

Rush

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

Rush

Mark responded to the knock on his dorm room door. "Yeah, it's unlocked." It was too early to be heading to class.

"Hey, Ev," Mark said to Everett as his friend came in. Mark picked up a book and started loading it into his bag. "You're early -- what's up?"

Everett pulled the chair out from the desk, sat down, and shrugged. "How're you doing with classes?"

Mark shrugged as well. "Eh, okay. They don't want me to challenge any more this semester. How 'bout you?"

"Same -- who'd have thought college would be so boring, eh?" Everett said as he reached for Mark's open MacBook sitting on the desk, and tapped the shift key.

When the screen lit up, Everett exclaimed, "Mark! I'm ashamed of you! Don't you know that shit will make you go blind?"

Mark turned a little red and smirked, glancing to the half-finished sudoku puzzle on the screen. "Yeah, what can I say -- keeps me occupied for a few minutes."

Everett shook his head. "Did I tell you about the guy in Amsterdam this summer?"

Mark sat back on his bed, knowing he was in for a story whether he liked it or not. He'd heard plenty about Everett's travels in Europe over the summer with his older cousin George, mostly involving sex, drugs, or both.

"We were talking to this psych researcher George knows, and the guy saw the sudoku books I'd picked up at a German train station. He asked me if I liked 'em, and I told him they were a distraction, but not really a challenge. I offered him the books, as I wasn't going to finish it. George threw in that I was really good at 'em. Well, this guy wanted 'em, and he had someone we *had* to meet! So after lunch we met him at this place, think it was like a halfway

house, and met this dude, oh, thirty or so, pasty and stinky. The shrink talked to him in Dutch, and gave him one of the books along with a pencil. Well, the guy cackled, and started mumbling to himself in Dutch, picked up the pencil, and whizzed through the first one in like a minute! Just bam, bam, bam! I watched closer on the next one, and he was doing the usual shit, just really fucking fast! He'd pause like maybe a few seconds on a tricky pivot or swordfish, but that was all! The shrink told us the guy was a savant -- he could whip through shit like that, but couldn't be trusted to cross the street! I leaned a little closer to watch the guy, and he hadn't taken a bath or brushed his teeth in a long time, either!"

"I remembered some stuff in my bag -- you seen Royle's stuff? There's some good Mathematica tools for sudoku. Royle came up with a family of 16 clue ambiguous puzzles -- two solutions -- I spent some time looking for more. Anyway, I had copies of some ambiguous ones, and gave one to the shrink, telling him it was hard. Well, he smiled, and asked the guy if he'd like a hard one to do. Oh yeah! So he runs chains on it, the usual, until he gets to the fun part, and he stops! He looks at it, and starts making this weird whining noise! He gets louder and louder, and the shrink talks to him in Dutch, but he isn't doing anything but making this weird noise, staring at the page, and like rocking back and forth. Then we smell something -- the guy crapped his pants! Man, what a stink! He threw the pencil, trashed the page, the books, and the shrink hustles us out of the room and calls for help! A few minutes later he asked me what the hell I'd done, he was pissed off! I explained that it was a legitimate puzzle, just that it has two possible solutions. He didn't know that -- he thought they only had one solution."

"Fascinating," Mark said dryly.

Everett laughed out loud. Mark followed after a bit.

Everett shook his head and smiled at Mark. "So, what's up between you and Gina?"

Mark stopped laughing and scowled. "Nothing. What's the problem?"

Everett scowled back. "Nothing! That's the problem! This is college! You're here for an education, and believe me, Gina wants to educate you!"

"And how the hell do you know that?" Mark demanded.

"Pam talked to me," Everett responded. Pam and Gina were roommates. "Gina asked her, wanted to find out what's up with you -- not interested, too nerdy, too scared, too gay..."

Mark leaned back, closing his eyes and shaking his head. "I'm interested. Too scared, too scared." He pulled his legs up and wrapped his arms around them. "Shit, I don't know what the hell to do, where to start!"

"I'm sure she'll show you; just ask," Everett said quietly.

Mark sighed and opened his eyes. "Okay -- but let's not make a big deal out of this, okay? I mean ... Ev, there's some ugly shit you don't want to know about."

Everett nodded. "Sorry... Just trying to help. So whaddya want me to tell Pammy?"

Mark looked at his hands. They felt cold, and they were shaking a little. "Tell Pam, tell Gina, yeah, I'm interested, but I'm scared. I'll ... I'll try and talk to her too."

Everett smiled a bit. "Okay. I'll do that, and I won't bug you any more. But if you've got questions, or want to talk, hey, talk. But damn, Gina -- I'd do her!"

