

Jamie's Sick Journey

Chapters 1-3

(fm, scat, mast, MILF, F/m psych)

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Chapter 1

The Crazy Blonde and the Cafeteria Bathroom

When I was fourteen I was stuck with having to rely on mere circumstances to move my romantic life along. At that age, it's nearly impossible to influence the "where" and "when" of dating, but I at least had one open option, most of the time: the movies. So it was quite often that my parents dropped me off at the multiplex theater to meet my fourteen year-old girlfriend, Jamie.

We, of course, were going to see a movie... supposedly. But the real plan was to sneak off and have some private time, which we never got anywhere unless we ran off from the movies. We had friends who always told us what the movies were about, so that we could answer questions from our parents later--which they always asked, of course.

We'd been doing our little theater sneak for a solid two months, but still we were only kissing, with occasionally my hand being allowed under her bra or panties. But that was OK. After all, I'd managed to get three handjobs from her by then, plus one speculative suck, the last time we snuck off. It was so tantalizing, being that close to going the distance. So when Jamie unexpectedly had her problem, we were both ripe to take advantage of it.

As we usually did when we snuck out of the theater, we found this deserted alley behind a nearby TJMaxx store, where there was a cardboard disposal dumpster sitting in front of this alcove for a loading area. The light above it was busted, and it was really dark in the shadows. The moon was out good enough to see by once you got used to it, but Jamie was scared like crazy that I was even thinking of taking her back there. I was horny, though, and so was she, and she followed me up into the loading alcove.

I leaned her against the door and kissed her for a long time, and then

she pulled away and said, "OH MY GOD!" I thought somebody was sneaking up on us or something, so I turned around to look; but nobody was there. Then I smelled a really nasty shit smell. Jamie was crying and covering her face. She had pooped her panties while we kissed.

Sobbing, pitiful, she begged me to help her get her panties off so they wouldn't mess up her legs or shoes. Buzzing with desire, yet conflicted by honest concern for her, I knelt there in the dark while she held up her skirt. I carefully, slowly, pulled her crap-filled panties down her legs and over her feet. If this has ever happened to you, I guess you know how long that takes, when you're trying to be careful and do it so you don't make a mess on yourself. It was forever! I had all kinds of trouble just balancing the panties so the big mass of turds didn't fall out onto her. And she just cried and cried.

Meanwhile, I got to stare at her pussy--lots of hair! -- and at her shit piled inside her panties. I was so rock hard by the time we were done getting them off. We threw them in the cardboard disposal dumpster and started laughing about it. The smell was gone, since I guess we were used to it, and I was super turned-on to think that Jamie's shitty bare ass was right there waiting for me under that skirt.

She let me pull her skirt back up, and soon I was back kneeling again, but this time she let me lick her pussy while she spread the lips. It was my first rug-munching ever, and I knew I'd be doing that to every girl I could from now on!

Jamie just groaned and humped against my face. Finally I got really going and slurped way under her ass - and got my tongue covered in her shit leftovers! I knew it right away, since the taste is so strong, but I didn't care. I was so horny, I'd have eaten the shit right from her ass if I thought she'd fuck me.

And, at the rate we were going, it was only going to take me licking her a little more before I'd be sticking my dick right up in there.

But she turned around and stuck out her ass, and said in a husky voice, "Lick my butthole, OK?" It was stunning. She was completely transformed from the weeping little girl of a few moments ago. She reached back and spread her cheeks apart, and even in the moonlight I could see her ass so white like chalk and the streaks of shit in the crack like black tar. I dove right in.

It wasn't wonderful, but I was new to sex anyway. For all I knew, that's what girls all liked. So I ate it all up. I licked and kissed and tongued every part of her butt - her cheeks and her crack and her tiny wrinkled asshole. She moaned louder and louder. Finally, when I just absolutely had to fuck her, I stood up and undid my jeans. Jamie turned around and instantly laid on me the hottest, sloppiest kiss we ever had. I mean she attacked me! Groaning like wild and grinding her crotch against my leg, her tongue went all around in my mouth. She was getting off on tasting her shit in my mouth.

As for me, all our pressing together while we kissed got my cock to the

point of no return. I came before I could even get my pants properly down. But later I let Jamie reach her hand in and feel the mess, and she giggled and said she liked it. Then she licked her fingers off.

"Wow," was all I could think to say. For a very long time.

* * * *

We talked about it the next day on the phone, whispering so nobody would overhear. She was an only child, but I had to make sure my brothers were long gone before I could even think about having that conversation.

"God, Brett... I'm still really freaked out," she said.

"Me too," I agreed. I wanted to add, "I can even taste your shit in my mouth a whole day later - and I've brushed my teeth like 100 times" - but I didn't want to make things worse. If she hated it, I wasn't going to make her hate me, too. For the first time in my life, I was falling in love with a girl.

I'd come five more times since standing on that loading dock with her, less than eighteen hours before. Every chance I got, I was in private stroking, thinking back about how sick and twisted and wonderful it had been. Now, on the phone with her, I began to have my doubts that she felt the same way. But, she'd kissed me so hungrily last night! She had to have liked it at least a little....

Still, I was fourteen, and I didn't know yet in life how most females approached new weird sexual situations. Jamie was testing herself - and me - conversationally, and I just got lucky enough to instinctively keep my enthusiasm to myself until she perceived that it was safe to be that way herself.

"Well, I guess I just forgot I had to go to... you know... number two," Jamie whispered, then giggled. "To take a *shit*. I'd been holding it all day, since in the morning at gymnastics practice. And every time I remembered, I'd either be like, right in the middle of something else and having to wait... or else I'd just forget because I was busy. Then we started kissing, and it was just coming out before I even realized it. I'm so sorry."

My throat was dry and raspy, I was so horny again and desperate to do something about it with her. My cock might not survive too much more rubbing without some serious pain, but I got it out anyway while I listened to her apologize. "It's OK," I managed to croak back, clearing my throat. "I really didn't mind, you know?"

There was a long silence. I could faintly hear a dishwasher running somewhere in the background. She coughed. Finally, she said, "It made me so horny."

"Me too!" I immediately agreed, and the reality of her feelings sent me over the edge, my jism pumping out across the carpet in my room,

over my discarded pants and shoes and a book from school. Fuck yeah! She liked it!

"Really?" she asked in a tiny voice.

"Yes, absolutely," I managed to say back, controlling my voice as I stroked myself back down. "I can't stop thinking about it, I loved it so much."

A small pause. "Jeez," Jamie whispered.

"Yeah," I said.

"Do you think - you know - is this what people, like, is this how -" she trailed off.

"Is this how sex is?" I finished for her. "You mean, with it being dirty like we were?"

"Yeah," she brightened, obviously relieved that she'd found a kind of acceptance of what she wanted to talk about. "I mean, the health teacher would never talk about that, I'm sure. You know, like, God!"

"Yeah," I laughed.

"And nobody's parents would ever - ever - admit anything about sex anyway.... So, you know, like it just leaves kids to figure it out, right?"

I agreed, of course, because I honestly felt the same way and was just as confused and amazed about the mystery of it all. She and I were exactly in the same place about it, for sure. We liked it, we wanted more, but we were shocked that we did, and we were worried about whether or not it was a normal thing or a right thing. And we had no clue how to find out. More, we didn't want to risk trying to really find out... because what if we were freaks? How bad would we feel then?

But what I said then was, "Yeah, like I'm sure your friends aren't ever going to talk about it anyway, not those preppie girls!"

We laughed. "That's for sure," Jamie said. "Not even Allison ever talks about the details, you know, and like it's common knowledge she's been doing it with that high school guy since last summer."

For a while we got off onto the subject of people we knew who we thought were really doing it - fucking with dicks inside pussies - and about what we thought that must be like. "Nice," we agreed. "Really good. Must be, since everybody wants to do it!"

Jamie asked me if my brothers talked about sex. "Sure," I said. "All the time, but not with details, like how they do it with their girlfriends. They just talk about how a girl looks and how they'd done it with her or how they'd like to do it with her. Not like, you know, with specific details."

"Oh," she said, clearly disappointed.

"Listen," I tried to say cheerfully, "I really liked it. I really did, Jamie."

For a breathless moment I sat with those words ringing across the fiber optics, the shock freezing me in time as I realized what a freakish

thing I'd just admitted to for the second time; but it was a passing panic. Jamie saved me.

"Me too," she said simply. "Me too."

Then her voice grew more determined, and a happy chill ran down my spine. "Can we do it again," she asked, "on purpose next time?"

* * * *

As it turned out, Jamie couldn't wait for the next weekend.

That Thursday, as I passed her on the way to fifth period, she grabbed me by the elbow and roughly yanked me to a halt. "Get out on a pass at 2:00, OK?" she hissed. "I gotta see you real bad at 2!"

Her wild blue eyes were wet with need, and she stared me down as I attempted to stammer the obvious question.

"W-w-where?"

"Oh," she released my arm and frowned, thinking. "The cafeteria. Yeah. Nobody's in there by then, right? And the little teacher's dining room off to the side is lights-out by two o'clock. I had to go in there last month to look for Mrs. Vinson's purse when she thought she'd left it. The place was dark and quiet, the lunch ladies were gone... and..." she grabbed my arm again and pulled my ear down to her mouth. "It's got it's own bathroom!" She squealed the last part in a delighted shrill whisper, then kissed my cheek quickly and skipped off.

"Don't forget!" she called back over her shoulder. I was sure there were plenty of other kids around, laughing at me for looking like such a pussy-whipped guy, but fuck them all. No one ever understands how wonderful that status really is. Plus, Jamie's skirt was really short that day, and I liked seeing her move down the hall, my dick growing thick as she finally turned the corner and the tardy bell rang.

At two I was there. Mr. Holt let me go without a second thought. I always had my work finished by then, anyway. The hallway was deserted at the entrance to the cafeteria; in a moment I was inside the darkened cafeteria, and Jamie was waiting.

"The door's locked, wouldn't you fucking know!" she spat. I'd never seen her so edgy and bossy, but it was turning me on. She grabbed my hand. "Come on. It's like a graveyard in here. There can't be anybody in the kitchen now, either. Let's check it out."

She was right. A couple windows high on the wall offered us the only light in the large, tile-clad industrial kitchen. It was deserted and clean. At the back we found a surprisingly large single toilet bathroom, with six lockers on one wall, a nice sink in a counter, and a wicker chair beside it. The toilet was on its own wall, plenty of room to get up close to it on either side or in front, to see what I wanted to see.

"This is it!" Jamie gushed, pulling me into the bathroom and locking

the door behind us. She flicked on the light and promptly took off all her clothes, hanging her blouse and skirt neatly on the hooks that she found on the back of the door. Her tennis shoes and panties she stuck in one of the lockers. Once again, I felt distinctly as if I was in a warped state of being, an adrenaline-induced shock of excitement that froze my brain in a sort of panic. This couldn't be happening to me! I was bound to get busted! Holy fucking shit!

Jamie had a knockout 14 year-old body. Her tits were small and perfectly rounded, the size of tennis balls, with tiny pink nipples that poked sharply upward. Her legs were skinny but her ass was round and smooth, flaring wonderfully from hips that were only slightly curvy. It was completely beyond reason - and beyond cool - that she was doing this horrid, sexy thing there with me. I could only stand and admire her body, speechless, seeing it fully nude for the first time, trying with all my might to keep from hooting and hollering like I'd just won the lottery. That's the only way I can describe how that kind of moment feels. And then, oh my God, I remembered what it was that she wanted to do, and my knees very nearly gave way.

Jamie was about to shit. Right here in front of me. And it turned her on!

She climbed up onto the toilet seat, squatting, reversed, her hands gripping the exposed pipes that rose from the old-fashioned tank module at the back. I was still fully-clothed, and Jamie didn't seem to care. She was already pushing, ducking her head down to try to see beneath her ass. She was in her own lust-blind world and barely even knew I was there. It was almost as if my only purpose just then was to serve as a witness, to be able to verify to her later that she had indeed done what she was now trying to do.

