Anne Makes the Grade Chapter 3

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Published on Lush Stories on 14 Aug 2011

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Anne's sexual awakening continues...

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/first-time/anne-makes-the-grade-chapter-3.aspx

“Ok. Start from the beginning,” Jessica said as they walked to school.

“It’d take too long. I won’t get half - way through before we get there.”

“Come ON. Please.”

“Jess, COME on. Do you really want to spend the day in damp panties?”

“Fine. I’ll just take them off.” She handed Anne her books and started to lift her skirt.

“What are you *DOING* ? Stop. Someone will see.”

“Don’t worry I’ll put them back on when we get there.” Her skirt rose high enough for a hint of panty to be visible. She stopped and looked over to her friend.

Anne stared back. “Well?”

“I can go higher if you want.”

The right side of Anne’s mouth rose. Ok Jess, she thought, I can tease you too.

“Tell you what, Jessica,” Anne said softly as her gaze dropped to the raised skirt, “give me your panties now and I’ll tell you every little juicy detail.”

Jessica let go of her skirt and took her books from Anne. “Fine, but tonight, after school? I hear all

about it. AND I get to ask questions.”

“Deal.”

They walked along in silence for a few minutes.

“Anne,” Jessica asked, “What would you have done if I’d dropped them?”

“There’s only one way to find out Jess,” Anne said with that same half smile.

“I surrender,” Jessica said with a mock bow. “Man where did you learn to bluff like that?”

Still smiling Anne said, “After last night? I don’t think it’s a bluff.”

“Okaaaay.”

Jessica was quiet for the rest of the walk to school. She couldn’t believe Anne backed her down. Usually, Anne was the one to step back and say stop. Of course last night was kind of a big thing. It was one thing to talk about teasing and flashing, but to actually do it? She wasn’t sure she could have done it.

Just before splitting to go to their respective home rooms Jessica said, “I should have taken them off. They’re soaked.”

Anne’s jaw dropped. “Wow, you are so going to suffer imagining what went on.”

“Already am. I hope the real thing is better than what I’m thinking.”

Anne smiled and walked away.

TEXT to MOM from A: *stopping at Js.*

TEXT to A from M: *k…hmwkdn?*

TEXT to MOM from A: *yep dn n fre prd.*

TEXT to A from M: *k hv fnbn2mfn*

“Well,” Jessica asked as she tugged her tie open and undid the top two buttons.

“fnbn2mfn.”

“That’s kinda cool. Your Mom can text and can actually send a coherent message.”

“That’s cool, but I think she can go a bit too far. She wanted to give me advice on S. E. X.”

Jessica snorted. “At least you’re getting advice. I get told ‘wait till you are in a committed relationship’”.

“Well that’s sweet.”

“Noooo, it’s code for ‘I really can’t talk about sex because I’m very uncomfortable with the subject, but don’t do anything till after you get married. Or just don’t get knocked up without an engagement ring.’”

It was Anne’s turn to snort. “That’s not too bad I guess. It’s got to be better than ‘I think you should go on the Pill, because I think you are going to seduce Mike and I don’t want you to get preggers.”

Jessica gasped, “SHE did NOT.”

“SHE DID.”

“Anne that is so cool. Green light,” Jessica sang, “Green light. Anne’s gettin L. A. I. D.”

“Jess, you are such a slut wanna be.”

“Wanna be? Oh hell yeah I wanna be.”

“Hey, how about I set you up with Mike. In a few weeks. You know, after the Pill kicks in.”

“Are you changing your mind about the geek?”

“Well, maybe. He was different yesterday.”

“Yeah?”

“Well……professionalish hair cut, Dockers that fit really, really well and contacts. Oh and I think he has muscles. Not bunchy bodybuilder muscles. More like….oh Toby McGuire as Spiderman

muscles.”

“Hmmmm….not bad I suppose. Kinda, buff geek?”

“Mmmmmyeah. Yeah, I like that; buff geek. Oh yeah, he’s a martial arts instructor. Just started teaching a week or so ago. Oh. Oh. Oh. I so need to tell you about his uniform.”

“K. Does he still button his shirts too far?”

Anne thought for a moment, “You know? I didn’t notice.”

“SHUT uuuuUUUUP. Did your eyes ever get above his belt?”

“Not really,” Anne blushed.