Mark shook his head. "You'd do a catcher's mitt!"

Everett turned red, but started laughing. Soon Mark was laughing with him.

"Hey, let's go to this stinking required class," Everett said, picking up his stuff.

"Yeah," Mark agreed.

They went to class. As with most freshman lectures, it was in one of the big halls, an intimate gathering of a few hundred students. Ev and Mark sat in their usual spots, close to Gina and Pam. When class ended, Ev and Pam walked off together.

Gina stood a ways from Mark, smiling.

Mark sighed and walked over to her, extending a hand. "Walk?" he suggested.

She nodded, taking his hand.

They walked away from the lecture hall, to a less crowded part of campus. Mark saw an unoccupied bench, and led them to it. They sat down.

"How are you?" Gina asked. She could tell Mark was nervous; so was she.

Mark sighed, but kept looking at her. God, she was pretty -- she was big, full, not fat, but full, with full breasts, hips, a great waist. Still, the way he felt, the tightness in his chest, in his legs, the ache... "Gina... Ev talked to me..."

"Yeah?" Gina said, smiling.

Mark nodded. He didn't know if he wanted to run, or close his eyes and hug her, be in her arms. "Gina, I'm interested, but I'm scared. I like you, a lot, and you're really pretty... I've ... I've been through some ugly stuff, and I'm scared. I... I don't know what else to say."

Gina felt concerned. She felt she was doing the right thing, but was unsure of what to do next. "Thank you, Mark, I like you too... Do you want me to hold you? Would that help? I could..."

She was surprised when Mark threw his arms around her, his head on her chest, holding her tight. She put her arms around him gently. She remembered a little kid she baby sat, who was it? Peter? The one with nightmares? “It’s okay, I’ve got you,” she whispered, rocking gently, just as she had with Peter. “I’ve got you, and you’re safe. I’ve got you...”

She held him for a while, rocking gently. Gradually he relaxed, and eventually sat back.

“I’m ... I’m sorry I grabbed you like that,” Mark said softly.

Gina took one of his hands. “That’s okay. I like holding, and being held.”

“You do?” Mark asked.

Gina saw the pained look on his face. “Yes, of course!” she told him.

He sighed, such a deep sigh!

And it was all she could do to keep from laughing, or grabbing him again and holding him tight and close. She held his hands. “Ev says you’re better at math than he is.”

Mark shrugged. “Not sure. We each have our strengths.” They were in the same differential equations section.

“Feel strong enough to help me with first year calculus?” she asked.

“Oh yeah,” Mark told her.

“Good. Let’s study separately until dinner time, then we can walk to the commons, and come back and you can help me with math. And maybe I can hold you some after?” Gina was hopeful, and hoping she wasn’t pushing too fast.

Mark nodded. “I’d like that.”

“Good. So would I.”

They stood up, and holding hands, walked back to their dorm.

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Gina opened the door to her dorm room quietly, slowly, not wanting to wake Pam. She suppressed a giggle, getting in so late, or was it early?

Pam moved in her bed. “You okay?” she muttered in the darkness.

“Yah,” Gina replied, slipping out of her clothes. “You?”

“Yah, talk in the morning,” Pam mumbled.

Gina looked at her clock; almost two! “It is.”

“Wha?”

“Go back to sleep,” Gina said, flopping back in her bed.

“Mrfml,” muttered Pam.

Gina’s alarm clock went off. She whacked it.

“Did you really get in at two?” Pam asked sleepily a little while later.

“Yup,” Gina admitted.

“So, did you, like, do it?”

“No. Did you and Ev?” Gina asked.

“Oh yeah. We studied first, and I teased him. So what did you guys do?”

“You first,” insisted Gina.

Pam sighed. “Ev has a thing for tits. He...”

“He’s a guy,” Gina pointed out.

“I noticed. He has a thing for tits bigger than mine, *your* tits for instance...”

“Hey, I met your sister and your mom -- you’ll get ‘em. Yours are nice. I bet Ev thinks so too.”

“Oh he does, but yours... I teased him so much last night... He helped me a lot with classes, too, and I teased him about you and Mark...”

“And?”

“I told him he had to go down on me first.” She sighed again. “He’s getting good, and he really likes doing it. Then we did it, and snoozed together. Think he left around eleven. So what’s with you two?”

Gina was still thinking. “Yesterday afternoon after class, when he grabbed me...”

“He *grabbed* you! Mark?”

“Yeah, but not what you’d think. He’s been through something bad; I’m sure of it.”

“Yeah, Ev said something like ‘scared and scarred,’ to me.”

