

Rehearsal

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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.

One

How could this happen to me? I don't understand.

I mean, I've been performing on stage since I was eight years old. Last year, as a high school senior, I had the leads in three different productions -- *The Importance of Being Earnest*, *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, and *Arsenic and Old Lace*. And that was outside of the drivel we did at school. I received awards for both *Earnest* and *Forum*.

This year started off so well at State College. I had scholarships and other goodies helping me in the Drama/Theatre Arts program. My "audition" for the Drama core class went well. I knew I'd have good parts in both the dramatic and musical productions for the fall.

Yet that Drama core class... The first day, you could tell the sheep from the goats -- I recognized a bunch of the local theatre crowd. Each of us had to be prepared with a three to five minute "audition" for the rest of the class. I ended up doing my second favorite, and it went well.

Jamie -- she's the problem. She stole my favorite audition, and really nailed it.

In core, after we got through auditions, we met three times a week. We have things to read, planned things, and we do improv things. If others aren't ready with something, I'm one of the ones who volunteers. It's been a lot of fun.

Until yesterday.

Yesterday, Monday, Kathy, who runs the class, paired me up with Jamie. We had five minutes to prepare a three minute performance.

And I fell flat. I couldn't talk. I couldn't move. I was hopeless. I'd never been so nervous in my whole life! Stage fright in spades! Jamie tried to help, but that made things worse; I got more and more flustered. I don't understand it.

Which only made it worse -- now we had to do a performance for the class on Friday.

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I talked to Jamie this morning. I'm headed to her house. She says she knows what to do.

It's not like we haven't worked together. Well, not side-by-side on stage; maybe that's part of it. In our junior year, we both had leads in *Sound of Music*, which we called *Sound of Mucus* for various reasons. Jamie was our "Mother Abscess" and I played Rolf. I should have had the lead, but it was a political deal. Tony can't carry a tune, but what the hell, his dad's a politician. The reviews called me the best male performer in the show, wondering in print why I hadn't been given the lead. Jamie's "Climb Every Mountain" brought down the house every time.

Damn, my hands were sweaty and starting to shake, just driving to her house. Talking to her before lunch made me nervous again. She told me she'd talked to her mother, and knew what to do. God, I hope so.

I almost took out a hedge as I pulled into her driveway, parking on the right side like she told me. Aaugh! Why am I so nervous?

As I raised my sweaty hand to knock on her door, I felt my throat tightening and my thighs go tight and wobbly at the same time. I tried to turn the feeling into that magic opening-night energy, standing in the wings, ready to step out on to the stage, into the lights. Didn't work. I was scared!

"Hi, Alex -- it's not quite two yet -- you're early," Jamie said as she opened the door.

It was *her* -- she freaked me out, now more than ever! She was wearing a dark brown velvet top that flowed around her, over velvet stretch pants. And I could smell her perfume as I followed her into the house -- adult, woman perfume, not the cloying cheap stuff so many girls wear.

But that wasn't it. I'm kind of short, about five foot five, with short curly brown hair, gray-blue eyes, and a four thousand dollar smile, thanks to braces. I weigh maybe one twenty.

Jamie is at least six feet tall. She's not skinny, but you wouldn't call her fat. Not if you want to live, anyway. Her upper arms are probably the size of my legs. Her eyes are green and piercing, her hair is long -- almost down to her waist, and dark brown. The way the fabric of her top hung I could see the outlines of her enormous breasts, yet her top wasn't tight or anything.

"Pepsi or Sprite?" she asked.

"Yeah, ah, Sprite is fine," I said sitting down, wiping my hands on my pants again.

She walked into the kitchen. She was wearing slippers on her feet.

I sat in a chair. She came back with two glasses and sat on the sofa adjacent to me.

"I'm really sorry about yesterday," she said, smiling.

I looked at my hands. "Yeah, I don't know what the hell happened."

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"I hope you forgive me for stealing your favorite audition number last week -- I've been practicing for a long time, and finally go to use it."

I looked up, managing a smile. "I don't know if I can do that."

She laughed.

"You did great. The cleaver and the blood stains were truly inspired," I told her.

She bowed her head. "Thank you. Remember old Mrs. Hogan? I didn't know if she was going to pee her pants, faint, or what when you did it."

I managed to laugh. "Yeah, but Carl and Betty really liked it."

My dad taught it to me, and convinced me to use it for auditions, Tom Lehrer's "I Hold Your Hand in Mine" -- a heartwarming ballad. I used it the first time when I was fifteen or so, auditioning for Jack in *Into the Woods*. Yeah, it freaks some people out, but that's why I do it. My backup audition piece is "Major General" from *HMS Pinafore* -- difficult, and I do it extremely well.

"Remember the Senior Talent show -- they wouldn't let you do it?" she reminded me.

I leaned back in the chair a bit. "Yeah, What a dickhead O'Connel was." The high school principal specifically forbade me from doing "I Hold Your Hand in Mine" at our senior talent show, so Margaret and I did a duet -- Lehrer's "Poisoning Pigeons in the Park," which got a standing ovation and threats of suspension that he couldn't follow through with, and we knew it.

"How I envied Penny," she whispered, looking at me.

Penny was Leisl to my Rolf in *Sound of Mucus*. Just before our first dress rehearsal, I went down on her, bringing her to screaming, thrashing orgasms, and she gave me a hummer and titty-fuck that blew my mind. The director stopped us after our "Sixteen going on Seventeen" duet and told us, "That was great -- whatever you did, keep doing it." We made love that night after dress rehearsal, and before every performance. For our last performance, we added a quickie during intermission. Three days after the show closed, her dad transferred to Austin. We never saw each other again.

"I hope she's doing well," I whispered in return.

She had the most interesting smile on her face.

It hit me again, hard in the gut. She must have seen it.

"Alex, it's okay. I talked to my mother. She said I'd meet someone like you. She told me what to do. It's going to be all right."

I looked to her in confusion. My palms were wet again.

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"Alex, will you trust me?" she asked.

I nodded. I couldn't speak. Me, the thespian, not able to speak!