If that was to be my role, I was happy with it. How often does any guy have a chance to place himself as close as he wants to a woman's glorious, shitting asshole? I knelt with my face perhaps six inches away from her blooming rosebud and the dark turd that was already crowning from within it.

"Oh fuck, Brett, oh God!" Jamie moaned, pissing in great spurts as she strained to push her bowels. Her urine sprayed all over her ankles and feet, it was such a heavy and lubricant-obscured flow. Obviously her pussy was seriously gooped-up and causing her pee to get real sloppy. She didn't seem to care at all. Her entire focus was on her straining rectum and it's precious, dark cargo.

"Here it - ungh!" she grunted, and a thick dark log pushed suddenly out her hole, leaving it gaping, as if surprised. I didn't even watch the poop fall - I was so transfixed by her open anus. The next turd was right there inside! The end of it was almost out, so her asshole was still stretched to accommodate it. Not even one small smear of brown had left its mark on any of Jamie's skin - the first turd had fallen free and clear of any stickiness. This next one looked to be more of the same. Solid and heavy. Lightheaded, rock hard, I reached out and held my hand to catch it. God help me, but I wanted more than anything to

hold Jamie's shit in my hand!

She saw what I was doing. "That's it, baby," she encouraged. "Catch my shit! Hold my hot, filthy *shit* in your hand, Brett! -God! This is so sick!"

Then it was out, too. Just - POP - and I was suddenly holding this hard, slippery piece of crap, maybe four inches long and a couple inches around. It was dark brown and barely lumpy at all. It smelled like a barn, but it wasn't bad. Perhaps because I was so horny, it's hard to say, but I didn't mind the stench at all. It had an odor, very strong, but not an odor that repelled me. In fact, it worked on me in the opposite way: I smelled that putrid chunk of waste and got even harder.

My mouth watered.

I remembered the weekend before, the taste of her shit on my tongue as I cleaned her ass in the moonlight. Our mouths smashed painfully together as we shared the filth between us. My lips, in fact, were still a little sore. My entire mouth had stung for a whole day afterward from the residue of feces that I could never quite get rid of. It was a tingle - and a nearly choking aftertaste - that just wouldn't go away. But now I was craving to suffer it once again. Despite everything in my brain screaming NO! NO! NO! I knew that I might once more willingly taste Jamie's fresh shit.

"Mmmmmmm..." Jamie's piss splattered all over the seat again, as she still squatted, moaning softly to herself. She was finished with her straining, as if she'd simply quit, leaving some more up in there for later. A lazy hand wandered down between her legs and played itself through the last sloppy spurts of urine. Small showers of it bounced back onto my own hand and onto the gift I held. Jamie stepped off the toilet and crouched next to me.

"Look, look at this - the first one's right here." Jamie pointed into the bowl, and we both leaned over and gazed drunkenly at her first turd for a long moment. The bathroom was utterly silent. Beyond the door, not a single sound could be perceived, as if we were shut off from the rest of the normal world now, we had gone too far and we were cast out. Or else we were that distracted, that overcome.

The dark log was too heavy to float much, so it had slid to the bottom of the bowl, half of it hidden down the porcelain throat. Jamie reached in and grabbed it, keeping her hand submerged in the water. We watched, fascinated, as she slowly squeezed her fingers tight, the shit diving, curling out from between her knuckles like angry brown snakes. Awkwardly launched free but still heavy in the piss-rich water, they all slowly drifted down into the curve of the toilet neck, soon half-hidden again in a messy mass of coiling shitty ropes.

Lifting her hand out of the water, Jamie let the excess pissy mixture drip back into the bowl. Some of it ran down to her elbow and dripped onto her thigh, but she didn't seem to care. She was fixated on her fingers. On the clumps and streaks of brown that were still there. Then

she looked at me. In her eyes was a deep childlike terror. It was clear that Jamie was nearly overwhelmed with the horror of what we were doing. The little girl in her was trying to shake her free.

"This is so sick," she muttered. "There's something wrong with me. This is so disgusting...." Her voice trailed off as her eyes went back to study her filthy hand. I watched as the hormone-filled woman in her overcame the little girl. She slowly brought her hand closer and closer to her moist, pink lips. Finally, with a deep breath, she tightly shut her eyes, opened her mouth wide, and stuck in two fingers.

Instantly, Jamie's other hand shot down to her crotch. She began to rub her mound with fevered jerks. An animal ferocity seemed to overtake her. Soon her fingers were in her cunt, yanking on her hole, ramming hard. Her dirty hand remained at her mouth, now with all four fingers shoved in deep, all the way to the last knuckles. Her thumb painted a greasy brown streak down her cheek. I could see her throat swallowing over and over as she sucked. Once, twice, she gagged hard, a retching sound erupting from around her fingers that nearly made me puke. But she held her stomach, and she didn't remove her hand.

She just knelt there, eating her own shit, fucking herself, and moaning a little.

For several minutes we remained like that, Jamie sucking on the fingers of one hand while the fingers of the other violated her raging pussy. I sat there like a big idiot, unable to do anything at all, completely captivated. Probably, like my psychiatrist would say many years later, I was somewhat traumatized; but to a fourteen year-old boy, anything that involved a naked girl and her hot, open vagina could not possibly be bad in any way, shape or form.

Finally, inspiration struck. Or insanity. Basically, I completely forgot about school. I blanked totally on that simple fact. Raising my hand, I smashed my pet turd onto Jamie's little breasts. Her tiny pink nipples were instantly buried beneath a thick swipe of brown fetid goo. Chunks fell down her sides, rolled down her tummy to rest against her striving masturbatory hand, thus mashing crap accidentally into her wispy pubic hair and her heavily-stroked clitoris. I relished the feel of the thick pudding as I spread it around. I found myself painting it all over her upper body, from her waist to her neck.

And Jamie loved it. She made sounds that no middle school kid has ever heard from a girl before. If a person had been listening outside the bathroom door just then, they'd have sworn a grown dog was in there yelping like that, barking out such a rough need.

Her hand had left her mouth, totally clean, and shot down to her breasts. She began to help me smear it all around. She laughed. "Oh, fuck, God - oh, wow!" Her fingers on her pussy worked even harder, and soon she was heading into the first orgasm of her life. She stopped all laughing, fell clumsily onto her back, her legs flying out from under her. I got my hands back on her breasts, massaging the

slippery, nasty ass grease even deeper into her skin. Lifting her butt off the ground, Jamie put her once-more filthy hand down to her pussy and rubbed it all over her clit. Crying out, thrusting her crotch against her determined fingers, she came.

* * * *

Those were the first moments in my life that I ever gave myself completely over to what I wanted.

Fuck all consequences. I didn't care.

First, it was the sneaking out, the loading dock, my face in the crack of her filthy ass.

Then that last part, Jamie letting me watch her, letting me touch her. Me painting Jamie with her own shit.

I wanted to come. I wanted right then to blast a huge mess of jism all over the place, with her lying there covered in a disgusting sheen of brown sweaty mess. I wanted to fall on her and fuck her hard. My cock ached to get free of my jeans and ram deep inside any hole it could find. In my immature way, I was still hesitant, though. Despite what I'd already pushed myself to do. Regardless of all the proof I had now that Jamie was a nasty whore who didn't care about any kinds of normal rules at all. Still, I hesitated.

I wanted what I wanted, for sure. But there was a way to avoid unnecessary pain, too. Part of me had come to my senses. No more "fuck all consequences" for that day, at least.

"Stay here. Don't move," I told Jamie. Before she could catch her breath enough to make a sound, I was out the door of the bathroom and through the kitchen and cafeteria. A stairwell rose nearby to the second floor, and I hit it running. On my watch I saw that we'd been gone almost fifteen minutes from class. The bell would ring to go to sixth period at any moment.

I remember it felt like slow motion, how I thought some student would come out of nowhere and see me - the bell was surely going to ring too soon and then everybody would come out and get a big fat eyeful of me skipping class, running down the hall, my hands covered with Jamie's shit.

But none of that happened after all. I made it to the far side of the upstairs alcove with no one around to see me. Yanking up my shirt tail to cover my shit-besotted hand, I pulled down hard on the fire alarm - and ran like a rabbit back down the stairs.

I was all the way back down to the first floor, just leaping inside the swinging double doors of the cafeteria, before the blaring alarm siren had roused anyone out into the hallway on the first floor. There was no way I'd been seen. It was a complete miracle. Our sixth period teachers would now think we were absent, and our fifth period

teachers would assume we'd gone on to the next class because of the alarm - at least, I hoped that's how it would be.

Bursting back into the bathroom, I found Jamie exactly where I'd left her. She still roamed her sexy brown breasts with one hand and lightly strummed her labia with the other. Looking me up and down, she chuckled.

"Nice idea, Brett," she said. I could barely hear her voice over the raucous alarm. Dimly behind that noise, the clatter and voices of students could be heard moving down the halls and out the building. Jamie raised her voice a little. "I had an orgasm just then, you know. Before you took off."

"Yeah," I grunted curtly, struggling hard to unbuckle my pants. My hands were still slippery from the shit that hadn't yet dried; but quickly enough I'd shoved my jeans and underwear to my ankles. Even at fourteen, my cock was man-sized, thick, and purpled. I stroked it fast and hard, aiming it right at Jamie's face. I wanted to come all over her gorgeous pink lips.

"Oh, Brett, baby!" crooned Jamie, her eyes wide. "He's so beautiful!"

That did it - my cock pumped out jet after jet of thick white cream. Gushing, the world rushing ten ways at once, I was suddenly dizzy. Staggering to keep my balance, I saw globs of my semen splatter all over Jamie's chest, neck, face, and hair. She squealed like a first grader and closed her eyes.

I swear an entire galaxy of stars exploded inside my head at that very moment. It was an orgasm that still shakes me today to remember it. I lost all control of myself. My knees buckled. I fell to the floor.

Beside me, as I lay trying so hard to breathe and see straight once again, Jamie's slight form stirred a little. Her laughter returned.

"Wow," was all she could say. "Wow."

We just lay there muttering that one word - that single, stupid, perfect word - for a very long time.

* * * *

Eventually, doggedly, we got clean and we got ourselves home.

If it hadn't been for the excellent industrial strength pressure-washing wand that we found in the cafeteria kitchen, we'd have never been able to get ourselves and our clothes clean enough to walk back to our respective houses unnoticed. That lunch lady sink was even so big that I lifted Jamie up into it so she could take a bath.

And it turns out that granulated dish washing detergent is pretty good for getting both the stain and the stink out. Jamie said with great seriousness, "I'm gonna have to remember that."

We finally emerged out the back door of the kitchen into the late afternoon light of the school's service alley. Nothing was back there to see us but three pigeons and a stray cat. It was four fifteen.

With a shock, it hit me. I was disappointed.

Looking over at Jamie as we emerged from the alley and began to lean our separate ways, I couldn't help but feel let down and a little jealous. It angered me to feel that way, but I just couldn't help it!

I'd been expecting to taste Jamie's shit again - and I'd missed my chance.

Pausing, we both stared at each other for a long moment. Before turning and walking our own ways home, we held that look between us. She was smiling, relaxed, twirling her damp hair around a finger. My hands were fists in my pockets.

We weren't going to kiss. It would taste awful now, and the mood was too far gone. Plus, I was seething at myself for being so thick. So we just admired each other for one more slow minute or two.

And then finally, wordlessly, we took our secrets home.

Chapter 2

Discipline and the Doctor

Of course we got caught.

It was beyond stupid of us to think that we could get that filthy in a school cafeteria and not manage to leave behind some trace that we'd been there. The stainless steel of the industrial kitchen sink had shit smears around it that we just plain didn't wipe up well enough. Same with that cozy lunch lady bathroom we'd played around in. Shit smears streaked parts of the tile floor, some tiles on the walls, the toilet handle, the doorknob.

