthy too!”

Linda smiled as I turned to give Wendy a kiss.

From the bedroom we could hear Julie vocalizing another climax which was followed soon after by yet another before we heard Einstein grunting as he crossed the finish line.

They came out of the bedroom, Einstein with a towel around his waist and Julie wearing a housecoat. “I need a shower,” said Julie. “I reek of sex!”

“But what a lovely smell it is,” said Einstein.

“And you need one, too,” I said. “Tom and Rita will figure out pretty quick what you’ve been up to if you don’t!”

“You go first, Julie,” he said.

“Wait for me, Honey,” said Linda. “I’ll wash your back.”

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Einstein had a cup of tea with us as he sat down in the spot that Linda had vacated. As he reached for his cup, the towel tied around his waist came undone and Wendy started to giggle.

“Look, Pete!” she said. “That’s not the big thing he showed us the other day!”

Einstein blushed and went to straighten the towel out but I pulled it away and told Wendy to sit on the other side of him and we could see it in its natural state. Of course, with us poking and prodding it and examining it from all angles, it didn’t stay soft for long.

“Damn!” he said. “You’d think it was worn out, but it just seems to keep coming back to life!”

“That’s only cause we’re playing with it,” I said, giving it a little squeeze and making him groan.

We heard squeals coming from the bathroom and I knew that Linda and Julie were going at it. All the sex around me was turning me on, and I knew that Wendy was getting turned on as well. Last night, we had just fallen into bed, too tired and too full for anything but snuggling.

Linda and Julie emerged from the bathroom still dripping and went into their bedroom to get ready, with a call of “Your turn, Patrick,” as they disappeared.

“Come on, Einstein,” I said as I took his hand and pulled him to his feet. “We’ll give you a hand!”

The look of surprise on his face was priceless, and his cock grew another couple of inches.

In the bathroom, Wendy sat on the toilet and I perched myself against the vanity to watch as Einstein got in and set the temperature of the water before turning the showerhead on. We could see pretty good through the flowered plastic shower curtain and his hard on was sticking out straight. We watched him soap up his cock and balls, and when he rinsed them off I reached in and shut the water off, pulling the curtain back at the same time.

“Watch this, Wendy,” I said as I sat on the side of the tub.

I turned him so his hard-on was pointing toward me, then used my hand to gently work his foreskin back over the head, all shiny and hard. I bent toward him, then a thought struck me, and I giggled. I was about to fulfil a fantasy many men had, but could never do – I was about to suck my own dick! Well, it *used* to be mine!

Above me, Einstein started “What are you laughing about...” then he moaned as I took him deep into my mouth. I pulled back slowly, sucking for a moment on the head then used the point of my tongue to dig into his slit as I rhythmically squeezed the shaft. He groaned again, and I looked up at him, saying softly “I got to suck my own dick. And New Year’s...” He looked down at me, almost on the verge as I added, “New Year’s, *you* get to return the favor!”

His dick jerked in my hand as I worked the loose skin once more, then I felt the pulse as his hot cum shot up the shaft and into my waiting hand. I rubbed it over the head, then worked my hand back down the shaft to give him the feeling of a tight cunt wrapped around his dick, swapping hands to catch the next spurt and massaging that in as well. He moaned as he leaned a hand on me, his knees trembling, and his breath coming in gasps. I worked his cock gently as it softened, stripping the last of his cum from him so Wendy could see the drips oozing from the slick head. I regarded it thoughtfully for a moment, and then leaned in again to lick up a drop before it fell.

Mmm, not bad, almost sweet. Better than I remember when I tasted myself on those odd occasions, long past.

Wendy’s eyes widened for a moment before she too leaned to gather a falling drop, drawing her tongue across the head.

“Hmm, not bad,” she smiled. “But New Year’s, I get to taste him properly!”

Einstein groaned, and I felt the jerk as his shaft started hardening all over again!

“Oh, no you don’t!” I said as I stood, brushed my lips lightly across his and turned to wash my hands. “You better get cleaned up if we’re gonna get out of here at all!”

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Tuesday, December 31st, 1974 was spent getting ready for our own private New Year’s Eve Party.

We spent Monday at Annette’s, swimming and horsing around with members of the team and their ‘*roommates*.’ It had been good exercise and we did our best to burn off our holiday feasting.

Annette had a record player in the pool area and we swam, danced, and just generally had a blast being teenaged girls as we listened to KISS and Aerosmith. Both of which had been Christmas presents for Annette and Mandy.