"Stand up, Alex."

I stood up.

She stood, surprisingly close to me. I took a step back.

"No, stand still, Alex. Look in my eyes. Just in my eyes," she told me softly.

She stepped closer again, about a foot away. Why was I so scared? I'd done plenty of romantic scenes on the stage, and had plenty of girlfriends, well, none currently -- but never anyone like Jamie.

"It's okay, Alex -- keep looking into my eyes. You're afraid, and we're going to help you get over that. I'm going to stand here next to you, talking to you, holding your beautiful blue-gray eyes in mine, helping you relax. See? It's helping, isn't it?"

I took a ragged breath. I was still alive. Yes, I was afraid, for some reason. But I was getting over it. "Yes," I managed to whisper.

"Good. Now I want you to stay there, and I'm going to move closer, like this."

I felt the fabric of her top touching me. I felt her warmth. She's so big! My heart raced.

"It's okay, Alex -- keep looking into my eyes. You're doing great. Think of it as exciting, like opening night. The curtain is about to open, and we are ready."

We? I didn't understand. But I did like looking into her eyes. Her perfume filled me. Her warmth radiated around me. Other feelings stirring -- the fear, the feeling of being trapped.

"I'm going to put my arms around you now, just lightly. Keep looking in my eyes, just my eyes, Alex. That's good. See? We're getting there, aren't we?"

She'd put her arms under mine, her hands on my shoulders, holding me lightly. I could feel myself getting turned on. "Yes," I said, a bit stronger.

She nodded slightly. "Now keep looking into my eyes, just my eyes as I move us. Trust me, Alex, and let me do it. That's right, a few more steps. There we are -- keep looking in my eyes, breathe nice and slow. You know what to do."

She backed me up against a wall! Now I was really scared. She pulled her arms away, and mine were back at my sides. The wall was behind me. She was in front of me, all around me, trapping me...

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“Alex, nice and slow; look into my eyes. I’m not going to hurt you. I’m here to help you and protect you. I want you to give me a hug, Alex. Put your arms around me and give me a nice big hug, please, Alex.”

She was so big! But I could hug her, and once I started, I didn’t want to stop. She was so warm, so sensuous. I felt my heart beating wildly in my chest, and my cock was hard in my pants. She had to be able to feel both. I felt her breasts pressing into me. I looked into her eyes, so pretty, so green.

“That’s good, Alex. Do you like it?”

“Yes,” I said, stronger.

“I know -- you like the way I feel next to you, and I like the way you feel next to me. Would you like more, Alex?”

“Yes, please,” I whispered.

“Look in my eyes, Alex...”

I looked into her eyes, and she pressed herself against me, pressing me against the wall.

“Feel me, Alex -- so good, all around you. You’re safe, Alex, safe when I’m holding you. Let yourself go -- let yourself relax, and let me hold you. Do you like this, Alex?”

I was breathing faster, excited; it felt so good. “Yes -- more, please.”

Even though I was looking into her eyes, I saw her face change as she smiled more.

“Kiss me,” she whispered.

I closed my eyes and let my head tilt a little. Our lips met, and as they did, she pressed me harder into the wall. I moaned and clutched at her. She moved my hands to her breasts as her hips pressed into me, my cock pressing into softness.

She moved away a little, and I hugged her to me. She pressed me against the wall again, moving more, moving her body against mine, our lips still locked together.

I was still scared, but I was also excited -- by her -- and so hungry for her.

She pressed against me, squeezing me with her body, with her hands and arms. She broke off our kiss, but pulled my head to her shoulder, pulling me to soft perfumed hair, a hand at the back of my head. My arms went around her, trying to hold her, all of her.

She pulled us away from the wall. I tried to hold her closer. I started to speak, but she said, “Shh!” and took me by the hand, pulling me down the hall and into a bedroom.

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“Don’t speak,” she whispered as she backed me against a bed, and on to it. She pushed me on to my back. I crawled backwards. She moved on top of me, the velvet of her top draping me. “Keep looking into my eyes, Alex,” she whispered.

She let her weight down on top of me, pressing my hips into the bed. I moaned as my arms flew around her. She moved up, and soon I was being engulfed in folds of soft perfumed velvet and then by the warm fullness of a breast. My eyes closed as my mouth opened, taking her in.

“Oh so good, Alex -- I’ve got you. You’re safe, Alex. Oh, so good.”

I was surrounded by her, by her warmth, her softness, her perfume. I was surrounded by her and I wanted more, I needed more.

She pulled away a little, and I almost cried.

“Shh,” she whispered. I felt cloth move over my face, and moved my head, searching with my mouth.

I was rewarded with the warm, firm flesh of a nipple. I held her, urging her more on top of me as I tried to take in as much of her as I could with my mouth, my nose, my whole body. I didn’t know if she was moaning or laughing as she held me.

She held me, moving side to side, putting a hand behind my head. I’m not sure what she did, other than holding me to her, cooing and singing softly. I started out so hot for her, but as she held me, I melted into her.

I don’t remember taking off my clothes, but I do remember being hot and hard again, and sliding deep into her as she sat on top of me. She clamped my head to her and I sucked, trying to devour her, and then I was coming, so deep inside her, feeling myself push up against something. She relaxed her grip on my head so I could breathe. She moved my head a little and I moaned, it felt so good.

“Oh yes, Alex -- I’ve got you,” she whispered to me.

Two

My mom was right, but isn’t she always? I know I’ve caught him. He’s mine, and we both know it. Every time I squeeze him, we both know. I feel so good now.

Oh, it hasn’t always been that way. Junior High and High School were so hard. I’ve always been a big girl -- my mom is six foot six, and I’m six three now. In Junior High kids teased me with “blimp,” “cow,” and worse. Mom helped take away the sting, though, and helped me get through the taunting and teasing -- she’d been through it.

Theatre and singing helped. As I got older, my voice got better, and stronger. Voice lessons really helped. I thought people would hear my voice, and maybe not pay as much attention to my size.