“Anne, if you don’t fuck him I will. K? I swear to you now. I will fuck him on your bed.”

Anne laughed uncontrollably, clutching her middle and rolling on the bed. Slowly she got herself under control and wiped her eyes.

Jessica stood there grinning. “Laugh now sister.”

“No Jess, no. It’s the way you say it. Like an oath.”

“I’ll take one if you want. Later though, tell me IN DETAIL everything.”

While Anne told her tale Jessica changed clothes.

Anne watched absently as Jessica took off her shirt and bra. She rubbed under her B-cup boobs smoothing away the bra’s indentation. Her skin was lightly tanned. Except her breasts which were as pale and as milky as Anne’s skin. Jessica liked to lie out during spring and early summer just enough to have tan lines. With her dark red hair she should have been covered in freckles, but her Grandmother’s Latina genes blessed her there. She had large nipples that were slightly inverted which Anne thought was kind of nice. Jessica could go braless in a tank top without any problems. Unless she got cold then watch out. High beams all the way.

Jessica gasped in shock as Anne told her about deliberately grabbing Mike’s cock when they were on the stairs.

“If you get a chance to bump your tits against his cock again you should wipe his pre cum up with your fingers and suck it off. See what he does.”

Anne shook her head and laughed.

“Hell, weren’t you curious? What would it taste like?”

“Believe me. I thought about it.”

Jessica sat next to Anne and untied her shoes and removed her socks. Standing she flexed her toes and gripped the carpet. Her face showed pleasure at the sensation.

Anne continued her story as Jessica unzipped her skirt and let it fall. Not tidy whities, Anne thought. Maroon, with lacey bands at the waist and thighs, but regular material where it mattered. Kinda sexy.

“You gotta wet spot,” Anne sang, breaking from her narrative.

“Duh, I’ve been like this all day and I’m soaked again.”

“So change.”

“Why. They’ll get soaked too.” Jessica said as she climbed on the bed; plumped her pillows and flopped on her back.

Anne kicked off her shoes and socks and crossed her legs facing Jessica.

“If Mike could see us now he’d die,” Jessica said.

“I doubt it. I think he’d play it cool. You know,” her voice lowered in an imitation of Mike. “Harrumpa, Anne excellent job on this word problem, but number 27 part d is for the degree angle of the rate of climb.

“He’d have a huge hard on and the wet spot would double, but yeah I think he’d keep cool. You so have to try it.”

“Maybe. I might,” Anne said with what was becoming her signature for naughty bravado. Her half smile.

Jessica pressed her feet against Anne’s knees.

“Give me a massage,” she asked plaintively.

“Gross. I’m not touching your stinky feet.”

“I will if you will.”

“You’re taller than me.”

“So, I’ll rest my foot on your boobs. Here I can set my heel in your bra.” She lifted her foot to do just that and Anne batted it down.

“Then your toe jam will be in my face.”

“Come onnnnn. I showered after gym and even refreshed the powder in my shoes. So they aren’t really stinky.” She waived her foot at Anne. “I’m just going to get whiney till you do.”

“Ok, ok,” Anne said giggling as she caught the foot and pressed her thumbs gently. “I never seem to say no to you.”

“I know. It’s so enabling. Mmmmmm,” Jessica finished with a moan. “That feels really good. So where are we in the seduction of Mike?”

“His robe or gi thing,” she replied and continued.

Anne kept massaging Jessica’s foot as she watched her friend’s panties continue to darken. I wonder , Anne thought…….

Jessica laughed, shocked at her brazen friend. She couldn’t believe she had fingered her pussy to orgasm while her mom and Mike where only seconds away.

“Too bad he didn’t catch you.”

“He did.”

“Mmm? He what,” Jessica murmured.

“Catch me.”

“No.”

“He did though,” Anne switched feet. “I heard a noise and thought it was him coming back. I kinda panicked and dropped the robe and tried to get dressed as fast as I could. I looked in the mirror to see how bad I looked and I saw HIM. He was watching me.”

“How long do you think he was there?”

“Judging from the size of the wet spot on his Dockers? I’d say from just before I exploded.”

“Wow, so he got a preview of what you’re like when you get off AND he saw you naked, completely naked. Starkers. Raw. Nude.”

“I get it. I get it. He got the whole enchilada.”

“I like my adjectives better.”

Anne giggled. “Now I’m getting wet.”

