

Coming Out



By Kelly Blake

Jack stared at me with the kind of blank expression you might have after being hit in the face (without much force) by a piece of raw fish. I felt his grip of my hand become slightly less firm as I felt color come to my cheeks. I dropped my gaze from his eyes to the wood flooring of the house we lived in.

“Can you run that past me again?” His disbelief of what I had only seconds ago related dripped from his suddenly softened voice as his incredulity increased. I felt him slipping away from me before I even had the chance to repeat and explain what I had said.

“I was born...” I took a deep and exasperated breath. “... a boy.” The words seemed to slip from my lips without any conscious thought. Tears welled up in my eyes and began to slowly fall. I felt his hand let go of mine.

I forced myself to look up into his face. He had grown even paler than usual and I could tell by looking into his powder blue eyes that he still couldn’t quite process what I had said. He now stared at me in complete disbelief with a touch of disgust just starting to come out. I reached out toward his hand but he quickly took a step back and held both his hands up with his palms out as if fending me off. Then the anger came.

“Don’t!!! Faaaaahhhhk!!!” He took another step back and bumped up against the wall. Now his face began to redden as his features contorted into a mask of hatred and revulsion. “I have to go.”

Jack spat the words out as left my room, raced down the stairs as I followed and blindly reached for the door knob that would release him from having to be in my presence any longer. I brought

my hands to my mouth as I felt my stomach begin to do flip-flops. I began to perspire as he found the knob and the door was pulled open. I was going to be sick.

I prayed that he wouldn't hit me, not that he ever had. It's simply that whenever I've seen him that angry, which was very rare indeed, it was usually just before he lashed out at some jerk with his fists.

"I have to go." Jack repeated himself as he quickly went out the door and went to his car.

I closed the door behind him and watched him through the lace curtained glass. I watched him get into his car and start it up. I felt as though my heart had been ripped from my breast. He sat still for a moment or two and appeared to be gazing blankly out into space. I watched him slowly back the car out of our driveway after taking one last look at the front door as if he knew I was still there.

Once he was out of sight, I gave up trying to hold back my emotions and simply started to bawl aloud. I ran upstairs to my bedroom and into my bathroom. I immediately hugged the porcelain throne and barfed up what little I had in my stomach.

This was my fault. Three schools in four years with the third school being almost fifteen hundred miles from the last one. By Monday everyone would know and by mid-afternoon the name calling, and everything else that came along with the mindless sort of hate kids are capable of, would become so bad that I would have to leave another school...again.

I rinsed my mouth out with some water and washed my face though the tears still hadn't stopped. I felt absolutely horrid. I went to my bed and threw myself upon it. I kicked my flats off and cried into the wash cloth until exhaustion overcame me and then I fell asleep.

I was born passable and nothing over my nearly sixteen years of life has changed that fact. Indeed, even now when I look into my bathroom mirror with my hair pulled back, I smile at the ten year old boy that once was me. Twelve was the teeter board year. The hormonal rush has not yet taken its toll physically and with a fair haired, fair featured child such as me, gender can be a difficult thing to determine by sight alone.

Though I was born an American, I didn't see my 'home land' until I was well into my twelfth year. I was born in Ireland where my father was working. The 'Celtic Tiger' was roaring and his computer engineering skills were being put to good use in exchange for an excellent lifestyle.

After almost seven years, and the completion of whatever project he was working on, we were off to Germany and my father's new assignment. We were sitting and having our Sunday brunch when I first made the announcement. It was between small nibbles on a piece of bratwurst when I looked up at my mom and dad and spoke.

“I think I’m a girl.” I went back to nibbling on my food.

There was absolute silence. It was as if time had frozen everything around me. My father’s fork was halfway to his mouth, which was open now in...shock? And my mother simply sat and stared at me for a long...a very long...moment. They then looked at one another and then back to me. Her hands suddenly flew to her mouth as tears began to roll down her cheeks. I thought I had upset her.

“I’m sorry mom.”

I laid down my fork and got up. I went to her and hugged her. Oddly enough, at the time, when her hands left her mouth I could see her smile down at me in spite of her tears. She hugged her to her.

“We know sweet heart. We’ve thought so for a while.”

I looked at my father and he too was smiling. Maybe it was my disinterest in things that would normally interest a boy. Or maybe it was my fussiness about my appearance; the things I wore and the style of my hair. Whatever actions made them think I wasn’t quite ‘right’ were suddenly justifiably labeled in a manner that made sense to them.

We had only been in Berlin a week or so. I wasn’t registered for school yet and nobody really knew us. And thankfully we were in a civilized country where such things were not unheard of. My parents obtained a lawyer. There were several visits to several different doctors. And in short order Keirnan Collins became Kerrie Anne Collins.

Though I was too young to begin any sort of medical treatment, there were things that could be done to ease my way into my ‘new’ self. I was taken regularly to a psychologist who proved to be tremendously helpful. And I was given a completely new wardrobe more suiting to who I really was. I was absolutely stunned at how...at how normal I felt when I gazed at my reflection dressed in feminine attire. I would stand and smile almost idiotically at my reflection in the mirror.

The only time I felt myself ‘out of sorts’ was when naked and gazing down upon my...alien appendage? But there was nothing to be done about that...yet!!! And so I began my schooling and my interacting with other children my own age, but as a girl. I never mentioned that there was an inherent difference between myself and the other girls because...well...there was no point in doing so. My folks told the administrators of the school about my...condition? But they were enlightened enough that they saw no need to treat me any differently than any other girl.

When I reached the proper age, I was prescribed anti-androgens and an estrogen-progesterone combination drug. I began to develop normally alongside of my peers. I was still too young for surgery. Nobody younger than sixteen had ever had it done before but with the other changes

occurring to me, the onset of female puberty, I felt I could wait. Anyway, it wasn't as though I was interested in boys...yet.

My troubles didn't begin until we returned to the United States after two years in Germany. We moved to a suburb of Boston called Framingham. I was twelve at the time. I was registered into the public school as a girl as we had done before. However, on the very first day my home room teacher made the announcement that I was a "special" girl and she went into the reason why!!!

By noon I was hysterically in tears and unable to leave the bathroom in the principal's office. I had never been subjected to the kind of horrific verbal and physical abuse shown to me by my fellow class mates. My mother had to come and get me. I left that place so quickly that she didn't even have time to speak to anyone about the situation.

After a very heated discussion between my parents and the school board, I was permitted to attend school in another district. The school board had to provide me with special transportation to and from school. We were also assured that my 'situation' would remain secret. I was allowed to use the bathrooms in the nurse and guidance offices and I would not have to take a gym class; thankfully. I was not into athletics or perspiration anyway.

I attended that school for nearly two years until the next incident occurred. I had one really good friend, or so I thought. We were as close as two friends could be. I even attended sleep overs at her house and she had stayed over at mine. I explained my reluctance to completely disrobe in front of her as modesty. And it was true; I was a very modest girl. I wouldn't wear low riders or tube tops or any of the usual teen clothing. I wasn't nearly as developed as some of the other girls and had a slight body image problem.

One evening, it was a Friday evening, we were celebrating my birthday. My friend was staying over with two other girls I had befriended. We had a great time and everything went well until the next morning. The other girls had left and I was sitting with my friend up in my bedroom just talking about things. She asked me how I managed to get out of gym class and why I never used the regular girl's bathroom.

I looked at her and saw my very best friend; my kindred soul. I couldn't imagine her telling anyone else. I had asked her to keep secrets before and she never disappointed me. I saw no reason to distrust her now. So I told her that I was born a boy and had changed because, well because inside I was a girl. I mean...how else do you explain this sort of thing when you're fifteen?

Anyway, by Monday morning it was all over school. Once again the names were hurled like stones through my very thin pane glass window of a heart. Once again I was in hysterical tears cloistered away in the principal's office awaiting the arrival of my mother.

My parents were as good as they could be about the entire thing. They knew that I was already felling terrible about what I'd innocently done. And, fortunately, the semester was only a month and a half from ending. So I spent the last weeks being schooled at home with tutors stopping by to assist me in whatever I needed help with.

The timing couldn't have been better because my dad's contract was up and he and my mom were seriously thinking about moving to Florida. My dad's aunt lived down in Fort Lauderdale and she was constantly going on and on about the opportunities and the life style of living in "paradise".

So I began my weeks of solitude and my dad began to look for something in Florida. Offers began to flock in which kind of surprised us all. Evidently there was a big demand for his expertise in computer design. He accepted a teaching position with a university. He said the pay was okay and they would pay for the move and the benefits were phenomenal.

What could be better...I guess. I mean...well...it was definitely time to get out of this town and to be honest I was tired of all the moving anyway. I also made my parents a promise not to 'out' myself to anyone without first speaking with them. I also promised myself never ever to trust any 'friends' again. For some reason, my little secret seemed to get people all bent out of shape.

We made our move in June. Mom and dad found a wonderful house in an area called Bayview in Fort Lauderdale. The ocean was only minutes away by car and I could actually walk the distance rather quickly. My aunt, who worked for the Board of Education as a psychologist, was able to get me enrolled in a 'technical' high school that offered a wide range of courses. This was also a school that kids who had problems, like I had, were sent. Evidently there was only one cop and he spent most of his time eating doughnuts. There were no fences, gates, or bars on the windows.

I had only seen my aunt several times over the years but she was, of course, quite aware of my 'situation' and she was very understanding. Her name is Catherine but mom and dad call her Cat. Anyway...I remember her as being really nice and helpful to us; especially me. She wasn't married and whenever she did visit us in Europe, or the Boston area, she would sometimes come with women friends.

Now we were nearly neighbors. Aunt Cat lived in a part of town called Wilton Manors; a short drive from where we now lived. She met us when we first arrived and helped us through our unpacking and such. We also got to meet her latest 'friend'...companion...lover...squeeze? I wasn't really sure at the time how to phrase it politely...I mean lesbian sounds sooo...harsh? But I had noticed women who loved women when we lived in Germany and it certainly wasn't alien to me.

Anyway, Aunt Cat was extremely helpful in finding an endocrinologist who specialized in young adult transitions as well as a shrink and several groups I could attend should I wished. Aunt Cat, and her 'friend'...companion...lover...squeeze...whatever...would become welcomed regular visitors to our new home.

I had nearly eight weeks until school began and there were no other kids in our neighborhood; at least none my age. They were either still in playpens or in college. I managed to keep busy by helping my mom feather our new nest. This was the first time I got to decorate my own room. I even had my own little enclosed terrace.

Mom and I did a lot of shopping. Moving from Germany to the Boston area wasn't that big a climatic change for us. But moving down to Florida required almost an entire new wardrobe. Oh my God...the heat was no worse than a summer up in New England but the summer down here lasted for eight months!!!

So it was cottons and linens and silks in pastels and bright tropical prints and I loved every moment of choosing. The shopping was superb but more importantly I became reacquainted with my mom. Up till this time we sort of had our own lives and friends but now we were forced to spend a lot of time together and we really learn more about one another.

I remember when we were picking our fabrics for window treatments for my room. As it turned out I seemed to have an eye for color and space which proved to be quite helpful. We were sitting with an interior decorator and my mother turned toward me, hugged me, and told me she was so happy I was her daughter. The momentousness of that occasion really didn't strike me till later that day.

You see...up until our moving from Europe, being a 'daughter' really had no true meaning. I mean the entire gender thing was almost non-existent. When we moved here, suddenly the fact that I wasn't born the gender of my 'chose'...as if...became an issue for everyone around us. I might as well have some sort of plague!!! I found the result of this treatment to be an ultra-hyper-sensitivity to any mention of gender or any word that implied gender.



We managed to fill up our time between the second week of June until the end of July with our nest feathering. I can truly say that our home was a reflection of my mom and me; our tastes and sensibilities. Our home gave off the feeling of soft and soothing to contrast the brightness of the sun and the profundity of greens outside.

For the first time my bedroom was a reflection of my tastes entirely. I loved the pastels and I am a 'pink' girl at heart. So my room consisted of light pastel pinks for my new canopied bed; very pale blue for the walls and eggshell for the ceiling. I had bare wood oil finished furniture including an antique looking, three mirrored, vanity and brightly colored throw pillows everywhere.

My walk-in closet was neatly organized with pre-arranged outfits hung up, accessories neatly ordered on the shelves above, and shoes aligned beneath on racks along the base board. I was ready to begin my new life yet again and I felt ready and assured.

The first week into August I had to appear at my new school to be tested for placement and to be counseled toward a chosen vocation. Aunt Cat met me outside the school and showed me around. It was the most unusual school I'd ever seen...or heard of for that matter.

One walked up several very wide steps and into a roofed open area filled with benches and chairs. There were no walls at all and the roof functioned as protection against rain and sun. This area served as a study, lunch and break center. There was a snack bar in the center of the area. Off to one side there was the cafeteria and automotive, welding, and other trade areas.

Opposite that side were the health science, computer, business, and arts classrooms. Behind this was the regular academic building. At the rear of the open break area were the athletic fields. The school did offer intramural sports and two intermural teams; soccer and baseball.

Aunt Cat took me inside the administration area and had one of the counselors administer the academic tests; math and English. After the testing, which seemed relatively easy, and a bit of lunch, she had one of the vocational people review the various trades they had to offer. And after that, Aunt Cat took me into one of the private counseling rooms to speak to me about my...development?

Her main concern was our keeping my transition off the records entirely. There was the issue of restrooms. I assured her that I had no problem using the 'lady's' facilities when in Europe, or here in public areas for that matter. I was very discreet and, not being particularly interested in girls sexually, it would not present a problem of any kind.

By the day's end all matters regarding my schooling were settled. I scored very high on the academic tests and could actually begin as an eleventh grader with honors classes. I chose pharmacy technician as my 'vocation'. I was given my text books for the academics and purchased my vocational materials and then it was off to home.

School began on a Wednesday for new students. This was to allow us three days to discover where our class rooms were, to accustom ourselves to this new environment and to make any schedule changes we might want. I went through the three days keeping basically to myself and soaking in as much about this new school as I could. I couldn't help but feel that I would be happy here and that I would enjoy the two years.

You couldn't begin to imagine my shock on that Monday!!! Oh my God!!! I dressed really nicely. I wore a beige cotton skirt with a baby blue silk top. I donned, for the first time, thigh high white stockings and cordovan penny loafers with these really cool tassels. I matched them with a thin cordovan brass buckled belt. I wore little gold hearts in my ear piercings and a simple beaded bracelet on each wrist. I was almost completely out of place with the rest of the student body!!!

There were lower rider jeans that nearly exposed...well...they were really low. Tank tops and belly shirts and tube tops were everywhere. Some even wore camisole tops and I even saw a bustier or two. The shorts were the absolute shortest and some even looked painted on. There were sandals of all types and platform shoes and boots with spiked heels.

My simple mascara and berry lipstick couldn't compete with the eye liner, fake eye lashes, and the heavy 'slut' eyed makeup styles. And my simply combed shoulder length blond hair went nearly unnoticed against all of the hair extensions and wild colorations. AND...as if that wasn't bad enough...the girls were even worse!!!

There were goths and emos and stoners, and beach bums and every type of teen style one could think of. Then there was this one guy, with a beard no less, who wore a sundress!!! The only kids who seemed to be reasonably dressed were the ones in the trade schools, the health science students and those few in the business and computer electives.

But, by the time lunch period came around, I felt assured that everybody there, regardless of their eccentricities and idiosyncrasies, was there to learn. Nearly ninety percent of the graduates from this high school went on to some form of higher education. A minimum academic standard had to be kept to remain in the school.

I took my lunch break outside at a four chaired table at the far end of the courtyard. I felt somewhat assured that I would be left alone; WRONG!!! I was munching on a sandwich and reading in my history book when this guy came up and sat down opposite me. I had already been hit on twice already and I expected the third attempt momentarily.

Now I simply must take a moment to explain that this was a whole new phenomenon...to me. I wasn't interested in boys during middle school at all. I mean...boys simply weren't that interesting anyway and their interest in girls was...topical and tactile? So to suddenly enter high school and draw all of this attention was, to say the least, disconcerting? I never considered myself to be gorgeous or anything; certainly not enough to warrant this attention anyway.

“Hi...I’m Chris.”

I gaze up at him from my book without moving my head. He suddenly smiles and begins to speak more rapidly than anyone I’d ever met! He went on and on and on about everything and anything. I simply couldn’t believe that I’d been chosen to be afflicted with the school’s motor mouth.

As I gazed at him I suddenly began to notice him physically. I mean I wasn’t really listening to a word he said but I was taking him in visually. I remember thinking; ‘Oh my God! I have never seen anyone so absolutely perfectly groomed as this guy.’ I mean not a single hair on his perfectly manicured head was out of place. Even his mustache was perfectly groomed. And his mode of dress was right out of GQ or something.

The very next thought to enter my mind was that I was safe; he was safe. He’s gay. I raised my head and slammed my book shut. I stared directly into his long lashed (is he wearing just a mere touch of mascara?) deep blue eyes. I was suddenly overwhelmed with an irresistible flood of mischievousness. The words came out of my mouth before I even realized what I was saying.

“Do you swallow?” I kept a completely straight face in spite of the fact that I was ROFLMAO. He stopped his rant in mid word and looked at me with a shocked expression on his adorably thin face.

“What?” He asked as if he was afraid of what the question was; what I had wanted to know. I folded my hands atop my closed text, leaned in a bit closer, and repeated my question slowly letting him watch my lips.

“Do...you...swallow?” I exhaled as if bored and added whilst rolling my eyes; “When you blow some guy...do you swallow?”

Chris turned redder than a beet. His already opened mouth dropped a bit more and his eyes darted around as if he was suddenly looking for rescue.

“Uhhh...” He cleared his throat, putting his hand over his mouth. “...yeah.”

I couldn’t believe he actually answered me! I wasn’t going to let go. I mean I had never felt such power over anyone before, not that I ever tried. But as it would turn out, Chris seemed to bring the devil out in me.

“I’ll bet all the girls call you Chrissie.” I giggled. I must admit I was horrid to him for those few moments. Again he was silent and he turned even redder with embarrassment which I didn’t think was possible.

“Uhhh...yeah.” He gazed at me warily. He was, no doubt, wondering where this was all leading to.

“And what do the boys call you?” This time I simply smiled wryly; my gaze causing him to squirm a bit. He didn’t know quite how to answer that question and, to be honest; I was ready to show him a bit of mercy. “Well...Chrissie...” I emphasized the esses with almost a lisp. “...my name is Kerrie and...” I held my hand out. “...I’m happy to meet you.”

I softened my expression into a warm smile as he delicately took my hand. I noticed him gaze at my finger nails. Okay, as a note of explanation, I have at least two distinct fetishes; my lips and my finger nails. As I mentioned I never thought of myself as being gorgeous or even mildly attractive. So, my way of beautifying myself was to have a perfect manicure at all times and to have perfectly colored lips at all times.

The nail thingy began with my mother once putting polish on them when I was quite young; maybe seven or eight. From that point on I always wanted them colored. I really got off on the way they looked and I loved the feeling of the polish drying. It’s kind of a drawing feeling across the entire nail. The first time she took me to the salon to have them done, I nearly wet myself because I became so excited at how beautiful they looked after a professional did them.

The lipstick thingy began in a similar fashion. Once I had made my announcement to my parents, it was a very short step to my mom putting some lip gloss on me whenever we went somewhere. I loved the way it felt on my lips and I loved the vast array of colors. When I was fourteen, I read this amazing article on line about how to properly do one’s lips. So every day, once I was permitted to wear lipstick regularly, I went through this whole routine; exfoliate, moisturize, wax, and then color. My lips would look great for hours afterward; especially if I used a stain rather than regular lipstick or ‘long lasting’ colors.

Chrissie noticed my nails as he gently grasped my hand. He asked how I got so deep a look and I explained that I would have my nails done every two weeks with my mom and then I would apply one coat of clear polish almost every day until the next mani-pedi. At the end of two weeks the finish looked a mile deep; almost like having silk wraps applied or something.

Well...the tension was broken and we chatted quite easily about a great many things, most of them fashion oriented. Although when he asked me if I swallowed I feigned outrage and told him it was none of his business. I broke up laughing after I saw his reaction.

Anyway, Chrissie was in some of my classes and we quickly became friends. He was taking graphic arts and fashion design as his vocational classes and he wanted to eventually go to the Fashion Institute in New York City. He was older than me, as were all of my classmates, and had a car and a license.

My second day at school was kind of a repeat of the first. I was very nicely dressed, which became my standard, and was being hit on with even greater frequency. To make things even more...weird...the photography students wanted me to model for them. I consider photography, especially fashion photography to be sort of voyeuristic, and almost pornographic? I mean I

understand pictures of models in the magazines and stuff. But to just come up and ask a stranger seems...weird. I had these visions of some geeky guy jerking off to a picture of me and the entire thing made me very uncomfortable.

So...those thoughts were on my mind as I headed for what became 'our' lunch table. Only now there was a second person sitting there. It kind of looked like a guy? But as I got closer and I heard the voice I realized that either it was a really hunky-chunky girl or a guy with hormonal problems. Her hair was buzz cut and she wore black.

Chrissie got up when I got to the table. That was something he always did for some reason. Whenever I came or walked into a room or anything where he'd be seeing me he would get up. He introduced me to Liz who, in turn, said she's "Liz the Les"...in the event I was interested. I almost stopped in mid stride but consciously forced myself to take it all in good humor. I trusted Chrissie's instincts. Though I had only met him, I felt that he wouldn't be hanging with anyone too crazy.

Elizabeth Torres actually seemed to be a nice kid after I got past her weird self-introduction. She was an excellent student 'or else my father would kill me'. She was in the nursing program and wanted to continue on to college. Black was her color because 'everything goes with black'. She even had black scrubs for her classes. And she definitely liked girls. She would speak about another girl in the fashion a guy in his teens might.