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Two years ago, the start of my Junior year in High School, that's when it happened. I sang in the talent show, and did the best I'd ever done -- I could feel it as I left the stage, listening to people cheer and applaud. Then that creep Larry, standing off stage left, smiled at me. I thought he was going to say something nice. But he said, "Gee, I never knew pigs could sing!"

I broke into tears -- and I broke his nose, sending him flying through the air.

Mrs. McClellan was standing there and saw the whole thing. I was crying my eyes out. She tried to help me, and yelled at someone to get Larry out of there.

My mom was in the audience; someone brought her back stage. She held me and I cried more. The counselors tried to help. They ended up sending both Larry and me off for the rest of the day.

That night, though, mom told me. She told me I'd always run into people like Larry, and I needed to ignore them, not let them hurt me. But one day -- one day I'd meet someone special. I'd know he was meant for me because he'd look at me and lose his voice, his poise, everything. He'd be helpless around me, in awe of me. That's the way my dad had been. And mom was sure she'd find another man, not as good as dad, but she'd find another man, and so would I. I just had to wait, and look. I'd find him, and he'd find me.

I could remember how my dad looked at mom, that look on his face, and the way she held him and squeezed him. I knew it would happen to me, too.

That dream made a lot of difference in my life. The remarks didn't bother me as much after that. Of course there weren't as many remarks after what I'd done to Larry's nose.

And I did shows, a lot of shows. But even then... My voice was great, but I knew I wasn't going to get some roles. I didn't expect to get Maria in *West Side Story*, even though I loved the music. When *Seussical* came out, I did three different runs as the Sour Kangaroo. I did other shows. I had fun, and met a lot of people.

I flirted more, and looked into their eyes. Usually when I did that to a boy, he got scared, and I knew he wasn't the one. I had some dates, but most of them were interested in the novelty, that and my tits. I learned I could get a boy to cum hard and fast by smothering him with my tits and rubbing him with my body or a hand. That wasn't fun for very long, though, as I wouldn't undress for them, and none of them showed any interest or skill in getting me off.

For a while I thought it might have been Duncan -- he played the butler in *Sound of Music* late in our Junior year. The way he smiled at me, the way he looked at me -- I thought he might be the one. But at dress rehearsal when I was in my Mother Abbess costume going down the narrow hallway backstage I heard him yell out, "Thar she blows!" I hated him for that.

But I got him back. I saw him necking with Linda backstage. A lot of us saw them. Often.

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My costume was so heavy and so hot that I decided I'd only wear my bra, pantyhose, and shoes under it. The other girls playing nuns thought that was way cool and they did it too.

So during a performance I caught Duncan, standing around backstage as Linda walked away. He gave me a silly grin -- I could see the tent pole in his pants. Make that a tent stake, a short one.

I pushed him up against a wall, pulling the top of my costume open and pushing a nipple into his face. I was about eight inches taller and outweighed him by sixty pounds at least. I pushed him up against the wall and held him, suckling him, pushing, rocking my hips against him, whispering hot and dirty. It didn't take very long and I heard him moan and felt him shaking. I held him more, cooing to him, then walked away, straightening up my costume. He had to put a towel over his arm to hide the spot where he'd cum in his pants.

Oh, I saw Alex and Penny during the show -- everyone saw them -- they were our show within a show. And it was a tragedy, in spite of the romance; Penny told us in the girl's dressing room that her father was being transferred, and they were moving right after we closed. She didn't know how to tell Alex, and didn't tell him until we closed. A lot of us tried to cheer him up at the cast party afterwards.

We weren't in any shows together the next year; I don't know why, other than that's the way things worked out. But we saw each other at parties. I talked to his girlfriend for most of the year, Margaret, but I knew she wasn't the one for him -- she was going to go to school out of state, and both Alex and I were going to State College right near us.

I was so happy when I saw him in Drama Core -- and so edgy when I did my audition number, even though I'd rehearsed it many times. When I saw him standing and applauding afterwards, I knew I'd done a good job.

When Kathy called for the two of us to do an improv number, I was excited. When I looked into his eyes and he fell apart in front of me, I was scared, then elated -- he was the one! I wanted to grab him, hold him, and squeeze him right there, but I didn't, I couldn't, not in front of the class. Poor Alex! He was so lost! When I smiled and tried to help him, he only got worse. Kathy finally let us off the hook, after telling us we'd have to make up for it on Friday.

I was so excited when mom got home Monday night and I told her! She was excited for me as well. We talked about what I needed to do, and she even helped me rehearse things. I had to be so cool and calm when I invited Alex over.

Looking into his eyes, holding him in my eyes as I stepped closer to him, then pushing him back against the wall that first time was such a rush -- I was tingling from one end to the other. The look of hunger -- of need -- on his face when I asked him to hug me: that's what mom told me would happen.

She told me a lot about what would happen, but she couldn't tell me how it would feel. I knew he'd be hard and hot for me, so I'd have to be careful not to set him off too quick. Mom told me that first I needed to hold and suckle him until he melted in my arms, then he'd be mine.

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I took him to my bedroom and pushed him back on my bed. I could see and feel how hard he was, and see the hunger in his eyes. I thought I'd felt hungry for him, too, until I eased myself down on top of him, with his head between my breasts. Oh God -- I wanted him!

I felt his mouth on me through the fabric. When I tried to move a bit to pull up my top and unfasten my bra, he held on to me! I held him like mom told me, and after a bit he started to relax. I was able to rise up quickly, pop the hooks on my bra, and pull up my top.

Nothing mom said could have prepared me for the feeling I had when he latched on to my nipple! I almost came, it was so intense! It was so hard not to rip off our clothes and take him right then and there -- I wanted him so much!

But I followed mom's advice. I held him, putting my hand behind his head. And when I did that, holding him close, I came, over and over again as he suckled. I cuddled and cooed; I sang wordless lullabies to him. He whimpered a little when I switched sides, but latched on again as hungry as ever. And if I tried to move away or off of him, he pulled me back. That was so sweet, and so hot.

He looked so sweet and so relaxed when I pulled away from him after he stopped sucking. He looked so contented!