“That’s it. Yesterday afternoon he reminded me of babysitting from a couple of years ago. I sat for this family with an eight year old boy. I’d sit for them at night, and a few times overnight when they went places. He had nightmares. He’d rush in and throw his arms around me. I’d hold him, feeling his heart racing, try to get him calmed down. One of the nights I stayed over, we had a nasty storm, and that scared him, too. Hold him, rock him, try and get him to relax, to calm down. That’s what it was with Mark. Oh, he helped me a lot with math. He’s a really good teacher. We went through a lot of math, and... I could tell he was scared, like he didn’t know what to do. So I packed up our stuff, turned out the light, and snuggled with him on his bed. At first, it was like with Peter a few years ago, clutching me, his heart beating so fast, but I held him that special way, and talked to him softly, and he eventually relaxed. The sweetie went to sleep in my arms, and I guess I went to sleep holding him. I woke up, and came back here.” She sighed. “That was nice...”

“Awww... Special way? What’s that?”

Gina sighed again. “I almost... Another babysitting job, the last regular one I had, with a baby girl, she was so cute! Most nights I’d feed her a bottle, and then hold her. One time early on, I don’t remember how it happened, think I was holding her and she went after one of my tits, so I gave it to her -- wow! I liked that, and so did she! Anyway one time I was sitting with her, and I was in this comfy chair, leaned back, with her sucking on me, it was late, and I guess we fell asleep like that, and her mom came home...”

“Ooh -- busted!” giggled Pam.

“I thought so, but her mom was really cool about it. She’d wondered why she seemed happier and slept so well after I’d been over... Her mom showed me how to hold her, cradling her head just right. When I did it right, wow, you could really tell. Well, when I did it with my boyfriend, ‘cuz *he* liked sucking on me, too...”

“Men...” said Pam.

“Yeah... One night we finished studying at his place, we were in the den, alone in the house, and I let him have some. I held him like that and babytalked him...”

“I bet he liked that!”

“Oh yeah, I held him and squeezed him and teased him, rolling on top of him, and he like came in his pants! Like totally embarrassed, but I thought it was so cool! And so hot! I knew when I had little Milly sucking on me, all I had to do was *touch* myself, and I came!”

“Wow... I’m still tender after being with Ev, he gets so hungry...”

“Yeah, well, that’s why you hold them -- cradle his head, and if he gets too rough, squeeze him a little and tell him to be gentle. Do it right and he’ll melt in your arms, I tell you!”

“Or come in his pants?” Pam giggled.

“Ya got to get him worked up, but I think you’re good at that...”

“So did you do that with Mark?”

Gina sighed once more. “No... I left my bra and top on, but I held him, and it’s magic, get your hand in the right place, and I could tell he liked it. I liked it, too... I wanna, I need to go slow... He needs it, I can tell, but it’s gotta be slow... I was so horny though...”

“Well, there’s always Brad...” joked Pam.

“What an asshole!” spat Gina. “He’s such an egotistical, self-centered...”

“Asshole is pretty good,” agreed Pam. “That’s what’s so nice about Ev and Mark -- they haven’t learned to be assholes yet.”

“And they’re trainable?” Gina suggested.

“Oh yeah,” murmured Pam.

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“So, do you know what’s going on?” Gina whispered to Pam as they left the small group session for their humanities class a few weeks later.

“About what?” Pam asked, confused.

“About Ellen and...” She turned and said, “Hi guys!” as Ev and Mark walked up.

They’d agreed to sit apart in the small sections, but after class... Ev and Pam paired up, as did Mark and Gina.

“We’re paying money for *that*?” Ev complained.

“Scholarships,” Mark reminded him. “From one of their pockets to another.”

“Or from our parent’s pockets,” reminded Pam, shaking her head.

At the end of the hallway, they paused for hugs.

“We’re off to math,” Ev said.

“See you before dinner,” Mark told Gina, giving her another hug.

They separated, the boys and the girls going their separate ways.

“Hey, you’re looking a lot more ... relaxed,” Ev told Mark.

Mark smiled. “Yeah, not too bad.”

“So tell me to get lost if you want, but are you...”

Mark sighed. “We’re doing just fine. We study, and we hold each other.”

“Just hold?”

“Pretty much.”

“Pretty much? All night long, for pretty much?”

Mark laughed.

Ev shrugged and gave up.

Gina and Pam walked to their next class.

“So is something going on with Missy Prissy Ellen Danvers, cheerleading’s gift to ... guys?” Gina asked Pam. “I think she spends more on makeup than on books!”

Pam snickered. “I don’t know. Weird things -- something about sorority rush?”

“Something neither of *us* are involved in,” Gina said, nose up in the air.

“Neither of us *want* to be involved in, I hope,” Pam added.