We were fourteen, and we'd thought it was immaculately clean when we finished having our fun. For us and our silly adolescent standards, it was. For the adults at the school, though, there was of course plenty enough evidence to convince them that a serious problem was going on. The next day's stern announcement during first period about false fire alarms and skipping class was all I needed as proof that I shouldn't let Jamie talk me into any more crazy stuff like that at school. The principal came on the intercom and talked all about expulsions and criminal vandalism and reprobate behavior. And he was talking about me!

It was all I could do to sit still and just take it. My entire body -- and especially my head -- felt flushed and hot. I was literally purpled and throbbing with shame. The fact that not one of my classmates noticed is still somewhat a miracle to me, looking back on it now. And I

couldn't help it, I puked right before lunch, just at the thought of going back to the cafeteria. Lying on the little vinyl bed in the nurse's office, I imagined I was confined to some tiny cell in the juvenile detention center, and no one in my family had come to see me for months and months. I threw up again, and my mom came to school and got me.

Jamie, of course, had a different view of the fallout. She was rapidly growing more confident, more brazen, as if her newfound sexuality was really a new personality being born whole within her. By the end of the next week a new person come alive, sauntering fully-formed into the world wearing little skirts, tight shirts, and a devilish grin. In her husky exuberance, Jamie leaned close in the hallway that next Friday morning and whispered, "Brett, I wanna do it again so bad!" Her hand found my crotch and squeezed for a long, horrifying second, just as her wet tongue slid across my ear.

My knees wobbled as I half-crouched in shock, recoiling from my girlfriend with that instinct so strong in every young teen male alive -- I didn't want her to embarrass me in front of anybody. And I couldn't believe any girl would be so slutty right in the middle of the hallway and just grab at my dick like that! The people around who saw it, though, didn't laugh or call out or anything. They stared and whispered to each other, more shocked than anything, and I was able to stagger away to my class with a freshly written note stuffed into my fist and a raging boner prodding sideways against my thin and tenting pants.

Of course, by the end of the day -- and certainly by the next week -- word got around that Jamie was a slut. It hit me as bad and as good, depending on how I thought about it. There was definitely a lot that was cool about being one of the only guys in school who was going out with a publicly-witnessed floozie. Yet there was the problem of her really being the bad sort of girl who makes a boy get a certain reputation himself, and I honestly began to worry that I might be making things hard on myself for later, when I'd want to find a girl who'd be the sweetheart of my dreams.

But, then again, until Jamie had her accident in the alley, that was exactly the kind of girl that she was. Maybe all of my dream girls would turn out that way.

* * * *

Her note was pretty plain:

*I've never felt like this before!
Do you love me like I love you?
Yes or No.
If it is Yes, then you and I will
do more dirty things, OK?
I love it so much!*

*We need to do more tonight
when we sneak out to the alley.
OK?
I am eating a lot of pizza tonight
cos it makes me poop lots when I do.
You get your mom to get you a
pizza too, before we get together.
OK?
WB with Yes or No.
TLA - Jamie*

*PS, did you have a taste in your
mouth that was SO bad? If you
have gum you can bring it tonight
for riding in the car after.
I think I can tell mom
I stepped in something and
she'll believe me
but just in case.
OK?*

WB Yes or No!

* * * *

I answered No.

It was on one sheet of notebook paper, folded four times, with her name on the outside. My word, "No", took up most of the lines on the inside, and I made sure to write my name neatly at the bottom, to dispel any confusion she might have. I handed it to her that same day, casually flipping it over her shoulder from behind as I walked rapidly past her toward the bike rack. I'd ridden my BMX that morning just in case I had to get out of there fast. And I did. It was the one and only time in my life that I broke up with a girl when I knew for sure that she wanted me and only me. It hurt like hell riding away from that school.

But I was freaked. Looking back now, I guess it was just the way Jamie changed so suddenly. It was like some kind of horror movie come to life, how she did this one weird thing and then from that point forward an amazing and grotesque transformation began to occur which could not be undone. The monster was born, and it was going to have its sick fun.

She screamed my name over and over until I had simply ridden too far away to hear her anymore.

Jamie never once called me. A week passed, and nothing. I didn't get many calls from girls anyway, but I did expect at least one more from her. That's what girls did, right? They got the last word in. But Jamie must have had other ideas.

In the halls at school she would not look at me, always leaning in close to this girlfriend of hers – Karen – a nerdy girl that Jamie had known since kindergarten. Jamie was a nerd, too, but she was pretty and funny, so everybody was always willing to ignore the fact that all her classes were advanced and that she'd won the state science fair back in the sixth grade.

Jamie and Karen would pass me in the hallway, whispering to each other, their heads together, and pausing to giggle wickedly whenever I was close enough to hear. It was clearly a revenge strategy of hers somehow, but I couldn't figure it out. Ever since Jamie had grabbed me in the hallway the previous week, the word got around that she was slutty and that I was some kind of stud. So I had a lot more girls flirting with me by then, and Jamie, I'd heard, was getting her ass grabbed a lot in the lunch line and during class changes.

And then my parents drove me to school early one day.

Nearly three weeks after our fun in the school's kitchen, the investigation was done. I sat in the dull beige-papered principal's office, listening to Principal Tanner explain due process to my parents concerning vandalism and hate crimes. They sat on either side of me, alternately rubbing my arm or patting me on the knee reassuringly. A guidance counselor and Mr. Holt – the teacher who'd given me my pass that day – were also in the room. I could hear them both breathing behind me. A gigantic, muscular sheriff's deputy loomed a little ways back behind the principal, stuffed into a small wooden chair.

Mr. Tanner was a thin, pleasant-looking man. I'd never seen him this close up, but it was obvious that this sort of meeting was the last thing he ever wanted to do. He seemed to be wishing he was far, far away from us. His eyes hardly ever left the papers on top of his desk; he constantly shifted around lightly in his faux-leather executive chair, alternately sticking a pencil up behind his ear and taking it back down just so he could check the sharpness of the point. Never once did he actually write anything with that damn pencil. Yet he was firm and did his job, and I've never once resented him. "We think Brett has displayed a clear desire to get people sick, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson. There is no other reason to... to distribute that kind of filth unless he thought he could use it to harm others. Now, did he want the cafeteria ladies to suffer – did he not like the shepherd's pie the day before, for instance...?"

I kept my fists balled in my lap and stared at a particularly mildewed patch of the wall, just beneath the air conditioning vent. In the close quarters of the office, under the full weight of my parents' wrath and

the other adults' disgust and dismay, I could barely breathe. Every part of me was tight and getting squeezed tighter. Tears flowed freely down my cheeks. My face felt so hot, but at the same time my arms and legs were so cold!

Nevertheless, I couldn't help but snort a little at the shepherd's pie theory. The stunned silence that answered my stupid gaffe gave me clue enough that the mounting outrage in the room was real, and I didn't make another sound for the rest of the meeting.

Principal Tanner went on, "But our best guess, really, is that your Brett was attempting to play some kind of sick joke on his fellow students. You know, a kid plays a wicked prank and then lets everyone in on it later so they can all feel stupid and disgusted." He leaned forward from behind his desk and folded his long fingers together, staring at me hard, the one and only time he seemed to forget about his pencil. "Now, we're surprised that Brett still hasn't told anyone about his little stunt, to be honest, and so we got tired of waiting for him to come out with it. We'd like to move on, frankly." He sat back and rearranged some papers, bringing the pencil down from his ear and tapping it lightly against the neat little stack. "We've finished with the state's OSHA team and their final cleanup and inspection, and now our cafeteria ladies – and our school's concerned parents – would like to know that this... um, menace or threat or whatever is going to be gone from their midst for a while."

My father, at that point, did the decent thing. That is the irony of it all, really; I was raised by decent people and should have had no problem sticking with a decent, normal way of fooling around with girls. My poor dad must have wanted to die from the shame. He cleared his throat and did his own forward-lean. "Menace?" he asked quietly, pointedly. "I would like to have you prove how our Brett here has managed to earn such a label, since this is the first time in his entire life he's ever gotten in trouble at school. For anything. That must be taken into consideration."

Mr. Tanner shifted more papers and did not look at my father. "Now. Now. He has done a very bad thing, after all. Perhaps my word was harsh, but he could have made a lot of people ill."

My mother took it from there. "You said 'hate crime', didn't you? Because he was targeting some specific group, right? Then that means you have evidence of that, doesn't it? Some sort of background on Brett here to prove that he has a history of hating lunch ladies or his fellow students or something? Otherwise isn't this just a random thing some stupid kid's gone and done?"

At that point the sheriff's deputy, Sergeant Arthur Sanders, who had been investigating the case, spoke up. Since his chair was crammed into the corner behind Mr. Tanner, I couldn't even see his face beyond the principal's slouching shoulder. I could see his shoulders, however, and one of his biceps. The man was huge. In his uniform, he was perhaps the most intimidating person I'd ever seen with my own eyes. When he spoke it was in a rumbling baritone that simply struck me to

the bone with its confidence and power. There was no way my parents would be arguing against this guy.

The deputy went on and on about how “officials” had photographed nineteen different points of contamination in the kitchen and its bathroom, and how a similar contaminant was found on the fire alarm upstairs. He recalled Mr. Holt’s assertion that I’d been out on a pass that whole time, and that I’d had more than sufficient opportunity to plant discrete amounts of feces in those places, which was all proof that I’d planned it out and had a whole scheme concocted in my head to get a lot of people sick.

When my father asked about other kids out on passes during that same time, I sat up with a jolt as the deputy answered, “No one else was out. We asked every teacher in the school, and no one had another student in the halls during that time.”

Of course that was impossible. There were over 1,100 students attending my school. My father even tried to get angry at the deputy about it, but there was no use. No nothing. No future.

It was like the room was tilting. I was falling out of my chair. The floor was coming up... so fast... I couldn’t breathe! But my mother grabbed my arm and started calling my name and hugging me to her. Soon we were both crying hard, and my father was begging the officials for some kind of a break.

“He’s our youngest son,” Dad pleaded. “Mr. Tanner, you knew our other boys, we’ve got good kids. You’ve got to be decent here!”

But, in the end, I was out.

When the court and lawyer nonsense was finally over I was charged and convicted on vandalism charges, with extenuating circumstances or something, some special code words they used in the juvenile court to get me set up with a psychiatrist for two years. The hate crime stuff was thrown out, but I was expelled from my school and sent to a new school on the other side of town. It was just another normal middle school, but I had to stay in a special class full of retarded and spastic kids who had anger problems or got crazy-hyper or whatever, and a teacher or a teacher’s aid walked with me everywhere I went. Or else one of the deans did it, scowling at me start to finish.

The deal was that I had to behave perfectly until I was sixteen. Moving up to the high school, even, I would be shoved off into a special class like that and followed everywhere. The psychiatrist would still be seeing me, too, until those two years were gone. Court officials would come to the house once every three months and interview me and my parents and search my room. Then, at the end of the two years, I would get to go back to court and let them talk it over. Maybe my record would get expunged. Maybe not. Maybe I’d get to go back to my own side of town for school. Maybe not. Maybe I’d get the super-duper screwjob and have to go down to the county juvenile detention facility until I was eighteen and could be tried as an adult....

At home, I was basically on phone restrictions until the two years had passed. I was also grounded for those two years. The only way I left the house was with my parents or with one of my brothers right there with me. I had to give up all my sports, of course. And anyway, the little league kids had all heard about my expulsion, and they were not nice about it. Their parents, in particular, gave my own folks such a cold shoulder that my dad had to find all new golf buddies, poker buddies, and fishing buddies. Mom's bridge group and her "Tennis Wednesdays" fell completely apart. But, being decent, my parents still loved me; their harsh words to me never hurt as horribly as they could have made them to hurt, if they'd really wanted to be mean about it. My parents felt so guilty for not raising me better that it was hard for them to be that cruel to me. And I think they could tell that my own guilt was heaped up enough. It wasn't like I talked to anyone anymore about anything. It wasn't like I was even alive, not even to myself.