The third day brought one more 'player' onto my little stage of life. Now three places were taken at our table. Chrissie, Liz, and me were sitting eating and having our lunch. I was complaining about all the attention I was drawing from the guys in the school. Liz simply attributed this to me being 'fresh meat' and also that I was a 'hottie'.

I was debating the 'hottie' fact with her when this really huge guy in overalls, obviously from the automotive program because he was covered in dirt and grease, came up to Chrissie and grabbed him around the head.

"You fucking little fag! I'm gonna kill you!" He looked totally enraged...or deranged...or both.

I became quite frightened and upset even though Liz was laughing and egging him on. The big guy began to smack Chrissie in the head and on his butt. He continued to curse at Chrissie and the more names he used, the more freaked out I became. I began to shout at him to stop and threatened to hit him with my book.

Of course he barely even noticed me and continued to hassle Chrissie. So I stood up, freaked to the point of tears, and swung my pharmacy book at him smacking him in the head. I didn't really hit him that hard but simply the shock of getting hit in the head made him finally notice me. At that point I began again to yell at him until I notice that both Chrissie and Liz were laughing.

I threw my hands up and to my head and stormed off in tears. I had experienced this sort of thing, the names and the physical abuse, the pushing and shoving and such, at two other schools only nobody was laughing. The three of them quickly came after me.

“Wait Kerrie...” Chrissie reached out and grasped my arm, which I promptly pulled from his grip. “Kerrie! Wait! This is my oldest friend Brian!”

“What????!!!” WFT????!!!

“Yeah. I’m Brian Nicholson. I’ve known Chris since lower school.”

“What????!!!” WTF!!! “Then why were you beating on him and calling him those horrid names?” I was still quite furious and even more upset. I had my hands on my hips and I was ready to kick him or something.

“Wanna know what he did to me this morning? Before I even had any coffee?”

“I’m listening.” Sort of anyway.

“He dumped a cup of ice down the back of my overalls; the little prick!” He turned and glared at Chrissie. “And anyway...what would you have done if I was really beating on him?”

“I would have stabbed you with my pencil!” I glared at him.

I had one of those mechanical pencils with the really thin lead. It would have been just sharp enough, and painful enough, to probably have him turn on me. I think he believed me.

“Well...if you’re the kind of person who would defend my friends, I guess you’re the kind of person I need to know.” He smiled.

I calmed down enough to at least go and wash my face off. I returned to the table with Liz, who accompanied me, and the four of us started talking. Evidently everyone in the school knew about Chrissie and Brian and the manner in which they expressed themselves by messing around with each other. Brian’s favorite thing was to either stain something Chrissie was wearing or to mess up Chrissie’s hair. Chrissie’s revenge was always something to do with ice or water or, if he was particularly mischievous, soda down Brian’s overalls.

By the time Friday came around, I was really fed up with the guys at school. None of them had been openly crude or anything but they were becoming more than a nuisance. The guys...that is...Chrissie, Liz and Brian...assured me that they would become bored with my ‘ice queen’ (as Brian put it) persona and eventually leave me alone.

But I wasn’t going to leave it at that. Over the weekend I was visiting with Aunt Cat. The section of town she lived in was mostly gay. They not only owned homes and apartments but also many of the businesses in the area. I was walking by a clothing shop while waiting for Aunt

Cat to finish getting her hair cut when I saw the perfect tee shirt. I quickly ran into the shop and bought it along with a second similar one.

Monday couldn't come quickly enough. I wore a pink tee with my white jean skirt and kept the special tee in my back pack. As soon as I got to school, I went into the girl's room and changed tee shirts. As soon as I put it on, every girl in the bathroom stopped what they were doing and stared at me in disbelief. There were a few giggles as well. I smiled, giggled, stuffed the other tee back in my pack, and headed off to my home room for attendance.

Everyone in the hallway stared at me; some in disbelief and others with laughs and giggles. After all, it's not every day one sees a girl wearing a soft pink tee shirt with 'I Don't Do Boys' in a deep rose glitter across the front. By the second period, everyone was trying to get a look at it because they knew that one of the administrators would eventually catch on and make me change shirts.

Chrissie saw me the second period and he became so hysterical with laughter that he had to leave the class room. Well, actually the teacher asked him to leave and not to return until he could control himself. I sat hunched over so that I wouldn't be immediately caught. I was lucky until lunch when one of the teachers saw it and reported me to the administration. One of them came out to our table and asked me to change it or leave for the day. I changed it.

My point must have been made because guys stopped hitting on me, except for the fashion students who wanted me to model their clothing designs. I had already promised Chrissie that I would do his after he got down on both knees in the middle of the courtyard and begged. But this didn't totally end the problem because now some of the girls began to hit on me. Sometimes you can't win...or break even for that matter.

So my first month at school was an absolute dream come true. I was leading a 'normal' school life and had friends. Chrissie was working on our homecoming dance. I noted that we had no football team to have come home. But, as I was quickly learning, this school didn't exactly go by conventional rules. If other schools had a dance and pep rally, we could have one as well!

I met John Francis Xavier O'Dwyer in a most notable fashion. First, by way of introduction, let me say that nobody called him John. Nobody dared call him Francis. And...well...Xavier? He was called either Jack or O'Dwyer. I never saw him until that fateful day. In fact I didn't even know he attended the school!

I was speaking with Chrissie as we walked from one class to the next when Jack came barreling around the corner in his full stride and collided with me; although we contested who collided with whom for quite some time afterward. Jack is six feet five inches tall and weighed God only knows what. I was hit at his mid chest height and knocked backward and down upon my butt!

It was like running into a brick wall. There was this flash of blinding light and then the shock of being put on my butt that shot up my neck. I was really out of it and I went down on my back. As soon as the fog cleared a bit I began to cry. I was in shock and in pain. I knew people were staring down at me but I was too out of it to really recognize any faces.

I was taken to the nurse's office on a gurney and the nurse examined me. My biggest complaint, aside from a sore rear, was a headache and backache. I was told that I probably had a concussion and that the nurse wanted me to be examined at the hospital. My mom was called and I was told that she was on her way. Thankfully they let Chrissie stay with me until my mom came.

They really had nothing to add to the nurse's diagnosis but they looked me over and made me take some kind of scan just to make sure I was okay. Chrissie left school to stay with me and my mom at the hospital which was really a good move. We had to wait for everything and Chrissie kept us both busy with his endless stream of chatter.

I spent the next day at home. I was still kind of achy and my mom kept me supplied with Motrin and ice packs. Chrissie came over around three to give me whatever work I needed. He also delivered a message from Jack. Evidently Jack was as upset as I was about what had happened and he wanted to apologize in person for hurting me.

I was very curious about this guy. I mean after a month, and in a small school, I thought I'd at least seen everybody. But, surprisingly enough, Chrissie, who knew everything about everyone, knew next to nothing about Jack. He showed up at the school about a year and a half ago and went directly into the automotive program. Cars and baseball seemed to be his big thing in life.

Chrissie did allow that when he first arrived he got into a bit of an argument with Brian. But Brian very quickly decided that he wanted no part of some guy who was quite ready to split his head open with a really large spanner. I thought that to be quite wise because Brian turned out to be more of a lover than a fighter.

Chrissie did add that this was the one and only time he ever heard of Jack becoming violent. After that everybody kind of gave him a wide berth and otherwise simply avoided contact with him. He did take regular classes but he simply didn't hang out anywhere except the auto shop or the baseball field and even that was only during the season.

I suddenly became more interested in this...Jack...because he sounded a little bit like me. I mean he kind of kept to himself, which is what I basically did except for my two and one half friends (Brian counted as one half). And I really didn't hang out at any particular place except for our table during lunch.

I also thought it unusual for someone who has no problem going one on one with Brian to be so upset about knocking me down. I thought that showed some sensitivity? You don't really get

much of that out of teen guys or teen girls for that matter. So having someone go through the trouble of wanted to 'make peace' in person was...intriguing?

So anyway...the very next day we're sitting having lunch at our usual table; that is Chrissie, Liz, Brian and me. And who should come up and grab a chair from an adjoining table and slide it next to mine but John Francis Xavier O'Dwyer...HIMSELF!!!

"Hi..." Says he.

Oh...my...God!!! His voice is sooo deep that it seems to vibrate throughout my body. And there's just something about him...I don't know...something about his physical being that...excites me?

"Hi..." Replies me.

He has the most outrageously gorgeous baby blue eyes and hair so dark that it actually looks black. I can't stop gazing at him. I want to reach out and simply touch him...his hand, his arm...something...anything.

"I hoped you'd be okay. I know you landed pretty hard."

Oh my God...he is sooo sincere and his expression so very serious. And that accent! As if I didn't have enough of that place.

"Yowah from Bahston!!!" I said in my very best Back Bay accent.

"Ya think? It's that obvious?" He laughed. It was such a nice open and free kind of laugh.

Jack looked directly into eyes when he spoke to me. His gaze was definitely not threatening at all.

"My name is Jack." Says he as he places his hand on his chest and slightly bows his head.

"I know..." Says I with a giggle. "...Chrissie told me."

"Chrissie????!!!" Jack had such an incredulous look on his face as he leaned to one side. I was blocking his view of Chrissie who was blushing profusely and shyly smiling.

"By the way..." I said as Jack turned back toward me. "...my name is Kerrie."

"Yeah..." Jack laughed. "...'Chrissie' told me."

I know...I know...it was a stupid conversation but you have to start somewhere. And anyway, Jack had such an amazing voice! I couldn't seem to get enough of hearing it.

I mean I was reacting to the entire package...so to speak. I couldn't resist what my inner self seemed to scream out for. I had to do it! I touched his hand as I emphasized something about

where I lived in Massachusetts. I touched him in a seemingly innocent manner...but with intent in mind? It was positively electric! I got goose bumps on my arms and my entire body trembled; no...vibrated!

We spoke for a few more minutes and then we were silent. We were silently sitting there kind of gazing at one another. It was sooo weird. It was like that entire world disappeared and there was only Jack and me. I must have sat there smiling with the most idiotic expression on my face. I was also kind of playing with my hair, which was below my shoulders in length.

Finally, breaking that magical spell, Jack started to rise up out of his seat. He paused half way, looked down and then around, and then sat down again. He kind of leaned in toward me.

“Hey...would you like to go to the beach with me sometime...maybe?” Jack’s leg was shaking up and down rapidly. I thought I would have a heart attack or maybe pee in my panty.

“Uhhh...yeah.” I hoped I didn’t smile too broadly or sound too excited. Jack started to get up again. “Wait...I think you might need my phone number?”

“Ohhh...yeah.” He grinned and laughed nervously. Derp!!! I looked around for a piece of paper but he held his hand out. “Here...I won’t be losing this.” I giggled as I wrote my cell phone number on his wrist.

I can’t believe what I had just done. I was still tingly from touching him as I watched him walk away. He did turn his head around to look back at me and smile. That gave me another tingle throughout my body.

“Oh...my God!!! Couldn’t you be a little more obvious?” declared Liz with a lurid smile on her face. “I mean...I thought you were gonna fuck him right here and now!” She laughed.

“LIZ!!!” Both Chrissie and Brian said at the same exact moment. Then they turned toward me and simply grinned.

“And you gave him your phone number? It’ll probably be in every boys room stall by tomorrow!”

“LIZ!!!” The boys were in harmony again...hmmm.

The three of them continued to gaze at me with the strangest grins.

“What????!!!” I asked with a giggle.

“Nothing...” They spoke almost simultaneously again.

I looked at all three of them with just a wee bit of annoyance. Okay, so maybe...just maybe...I was a bit...obvious? But then again wasn’t he? I mean he couldn’t seem to take his eyes off of

me and yet he remained...well...cool. He didn't say anything crude or out of place like some of the other guys around the school.

“So I think he's kind of cute; so what?” They simply sat there with lurid smiles on their faces thinking only God knows what. By the end of the day the news was all over school!!!

I was sooo excited that I couldn't wait to tell my mom and dad about meeting Jack. They were, of course, somewhat reticent about the entire situation. I had met someone in my last school but that ended promptly with me derpingly outing myself.

“We need to meet him sweet heart.”

They were in total agreement about this. They wanted to meet all of the people I hung out with at school. They both liked Chrissie. Indeed Chrissie was almost like a fixture at our place. He lived in Victoria Park which was about five minutes away by car and we hung out quite a bit. His folks were rich? But they were rarely home these days and Chrissie, who had his own car as soon as he could drive, and his own credit card, had to kind of fend for himself.

And they liked Brian, with certain reservations. He was older than both Chrissie and me and he lived on his own at this point. He had seven younger brothers and sisters at home and at eighteen he wanted his privacy. They thought him to be a bit too much of an independent party animal. They hadn't met Liz because she lived out west and didn't have a car to drive...yet.

Jack and I first spoke on Tuesday. It was Thursday and I hadn't heard anything from him although he did text a couple of times asking how I was feeling. I hadn't even seen him during the day. I was sooo...sooo...itchy? I couldn't believe how long, or how much, I desired to be with him. That night I was laying on my bed reading with one eye and staring at my phone with the other. I had a headache the entire time!!!

Finally my phone rang. I actually squealed...or squeaked...or maybe both? Anyway, I made such a weird sound that my mom asked if I was okay from another room. I quickly sat up, picked up my cell phone, and looked at the number. Good!!! It wasn't Chrissie.

“Hello?” I was breathing so very rapidly. I hoped that couldn't be heard.

“Is it true...what I heard about you?” Heart attack!!! And it bordered on major league!!! That oh so very deep voice could only be Jack's. Somehow he found out and I was yet again outed only this time by some unknown source.

“Is what true?” I could barely muster enough breath to answer as my stomach turned over and I nervously looked for my trash can to chunk hurl into.

“Is it true that you hit Brian in the head with a book?”

Oh my God!!! Is that all? I had just gone through a minor boogie woogie of my own making over a non-existent, at least at that point, issue. Would this be the rest of my life? Every time somebody asked an ambiguous and quite innocent question, would I sustain a major league heart attack? I took a deep breath.

“Yeah...it’s true. He was being a bit of an ass hole with Chrissie and I kind of over reacted?”

“Well...no. Brian can be an ass hole at times.” Jack laughed. “I hope he didn’t damage your book.” I giggled.

“Nooo... But he did back off just a wee bit.”

“Uhhh...I was thinking of going to the ocean tomorrow in the afternoon. Would you like to come with me?”

Well...that didn’t take long. I mean I could sense that he was a bit nervous. Good...so was I and I do so hate to feel alone when I’m nervous. Anyway, this Friday was a teacher work day and there was no school anyway.

“Oh absolutely! I love the ocean and the beach.” Did I squeak or squeal again?

“Great...how does two o’clock sound?”

“It sounds perfect. Oh...” always an afterthought. “...my folks kind of want to meet you? Is that okay with you?”

“Uhhh...” There was some real thought going on with this question. And I suppose I could appreciate his reluctance to answer too quickly. I finally heard a laugh. “...sure...you had to learn that book swatting thing from someone and I can’t image Chris teaching it to you. So I figure it must have been maybe one of your parents.” He laughed.

We only spoke for a few more moments really. Jack said he was in the middle of a project and he tends to get lost in time when that happens, which is why he hadn’t called earlier in the week, or earlier in the evening for that matter. It was only about nine thirty and Chrissie sometimes calls at eleven so somebody was teaching him good things.

The moment we hung up I stood up on my bed and squealed with joy...or was it more of a squeak. I jumped up and down a few times before my mother finally stuck her head into my bedroom to see what was happening.

“Sweet heart...come down off the bed. You’re going to break it by jumping on it. Now what’s going on?” My mom, with a big smile on her face, offered me her hand as I hopped off the bed. By then my dad had entered the room.

“I’m going to the beach tomorrow with Jack.” I couldn’t contain my excitement. My face was alit with my excitement.

“Now hold on a minute baby.” My dad laid his hand gently upon my shoulder. “We really have to meet this boy and find out at least a little something about him.” My dad gave me his best professorial skepticism look.

“Well...he’s going to come to pick me up at two tomorrow. Mom will be here. And anyway...” I said with a giggle. “...Chrissie seems to like him.” Okay...so that was a little white lie. Truth to tell is that MAYBE Chrissie did liked him? Well...Chris thought Jack was kind of cute so that kind of counts as liking him...right?

“Well...be very careful in the sun. I don’t want you to ruin your skin with bad sunburn.” He kissed me on the forehead. “Good night baby. I have an early one tomorrow.”

Mom sat down on my bed and pulled me gently down next to her.

“Kerrie...I know you are very excited about this but...” Mom paused and took a deep breath. She wanted to make sure she had my undivided attention. “...you need to be careful.”

“I know mom.” I rolled my eyes and grinned.

“No sweet heart, you don’t. This coming summer is a very special one for you. Until then you must be very careful who you decide to trust. We really don’t...” She cast her gaze off for a moment. “...I really don’t have another move in me at this point.”

I kind of knew that this conversation was somewhere in my future but I hadn’t thought about the future being right here and right now. I looked at her with a bit more serious an expression.

“You’re going through an important time of your life right now; both physically and mentally. This boy might be the greatest thing ever but...please...please...” Mom shut her eyes as if in prayer. “...please be very careful with your emotions. No matter what occurs, we all invest something in the people we’re with; as friends...or as more than friends.”

Mom kind of lost me with that.

“What do you mean?”

She took my face gently in her hands and smiled that motherly smile...you know the one? It’s the one that says; ‘I hope you learn this before you find out the hard way’.

“When we like someone, we tell them things about ourselves that maybe aren’t for everyone to hear.” She was quick to add; “And I don’t mean about your...changes. I speaking about what you feel and how you see things and those kind of things; the things that really make us who we

are. Once we tell someone, it's like we are giving them a little piece of our inner selves, you know?"

Yeah...I sorta knew. I had been doing that with Chrissie.

"Well...once we give them those little bits of ourselves, we can never take them back. That's called investing in a relationship. Do you understand that?" Mom looked into my eyes with a very concerned expression.

"Yeah mom..." I nodded.

"This boy...Jack? At eighteen he's more of a man than he is a boy. And you're only fifteen. He certainly has experienced a lot more than you have and he's at least physically a lot more mature than you are..."

"Mom?" I looked up at her with a smile. "Are we going to have one of those mother daughter discussions?" She laughed and hugged me.

"Just be aware and be careful of what you decide to share. And don't be forced into doing anything you really don't feel comfortable with. I fact..." She laughed again. "...don't do anything even if you feel you want to and you need to."

I loved my mom so much. She had a way of saying exactly what she wanted to say without ever saying it, you know? I guess that's what moms are for. We sat and talked for a bit longer and I got to share my excitement with her. I could see from her smile and her eyes that she knew exactly what I was feeling and that made me feel good.

Of course I hardly slept that night. First I had to get on the phone and speak with Chrissie. AND the first words out of his mouth were; "Will you swallow?" Touché!!! I had a good laugh over that one. Okay...it's not as if I didn't know what was going on but...well...I was a 'good girl'? I mean I had a boyfriend at my last school before I derped and outed myself. But the most we ever did was to kind of make out. Okay...so I jerked the jerk off once or twice. It turned out to be jerking a jerk anyway.

I read everything I could about sexuality as it applied to trans-sexuality and stops in between and maybe...just maybe...I experimented a little on my ownsome. But that was about it. I knew that I had a very limited way of achieving anything even approaching Nirvana and although I'd done it more than a few times; sex simply wasn't a driving force in my life at that point.

But Jack was something different. For some reason beyond my understanding I was reacting to him; to being around him; to even hearing his voice over the phone. I knew only one thing for certain; Saturday at the beach was going to be a milestone in my life. And I told Chrissie as much without going into the physical thingy of having a hardly visible, non-functioning, and soon to be a weird memory thingy of a thingy.

I slept until well after ten that morning. Maybe I got a total of six hours of sleep? I simply couldn't shut my mind down. The images, visions, and the wishful thinking simply wouldn't stop and allow me to close my eyes and drift off. I showered, which helped awaken me a bit more. And then I stood in front of my bathroom mirror staring at what I had to work with.

I knew guys were visual animals, especially at the testosterone dumping like a river into the blood stream stage of life. And I wished I had just a wee bit more to work with; to offer? I wished my hair was a different shade; maybe more of a chestnut color. I wished my lips were more...well...lippy. And I wished I was a 'c-cup' instead of a barely 'b-'. I wished for a few other things but those were the biggies.

I 'tore' myself from the image in the mirror and, with my hair wrapped in a towel and another towel wrapped around my body. The first thing I wanted to do is to pick out my bathing suit. I was a freak for one piece suits. I had two bikinis but the one piece suits kind of displayed my curves so much better I thought. I had this electric green, kind of a really bright lime green that immediately came to mind.

Then again there was this pink suit I had that was sooo...hot? It had this really low cut back; almost down to my butt. My mom hated it. She kept pulling up the back which gave me a nice little wedgy.

Fortunately, with not much at all to show in the 'unaddressable extra' department, all I needed was a tiny tuck and that extra was totally hidden. I almost always wore nylon athletic type short shorts over my suit anyway. Plenty of girls wore them at the beach, and in the water, when their bottoms were a bit too...there? Though I didn't have that problem, I wore them as an added protection from detection and my cute butt could still be notice.

Okay...so...the pink suit with a pair of white shorts would be the beach wear of the day. I had a wonderful hooded silk beach robe that was sooo lightweight and fell to mid-thigh. It had two good sized pockets and a tie front. The pale blue color would contrast nicely with my shorts and the pink suit. Oh...my God!!! I can't believe how quickly I had become a pastel Florida girl.

Waiting...what a major league drag!!! I put on a pair of shorts and a tee shirt, simply 'quick grabs' that I usually wore only at home, and went back to the bathroom to do my hair. I mean there's not much to do because it's going to get all messed up anyway between the surf, the sun, and the salt air anyway. But I wanted to at least give that all important momentary first look when he came.