“Got that right! And I don’t think we need to worry about Ev and Mark!”

Pam giggled. “Oh, I think some sororities would be interested in Ev if they knew how talented he was with his tongue!”

“Really?”

Pam smiled, hugging herself. “Oh yeah -- he really likes doing it, too... If I want to get him going, I put some perfume down there. Even without that, it gets him so hot and horny, too! I like squeeze his head between my thighs, he wants me to do that, and he goes wild!”

“Wow,” mumbled Gina.

“So like what’s with you and Mark?” Pam asked.

Gina sighed. “It’s so nice... After we finish studying, we get ready for bed, and ...”

“Why is it they have their own rooms, and we don’t?” Pam interrupted.

Gina shrugged. “I talked to Kim, the R A on their floor, once. I guess the school did that because they’re so young, and they were only children. Did you know both of them got perfect scores on the SAT?”

Pam nodded. “I knew Ev did; not surprised about Mark. I thought they might have them share a room, the same age and everything. They hang out together a lot, and have a bunch of the same classes.”

“Mark is a year older,” Gina mentioned.

Pam stopped and frowned. “So, like, how old are they? Ev didn’t give me a straight answer.”

Gina sighed. “Mark is sixteen, Ev just turned fifteen the week before he came here.”

“FIF,” Pam started, then much quieter, “teen? I thought both of them were seventeen or so. Geez... I’ve been doing a little kid!”

“Does he act like a little kid in bed?” Gina chided.

Pam giggled. “No, except when I smother him to a tit, and he loves that.”

Gina sighed. “So does Mark...”

Pam smiled and shook her head a little as they walked on.

Ev burst into Mark’s room after dinner. “Woo! Are *we* lucky! Let’s hear it for Intro to the Humanities!”

Mark looked up, a little irritated at the interruption. “What?”

“It’s rush time -- people doing crazy things to show they’re worthy, right?”

“Yeah, so?”

“Well, dude, it’s our luck day, because that sexy Ellen Danvers in our lit discussion section ...”

“The cheerleader? Missy?”

“Oh yes, oh yes, my friend -- and how many guys are in that discussion section?”

Mark frowned. “Dunno. Ten or twelve guys, a few more chicks. Not sure about James, not sure I wanna be sure about James...”

Ev laughed. “Well, we’ll find out, ‘cause to get in to her sorority, Ellen has to get all the guys in the section off.”

“What!?”

“Yup, she has to get ‘em off, *us* off, and with a sorority member watching. She’s already done Jibby and Frank.”

Mark sat up a bit. “Jibby? The big...”

Ev nodded his head, smirking. “Yeah, Jibby the six foot seventeen or whatever basketball player. Eleven guys, if you count James. Two down, nine to go -- and that nine includes *us*, my friend... We are so lucky!” Ev cackled in delight.

Mark frowned. “Yeah...”

Pam got up to answer a knock on their dorm room door.

“Ohmygod! Did you hear!” Fran from down the hall rushed in. Pam partially closed the door.

“Hear what, Fran?”

“Ohmygod, that Missy Danvers and her sorority, to get in she has to, like, *do*, all the guys in our lit section! She’s already done Frank, and Jibby, and Janice saw her with Bob, and ohmygod!”

Pam frowned and patted Fran on the shoulder, listening to her run on about Missy, and ohmygod doing Jibby and ... and ... and ... “Thanks Fran -- I think you should ignore this whole thing and get to work on math. We’ve got a quiz Friday, remember?” But that set off another round of ohmygod I used to be so good at math but I don’t understand this deleted neighborhoods stuff and...” Pam ushered her gently out the door and closed it.

Pam shook her head. “Ev is going to flip!” She smiled and sighed.

Then she looked at Gina.

Gina was frowning, looking quite pained, shaking her head.

“What?” Pam asked, moving closer to her friend and roommate.

“I don’t think Mark can handle this,” Gina said softly, looking off into the distance.

Pam sat down beside Gina on the bed. “Can you talk about it? I thought you two were ... like close.”

Gina looked at her, shaking her head, looking pained. “Oh, he’s gotten so much better... But...”

Pam nodded. “The people you’re talking to helped?”

Gina raised an eyebrow.

Pam forced a smile. “I don’t know who, just figured you were talking to someone, rushing off to the other side of campus those times...”

Gina nodded, smiling a little bit. “Yeah, psych grad students, Andy and Rachel. They’re great. They’ve helped me so much, and helped me help Mark... Still...” She sighed mightily. “He still won’t talk about it, not to me, not to them. I keep telling him he should, asking him to talk to them... They say he will, when he’s ready. He’s gotten better -- he has! It’s so good to hold him and squeeze him, rock him to sleep sucking on me, go to sleep holding him -- I wake up with him sucking on me, and...” She shook her head. “He’s not ready for this...”