And I was so hot! I stripped off my clothes so fast, then slowed down to undress him. I was careful with his shirt and his shoes. I started on his pants and he moved a little, so I held him to me again until he stopped suckling. I held him to me with one hand while I undid his pants, pushing them off as best I could, hooking them with my feet to push them down and off.

He looked so pretty, his boner so long and nice. There was a clear drop at the tip. I collected it gently and tasted it -- a little sweet. Even though I just touched the tip, it must have felt me. I watched it move and grow. I watched his balls move in their sack. I slipped my hand between my own legs -- I was so hot and wet. I couldn't believe how hard I came when I touched my button! I realized I was crushing his head to me, and he was moaning. I moved my hand to his cock, stroking that beautiful thing and feeling it grow like magic. When he was hard, I rolled on top and slid him into me.

Oh God, so good! I came again and again, holding him to me and rocking my hips, feeling him suck so hungrily and push so deep, and I needed him more and deeper. I shifted my hips and felt him press into me, so deep inside. I moaned and shook, then felt him filling me, so warm, so good.

I relaxed my grip on his head, still holding him, and moved his head a little as I moved my hips. He moaned, his arms twitching at my sides. I cooed to him, telling him he was safe in my arms. I kept him where he was, even as I felt him softening and starting to slip out.

Mom told me that the most important thing that first time was for him go to sleep in my arms, and have him wake up there. That's what I did, and it felt so good. I moved partially on top of him, nestling him to me, and he sighed as he connected to my breast. He sucked gently, eyes closed, looking so peaceful. I held his head gently, whispering to him, telling him he was safe, he was where he should be. I know *I* could feel it.

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I woke up hearing my mom's voice. I held him closer, moving him back to a nipple. Even though he only sucked a little, he sent a lightning bolt right to my core. "Suck, baby," I whispered, moving his head a bit. He moaned and picked up the action.

God, I was coming again, and as I did, I opened my eyes. Mom was in my doorway, a big smile on her face. I could only imagine the look I had on *my* face! She waved and closed my door softly.

I ran my hands over him. I liked the way he was waking up! Soon I was on top of him again, teasing him with my breasts, rocking, rocking, rocking, coming again and feeling him come so nicely inside me once more.

And as we slowed down and caught our breath, I moved him to my other side, telling him how lucky I was, how good it felt to have him in my arms and between my legs, and oh baby, keep sucking...

Three

We got dressed, slowly. I still couldn't get enough of her! And I think she felt the same way.

The way I sighed when she picked up her bra -- she already had her panties and pants on -- she looked at me with a wonderful smile and pushed me back on the bed and held me to one side and then the other. And once she'd put her bra and top on, and I was sitting up on the bed, she held me again, teasing me, holding my head between her breasts, so soft, so delicious.

"I can't get enough of you!" I told her as she squeezed me.

"Good!" she agreed. She kissed me on the top of the head, then stepped back, pulling me to my feet, into a hug, and we kissed again.

We wandered out of her room. "Something to drink?" she offered.

"Yeah," I said, as we walked to the kitchen, arms around each other.

I froze as we entered; Jamie's mom was standing at the counter fixing lettuce. I'd met her before, but...

"Oh, hi, Alex!" she said, turned, and swept me into her arms. "You've grown since I saw you last!"

Was that supposed to be funny? She's taller than Jamie, bigger. My head buzzed as she held me, my head going between huge, soft breasts.

Jamie laughed softly. "Why don't you wait in the family room -- I'll bring you something to drink," she told me.

But I wanted to hold her, be enveloped in her, so soft, so warm...

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She led me to their family room. I'd been there before, years ago, a theatre party, maybe for her birthday? Or was it for "Once Upon a Mattress?" They have a Yamaha piano that takes computer disks, and a lot of music for it. We could always count on her mom to record piano stuff for us.

I remembered that party -- it had to be four or five years ago; her dad was still alive.

Jamie handed me a glass; I was standing by the piano. Guess I'd faded. No, I still wasn't awake -- and I didn't want to be -- I hugged her tight.

She sighed as she held me. "Stay for dinner?" she asked.

My parents were out of town until Sunday. "Sure, beats cooking for myself."

"Think of something for us to do Friday, for class, while I help mom with dinner?" she asked.

I held her, nuzzling her. She chuckled and gave me a squeeze. "Besides that..."

I took a breath and squeezed her. "Okay," I told her, looking into her sparkling eyes.

I took a sip from my glass; I knew what I wanted to do ... besides the obvious!

Four

I walked back into the kitchen. The way mom looked at me, that smile, the way she shook her head... I hugged her.

"Oh baby, he's got it bad," she whispered as she held me. "He's yours if you want him."

"Oh God," I told her. "I do, I do -- I want him."

She sighed as we separated. "Is he staying for dinner?"

I nodded, smiling.

"Can he stay the night?" she asked.

I took a breath, leaning back against the counter. Had I heard that correctly?

Mom smiled and put a hand on my shoulder. "Do you want him to spend the night?"

I nodded.

"Did you hold him like I told you to?"

I nodded again, smiling, remembering how good he felt in my arms.

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“And when you made love, was he sucking on you when he came?”

I sighed, almost coming again, remembering. “Before, during, and after, every time,” I told her.

She nodded, then looked serious. “Jamie, you need to spend a lot of time together over the next few days. You know why?”

The way she asked, I must not... “I’m not so sure...”

She smiled a little. “Jamie, that young man is so lost right now... You need to decide if you are right for each other, and you need to decide soon. Because if you aren’t right for each other, you’re going to have to let him down very, very carefully. You have a big responsibility, young lady. If you’re not careful, you could hurt that young man very, very much.”

I felt the tears welling up. I could hardly speak, but I had to. “I ... I can’t hurt him -- I’ll *never* hurt him,” I sobbed. I hugged her.

She hugged me. “I know you don’t want to, sweetie, and that’s why both of you need to be sure.”

“But... How can I be sure?” I asked her. “How will I know?”

She smiled; I could see tears in her eyes. “You’ll know,” she whispered.