Those things were probably even tougher than the new school and the maddening self-contained classroom junk. I had no friends. There was this loneliness that really ate away at me. My brothers were both in late high school, and they were OK for playing a video game or throwing the football in the backyard, but they had all their own stuff to do, and they really weren't around all that much. So at home I got into this habit of just staying in my room and reading, doing homework, or playing video games. This was back when we only had our old Atari and the 8-bit Nintendo, so it didn't take me long to get sick of Super Mario Bros and Zelda, let me tell you! Defender and Asteroids weren't so bad, but by then I could play them in my sleep. And the self-contained stuff they sent home with me couldn't be called proper homework; Moral Issues For Kids Today was just a bunch of individual scenarios, each one typed on its own little card, and my job was to write on the back what I would do in each situation. Then for half the next school day I sat together with the rest of the losers and with our two teachers and with whatever other shrinks and spies they wanted to bring in, and we'd talk about the stupid little scenarios and our different answers endlessly, only interrupted by the occasional fist fight that would break out. So at home what I did the most, actually, was read. I discovered it wasn't nearly as shitty a thing to do as school had led me to believe.

* * * *

Mom and Dad never once asked me why I'd done what I did; but they made sure to build up the psychiatrist like she was the second coming of Christ Almighty; I had the suspicion that they were deeply afraid there really was something permanently wrong with me. Which meant that there was, of course, something permanently wrong with the two of them. It was like the psychiatrist had to save me in order to save us all, basically.

Dr. Bodson was a child and family counselor, which meant she was

supposed to be the expert that got me sorted out. My parents dropped me off once a week - every Tuesday afternoon at four - reminding me to be honest, remember my manners, and prove to the doctor that I was definitely not some sort of freak. Problem was, I knew they were wrong, and I wasn't sure I could fake things in front of somebody who made her living knowing exactly what "normal" was supposed to be.

I had no idea how old she was. I was at that age where everyone between thirty and fifty looked about the same to me. It didn't really matter, anyway, because I'd also reached that age where my cock automatically responded to hot women in close proximity, regardless of whether they were old enough to be my big sister, my mom, or my grandma. Dr. Bodson was the first adult I ever met who captivated me like that.

She stood nearly six feet tall, with a slightly overweight curvaceousness that made her hips and breasts and ass look incredible. Her hair was dark and long, with lush, heavy curls that spilled over her shoulders, the soft ends of her hair resting delicately atop her mouth-watering breasts. Never revealing any cleavage, it was nevertheless obvious that the woman possessed some heavy, gorgeous melons behind the pricey fabrics she always wore. She was in expensive blouse-skirt combos or business dresses for all of our appointments, so I got frequent chances to watch her calves and ankles as she sat across from me in her office. With only a small table between us for drinks and a lamp, it was easy to act like I was simply avoiding her eyes, being a sulky teenager, while I zoomed in on her long feet in the strappy heels she always wore. It only took a couple appointments to realize that I wanted more than just about anything to suck on her perfectly pedicured toes. I was completely captivated by her.

She carried herself with an elegance that flat-out intimidated me, but I fantasized, nonetheless, about touching her, undressing her, licking her from head to toe. She'd feed me milk from her fat, pink nipples, and I'd ask her to let me put my cock between the soles of her feet, and she'd let me fuck her that way till I came.

So it really messed with my head and my libido to learn, just as quickly, that my shrink was a hardcore bitch who wouldn't tolerate teenagers who didn't give her straight answers. I came away from most of our meetings with a terrifying certainty that I was doomed to go to jail because I never seemed to answer questions clearly enough, honestly enough, or with enough thought beforehand. My nerves were a cold rock of ice in the pit of my stomach, slowly leaking out to all extremities; I would sit in that nice leather chair in a cold sweat, swinging wildly between the need to converse with her properly and the need to hang onto my own little secrets, to protect my own pride and Jamie's neck. On top of all that I just really, deeply wanted to find as many moments in the midst of all that to check out every luscious little bit of her body that I possibly could.

It took three sessions for her to go through the process of asking all

about my life up to that point. I had to talk a lot about school, what I liked and didn't like about it, which teachers I admired or despised. I had to tell her about all the sports I'd played, about Cub Scouts and summer camps and family trips and all our relatives. Eventually she wanted me to try and remember any times in my childhood that I might have been touched in the wrong way, but of course nothing like that had ever happened to me. I was a well-raised boy - that was the whole reason my parents were so worried about me! How could I have done what I did?!

Apparently this lack of aberrance in my childhood didn't disturb Dr. Bodson as much as it did my mom and dad. She simply kept checking that the recorder was running, and she'd make some notes on a little pad and just keep on going with the questions.

By our fourth session she'd moved onto recent events and began asking questions dealing with, as the judge had always called it, 'the incident'. She read back to me the deputy's report, asking me questions here and there throughout it. She asked me about my personal sexual history, very clinically, trying to see if I'd ever done a lot of playing around with poop before and whether or not I did a lot of masturbating, stealing things like pornos from older brothers, stealing my mother's panties from the laundry basket... all unsettling to be questioned about, but easy to answer - always 'no'.

Then, several sessions later on, she radically shifted the nature of our conversations. It was like she wanted to turn me around and inspect me from some different angles. She wanted to find some new buttons to push....

Dr. Bodson: "So, Brett, tell me how you felt when you learned all about the deputy's investigation."

Brett: "I don't know."

Dr. Bodson: "We've talked about it all before, of course, but what I really want to do in this session is to break those moments down into pieces. Is that all right?"

Brett: "I guess."

Dr. Bodson: "Good! Because I've noticed a lot of tension and odd signs in your body language when we get to certain parts of the deputy's report."

Brett: "Whatever."

Dr. Bodson: "I think you know I'm right, Brett. Why don't we talk about what's bothering you, OK? What is it in that deputy's investigation that gets you so upset? Did he make a mistake?"

Brett: "No. It was me. I did it."

Dr. Bodson: "Yes. Of course."

Brett: "It was. It really was."

Dr. Bodson: "It's OK, Brett. Just relax... that's better. Did he anger you

by talking about hate crimes or by labeling you as 'the perpetrator'? Those are pretty serious words, after all...."

Brett: "No. I've watched cop shows and stuff."

Dr. Bodson: "Yes, I see. Obviously. So perhaps you should tell me what bothers you about that moment, and then I can stop asking you questions that only make you shrug and look at my... carpet."

Brett: "Sorry. I didn't mean it that way."

Dr. Bodson: "No, I don't mind. It's why I'm here, after all. To help you express yourself.... So...?"

Brett: "I can't tell you."

Dr. Bodson: "Tell me what...?"

Brett: "The deputy did get some stuff wrong, but really – really – I don't mind!"

Dr. Bodson: "But if he was wrong, why didn't you speak up, or at least have your lawyer speak up at your hearings?"

Brett: "Because that wouldn't have changed anything for me, OK? I did what I did, and I got caught. That's the deal, right?"

Dr. Bodson: "Yet something is eating at you, Brett, and it's clear you want to get it off your chest. Am I wrong? No? So what is it?"

Brett: "God! Leave it alone! Leave me alone! I just can't tell you, OK?"

Dr. Bodson: "Brett. Let's not yell. Please try to breathe slowly and settle down, if you can. But if that's too hard right now, at least don't yell. And please just listen for a minute here, because you might actually like hearing what I have to tell you. Understand? Better breathing... yes, good... OK... Now Brett, there is no law in this world that will ever force me to tell anyone else what you say to me, got it? My promise to you. I am the best secret-keeper you will ever find. If you have something to say that is dying to be said, then I am exactly the person you can say it to. You have got to trust me, all right?"

Brett: "You're just saying that."

Dr. Bodson: "No. I am not. It's all true. I don't tell your parents. I don't tell the judge. I don't tell my secretary. It is just between me and you and this recorder I use for my notes, which I transcribe myself for cases like yours. Now and forever. It's a part of the job description, you know."

Brett: "OK, I guess... But what if your recorder – aw, forget it, that's dumb... I'm OK now. Really."

Dr. Bodson: "Thank you, Brett. Thank you for your trust. All this will work so much better when you can relax and start to truly speak freely with me. This is good. This is getting somewhere now."

Brett: "Yeah. Thanks."

Dr. Bodson: "So, tell me now. Is it getting caught playing with feces that's got you so worked up... or is that the your playmate didn't get

caught along with you?"

Brett: "Fuck. What the hell? I told you that it was just me, OK? Fuck!"

Dr. Bodson: "Brett."

Brett: "Yes, ma'am?"

Dr. Bodson: "Why are we going through this again already? Please don't lie to me. Tell me the truth."

Brett: "I did, OK - I swear!"

Dr. Bodson: "... Brett. I'm disappointed in you."

Brett: "Yeah? Well, I'll just add your name to the list, I guess."

Dr. Bodson: "You just don't get it. I'm the one name in the universe right now that you don't want to alienate."

Brett: "But you keep asking me things that I've already answered! It's pissing me off and it's scaring me, too!"

Dr. Bodson: "Well that's good, actually. You're being honest about how you feel, at least. Even if you're not honest about anything else."

Brett: "I don't kn-"

Dr. Bodson: "I wasn't finished, Brett. Please calm down, be quiet, and listen. OK? Now, let's go back to what I already told you, Brett. All right? Remember? ...Here's what I've already said: I won't get you in trouble with the sheriff or the judge or even your own parents. But you think I'm some sort of liar, don't you?"

Brett: "No! I don't. I mean, it's ju-"

Dr. Bodson: "Well, if you believe me, then that just means you don't care - and that means you still don't really understand the kind of trouble you're still in."

Brett: "Yes, I do! I really do und-"

Dr. Bodson: "Brett, I've heard enough for today. I can see how this is going to have to be. So here it is: I'm adding one additional month of confinement in your own home, to be served once your current confinement period is ended. I will recommend this to the judge tomorrow morning on the phone, and he will sign off on it without a problem. That is because you are wasting my time with your bullshit. Is all that clear to you, Brett?"

Brett: "Oh, God! Y-yes, ma'am."

Dr. Bodson: "If you continue to come in here and play the fool and pretend that you can outsmart me, then I'll just continue adding additional months of confinement each time that happens. And don't bother trying to complain about me to your mom or dad or your lawyer. I doubt they'll take your word over mine about what's going on in these sessions. I will not play games with you, Brett. It's time you figured that out."

Brett: "Yes, ma'am. I'm sorry I-"

Dr. Bodson: "Now please get out. I'm ending our session early. You've given me a fucking headache."

* * * *

Having already been under confinement for a few months, I took the addition of a month to my sentence by Dr. Bodson with a great deal of panic and misery. I was never going to have a normal life ever again! There was no way I could tell her about Jamie and how she was there too, how she was the reason it all happened, and how I'd probably do it all over again if she asked me to. That was a sure sign I was permanently bent, Dr. Bodson would see that soon enough. And as the extra months of confinement kept piling up, she would probably get so angry with me that I'd finally end up going nowhere but to school and home and the therapist's until I was eighteen and graduated.

There were times that I seriously considered running away. My parents would be better off without me. My brothers probably wouldn't even notice I was gone. Dr. Bodson, I was sure, would be glad to be rid of me. I was going to be nothing but a hassle for her from now on. But Jamie, what about her? If I ran away there'd never be another chance to see her again, to put things back together, maybe.... It was the only thing that kept me from leaving. I still thought about her all the time. I still wanted her so badly.

I kept this one tiny shred of hope in the back closet of my heart, hanging there with all the pitiful uselessness of a favorite shirt from years past, now much too small to wear; but it was a reminder of a better time and place, and that made it worth holding onto. Despite understanding that about my situation, I nevertheless cherished this insane dream that she and I could hook back up and stay together - as if the shirt would suddenly fit me again some day. I knew it was stupid. She hated me now. I couldn't forget how she'd screamed after me that day.