“What happened to him?” Pam asked quietly.

Gina shrugged, looking down. “I don’t know. Best guess someone hurt him when he was little, something sexual. He ... he won’t talk about it. But he’s gotten better -- in the last few weeks, when I hold him to me, he gets hard, and stays hard when I touch ... him; he doesn’t pull away from me anymore.”

Pam frowned a little. “I don’t understand...”

Gina shook her head. “Neither do I... I love to hold him, and he likes it so much, he needs it so much... I don’t know... Some times they tell me he has to want to change and things will happen when he’s ready, but they tell me he needs to be pushed along! Oh, some times I don’t know if I’m helping or hurting, but it feels so good to hold him and squeeze him!”

“So what do we do?” Pam asked. “Ev will go for it, that’s for sure.”

Gina smiled a bit. “Ev would do a catcher’s mitt, that’s what Mark says.”

Pam initially made a face, but agreed, nodding her head. “Especially if it has tits,” she added. She looked to her friend.

Gina sighed. “I’ll talk to Ellen. There’s got to be a way.”

Pam didn’t see Gina again until their math class the next morning.

And when Gina walked into class, she was upset!

“Not a good night?” Pam asked quietly, waiting for things to get underway.

Gina was still visibly upset. “Mark is... It’s that bitch Missy that’s the problem! She...”

The girls had to pause for class.

After class, Gina had cooled off a bit. “That...” She paused and took a breath. “No. So, how was Ev last night? Tell me!”

Pam had to laugh. “He is so excited! I’ll have to do him just before he goes off with Missy, or he won’t last a minute!” Then in a low voice, “Just like last night...”

Gina gave her a curious look.

Pam smiled. “I was holding him to me and I started talking dirty to him, about Missy and her boobs and her bottom, and running my other hand over him, and he came so quick, and so hard! But I squeezed his head between my thighs while he ate me, and after a while he was ready to go again.” She sighed and shook her head. “I’m sorry... It was almost funny. How’s Mark? What’s going on? You talked to Missy this morning?”

Gina nodded. “That’s okay. He really needed to be held last night. I had to hold him and use all the tricks they’ve taught me to get him to unwind.”

“Randy and Angel?” interrupted Pam.

“Andy and Rachel,” corrected Gina. She sighed again. “They’re really good. I talked to them this morning, too, before Missy. I got Mark to relax, and I got him hot, talking about Missy, sort of what you did, I guess... I think I did the right thing. They think I’m doing the right thing...”

“But what happened with her?”

Gina shook her head. “What a bitch! I... I don’t want Mark hurt! And I do want him to have fun -- I don’t care what Missy does! I care about Mark! I’m trying to tell her that, explain that Mark was hurt really bad as a little kid, and she goes off on how nothing’s going to keep her out of this sorority, and she wiggles that cheerleader bottom of hers and tells me she can get any man on this campus if she wants him!” Gina smiled a little. “And then I did maybe the only smart thing I’ve done so far. I asked her if she meant men or boys. And she gave me this stupid nasty look, and I told her that Ev was fifteen and Mark was sixteen, and if she was really interested in little boys, my little brother is eleven...”

“Ooh, nasty -- and what did she do?”

“She gave me a dirty look, and told me she had five to go, she’d even had James, and *he* was a sweetheart. She walked off.”

Pam shook her head. “Whatcha think is gonna happen?”

“Don’t know. When I talked to Rachel this morning, she thought it was pretty funny at first. She figured Missy had probably been bragging and telling stories and the sorority girls decided to make her put her bod where her mouth was, or her mouth ... you get the idea...”

Pam giggled and nodded.

“But when I told her Ev was fifteen, she knew Mark was sixteen, that worried her. She told me this is the kind of shit the right-wing press loves to get hold of; it could cause a lot of trouble, not just for a few people, but for the whole school.”

“No shit! Where I’m from, half the folks would want her in jail, the other half would give her a job on K street!”

Gina gave her a puzzled look.

“Alexandria, Virginia -- K street in DC is the street where the lobbyists hang out. Her career.”

Gina nodded in agreement. “Yeah. Andy and Rachel are really cool -- they won’t do anything now, but Rachel promised me she’s going to talk to some sorority girls afterwards, to let them know how much shit they could have gotten into.”

“Still could? Any ideas?”

Gina shook her head. “No clue. We’ll find out this afternoon, I guess.”

Pam hugged her friend. “Yeah. Anything I can do...”

“Thanks,” whispered Gina.