Jessica toed Anne’s skirt up. “Judging by the state of your drawers I’d guess you’ve been that way for a while.”

“Yeah. True.”

“You should start a business giving foot massages. You’re really good, you know.”

“Thanks, but no. Massaging your stinky feet is one thing. At least I know where they’ve been. Strangers? Neeveer.”

Jessica’s leg shifted allowing Anne to see her covered pussy more clearly. The panties were molded to her lips and Anne could see the clearly defined slit. Her pussy was so wet and flowing it had started to soak the comforter.

“Mmmm. Thanks Anne. I really needed that. My feet were killing me. Ready to swap?”

“No I’m good here,” she said and leaned back on her elbows. She opened her legs and scooted forward as she extended a foot toward Jessica.

“Ok. Continue,” Jessica said and tugged Anne’s foot closer so she wouldn’t have to sit up.

“Hey,” Anne cried as she fell backward. She struggled for a few seconds before getting repositioned on her elbows again.

“Sorry, I wanted your pussy closer,” Jessica said.

“Mmmm,” Anne asked as she felt her friend’s thumbs press down.

“I said I wanted your pussy closer.”

“Oh. Ok.”

“So, you guys got dinner and did some actual work for a while. Then what?”

“Oh….he had to leave.”

“No. It can’t end that way.”

“Oh it didn’t. I think he tried to take control of the teasing.”

“Yeah? How?”

“He pulled my panties out of his pocked and kissed them.”

“God,” Jessica moaned.

“It gets better.”

“You are cruel you slut.”

Anne smirked.

“I try to be.”

Jessica switch feet and Anne’s legs opened. Jessica saw that her foot was an inch from her friend’s wet pussy. She flexed her foot forward and her toes brushed the damp cloth.

“Jess you dike,” Anne squealed. “What do you think you’re doing?”

“Oops. Sorry, it was an accident,” she said. “But this isn’t.”

Jessica dug her big toe deeper into the wet cloth and felt Anne’s slit part.

“K.” Anne said. You so do not want to play darziees, Anne said to herself and scooted forward a fraction of an inch.

Jess felt the contact grow wetter and hotter as she stared into Anne’s eyes. Ok Annie, darziees it is and flexed her big toe up and down.

Both girls held their breath, frozen, neither one backing away.

“Go on,” Jessica said shakily.

“He. Uh. Mm. He shook my panties open and brought them to his nose and inhaled a lung full of my pussy scent.”

“I bet it smelled good.”

“Better.”

Anne rocked her pelvis against her friend’s toe. She could feel her labia trying to open further, trying to welcome the pressure Jessica offered.

“And then,” breathy this time.

“He held up the crotch of my panties and licked my juice from them.”

“God Anne,” Jessica whispered and pressed deeper.

Anne almost gone now ran her hot eyes over Jessica’s body. Her dark panties were beaded with her outflow. She glanced up and saw that Jessica’s nipples were erect and dark red. They were large and probably a half inch long. She looked into Jess’s eyes again. So green, like a jungle cat.

“One last thing happened before he left.” She began to rock against the firm pressure Jessica provided. Jess wiggled her toes, timing her movements with Anne’s.

“He gave them back,” she moaned and moved faster.

“That can’t be it,” she pressed harder deeper.

“It’s not,” faster and faster.

“You’re killing me,” her toes were coated with Anne’s pussy juice.

“I licked my own,” she bucked as her orgasm blasted through her body. “My. Own. Fucking. Cunt’s. Fucking. MMMM. Juice. Fuuuck.”

Anne’s orgasm fell away and she found she’d bitten the webbing of her right hand breaking the skin.

Jessica gasped and let go of Anne’s foot. “Wow. I made you come. You fucked my toe.”

Anne rolled forward and climbed her friend’s body; her legs straddling Jessica’s ribs. Jessica opened her arms to her. Anne kissed her, and she felt Jessica’s tongue glide over her full upper lip. Anne darted her tongue to meet Jess’s.

Jess broke the kiss and gently pushed Anne up so she could look at her.

“We are so bad. We’re so going to hell.”

“Yeah,” Anne replied and tweaked Jessica’s nipples.

Jessica squealed and rolled over; taking Anne with her. She planted her hands on Anne’s shoulders and kissed her quickly. She looked at Anne’s face; taking in her mouth with its full cupid’s bow; her almond eyes and kissed her again.