Even if we did get back together somehow, she'd probably still want to fool around in that same filthy way, and, well, I knew I'd let her. I still wanted to do all that stuff, too. So then they'd end up locking us both away, and not at home. I'd heard about juvenile asylums. State social workers called them Juvenile Rehabilitation Clinics. Kids got off drugs in those places, mainly, but there were also the puppy killers and the ten year-old arsonists and the kids who raped other kids, murdered other kids. And there were shit eaters there, too - or maybe I'd be their first one. They'd keep me till I was old enough to be moved to a real adult facility, and by then no one from home or school would even remember that I existed. Meanwhile Jamie'd be dealt all those same cards, and yet I'd never see her again. The only bond we'd keep would be our punishment, our suffering. Eventually, she'd probably forget about me, too.

In the midst of this wallowing in self-pity, I suddenly realized the

phone restrictions only really working when Mom and Dad were home. My brothers had lost interest in listening in and busting me on my attempts to make calls. The punishments I received were never anything worth the effort it took to monitor and tell on me. What else could Mom and Dad do? Take away my Nintendo? My books? After that, they'd have to take my shoes, my light bulb in my room, and maybe as a last resort they'd force me to skip some meals. I mean, when you're already cut off from everything else in your life, how much worse could it get?

So my brothers acquired a kind of pragmatic sympathy – partly due to their own laziness and “busy” lives; and it was partly due, I finally realized, to true pity for a little brother who never did seem to be as bad as he was being treated. Once I started paying attention to this possibility, I could tell they were torn. “How could he be a freak?” they were seemed to be thinking. “But he is. Poor freak.” I got a lot of undeserved pats on the shoulder from them. They loaned me video games and old 'Choose Your Own Adventure' books. They brought me stuff from the convenience store – candy bars, Coca-cola, baseball cards – even when I hadn't asked them for a thing. And they started to look the other way a lot.

When Mom and Dad weren't home, I realized that I could finally make phone calls, unmonitored, undisturbed. It was an absolute miracle, seriously, and it's like my misery changed from soul-sucking shades of gray to this almost-like-dawn sort of lightness. I could call people. There were people I could call!

So that Friday night I called Jamie. How could I not? I masturbated to the memory of what we did every night. I got off thinking about Dr. Bodson, too, every now and then, but usually the fantasy morphed into some sort of filthy ménage à trois involving Jamie, and she always ended up dominating my entire libido by the time I'd come. The nights I'd do it in the bathroom were the most intense. I'd lovingly caress my turds with trembling fingers as they slid out of my ass into the bowl, then I'd jack with my shit-slicked hand and pinch my nipples and get all smelly and embarrassed at myself and so horny I had to jack again almost right away, even before a shower and extra deodorant and cologne and stuff.

The first call I made to her, after I was sure the coast was clear, lasted about ten seconds. It had been nearly four months since I was expelled. But it felt like it was yesterday, you know? All those last moments of my former life still stood there stacked up in a great teetering pile at the front edge of my memory. It felt like going back to them in real life might crush me for good. I freaked. The phone picked up at the other end, and I slammed mine down, reeling.

But about an hour after that (and two of Dad's beers snuck from downstairs), I called her and actually talked, reeling and all.

“Hey,” I said, my voice cracking even worse than normal, I was so nervous. “It's Brett. Remember me?”

There was an enormous pause, and I could hear a television commercial in the background. The Clapper. Nothing is more absurd in life than scenes like that, let me tell you. A huge emotional moment arrives and I've got a ridiculous 80's jingle piping up in the background as my soundtrack. I almost hung up.

But then she spoke, just a little.

"Oh my God, are you OK?" She was whispering, and the sound of the TV had faded away to nothing, as if she'd walked into another room.

"Yeah, I'm OK..." I said.

"But I – God, it's like – oh, God – I've been dying to talk to you, Brett!" My heart was pounding to hear her voice again. Everything came flooding back like it had all just happened. Her long blonde hair cascading around her slender naked body. The way she squatted and squeezed out those fat turds. Her wild, sluttish joy.

It seemed she was undergoing the same experience. Her words quickened, and she sounded out of breath. "Oh, God! I'm so sorry for what's happened to you. You gotta believe me – but I was so totally terrified and you were just like cut off from the world and, God, I mean, arrested... I still can't believe it. I was so scared. And I felt so bad for you but I still thought I'd get cops taking me away, too, so I was feeling real sorry for myself and started doing stupid things and that just made it all more horrible, right? ...And I'm still scared a little, too. You know? Like I can't help it. Like I'm this jumpy little bird, my daddy says, maybe 'cause I'm still detoxing or whatever. –Oh, but you don't even know about that, do you? ... –Well, anyway, if he really knew what it was, God, I can't even think about it, I shake so much!

"...Thanks, though, for not telling on me. And I do miss you, really, I mean, so so so much. But... well, I don't know... Forget it. Nothing."

"But what?" I asked, feeling some sort of terror rip through newborn, still-fragile joy. My cock was like pure steel against my loose shorts, though.

"Well, I guess I can tell you, after all..." Jamie chuckled a little, then whispered even lower, "I found somebody else to play with me."

The roof could have fallen on my head and crushed me in that instant, and I would not have felt a thing. My entire body was numb. A trembling sort of palsy swept through my brain and down into every nerve ending of my body, and I suddenly suffered through the worst case of goosebumps in my life. The shiver they gave me almost made me drop the phone. For a long time I sat there, barely able to do more than hold onto the phone. Jamie must have understood the weight of what she'd said; she was waiting for me silently on the other end, I could hear her shallow, quick breathing. I finally managed to speak.

"Wh- Who?"

Jamie took a deep breath, and then her respectful reserve crumbled. She giggled some more, this little whispery titter of girl-sounds, and then she whispered, "Why, Karen of course. She's only my best friend

since forever. Who else would it be? Silly boy!"

"R- Right... Karen. That's, um, good." was all I could say. I couldn't even remember what that girl looked like. I could place her in a bunch of memories involving Jamie at school, but that girl Karen had only ever registered as this quiet, small shadow right at Jamie's elbow, too meek or plain or something for me to remember, in terms of knowing any details about her. Or maybe Jamie, in all her radiance, had simply blinded me to everything and everyone else around her.

"You don't believe me," she pouted.

"No, I believe you," I quickly asserted. And I did. Nothing would ever surprise me about Jamie again, that was for sure.

"But I've really missed you. Really. I mean, I have this place in my heart for you for what you helped me find out about myself. You know? It's like... well, I love you in this special way, no matter how long it'll ever be that we don't talk or see each other or whatever." She practically purred all this through the phone at me, working me all over again, just like she used to do.

Too fucking easy and stupid and horny and everything, that's what I was and what I am! So at that point I pulled out my cock and began to stroke. I was dying to ask her what she was wearing and if she would take it off, just for me. It was nearly nine o'clock on a Friday night, so I was pretty sure she'd be in something that had her close to naked.

"Missed you, too," I muttered in my awkward fourteen year-old way. She could toss "love" out there all casual like that; but she was a girl, after all. I couldn't do that even if I was in Alcatraz for life and she was promising to mail me her dirty panties once a month. But I threw her my own version, the "miss you so much" stuff; that was easy to say back to her right away because it was absolutely true. She'd been in my mind every day for four months. So I had to say it, just to let her know I did still care, even if I'd broken up with her: "I'm glad you didn't get caught, like I did."

There was another pause. I listened again to Jamie's rapid, light breathing, and I wondered whether or not she could hear the sounds my hand was making as I sat there jacking off. I hoped she could, but I was too scared to tell her what I was doing. My cock was almost ready.

"I let Deputy Sanders fuck me," she said simply. And I came. Just thinking for that split second of the huge sheriff's deputy leaned over tiny Jamie's nude body, her feet in the air around his ears, her blonde hair spilled all over the place while she lay there and let the man pound away. It was too much.

"Brett? Are you OK?" I was trying to catch my breath, and then she said, "Oh, God, I'm so sorry Brett!" Another long pause. I was waiting for her to tell me more, but I was afraid to ask for it. Instead, I just sat there with the phone to my head, wiping up globs of my come from my chest and trying hard to figure out what the hell I should say

or how I should feel. It felt like I was riding out a sudden, shattering earthquake, and it was all I could do to hang on. Meanwhile, I guess she was trying to figure out the reasons for my silence. Finally, she'd had enough.

"Well, what was I supposed to do, Brett?" she hissed. "He told me that was how I'd get out of trouble! Do you have any idea how much it fucking *hurt*? And he was my first – I gave up my first time to stay out of jail, you know? Do you know what that means to me, how special my first time was supposed to be, how horrible it is to lose it that way? *Do you*? And for two solid months I fucked him whenever he wanted! And just thank God I didn't end up carrying his baby or anything! Thank fucking God, Brett, because then everybody would have had to know everything! *You asshole!*"

Jamie's phone went dead. She'd hung up. It took me nearly an hour to do anything besides stare blankly at the wall.

Chapter 3

Pissed Bitch and Polaroids

The next night, around ten, I tried calling her again. Mom and Dad liked to go out on dates on Fridays and Saturdays, now that we boys were all older and more self-sufficient (well, my brothers more than me, obviously), so I took advantage of the lack of supervision to try and find out more about what Jamie had done. I think I'd been hard that entire day, and I know for sure that I masturbated at least three times thinking about her fucking Officer Huge Guy. It made me feel so crazy inside to imagine Jamie weeping, hurting, maybe even bleeding from all that pain. It was awful, but it was wonderful, too. God, maybe I could make her bleed, too... get my cock bloody inside her tight little hole... make her cry a little... and then she'd start wanting me deeper and deeper, and she'd wrap her legs around me and fuck me back and tell me how much she wanted it!

There was no way I'd ever be normal again, of course. I realized that fact about ten seconds after I came for the third time; I'd been imagining her sucking me off, with my cock covered in her own cunt's blood, and at the same time she was shitting a huge turd and catching it in her free hand, rubbing it all over her little titties and her belly and her wounded crotch. Afterward, I lay back on my bed and dreamed it all over again, rubbing my still-hard cock lazily, surprised at how calm I felt even though, obviously, something in me was permanently, horribly, wonderfully damaged.

This time when she answered the phone, Jamie was ready with something to say, even if I really still wasn't. I guess she didn't want to cut the conversation short this time. Or call me names.

"OK, Brett, I want to tell it all to you, but there's no way I can do it on

the phone. You know how it is.”

“Yeah.” Did I ever! (It’s such a different world now, with text messaging, emails, chat rooms, IM’s.... No wonder things are so twisted these days. Look at how hard it was to get twisted back then - you really had to work for it! Now you can get dirty texting your sick girlfriend all night long and still sit right there on the living room couch next to Mom, watching Survivor and pretending to use your phone’s calculator to help you do homework.)

“Anyway,” Jamie said, “Samantha Giles from school lives on your street and says her mom told her that you can’t go anywhere without your family with you, and you’re on all these horrible restrictions for forever and all that. Like ... is it called ‘house arrest’, right?”

A lump had grown in my throat, and my cock shrunk. The humiliation was so overwhelming. People hadn’t just ignored my little situation after all. Kids I barely knew had parents that were better informed about my life than they probably were about their own offspring. I stammered, “Right,” back to Jamie before she got worried again.

Jamie plowed on, seemingly unaware of my pause. “But I figure I can ride my bike over there and hide notes in the yard for you and stuff. You know. Cause I’m not restricted or nothing. Not anymore.”

“OK,” I said, my cock waking up again.

“And...” she paused. I was busy trying to think of a decent hiding spot in our yard for a note, so I wasn’t quite catching on. Jamie had to clear her throat and say it again. “And... there’s something else I can do... maybe....”

“Huh – what?” I had just remembered our two garden gnomes! They each had a hollow base big enough to hide a note inside, if Jamie could tilt them up just a little. The problem would be getting close enough to the front of the house to do it without being seen. She’d have to try it at night. Maybe pretty late. But Jamie was talking again, and I didn’t have the chance to tell her about my great hiding place.