So I sprayed the crap out of it with this clear conditioner and simply combed it out. When I let my hair air dry, I usually wound up with these long gentle curls. With my blond hair hanging below my shoulders, I should look like the perfect beach bunny. Now there was nothing to do but sit and wait and go crazy with the anticipation.

I began to get ready after lunch around one. I began by putting on my sun block. I used this crap called Bull Frog? It stays on like forever. It's truly miserable stuff but with my very fair skin type, it was the only thing and it worked amazingly well. It was worth the scrub bushing required to remove it later. My mom came in to help me with my back.

I put on the suit and wasn't disappointed with my mom commenting about how it exposed too much of my back and how it tended to ride up a bit over my butt cheeks. She was less critical once the shorts went on.



Then it was into the bathroom to do my eyes and mascara...water proof of course...and lip regimen. So I scrubbed, exfoliated, moisturized, waxed, and long lasted with a berry pink...it has more blue than your average pink... that nearly matched my suit. Now before you begin to think that I am a 'pink girl', let me reassure you that this is perfectly true!!! I am!!!

I ran my brush a few times through my almost dried hair. I looked into the mirror one last time and deemed myself to be, at least, passably groomed. I inserted gold studs into my doubly pierced ear lobes for the final last touch. I left the bathroom and called out for my mom. She met me halfway to the stairs with a beach bag filled with what she thought I might need.

"You look gorgeous honey." Mom smiled as she also gave me a thorough looking over.

At that moment the doorbell rang. It was exactly two. I ran down the stairs with my mom following at her own pace. I had butter flies in my tummy the size of elephants as I raced the few steps to the front door. I paused for just a moment, took a deep breath, tried to collect myself, and opened the door.

I do not know what it was about him but...!!! I gazed up into those gorgeous eyes of his, and that smile...that unassuming smile...and managed a soft, if not breathy, greeting.

"Hi."

“Hi.” His voice resonated through my body just as it did when we first met. We both stood there stupidly grinning at one another. “Uhhh...can I come in?”

“Oh...yes....please...” Praise God he broke the spell as I motioned him in with a wave of my arm.

I guess my mom caught that entire little vignette because she had this look of amusement on her face. However, as she got closer her expression changed a bit to one of...scrutiny? Jack looked over and past me when he saw her. He moved closer and held out his hand with a smile.

“Hi...I’m Jack O’Dwyer.”

“Hi...” Mom smiled...but it was a tense smile. “I’m Mrs. Collins. Come on into the kitchen for a minute.” She let go his hand and turned, walking toward the kitchen.

I turned toward Jack and shrugged my shoulders as I rolled my eyes. I had no idea of what was up with my mom. I took him by the hand and led him into the kitchen.

“Would you like something cold to drink Jack?” Mom at least was smiling as she offered him something.

“Uhhh...no thanks. I had something on the way over.” Jack had a thoughtful expression on his face; almost puzzlement? “You know Mrs. Collins, the only other person I know with that family name is a woman who’s sometimes at our school.”

“That’s funny Jack...” mom turned to him and giggled. “My sister-in-law’s last name is Collins and she is head counselor at your school.” Mom suddenly arched an eye brow and turned back to what she was doing. “Would you like some cut fruit to take to the beach?”

I looked at Jack and he suddenly looked a bit paler.

“In fact...” mom continued to fuss when she got no answer. “...I spoke to her only yesterday.” She turned toward Jack. “Do you like mango? These are fresh; a little under-ripened but very good anyway.” Jack stood there with his mouth slightly opened and a dazed look in his eyes.

I stood there as if I was watching some kind of movie or show; maybe a satire or a parody? I mean mom was having this kind of non-exchange with Jack. You know the kind. It’s like when one person keeps talking as the other kind of shrinks into the floor or something?

“Anyway...” mom continued whatever she was doing; by this time I assumed she was cutting up fruit. “...I was more interested in what she didn’t say than what she did.” Mom turned her head toward Jack. “And she didn’t say very much at all.” She turned back to finish putting what she cut into a plastic container. Then she turned toward Jack again and, wagging the knife in her hand, spoke. Her face suddenly turned into a mask of fury as she almost shouted; “She’s only fifteen Jack O’Dwyer! You’d best behave yourself! Do you understand?”

Oh my God!!! She looked so fierce she even scared me. I couldn't believe my mom...MY MOM...spoke like that to anyone. Poor Jack was at a total loss for words. He simply nodded his head. I felt so much for him. My mom suddenly broke into a lovely warm smile.

"Okay children...enjoy yourselves. And please Kerrie...I want you back by five thirty, okay?"

I...we couldn't wait to get out of the house and away from my mom. Jack opened the passenger side door for me, which was kind of nice. Jack got into the car and sat for a moment with a somewhat stunned look upon his face. Small wonder why after 'meeting' my mom.

As I fastened my seat belt, I assured him that she was not normally that way...ever! He laughed and asked if this means he should cancel the motel reservation.

"What????!!!"

"Just kidding." He laughed...a good sign. Jack started the car up and we left for the beach.

"Why didn't you mention that your aunt was Doctor Collins?"

"You didn't ask."

"I guess I should tell you that she's kind of my..." He was searching for the right word I guess. "...shrink?"

"Ohhh... You have one of those too?" More giggles. I guess I could tell him that and put the entire issue to rest.

"She's your shrink?" Jack seemed surprised.

"Nopers...not officially anyway because we're related? But she recommended the one I do see. After the last two serial murders my folks thought it was time to do something." I giggled again. Jack laughed.

Jack's car was an old one made before I was even born. It made a lot of noise and vibrated like crazy. I really loved the feeling of the vibrations. It was actually kind of a turn on; those vibrations on my feet and butt? I mean they simply went completely through my body. And when he accelerated, I was kind of thrown back against the seat. It was sooo cool.

The car had and only a small air conditioner and no heater because Jack said those extras robbed it of power. It seemed to have enough power; at least in my mind. He said that he worked on it all the time during lunch at school which is why I didn't see him during the week. Jack also had a part time job to pay for the parts and stuff. I guess the car was so old that it always needed parts.

Anyway, we got to the beach and parked in the public section down at the south end. There were restrooms and the usual showers and places to get a snack across the road. There were palm trees for shade and picnic benches and really everything for a full day at the beach. We got out of the car. Jack came around to help me out; very cool. He opened the trunk and took out a sack of some sort and a really huge towel.

The sack contained a pop up sun shelter that looked kind of like a quarter piece of an orange peel once he opened it. He spread out the towel inside the shelter and I set my stuff down, kicked off my sandals, and disrobed. I guess he kind of liked the way I looked in the bathing suit because he couldn't stop gazing at me.

I must tell you that I felt good that Jack noticed. I really put a bit of effort and thought into the way I looked and it felt so great to be noticed and appreciated for it. Okay...so it does feed into chauvinism but so what? I wanted to look good for him and I succeeded and it was nice to have someone other than Chrissie, who was more envious of me being able to wear this kind of stuff, think I did look good.

Of course I couldn't take my eyes off of Jack whilst he removed his shirt. He was majorly buff. There was no question he had that athlete's build of long and lean with enough stuff in all the right places. Anyway, we kind of stared at one another for a full moment...okay...maybe two, and then I took off for the water.

During the month of September and parts of October, the ocean's water becomes warmer than the air. In fact, it's nearly like getting into a nice warm bath. The surface temperatures sometimes reach into the low nineties. So I simply ran right in...non-stop...and dove into the very mild surf.

From the moment I felt the water envelope me until the moment Jack brought me home was a span of time that I will never ever forget. When I surfaced, Jack was right behind me. He placed his hands around my waist and lifted me straight up in the air. As I was looking down into his smiling face, I knew exactly what was coming next. He threw me up and out into the air only to fall into the water again with a splash.

And so we began to play. I stood on his shoulders trying to balance as he walked slowly back and forth. I always fell but I stayed up a little longer each time. I placed my arms around Jack's neck and he dove below the surface and swam along the bottom. When we tired of that I simply clung to his back as he sort of simply squatted a bit and rested against the gentle surf.

Eventually I found myself being held in Jack's arms as he gently moved me to and fro. I felt as if I was suspended with my arms straight out from my side. It was kind of like floating freely through space as I closed my eyes and let my mind wander a bit. That was the most sensual experience I had ever felt; being held in Jack's strong arms as the water kind of lapped at my sides and I gently moved up and down with each passing little wave. That experience was so

strong, so overpowering, and so...intense, that I began to silently weep. In spite of my trying to be quite Jack heard me.

“What’s wrong?”

He looked so serious and his tone of voice was so soft as if he didn’t want to startle me. I smiled through my tears and shook my head. There was no way I could possible explain how I felt because I never felt the way I did before. There was no way I could explain how full my heart was at that moment.

“Are you okay?” Poor Jack looked rather helpless.

I wiped my eyes...seems silly being in salt water...and I smiled and nodded. I was having a ‘chick moment’. It was that simple in retrospect. And there was no way to explain that to a guy...except maybe Chrissie. I mean guys have ‘guy moments’. But it’s not the same.

So...what’s a guy moment? Well...I got up from my floating and threw my arms around Jack. I hugged him and whispered a ‘thank you’ into his ear. I kind of wrapped my legs around his waist as he squatted in the water and I settled for a moment on his lap. That’s when I felt it!!! His ‘guy moment’!!! And it was quite a monumental one at that!!!

I only settled for a moment or two. I was beginning to tire from the fresh air, the sun, and the water. I rushed out of his wonderful grasp and ran out of the water and up to our little shelter. I quickly dug into my bag and got my towel and my spray conditioner out. I knew Jack would be only a moment or two behind me; just long enough to perhaps let his ‘guy moment’ pass.

I walked to the shower to rinse off. The salt down here seemed to accumulate a lot quicker, and felt a lot harsher than that up in Cape Cod. I quickly and thoroughly rinsed myself, taking extra time to get all of it out of my hair. I towel wrapped my hair as Jack came up and began to rinse himself. His ‘guy moment’ took a bit longer than I thought but, then again, I certainly wasn’t a judge.

I wrapped the towel around me after first giving it, and my hair wrapped inside, a good twist to remove any excess water. Then I sprayed the conditioner and slowly, and gently, combed my hair out. I began to walk back to our little shelter and, just as I had finished combing my hair out, Jack was by my side. With a sweeping motion of his arm and a slight bow, he motioned me in with a smile.

I sat at on end on the shelter with my legs crossed. Jack got into its shade but he was too tall to sit upright. So he laid upon his side and propped himself up on his elbow as I rummaged through the bag my mother had handed me for whatever treats she prepared.

And so we rested and ate the cut fruit and gazed at the sea and one another as we talked. But we didn’t simply talk; we connected in a very strange and wonderful manner. In speaking about our

previous school experiences we found that even though the circumstances were oh so different, the problems we faced were the same; intolerance. And although our methods of dealing with the intolerance were totally opposite, the results were the same; we erected walls to protect ourselves.

Jack spoke a lot about his aunt and her friend and I spoke about my parents. They also seemed to have very distinct similarities. And now that Jack was in the 'special' vocational school, he didn't have to resort to his old method of dealing with the harassment of the less than smart kids. He was very up front about his history of violence in the past and he also swore that it was in the past now.

I was very surprised when Jack told me he suffered from ADD. I knew a little about ADD from the other kids who had in in my former schools. They were always on some kind of weird drugs that seemed to make them act more strangely than usual. Jack told me that some shrink gave him Adderall and that he stopped taking it because it made his mood swings more extreme which, for someone with a temper to begin with, was not good. Jack also told me that he was now on a medication that didn't have any of the side effects.

I felt so compelled to tell Jack about my...condition? But I didn't. I was having such a wonderful time simply talking with him that I wasn't prepared to train wreck the mood. Anyway, it wasn't like we were going steady or anything. I don't know if I made the right decision at the time, but my own fears, and my own selfishness, made the decision for me.

Or perhaps it was simply the headiness I felt being so close to Jack. I mean...he sort of had this odd, and yet enticing, aura about him. It was more than simply the scent of the sea water. There was just something sooo attractive to me. I could barely keep my hands to myself. In fact I played with the dark hairs that covered his forearms; pulling gently at them as he rambled on about something I wasn't really paying attention to.

Of course I smiled and nodded and pretended to understand the details of...whatever. But my mind was really elsewhere. I wanted so desperate to bury my face in his chest and breath in whatever it was that distracted me so thoroughly. It wasn't like I was totally oblivious. I did catch his excitement and felt his passion. It's just that I was feeling a bit of passion myself and for the first time I actually felt that if my thingy was still working it would have been stiff!

I stretched out on my stomach and propped myself upon my elbows. I smiled as sweetly as I knew how and fluttered my eye lashes with every giggle and nod of my head. It wasn't something conscious or planned. It seemed to be something quite natural within me. I even speared pieces of fruit and fed them to him as I ate off of the same fork.

The time seemed to melt away like a chip of ice in the afternoon's sun. Before I realized it we were packing up and getting ready to leave our little escape from reality to re-enter the real world. I think during those moments of saddened silence, we both realized that something

special had occurred between us. Every time our eyes met we smiled knowing that this was not a onetime thing; this was only the beginning.

We were both silent on the way back. Jack's hand was on the stick thing that made the car take off with a lurching movement. I couldn't resist and I covered his hand with mine. He sort of smiled down at me as I slouched in the seat and put my feet up on the dash board. I smiled almost idiotically back at him. When Jack would need to move the stick thingy, I would pull my hand quickly away only to return it at the first opportunity.

Time again flew by and before I knew it we were pulling into the driveway of my home. I reluctantly removed my feet from their resting place and gathered myself together. Jack got out as I gathered my things and he went around to open my door. As the door opened I looked up at Jack. I don't know what ever got into me but...I quickly got up on my toes and kissed him innocently on his cheek.

I kind of stunned myself because that action was almost instinctive. I stared at him in wide wonder and Jack returned my gaze in a similar fashion. I quickly kissed him again; this time on his lips. I couldn't believe what I had just done but I wouldn't have done differently if I had the chance. I followed Jack back around and he got back into his car. I leaned into the window for a moment.

"See you tomorrow?" Crappers!!! Tomorrow was Saturday and I sounded too...anxious?

"Yeah." He sounded almost breathless.

"You can call me if you'd like." I sounded...desperate?

"Okay." He sounded...delicious. I smiled, turned, and ran into the house.

That was how we started. My mother smiled at me the entire evening as I seemed to float about in a daze. I couldn't concentrate on my homework, my dinner, my father asking how my day was, or anything. Of course I found it hard to sleep that night because my mind was sooo very alive with fantasies and my imagination was running wild.

For the first time in my life I really resented the fact that I still had my 'boy bits'. It's not like I wanted to get naked with him or anything but...what if? I couldn't wait for the school year to be finished. Then I wouldn't have 'that problem' any more. Could I hang onto him for the nearly nine months until then? As I lay in bed that night I felt like my head was spinning in circles and I was getting dizzier and giddier by the moment.

Saturday was absolute torture. Jack called three times and I called him twice. It was kind of ridiculous because we spent sooo much time calling one another we might as well have been together. It's not like he talked a ton but I sure did. I mean just the sound of his voice...even a grunt of acknowledgement...brought 'those' feelings right to the surface. I was on my back on

my bed with one hand holding the phone and my other hand gently stroking myself with the tips of my fingers. It wasn't like anything was going to really happen by doing this but it almost always caused me to...leak?

As it turned out Jack was kind of busy between his regular work and helping out his aunt and her partner in their shop. Jack did invite me over for dinner at his aunt's house. I took to his Aunt Emma, 'Em', as quickly as she seemed to take to me. And her partner Rose was an absolute delight. It was no small wonder that Jack seemed to put his demons in a proper place with those two very easy and caring spirits around.

Jack got me home exactly at ten which was my curfew. I stole another kiss from him and this time he took one back. He held me in his arms and I kind of snuggled into him. My shoulder fit perfectly into the crotch of his arm and I rested my head against his chest, inhaling deeply and making myself stupid on his scent.

That night I spoke to Chrissie who called the moment I entered the house. It was as if he knew something was up.

“What????!!!” I could almost see Chrissie's amazement. “You have got to be kidding!!!”

“Why?” I giggled. “He's sooo...dreamy.”

Chrissie wanted to know every little detail. Of course I told him one thing and he asked a gazillion questions about it. By Monday the entire school knew that I had 'dated' Jack twice over the weekend. The results were amazing. For one thing I stopped being harassed by guys and geeks who wanted to photo shoot me. It was as if I had this invisible shield around me that made me geek proof.

Chrissie waited at the top of the short flight of steps leading to the rest area. He had my cup of coffee in hand, not wanting to waste a moment that could be used to interrogate me. Of course he noticed the change in me immediately; he would!!!

Not being allowed too use eye or face cosmetics, the only thing I had to work with was my shade of lip color. Having champagne gold colored hair was a major plus because there were so many different lips colors I could use; especially with my pale grey eyes. So I went for a red lip gloss with an even redder base stain color. This definitely was a marked change from my berries and pinks and berry pinks.

“That shade is a little intense...don't you think?” Chrissie giggled.

“Well...” I said with a flip of my head, tossing my hair back with the motion. “...it does last all day.” I smiled slyly. “Of course you would notice. I suppose you would want to try it too?” I couldn't help teasing Chrissie at times because he was sooo...femme...for a guy?

“You’ve worn almost the same shade since school began and suddenly you’ve changed it. What are we to think?” It really annoyed me when he got kind of sing-songy when he spoke.

“So??? I want to change my look a little bit.” Truth!!! I wanted to change my look a little bit...like every day. And this was the only way to do it; a different lip color every day. But would Jack notice it? And if he did, would he say anything? I mean it’s just not such a guy thing...you know?

We were shortly joined by Liz who also noticed immediately. But I kind of expected that? I mean...well...I think she might have a thingy for me. She never says anything but she’s always staring at me and sort of complimenting me on stuff that I know doesn’t really interest her.

I didn’t see Jack till our lunch break. We were already at ‘our’ table when Jack surprised everyone by simply walking up sitting down next to me. Chrissie and Liz just kind of looked at one another with sly smirks on their faces. Then they turned to watch Jack and me. Jack stared at me with a very slight smile.

“You look really nice today.” Oh my God!!! He noticed...something anyway. I was hoping my change wouldn’t be too subtle. I did so want to be noticed by him.

“Thanks.” What could I say...or do. I blushed a thousand shades of red and smiled coyly, my eyes lowered.

“I...” Jack’s eyes quickly looked around to see who might be watching aside from Chrissie and Liz. “...I need to speak with you for a minute.”

“Uhhh...sure.” I gazed at Jack and he kind of motioned slightly with his head. He wanted a private conversation so I smiled and got up from my seat.

Jack got up and took my arm in his as he led me away from the table to the indoor cafeteria. There were only a few people eating there; mostly teachers. We sat side by side and Jack held my hand in his.

“I just wanted...” I could tell he was slightly embarrassed and at a loss for words as he tried to get out what he wanted to say. Jack looked down at our hands and then back up toward me. “I...I have trouble with people I don’t know...” He looked up to me with such a pained and sorrowful expression in his eyes. “...so I kind of hang by myself. But today I really just felt like seeing you...even just for a moment or two.” His smile was sooo...heart melting; so innocently unpretentious.

“That’s okay. I kind of wanted to see you too.” Okay...so I slightly understated the fact that I would have killed to see Jack for just a few minutes.

“You really look terrific today. I don’t know...something different about you.” It worked. He noticed the difference but he couldn’t tell what it was. “I was wondering if you’d like to go to a

ball game with me.” I could tell that took a bit of working up to on Jack’s part even though we kind of broke the ice...so to speak. “It’s during the afternoon this Saturday...if you have nothing planned. It’s one of the last games of the season.” There was so much...hope in his eyes?

“Sure. I think that’d be fun.” I didn’t have to act excited. Just the thought of being next to Jack for an afternoon sent tremors throughout my body. I still couldn’t figure out why he had such an effect on me when none of the other guys seemed to. I did accept his invite and, having never been to a baseball game, asked the obvious question.

“What do I wear to a game?”

“You could wear a sack and look great.” I smiled coyly and giggled at Jack’s seriousness. “Just wear whatever is comfortable. If it’s a good game, it might go on for three or more hours.”

I also guessed that nobody had ever asked him that kind of question before. I felt kind of silly but I was totally clueless. I mean...when I went to a sporting event at school, an extremely rare occurrence, I was in school clothing. Now I had to think about what I might be comfortable in for a few hours in a stadium. Is it enclosed or outside? Hmmm...

Jack and I spent a lot of time texting back and forth on Monday as well as the rest of the week during the school day. Though he rarely came out to visit me during lunch, we did get to see one another at least once a day and I did get to...allure him with different lip shades? I mean he noticed something about me though he didn’t exactly know what.

I could tell he noticed because he would flash that thousand watt smile of his that sent tremors throughout my body and gave me goose bumps all over. He wouldn’t say more than one or two words but...oh God...it was what he didn’t say that spoke the loudest. We would touch hands, fingertips, in passing and I would smile my most beguiling smile and blush and all of that.

It was on Tuesday afternoon, after school, when mom and I had our little talk. I knew something was coming because she didn’t seem real thrilled about me going out on dates, even during the day light hours. And I don’t think she was really thrilled about me going on dates with someone who was ‘sooo’ much older than I was.

I changed into my lounging cloths, a pair of really comfortable radically cut-off jeans and an extra-large tee shirt. I went down to the kitchen where my mom usually had a snack waiting and I sat at the kitchen table waiting to be served; princess that I am. Mom set a bowl of fresh cut fruit down on the table along with two glasses of juice and a pair of forks.