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Mark and Ev walked down the hall to the lit discussion group session two days later.

“*This* should be interesting,” Mark said. “Mmm, wonder if Aaron is included in this deal?” he mused.

“Which one is Aaron?” Ev replied.

“The bozo in the front of the room -- our teaching assistant.”

“Oh, ten bucks says she’s already slept with him, orthogonal to the rush thing,” Ev claimed.

“Yah, probably,” agreed Mark.

When they entered the small classroom, a number of people were already there. Missy and her clique were in the rear corner closest to the other door -- and James was now part of that group! Pam and Gina were in the middle along the opposite side of the room near the windows.

Ev smiled to Missy as he crossed the room. Mark looked to Gina. Cindy, an oriental girl and part of Missy’s clique leaned over and whispered something to Missy and James.

The next one to enter the room was Jibby, the basketball player. Jibby smiled to Missy and crowd, and to Mark, Gina, Pam, and Ev -- but Jibby was always smiling. Jibby moved to the back of the room in the middle, pulling over a chair and turning a desk around to use as a writing surface; at close to seven feet tall, he didn’t fit the usual furniture.

Another girl came in. “James!” she said, “Nice colors! Who did your makeup and hair?” she exclaimed as she sat near Missy and crowd.

“Oh Cindy helped me! She’s just wonderful!” James replied in an overmodulated voice. “And she ...”

He went quiet as Brad came in. Brad paused just inside the door, glanced to Missy, turned red, and started crossing the room, head down a bit.

Missy, Cindy, James, their whole clique started giggling and whispering.

As Brad crossed the room, he looked at Ev and spat, “Watch it, asshole!” Brad sat down, and fumbled with his book bag.

Jibby sighed and stood up, walking over to Brad, towering over him.

“Yo, Mr. Brad,” Jibby said, leaning over. “The way I see it, we’re a family here, and that’s *not* the way you treat family. No, not at all. Now I don’t want to hear of anything happening to family, understand? I don’t want no problems with family.” He still stood over Brad, but looked to Ev and Mark. “You have problems, you tell Mr. Jibby, and he fix. Got it?”

Mark and Ev nodded.

“Oh, it’s just a *little* problem,” James wisecracked from the other side of the room.

Jibby straightened up a bit and almost pointed a finger at James. “Now that’s what I’m talking about! That’s not nice, Mr. James, not nice at all. You disappoint me -- I expect better from someone livin’ in a glass house, right?”

James sighed overly loud, and nodded.

Jibby smiled broadly. “That’s better. We be family here. We help and protect each other.” He turned back to Brad. “I’m tryin’ to help you, too, Mr. Brad. You let me know if family do you shit.”

“Right,” mumbled Brad.

Jibby smiled and nodded as he straightened up. He turned to Mark and Ev. “Mr. Everett, Mr. Mark! Mr. Jibby got this far with good coachin’. Would you be interested in coachin’ Mr. Jibby with math and science? We doin’ okay so far, but it’s always good to have help lined up.”

Mark spoke up first. “Sure, Jibby -- I can help you with math.”

“And I can help you with science,” added Ev.

“Good! That’s how family works!” Jibby exclaimed with a big smile, and sat down again.

Aaron sauntered in. He looked around the room, glancing twice at James, looking a bit closer. “How are we doing today?” he asked, as he usually did.

“We be doin’ *great!*” Jibby replied enthusiastically, as he usually did.

Aaron opened his notes and looked over the class with a sardonic grin. “Yeah -- some better than others... Let’s get down with this stuff.”

... At the end of the class, as people started leaving, Ev paired up with Pam, and Mark put his arm around Gina. As they walked out, they heard Missy call out, “Oh David?”

Mark turned to see David stop dead in his tracks, a smile forming on his face.

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Ev barged into Mark’s room before class the next morning. “Man, this sucks!” he exclaimed.

Mark could tell his friend was pretty upset. “What? What’s going on?”

Ev sat down while Mark finished packing up for class.

“It sucks! I tracked down Missy this morning -- I figure there’s maybe four of us left? And she tells me she’s not sure -- you and I are so young... What shit!”

Ev looked at Mark and saw him relax.

“Then I saw Pammy, started telling her about it, and she yelled at me! She yelled at me! She said I was turning into a Brad! Sucks!”

Mark closed up his bag. He put a hand on Ev’s shoulder. “Hey, relax. I’d keep Pam happy if I were you. Long term, right? And yelling isn’t your style. Remember what Aaron called us, we’re the quiet, subversive types. I sure wouldn’t want to be in Brad’s ... shoes ... these days.”

Ev stood up, smiling and shaking his head. “Yeah. I guess. Let’s do it.”