“I mean, why don’t I just sneak over there when the coast is clear and come on up to your room?” There was a clarity and lightness to Jamie’s voice that hit me in the pit of my stomach. I could tell she was totally confident this would work, and she knew I’d probably agree. It sounded like her wickedness had not dissipated in any way over the past few months.

“Oh, Jamie, I just don’t know,” I muttered.

But she was ready. “Listen, Brett, Samantha tells me that your parents go out on a date like almost every Friday and Saturday. Her brother talks about it all the time – how he can go over there like clockwork and smoke weed with your brothers because it’s guaranteed safe time. Your parents are out for hours and hours on those nights, according to what he tells Samantha.”

I had to laugh. “I didn’t even know Bobby and Brian smoked weed!”

But Jamie didn't have time for that. "Yeah, everybody does. Didn't you know that? But alcohol's better for when you've got problems and you're worried, but that's just what I think... Karen would stick with the pot, any day.... Anyway, just get over it, right? People use stuff all the time! It's not like you can help it, OK? ...My point is that there's all this time when you're like locked up alone inside while your brothers are off getting stoned in the backyard in that garage or shed or whatever Samantha said her brother told her, and it's just perfect for me to come up there and see you again."

She made her voice small and irresistible, "That is, if you still want me."

Instantly I blurted, "Oh God, I do!" And so Jamie got her way. I agreed to come up with a plan that would get her into the house. And out of her clothes. But to start with, at least, I told her about the garden gnomes. She giggled and promised to leave me a special note, one way or the other. "I maybe could get Karen to do it, I guess," Jamie muttered, "since she's never grounded or nothing and her mom's always at work. Karen can go anywhere she wants most of the time, you know?" Clearly Jamie wasn't too worried about hurting my feelings, or else she just forgot things for a minute; meanwhile, I sat on the other end of the line and tried to ignore her accidental cruelty. The descriptions of Jamie's new sexmate and her seemingly unbounded freedom slammed me with more jealousy and despair than I'd ever felt up to that point, in all four months of my confinement. How the hell could Jamie still be interested in me at all with a lover like that running around?

Jamie, though, was on a roll, so I just sat there choking on the lump that was swelling so sickly in my throat. "I guess that's why Karen and me are always together so much. Her house is empty like ninety-nine percent of the time, so we're over there lots just fooling around and stuff... but then Mom and Dad'll let her stay over most weekends just out of feeling sorry for her, I guess... or feeling sorry for me since they can't hardly talk to me anymore without this huge fight blowing up every time. But, anyway, she'll be able to get over to your place after dark real easy, just riding her bike and stuff like she always does."

I managed to find my voice just enough to croak out an "OK..." before Jamie plowed on, suddenly much more lively on the other end.

"So that's it! I'll get Karen to start bringing you notes and stuff. I better get her over here tomorrow after school to plan out how to do it, I guess. That's gonna be so cool, Brett! Sending you little things to hide in that gnome!" She squealed and giggled some more. "But don't you go peeking under those little guys until you know that something's there waiting, all right?"

"OK..."

"Good! This is gonna be fun! Call me tomorrow night, OK, and maybe Karen'll already be on her way over with something!"

"OK..."

"Oh, Brett, you're such a *boy!*" Jamie groaned, clearly having a good time entertaining the new plans. "I just got a killer idea for some things I can do with these notes and stuff, but you don't sound like you care...."

Now she was pouting, pretending. The smile in her voice was so palpable, so full of the same sort of longing that had been torturing me. I began to feel warm all over. The lump in my throat plummeted back down to my gut, where it exploded into a thousand little butterflies that suddenly made everything quiver inside me. She wanted to send things to me, to plan things to do with me, to be with me - despite her new lover and despite all the problems that we were going to have to get around just to do even a tiny bit of anything that she might devise. She'd told me so many times on the phone lately how much she loved me. Maybe she really did!

I couldn't help myself - I laughed out loud, smiling like an idiot, shaking my head. "No, no, no! I can't wait to see what you'll send to me - really! It's really fucking cool, you know? It's going to be awesome, I know it is. I'll call you tomorrow night. I promise!"

And then, when she went to hang up and said her "I love you", I finally, for the first time in my life, managed to say mine back.

* * * *

Dr. Bodson: "OK, Brett, I read the journaling exercise you did at home. It looks like you've been pretty faithful about writing in there. I'm proud of you."

Brett: "No problem."

Dr. Bodson: "You mentioned something in there about a friend named Jamie. You're hoping she can come over to your house to - to, um, I guess to just... what? ...hang out?"

Brett: "Yeah. She's cool."

Dr. Bodson: "Is she from your new school?"

Brett: "No ma'am."

Dr. Bodson: "I see. ...Did the court approve of you having contact with other children at home? Especially girls. Are you super - wait, wait. Wait. ...I'm sorry."

Brett: "What's wrong? Am I in trouble?"

Dr. Bodson: "No, it's not that, Brett. ...I'm so sorry. ...Just - well, forgive me. Please. It's not a part of what I'm supposed to do, and I almost did and ruined so much trust. ...You need to know that I don't report to the court on your actions exactly. I'm just here to get to know you and make sure you're OK on the inside. I am not ordered nor obligated to tell on you, if you know what I mean. And I don't want you thinking that I'm looking over your shoulder the way that they

have to do. I'm not like that, and I want to be sure you understand that. Do you, Brett?"

Brett: "I guess so."

Dr. Bodson: "Good. It's really important that you can trust me and relax with me and just let all your troubles fall off when you're here. Let's not forget that."

Brett: "I won't. I'm not mad. Don't worry."

Dr. Bodson: "Good, because I want you to feel totally free here. Not to hold anything back, OK?"

Brett: "Right. No secrets and all that. I get it."

Dr. Bodson: "Even about dirty and shameful things, too. That's why we're here, after all..."

Brett: "... Um, yes, ma'am."

Dr. Bodson: "Great! Now, tell me more about Jamie and how you feel about her."

Brett: "She's this girl I was seeing at my old school, that's all."

Dr. Bodson: "Ah, a girlfriend. I understand."

Brett: "We sort of miss each other after all this time and stuff."

Dr. Bodson: "Why do you miss her, Brett?"

Brett: "I don't know. She was my girlfriend - is my girlfriend, you know? I guess I like her and stuff."

Dr. Bodson: "But you haven't seen her since you left your old school?"

Brett: "No."

Dr. Bodson: "Did you ever kiss her, before you had to leave your school?"

Brett: "Yes."

Dr. Bodson: "Did you ever touch her body by rubbing on her clothes or by reaching under her clothes?"

Brett: "Yes, ma'am - listen - really, seriously, am I gonna get in trouble for this?"

Dr. Bodson: "Oh no! No, no.... Remember - trust me and let it all out. There's no harm coming to you from what you say in here. This is the place where your secrets don't have to haunt you anymore. You can set them free, remember?"

Brett: "OK. So, yeah, I did - um - feel her up ...a lot."

Dr. Bodson: "Did you ever let her touch you like that?"

Brett: "Yeah."

Dr. Bodson: "Did the two of you take off your clothes and do things together that way, too?"

Brett: "What?"

Dr. Bodson: "I mean, have you ever... seen Jamie naked and touched her naked body? And has she seen you and touched you naked, too?"

Brett: "Yeah, sorta."

Dr. Bodson: "How did that make you feel?"

Brett: "Good, I guess."

Dr. Bodson: "Yes. Good. I can tell you're not sure what to answer, but I can also see clearly that you're trying hard to be honest. That's all I'm asking for."

Brett: "All right...."

Dr. Bodson: "So, tell me, has she sucked on your penis... and have you licked her little pussy?"

Brett: "Excuse me?"

Dr. Bodson: "It's OK, Brett. You can tell me."

Brett: "Did you just – well, I mean...."

Dr. Bodson: "Did I what? Did I mean to ask if you have eaten her out? Should I have asked if you've licked her clit yet? Or gone down on her, munched her rug, or whatever? Is that what you're trying to say? Or did you wonder if I meant has she given you head? Or should I say blowjob? Or maybe I could ask you if you've face-fucked her yet?"

Brett: "Mrs. – I mean, Dr. Bodson, this is getting weird."

Dr. Bodson: "Don't worry, Brett. I just want you to see that I know what I'm talking about. You're not the only person in this room who knows about fucking. That's a point I want to get across. I know what you've been through."

Brett: "I don't know if you do, really. No offense...."

Dr. Bodson: "Well, then we'll just have to find out, won't we? ...So, is she in your own grade? Does she even have much hair down there yet?"

Brett: "Yes, ma'am. Yes to both, um... but you should know that we've never actually – you know...."

Dr. Bodson: "You haven't fucked her yet?"

Brett: "Well, no.... I mean, sorta, maybe in a way, but not really. Not yet."

Dr. Bodson: "'Sort of', but not. Hmmm... OK... Why not?"

Brett: "What?"

Dr. Bodson: "I should say, rather, how does it make you feel that you've been so horny for this girl Jamie but you haven't been able to fuck her yet?"

Brett: "Well, I don't know... it's not like I'm desperate or anything."

Dr. Bodson: "...I see. Why not?"

Brett: "Ummm.... "

Dr. Bodson: "Brett? You can tell me."

Brett: "Do I really have to?"

Dr. Bodson: "If you want the court to be satisfied that I've thoroughly evaluated you, then yes, you do have to answer all my questions as openly and honestly as you can."

Brett: "But I thought I wasn't getting in trouble!"

Dr. Bodson: "Oh, Brett, that's different! I won't tell on you, OK, but I have been ordered to thoroughly examine you. And you have to let me, or we'll be doing this for way longer than either of us wants. And that will include your home confinement, too. Don't forget - I'm the biggest voice about that to the judge, you know...."

Brett: "Oh, God. I didn't mean to mess this up again. I'm sorry."

Dr. Bodson: "Don't be sorry, just be honest!"

Brett: "OK. I will."

Dr. Bodson: "So... just why aren't you desperate to fuck this beautiful young girl?"

Brett: "Well, I guess - um - I just... take care of it... myself."

Dr. Bodson: "You mean masturbating?"

Brett: "Yeah."

Dr. Bodson: "Do you do that a lot?"

Brett: "Yeah, I guess."

Dr. Bodson: "How often? More than once a day?"

Brett: "I don't know...."

Dr. Bodson: "Brett. Yes you do. You do know how often you masturbate. You need to tell me. It's important. How many times a day, on average, do you fuck your own hand with that horny cock of yours?"

Brett: "Dr. Bodson!"

Dr. Bodson: "Brett, remember, it's just you and me. You don't have to worry about anyone knowing. This is a safe place for you to do anything you want."

Brett: "It's just - um - you're cussing so much. Talking dirty. Is that really OK?"

Dr. Bodson: "Does it make you uncomfortable?"

Brett: "Yeah - well, I mean, no. Not really, I guess. It's just weird.... I've never heard a lady like you cuss before. And not about sex stuff, that's for sure."

Dr. Bodson: "What kind of lady am I, Brett?"

Brett: "You're a doctor, like this high class person and all that. You're talking like some kind of slutty girl, you know? But you're not. You're too... too..."

Dr. Bodson: "Too old to be a slut?"

Brett: "Yeah. I guess that's what it is. I guess I didn't think adults and doctors and stuff would ever have much to do with sex stuff and talking dirty and everything."

Dr. Bodson: "Well, Brett, you need to understand that you're not nearly the first horny teenager to walk through those doors, OK? I've had a lot of experience with young men and women like yourself. One of the things I found out early on is that I can get a lot more out of you if I shock and surprise you a little. If I can raise your pulse, I know I have more of your attention. If I can raise your cock - or, if you were a girl, I'd say 'make you wet' - then I know I'll probably have a lot more interested participation about the subjects I want to discuss. So, trust me. I know what I'm doing."

Brett: "OK, whatever, I guess. I won't be freaked out anymore."

Dr. Bodson: "Brett, you can freak out as much as you want, just as long as you keep answering my questions honestly and allowing us to have a complete conversation."