“Honey...” Mom always looked so...motherly when we were going to have one of our talks. “...we need to talk.”

“Is this about Saturday...about Jack?” I speared a piece of water melon. Living in Florida was like being in fresh fruit heaven. Some of the fruit came from trees in the neighborhood and we even had pineapples growing in the back yard. Anyway, mom nodded her head.

“Do you know what an investment is?” She looked so very serious. She even used her ‘serious’ voice.

“Yeah...” I had another piece of the wonderfully sweet mango. “It’s like you put money in the bank and you get interest...sort of?”

“Okay...thanks close enough. You give something and expect something back in return.” Mom picked another piece of fruit. “And what do you think happens when you don’t get that interest like you expected?” She didn’t look at me. She poked around in the bowl for another piece of pineapple.

“I guess I would get kind of pissed off?”

“Yeah...” Mom giggled and smiled at me. “Well...relationships with people are kind of like that. Every time you spend time with someone, every time you got on a date, even every time you hold hands, you’re kind of making an investment. You expect to get something in return, right?”

I stopped in mid bite. I never thought of it like that but mom was right. I was sort of making an investment and I definitely was expecting something in return. I guess my mom knew what was going through my mind at that moment because she smiled knowingly.

“You know sweet heart...the other thing to think about is what the other person might be expecting. After all, aren’t they making an investment as well?” I stared down at the bowl and nodded my head. I guess I hadn’t really thought about things like that. “You see baby, things are not as simple as you might think.”

‘No feces!!!’ I thought to myself. I wasn’t even sure of what I wanted from Jack let alone what he might be wanting from me!

“Now Jack asked you to go to a baseball game with him; why do you think he did that? I mean it’s not like going to the beach or going out for a bite to eat, right? Those things are everyday things that everyone likes to do. But the ball game; what do you think that’s all about?”

“He’s investing time in me?” I mean that was almost a no brainer?

“Yes. He’s showing you what he’s interested in.”

“Do you think he expects me to like it? I mean it is sports.” I made a face. My mom knows how I feel about sports and...getting dirty?

“No honey. He’s simply showing you what he’s interested in. I think that if you manage to stay awake...” Mom laughed. I guess she was familiar with sports from her experience with dad. “...that will be enough. Your dad took me to a basketball game when we were dating. I really didn’t like it. I struggled to stay awake in spite of the noise.”

“What happened after the game?” I could sense that I might need to know this information for Saturday.

“Well...” Mom laughed. “...I told him that I really didn’t care for basketball very much. I didn’t understand the game and I didn’t see the point of playing for several hours to win by a few points.” She laughed again remembering that day. “But I also told him that I liked him anyway and that if he wanted to go to a ball game, it was okay not to invite me. He would make it up to me by taking me to a chick flick or dinner or something like that.”

I smiled and nodded. I understood; one for him and one for me...so to speak.

“Now you need to understand baby, this doesn’t mean that every single time you’re invited to do something there is a...price to pay? Sometimes...usually...it’s simply friends doing things that friends do together; like shopping at the mall or going out for ice cream.”

“Did you have a lot of boyfriends before dad?” I had never asked before but I felt, for the first time, that I needed to know.

Mom looked at me with an odd look in her eyes. It was almost the same look she got when I did something really good...like acing a test or something.

“I had five, honey. And that included high school and college.” Mom seemed quick to add the second statement. “Your father was the fifth.” She said with a very warm and dreamy smile and a faraway look in her eyes.

Then mom took my hand in hers and leaned in as if she was going to impart the secret of life...which she actually did.

“Your father was the only one who was interested in me as a person. He was considerate and kind and always thought of me whenever we did something together.” She took a deep breath and let it out slowly. “When it came to you, we were in complete agreement. We both saw you in the same way...as our daughter...and what we did...we did together.”

I smiled and felt myself becoming emotional. I knew that their marriage wasn’t absolutely perfect, and that they did, from time to time, have ‘animated discussions’. But when it came to the important stuff, like me, they were always in agreement. They were still truly in love. Mom suddenly sat back as she let go of my hands.

“Now don’t think for one moment that I don’t know what you’re up to.”

“Huh???” Huh???

“You spend more time in the bathroom doing your lips than I spend to dress and put on my makeup for an evening out.”

“But mom...”

“AND...those colors!!! I must say that it is fun to experiment with cosmetics but really Kerrie! Aren't you being just a little obvious...maybe?”

I blushed a totally new shade of...of...vermillion and stared down at my hands. God...I needed to have my nails done.

“Now I know you like this boy...this...Jack. But, as you well know we have certain issues; at least at the moment.” Mom cocked her left eyebrow skyward. That was always a sign of being disgustingly right.

“But mom...” Was that the sound of my voice whining??? I never whined before!!! Well hardly ever before. Well...not really often anyway. “...I like him. He's nice and I enjoy being with him.”

“Honey...you've known him only a few days. Now I'm not saying you shouldn't see Jack. All I want is for you to consider is...well...your investment emotionally; and his. Believe me I know exactly how you feel. I was your age once.” Mom giggled as she thought back to that time. “And I do understand the...urges? And I know the desire to feel close to someone more your age? But for the next nine months you have a secret to protect and I don't want to see you hurt again.”

I pouted. That was the only thing left I could do to show my total uneasiness with the conversation? I mean...I know what my mom was trying to tell me but that didn't make the message any more pleasant...or desired. But I must say that it did give me things to think about.

“Oh...and one last thing sweet heart...”

“Yes mom.” I rolled my eyes. I was becoming a bit tired of the conversation and I wanted to let my mom know I had reached my limit. She smiled patiently anyway and waited.

“Although the bright reds doesn't look bad...with your skin tone you're really much better off using colors with more blue in them; like berry shades and maybe even plums.”

“You know...Chrissie said the same thing.” I spoke without even thinking.

“I guess he would.” Mom laughed. She liked Chrissie and she always seemed to be amused by his wide and varied interests.

I found myself withdrawing slightly from Jack after my conversation with mom. I mean I still did my lips differently each day and we still texted and saw each other for a few minutes during school. But Jack had commitments after school and, although we went out for ice cream on Friday after school, I felt I was looking at him with a bit more...caution?

All that changed on Saturday afternoon. Oh my God!!! Okay...so Jack comes to pick me up. He comes to the door and does everything that he should like greet the folks and open the doors for me and stuff. But when he opens his car door for me I saw something on the seat and I screamed; loudly!!! There was some sort of dead animal on the seat. It looked like road kill or something.

Jack laughed...of course. "It's my ball glove." He announced proudly as he picked the thing up and inserted his hand into it somehow. I made a mental note to avoid his left hand.

He comforted me when I freaked out about the 'dead thing' on the front seat; his baseball glove. That was the moment when I knew what I wanted to get him for his birthday or at least the first opportunity; a new glove!

"By the way..." Jack turned toward me and smiled that shy kind of smile he had. "...you look fantastic." I blushed, felt the trembling, and all the usual stuff only more so.



I decided to wear this bright yellow sun dress with a white vine and flower pattern. It had a draw string tie at the waist and the hem fell just below the knee. I wore yellow knee socks with white tennis shoes. Okay...so maybe the outfit was a little dorky? But I did want to be comfortable and comfy it was. I had this really nice silver bead necklace and matching bracelet to complete my look. My usual touch of mascara and a light pink berry lip treatment and I was ready for just about anything. I threw a light sweater into my hobo bag just in the event it cooled down later.

We had great seats along the first base line and we were down in front. It was like the game was only for us. Jack explained the game to me. He said that only three people really played; the

guy with the ball, the guy who caught the ball, and the guy in between the two trying to hit the ball. Everything and everyone else was inconsequential. Well, that was easy.

I actually had fun at the game. Okay...sure...there was a bit of sitting around waiting for something to happen but that's why God, in Her infinite wisdom, created the cell phone and texting. I kept getting texts from the 'gang'; Chrissie and Liz.

I also spent the time talking with Jack which was really nice. He was so patient answering what questions I did have and I enjoyed seeing the excitement in his eyes whenever something did happen. Sometimes there would be a clacking sound as the bat struck the ball and he would jump up out of his seat with his hands up in the air.

I would jump up as well and cheer. I wasn't always sure about what...but it was fun to be a part of his excitement. And I found out why he brought his 'road kill' glove along. Once in a while the ball would get hit along the ground toward the seats and Jack would lean over and try to catch it in his glove. One time I thought he was going to fall onto the field so I grabbed his shirt.

And then one guy hit the ball and the clacking sound was really sharp and distinct. I watched with wonder as it sail high across the field to land in one of the upper decks of the stadium. Jack really got so excited that he took me around the waist and lifted me high up. He hugged me and kissed me on the lips before either of us realized what had happened.

The look of surprise on Jack's face had to match my own. Of course I was smiling through my wide eyed surprise. It was nice...the kiss that is. So was the hug. He said he was sorry as he blushed and smiled sheepishly. I said that I wasn't as I blushed, smiling not so sheepishly. I put my arms around him and, resting my head against his chest, hugged him. I closed my eyes and enjoyed the intoxicating effect he had upon me.

The game ended all too quickly but not before I had a hot dog and a pretzel and a huge soda. Evidently this is kind of a ritual at all ball games. Jack reached for my hand as we began to exit our seats and the stadium but I scooted beneath his arm and snuggled against his side. There was a huge crowd that we seemed to be swept up into and I didn't want to get shoved around or separated from him. Besides, it felt kind of nice to be so close to him physically.

The drive home was kind of nice once we got away from the stadium traffic. We spoke about the game and I told him what a great time I had. Jack was very animated and got even more so when I said I would like to go to another game sometime. And, what's more, I did. I had fun!!!

We sat in his car and talked for a while in my driveway. Jack had to go and work but he did promise to text me about Sunday. We kissed an innocent kiss that lasted just long enough to...well...give me a tingle?

I walked into the house in somewhat of a glowing daze? I had my arms wrapped around myself and a silly smile upon my face. Being with Jack tended to do this to me. Anyway...in the midst of my stupor, the image of Chrissie suddenly broke through my fog.

I wasn't too surprised. Chrissie developed the habit of simply calling and announcing that he would be in attendance. My mom liked him and felt bad that Chrissie's parents seemed to be away very often. The poor guy was simply lonely and often spent time at our home. That is when his friend Brian wasn't around, which also was often.

He, of course wanted to know every little detail of my 'date'. I, of course, couldn't wait to share my excitement with someone who I could sort of trust. Chrissie stayed for dinner, as usual, and then we went up to my bedroom, as usual. In spite of his declared preferences, my mom insisted on having the door at least partially open.

After we'd spoken about my afternoon out with Jack, Chrissie started in with the upcoming 'pep rally' and home coming dance. He was, of course, on the dance committee and had already, of course, planned the entire event. Jack would need to be there as a member of the baseball team. The soccer team would also be honored at the event. What a very strange school indeed.

I really wanted to look great for the evening and I knew that a new look was in order. I also knew that I wanted to start with how I would be made up. I didn't have a whole lot of experience with cosmetics. Normally, if I was permitted to wear anything other than my usual mascara and lipsticks, my mom would do my face for me. I had a few holiday gift kits in my bathroom closet but I'd never used any of them before.

Chrissie couldn't wait for me to get the kits out. He was determined to help me obtain that perfect look; the one that would make Jack crazy. I had to giggle because it was like...is there anything Chrissie couldn't do? Anyway, we sat at the table by my window and began to play with the colors.

My mom was right. The shades of lip colors with more blue in them worked best against my very fair skin tone. Fortunately my skin was nearly perfect with only very minor blemishes. I hated the feel of foundation on my face and I always felt that it would melt off in even mildly warm weather so I was able to get Chrissie to pass on that.

After we found several combinations of colors, Chrissie notated what we had done to arrive at them. The next step was to determine what I would wear. Chrissie told me that the styles and modes of dress varied wildly from the stoners to the emos to the goths to the preppies.

I wasn't sure if I could be defined with such accuracy but I do know what I wouldn't wear. I wanted something below the knee but no longer than mid-calf. Sleeveless would be nice but definitely not something too revealing. I didn't have a lot in the boobage department so low cut was not in my mind's eye. Maybe something with a halter top?

Chrissie told me not to worry. He would, of course, come shopping with me and we would put together the outfit of everyone's dreams for less than four thousand dollars. What???! Just kidding. Now I had never been dress shopping with a guy before but, to be totally honest, I was thinking of Chrissie in a more...gender neutral way?

We still had nearly a month till the dance but Chrissie insisted that we barely had enough time. What if the dress needed altering? What if we couldn't find the right shoes and we needed to have a pair dyed or something? What if the Mayans were off by a few months and the world would end before I was ready? Anyway, we made a date to go shopping on a week day when the shops would be less crowded.

Sunday Jack invited me over to his aunt's house. We hung out at their pool and simply enjoyed a quite kind of day. Later we joined his aunt and her friend for an early dinner at their home. I liked his aunt a lot. She'd been through much more harassment over the years than I had and although she knew nothing of my situation, I learned a lot just by asking her things and listening to her, and her partner, speak.

After we ate, Jack's aunt and her partner had to return to their shop. Jack and I hung out in the gazebo in their back yard. It was kind of neat because bougainvillea vines kind of covered the posts and made it feel secluded. Jack sat on the bench and I straddled his legs sitting on my haunches facing him. He held me loosely with his arms around my waist and I...well...I kind of snuggled into his chest with my arms around him. I felt sooo comfortable...sooo safe.

I nearly feel asleep. And Jack wasn't helping any. He gently rested his head atop mine and leaned back ever so slightly more. I felt like a baby in his arms. It wasn't until he finally moved that I raised my head and, with half closed eyes, smiled. I reached up and with my fingertips I stroked the hair on the sides of his head. I closed my eyes.

"Mmmm..." I couldn't help myself. The soft...moan...just came out of me? Jack chuckled softly. "What?" I asked with a smile.

"Well..." He took a deep breath. "...you should feel it from this end."

"There's nothing stopping you...you know." Now I giggled and blushed at my own brazenness?

I wanted him to touch me...oh my God...and he did. Jack tightened his left arm and he stroked my hair gently with his right hand. His eyes followed the movement of his fingers. His stroking fingers felt so wonderful. I gazed up into Jack's eyes. They were a lighted with...joy? I closed mine and just melted into the sensation.

I felt Jack move slightly and opened my eyes to find him staring directly into mine. He was gently stroking my cheek as he smiled and leaned in even more. Mere inches separated us. I couldn't stop myself, nor did I even want to. I craned my head upward those mere few inches until our lips touched.

The full, but gentle touching was electric. My entire body trembled. I pulled back slightly after a moment or two and looked up at Jack with a slightly startled expression. What I had felt was unlike anything I had ever felt before...at least in intensity. I mean...I'd kissed other guys...well okay...maybe two aside from Jack. And Jack and I had kissed before but it was nothing like this kiss...nothing at all.

This seemed like all that energy that my body generated collected somewhere between my tummy and my butt! I felt like I was on fire; a fire I had no desire to extinguish. I only wanted to add even more fuel to it and explode. I guess this was the first time I had felt even the slightest twinge of sexual arousal caused by another person. Some twinge. It was more like a tidal wave building.

I had to have more. I craned up again and our lips met; this time with more...lip? It was truly earth shaking. I don't know whether it was the energy I was putting into that kiss; the mental thingy; or whether Jack was putting whatever he felt into it. But whatever it was I never wanted it to stop.

As we kissed our hands began to roam a bit; massaging and caressing and all of that. Jack even gently squeezed my breasts through my blouse adding even more stimulation to what we were doing. His tongue found mine and we began to rub and caress each other's tongues and mouths. It was divinely heavenly. His hands went down to my butt and began to squeeze and caress my butt cheeks. I was losing all sense of reality as my feelings ran wild and my passion grew.

"Jack...Kerrie? Are you out there?"

Praise the Lord!!! It was Jack's aunt calling us. Jack's hands had begun to creep up beneath my skirt to my calves and then my knees. This was too much and too fast! Her intervention was an unwelcomed, yet very welcomed, intrusion.

"Yeah Auntie..." Jack reluctantly answered.

"Well...you two get decent..." She chuckled. "Isn't it time to be getting Kerrie home?"

Get decent? Oh my God!!! I quickly jumped off of Jack's lap and straightened my skirt. I looked at Jack with a wide eyed expression; mouth slightly agape. He chuckled softly as he got up and...well...adjusted himself? Oh my God! So that's what I felt at my bottom! I blushed a new shade of...vermillion? We both quickly left the gazebo and walked toward the back door in view of his aunt.

I must have still looked as dazed as I felt when we entered the back door to meet his aunt and her partner in the kitchen. Their eyes were on me and all I could do was giggle endlessly. It was quite embarrassing. I'm sure they knew what was going on inside of me because they smiled sympathetically and chuckled.

During the ride home I continued to be a complete fool. I would look at Jack and begin to giggle. Would it never end?

“Listen Kerrie...” Jack spoke in his very deep and resonant ‘serious’ voice. “...maybe we should really go a little slower; you know?”

“Yeah.” I nodded rapidly and giggled trying not to break out into total laughter.

“I mean...well...I really like you...a lot! And I want us to have a real relationship, you know? Not just a high school kind of thing.”

“Yeah.” Again I nodded and giggled.

“We have plenty of time and it would be nice to really become very close friends...even more.”

I burst out laughing as I reached over and grabbed his arm, hugging it to me.

“Yeah.” I said containing myself to another spate of giggling.

“Are you listening to me?” Did I detect just a touch of annoyance?

“Yeah...” I tried to make my most serious face but I simply couldn’t and I burst out laughing again.

“Then why are you giggling and laughing like crazy?” He looked down quickly at me with a bemused smile on his face.

“Oh...I don’t know...” I said with a lilting voice as I shrugged my shoulders, rolled my eyes, and started giggling again. “I’m just a fool.” I said in a lilting voice.

Jack parked the car in our driveway and turned off the engine. I was still hugging his arm and though my giggling had finally stopped, I was still in that wonderfully dazed state.

“I think it’s a good idea to go slowly too. Whatever you think is best is fine with me.” I didn’t look at Jack but I could tell he was smiling.

We kissed good night...several times...and then I reluctantly got out of the car. I actually felt a bit sad and maybe on the verge of a tear or two. I didn’t look back at him because I knew that would push me over the edge and I definitely didn’t want to come home crying...for no real reason...at least one that escaped me at that moment.

Fortunately my folks were in the family room watching television. I yelled out a hello and ran up the stairs to my bedroom. I dropped my bag on the floor and threw myself onto my bed

kicking my shoes off as an afterthought. I hid my face with a pillow and the tears began to flood from my eyes.

No more than a few moments passed when I heard someone at my door knocking gently. I really didn't feel like answering...so I didn't. I heard the door open.

"Are you alright sweet heart?" It was my mom's very concerned voice.

"Yeah..." I managed to squeak that out.

"Then what's wrong baby...why are you crying?" I felt her sit down on my bed. All I could manage to do was shrug my shoulders. "Come on Kerrie..." Mom tugged the pillow off of my face. "...sit up and talk to me." She smiled as she reached for several tissues on my night table.

I sniffled and reluctantly sat up, putting my feet over the side of my bed. I grasped the pillow and clutched it to me with both arms. I rested my chin on its top end as I took the tissues from mom and dried my eyes. Mom put her arm around me and hugged me to her.

"How was your date? Did you enjoy the game?"

"It was okay." I was still sniffing and I felt...terrible.

"Just okay?" I looked up into my mom's eyes and then back down.

"It was fun...I had fun."

"Who won?"

"I'm not sure." I cleared my throat. "Jack's team won. I think it was Boston?"

"Did you guys eat anything?"

"Yeah." I giggled as I sniffled knowing that mom wouldn't have approved of anything I had. So I told her anyway. "I had a hot dog and a pretzel and some popcorn and this really huge soda..." I laughed as my mom rolled her eyes and shook her head.

"Well..." Mom chuckled. "...that was certainly a healthy dinner. What did you guys do after the game?"

"We went over to his house." I raised my head off my pillow and smiled. "I like his aunt. She's a lot like Aunt Cat."

"How so baby?"

"Well...she kind of says what's on her mind; in a nice way of course. And she says it with a sense of humor."

My mom laughed. “We call that being assertive.”

“And then we sat in their garden and...” I looked down at my nails. I really needed to get them done. Then I looked up at mom. “...and we talked and stuff.”

Mom gave me one of her smiling knowing looks. It’s like she knew what we were doing in spite of what I told her. Sometimes that really annoyed me...but not tonight. She once told me that everything I’ll ever do she’s already done. I guess she once was in a garden talking and doing...stuff.

“You need to be very careful honey.” Now mom had that very concerned look complete with burrowed brow.

“Yeah mom...I know.”

“Kerrie?” I hated when her voice kind of went up at the end of a word; it was like...’pay attention!’

“Want to know what he said to me?” I know my face was full of excitement. I seemed to get that way whenever I spoke about Jack.

“Sure.”

“He said he wanted to go slowly. He even asked if that was okay with me.” For some reason I felt proud...of him; for his ability to say what I couldn’t, and didn’t, want to say. Mom pursed her lips and nodded her head. “I really like him mom.”

“Yes...” Mom put both her arms around me and hugged me to her. “...I know baby.” She lifted my chin up to look in my eyes. “I only want you to be careful. There are a lot of boys out there and after this summer...well...things will be very different.”

“But mom...” Oh God...I was whining again.

“Just remember what I said to you about investing your emotions in someone, okay?”

“Yeah...” I nodded.

“Feeling a little better?” She smiled...knowingly again.

“Yeah. I don’t know. I just felt sooo...overcome with emotions? I don’t even know what they are.”

“Yes...well...” Mom giggled. “That still happens to me on occasion.”

“It does?”

“Yes...but only about a hundred times a week.” She laughed. “I call it hormonal hiccups.”