As promised, Hilda had prepared a ‘lunch’ for us girls, but knowing our preferences, there was an assortment of fresh vegetable sandwiches. Cucumber, Tomato,

lettuce, and a variety of salad sandwiches like tuna and egg. While we ate good food, and drank iced tea instead of sodas, we made short order of everything edible in sight! Annette shrugged as if to say, "We need to keep up our strength!"

Einstein and Mike were at the shop doing an after Christmas sale, and most of the girls started to leave after the food was done. We had had a good day, a lot of fun and probably more underwater groping than anyone was used to being able to do freely in the company of others. Rides had been arranged before hand, and some of the girls were driving their parents' cars. By four o'clock everyone had left except for Wendy and me and of course Annette and Mandy.

"Damn, it's so unfair!" said Annette, "Why couldn't you two have come along a couple of years ago?"

Mandy nodded in agreement and I knew what they were thinking. Aside from safety in numbers, Annette and Mandy had been hiding their relationship since they first discovered their love for each other two years earlier. It wasn't by accident they had become roommates, nor why they joined the same school activities. Annette, knowing she could trust Wendy and me, told us how she and Mandy had hooked up.

Annette and Mandy had both started the first semester together in September of 1971. Fate had placed them together in a number of classes, because both shared similar interests as well as the mandatory classes they had to take.

Mandy was in a dorm room in '71, while Annette had a semi private room. Her family name, and of course the family money, had helped to make life easier for her. Annette's roommate, in defiance of her parents, had dropped out after the first semester, and by this time, Annette and Mandy had already started to develop a close friendship. Annette knew that Mandy's family couldn't afford to pay for a semi private room for her, barely managing to scrape up her the tuition.

Mandy, whose family lived in Alberta, had managed a partial scholarship due to her outstanding grades, a lot like how Wendy had arrived at St. Ursula's.

During that first semester, Annette and Mandy had become close friends and confidants, sharing nearly every secret, except for the one they both feared to speak of. When Annette returned to school for the second semester and discovered her roommate had left, she quietly called her dad to ask him if he could arrange to get Mandy out of the dorm and into her room, telling him that she and Mandy studied together all the time and had a lot in common outside of class. She stressed the need to have someone of Mandy's caliber to help her study so she could maintain her own high scholastic standing. Robert even then was very involved with the school's board of governors as well as the alumni committee and it only took a few softly spoken words and a cash donation to give his princess what she asked for.

It had taken them another semester before either felt comfortable discussing sex however, but when on an extremely frustrating day, Annette had let it slip that she had no use or desire for boys, Mandy spilled her feelings.

Over the third semester, they had begun to experiment a little with just 'practice' kissing, and it wasn't till their second year that they started to push the boundaries a little more every day. And they had been lovers since then.

"I was so blind," said Annette. "It was actually going on all around me, but I never noticed it until Mandy and I became lovers ourselves that I saw we weren't the only ones. The problem is, no one of talks about it the way we're doing today. It's like we're committing this awful sin, so by pretending to not notice, everybody feels safe."

"Yeah," said Mandy. "We all felt safe until you showed up," she said smiling at me. "We had you two figured out pretty quick, but you never pretended. It was like you were saying that you didn't care what anybody thought. And it was so obvious that you two were a couple that a lot more of us started to open up a bit. We used to have to play games with other girls to keep up appearances, but you and Wendy; you just stuck together like glue. Now you see why so many of the girls today felt so comfortable doing things as couples, and why so many of us eat with our lovers after practice now, instead of mingling more or sitting apart."

"Wow," was all I could say. I hadn't expected to start a sexual revolution at St. Ursula's!

"I never really paid attention," I said. "I knew that I loved Wendy from the beginning, and just never thought about having to hide it. Sure, we behave around the adults, but we're not trying to change the world, and we don't want to make them feel uncomfortable either."

"That's what we've been doing as well," said Annette. "I still wish you two had arrived a couple of years earlier though."

"Not to worry, Annette," I said. "If you and Mandy go to Western, we'll still be close enough to see you on a regular basis."

It was getting late and we needed to shower and get home, so Annette and Mandy headed for their room after making sure we had clean towels for the guest bathroom.

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I was washing Wendy's back (and her front!), starting to feel real horny as I soaped her apple-sized tits. I loved playing with her boobs. It was something I could never get enough of, and as my thumbs kept sliding over her stiff nipples, I pushed her farther back into the spray of the shower so I could lower myself till I was on my knees facing her fountain of delight.