Brett: "All right."

Dr. Bodson: "So, are you hard right now?"

Brett: "What?!"

Dr. Bodson: "Your cock, Brett. The meat between your legs. Your fuckpole. Did it stiffen up when I started talking dirty?"

Brett: "Yes."

Dr. Bodson: "What's that? Could you please repeat yourself and speak up?"

Brett: "I said yes, OK? I got hard."

Dr. Bodson: "Good. Now tell me: how many times a day, on average, do you stroke that hard dick of yours?"

Brett: "Oh, God... um... God, I don't know... probably at least three or four times, sometimes more."

Dr. Bodson: "More when you sneak phone calls to this girl Jamie?"

Brett: "What?! How did - well, never mind. Yes."

Dr. Bodson: "Do you jack off while you talk to her on the phone?"

Brett: "Yeah, usually, I guess."

Dr. Bodson: "Does she masturbate herself at the same time?"

Brett: "No, I don't think so...."

Dr. Bodson: "Is that a problem? Does it worry you?"

Brett: "No.... I never really thought about it before, though...."

Dr. Bodson: "Does she know that you're masturbating when you talk?"

Brett: "I don't think so. That would be embarrassing."

Dr. Bodson: "Why?"

Brett: "I don't know. It just would."

Dr. Bodson: "Do you think she'd like knowing that your fuck your own hand while she's talking to you?"

Brett: "Yeah. I know she would."

Dr. Bodson: "So why don't you tell her what you're doing?"

Brett: "I don't know. I guess I just don't want to freak her out by accident or something. She can go a little crazy sometimes and get mad at me."

Dr. Bodson: "Are you afraid she'll stop liking you?"

Brett: "Yeah. I - I really don't... don't want to lose her, you know?"

Dr. Bodson: "Does she tell you she loves you?"

Brett: "Yeah."

Dr. Bodson: "Does she tell you she wants to fuck you?"

Brett: "Um... yeah, sorta...."

Dr. Bodson: "Please explain what you mean, Brett."

Brett: "Well, she just talks about how she wants to... um... fool around, I guess. Just other naked stuff mainly. I don't know. It's like we've never really talked about going all the way, specifically."

Dr. Bodson: "What other naked stuff do you mean? What else is there for the two of you to do besides fuck?"

Brett: "Um... OK, like a ...um, a sixty-nine and us sucking on each other and using fingers and stuff."

Dr. Bodson: "And that's it?"

Brett: "Yeah, pretty much."

Dr. Bodson: "But there are... other things... that the two of you want to do, too?"

Brett: "I don't know."

Dr. Bodson: "Oh, I think you do know, and you need to remember about being totally honest with me! I think some of these things you want to do are things you've already done together in the past. Am I right?"

Brett: "Yeah. You're right."

Dr. Bodson: "And usually those things are her idea?"

Brett: "Yeah."

Dr. Bodson: "But you've gone along with it every time? No matter what she wants?"

Brett: "Yeah. I have."

Dr. Bodson: "Even when she asked you to play with her shit?"

Brett: "No! NO! Why the hell are you saying that?"

Dr. Bodson: "Brett, I'll give you one more chance here to tell me the truth...."

Brett: "Oh God, Dr. Bodson! Don't give me another extra month! Please!"

Dr. Bodson: "Tell me the truth about what you've done with Jamie, Brett."

Brett: "No! Please! I *can't*! You've got to understand, she's-"

Dr. Bodson: "That's enough, no more yelling. Please go on out and wait for your mother to pick you up. We've got nothing more to discuss today."

Brett: "But, why can't you-"

Dr. Bodson: "Enough! Get out of my fucking office, Brett. Don't say another word, or it'll be two more months that I assign you today instead of one. Now go."

* * * *

Friday evening, three days later, I was still trying to decide whether I should be pissed or afraid about the way things were going with Dr. Bodson. It seemed pretty clear that she was trying to drag Jamie into all of my problems, yet I wasn't so sure that she'd get her in trouble for the things she'd done. Dr. Bodson really did seem to hold the privacy of our sessions as the ultimate commandment. My guess was that I could tell her all about me and Jamie and it would never go any further than the room, just like Dr. Bodson said. But the lady was getting too pushy about it, and I wasn't ready to give in. No matter how curvy and sexy and powerful she was - no matter how seductive I constantly found her, even in the middle of getting every wall around me torn down, trampled, and set ablaze - I still wanted to keep my secrets about Jamie. My secrets were nearly all I had left. My own thoughts were still free. I didn't want to give those up as well.

Yet Dr. Bodson was hard to refuse. She had these dark blue eyes that almost turned purple when she got to talking about sex. And she wouldn't take them off me when she really zoomed in with all her cursing and dirty talk. Those eyes stripped me and saw every last wrinkle, fold, and freckle. It would have been so much better if she'd smile or at least almost smile when she pinned me like that, but she didn't. She kept the same straight, serious face, the same professional posture, her legs crossed at the knees or ankles, her notepad on its clipboard resting lightly on her lap. No matter how many times she'd asked me about masturbating or blowjobs or whatever, she always kept herself as still and ordinary as the little recorder sitting on the table between us.

The only time she did show emotion was when she ended our sessions

early, when she'd kick me out of her office, telling her secretary to make sure she wasn't disturbed for the rest of the day. Her mouth would tighten. Her voice dropped to a vicious growl. She didn't pin me and strip me with her eyes then. She burned me alive. And she wouldn't sit still anymore, either. Before kicking me out she'd put her feet down flat on the floor, several inches apart, and lean toward me, as if she was about to lunge and attack me. She'd jab her finger at me. Her curls would all fall forward over her shoulders, wreathing her beautiful face in a dark, silky cloud of hair that shook back and forth as she snarled.

Those were the only times I ever could smell her - her perfume or lotion or whatever; her scent hit me strong enough to stun. I couldn't help but notice it, inhale it deep, savor it, even in the midst of getting chewed out. She didn't smell like flowers or fruit or a candy store, like my mom and other women and girls I'd been hugged by or whatever. No, Dr. Bodson smelled like sweet spices, like Mom's kitchen when she was baking for breakfast or cooking french toast. There was this powerful odor like cinnamon and butter, like brown sugar syrup on peaches, nutmeg on pumpkin pie. Nowadays I am forcefully reminded of her scent whenever I order up a strong, fragrant chai tea; her aroma was like that - an exotic, delicious ambrosia.

Obviously, her role in my masturbations began to increase. She dominated a large chunk of my fantasies, and I started to wish she'd not only get naked and fuck me, but that she'd slap me and spank me, that she'd tie me up and use me in all sorts of sick ways. There were some thoughts I began to have about her that made what I dreamt about Jamie look like kindergarten story time. Dr. Bodson was getting to me.

Nevertheless, I still wanted Jamie to get to me first, for real, and I could hardly wait to put the first stage of our plan into action.

The radio was up loud in Bobby's room, and I could hear the TV downstairs as I went into the kitchen to check things out. It appeared like people were close by, even if I couldn't see them. But then I snuck out to the end of the backyard to Dad's big workshop. Sure enough, Bobby and Brian were in there with Alex Giles and three other boys, all smoking pot and listening to Rush.

Three hours later, they were still there, still stoned, still smoking, still blasting music.

Thank you, Samantha Giles!

I got Jamie on the phone, and she breathlessly whispered, "Karen's just got back, Brett! Go check the gnomes and call me back, OK?"

The next minute I was in the garden in front of the house, flipping over the two little gnomes and extracting a thick white envelope from each. One felt like a letter, for sure, but the other one wasn't like a folded set of papers, it felt more squarish and thick and stuff slid around a little as I held it up in the darkness, tipping the envelope this way and that. Suddenly I heard a high, screeching guitar riff soaring somewhere

back beyond the house - I remembered my brothers, then, and decided not to even think about opening the envelopes there in the yard. I bolted back upstairs and threw myself into the chair at my little study desk.

Turning the envelopes over and over in my hands, I saw that Jamie had only written a B on the front of each, and on the back of each in red lipstick was a full kiss from Jamie's own soft pucker. Bringing the envelopes up to my face, on at a time, I sniffed deeply and inhaled the unmistakable aroma that was Jamie's perfume, which reminded me of gardenias and jasmine. It was almost too much. I briefly put my lips to where she's put hers, and then I slowly and carefully ripped open the thick envelope containing the letter.

Brett,

I put some little surprises in the other envelope, so I hope you checked both gnomes! Karen thinks you'll open the other envelope first, but I told her no way, that you'd read my message right away because that's how you are!!

Anyway, how's everything? It's so weird to write this like it's a note I'd pass you at school, but it's a little bit like that, you know? It's not a letter like I'm a million miles away - not since you're going to be seeing me soon (I hope, fingers crossed!) and we can do some things like you know what I mean....

Samantha Giles is probably watching your house now, since I asked all about you and stuff. She probably thinks I'll be running over there all the time to do it with you now. Everybody at school thinks we were doing it before, anyway. Karen says people talk behind my back about how I'm this big slut and that you got sent away because you knocked me up. Can you believe that?! But it isn't really such a weird thing when you think that you disappeared and then like two months later I'm in detox for two weeks so that's like the perfect timing to be absent and make people think I got an abortion or something. I can't even imagine!

So I asked Samantha on the phone about it after school today. We aren't like best friends or even good friends, really, I mean it just isn't like we ever hang out or anything since she's a year younger and I hardly ever see her at school. Anyway, she said that all these boys talk about me like I'm about to go out with them, and the girls just call me names and hate me for being some kind of whore and for being pretty or smart or whatever.

But all that stuff's normal, right? I mean, if you were still here they'd probably talk about stuff even worse, wouldn't they? Like because we'd really be doing it by now, I think, and we'd sort of be for real what everybody would just say rumors about. Samantha told me she thought I was doing it with you, too, so she wasn't surprised that I was asking about going to your house. I told her not to tell people, but I know she will, you know? Do you think your parents will find out if she tells? I hope not! I guess all you'd have to do if they ask you about it is lie, right? And if you're anything like

me, you can lie to your parents and not even break a sweat!!

So did you see Karen riding her bike over there? She's scared she'll get caught trespassing or something silly like that. I told her to ride her bike right up to your garage door, just like she belonged there, like you were expecting company - even though it'll be dark! She's going to wear all black anyway, just to be safe. If she gets hit by a car because of that, though, I'll just die. I can't lose both of you!! She better be careful.

My parents are yelling at me a lot this week. I don't know why I'm telling you this, but Karen says I should. She says you really love me because you told me you did, and that boys don't just say that. So I can tell you about other things and how I feel, not just about stuff between you and me. Anyway, my dad is still an asshole about everything I do. Nothing makes him happy anymore. I think it's because he knows I was doing it with the sheriff. I don't know how he knows, but I think he does. He talks all furious about me being an alkie and how I better not embarrass him anymore and how I was lucky I still made good grades and hadn't started doing drugs and stuff. But there's this thing he does now when he looks at me that isn't the same kind of hateful look like he used to give me when he first found out. He goes off all the time now to the garage to work on his car and drink a bunch of beer, and he used to only do that on Sunday nights. It's weird.

Anyway, Mom used to tell him to stop yelling at me, but now she sort of joins in. She gets on me about all these other little things, too, like chores and how I don't keep my bathroom clean and how my little sisters have to look up to me so I better stop being so bitchy all the time. Like I care! I think she's just mad that she's had to cut back on her drinking since I got caught sneaking so much of her vodka. It wasn't hard, you know, since she was buying it by the case a couple times a year and keeping this supply of booze for herself down in the closet next to the laundry room. It's like so stupid how parents don't think you're smart enough to go through their stuff when they're not around! I mean she just leaves the key to that padlock right there in her jewelry box where anybody can see it. I just went down to the basement, opened up the lock, and I could pour out a nice big glass whenever I needed it.

And now the lock's gone and the vodka is totally disappeared. Like out of the house completely, I think. I've looked for it everywhere, too. It's not like the detox was a total success, you know? I still want vodka pretty badly, but now there's none around to get!