Five

I knew what I wanted us to do. I found the first disk, West Side. I know, *everybody* does West Side Story, and most of the time they do it poorly. I’d done it, a few years back, playing a lead punk. But damn, it’s got some great music, some great scenes! And I knew just what I wanted to do with Jamie -- but would she do it?

The other one, though -- I called school, the music library. They had it, and set it aside for me. I could pick it up after dinner. I laughed out loud! It would be so cool!

I helped set the table for dinner. I felt better now. Sitting at the table, eating, I could actually talk.

“So, did you think about what we’re going to do Friday?” Jamie asked.

I nodded. “We’ll need rehearsal time, and need to get a pianist, but we can pick up the music at the library tonight; I already checked.”

“Oh good! What?”

I held her hand. “I want to do two things with you,” I started out. I had to pause, to get over the emotion in my voice. This was a performance, too -- and an important one.

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“Yeah?” she asked tentatively.

“The first one, ‘One Hand, One Heart’ from *West Side Story*,” I told her.

She almost cried! I watched her eyes fill up, her chin wobble. “Would you do that with me?” I asked.

She nodded, chin still awobble.

“The second is another hopeless romantic bit -- the duet at the end of Act One in *Sweeney Todd*.”

She laughed and pulled me into her arms. “Oh you wonderful, crazy man! That sounds wonderful!”

Her mom knew *West Side*; anyone involved in musical theatre knows *West Side*! But she didn’t know *Sweeney Todd*, so I filled her in. “Another Sondheim musical, the tender love story of the Demon Barber of Fleet Street, and Mrs. Lovett, who runs the meat pie shop downstairs. A match made in the kitchen...”

Jamie piped in with, “It’s fop, finest in the shop! Or we have some shepherd’s pie, peppered with actual shepherd on top!” popping the p’s, that wonderful Sondheim touch.

Her mom laughed. Did I see tears in her eyes as well? “So let’s finish dinner so you can get to rehearsing!”

Cleaning up after dinner, talking theatre, musicals.

“You know, we could just do a ‘Poisoning Pigeons in the Park’ duet,” Jamie suggested, “I’d love to do that with you.”

I almost broke into it right there... But I took her hands. “We can rehearse that; I’d love to do it with you, but that’s one we can do any time -- I want to do something special.”

She looked at me and sighed. I moved closer...

And her mom said, “You’d better get going! Are you going to stop on the way back?”

I looked at Jamie, questioning. Stop?

Still holding my hands, she said, “I thought ... we could stop at your place and pick up your books, some clothes ... and you could stay with me for a few days ... that way you wouldn’t have to cook for yourself...”

I didn’t know what to say; I was getting hard and turning red at the same time.

Rehearsal

Her mom closed in on us, putting her hands on our shoulders, pushing us together. “Alex,” she said softly, “It was my suggestion. You’re welcome to stay if you’d like.”

My turn to sigh. Jamie grabbed me. I closed my eyes, enjoying being squeezed.

When I opened my eyes, we were alone in the kitchen.

“Shall we go?” I asked.

“But I like holding you...” Jamie whispered, smothering me again.

When I could think again, or at least a little, I told her, “The sooner we leave, the sooner we get back...”

“Then you’re staying?” she practically squealed.

“I think so...”

“Let’s go!” she encouraged, pulling me to the door.

I found my car keys. “I’ll drive.”

The music library was closed, even though it was supposed to be open until 9PM. We tried for a few minutes, even calling on our cell phones. We heard the phone inside ringing and ringing.

“Tomorrow, then,” Jamie told me with a sigh.

All my school stuff was in the car already. I got some clothes and my bathroom stuff. I’d spent a few nights with a girlfriend, with Margaret, before they moved. I thought that had been really cool. It didn’t compare to the nap with Jamie earlier in the day.

“Park on the right so mom can get out,” Jamie reminded me.

Jamie carried the basket with my clothes; I got the one that had my backpack and school stuff.

Her mom was waiting for us. “Drop those in Jamie’s room and we’ll talk,” she said with a smile.

“Ah, what’s she want?” I asked Jamie when we were in her room.

“Not a clue,” she told me. “But at least she told us to put things here!”

Yeah, that was a good start.

Her mom was sitting in the chair; she motioned us to the couch. We sat, holding hands.

Rehearsal

She reminded us we were college students -- we needed to study! We talked about class schedules, study schedules. Her mom said she'd take care of cooking dinners and making sure we had stuff for breakfast and lunch. We needed to keep the place clean. We agreed on all that.

It was still early, and neither of us had homework we needed to do, so we all went to the family room.

Damn, we both had trouble getting through "One Hand, One Heart!" We *both* choked up. We held each other for a while, then tried again. It took us a while, but we finally got through it.

Jamie's mom applauded.

I shook my head. Jamie shook hers.

"That was *real* ugly," I said.

"We need a *lot* of work!" Jamie agreed.

"I'll leave you to practice," her mom told us, handing the remote control for the piano to Jamie. "Sleep well, princess," she said, hugging Jamie.

She turned to me and swept me into a hug. "You sleep well too, Alex."

Jamie starting the music again brought me back to the room. We worked on it for another half hour or so, getting better each time.

But then I really looked into Jamie's eyes, and sang from my heart. And so did she.

The only problem, when the song ended, we ended up on the couch. We kissed, running our hands over each other. We moved on the couch so she was on top of me.

"We need a different ending for Friday," she whispered to me, pushing up on her arms.

I lunged for her breasts. She held my head between them and relaxed back down on the couch. Heaven!

She lifted up and moved off me. "You okay, sweetie?" she said, shaking me.

I opened my eyes. "I'm ... fine. I love having you on top of me," I whispered.

Her worried look turned into a smile; she pulled me to my feet. I tried to hug her, but she moved out of the way.

"Let's run through it two more times, then call it a night," she suggested.

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We really belted out the last one, ending in a semi-chaste kiss. Well, both of us kept our hands at the waist level.

And we heard applause from behind us! We turned to see Jamie's mom, wearing a long, soft robe, standing in the doorway. "That was great!" she told us.