The water was cascading over and off her body, a steady stream running over her pussy, and I took my hands and eased her legs apart. I took a deep breath and plunged my head into the waterfall that was dividing her pubic hair and drove my tongue, stabbing right at her clit! Her knees started to buckle, but I had both my arms wrapped around her legs, close to her ass. Her hands sought my head and shoulders and she was pulling me into her hot cunt. The taste, even watered down, was fantastic, and I knew by the texture of her juices she was hot and ready. I licked and I sucked at her clit, grabbing a breath every now and then, but I was intent on bringing her over the edge!

Wendy started moaning, and her one hand grabbed my hair tightly as she started that final crest to a loud and body shaking orgasm. But I wasn't content to just give her one, and moving my hands up, I slipped one finger into her butt hole, driving her back toward the precipice of pleasure as I continued to suck the very essence out of her. She hadn't had time to recover from her first climax and as she peaked again, I jerked my finger from her spasming rosebud. I'm sure everyone in the house heard her scream as she collapsed, sliding down in the tub grasping for me. I was glad she had let go of my hair, as I'm sure that my eyes were now permanently slanted!

She kissed me ferociously on the mouth driving her tongue in as far as it could go, so I sucked on her tongue causing even more moans. Wendy slid one hand between us and started to slide a finger into my hot box, and I could feel that it wouldn't take much for me to cross my own threshold either. God, I loved this girl! I couldn't keep my hands or my mouth off her body!

Wendy changed the tempo and slid another finger inside of me curling it back so she was riding my "Gee Whiz" spot while her thumb strummed my clit, which had swollen to the size of what felt like a dick! Seconds later it was me moaning in her mouth as my own climax washed over me.

We had to finish our shower on the floor of the tub, both of us too weak to stand.

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Annette and Mandy were sitting in the kitchen wearing bathrobes and big grins. I'm sure I blushed and I could see Wendy blushing as well, but she was also grinning from ear to ear.

"Was the water too hot?" asked Mandy? "Maybe you scalded yourself, and that's what the screaming was all about."

Wendy giggled.

"It was probably too cold," said Annette. "They were in there a long time and probably ran out of hot water."

It was my turn to laugh, and said, "I notice you two are all dressed to do a bit of screaming yourselves!"

Annette laughed and stood up and hugged me, giving me a kiss on the cheek, and then she did the same to Wendy. Wendy and I gave Mandy a hug as well, thanked them both for the great time and for being our friends, and then we got our coats and boots and headed out back into the cold.

Robert had built his dream home in what would become the playground of the rich and famous out on Windermere Road, just west of the University. The price of land at London's north end skyrocketed as retailers high-tailed it out of downtown and set up shopping malls and plazas in the area in the years since he had built it. As the area became more commercialized, their shopping centers started to crowd Robert's neighbors, but never got close to Robert Denure's place. He had made sure to build close to the park and overlooking the river as it meandered down to meet up with the main branch of the Thames. With two acres of land, heavily planted with fruit trees and flower beds, you couldn't even hear the traffic that rushed by on Richmond Street on the east or Fanshaw Park Road on the north.

Annette offered to call us a cab, and even to pay for it, but it was a short walk to the University where we could wait inside for the next bus to come by.

Wendy slipped her arm through mine as we walked the four blocks together, heads held high.

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"Looks like you two had a good time," said Ann when we got home. We gave her a kiss and said we had a great time! Then we changed and helped her get the rest of supper ready. Mike didn't make it home till 6:30, and he came bustling in with a smile broad enough to let us know his day had gone well.

"All of those speakers are gone, Patti-cake!" he said excitedly, pulling me to his lap.

"All of them?" I asked incredulously.

"Even the extra ones I ordered before Christmas," he said. "Ever since Patrick and I set up the display corner, people have been coming in to listen to them. I've even gotten used to that weird music that he insisted we should play for our demo. Some tube bells I think."

Right! Mike Oldfield's "Tubular Bells." What a perfect demo piece to show off the Bose 911s!

“He did pick the perfect album, Daddy,” I said. “I’ve heard parts of it on the radio, and that would really make people pay attention!”

“It nearly drives me nuts,” laughed Mike, “but we only turn it on when customers come in to look and listen. I’ve also been selling a shit pile of new cartridges and styluses!”

Wendy laughed with him and then said, “You better be careful, Mr. J. Remember what happened to Pete when she used that language?”

Mike and Ann both laughed. They remembered my ‘speech as punishment’ ordeal. It had sounded pretty good at the time, and both Mike and Ann had taken time out to come and listen.

None of us knew yet that my teachers were conspiring to put me in front of members of the board of education for the citywide competition!

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After some careful deliberation, Mike and Ann and Tom and Rita had agreed to Linda’s proposal of leaving us ‘kids’ overnight New Year’s Eve.