“I thought that ended after the teen years?”

“It doesn’t end...ever. It only slows and you learn how to deal with it.” Mom ran her fingers through my hair. “Now why don’t you get undressed and maybe get ready for bed?”

I hate my penis!!! It’s entirely my dick’s fault. If I didn’t have it...life would be so much better...easier. It once was only a weird thingy that hung out (that’s a pun) between my legs. Then it became a weird thingy just too weird to be a part of my body. But now...now it’s a fucking nightmare!

Okay...so it’s not like I wanted to spread my legs and have sex with Jack...although the thought did cross my mind until I remembered I still had a dick! Really...all I wanted was maybe to be touched...touched by him as I envisioned being touched by him in my mind? Is that too much to ask? Now I have a fucking secret. It’s not much of one but it is enough to wreak havoc on my sorry little life should it get out.

I lay in bed and dreamed. I was awake...but I dreamed anyway. I dreamed of a life with Jack. Is that a trip or what? I dreamed of dating, heavy dating, weekends away in the Keys dating, spring break in...where ever...dating. I dreamed of living together in college maybe. I dreamed of all the things we could share. I dreamed of being chased around the house naked!!! I even dreamed of getting caught...and often!!!

I dreamed of getting married...of walking down the aisle in a super-sleek gown. I dreamed of taking those vows and saying them as they were meant to be said. I dreamed of the ‘I do’s’. I dreamed of being carried across the threshold...any threshold would do...in Jack’s strong arms. I dreamed of a life with him that went for years and years and years.

And the only thing to stop me was my stoopid dick!!! In just a few months it would be history; like...totally no mas aqui!!! I could tell people about my past history of being dicked...or not. I would need to tell Jack. Kids were not in our future; at least not in that way. Sometimes that’s important to a guy.

But he would know me as being dickless first. He would have had a test drive (at least a few hundred anyway). He could make up his own mind. It wouldn’t matter at that point...would it? God must have really hated me, or my folks, to do this to me. Why can’t it simply be detachable, or unscrewable or simply vanishing? Sometimes I feel like a cosmic joke of epic proportions.

I silently ranted and ranted on and on till God only knows what hour. I cried several times while I trying to remember that crying was a part of my ‘growth’? I woke up tired and tried to make sense of what had happened last night, and why. I kicked off my blanket, lifted my sleeping tee, pulled down the front of my panty, pouted and yelled.

“I hate you!!!”

The day began somewhat tentatively. I was still in a mood and I really felt a bit weird about seeing Jack. I mean I wanted to but...I don't know...I just felt that maybe I was feeling stuff that was a bit too strong for me to handle? Like...what am I supposed to do when every time I see this guy my mind kind of turns to goo and my body trembles sooo intensely that a panty liner change is in order.

Jack finally made his appearance during our lunch break. I tried to avoid any eye contact somewhat successfully but then he touched my hand with his and it was all over. Jack leaned in toward me and spoke softly into my ear.

“Are we okay?” He looked at me questioningly. There was concern in his eyes. He still had his hand atop mine.

“Yeah...” I smiled at him and nodded my head.

“You seem...I don't know...distant...distracted...maybe even a little angry?”

I looked up at Jack again and glared...angrily...very angrily. It wasn't like I was really angry at him. Maybe I just hadn't really let last night's rant go yet. And maybe I was just tired and didn't really feel like dealing with this at the moment. Or maybe I was just fed up with the ‘Gang of Three’, Chrissie, Liz and Brian, all speaking at once about three different topics; none of which were of the slightest interest to me. They were, in fact, giving me a headache.

“What????!!!” Jack bellowed at the guys. Evidently they had stopped their chatter and were watching us. Chrissie put his palms up and shook his head as if to say ‘no...it's okay...I'm not even here.’ The other two were totally startled and suddenly made themselves really small.

“Come on babe...lets go somewhere and talk.”

Jack spoke softly to me and was now holding my hand. And he called me babe! That kind of brought a smile to my blushing face. He got up and I followed whilst he still held my hand. We found a quiet and semi-secluded spot inside the cafeteria. We sat facing one another after getting two cups of coffee, mine more milk than anything.

“So...” Jack began gazing down into his black coffee with a smile on his face. “...is it me...or what?”

“It's not you...” Hmmm...let me quickly rethink that. I slapped my fore head with my palm and closed my eyes tightly. “It is you...and it's me.” There...it's said!!! Jack took both my hands in his and kissed them. He then looked at me with a smile.

“Can you be a little more vague?” He laughed. I hit my fore head again with my palm. This wasn’t happening the way I envisioned. “You know, you can do yourself an injury that way.” This time I laughed with him.

Jack was right. I mean...not about hitting myself...but about maybe being too indefinite for a guy to understand? I mean you really have to be very...blunt with them? If you’re not, they simply don’t get it. It’s not like guys are stupid or anything...well...not totally anyway. It’s just that all the between the lines stuff totally escapes them.

Chrissie could pick that kind of stuff up almost intuitively and Liz, though a bit slower, was there. Brian was hopelessly a guy. I mean he was even worse than most. You would think that Brian and Jack would be friends. Both are into sports and cars but...well...Brian was like an eighteen year old with a twelve year old’s attitude. Everything was kind of a joke to him. Jack was far more serious...mature?

“If it’s about last night...” Jack leaned in, his face was all serious.

“Yeah...I mean no...I mean...” I was verging on tears again. “...I don’t know what I mean.”

“Is this like the big kiss off or something?”

“Oh no!!!” I looked at him with...horror??? “No! Last night was...” I took a very deep breath and let it out. “Last night was amazing. It’s just that...well...I’m feeling a lot of things that I’ve never felt before? And I think I’m a little confused?”

Tears...what else? Jack got up and came around to my side of the table. He sat down next to me and put his arms around me. I instinctively buried my face in his shoulder as he held me. Jack rested his head alongside mine. Someone must have come into the café because I heard this voice.

“Everything alright?” It was some guy I guess.

“Faaahhkh off!” Jack bellowed in his Bostonian accent. For some reason that caused me to giggle; maybe it was the sound of feet beating a hasty retreat?

“Oh Jack...” I sighed as I hugged him back. I wanted to stay in his arms forever.

“Look...you don’t have to explain anything you don’t want to. Just as long as we’re alright, you know? I really like you...a lot. But it has to be right, you know?”

“What do you mean?” I sniffled, now somewhat in control of myself. I inhaled as deeply as my partially stuffed nose would allow. I loved Jack’s bodily aroma.

“Well...I don’t want us to be just another thing...you know?” Jack didn’t look at me. He stared off to the side with a sort of sour look on his face. I wasn’t sure of what he meant? But I knew it

was something in his past that wasn't good. "Look..." He suddenly smiled. "Go wash your face and let's go back outside." Jack suddenly laughed. "If we don't show ourselves people are going to start thinking we're in one of the bathroom stalls."

"Huh???" Clueless!!! "Oh...OH!!!

I laughed knowing that people were already talking. I got up and went to do just as Jack suggested. This was a normal procedure for me anyway. Every time I went to the girl's room half the girls were fixing their makeup and the other half were washing away tears. I took a few minutes to wash and to collect myself. When I came out, Jack was in the midst of an animated discussion with Morgan the campus cop.

Now I need to explain that every school had at least one cop. You could tell everything about the schools from the number of cops around. I know this one school that had five full time cops hanging around. It was a pretty tough school. And that was a middle school!!!

Anyway, Morgan was about Jack's height and weight and looked almost as physically fit. He very rarely had to do anything except maybe break up one fight a year or something. Mostly he just hung out and talked to the kids. He was kind of a go to guy if you had a problem or an issue that the school didn't need to know about. They ceased their discussion when I came over.

"Hi Kerrie..." Morgan smiled kind of like my dad might. You know...concerned? "Everything okay with you?"

"Yeah. Just...hormones or something." I smiled as brightly as I could.

"You sure now." He frowned to emphasize his question. I nodded and smiled as I sidled up to Jack. "Okay. I got to tell you what I just told Jack." He looked at Jack and then back at me. "Jack is almost nineteen. If you two are...fooling around...you know what I mean?" He looked at me with an even more serious frown.

"We're not..."

"Just listen Kerrie. If you two are...then Jack could be charged with statutory rape. All it takes is a complaint...from anybody. Do you understand?"

"What????!!!" WTF!!! "We're just friends. We go to baseball games together and sometimes the beach."

"Oh yeah? What team do you like?" He leaned in to loom over me. I think Jack was perspiring a little.

"Boston...of course!" I laughed. The only other team I knew was the Yankees. I wasn't even sure of what the Florida team was called. But I remember Boston because Jack carried on the entire game about them.

“That figures!” Morgan laughed. “At least you picked a good team.” The entire situation suddenly lighted up. “But you two be careful. I would hate to see anything bad happen to either of you.”

I understood where he was coming from and I certainly didn't need anyone doing a close physical examination of me at this point. We spoke for a few more moments until Morgan was satisfied that I was okay and not upset because of anything between Jack and me. I also knew that someone, probably that guy that Jack yelled at, went to get the cop.

Jack put his hand on my shoulder and we walked back outside to our table. The guys were still sitting there and I grabbed Jack's hand and held it as we walked up. I knew that he had to get back to his class so I turned to him and thanked him and got up on my toes to kiss his cheek. I was half making a show of my...feelings for him? But I was also 'telling' the whole school that we were together whether they knew it already or not.

The days leading up to the pep rally and the dance were wonderful. Jack opted out of Chrissie and my shopping expedition. I knew he would but I asked him anyway. But we spent a lot of time together, at least as much as he could wring out of his insane schedule. And the time we spent together was amazing...simply amazing.

I went with him one day after school to this batting practice thingy? The guy there seemed to know Jack well. Anyway...you paid money to have this machine hurl balls at you and then you try and hit them. Jack hit them all over the place. I could barely see them coming but he was right on top of them...you know? After the first few he would point to the general area where he was going to hit them and then CLACK! They were gone and they went almost exactly where he said they would go.

I really loved the sound that the bat would make when he really hit the ball royally. It was like this clacking sound? I got tired of sitting behind the fence watching and I told him that I wanted to try. I think that he was waiting to hear me ask. He got kind of excited. Okay...not jumping up and down excited...but pretty close.

So Jack shows me how to stand, gives me these kind of ratty gloves to put on, and tells me how to hold the bat with the lettering up? I didn't ask why because...well...I really didn't care. And then he tells me to 'choke up' on the bat. So I start to strangle the thing. It seemed so stupid. Jack starts laughing as he watches me. Then, after he could finally compose himself enough, he explained what that meant.

Jack put some money in the machine and set the speed at slow. Slow...uhhh...not likely! I freaked with the first pitch, throwing the bat in one direction and myself in the opposite direction. Of course I was providing first class entertainment for Jack. He simply let me stand at the plate? He told me to just watch the balls as they came. I did this till I was comfortable enough to realize that I wasn't going to get hit.

Jack then had me hold the bat and he stood directly behind me, our hips just touching. He placed his big hands on my hips and spoke softly into my ear.

“It’s all in here...the way you move your hips and how you follow through.” He then placed his hands over mine on the bat after turning the machine on again. “I’ll tell you when to swing and just help you along.”

We let two or three balls go past when suddenly he told me to swing. I did with his help and we managed to hit a ball. I was so excited! I jumped up and down. It even made a sound when the bat hit the ball...kind of a clump. Jack was excited for me. We did two more and then I wanted to try it by myself. All I wanted was for him to tell me which one to swing at.

We let a couple more go past when suddenly he knew this was the one. He told me so and a second or two later told me to swing. And swing I did. Oh...my God!!! I actually heard something very close to a clacking sound! Then a whole bunch of things happened at once. I spun completely around and started to fall to the ground, the bat went flying out of my hands which were numb and kind of vibrating painfully up into my arms.

I landed in a heap on my butt in the dirt but I didn’t care. I hit the stupid thingy hard enough to make it go way up. It only travelled about fifteen or twenty feet or so but that wasn’t the point. I hit it on my own. My arms were still painfully vibrating...it was kind of like hitting your funny bone...which really isn’t funny at all...as Jack lifted me up by my underarms and hugged me to him.

“I can’t believe you faaaaahhhkn did it!!! That was great!!!” We were hugging one another and jumping up and down. “Want to try another???” I think he was kind of hoping I would.

“No...I think I’ll quit while I’m ahead.” I could see the slight disappointment in his face. “But I def want to do this again. I think I’ll dress a bit differently to.” A sundress and my good tennis shoes were not quite the outfit for this. In fact I was nothing less than a ball of dirt after falling onto the dustiest and dirtiest part of the area.

“Good idea.” Jack laughed as he helped me clean off. “You’re the first girl I’ve ever been able to get to hit the ball.” I giggled but thought; ‘How many others have you done this with!’

Jack took me home so that I could clean up and change my clothes. He stayed the remainder of the afternoon and had dinner with us. It was a wonderful day and a great experience. I think that wanting to understand more about what got Jack excited was great for both of us.

As the dance drew closer, I became a lot more nervous and anxious. First of all, shopping with Chrissie, and Liz, who joined us for the pure entertainment value, was way different than shopping with my mom. I mean...my mom knew exactly what I liked and would wear. But then again, she was mostly responsible for whatever taste and style I might have.

Chrissie, however, viewed this as a fashion showing and he picked the oddest, most costly, and least likely to last the evening, things. Of course his excuse was; “Try it on. It doesn’t cost anything to see....right?”

I mean everything he picked exposed me in such a fashion that...well...I kind of looked...slutty? Okay, so other girls wore this stuff like it was nothing, and it was...literally nothing...or close to it. But that style wasn’t me. I needed to have more than a hem ending six inches below my crotch. And I didn’t need something that was so...side boobish?

Liz was having a wonderful time watching him embarrass me. What did she care anyway? No doubt she would wear her black trousers and a black blouse with black accessories. In truth, I think Chrissie wanted to try some of the things on himself! Not that I would have minded, but that would mean twice the time spent to no real end.

We finally wound up at a thrift shop. The selection might not have been quite the latest but it surely was far more eclectic. I found a piece that I absolutely fell in love with. Of course it needed gobs of tailoring but...oh my God...it was me!

The dress was a black sequined halter neck piece with a hem falling down to just below the knee. The key hole back extended down to nearly the small of my back. At least that was how it fit me. Now this might have been above the knee on some giantess and for sure she had larger boobies than me but Chrissie assured me he could get it to work. Of course...Chrissie could do anything and everything.

I thought my mom was going to stroke out when she saw the dress. Her face took on a very pained expression that didn’t abate the entire evening.

“Sweet heart...” Uh oh! It’s her high pitched, mono toned, plaintive plea of a voice. “...that’s a party dress! That’s not something that I would wear to a high school pep rally.”

“But mom...” And she comes back at her mom with her high pitched, very whiny, ‘my life will be totally ruined forever’ voice; en garde! “It’s a dance and that def is a dancing dress.”

“But honey...” And mom switches to her ‘how could you ruin every waking and sleeping moment for me till this damned dance is over’ voice; pare! “It has no back!”

“But mom...” And she starts off with her high pitched, very whiny, ‘my life will be totally ruined forever’ but then, in a move of seer genius, switches to cold logic!!! Touche! “It’s in the cafeteria and it’ll be very hot and sweaty and smelly and at least I can be comfortable in the midst of it all.”

We went back and forth for a bit whilst Chrissie, a Cheshire cat smile on his face, placed his pins, chalk and tape measure out on the kitchen counter. He motioned for me to change into the

dress, which I did behind the pantry door whilst not missing a beat in the fight for fashion sanity in an insane world.

My mom's eyes bugged when I stepped out from behind the door. She turned pale and I truly thought she might pass out.

"How on earth are you going to wear that baby? It's meant to be worn braless!" Oh my God! Mom was right! It was virtually backless.

"Fashion forms." Chrissie said with a giggle.

"What????!!!" Mom and I were in nearly perfect timing.

What the hell were fashion forms? Chrissie went on to explain that fashion forms were latex "supporters" for your boobs when a bra wouldn't work. Like with a backless, halter necked dress.

"You just glue them on. And it looks very natural and they do support."

My one thought was; 'Ewwwwwww...glue???' That was echoed by mom.

"How do you know all this stuff?" I had never ever heard of such a thing.

"Well...I am a fashion design student you know." Chrissie giggled and blushed. I mean...he knew more about women's clothes than my mom and I together! "Of course I probably could sew support in...kind of like in a bathing suit? But there are no guarantees' on how it'll look."

"Do it!" This time mom and I spoke together.

"You're going to need shoes for this...and a clutch purse." Chrissie almost giggled but, thankfully, he was able to control himself otherwise I would have had to kill him. "Heels for sure...hmmm...maybe an opened toe pump or some kind of a sandal."

Nothing he said made my mom feel the slightest bit better. In fact by the time we were finished with the fitting, my poor mom was sitting in a chair, shoulders hunched, mouth agape, hair perhaps a wee bit greyed, and totally defeated.

Chrissie and I had become the closest of friends, aside from Jack that is. And, sometimes, it was a close decision who I would see although Jack always won the choice. It wasn't the fact the Chrissie had a lot of the same interests as I did or the fact that he was so very easy to be with; undemanding I guess. I think it was more the fact that Chrissie seemed to have a lot of internal anger, which I now could relate to, and we found each other to be...soothing?

Now Jack was an angry person as well. But Jack's anger was very open and overt and he was working very hard on dealing. Anyway, Jack and I were kind of like catnip for each other. Chrissie's anger was very deep and very hidden. I never asked him about it and he never offered to tell me. But then again, so was mine. I never offered to tell him about my 'little' problem that upset me so much at times.

And with each passing day, especially as the dance drew closer, especially with each passing date with Jack, my anger built. I had this really weird dream one night that woke me up screaming and in tears. I dreamt that I got 'the cut' and my dick grew back. And each time they cut it off, it would return bigger and stronger than before until it was too big and strong to be cut off. That's when I awoke screaming.

Liz also had a lot of anger. But even more than anger, she had a lot of pain. I could never exactly figure out what her problem was and I felt it too dark a hurt to even venture a guess. And another thing I didn't understand about Liz was that she never hung with any of the other gay girls at school. She would only hang out with Chrissie...and Brian? And although on occasion Liz would flirt with me, she never went any further. But she did consider me a friend and we would speak on the phone at times.

Anyway, I spent a lot of time with Chrissie after school as he worked his miracle of getting the dress to fit properly. His parents never seemed to be home which was fine with him. And if we weren't there, we were at my house where Chrissie kind of became our permanent resident pseudo-child.

Although Jack didn't exactly take to Chrissie, he didn't seem to really mind my friendship with him. Although we couldn't work on the dress with Jack around we did find other things to do that were inclusive. Of course this kind of cut into our alone times...Jack and me that is. But he understood the importance of my friendship with Chrissie.

I didn't exactly enjoy not having my alone time with Jack when Chrissie was over. It's kind of weird but the more time we seemed to have, the more we both wanted. Now I could understand Jack's point of view. But I was somewhat surprised at my reaction. I mean...the more I saw of Jack, the more I wanted him to see of me...know what I mean? But all that would do is fed into my penis hating thingy. It was kind of a really weird nasty circle, you know?

Okay...so...the night of the dance went kind of like this. Jack was going to pick me up a bit early. He had to be there as part of the team. But Chrissie was coming over early to help me get ready. He wanted to make sure the dress fit properly even though we had tried it out several times over the course of the week. Brian was going to drop him off and then pick him up later.

My mom was going to help me as well and the two of them were going to do my makeup. I almost felt like I had not simply my mom and a friend helping but two sisters. Anyway, I was going to do my lips. My lips are and always will be MY sacred territory.

Anyway, because the date chosen was a teacher's work day...i.e. no school and the teachers are basically gone by two in the afternoon, I slept in a bit and after lunch mom and I went to the salon to get our hair shaped and a mani-pedi. I really only needed the ends trimmed but my nails were a must. My nails were a whole other issue. If I matched my nails then I would need to go with the deep red I wanted for my toes. But I was sooo addicted to the clear tints...usually a rose tint...that I would no doubt remove the hand polish and do the clear tint sometime over the weekend.

Then there was the color palette for my makeup. I considered that the ultimate challenge. With neutral grey eyes the combinations were endless. I could do berries but again I wanted the look to be more sophisticated in keeping with the style of the dress. Kiddie colors would simply not do. Chrissie and I argued back and forth over several lunches whilst the others sat in amazement that two people could get so...so...weird over eye makeup. Liz said I should simply wear black because it goes with everything. Yeah...right...especially if all you ever wore was black!

Once everything...I mean every little detail...was decided, all that remained was to do it. I mean you would have thought Chrissie and my mom were going in my place the way they were carrying on at times. Chrissie came over at five as I was getting out of the shower. We didn't have to be at the school till seven and I was hoping that two hours would be enough time. Chrissie was already dressed. He had done the decorating at the school and immediately went home to do his thing and he did look nice. He was wearing a powder blue silk shirt and a tropical wool light grey Italian tailored suit.

I dried my hair and began dressing. After my panty and sheer nude thigh highs, I donned the dress with a bit of help from my mom. At that point Chrissie came into the room to take one final look and make last minute adjustments. Thankfully the support he sewed into the dress worked as perfectly as possible. There was no chance of a malfunction such as 'side boob'...as if! He did raise the hem a bit to above my knees. I was a bit surprised and maybe a little pissed off for a moment. But after looking at the effect in my mirror I saw that it indeed was a good idea on his part.

Now it was time to begin my makeup. I had been messing around with color for my eyes and face in general. After much consultation with Chrissie and mom, we came to the decision that I would go with slate and greys and black mascara. Chrissie would be using the darker grey eye color as an eye liner on me and he was going for a very slight smoky eyed look.