Holding one of Jamie's hands, I bowed and she curtsied.

Jamie ejected the disk and turned off the piano. "That's it for tonight." She took my hand and led me to the hallway. Her mom insisted on one more good-night hug.

So different -- her robe was a long, light pink, plush thing, very soft. And she wasn't wearing much under it. One moment I was standing there, the next, I was wrapped in softness, her scent.

I didn't come out of the cloud, Jamie leading me to her room, pulling me to bed with her. We were out of our clothes and she was on top of me in a flash. I held her, squeezed her, sucked on her as she rode me. I was dizzy, holding on, as she started moaning. Her moans built into a cry, and she slammed down on me, squeezing me, pushing me so deep into her. Her moaning cry turned into a shuddering squeak as she suffocated me with her softness. The way she shuddered around me pushed me over the edge, holding on, sucking, trying to be deeper inside her.

She let go of me and I gasped, but as she tried to move away, I took her other breast and nipple in my mouth. She sighed and held me, collapsing to that side.

I was where I should be; she told me so. I was safe, so safe.

Six

I woke up cold, in the dark, and needing to pee. He was still in my arms, his lips on the side of a breast. I was a little confused -- I didn't remember turning off the light, or closing the door for that matter. I didn't know whether to feel embarrassed or happy -- mom must have done both.

I managed to look at the clock -- a little after midnight, so we'd slept a couple of hours.

He made noises beside me, his mouth searching for a nipple once more.

"Let's get up and use the bathroom," I whispered, pulling out of his grasp.

"Wha?" he mumbled.

"We fell asleep on the bed. Let's get cleaned up. Come on." I pulled him to his feet.

At least there had been a towel underneath us, another one of mom's suggestions.

We took turns using the can, and the sink. Soon we were crawling back into bed together, between the sheets for the first time. I settled on my back and he snuggled up to my side, lips finding

the side of a breast. He felt so nice and warm! I put a hand behind his head, holding him gently, and he sighed and melted into me.

Waking early in the morning, he was still there! I moved closer to him, rolling partially atop him and giving him a nipple. Oh, how hungry he was!

Holding him, feeling him, not quite awake and not quite asleep -- but I think he woke up! All of a sudden, his hands were roaming over me, he was moving, sucking more, sending shockwaves through me. I felt my nipple go tight in his mouth, and felt him pressing against me, hot and hard. I pushed him to his back, and with a wiggle and a slide, he was where he belonged! He moaned, and so did I.

I rocked my hips and moved side-to-side, and felt his tip press deep inside me, a new and intense sensation. I was already on the edge of coming; when I followed that sensation, swirling him inside me, oh so intense, I started coming again, like long rolling thunder, going on and on and on...

He pulled away from my breast and gasped, "Slow down! I'm getting close!"

I pulled him to my other breast, cradling his head, whispering, "No -- suck, baby!" My orgasm was still rolling through me as he moaned and tensed up in my arms, and started pumping into me. I felt the warmth of his gift fill me. "Oh, that's good; that's so nice," I whispered. He whimpered a little in my arms. I could feel his hands and arms losing their strength around me. "So nice, so nice," I told him, cradling him to me. I tried moving off him, but he held me. I pulled the pillows around my head to hold me up better, and snagged a towel from under mine. "I've got you, sweetie," I told him. I cupped the back of his head, holding him to me. He moaned and sighed, his arms relaxing.

But the world isn't perfect. We tried to shower together, but okay for me was too hot for him, and okay for him was too cold for me. I like instant oatmeal and he says he gags on it; he had toast.

Drama core was our first class on Wednesday. We got to school early, riding in his car, and went to the music library. We got the score, and spent a while checking it out. I hid it in my bag when we went to class.

We cornered Kathy before things started. "We need more time..." I told her.

She frowned. "You need to do something on Friday; it doesn't have to be complex, or perfect," she interrupted.

"No, we'll be ready -- we want more than five minutes!" I told her.

She smiled. "How long?"

I looked at Alex, deep in thought. "Twelve, fourteen minutes. Yeah, that should do it."

Kathy nodded with a smile. "You got it. Anything else?"

"A volunteer for piano?" I asked, "not only for Friday, but for this afternoon and tomorrow?"

“Shouldn’t be a problem,” she told us. “Have a seat -- let’s get going.”

Seven

Drama core is an interesting class; people are in it for different reasons. There are some in the class who don’t want to be on stage -- they want to direct, or write, or do sets, that kind of thing. We had a lot of dancers in the class, too. I can dance some, better than a lot of folks.

We were talking about what plays to do in the fall, winter, spring. Peter was talking. For his “audition” he’d read from something I didn’t recognize. It was deep and meaningful, I’m sure. He was throwing out things like Ionesco, Sartre, Beckett as “popular” playwrights.

When Kathy asked for comments, I stood up.

“Peter,” I told him, “If you want to direct parts of *Rhinoceros*, *No Exit*, or *Godot*, let’s do it here -- I’ll work with you; I’d like to work with you. But if you’re going to do something popular... You do *No Exit* or *Godot* and you’ll have a bigger audience here than at the theatre, that’s for sure!”

That got chuckles from the rest of the class. But Peter wasn’t convinced. “And how do you know this?” he asked haughtily.

I smiled and pointed to Jamie. “Stand up,” I asked her. She did. I started pointing to other kids in the class, asking them to stand. Some of them caught on and pointed to others who stood as well. We ended with about a third of the class standing.

“Okay,” I addressed the group. “How many of you think we could sell out eight performances of *Fiddler*?”

Peter rolled his eyes.

“Or *Chicago*,” I suggested.

A gal I guess was a dancer yelled out, “Ooh! Count me in!”

“Or just about any musical -- *Forum*, *South Pacific*, *Seven Brides*...” Peter was still making faces. “How about *Evita*?” That interested him a little.