“You’ll all be tired when the party finishes,” she had said. “The kids will probably be asleep so why not just let them stay over and we’ll bring them home after we hear from you tomorrow?”

Pretty devious, I thought. I liked it!

Mike and Ann drove around and picked up Einstein who was decked out in some pretty fancy duds for what was supposed to be a casual evening, but then again, Wendy and I had a few things in our bags we intended to change in to once we were sure we were alone! After they dropped us off with our promises to not cause Linda and Julie any grief, we watched them drive away. The three of us stood there grinning that horny grin only teenagers can do. Linda was trying to get us to come inside, and we fully intended to! Cum, that is!

We got in and took off our coats and stuff and settled into comfortable places. The coffee table was just totally covered with snacks, and Julie asked if we had eaten because she had something in the oven.

I guess that Einstein, as well as Wendy and I, had been too full of anticipation of what was going to happen this night to eat properly, and it was only 7:30! Julie turned on the oven and joined us in the living room for an enjoyable chat. We spent some time reflecting on the year that had passed, though Einstein and I could only talk about the last four months, but as Linda observed, in those four months we had changed a lot of things for a lot of people.

Unintentionally, we had altered the timeline in many different ways, and Einstein and I talked about how our changes had affected our parents, both financially and personally.

Since I had never known either Mike or Ann previous to waking up in the hospital, and being at school for most of the last four months, I realized that while I had learned a lot about Ann from our “Girls’ Days out,” I still knew very little about Mike. I knew he was kind and generous, that he loved Ann and Wendy and me, but other than the fact he worked for himself, I knew very little of his background or ‘our’ history together.

“Get your mind off of sex for a minute and tell me about my Dad,” I said to Einstein. “He looks and walks like he’s military, but there’s nothing in the house that shows or even hints that he’s been in the service.”

“Even now he doesn’t say anything about it at work,” Einstein said. “The only thing that shows he’s been in the army are the trade certificates on the shop wall and his radio license. I’ll tell you what I know from my past, and what I’ve been able to get out of him about why he’s working in his own shop instead of for some big company. God knows he’s qualified to work for any repair company in town or even Bell Canada.”

“Mike grew up in Chatham,” Einstein said. “From the time he was a teenager, he was fascinated with radios. Used to buy old ones just so he could tear them apart and rebuild them better than before. By the time he was sixteen he was making money doing repairs for other people. His folks couldn’t afford to send him to college, and of course university was out of the question, so when the army recruitment people came to his high school they promised all kinds of career opportunities. Mike asked about electronics and they told him he would get the very best education and serve his country at the same time and get paid to learn.”

“And did he?” Wendy asked.

“Oh he learned all right,” said Einstein. “He kissed his mom and dad goodbye when he graduated high school at 17 and went to Camp Borden for his basic training. He was stuck there for six months learning how to follow orders and fire and clean weapons. He didn’t see his folks the whole time, and he had signed on for a four-year stint. After basic training, he got a short leave, and then he was shipped off to McNaughton Barracks in Kingston where the real learning started. It was THE place to learn about electronics and communications. They taught him enough to get him interested and then after he had served 18 months they told him that unless he signed for another four-year stint, they would terminate his training and put him into infantry. He was due some leave, so he hopped a military flight to London then hitched a ride the rest of the way to Chatham. His dad told him that quitting his training would be the wrong thing to do, as the infantry at that time was overseas as a military police service under NATO command and that would be the worst way to spend the next two and a half years. He told Mike to sign on for a second tour, get certified, then get out.”

“So he went back and signed the paperwork and continued to learn and earn his certification on all kinds of circuits, transistors and transceivers. He was good at what he did, and he aced his courses. He was getting certified in all kinds of electronics, and by the time he had five years in, he was fully certified in everything the army could teach him. He was a corporal at that point and then they offered him his sergeant’s stripes if he would sign up for another tour. Since he still had another three years to go, he said he wanted some time to think about it, so to give him some incentive, they shipped him overseas.”

“Mike was sent to the NATO Peace Keeping Task Force?” I asked. “That would have been in the old Soviet Bloc in Europe!”

“Yep, that’s what I figured as well,” said Einstein. “He spent a year there, but he couldn’t be persuaded to re-up, and he earned some kind of commendation while he was there ‘cause he came home a Sergeant.”

“If they were trying to convince him to stay in, why would they let him come home after just one year?” asked Wendy.

“That’s the part he won’t talk about at all,” said Einstein. “All I know is that his folks died while he was over there, and I only found out about that when I was his daughter and he talked a little about my grandparents. He won’t talk about it at all now.”

“Did he get released after that?” I asked.