While all that was going on, mom was going to do my hair. There wasn't much to do really. My hair is sooo thick, sooo straight, and long; down to my shoulder blades. The only thing that could be done easily and manageably was to comb it back and use a silver sequined clip to hold it. That made my mom feel a bit better that I wouldn't be so exposed with that low backed dress. Two locks of hair would frame my face.

When mom was finished, she left Chrissie and me to do my face. Chrissie's face was a mask of concentration as he worked with my brushes and sponges and other utensils. He even brought a few goodies of his own? We had pots of colors scattered around the vanity in my room and we sat, or I should say I sat as he worked away.

Chrissie was a bit pissed off that I wouldn't allow him to put a foundation on my face. I hate the way it feels and I always think it's going to melt my whole face if I get hot and perspire in the sun or at a school dance. But I did allow him to use a bit of concealer to hide a freckle or two. I had a great complexion. I took good care of my skin and I always was very careful in the sun. Sooo...why not show it?

We finished my 'look' in about one half hour including moisturizing my lids, one or two redoes and blush; no bronzer. Now it was time for the finishing touch; my lips. Chrissie wanted to see how I went about doing them. He always complimented me and was curious why the color lasted as long as it did. I had already exfoliated and moisturized my lips during and after my shower. But just to be extra sure, because moisturizing is the key, I put on a good coat of natural lip balm before we began my makeup.

I use different things on my lips for color. Everything from regular lipsticks and glosses to stick stains to wine and even Kool-Aid. In fact Kool-Aid is kind of long lasting if you do it right. Tonight I was using a long lasting lipstick called 'Forbidden Apple'. I was going to top that with 'Double Dare' gloss. Both were matted color and deep rich looking reds.

I only use brushes with whatever color method I choose. I get finer lines and a lot more color control. First I outlined my lips with the 'Forbidden Apple'. My lips were so plump with the moisture and balm that I got a nice even line to retain the color so there would be no 'bleeding'. Then I applied one layer of color, blotted, and then a second.

As I worked carefully, I noticed that Chrissie was watching my every move. It was like he was taking mental notes on what I was doing. When I finished putting on 'Double Dare', I love that name for a rich red lipstick, he grinned, obviously liking the total effect. I couldn't help but tease a little.



“Want to try it?” I giggled.

“Maybe another time?” He laughed back. “You really look...amazing!!! If I didn’t know it was you...I wouldn’t recognize you. You look fabulous.”

Chrissie’s eyes were lighted up with...joy and excitement I guess. I mean...that’s what I was hoping for anyway? I wanted to look amazing. I wanted Jack to see me and want to whatever he possibly could to have me. I mean a few months can seem like a year? I wanted to be so hot...red hot in a little black dress...that he could think of nothing, and nobody, else.

I also wanted to look mature and sophisticated. I wanted to be all those things I saw in the foreign fashion mags. I wanted to kind of belong to that crowd of people who even put thought into their everyday, kick around ‘street look’. I padded to the full length mirror to check myself out...to see the total look. I had to smile. I thought I looked just as I envisioned I should look.

I went to my bed and sat to put on my new heels. They were nothing really fancy...just a simple pair of patent leather open toed pumps with two and a half inch heels. I admired my nails as I slipped into the pumps. My nail tech...oh my God...I have a nail tech!!! Anyway, she was able to darken the tint on my favorite clear rose while still keeping it clear so I went with that.

Everything was perfect. I simply had to choose what jewelry I would wear. I went with a lovely beaded silver necklace with a filigree locket holding pictures of my mom and dad. I had the matching bracelet with tiny silver bell charms and these really cool silver stiletto earrings. I slipped on a couple of silver rings with semi-precious stones set in and I was set.

Chrissie found this old black sequined clutch purse at the school’s costume room. It was a bit worn but far from ratty and, at the moment, he was putty the two lip colors inside as well as two folding lipstick brushes, tissues, the setting powder compact and anything else he could think of. Of course there was barely room for my I.D. and a twenty dollar bill.

Now for the big show!!! I had to go downstairs and show my folks. It was nearly time for Jack to make his usual prompt appearance anyway, and I was hoping nothing needed to be changed or altered at this point. But a final look over by mom would be great.

Although I was not accustomed to wearing heels, even low ones, I still was able to venture the stairs without too much thought or effort. I simply turned my body a quarter of the way and held onto the bannister for dear life! Getting accustomed to the clacking sound was...stimulating? I mean...it sounds sooo grown up...sooo adult...sooo cool!

Chrissie followed me into the kitchen where mom and dad were preparing their evening meal.

“Well?” I said with baited breath.

I really didn't know what 'baited breath' meant but it does sound so cool. Dad looked up from the kitchen table where he was chopping up something and simply stared. Mom, however, looked at me with astonishment. I mean her eyes couldn't have been opened wider; nor could her mouth for that matter. Her brows were arched the highest ever.

“Oh sweet heart...” Mom spoke after a very long pregnant pause. I could see tears well up. “You look absolutely wonderful.” She blotted her tears as she walked over to me and hugged me. “You look so...grown up.” Mom then took a step back and gave me a really good looking over. “I can't believe this is you. You look so beautiful.”

I couldn't have felt any better than had it been next September and I was complete. I blushed and smiled and almost had tears rolling as I kind of caught my mom's emotions and understood how she felt.

“My little girl is growing up.” Mom blotted her tears again. She turned to my dad. “What do you think Kev?”

Dad still sat there with his indiscernible stare. I was beginning to think that he would say something weird although he never did. But I did want him to approve of the way I looked. He finally stood up and walked over to me.

“You know...” He said as he placed his hands on my shoulders. “...the way you look reminds me of why I married your mother. You look so much like her when we first met.” He kissed my forehead. I was so touched by what he said.

I felt so aglow with what my folks said that I was already walking on air. I giggled as I turned to look at Chrissie. He was smiling and nodding as well. Suddenly the doorbell rang. And now for the big test; Jack was here. I turned to answer the front door.

“Wait baby, let us get it.” My mom took my dad's hand and started for the door with Chrissie in tow. Looking over her shoulder and back toward me she spoke. “Wait a few minutes and then come.” She smiled and winked at me.

Derp!!! Of course! I had to keep him waiting just a little bit...right? I mean...that way they could all see Jack's reaction. That'll give mom something to talk about for a while. I waited impatiently for a few whilst tapping my toe on the floor. Then I heard my mom call me. I took that to be my cue so I started for the living room where I could hear their voices.

As I made my 'grand entrance' Jack looked at me and began to get up. But he was so enthralled...I guess...that he fell back into the couch. Without taking his eyes off of me he got up again. He kind of took a step or two and met me. He took my hand, still silent and still entranced...dare I say that?

"You look...great." Leave it to a guy to say the right thing. I mean...wonderful, gorgeous, amazing, none of those words are in their vocabulary.

My parents were speaking but I didn't hear a single word. My eyes were locked on Jack's and my mind was somewhere else, so say the least. I must say that Jack really looked sharp. He wore this jacket that really only looks good on someone with a really buff bod. No doubt the tailor had to remove some of the shoulder padding because that boy does have shoulders! It was a kind of shiny light grey silk-wool blend.

He wore this white linen dress shirt and a gorgeous hand painted blue patterned tie. Of course his shoes were these sleek Italian black laced thingys that definitely completed the picture; a picture sooo...oh my God...hot that I could have jumped on him right there.

My mom asked us to wait for a minute and disappeared upstairs only to return shortly with a shawl and her camera. Of course she needed pictures of Jack and me which I thought was cool but Jack seemed to...well...resist a bit? Fortunately we got that out of the way quickly and we even took one or two with and of Chrissie.

The shawl mom brought down was black wool and silk on one side and a sort of metallic silvery color on the other. It was for just in the event I got cold or something. We started for the door when I suddenly realized that Chrissie was still with us. Brian was going to pick him up and that should have been about a half hour ago. A quick phone call made it quite clear that Brian was otherwise involved.

"Well..." Jack said patting Chrissie lightly on the shoulder and smiling sympathetically. "...it looks like you're with us."

Out the door we went and, as my folks looked on, Jack opened my door and moved the seat so that Chrissie could get in the rear, and closed it once I carefully seated myself. Jack got in, closed the door, started the engine up...I love those vibes his car makes...and sat still for a moment. He turned and looked at me.

"Kerrie?" He looked at me with...well...astonishment? I giggled.

“Yes Jack.” I was wide eyed and I remembered to part my lips slightly. That’s supposed to be sexy or something.

“Just making sure it’s really you. You look...well...I’ve never gone out with anybody who looked as hot as you.”

I blushed, giggled and trembled all over and not simply from the engine vibrations. Jack’s words may not have been quite as elegant as someone else’s. But that was as good as I was going to get from him and that was more than good enough for me. I leaned across toward Jack and he met me more than half way with a kiss. It was soft, all too fleeting, on the lips, and delicious beyond belief. Chrissie giggled at our public display of affection...or at least semi private.

“What????!!!” Jack scowled at Chrissie but his snare quickly turned into a smile as he began to back the car down the driveway. The moment Jack shifted the thingy and we began to move forward, I covered his hand with mine and that’s how we rode to the school.

It seems that no matter what one tries to do for a school dance, the cafeteria or the gym always manages to remain looking like a decorated cafeteria or gym. The residual odors don’t help any. But I must say that Chrissie and his crew did a wonderful job of attempting to disguise the room. The basic theme was fall time. Now you need to understand that fall in South Florida lasts about two weeks...maybe.

Anyway, Chrissie also combined that theme with a touch of Halloween, which was only two weeks away. And he managed to get the pictures of the volley ball and baseball team members scattered around the walls. The dear soul even managed to build a coconut palm tree in the center of the floor. The colors were either South Florida pastel shades or the earth colors of fall. The room was really very cool and interesting.

People were beginning to show up and gather in the cafeteria and in the courtyard outside. We went inside to try and find a spot to settle in. Brian came running up to greet us.

“I got a great spot in the back; a table and chairs where it’s quiet.”

“Where were you?” Chrissie was a bit angry. “I waited and had to come with Kerrie and Jack.”

“So what are you complaining about? You got here didn’t you?” Brian laughed. I think he was a little drunk or something. “Anyway, my date had to get dressed.”

“Was that for the first time...or the second?” Chrissie was being sarcastic...of course.

“Actually it was the third time.” Brian laughed hysterically. Then he noticed me as I poked my head out from behind Jack. “Wow Kerrie...you look really great...kind of like a model or something.” I could tell he was being sincere. He couldn’t keep his eyes off of me.

“Thanks.” I blushed and ducked back behind Jack. I didn’t need this sort of notice.

We finally got to the table and I saw Brian’s date. She was hanging out in places I probably would never develop...at least to that extent. Her dress hem fell about three inches from her crotch and she was...well...extremely well developed. I could almost see her nips peeking out from her dress. Oh my God...boobage city to the max!!!

Jack tried to hide his urge to laugh behind the hand he put over his mouth. Poor Chrissie looked sooo embarrassed. After a moment or two of placing our stuff...placing my things down, Brian finally introduced her.

“Hey gang...this is Jess.” She definitely didn’t go to school here and she definitely looked older than eighteen. “She works as a hostess at Heaters.” Heaters was known for their abundantly endowed waitresses. We all said hello and smiled as politely as possible. At least I did.

“Hi guys. Oh my God...” Jess said turning toward me. “Are you a model or something? You look gorgeous and that dress...it’s so perfect. I wish I could wear something like that the way you do.”

Well...maybe she wasn’t so bad after all. I mean...a person can’t help the way they look. I mean the way you’re born is the way you’re born. The fact that she dressed that way was really more of Brian’s fault I guess. I mean she looked a little embarrassed herself as she glanced around and saw what the other girls were wearing. Brian was smart to pick a table in the back where it was darker.

“Where’s Liz?” I asked Brian. It was Chrissie who answered.

“Probably somewhere outside getting high.” Chrissie said with a hint of sarcasm. “She said she was bringing a friend so that should be interesting.”

I knew about Liz and her ‘little problem’ with drugs...mostly pot. But she was never stupid high. It seemed like she was simply trying to take the edge off of whatever ailed her? And although she often smelled of pot, I’d never seen her smoke any and I think she was purposely not doing it in front of me. I could see how Chrissie was a little upset with his friends. This was kind of his dance in that he put so much work into making it happen and his friends, or at least half of them, showed up loaded.

Things actually got started on time with the head administrator announcing the teams and all of that stuff. The cheerleaders came out and did a couple of their cheery things while the athletes stood around looking uncomfortable; particularly Jack.

Once that was finished, Jack returned with a couple of sodas. I had been talking to Jess who really seemed to be a nice person with weird taste in guys. She said she liked the younger ones because she could remain in control and they had great 'recovery' time. I could only imagine what that meant.

Anyway, the first band was warming up and they threatened to start very soon. There would be three bands playing. They were people from the school and this was kind of part of their requirements? Between the bands there would be a DJ, also a student.

As soon as the music started, I grabbed Jack's hand and headed for the dance floor. It took a good pull to get him up. Jack was the first to admit that he wasn't a good dancer but, truth to tell; I think he was mostly shy. It was one of those fast and very rhythmic things so I simply took hold of his hips and started to move him with me. Toward the middle of the dance he kind of got the idea and even smiled as he moved. Of course his eyes were on me the entire time.

As they played and started a second song, I kind of went crazy and just threw my arms in the air and gyrated around as slinky and as sexily as possible. I kind of turned it into a sort of fertility dance. What a giggle. I mean all the girls were kind of wiggling around as if in the act of enticing their dates. And why not! Wasn't that what this truly was all about? Trying to look as hot as possible in our own teenage image of what adult should be?

Of course Jess got the wildest. Or maybe she seemed to because of her dress; or lack thereof. Anyway, she was having a ball just dancing around much to the frustration of Brian who finally gave up trying to follow her. She was dancing with different guys...and girls...including me. I did get a bit put off when she tried to get Jack to dance with her. But Jack, being who he was, smiled, declined, and tried to stay with me.

Liz and her date...girlfriend...whatever...finally showed up and they immediately took to dancing as well. I don't know, it all seemed so very primal. You hear the music and feel the beat and then anything, well almost anything, goes. Liz was all over her date. She was a really kind of cute girl; very femme, unlike Liz, and very stylish in her dress. I couldn't wait to meet her just to see who would date someone as...well...as out there as Liz.

Finally...FINALLY...the band played something slow. By now the Cafeteria had heated up somewhat and even those of us who dressed for the occasion had begun to perspire. Of course I instantly tried to wrap myself around Jack for some body comfort in spite of the heat. And, of course, the dance chaperones went around with their invisible rulers making sure we were dancing without any body contact that could be construed as being a 'dry fuck'.

Now, to be totally honest, I had never heard of that term before. Although I understood that in practice it was better than nothing...especially for the guys...it just sounded so icky. Anyway, they had to separate Jack and me three times during the one dance. It was as if they were waiting

for us to do something. Morgan the cop was especially watchful. He probably got special overtime just for watching us! He certainly chuckled enough!

By the time the second band had done most of their songs, I was getting tired and the loudness of the music was beginning to give me a headache. I whispered to Jack that I would like to go outside for a bit. He smiled and nodded as he got up and offered me his hand which I gladly took. With Jack leading the way and me tucked in closely behind him, we managed to negotiate the now packed floor.

The cool air hitting my face seemed to defog my mind even if only for the moment. Jack's hands on my exposed back were...luscious! I felt myself to be in this weird kind of heavenly fog and I knew he was the cause. We walked slowly away from the noise toward our usual quiet and alone spot. We got behind the concrete divider and sat on one of the benches attached.

It was kind of nice. I rested my head against Jack's shoulder and we sort of swayed slowly and slightly to the beat of the music. Jack's long fingers managed to slip between the fabric of my dress and they grasped me just above my hip. My arms were tucked into my sides and I turned my body slightly into his. I felt so comfortable, so safe and cloistered, and so...attached?

We spoke softly for a few moments, my head still swimming from all the compliments of how amazing I looked. And that was nothing to how amazing I felt. I don't know what I was thinking as I put my left hand back between Jack's jacket and rested it on his side. My right hand just naturally seemed to move to his trousered powerful thigh. I couldn't help but gently let that hand travel the length of his thigh and then back.

"Stand up for a minute." I giggled.

I was not in control of myself. My mind was not even thinking at all. I wasn't sure of what exactly was driving me at that point. Jack stood and I turned him to face me. I sidled over just a bit so that I sat directly in front of him. I reached out with both hands and caressed his thighs.

"What are you doing?" He spoke softly and emphatically as he fidgeted slightly.

I giggled as I squeezed his butt cheeks and continued my ministrations.

"Kerrie!!!" It was hard to take his frantic, almost whispered, plea seriously.

And I didn't. I rested my head against his side just at belt level as my hands continued to roam. What I was doing was like some wildly powerful drug. I became more and more intoxicated as I pulled him against me. I could feel Jack trembling as he nervously looked around.

"Kerrie...we can't be seen here like this!"

He wanted to move away from me but I wouldn't let go of him. I'm sure he would have had no problem if he really wanted me to stop but I guessed he was feeling exactly what I was. I took

my index finger and slowly, but somewhat forcefully, ran my finger tip up and down his zipper. Oh...my God! The effect I was having upon poor Jack.

Poor Jack indeed! He was in no pain as his groans might have otherwise indicated. And the hard ridge of flesh covered by his trousers wouldn't have agreed more. Jack was big all over and that bigness was driving me wild. I grasped his dick through his pants and he nearly doubled over in surprise.

“Kerrie!!! Are you out of your mind???” I giggled because there was now a broad smile on Jack's face.

There was no way I was going to stop even if I knew what I was going to do next. I unzipped him!!! I carefully looked around to make sure we were alone. I looked up at Jack who was totally entranced watching me.

“You better keep a good watch Jack.”

I giggled as I reached into his trousers to firmly grasp his dick. I could barely get my hand around it! I felt the dampness of his excitement from earlier when our bodies touched and rubbed together before the cop parted us. I rested my head against Jack's belly as my hand continued to explore.

“Faaahhkh! Kerrie!!!”

Ooops...I found the slit in his boxers; naughty me. His flesh felt so hot to my bare touch. I couldn't help but giggle as he squirmed about. I slowly ran my hand from the base of his dick up to its huge head. I couldn't image how any girl would be able to fit that thing inside herself. I grasped him just below his dick's head and with my thumb a slowly rubbed circles around it. His leaking fluid eased the way.

“Jesus Christ! Faaahhkh!”

I guess you can tell how much a guy likes what from the number of expletives versus real words. I giggled again. I simply had to get a look at this...this...thing!!! I began to attempt to thread it through his shorts with some success as Jack squirmed even more. It must have been a funny looking scene with my hand in his pants and Jack trying not to act like it was really there.

“You're going to get me faaahhkh arrested!!!”

“Shhh...try and cooperate, would you?” I laughed. “Just keep watching.”

I laid down across the bench and kept my head up at the proper angle by resting on my other elbow. After a bit of manipulation, I managed to get a few inches of his dick out through the zipper. I was careful to try and not snag his skin against the zipper's teeth as I stared...no ogled...what I saw.

It was like a magnet. I couldn't help myself. I couldn't have stopped if I wanted to. I had to do it. I swiped the very tip of it with my tongue. Oh...my...God!!! My touch was like Jack stepping on a live electric wire. The stream of profanities that he uttered had to be one for the record book. I smiled up at him as I held my tongue against the hole in the very tip. And then I slowly brought my head down till my lips cover just the head and my tongue rested beneath.

Jack could no longer stand straight up. He was bent slightly at the hips with his hands affixed upon my head as he uttered unintelligible words through clenched teeth. This was great! I loved the effect I was having upon him...and him upon me. I let my lips slowly slide down the head of his dick as far as I could, which wasn't very far at all. I felt my lips just pass by the head and I sucked on it as if I was nursing.

It was only a few inches but that was as far as I really wanted to go. This was def a first for me and I loved it. I loved the feel of him. I loved the way he tasted...what little I could taste. I didn't want to let go...so I didn't. I repeated what I had only a moment before had done for the first time. Jack almost sounded as though he was in pain. Words gave way to animalistic grunts and moans. This was great!

“Oh shit!!! Kerrie!!! Stop!!! Chris is coming!!!” What...did I detect a note of panic???

So what? That wasn't going to stop me. If Jack would just be cool I could keep sucking on him. I was only just getting into this.

“Hey Jack.” I heard Chrissie's voice. He sounded strange...strained. “You see Kerrie around?”

Mmmm... This is sooo cool. I hope Chrissie goes away.

“Ahhh...” Jack's clearing his throat? Just tell him to ‘faaahhk off’ maybe. “Kerrie... I think Chris needs to speak with you.”

I looked up at Jack and I could see that he was serious. I made this popping sound as I pulled my mouth off of Jack. I kind of giggled to myself as he twitched. I popped my head up with a smile and a wink.

“Oh my God!!! I'm so sorry!!! I didn't mean to...” Chrissie started to speak but became all choked up.

“What's the problem sweetie.” I said softly as my smile rapidly waded when I saw that he was close to tears. I stood up to straighten myself out. Jack turned his back to do the same. “Come on over and sit down.”

Chrissie had turned his back to us out of...politeness? But when I spoke he looked back and saw from my expression that I was serious. He then looked to Jack. Jack simply held his hand out toward the bench and then toward our table giving Chrissie a choice. It was such a natural

motion and Jack didn't even look toward me. I thought that was very sensitive of him; more than I thought he might be. He kind of gave me a warm fuzzy feeling.

Chrissie chose the table and Jack and I sat on either side of him. Chrissie cupped his hand over his brow so that we couldn't see his eyes. He leaned on that elbow and cast his gaze downward.

"Brian left with his...friend." Chrissie nearly spit out the word friend. "He didn't say more than two words to me all night! He barely introduced me to his...what's her name!" Chrissie was really upset. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a packet of tissues. "And Liz..." He wiped his tears and blew his nose. "...she and her friend are so ripped they don't even know where they are." Chrissie sniffled a bit and resumed his pose with his hand over his eyes.