“Peter,” I told him, “Around Christmas, we might do *Charlie’s Aunt*, or *Earnest*, or *Arsenic and Old Lace* -- but to fill the house, night after night, you do musicals. You agree, folks?” They agreed. “Peter, the folks standing represent a few hundred years of collective regional theatrical experience. I remember working my ass off for *The Importance of Being Earnest*, and playing to half-full houses at best. I snoozed through *Sound of Music*, and we sold out every night, with one of our fellow thespians here getting standing ovations every performance!” I smiled to Jamie, who was blushing, and motioned to the crowd to sit down. I had a thought. “Peter, I know what you’re thinking -- you want something with more meat in it, more of an edge to it? Wait until Friday; we might have a compromise. I’ve done

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shows where nobody laughs, nobody sings. I'd really like to do *Don Juan in Hell* -- let's do that, but in here, or in the afternoons. It will be fun, but it ain't going to fill a house!"

I sat down. Folks applauded, whistled, and cheered. Peter shook his head. Kathy tried to take over again; lost cause.

When things broke up, a gal came up to Jamie and me.

"You need someone to play? I'm Marcie."

"Yup," Jamie told her. We had about an hour, so we took over a practice room.

Marcie was good! We read through it once, and sang it twice. We agreed to meet at Jamie's around 3 to practice more. Marcie took the music. It was lunch and more classes for Jamie and me.

On the way back to Jamie's, I said, "I'm glad Marcie is coming over."

"Me too -- this is going to be so cool!" Jamie agreed.

"If she's there, we'll be able to keep our clothes on," I said, putting a hand on her leg.

She sighed. "That too -- we'll have to go to bed early, though. My nipples miss you."

Oh, God! I didn't need to hear that!

But Marcie was all business. She brought a keyboard synthesizer and some other stuff, and got us right to work. We did one pass with her playing the piano, then she did a pass recording it on disc.

"You two need a lot of work," she said, listening to the playback.

"No shit," I agreed.

She grinned at us. "But I raided props for some motivation..." She dug into a bag and pulled out the coolest straight razor! The blade was polished like a mirror! Oh yeah!

We did it to the recorded piano while she diddled the synthesizer. I really got into it, finishing with the razor up high.

"I'll talk to Donny and see if we can get some spots for Friday," Marcie told us.

"Way cool!" Jamie agreed.

We worked it and worked it, taking a break, then doing "One Hand." Marcie clapped and whistled, telling us, "You got *that* sucker nailed!"

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We worked more. Jamie's mom came home and invited Marcie to stay for dinner, but she had to take off. She'd call us in the morning. We thanked her for everything -- this was going to be so cool!

Eight

I helped mom with dinner while Alex sang his crazy heart out.

"Someone should video this," Mom suggested.

"Wouldn't be surprised," I agreed. Then I sighed.

"What, sweetie? How are you? Sore?" mom asked.

I looked at her, frowning I guess. "I need him... My nipples need him... My..."

She hugged me close. "Then tonight, spend extra time suckling him before you make love, and be sure you suckle him to sleep."

"Oh, you don't have to worry about that," I assured her.

After dinner, we rehearsed a little, did homework, and rehearsed some more.

It was funny; both of us were itching to get to bed. And when we got there, he was so hot, and so hard...

And I was a good girl and did what my mommy told me to do. I held him, squeezed him, and suckled him until he melted in my arms. Then I set him on fire, rode him to a colossal orgasm, drained him, and suckled him to sleep in my arms.

Oh, it was so hard to get up Thursday morning! I wanted to keep him in bed with me, and I think he wanted to stay there, too. I was in such a nice place, all cozy and snuggly, and the way he sucked on me kept me humming along in one continuous orgasm...

But mom roused us. We were drying off when she hollered that she was taking off for work.

And that wonderful crazy took me to the bedroom, pushed me on my bed, and dove down between my legs, eating me until I screamed! I wanted to do him, but he insisted we get to school.

We met Marcie at lunch. She gave us a CD of what she'd put together, told us to try it. And she'd arranged spots, and a camera for tomorrow. Alex needed to make sure he had the makeup he'd need for the second number; we'd rehearse that tonight.

The stuff Marcie put together was good, really good. A few phrases in "One Hand" we'd like to draw out more, but we could live with what she had. And the *Sweeney Todd* number kicked ass!

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We did a performance for mom after dinner, costumes, and the works. And we rocked! As she applauded afterwards, I grabbed Alex and kissed him. He wrapped his legs around me, and I wanted to take him on the floor, right there!

We were in the bathroom getting ready for bed when mom knocked on the door. "Jamie," she called, "Come see me before you go to bed, please, sweetie."

I looked at Alex and shrugged. I didn't know what she wanted. "Okay, mom -- a few minutes."

When we finished, I kissed him and squeezed him to me, then put on my nightie. "Wait for me," I whispered, running a hand over that delicious cock I wanted deep inside me.

I knocked on mom's bedroom door and went in.

"Yes?" I asked.

She was sitting on her bed; she patted a spot next to her. I sat down.

She handed me a little perfume bottle. "Feel like upping the stakes?" she asked with a smile.

"Oh yeah," I whispered.

"This is very good perfume," she told me. "You should only use it when you make love, or for special occasions. Let me show you..." She took the bottle. "Is he partial to one side or the other?" she asked.

I guess I blushed a little.

She smiled. "Your father always seemed to like my left one better, but he'd take whatever he could get."

"That's Alex," I agreed.

"Pull up your nightie, dear... We want to put this where his nose is going to be -- it smells grand, but doesn't taste very good."

She put perfume on the sides and tops of my breasts, and between them. She handed me the bottle. "Keep it in a drawer where it will be safe. If you want, put some on his favorite side before you hold him in the morning, but make it something special, not every day."

I nodded, straightening my nightie again.

"Now go, while you can still drown him in it! He'll love it, and so will you!"

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I left so quick I forgot to ask her if she wanted me to turn off her light. The light in my room was off, though... I put the perfume bottle in my nightstand, took off my nightie, and slipped into bed, pulling him to me.