“Nope,” said Einstein, “he finished out his last two years at Wolseley Barracks here in London as chief communications officer for the 4th Battalion HQ. At least from this point on, things started to get better,” he added.

“Mike had just turned 24 and was celebrating with a couple of the guys in his unit at the Ox-Box. That was the night he met Ann. She was only 21 and was finishing her last year at Fanshaw College, and waiting on tables.”

The Oxford House Pub on the corner of Adelaide and Oxford Street was famous for being the launching ground of artists like Gordon Lightfoot, though that was more recent history. It just seemed to be an institution in London and had been called the Ox-Box for as long as anyone could remember.

“Ann went to Fanshaw?” I asked. “What did she take?”

“Junior Accounting and Secretarial skills,” he said. “Who do you think does the books for Mike?”

I had to laugh. I was learning more about my parents in one night than I had learned in the last four months! Everybody was sitting listening to Einstein tell my life story and how **my** Mom and Dad had met.

Julie asked Einstein to hold that thought while she checked the oven. When she came back he picked up with his story.

“Mike liked Ann the first time he met her, and she was taken with him. He wasn’t much of a drinker, so it wasn’t long before he asked her out for something other than sitting in a hotel all night. They went dancing and to movies just getting to know each other. Obviously they fell in love and they got married in September 1959. Mike had some insurance money from the death of his parents, and he bought the house on Maitland and he owns the shop on Richmond, but that was later,” Einstein said.

“Mike still had another year to serve, and you, or me I guess, came along ten months later, just five weeks before he got his honorable discharge.”

I was doing some mental math but Wendy beat me to it. “That makes Mike 40 and Ann 37,” she said.

Even Einstein had to think about it for a minute till he agreed.

“Now a days,” Einstein said, “If you catch him in the right mood, and bring it up when he’s not expecting it, all he’ll say about his time in the army is that he’ll never take orders from anyone ever again.”

A silence fell in the room. I let it rest for a few minutes and then I said, “But hey, look how happy he is now! Let’s not let the past get us down!”

“Speaking of the past,” said Julie, “what did you guys mean when you said the ‘*old* Soviet Bloc’?”

Einstein and I looked at each other for a second, then he said, “This is exactly why Peppermint and I have to be careful with what we say. Within the next decade, the Soviet Union will break apart. They simply can’t manage to control all of the countries that want out. In the next ten years, the maps will be revised and changed and revised again. Probably the biggest event will be when they tear down the Berlin Wall.”

“That was exciting to see,” I said, “and a few years later, Germany will reunite into one country.”

“Wow!” said Linda. “I’m starting to understand why you don’t want to say too much about the future to us. It’s as much to protect us, as it is to protect yourselves. It’s a good thing neither of you decided to become psychics!”

“Are you kidding?” I said. “Do you know how fast we’d be locked up working for the government or just made to disappear as soon as some of the things we said came true?”

“Or some of the information we possess fell into the wrong hands?” added Einstein.

They all thought about that for a minute and then Wendy asked if I should fill Einstein in about Tom and Rita.

Einstein looked at me and shrugged.

“I don’t get it,” I said. “You already know all about Tom and Rita, his career as a machinist at Excella, and I didn’t have a clue about Mike or Ann.”

“Don’t pout, Peppermint,” he said. “Remember that I’ve been living with them full time since we “woke up,” while you’ve only seen Mike and Ann on weekends and the holidays. Besides, you told me most of it at the hospital because I needed the background information to get myself out of your mess!”

“Yeah, yeah, don’t remind me,” I said. “But, you’ve really done well with your life. When 1975 rolled around last time, Tom had stopped making those wooden toys and wasn’t even talking to me, and Rita had given up hope I would do anything with my life. Tom was drinking a lot, he and Rita were fighting, and I just wasn’t there, either physically or mentally. I just didn’t give a shit. Now look at them. They’ve made new friends thanks to you and they’ve never been happier or more in love. You gave them a son they can both be proud of, and unless you decide to turn into a jerk, they’ll never know it could have gone the other way.”

“And if you turn into a jerk,” said Wendy, “I’ll show you how well I can spike balls!”

Everybody laughed at the story about our shopping trip with Annette and Mandy and how Wendy had taken some affirmative action on her own!

We could smell something delicious coming from the kitchen.

“Oh my God,” exclaimed Julie. “I’ve got to get supper out of the oven before it burns!”

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Julie had sliced a loaf of Italian bread down the middle, covered it with spaghetti sauce, Italian sausage and sliced ham, then topped it with shaved mozzarella and cheddar cheese. This she covered with mushrooms and pineapple then put it in the oven to broil.