I couldn't understand why Chrissie was upset to tears over Brian. I mean losing your ride is no fun but...

"Well...you know we're going out to grab something to eat. If you want to come along we'll drop you home afterward. I need to have Kerrie home before midnight." Jack looked at me with a smile. "She turns into a pumpkin or a squash or something after that." Jack laughed.

Chrissie laughed as well. I think that Jack's doing the inviting made him feel better; wanted?

"He's such an asshole. I hope she gives him herpes."

I'd never heard Chrissie say anything like that before; especially about Brian. The whole thingy was kind of weird.

"Why are you friends with that asshole anyway?" I didn't understand it at all.

Chrissie didn't answer. He simply shrugged his shoulders and pulled at the corners of the tissue in his hand. It was at that moment I understood. Chrissie had a major league crush on Brian...of all people!

"Listen...why don't we just get out of here now? The dance has danced and is nearly done." Jack looked at me. "Right?" I smiled and nodded my head. We both looked at Chrissie who also smiled and agreed.

"Oh...by the way...you need to fix your lipstick." Chrissie spoke as he giggled.

"Oh my God!!! I left my purse and shawl in the cafeteria!" Derp!!! But how was I to know? I mean...derp! I must have blushed several shades of crimson as Jack rolled his eyes and shook his head.

"I'll get your stuff." And Chrissie was off. We met up outside the building and I did a quick inspection in my compact's mirror.

“Here, hold this.” I handed my things to Jack without even looking. A quick swipe with my stick and brush, a minor tissue repairing, and I was ready to party again...as if. ‘Chrissie!!!’ I screamed in my mind.

We ate at the diner on Oakland Park just off of Dixie...you know...the twenty-four-seven place? And we had a good time enjoying one another. Jack even opened up a bit to Chrissie which kind of surprised me. It’s not like Jack is phobic or anything. I mean...like his aunt and her partner are gay and he adores both of them.

I think maybe it had more to do with Chrissie’s slightly flamboyant demeanor. Chrissie was a little bit loud in his manner of dress and he never ever stopped talking. It’s like if he didn’t hear his own voice, then he didn’t exist. Maybe the fact that he really had no home life at all had something to do with it.

Anyway Jack and Chrissie even got into a bit of a conversation regarding Brian. Jack didn’t like Brian at all and he didn’t understand how someone like Chrissie, someone interested in so many different things, could hang out with someone else who’s main interests were getting laid, cars, getting laid, drinking beer, and getting laid.

That’s when Chrissie opened up a bit about Brian. Chrissie knew Brian since lower school. When the guys would pick on him and tease him because...well...Chrissie was different, Brian would come to the rescue and protect him. I guess Brian felt bad about all the bullying Chrissie was putting up with. Well...it stopped and they had been friends ever since.

We finished eating with Chrissie picking up the bill. He insisted and called it ‘gas money’ for chauffeuring him around. He said he would have given some money to Brian for doing the driving anyway. We drove Chrissie home and then headed to my house. Jack was kind of quiet along the way although he would turn to me briefly every once in a while and smile. I had my hand on his and I would gently squeeze it when he did smile.

We reached my house and Jack pulled up into the driveway and shut off the engine. He unbuckled his safety belt and turned in his seat to face me. He smiled as he reached out and took both of my hands in his.

“We...” His eye brows arched for emphasis. “...need to talk.”

“Is it about...” I rolled my eyes, hunched my shoulders, and giggled. “...outside the dance?”

“Yes...amongst other things. But yes. You really shouldn’t have done that...especially there.”

I got on my knees on the seat and reached over to hug him around his neck.

“I wanted to do that.” I kissed his cheek. Then I grasped his cheeks in my fingers, squeezing slightly and gently pulling them. “And I wasn’t going to let you stop me.” I giggled.

“Look...” Jack put his arms around me and I placed my hands on his shoulders. “...I’ve been there before...” His gaze sort of strayed off into the distance. “...more times than I would like to admit.” He now looked directly into my eyes. “I want this...us...to be different. I feel something for you that I haven’t felt before. I feel such a strong...I don’t know...attraction to you? I just don’t want this...us...to become the same old thing...you know?”

Jack was dancing around what he really wanted to say. I think that what he felt frightened him. I could understand why. I know that what I felt frightened me. It was like some uncontrollably powerful emotion that simply made all reality melt away from its intense heat.

But now I really had a problem. I would have to tell him sooner or later about my past. As we sat there holding, caressing, and kissing, I knew I had to come to a decision whether or not I could really... really trust him with my secret.

“Would you like to come in for a while?” I asked him through my once again addled brain. Every single time I got close to him...OMG!!!

“Sure...” Jack chuckled. “...but behave yourself. The only thing worse than getting caught by that cop would be getting caught by your parents; deal?”

I grinned at him. I mean...all he said was to not get caught; right? I kind of felt like I had a new toy to play with; the only problem was that it was attached to someone else. But that was not really a problem...was it. I had to giggle. Jack opened his door and got out. I grabbed my purse and shawl and before he could even begin to close the door I carefully climbed over the stick thingy and hopped out right behind him. I squeezed his butt cheeks. Jack quickly turned and took me by my shoulders.

“Kerrie...I’m serious. Behave yourself...please.” Jack smiled but I could hear more than a bit of exasperation in his voice. I did love to tease him a bit...just a little bit.

I giggled and put my arms around him, burying my nose in his shirt. His jacket and tie were long discarded and on the rear seat of his car once we left the dance. Even Chrissie put his nose into Jack’s jacket. I guess he was getting the same rush as I was because he seemed a bit giddier the remainder of our time together.

I knew my folks would be awake and waiting. I got my house key out and opened the door with a shout.

“Hi guys! I’m home and Jack’s here with me.”

I heard two voices from different parts of the house. My mom was in the family room watching the telly and my dad was in his office probably playing with his puter. My dad bores easily of

the programs that my mom likes to watch. He often either retreats to his office or goes upstairs and rests in bed reading or watching a movie on his iPad thingy.

We spent a few minutes with mom telling her about the evening, except for the Chrissie-Brian part. She asked a few questions and commented on how 'grown up' I looked. It was the usual time wasting moments of pleasantries she goes through before she gets to the point.

"You!!!" She change of tone startled both Jack and me. And her finger pointing at Jack made it very clear that law was being set down in stone. "Out by one...got it?"

Though she phrased it as a question, there was no doubt it was now set in stone. Jack smiled and even chuckled a little as he nodded his head. I think he thought it amusing that someone mom's size would be an imposing and even a threatening figure to someone of Jack's stature.

Next I took Jack in tow by his hand and went to my dad's office. I poked my head in and saw him deeply involved with some papers on his desk. Now I must confess that although my mom was the most important figure in my day-to-day life, I was, am, and always will be, a daddy's girl. My place was always on his lap and, to be totally truthful, he was the one I always sought to impress.

"Hi daddy."

I quickly walked into his office and up to his desk. Of course I then moved over to him, kissed his cheek, and then took my place on his lap.

"Hi baby."

I was always his baby. I kind of liked that? If I couldn't wheedle something out of mom, there was always dad. He rarely said no. And if he did, I could always wheedle it out of him anyway.

"Where's what's his name?" He always called my friends what's his or her name.

"Hi Mister Collins."

Jack walked into the room and up to dad's desk. He shook hands with dad. Jack rarely shook hands with anybody. But he seemed to be okay with my dad and my dad with him. Jack had never been in dad's office. He looked around at all the books and stuff. But what really caught his attention were the three computer displays on dad's desk. They were big monitors.

"Very nice...game playing?" Jack sidled around the desk to kind of see what was being displayed.

"Sort of, but not the kind of games you might be thinking of." Dad laughed but his interest perked up. "The processor is in the closet."

“That’s where I keep mine.” Jack laughed as he stepped over to the closet and opened the door. Dad leaned back a bit in his arm chair and a smile of amusement crossed his face. Jack walked into the closet and kind of looked at everything. “Wow...killer set up. Did you build it?”

“Some of it is my design but I did put it all together.” The content of that closet was dad’s greatest joy-toy aside from mom and me.

“You mean you did the component design and construction?”

“That’s what I do. I teach that at the university.”

“Cool...” Jack backed out of the closet with a bit of reverence; kind of like leaving a church or something. He began to look more closely at the books dad had.

Now...I must admit...I am a pretty smart kid but some things leave me in the dirt. It’s the math thingy mostly. And most of what dad did involved math and science and that kind of stuff. I mean...I got good grades and all but I really had to study super hard and needed dad’s help constantly when it came to that stuff.

“There are a few mistakes in this one.” Jack picked up a book on dad’s desk. He opened the cover to check something in front and then he leafed to the back of the book. “They didn’t correct this one. Probably didn’t correct any of them.” Jack spoke as though he was talking to himself...you know...kind of off on his own.

“Show me.” Dad had this amused look on his face again.

“It’s probably only a misprint?” Jack looked at my dad. “But here’s the answer they have.” Jack picked up a pencil and began writing in the book. “This is what it should be.” He handed the book to my dad.

“Well...” Dad looked at what Jack had written. “...I never really go by these books anyway...” He picked up the pencil and began to really study Jack’s solution. I had a feeling I was no longer the center of attention. I didn’t really care too much for that feeling when I was with dad. “...I use them mostly as outlines for what I teach.” Dad suddenly looked up at Jack with a broad grin on his face. “How’d you get this solution?”

“It didn’t look right. So I kind of played with it a little...you know...kind of eyeballed it?” Jack kind of shuffled his feet a little; almost like he was embarrassed. “I mean the solution they have doesn’t look reasonable...you know? So I looked at it and saw that it was wrong.”

“You mean you worked this out visually...in your mind?” Dad seemed more than a bit surprised by what Jack told him. “Where are you going to school next fall?”

“Well...I’m applying to Miami, South Carolina, Alabama, and Texas.”

“Why those schools...although Miami would be good.” Dad winked at me.

“They all have great baseball programs and I think I have a chance to play ball...I hope.” Jack laughed nervously. “If I don’t get in on a baseball scholarship, I guess I’ll find a place where I can build engines.”

“Daddy...mom wants Jack out at one?” Hint...hint... But he was preoccupied at the moment.

“When you apply, which should be soon, use my name. It may not help but it certainly can’t hurt. And why don’t you apply as a computer science major. It’s obvious you have more than a passing grasp of the material.” He then looked at me and kissed me on the cheek. “Well...we can’t argue with mom too much. But if you guys run over a few minutes I’m sure it won’t be the end of the world.”

Oh my God!!! They talked a few more minutes. I thought they’d never end. At least dad now took more than a passing notice of Jack, and so did I for that matter. I mean...I had no idea he knew anything about puters let alone that math crap. Like...he could even be smarter than I am and nobody at the school has any idea. Small wonder he didn’t like Brian. Brian was kind of a moron as far as I was concerned. At least today he was.

We finally...finally broke away from dad and headed out to the back yard. I was leading the way and Jack had his hands on my shoulders. Then he kind of placed them around my waist and hugged me as we walked. I just leaned back into him and enjoyed the sensation of his body against mine. I could feel the warmth...the heat.

Jack sat down in one of the lounge chairs by our pool. I quickly hopped onto his lap as he put his legs on the lounge. I kind of inched my way up a bit so that I was basically sitting atop his dick. Then I simply collapsed atop of him,; my head resting comfortably on his chest. Jack wrapped his arms around me. I wished we had a gazebo!!!

“Jack?” I slowly unbuttoned the top few buttons of his shirt and, with my right hand, spread it open.

“Hmmm?” Jack kind of grunted. His eyes were closed and I guess he was getting into the sensation of me atop of him.

“Want to hear something?” I was going to pop the test on him. I softly kissed his chest.

“Yeah...sure...” I heard his heart speed up just a bit as I rested on his bare chest.

“You can’t tell anyone though.”

“Okay.”

“Well...I think Chrissie has a big one for Brian.” I giggled as I lifted my head to look at Jack. Suddenly his eyes opened.

“Brian’s straight.” He was staring up at the sky with a puzzled expression on his face.

“Well...” I bent my head and licked at his exposed nipple causing his entire body to suddenly tremble. “...he was definitely jealous of Brian’s date.” Jack grunted. “Can you keep a secret?”

“Yeah...sure...”

“Well...if you watch the way they act with each other? It’s weird but they’re more like boyfriend and...boyfriend? You know what I mean?” This time I emphasized what I said by kissing his other nipple. Jack was silent for a moment.

“I think you’re crazy.” Jack wasn’t buying that even though I felt it was true. I giggled and laid my head back down on Jack’s chest.

I could tell that Jack was still thinking about what I had said. Now I really should have said nothing to him. I mean...it’s not like it’s everybody’s business or something. And as a friend of both of them, I was kind spreading...rumors? I mean...was that really a friendly thing to do?

But I had to know about Jack. I mean...like...everybody knew about Chrissie being gay and that was no big thing. As for Brian...well...everyone thought he was kind of an ass hole but he was too big for anyone to mess with. And Brian definitely wouldn’t ever even try to mess with Jack again.

Now my secret...well...it definitely was a biggie; maybe the biggest ever...at least at this school. I mean there was no place for me to go if it ever got out. And I wasn’t interested in coming out to the whole entire world...you know? So I had to be able to trust that if Jack couldn’t deal with what I had to tell him, he could at least keep it to himself...you know?

“Faaahhkk!”

Chrissie called and invited himself over to brunch on Saturday. I was kind of nervous and felt a little guilty about ‘outing’ Brian and him to Jack. But Chrissie being Chrissie, he talked up a storm about everything and anything as he usually does and we were involved as usual in quick order.

Jack called from work to go on and on about last night. I got all warm and fuzzy with every word. He’d never spoken for that long on the phone about anything before. I looked sooo...hot. And I was sooo...amazing. And...oh my God...my ‘eyes are deep as time’? And he had to see

me later. Oh my God...did we just take another step into deeper water? And not a single word about 'Chrion' (as in cryin'/Chrissie and Brian).

In fact, our relationship, that is Jack and me, seemed to take a whole new direction. He...that is we...began to talk about what exactly he was going to do next year. I guess what my dad said to Jack about maybe applying to the engineering school set something off in Jack. This was the first time he really thought about anything other than playing ball or building cars.

It was like one of my crazy daydreams or something; thinking about the future...his future...with me in it...our future! Sacred feces!!! What a donkey stomping notion! My face must have lighted up because he seemed to stop breathing as he looked at me in wonder and...dare I say it...awe?

But I was just as mesmerized by Jack and his new found direction and all the excitement that came with a...dream? He was really excited about playing with the toys my father told him about. A puter so big it had its own room and office. I don't know...they talked about twenty six terabytes of ram...or was it rom? What...ever!

We also became a lot more physical. I mean we were touching all the time. He even started playing a bit with my...boobettes? They were achy and often very tender to the touch so he was gentle and discerning as to when. But always his touch...his lips...it was so wonderfully exciting and affirming.

And, of course, I reciprocated in a very affirming way for both of us. I actually gave him blow jobs to completion that he said were 'earth shattering'. I was learning and he was teaching and vice versa. I must tell you that I loved every minute of pleasing him; even...well...the mess? I have to giggle. I had to perfect the whole swallowing thing or there was stuff all over the place.

Anyway...week after week went by and not a peep out of anyone about what I told Jack. He keep his word and the only other thing he ever mentioned came at an unexpected time. We were at the beach just sitting on the wall. It was December and we had a bite to eat at one of the places along the strip and we walked across the street to sit for a bit.

"I think you're right." Jack had his arm around me and we were gazing out at the ocean.

"Huh???"

"About Chris..." He refused to call him Chrissie. "...and Brian."

"Why don't you call him Chrissie like everybody else?" I was curious.

"Chrissie is like a girl's name and he's not a girl." Jack was very casual as if 'why else'?

"Yeah but he likes it...I guess."

“Look...he’s a guy. He has a dick AND a moustache. He’s Chris as far as I’m concerned and he certainly doesn’t mind me calling him Chris.”

Uh oh...this did not bode well for what I had to tell him. And I knew I had to tell him soon. Our entire relationship was becoming too complicated and too close not to tell him. He was starting to wonder why I wouldn’t let him below my waist or above my lower thigh. He said there were things he wanted to do to me...with me...for me. He wanted me to feel as wonderful as I made him feel.

I guess I was only exacerbating the situation because now I was sneaking eye makeup out of the house and really trying to look hot...for him! I would do it in Chrissie’s car before class or if my mom took me to school I’d do it in the girl’s room...along with everybody else. I felt like I was being driven to look perfect for Jack. It was a mindless thing...like robotic? And every day I had to do something new.



This brought about other problems because now the photo geeks and the fashion nerds were after me again to do some modeling. Only they weren’t asking my permission...they were asking for Jack’s! And Jack, bless his heart, told them he would ask me. We finally decided to give Chrissie the exclusive because he needed someone to wear his designs and creations for his design class and he wanted me for a few other things as well.

Everything was building and becoming so complicated and intense. I was beginning to have tummy aches, headaches, and psychic aches. I was beginning to think I could put it off all together...you know? I mean it was December and in June, just after school ended, I would be on a plane with my folks on my way to a totally new...me? Then he would never have to know. I mean I would have something new for Jack to play with and I could still heal.

If I had only trashed my old pills and stuff and not left them out on the bathroom counter before running downstairs to let him in. Of course I totally forgot about them once I saw his gorgeous face. And of course we went up to my room. And of course the second thing he needed to do

(he kissed me first) was relieve himself. And of course he saw the very old 'mones. And of course he wasn't stupid.

“What is this stuff?” He had such a shocked look on his face; shocked...and pained.

I felt all the color drain from my face and I felt myself becoming quite ill. I didn't plan this to happen in this fashion. I didn't know what to say.

“Uhhh...I...” I looked around me for a moment. I couldn't look Jack in the eyes at all.

I had to tell him the truth. And there was no getting around it with fancy explanations or any of that stuff. So I told him straight out. I don't know whether it was right or wrong...the manner in which I told him. But the manner in which he found out was definitely wrong. I waited too long, I think. I had all this time to think about it and he had none to prepare for it.

I heard nothing from anybody all weekend. I mean I spoke to Chrissie a few times and although he could sense something was wrong, I couldn't bring myself to tell him. Somewhere deep in my heart I was hoping I would hear from Jack before I had to face people on Monday. But no such luck would befall me.

Monday came and I totally dreaded going to school. The moment I got out of bed I barfed. Nothing came up but that didn't stop me. I had tummy cramps again and I was walking around like I was in a giant marshmallow. I was sooo out of it that I didn't even think to curse at my dick.

I was finally able to wash and dress, put on my mascara and lipstick, and go downstairs to at least attempt to eat something; drink something. I wanted truly to die.

“Something happen between you and Jack?”

My mom had seen me mope around the whole weekend. That is when I wasn't in my bedroom in bed crying or my bathroom trying to barf out all my misery. It wasn't a great leap on consciousness for her to figure it out.

“Yeah...”

I nodded and didn't offer any other explanation. She smiled sympathetically and came over to hug me. I began to weep as soon as she put her arms around me.

“Shhh... It's okay baby. These things do happen and I know that it hurts. But trust me...it will pass.”

I didn't have the heart to tell her that I 'outed' myself...again. I didn't want to even have to think of me having to find another school or, Heaven forbid, having to move again. I managed to calm myself enough to get a glass of juice and some coffee down.

"Do you want to skip school today baby?"

I shook my head. What was the point anyway? I would have to go tomorrow or the next day. And, if anything did come up, if Jack said anything to anybody, I would need to deal with it so sooner was better than later. I wasn't in the mood to do my face at school so I didn't bother to even take my cosmetic bag.

Chris drove me to school and he had the good grace not to even mention my mood. He tried to be his usual old self and kept up a stream of chatter about stuff in the fashion section of some newspaper. He was a bit surprised that I went directly with him to get another little something before class at the snack bar and didn't do my makeup as I had been.

Chris must have told Brian and Liz about...my mood. They were at our table and other than greet me they said nothing in particular to indicate that Jack and I had...a problem. Liz did take my hand in hers and hold it. She kissed my fingers and from the look of sympathy in her eyes I understood; she felt for me.

"If you want to talk about it..." Before Liz could finish speaking I was in tears again. Is there ever an end?

"That pig!" Liz angrily spat out the words.

"It wasn't him. It was me."

Any way I looked at it...it was me. It was my action, or lack of it, that precipitated Jack's reaction. I owned the entire thingy. I mean I had to feel for him too. 'Hi Jack...by the way...for your info...I have a dick!' Oh my God...I am such an ass hole! 'Oh no Jack...this doesn't make you gay. Lots of guys date girls with dicks.' Yeah...right...

I managed to stop crying by the time the five minute bell rang but those crazy thoughts kept running through my head. I stopped into the girl's room to see if my eyes were red and to put a bit of cold water on my face. At least I had company. At least four other girls were in there bawling their poor heads off.

At lunch, Brian came to inform everyone that Jack was in a very...tense and explosive mood. Well, it's not like the cat wasn't completely out of the bag. At least I hadn't heard a single word about the reason why. But it was only Monday and Jack was obviously still quite upset. I tried to text him but I got no response. At least I could apologize for the way in which he found out. I was wrong for waiting. Maybe I was wrong for telling. Maybe I should have lied.

Now my head was filled with 'maybe's'. The 'should have's' would certainly be next. Certainly the lie would have been completely wrong...at least for me. I'm a terrible liar anyway. And then I'd need to remember the lie forever. I had enough trouble remembering what day it was. And so Monday at school ended with no response to three texts and no indication that Jack had said anything to anyone else.