They headed to class.

They looked around the large lecture hall, not seeing Pam or Gina. They took their usual seats.

Pam and Gina met just inside one of the lecture hall’s rear doors at the end of class.

“Where were you?” Pam asked.

“Where were *you*?” replied Gina, moving to let other kids pass.

Pam frowned and shook her head. “Ev and I had an argument -- I took a walk to cool off.”

“Oh no... About? ...”

“What else,” Pam said. “He was upset that he might not... Oh no! Look!”

The two girls looked back into the lecture hall to see Mark and Ev intercepted by Missy and Cindy, and head off to one of the doors at the front of the hall.

“Guess that issue is resolved,” Gina said dejectedly.

Pam sighed. “Ev was so pissed when Missy told him he and Mark were too young -- and I yelled at him, and he yelled at me, and I yelled some more, and he left.”

“Oh no... I was talking to Rachel... Oh well, I guess we’ll see. Wanna get some lunch?”

Pam sighed, looking at the door where Ev and Mark had exited with the other girls. “I don’t know if I can eat...”

Gina took Pam’s arm. “Sure you do. If we take our time walking to the commons, they might get there before we finish lunch...”

Pam giggled. “I hope not; I hope it takes longer than that!”

“Longer than Brad?” Gina suggested.

Pam laughed. “Serves *him* right. To hell with this ‘freshman fifteen’ crap. I want fries and a burger.”

“All the better to smother them with,” Gina said, trying to keep a brave attitude.

They ate lunch, waited around, and finally headed back to their dorm room, deliberately avoiding the floor with Mark and Ev’s rooms. They sat quietly, not really studying.

“What did you and Ev argue about?” Gina asked.

Pam sighed and shook her head. “Oh, he came in, so upset that Missy wasn’t going to... I got so mad! What we did, like, didn’t count? I told him he was acting like Brad, well, like Brad used to act. He yelled, and I yelled; I was so mad! I thought there was something between us! Oh, and he went away, he slammed the door behind him, and for a little while I was glad he was gone, but then... Oh, I hope I didn’t drive him away... I do like him...”

Gina smiled and nodded. She spoke softly. “I talked to Rachel this morning... It’s so complex, so many things going on at once! What do you see yourself doing this time next year?”

“Huh?” Pam replied. “Going to school!”

“And do you see Ev there with you?”

“What? What difference does that make?”

Gina nodded seriously. “We want them, and we need them, but are we really *serious* about them? Are they in our dreams, our futures? When I talked to Rachel, when you ask her, what’s she going to be doing next year, or twenty years from now, she can see it, and her Andy is there with her.”

Pam shook her head. “I don’t know what I’m going to be doing next year, let alone five years from now!”

Gina nodded again. “That’s right! I don’t have a clue what I’m going to be doing! Rachel said she and Andy went through a lot of intense stuff together, and grew together. I was really surprised when she told me they spent their first year apart -- she was at Cornell and he was here.” She sighed, then continued. “I know I’m going to grow, and change, and so will Mark -- he has to grow, and heal. And I don’t know if we’ll do that together! I want to hold him, and protect him, but I know he needs to grow...”

“Like Ev,” Pam agreed.

“I never really thought about it, about how we interact. I mean, some times he’s a teacher, and some times he’s a friend, and some times I suckle him like a baby, and part of me knows he needs to grow and heal, and wants him to heal, but other parts just want to hold him and protect him, and keep him like he is when I’ve got him in my arms...”

Pam sighed. “So what do we do?”

Gina shook her head. “We live, we learn, we grow.”

“But does it have to hurt?” Pam asked.

Gina sighed. “I don’t know. Some times it sure seems like it does.”

They went back to not really studying in silence.

Gina made a startled noise in response to the quiet knocking on the door, and jumped up to get it.

Ev came in, smiling, and walked to Pam, pulling her to standing and hugging her.

“Oh Ev,” she whispered, “I’m ...”

Ev put a finger on her lips, quieting her. “Thank you so much for yelling at me. I’m sorry I was such a pain.” He closed his eyes and kissed her.

And Pam definitely smelled and tasted something on him, *someone*...

Waiting until they separated, Gina asked, “Where’s Mark?”

Ev gave Pam a squeeze and turned a little to Gina, still holding on to Pam, resting his head on her shoulder. “Ah, he’s probably still ... busy... You could wait in his room?”

Gina nodded and rushed from the room, not even closing the door.

Ev smiled and shook his head. He walked to the door and moved the motel privacy sign around to the front where it would be visible, closing the door. He took Pam by the hand and put her on her back on her bed, laying down between her legs. He put his head on her stomach, pulling her legs around him. “Squeeze me, please,” he whispered.