The cheese was golden brown and bubbling hot as she placed the tray on the bench where she cut it into two-inch sections and arranged them on a big serving plate. Einstein carried it to the coffee table while Linda brought in her special icy slush punch. It was 90% ginger ale and fruit juice – and 10% vodka. “You’d be sick before you drank enough to get drunk,” she said, “but you should get a nice buzz.”

It *did* taste good!

I was on my third punch glass of this stuff and had been eating constantly for nearly an hour. I was stuffed. Julie explained that she always made her own garlic spread and that was the base of what she called her pizza loaf.

We turned the TV on after we had cleared the empty plates away, and lo and behold, there was Dick Clark. Man, he looked older in 1974 than he did in 2003!

It was Dick Clark’s Rockin’ New Year’s Eve Party. Wendy and I excused ourselves and went into the bedroom to change into what we had brought with us - the satin Baby Doll pajamas Ann had gotten us for Christmas. Even in the dim light of the bedroom I could see the darker shadow of Wendy’s pubic patch, and I pulled her to me and kissed her deep. “Ready, Honey?” I asked her.

“More than ready,” she said, so we walked back into the living room and watched as Einstein’s jaw dropped.

Linda and Julie just smiled at us.

“You have about 90 minutes before it’s 1975,” Linda said, “then he’s mine!”

“Ours,” corrected Julie.

Linda blushed and nodded.

Wendy held her hand out to Einstein and as he stood we could see the bulge in his pants. I decided I was going to be wicked.

“You can’t enter the bedroom dressed like that,” I said, and moved in on him slowly unbuttoning his shirt as Wendy started to undo his belt.

“But ...” he started, but I put a finger to his lips and said, “Just relax and enjoy this, Einstein. Trust me. This is going to be a New Year’s Eve that you are never going to forget!”

Turning to Linda, I promised that we would not wear him out; we were just going to help Wendy satisfy her curiosity. With that, Wendy bent over to slide his pants and underwear off and was rewarded with a slap in the cheek as his cock sprang free.

“Hey!” she said. “You better control that thing, or I’ll bite it off!”

“Oh no!” Linda wailed, “Don’t do that, Wendy! At least not yet!” which caused us all to laugh.

“Now take your socks off,” I told him and he did, blushing to the roots of his scalp. When he was totally naked, Wendy took him by the hand and led him to the bedroom. I smiled at Julie and Linda and followed behind.

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It started with Einstein lying flat on his back on the bed, with Wendy and me on either side of him. His cock was so hard, it didn’t even lay on his belly. I took time to explain to Wendy and showed in great detail all of the moving parts on his genitals. She poked gently at his balls and laughed in glee as she watched the sac expand and contract on its own.

“It’s responding to temperature changes,” I told her and showed her by blowing on his balls. They tightened up immediately but when I stopped, they started their worm like movement again.

Wendy blew on them.

As she bent forward her hair brushed over Einstein’s cock, causing it to twitch violently.

“Wow,” said Wendy. “Look at the top of that thing! It looks like a volcano ready to erupt!”

“It is, Sweetheart,” I said. “But this time we aren’t going to let it shoot into the air. One of us is going to catch the whole load in our mouths!”

Einstein groaned and I could see a drop of pre cum forming at the tip of his dick.

I pushed my finger against it, sliding it back and forth, coating my finger, and then offered my finger to Wendy who eagerly sucked it clean.

“Can I do it first, Pete?” she asked. “I saw how you did it in the shower!”

Wendy was like a kid in a candy store. She had found a new toy to play with. I squeezed the base of Einstein’s shaft to prevent him from cumming before we were ready and I explained to Wendy that it would blast out and if she didn’t swallow fast enough it would probably shoot right back out through her nose! I told her to keep her teeth covered or at least be very gentle with them, as a bit of tooth action would probably drive him up the wall.

Still holding on to the base of his cock, I showed her how to get his foreskin back and the area she should brush her tongue, the one spot that would be sure to have Einstein blowing his load!

“Remember, Sweetheart,” I said. “It’s only *called* a blowjob. You don’t really blow. You suck on it.”

Wendy nodded eagerly. I told her to take off her Baby Doll PJ’s in case there was splash back. Wendy didn’t hesitate one second, but I slowed her down. “Ask him if he wants to see you naked first,” I said.

“Patrick,” she said in a sultry voice, her hand resting on his prick, “Do you want to see me naked?”

“Yes, please, Wendy,” he moaned. “I want to feel your tits and kiss your lips and touch you all over.”