I went home feeling totally defeated and completely exhausted. I went straight to my bedroom and, after undressing and washing up, put on my sleeping tee and crawled into bed. In spite of my exhaustion...anxiety can be very tiring...I couldn't fall asleep. My mind was too full of Jack. My mind was also filled with the wonderful things we had done together. I picked up my phone and auto dialed him.

He didn't answer. Why should he? Maybe he was working? Maybe he was hitting balls? Probably he simply didn't want to speak with me? Once again my mind was filled with maybes. But the really important things, the memories of stuff, like outside at our first dance, that stuff was like glue; I couldn't get it off my mind.

Tuesday was no better for me. I brought my cosmetics with me and did my face anyway. I got tons of compliments except the only one that really mattered to me; Jack's. Again at lunch he was absent. I had a really intense argument with myself over whether I should text him again. I lost the argument. I called, and got no response.

I was going crazy. I just needed to hear his voice. I didn't know what to do or even who I could speak about this with. I thought of his aunt. We liked one another and we really got on quite well. But I didn't want to put her in the middle and I would have to tell her what the problem was about. I didn't feel the need to spread the word that far.

I thought about my shrink but I only saw her once a month and that was basically for...well...I am not really sure of why I had to see her but it was part of the legal stuff for my change? My folks were definitely out. I didn't have the heart to tell them I 'outed' myself again.

I could call Aunt Cat. Maybe she could be of some help. She knew me and she wouldn't be in the middle of anything. We did spend time together and we always had fun. I enjoyed the company of Aunt Cat and her partner. Hmm...

By Thursday I was a ball of anxiety starting with my tummy. I had to carry several packages of extra soft tissues because of my...irregularity? My dreams were full of Jack and his...parts. That is when I could sleep. And I was waking up tired and looked it no matter how I tried to hide it beneath my cosmetics. I called Aunt Cat.

I was lucky. Aunt Cat said she would be home early and that I could come and visit directly after school. Chrissie was kind enough to drop me there. Aunt Cat met me at the door and

invited me in with a wide sweeping motion of her arm. Aunt Cat followed behind me after I entered and gave me a huge hug.

“How’s my baby?” She was always so full of energy.

“Not so good Auntie.” I began to openly cry as I hugged her back.

It was as if all the anxiety and all the pain decided to come out through my eyes at one time. I could barely stand up and leaned into my aunt for support. She simply held me and let my tears and emotions run their course. After a few minutes I was able to at least control myself enough to take my weight off of her.

“Come on sweet heart. Let’s go into the kitchen and I’ll give you something to drink.” Aunt Cat began to slowly lead me into her kitchen. She sat me at her table looking out into her yard and went to fetch me some cold fresh juice. “Here baby...” Aunt Cat said as she placed the juice and handed me some tissues.

“Now let me guess...” Aunt Cat smiled as she sat down opposite me with a coffee mug. “...boy problems.”

“Yeah...” I dabbed at my eyes with the tissue and took another quick sip. “...I think I really screwed up.”

“Oh baby...” Aunt Cat placed her hand upon mine and patted it gently. “...we all screw up sooner or later; especially with guys...” She smiled gently and knowingly. “...and girls. Why don’t you tell me what happened. You’re seeing Jack O’Dwyer...right?” I nodded. “How did that come about? I’m curious.” She smiled gently, still holding my hand.

“We just seemed to connect. It was kind of weird.”

“That happens all the time.” Aunt Cat laughed. “It can be a very good thing.”

“Oh it was...” I said as I laid my other hand atop hers. “...it was sooo good and I screwed it up.”

“So tell me what happened.”

I related the entire story of Jack and me to Aunt Cat. I told her about how he found some old medications on my bathroom sink and asked about them. And I told her that I told him about being born a boy. I said that before I could get too deeply into an explanation, he kind of did a boogie woogie and left. I said that I hadn’t heard from him since and I tried more than a few times to contact him.

“Were you guys...” I could tell she was searching for the proper word; her brow furrowed.

“...fooling around a little?”

“Yeah...” I blushed and gazed down at our hands.

“Okay sweet heart...let’s see what you did right. You told the truth and that was very important. Not just for yourself but for Jack as well. He has a very hard time with...inaccuracies?” Aunt Cat giggled.

“How do you know that?” Then I remembered that she was Jack’s shrink.

“I know his aunt and her partner very well.” She laughed again and leaned in as if to tell a secret. Her eye brows arched and she grinned. “We do have a very small community here and everybody kind of knows everybody.” I nodded and smiled. “When do you think you should have told him?”

“I know I should have told him sooner but I didn’t know if I could trust him with that kind of secret, you know? And then when I knew I could, well, we were...involved? I mean how do you know someone for a few days and then lay that kind of thing on them?”

“Are you going to one of the groups I mentioned during the summer?”

“No...” I was embarrassed to tell her that but I was having such a good time that I really kind of spaced it. Derp!

“Start...immediately. This is the very thing they discuss...among other issues. But let’s get back to you and Jack. First of all, every choice you make has its consequences. Some are good and some are not so good. You have chosen to match what is outside with what is inside. That choice was good because for the most part you are a very happy teenager. You relate well and unless you told someone, there’s no reason to believe you were born anything other than what you are.”

“But why do people make such a big deal out of it? Oh my God! I had to leave two other schools because of my...choice.” I couldn’t help whining just a little.

“Well...that’s the other part; the not so good consequences. You can’t control other people and make them act the way you’d like. You only have yourself to control and part of that is deciding when to make the choices you make. Whatever you decide as a choice, you have to live with. How long have you been thinking about telling Jack?”

“A few months...”

“So you tell him, and you tell him only after he finds the drugs, and you expect what from him?”

“I don’t know...maybe to say it doesn’t matter?”

“Yeah...” Aunt Cat giggled. “...that would be nice in a perfect world. But since you had months to think about this, maybe he at least deserves some time to think about it as well? He may not have said that it does matter...but he didn’t say that it does...did he?”

“He hasn’t said anything!”

“Well...do you think that maybe he was a bit angry when you told him?”

“Yeah...” I had to admit that was true.

“Maybe a bit confused?”

“Yeah...” I guess who wouldn’t be.

“Maybe a little hurt that you didn’t trust him enough to tell him sooner?”

“Yeah...” Faaahhk...why is she always so right?

“And maybe a little bit shocked as well?”

“Yeah...very...maybe...” He was shocked alright. I am such a derp!

“Listen honey...the worse thing people can do is to discuss something when they’re angry, hurt, shocked and all the above. It’s hard to focus and that when all the hurtful and angry and pained things get said. And once those things are said, they are very very hard to take back. You know?”

I thought about what Aunt Cat just said and I have to admit she was right. I’d seen it often enough at school when someone says something that pisses someone else off and then something gets said in return and suddenly they’re pushing and shoving and then they are like enemies forever.

“Yeah...” I begrudgingly admitted she was totally right.

“So maybe Jack felt too overwhelmed to sit down and have a discussion with you. So he did the right thing and left.”

“But I haven’t heard from him or been able to contact him since.” Okay...so more whining. But I was trying to understand.

“Maybe it’s as simple as he’s not ready. You need to give him a little more time if you are serious about wanting to remain...friends with him?”

“What if he hates me? What if he only wants to be...’friends’? What if...” I was beginning to feel emotional again and Aunt Cat interrupted just before my ‘dew point’.

“Sweet heart...” Aunt Cat took my hands in hers again and looked me seriously in the eyes.

“...there are a lot of guys out there. You’re only fifteen years old and haven’t even begun to explore those possibilities. Maybe he will hate you and maybe he will never want to see you

again. So what? It hurts for a while and then you get tired of hurting and you begin to look again. Or maybe somebody else comes along who simply connects with you the way Jack does.”

I nodded. I understood but that still didn't make anything easier.

“Look... Jack didn't reveal your secret to anybody else...right?” I nodded. “So if you two can no longer be a friend, that doesn't mean you have to leave school and start again. You already have a few good friends, right?” I nodded again.

We spoke on for quite a while and I even had dinner with Aunt Cat. I felt a little better after speaking with her for sure. I suppose she really didn't tell me anything I already didn't know? But she did give it some order and she definitely put some perspective on the entire issue.

I knew she was right. It was my derp and I had to consider how Jack must have felt having that suddenly dumped on him. I realized that while the entire world didn't need to know my personal business, someone who I felt like maybe knowing a little better did need to know. And that had to happen before things got really personal.

Friday morning started as usual. I was sitting with Chrissie, Liz and Brian having juice coffee and a buttered roll when my phone sounded the arrival of a text message. I picked it up and looked at the message. It was from Jack.

‘Can we talk? Will call after school before work.’

I blinked hard several times as I read and reread the message. I then politely excused myself, went into the girl's room, and blew breakfast into the bowl. My tummy would simply not stop constricting. I felt like I might need to sit for a bit as well. I thought to myself; ‘Oh my God NO!!! Not another day of which end to place in the bowl first!!!’

I was totally stunned. I almost gave up the thought of ever hearing from Jack again. I tried to keep Aunt Cat's talk foremost in my mind but a whole load of conflicting emotions started to rise and wouldn't stop. I felt myself verging on tears and I stopped into the girl's room again before class.

Chrissie was kind enough to bring my bag and things to the first class for me. I think he intuitively knew what the message was about...or at least who had sent it. I didn't hear a single word the teacher said during the class. My mind was sooo full of...stuff. I wanted so badly to immediately answer his text with an ‘ok’ but...I don't know...something stopped me.

I didn't want to make it so easy for him. As much as I might have hurt him, he certainly hurt me. Aunt Cat was right; it was probably a good thing that he was too messed up to speak about what I had told him. I would have definitely lost it in a deluge of tears which would have without a doubt accomplished nothing. I waited until after the third class to text him back a simple ‘ok’ and no smiley face.

Chrissie was somewhat aware of what was going on but I didn't tell him the details and I thought I never would. His knowing about me would make no difference in our relationship. He did offer to be on standby should I need a peer's shoulder to cry on.

As we sat eating lunch, Brian told me that Jack hasn't been in school for the past two days. Now I was somewhat concerned about Jack. This was not like him at all. Hopefully we could both resume our wretched little lives once we spoke and I would be able to pass a bathroom without feeling the need to enter and vent one end or the other. Extra soft tissues were almost becoming a rarity.

When I arrived home after school, I knew I had to make some sort of plan. If this was to be the big kiss off, I at least wanted him to see me at my best so that he would remember what he lost. The first thing I did was let my mom know that Jack might be coming over later.

"Oh...are you two an item again?" She smiled ever so...yukkily! And an item? What was that supposed to mean anyway?

"Uhhh...we'll see." I spoke as I hurried up the stairs to my room. I could hear mom giggling as I left the room.

I felt angry again. Here I was, planning to look my killer best, and for what? Maybe I should dress up as a guy! I wished I had a baseball bat so I could take a swing at him! I was halfway up the stairs when my phone began to go off. Instinctively I began to reach into my bag for it but then I thought; 'Let him wait. I waited all week!'

I walked into my bedroom, placed my bag on the bed, and then reached into it for my phone. It was Jack. I took a deep breath and slowly exhaled. Part of me didn't want to speak with him right now. I answered anyway.

"Hello?"

"Hi..." There was a long moment of silence. "I would like to speak with you, if that's okay."

Hmmm... I kind of like the 'if that's okay'. Maybe he realizes that maybe...just maybe...I might be angry and upset? But I can't let him off too easily.

"Well...here I am. What would you like to speak about?" As if!!!

"Uhhh... I have to work now? I was hoping that maybe I could see you afterward. It's easier for me to speak face to face...if that's okay with you."

I knew that was coming. I knew I would probably fall apart upon seeing him. But then again, he does have that ADD or whatever? And he did ask if it would be okay. I really did want to see him. Oh my God!!! Why can't life be simple? Too much faaahhhkn drama. I'm even profaning like him. Faaahhhk!!!

“Okay... What time would be good for you?” I mean he does have to work and I definitely don’t want to see him all filthy and sweaty. And maybe he needs to eat something? I’m not cruel even if the world is.

“Would eight be okay?” I could hear concern in his voice.

I could play games with him. I could say something like; ‘Crappers...I have something on at eight. I could change it though.’ But I wasn’t going to do that. Hmmm... I think that I’ve given him enough of a very pregnant pause.

“Okay. Do you want to talk here?”

“Well...I was thinking somewhere private. That way we can say what’s on our minds and, well, not have an audience.”

Jack was right. It might...I might...become emotional and even if we sat outside somewhere, my folks could stumble out and well...you know.

“I thought of the beach but a Friday night during the season wouldn’t exactly be very private either.”

Jack was certainly right about that. It would probably be wall to wall people.

“Now my aunts (Jack called his aunt’s partner his aunt as well) are out for the evening. We could go there if you’re okay with that.”

If I’m okay with that. Hmmm... There’s that trust thingy again. I mean I wasn’t afraid of Jack hurting me...at least not physically. But what if we got into one of those thingys that Aunt Cat mentioned where we start saying things simply to hurt the other person? How would I leave? Would he still take me home?

“Ummm...” Do it...do it...say yes!!! “...okay.” I smiled as I said it. I could hear the tension, both his and mine, sort of melt away.

“Great! I’ll see you later.” I could almost hear him smile.

“Bye.” I’m sure he heard mine.

In a small fit of emotion, I clutched the phone to my breast and spun around and then flopped out upon my bed. Maybe...just maybe...we were on again. Maybe...just maybe...he found his senses and decided that he felt more for me as I am than as he imagined I was. And within a few months I will be the fulfilled vision he imagined.

I mean I could hope...right? If he couldn’t handle me the way I am now...then what? Friends maybe? I don’t know. I get sooo...weird when I’m even near him? I don’t know what I’d do about that. Would we simply shake hands and that’s that? I would die...slowly...painfully...yet

again. But I wouldn't be able to change that...how he felt. And I certainly didn't want to force him or guilt-trip him into something he really didn't want.

I doubt very much that he wanted to dump on me and then give me the big kiss off. What would be the point? He already did that in a way when he left the first time. There would be no reason for him to want to speak with me again. And I never once got the impression that he was the type to go back and dump on someone. Jack was definitely a one-time dumper. And if he decided to dump on someone, I am very sure that they stayed totally dumped.

Nopers...it was either a make-up or friends situation. In either case, I wanted to look...hotter than hot. I don't mean like slutty hot. I mean more like...'me' hot? I had to wear something totally femme. I had the perfect blouse; lots of lace on pale pink linen. I had this maroon silk and linen wrap skirt with a hem that fell to mid-calf. When I sat, it tended to split and expose my leg to just above my knee.

After laying my clothing out on my bed, I reached for a white light weight cardigan sweater just in the event the night produced a chill. I decided on plain black ballet flats and black wool knit knee high socks. For some reason I had visions of that lovely gazebo and I didn't want to have a moment, good or bad, missed because of a chill.

After my shower I decided to rest for a while. I was too excited to nap but I did want to at least gain back some energy taken during the day. Of course I thought about Jack and all the fun we had; the special moments we had. And I thought about all of those silly little day dreams of what life together might be like.

I must have fallen asleep because the next thing I knew it was two hours later. I was making up for all the lost sleep during the week. I sat up in bed and looked at the outfit I had chosen. The thought suddenly occurred to me that tonight was all about me. This was my night, not Jack's. I realized that a friendship would simply not do.

It would either be everything or nothing. Like...I couldn't be near the guy without having these...these...feelings? I couldn't even see him without my body trembling with excitement. So how would we be able to maintain a friendship; via texting?

I had to change my outfit. It was as much for him as it was for me. I wanted to take that away from him. I am a female regardless of what I wear and what parts I might, or might not, have. This is my night! I'm going to wear comfortable! I'm going to wear easy! I only have three pairs of jeans and he's never seen me in them. In fact I only wear them at home.

Well tonight I'm going to do something new. I'm going to wear my most worn low riders. And I have the perfect blouse. It's a white cotton gauzy thing with slightly puffy short sleeves. It has

embroidery in earthy colors; swirls and squiggles and such. It would be perfect. I only needed a pair of knitted light wool socks and the black ballet flats. With this outfit I didn't need any jewelry at all.

As I stood in the bathroom putting my hair up, I decided that a pony tail would be much better. So I redid my hair and placed the pony tail higher up than usual. What could be plainer than that? I used a simple scrunchy to gather my hair; done.

I went downstairs to get something to eat before finishing with my cosmetics. My mom had more than a mild questioning look upon her face when she saw how I was dressed.

“Is that what you're wearing tonight sweet heart?” I loved her wide eyed look.

“Yeah...it's comfortable and I don't think I'll be gone long anyway.” I was actually speaking into the fridge. I knew Friday was kind of date night for mom and dad but he didn't usually get home till eight or later.

“Would you like me to make you something?” She joined me in my search for something appealing. “I have some of the quiche from last night if you'd like.”

“Sure...that would be perfect.”

I didn't have much of it last night because my tummy was so out of sorts but I do remember it was good. My mom could really cook up a storm. She actually made use to those cooking shows she watched. It was hysterical to hear her and Chrissie exchanging recipes and cooking ideas. My mom joined me for a snack and we sat and ate and talked. It was a very easy time for me. Our time together helped settle me even more than the food.

I put the dishes in the sink after we finished and helped her clean up. Then, once we had finished, I felt it was time to put on the finishing touches; my face. I went back upstairs and walked into my bathroom. I removed all the kits and palettes and pots of colors I had. I brought them all to my vanity.

I looked at my face in the mirror. I wanted to do something I'd never done before; a new look for my face. I wanted different colors. I wanted an esthetic clash...a collision...an explosion. I began, of course, with my usual routine for my lips as I thought about color and looked at my various palettes.

Suddenly it came to me! I would use a teal color for my eye lids and eye liner. I never went into the green shades at all and teal had enough blue to accent my eyes. This would make a nice change. I used a very pale blue for my eye crease and an even lighter shade up to my brows. I used dark brown on my lashes; two coats...of course. As for my lips...hmmm...

The only shade I have never worn is orange! Of course it would need to be orange! I didn't have a stain so I had to use the lipstick pots. Fortunately the lipstick and gloss were both long

lasting so I took my time and achieved as good a shade of orange as I could. The finished look was a redder than I had hoped for but hey...you know? I put orange stain on my 'to get' list.

I stood back from the mirror for a moment and just looked at myself; my face. I really liked the look. It was colorful but not...clown like? It even had a kind of sophistication and was not slutty at all. I don't know...in spite of that sophistication, the look still had innocence to it...or maybe it was simply me. Hmmm... I ran out of my room and down the stairs to find my second opinion.

“Ma???”

“In here...” I heard her voice come from the family room. I ran to her with a big smile on my face.

“What do you think?”



I guess my excitement registered in my voice as she looked away from the cooking show she was watching with a smile. Mom had become quite accustomed to me wearing makeup for after school events and things. While I still had the ban for school, which I was now kind of ignoring; other times were more than okay. But I don't think she was quite prepared for anything as rad as what I now wore.

“Wow!!! That's a new look for you.” Mom kind of gawked for a moment or two. “And that outfit is...” Her smile melted away for just a quick moment. “You're really not planning on being out long, are you?”

There was a hint of sadness in her voice. Could it be she actually warmed up to Jack? Nopers, she was probably more concerned with my behavior all week and the fact that I looked as though Jack and I were finished. I was merely putting the dying thingy out of its misery. I walked over to where she was sitting and I sat alongside, putting my arms around her and snuggling into her softness.

“No mom...I simply wanted to feel comfortable and it’s not like we’re going out on a date you know. Anyway, we’re probably not going anywhere other than maybe the diner and he said he wanted to talk. So...this is my ‘talking outfit’.” I giggled.

“Well...” Mom looked me over as she guided me up with her hands. She looked me up and down closely whilst holding my hands. “I think I like the look; especially your choice of colors. I don’t know if I’d be that brave...” Now she giggled. “...but it does look great on you. It does make your eyes stand out. What are you going to wear with that?”

“No jewelry mom. I want it to be as plain and simple as possible.”

“Not even earrings? You always wear at least wear studs or something.”

“Oh my God!!!”

I reached for my lobes in surprise. I never did anything without something in my piercings. I ran out of the room and back upstairs to hunt for my simplest pairs of studs. There are just two things I feel naked without when I venture out my front door; lip color of some sort and earrings. I rummaged through my earring chest and found two pairs of studs.

I put the first pair in my lobes and just as I was about to reach for the second, I had a change of mind and picked up my most demure, almost just wire, gold earrings. They went in just behind the studs. Just then I heard the doorbell faintly ring. Jack was here and a bit early at that. I was in no rush at the moment. I went into the bathroom to give myself one last look. Yesss!!!

I grabbed my hobo bag and the sweater I had chosen earlier and left my room. Jack and mom were in the entryway as I slowly walked down the stairs. Normally I would fly down if Jack was even pulling into the driveway. I had to keep cool and maintain my self-control.

“Hi Jack...” I spoke before I was completely in view.

Jack was dressed and I mean like trousers and a sports jacket. He was wearing a dress shirt opened at the collar. Praise God he wasn’t wearing a tie! He looked...good. And yes, I felt that weird trembling that happens when I get near him anyway. He looked up at me. I could see a glint of surprise in his eyes.

“Hi...” He smiled that weird smile he had. I was accustomed to it and it made me giggle inside. “You look...great.”

He looked tired. Good!!! Why should I be the only one not getting sleep over this crap?

“Well children...” My mom’s sense of humor was...well...unique...’children’? “Play nice and...” She said turning toward me. “...not too late.” I nodded.

Jack opened the front door for me and I looked back at mom, smiled and winked, as he followed.

Finis

Author's Note:

The gorgeous woman who's image has been glommed off the net is Frida Gustavsson. She is rated number 17 in the world by Models Inc. I'm not sure of what that means. Anyway...the styling tool is by Estee Lauder and the cosmetic styling is by me. :)