Deputy Sanders used to smell it on me in the mornings when he'd pick me up on the walk to school, so he gave me stuff to spray in my mouth that sort of helped hide it, and he told me to chew gum a lot. But he called me a drunk little cunt, too, and sometimes he had some Smirnoff in those little airplane bottles that he'd give me to drink before we'd get to the little place behind the shopping center where we'd do it. Like he wanted me to be drunk so he could make fun of me more, you know? Or maybe because he wanted to make me need him for the alcohol, too, right? I don't know. All I can say

is "thank God" because Miss Sullivan in homeroom smelled the booze on me finally and got me talking to the guidance counselor. (Have you ever seen her? Mrs. Oliver? She's usually the girls' counselor only because of the condoms and family planning stuff that she is supposed to do. She's kind of creepy sometimes, but she's helped me out.)

Anyway, all the stuff with the deputy stopped pretty quick, once other people got involved. I still can't believe he didn't tell everybody about what I did with you in that bathroom. I mean, the only reason I was doing it with him was so he wouldn't tell people! Isn't that funny? It's almost like he felt sorry for me, I guess. Or maybe he told people and they didn't believe him or something? Because it sort of looked like he might have had problems with girls like me before, so they probably just thought he was making things up.

But it doesn't matter now, because that stuff's all over. Well, the thing he's going through isn't done, according to the guidance counselor, but some people from the Sheriff's Department or a lawyer or somewhere decided to do something with him that kept everything out of the papers, and that way not even my parents had to know! How cool is that?! This guy Lambert came over with this lady one day and met me with the Mrs. Oliver during lunch, and they said how they knew I was sad to be hurt so much by Deputy Sanders and how they would usually press charges except for the Sheriff being Deputy Sanders' dad and stuff, so they didn't want a scandal. They gave Mrs. Oliver all this money and asked her to tell a story to my parents about my drinking problem and to go ahead and set me up for this detox clinic thing that I had to go through.

So we both promised to keep things secret about me doing it with the deputy. I figured that was OK because I could still get off the vodka (well that's what I thought then!) and Mrs. Oliver was going to share the money with me that was left over from paying for my clinic. But I gave Karen the money so she could get some new clothes, you know? She really needed them, I mean like she was still wearing stuff that could barely fit her from the sixth grade! Her mom just doesn't care. I think I hate her almost as much as Karen does!

OK, that reminds me! You need to tell me something. Karen says you don't know her at all but I said that was stupid because she was always my best friend since forever - even closer than me and Allison Hannah, who by the way is the real slut of our school for sure (you can't believe how many high school boys she sees!) - so I think you do know Karen. Do you? I mean you and her have talked before, right? Karen says no, but I can't believe it! We've got to make sure you two are good friends! Especially now!!

You would never believe how much the three of us have in common (know what I mean?) - and Karen's even wilder than that! Really!!! I told her that was all OK with me as long as it didn't make me a lezzie because I like you so much, too, you know? So if I was a lezzie that would be impossible, right? But Karen thinks she's all

100 percent lezzie since all she ever likes is girls. And me as her favorite girl for fantasies since like the fourth grade, she says. But that's OK, isn't it? That means she isn't some other boy that can take me away from you! Because I can't marry her, can I? And that means you don't have to worry about Karen in like a jealousy kind of way. I hope you don't!

But we only started doing "things" after I told her what you and me did together. She knew when you gave me that note that there was something really weird going on because I spent all sorts of time after that crying and telling her that I couldn't tell her things. And then when I started letting Deputy Sanders pick me up on the way to school and making Karen swear not to tell she got so worried! She lost a bunch of weight for those months I was doing it with him because she was too worried to eat. And her pot smoking got really bad. Not that her mom notices! (You know she deals it at her work, right? For that car salesman guy she dates?) Anyway, whenever Karen's mom is home she smokes so much all the time herself she never misses the stuff that Karen steals. She'll grab a big baggie and papers and everything, and then later her mom's like "Oh... shit... now when the hell did I sell that...?" She's so stupid! I hate her!

Anyway, before all that I had no idea how she felt about me or anything. We were BFF and all that elementary school sort of stupid stuff and painting each other's toenails and everything and she'd talk with me about boys like she liked them just as much, you know? I had no idea she did the stuff to herself that she does and that she used to feel me up and sniff my panties and everything when she'd sleep over and all that. But now it's like it is now, like BAM! get naked all the time and stuff. It's crazy! I hope you can see us together soon so you can know what I mean!!

Karen says it's all right to tell you that, by the way, just so you know I'm not going behind her back or anything. She says it's only fair, since she knows about what you did with me. Is that OK?

Well, SSL and WBS!! Leave me a note or something under the gnomes for the next time Karen comes so she can bring it back to me! Won't that be cool?! It's like we're spies or something. Jamie Bond! Ha!

TLA!

*Jamie
xoxox*

It was six pages of medium-sized, very neatly-written cursive, punctuated at regular intervals with little doodles between paragraphs and tiny drawings, mainly of hearts and stick people holding hands. It remains to this date the longest letter that anyone has ever written to me by hand. I read it straight through three times in a row before I even thought about putting it down. For a while I hardly even remembered about the other envelope! It was my first experience with

a girl who'd opened her heart to me. I'd never imagined up to that point that any 14 year-old could possibly want to write that much, first of all... but to not be embarrassed to share such private things with somebody else, that was truly amazing! Yet, to a numbskull teenage boy like me, it was also more than a little intimidating. Did this mean I had to pour out my heart and soul, too?

Needless to say, I was put completely off my guard for what I found in the second envelope; as soon as I opened it, though, everything else I'd been thinking just vanished. Any worries I might have had about all that mushy "heart and soul" stuff were completely blown away. Five Polaroid pictures spilled out onto my desk, each one showing Jamie in a different pose, completely nude. It was the first time I'd seen her in over four months, and there she was naked!

I picked each picture up, one at a time, and very slowly studied every last detail. My hands trembled, and it was all I could do to keep my pants on until I finished looking at all of them.

In the first one she stood with her back to the camera, up a little on her toes, her feet wide apart, pulling her ass cheeks open. The picture wasn't bright enough or clear enough to reveal much about her crack - I couldn't exactly see her little pink asshole, but I knew it was there. In the second one she stood facing the camera, cupping her small breasts, the thumb and forefinger of each hand pinching a nipple. She was winking, biting her lip just a little. The third picture showed Jamie up on a bed, on her hands and knees, grinning back over her shoulder at the camera. Her feet, legs, and ass dominated the shot, and in that one I could make out not only her asshole but her pussy as well; since she had her knees well apart her mound was easy to see, the lips just barely spread apart and caulked with a thin rope of whitish goo. In the fourth picture Jamie was lying on her back on the bed with her eyes closed; her legs were spread, her feet up in the air, her knees wide apart. Her cunt was completely exposed to the camera. The white stuff had run down from her hole quite a bit - it was a thick blob of cream that hovered just above the bedspread, covering her asshole.

I picked up the fifth and final photograph.

She was squatting on the floor in the same room, but I couldn't see the bed. Tennis shoes, sandals, flip-flops, and all kinds of dirty clothes were scattered around her. It looked like she was halfway in her closet. And then I realized what she was doing. She was pissing onto a folded-up bath towel. Her face, neck and chest were flushed. It looked like she'd just finished running all around her room, and now she was totally out of breath. Long, soft, blonde hair was pulled across her face in several different directions, like she'd thrashed her head around. Some of her hair was caught in her mouth, which seemed to hang open almost accidentally, like Jamie was panting for breath. One of her hands braced against the nearby wall for balance, while the other held her pussy open. She was so pink inside! A thick stream of urine poured from her cunt to the towel in a glittering, unbroken arc. It looked like water from a faucet; her pee was so clear and the flow was so heavy

and splashy at the bottom. I could see shiny little drips of piss that had already hit her ankles and calves and begun to slide down toward the carpet. Jamie's eyes were unfocused, nearly closed. It was the sexiest picture I'd ever seen in my life.

Within thirty seconds I'd whipped down my pants and masturbated to a gigantic orgasm, taking care to keep my ass low in my seat and shoot up against the underside of my desk so I could keep the pictures clean. I came several more times that night, taking my time with each photo.

I could still remember just how she smelled when I'd hold her close and make out - and just how she smelled after she'd filled her panties behind the movie theater. I could see so clearly in my mind the way her smile would go all crooked when she got a perverted idea. I could still remember so perfectly that afternoon at school, in the deserted kitchen's bathroom, how her groans rose and fell and vibrated right through me, right down to the base of my cock. There was her ass crouched above the toilet. There was her turd in my hand. She was reaching down into the bowl. Dark, stinking waste snaked out from between her dripping fingers. Her hand was in her mouth. She was masturbating right there in front of me, letting me watch her get off. My hands were on her tits, smearing her till she was brown. She was calling my name. My name.

And she'd sent those pictures to me.

I finally finished stroking and managed to clean up. When I called her she answered with a giggly little "Hello". I could hear another girl - Karen, I guess - giggling quietly in the background.

"Thanks," I managed to say, completely unsure how to talk to her. What was I supposed to say to a girl who'd sent me slutty pictures hidden inside a garden gnome?

The weirdness of it suddenly overwhelmed me. I knew we were way outside the norm, I had no doubts left about that. Girls posed in Hustler and Playboy, yeah, but they were grown up girls. Not fourteen year-olds. And even those magazine women didn't pee in front of a camera - and not even into a toilet! How could I lust for a girl like that so much? Why was I about to crawl out of my skin with this insane yearning to touch her naked flesh? She'd gone crazy, for sure, and yet there I was chasing right along after her, dumping my own good sense along the way.

Her nervous giggling finally settled down. I heard her take a deep, long breath, then let it out with just as much deliberation. When she finally spoke, I could tell that it was with great relief. She sounded happy, relaxed, and more confident than ever.

"So, I guess you really liked our little Special Delivery, huh?" Her voice dropped to a husky, sexy breath at the end. It was like I could feel her mouth right next to my ear. My cock, though getting sore, was already stirring again.

Before I could answer she went on, "Did you masturbate when you saw me naked? Did you take off your pants and fuck your own hand, Brett?"

"Oh God, yeah, I did," I instantly replied, my hand reaching down to pull out my cock once again.

"Good," Jamie purred, letting a silence fall between us. I wondered whether or not she could hear my hand slapping back and forth on my meat, and I hoped she could. I hoped I was making her wet.

It was like she read my mind. "Can you hear that, Brett?" she asked. I stopped jacking off and strained to listen. There were sloppy, squishy noises, and I knew instantly what they were - the unmistakable soft, wet sounds of Jamie's pussy as she played with it. The phone was right down there next to it - had to be! For several minutes I simply sat there and listened to her fucking herself, while my cock drooled and waited in my hand. From a long way off I could hear her moan every now and then.

Suddenly her voice was back: "Baby, did you hear me?"

"Fuck yeah, I did," I weakly croaked. "You sound so wet!"

She chuckled a little. "Well yeah, I am. You make me that way, Brett. Don't you know by now that you've turned me into a total slut? Don't you know how much of a whore I want to be for you, baby? Your nasty, dirty, raunchy little girlfriend? Do you know what kind of filthy things I want to do with you, Brett?"

When I could only mumble a quiet, "Oh God, yeah..." before she chuckled again and went on.

"So I'll get out the Polaroid again, maybe? Show you a little more of what I want?"

I finally whispered, "Yes. Please...." My cock was ready to explode again. But there was something else I had to tell her first.

"Write me another letter, too, OK? I liked that a lot." It was nothing but the plain and simple truth, and only a moment before I said it had I realized it. I didn't even have enough time to get embarrassed about the prospect of telling her - it just came out of me. And another moment later my semen came out, too, very nearly the penile equivalent of the dry heaves, at that point!

And I could tell that Jamie was smiling. Big. "Oh, Brett, I really DO love you!" she squealed.

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