“Oh, I don’t know if you can touch,” she said teasingly. “I thought you might want to look though.”

Damn but she was learning fast! Einstein’s hands were clutching the sheets as Wendy slipped off her panties and her satin top and slowly moved up on the bed brushing her nipples over his chest and then over his lips. They were rock hard and as she moved he opened his mouth to capture one of her cherries. She paused for several heartbeats, then pulled it from his lips with a pop as she moved down once more.

His wanting moan was muffled as she kissed him on the mouth and I could see their tongues dueling, then Wendy reached across him and pulled my top off! She kept her hand firmly on his cock as she leaned over to kiss me.

Mmmm... I was on fire myself. She was so fucking sexy!

“Maybe I should go down on you first, Pete,” she said as she bent further over to suck on my little tits. And Einstein groaned.

“I think maybe you should take care of Einstein first, Darling,” I said. I knew he couldn’t hold out much longer.

Wendy sighed and kissed me again and then kissed him and then she let her hair sweep down his chest till her mouth was just a little open, ready to take his cock in. My pussy was seeping as I watched her wet her lips and then take the head of his cock into her mouth. I could see her tongue moving and her cheeks sucking in and I let go of Einstein’s shaft, moving my hand down to cup his balls.

Wendy sucked for only a minute before Einstein cried out and I saw her eyes widen in surprise as he spurting, then she was swallowing as he jetted again and again. I

felt his balls pull tight to his shaft as his hips rocked in the age-old rhythm, trying to send his seed deep into that hot warm cavity, then he sighed and went limp. Wendy continued to suck softly on his cock as it softened, cleaning off all trace of his cum and leaving it glistening with her saliva. She looked at me with a devilish grin and said, "I did it, Pete! I made him cum!"

"Yes you did, Honey, and I pointed to his limp form, his mouth open and a soft snoring coming from his body. "You done wore him out, Wendy!"

"I remember when you did that to me," she said, smiling. "I thought I had died and gone to heaven."

"I'm sure he will think the same thing, Sweetheart. Did you like it?" I asked.

"It's different," she said. "I'm not sure if I'm ready to try having him inside me, but ... I kind of like the power I had over him, and I could feel the way he responded to me. It felt very sexy, but now I'm horny as well!"

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I didn't need another invitation. I moved around the bed and got between Wendy's legs, pushing her back on the bed to lie beside our sleeping beauty.

Wendy was so wet that I had to suck up all her juices before I could get to her clit and get a finger inside her. She instantly exploded in my mouth sending a spray of juice over my face, but once wasn't enough for my lover. She was madly humping her cunt on my mouth pushing for another climax and that one was bigger than the first, and I just kept on licking driving her farther and farther till she exploded a third time with a scream!

I got up and sat on the bed watching Wendy come down from her high. Einstein started to stir a bit, and Wendy just grabbed him by the head and mashed her mouth against his. His cock instantly came back to life!

Since I was close, I lowered my head and swallowed his prick in as far as I could, but it was growing so fast that I had to back off after just a minute or two, just keeping the head in my mouth.

I was soaking wet myself, and I could hear him moaning as he started to build towards another climax. Wetting one of my fingers in my own sopping juice I thought I'd add a little spice to his life and slipped a wet finger into his butt!

His cock twitched and grew even more than I thought possible, but I didn't want him to cum so soon, so using all the saliva I could muster I lathered his cock up and just gently moved my lips up and down sucking his cock ever so gently. My finger kept a rhythm of its own fucking him in the ass. Wendy untangled herself from his grasp and

moved between my legs and latched her mouth on to my clit! Things became sporadic after that, as I didn't know where to focus my attention! Wendy knew every trick to make me cum and she was trying every one of them while I tried to keep my sucking to a soft motion, a lot like it would feel to him if he was fucking me.

It didn't work. Wendy's attention to my cunt was too distracting and I started to suck on Einstein in earnest, and out of desperation. So engrossed was I with what Wendy was doing to me that as I started to cum for her, I felt my mouth fill with hot cum!

I swallowed as fast as possible, but I was panting at the same time from my own climax and I think I lost half his load on his belly. My ass was pointed up in the air, and Wendy had worked her way under me. Einstein helped things along by caressing both of us where ever he could reach. He was like an octopus! He had hands everywhere!

As he groaned out his climax I did the same, sending sound vibrations through his cock.

Finally I called for a 'Time-Out.' I wanted to ride my own crest of ecstasy.

Wendy, being the most recovered of all of us walked nude into the living room, returning a couple of minutes later with fresh drinks, saying that Linda and Julie had the volume off on the TV so they could hear what was going on in the bedroom. I laughed and wondered what they thought of all the moans and screams. The great thing about being a teen was the almost instant ability to recover and go again!