Oh, how he moaned! The way he held me, the way he sucked, I was coming in no time! He couldn't get enough! I held his head between my breasts, rolling on top of him, and he held me, loving it! Then I took him in me, holding him to the other side, and both of us came so hard and so fast... And afterwards I held him close, and I could tell he was still filling himself with my perfume... I held him, rocked him, and whispered for him to go to sleep in my arms, I had him, so safe in my arms... And I felt so safe with him there.

I woke early in the morning and pulled him to me. He held me and kissed the side of my breast.

"What did you do to me?" he whispered between kisses.

"Did you like that?" I asked, playing with his hair.

"God yes," he said as he kissed my breast, moving his head between my breasts as I rolled closer to him.

I squeezed him suddenly; he moaned, trapped. "It's something special, when you're very, very good," I told him. I squeezed him more, then eased off.

He gasped for air, and told me, "I'll do anything you want..."

I rolled more on top of him, giving him a nipple. "Then suck, baby..." He moaned again as I cradled his head to me. The more I squeezed him, the hotter both of us got. Soon I was on top of him, riding him, and draining him into me. God, he's so good!

Nine

Oh, God, what she did to me -- I wanted to drown in her, in her perfume... And the way she held me this morning...

But we made it to school. We got to core early, moving things around on the stage. Marcie was over to the side with her synthesizer. We talked about the spots we wanted to draw out; she was cool with that. One of her buddies, who I thought I recognized from stage work someplace, talked to us about lighting, what we wanted. We put two spikes on the stage and let him play with the light.

"Are you two ready to go?" Kathy asked us, coming in with some of the early students.

"Oh yeah," Jamie told her.

"No stage fright?" Kathy asked me.

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That surprised me, because it's something you usually do NOT ask! "We're going to knock your socks off!" I told her.

We waited behind the curtain. My makeup, razor, and frock coat were on a chair. We were ready to rock and roll!

Jamie grabbed me and gave me a kiss. I squeezed her delicious breasts.

Kathy cleared her throat -- she'd moved behind the curtain! "Ready?" she asked.

We gave her thumbs-up.

She opened the curtain just enough for us to step out. The spot came up as we stepped into it, Marcie bringing up the music.

God, I've never felt a song as much as I did singing that with Jamie! I'd like to think that there wasn't a dry eye in the house, but I didn't give a flying fuck, because I was there with her!

But as Marcie sounded her last notes, the crowd cheered! We took a brief bow.

"Don't go away!" I told them, and we popped behind the curtain.

I put the greenish-grey powder on my face, put on the frock coat, razor in the pocket. Jamie put on a ratty shawl.

I took a breath -- and became that crazy man, feeling it from the inside, letting the feeling reshape me.

We stepped out; I backed out so the audience couldn't see me. The music started.

And they gasped when I turned around! We did that manic, magic duet, stepping, dancing, playing with Sondheim's lyrics, ending with Jamie at my side as I held the razor high in the air, gleaming in the spotlight.

And we got cheers and applause, a standing ovation, even Kathy, even Peter! I waved the razor at him -- "This have enough of an edge for you?" I shouted maniacally. We pulled Marcie up with us and bowed again.

Kathy tried to get things back on track, room lights back on. I wiped the stuff off my face, and Jamie took the towel from me and did it again, managing to squeeze me to her as she did.

Kathy brought some chairs up; she wanted to talk about what we'd done. Jamie held my hand and went teary-eyed when she said I'd picked both pieces. I think Kathy recognized we couldn't talk about "One hand" a whole lot. We got questions from the class. We talked about rehearsing, working with Marcie, who was really great, as was whoever did the lights. We talked about Sondheim, the wonderful lyrics. Jamie and I did a bit from *Into the Woods*.

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Someone asked how I did the character. I stood up, relaxed, and told them, "Like this..." I lowered my head, put my hand into the coat pocket to get the razor, and brought the character to life again, raising that thing overhead, grinning as it gleamed to whistles and applause... "The Demon Barber of Fleet Street!" I intoned, leering at them.

And sat down again. One of the girls in the front row was giving me the strangest look -- which told me I'd done a good job.

Class over, see you next week -- Jamie and I went behind the curtain to pick up our goodies.

She grabbed me, pushing me against a wall. "God, I want you!" she panted as we ran our hands over each other.

"I wouldn't go back there just yet," we heard Marcie say on the other side of the curtain...

We sighed, had a brief kiss, and separated, gathering our stuff. "It's safe!" I called out. "It's not a real razor!"

Kathy was talking to Marcie and a gal with reddish hair, who turned and handed me a CD in a paper sleeve. "Here you go -- I'll have a better cut Monday. You guys kicked ass!"

"What's this?" I asked.

"DVD -- I did it on my Mac up in the booth," she told us.

"Hey, thanks!" Jamie told her and gave her a hug. I got a hug in as well.

"I want to see that one, too," Kathy told us.

I shook my head. "It was real. And hey, it was fun!"

Kathy told us, "I think you may have turned Peter on to musical theatre!"

"Rhinoceros -- the musical!" I called out. Jamie hit me in the arm. Kathy laughed.

As Jamie and I walked out, she said, "Ya know, if we'd had an encore, they would have eaten it up..."

I shrugged. "So we'll give Marcie one of the Tom Lehrer books."

Ten

We did it! We kicked ass! And Alex did so scary good with the Sondheim -- after "One hand," the crowd was so upbeat, still cheering and applauding when I came back onstage with the shawl. But

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when Alex turned around, that makeup and the crazy gleam, and they went quiet in a gasp! As much emotion as we put into the first number, we put that much crazy energy into the second one, and they ate it up!

We talked about it some with Kathy and Marcie up on stage. We did a bit from *Into the Woods*, showing off more Sondheim lyrics. Kathy was really cool, pointing out that kids in the back of the hall could not only hear us, but also understand us, and how important that was.

And after class, the look on his face -- I grabbed him and squeezed him to me, and he hugged me and buried his face between my breasts, right there in the parking lot!

"I know what you're having for lunch," I growled to him.

And that look -- adoration, hunger, lust, as he squeezed me.

"Let's go!"

Fin
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Rehearsal

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