Pam squeezed him gently, putting a hand on his head, hearing him sigh. “What happened? Did she...?”

Ev sighed again. “Thank you so much for yelling at me. We didn’t see you before or during class, and man were we surprised when they cornered us after! Missy told us we, Mark and I, were included. I told her I’d be first, and told her we needed an hour. She looked surprised, but agreed. We went to her room, with Cindy taking Mark off somewhere. When we

got to her room, this gal Samantha, from the sorority I guess, was there. I told Missy that I'd cooperate, but she had to let me go down on her first. You should have seen the look on her face!" Ev kissed Pam through her pants, then unbuttoned and unzipped them, pulling them down a bit and kissing skin.

"I got her to drop 'em, and warmed up a washcloth. I was telling her how pretty she was, and she gave me this look like, get on with it." Ev kissed Pam again, pulling her panties down a bit more. "Thank you for teaching me, for being so soft and warm... Her attitude changed as I wiped her slowly, then put her on her bed and started kissing and feeling up her thighs."

Ev paused to help Pam take her pants and panties all the way off. He kissed her mound, and put her legs around him. She squeezed him.

"Oh, thank you! You smell and taste so good! I did her until she pushed me away, then moved up and hugged her while she was wiped out. Oh, you're so much softer and nicer... I told her that Mark had been hurt really bad as a little kid, and she had to be gentle with him. She needed to hold him and squeeze him gently, and let him know he was safe. I asked her to please, please, be gentle with my friend." He kissed the insides of her thighs, breathing her scent. He moved up a bit and rested his head on her mound, holding on to a leg.

Pam ran a hand through his hair. "And what did she do?" she asked.

Ev moved a bit as he chuckled. "Once when I looked up, Sam had one hand in her shorts and the other in her top. I don't remember how it happened, but she straddled my head and I ate her while Missy sucked me dry."

Ev kissed Pam's mound again and moved back down, moving her legs and pressing them against the sides of his head. He moaned when she squeezed him. "And they'll never come close to you," he whispered, and after taking another deep breath of her scent, returned to adoring her.

Gina sat on Mark's bed, fidgeting and looking around. She could have at least brought something to study... She looked around, remembering the nights she'd spent in the room, holding Mark, being in bed with him, how good it felt to hold him and be held...

She turned to the door some time later when it opened.

As Mark came in, Gina jumped up and hugged him.

They quickly landed on his bed, with Mark nuzzling at her breasts. Gina quickly pulled up her top and bra and held him to a nipple, rolling partly on top of him, holding him close as he clutched her.

"Oh, I need you," Mark whispered when he moved his head to nestle between her breasts.

"Did she? ..." Gina asked quietly.

Mark nodded. "Yes, they did." He sighed, closing his eyes and kissing the softness of her breast.

He moved more to his back. "I need you on top of me," he whispered.

Gina moved on top of him, at first nestling him between her breasts, then teasing him and holding him to her nipples. And as she held him to a nipple, she felt his cock pressing hard against her, and his hands on her waist and bottom. "Mmm... That feels nice," she encouraged.

She held him, rocking a bit, encouraging more.

She felt him pull away a little and straightened her arms a little, looking down at him.

His forehead wrinkled some; she leaned down and kissed it.

"Would you like to... I... I need you..." he whispered.

They shed their clothes in a flash; he pulled her on top of him again, moaning as she smothered him to a breast. She held and teased him, feeling him hot and hard under her. She tried just moving around, but had to use a hand to start him into her.

But that's all it took; some gentle rocking and he was where he belonged. Both of them moaned. She held his head as he held her waist. She closed her eyes, holding him, savoring all the feelings.

Gina started rocking slowly, holding him. "I've got you," she whispered. He moaned in response, and she moved his head around as she rocked her hips. "I've got you, oh, I've got you..."

She felt him stiffen under her. She held his head tighter and moved her hips more. He moaned, then shook beneath her, and she felt his warmth fill her. She rocked slowly, holding him tight, until his arms dropped from her waist. She kissed his head and moved him to the other side. "I've got you, sweetie."

They snuggled close.

They got up after a while, cleaning up silently, then fell back to the bed holding each other, reveling in skin against skin.

Gina squeezed him and was rewarded with a big sigh. She smiled and kissed his head.

Mark moved some, looking at her face.

"Hi there," she whispered, and kissed the end of his nose.

“Hi there,” he replied. He hugged her, nestling between her breasts.

“I should talk to your friends, Andy and Rachel,” he told her.

Gina smiled and moved a hand to the back of his head. “Later,” she sighed, and held him close.

FIN
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Rush

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