Wendy and I lay side by side on our backs, clutching hands and swapping kisses as Einstein crawled between our legs and started to eat pussy. It was a smorgasbord in front of him as two willing girls spread their legs to allow him easy access.

I had to give him credit. He knew how to eat pussy, and while he was busy on one of us, his hands were moving as well, one toying with the pussy he didn't have his face buried in and the other tweaking and tuning nipples. He spent a bit of time on each of us, slowly working us up to a plateau, and then switching to the other till both Wendy and I were panting.

He brought Wendy off first, and this was her first orgasm from someone other than me. The hand she was holding mine with tightened and with the other she grabbed Einstein by the hair trying to force his head into her hot and soaking wet cunt! She growled out her climax, and thrashed on the bed like a fish on land, then she let go of his head and with that hand pulled me into a passionate kiss that had her tongue nearly all the way down my throat!

Einstein took the moment of freedom to move to me, but I was already so close to cumming that he barely had a chance to latch on to my clit before I moaned into Wendy's mouth as I crossed my own point of no return!

For minutes we lay there nearly exhausted, but Einstein had another erection and moved up our bodies to kiss us. I could taste the combined juices of Wendy and me on his lips and then I felt something hard rubbing against the wetness of my slit!

“Just an inch,” I groaned at him, “and only for one second. I want to feel it, but there is no way in hell that you are going to get me knocked up, and you damn well know why!”

Einstein grunted and the next thing I felt was his stiffness entering me, just the head. He pulled in and out for two or three strokes and then abruptly his hardness left me. I had done it! I had felt what it was like to have a cock inside of me, and it felt good, and there was no pain. I was sorry he had to pull it out.

Wendy looked at me with her big saucer eyes, silently asking if she could try it as well, so I reached down, and guided Einstein’s cock to her hot gash. Wendy moaned as he made contact, and groaned as he entered her for a depth of about two inches. I saw his face turning red, so I pulled his cock back out, much to Wendy’s dismay.

“Maybe when we get on the pill, Sweetheart,” I said lovingly. “But right now, we can’t risk him losing control and one of us getting pregnant.”

“Are you just going to leave me like this?” Einstein asked pointing his rock hard cock at us.

“Just hold on for a little while longer,” I told him. “There is a very willing female out there who is dying to get pregnant and wants you and all your baby-making spunk deep inside her.”

It felt a bit strange as I cuddled them both to me. I had the soft body of my lover on one side, and the hard body of the former me on the other. I had never in that previous life ever considered having a male in my bed, but now it felt good and a little frisson ran down my spine as I remembered the brief feel of his (my!) hard cock spreading my nether lips. I kissed him, touching tongues, the intimacy stirring my excitement again, then locked lips with my love. I felt my pussy flooding as she sucked me, my tongue trapped between her lips, then she pulled away, saying, “Not now, Darling, you’ll have to wait...”

She pulled me to the shower where later, dressed again in our baby doll pajamas, we watched as Einstein showered, his cock at half-mast, as he got squeaky-clean for Linda who was eagerly waiting for midnight and the New Year.

When we rejoined Linda and Julie in the living room, we got some good-natured ribbing about the moaning and groaning emanating from the bedroom.

Ten minutes to midnight. Just 600 more seconds left to this most eventful year. Julie surprised us by bringing out glasses and a chilled bottle of champagne as we watched the minutes ticking off as Dick Clark kept updating the end of the year.

Einstein popped the cork (damn! I'll have to teach him how to open champagne!) and poured and just as Dick was saying Happy New Year, he raised his glass in a toast.

"Ladies, to our loved ones, to our friends, and to this life!"

I looked him in the eye, and completed the toast, "For this is the one we have, praise the Goddess!"

Our lovers raised their glasses and drank, and I knew that those other lives were now behind us, our secret safe with our lovers.

Then Linda put down her glass and took Julie's hand, who in turn took Einstein's hand, and with a fond look at Wendy and me, they headed off to the bedroom to make a baby for Linda.

We don't know how many times they tried that night, but Wendy and I fell asleep on the couch, wrapped in each other's arms sometime after her fourth orgasm

The last thought I had that night was of the people in my life, and how much they all meant to me. It was 1975, the start of a new year, and on reflection, I thought of these people and what they had done for me since my awakening. I was determined that in honor of them, to honor them, I would give to others more than I received, love more than I was loved, and to try and make the lives of all I would ever meet a little happier. This was my own oath and solemn pledge to the Goddess who had given me the opportunity.

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