“I think I like kissing you,” Jessica murmured. Her moist lips hovered just above Anne’s. She felt the heat of Anne’s tongue as it darted over her upper lip.

“Me too,” Anne replied shakily.

She gently stroked Jessica’s ribs; enjoying the intimate feel of warm skin. Anne lowered her thighs to the flaring of Jessica’s hips so her hands could follow the contours of Jessica’s lower back. Anne continued to stroke along silky skin and toned muscles to Jessica’s shoulders.

“That feels good,” Jessica breathed the words into Anne’s mouth, “the softness of your hands; the hardness of your nails.”

“You feel good,” Anne replied softly. “Kiss me again.”

Jessica licked Anne’s lips and moved into the kiss. Anne’s lips parted as she responded; her mouth opening to Jessica’s tongue. Her arms pulled Jessica’s naked breasts against her. She relished the feel of her friend’s nipples through the cloth of her shirt and bra.

Her hands returned to their lazy tour of Jessica’s back; finally coming to rest on her lower back. She slipped her fingers under Jessica’s panties to continue over the swell of her ass. She squeezed the rounded flesh; enjoying the softer texture of the skin.

“Hey,” Jessica broke the kiss. “No getting fresh,” she said and broke into a giggling fit.

Anne rolled her eyes and tickled Jessica’s ribcage. Jessica screamed and struggled to escape as she laughed uncontrollably. Finally she captured Anne’s hands and flung herself to the empty side of the bed. Squirming, she wiggled around till her upper body lay across Anne’s legs.

Jessica’s nails scraped the bottom of one foot.

“Wait. Stop. Stop,” Anne screamed. “I’m sorry; it was just such a stupid thing to say after…..after…you know…what just happened.”

“Maybe, but if we keep on; we’re going to have sex….real sex.”

“Mmmmhhhmmmmnnnn,” Anne agreed slowly through closed lips. She was now rubbing the back of Jessica’s thigh.

“I’m so hot, and I don’t want to stop, but if I’m going to make love to you I….. I…. I guess I want some time to think.”

“What’s to think about? We know each other. Hell, we even love each other. We’ve know each other since we were three. I want this. I want you.”

“I know. Me too, but I’ve never thought of you as a lover. It will change things. How can we go back to being friends?”

Anne was silent for a while. Eventually, she nodded. “I get what you’re saying. I really didn’t think about that. I just wanted to keep going. Do you think things are going to be different now?”

“I dunno, it was kind of an accident. We’re having a sexy story like we do. Both getting hot and I

decided to shock you by taking my clothes off, but you didn't as much as blush. Then you agreed to massage my feet; which by the way; awesome. I thought you'd refuse, but you didn't. And the way you looked at me as you continued the story just pushed me and pushed me. So I went further….maybe too far when I touched you. You didn't stop me; in fact you responded….and it spiraled out of control.

"It was," Jessica continued, "well. Magical. If that's the right word."

"Spontaneous," Anne suggested.

"Madame Thesaurus," Jessica replied archly, "but yeah spontaneous. I mean, the first touch was, but when I felt you push back and groan…well…I discovered I liked it. Pleasing you I mean. I pressed further down and I felt your pussy open. Your panties were already wet, but you gushed then."

"I know . T hat almost sent me over the edge. Having someone else touching me like that. Knowing my pussy opened for you."

Anne's hand move to Jessica's panty covered pussy and stroked the wetness. Jessica moaned and closed her legs tightly; trapping Anne's small hand.

"Not tonight," Jessica said and shifted her legs.

Anne brought her fingers to her face and sniffed; tasted.

"Oh God," Jessica whispered, "That's so hot. But," continuing in a stronger voice, "If we're going to do this I want to have a clear head. Does that make sense?"

"Yeah," Anne said, "it does. You want to not be super horny. Start by knowing what we are going to do. Make the decision to go further, not be driven by horny urges."

"Yeah, is that ok?"

"Yeah. If we can look each other in the eye tomorrow then, yeah." Anne gave Jessica a half smile. "I have a feeling though, we'll be ok."

"Me too."

"Anyway, I better get home. Your Mom will be home any minute and I don't want a repeat of yesterday. Almost getting caught is bad for my heart."

Anne picked up her shoes and socks and set them on top of her books. She stuffed her socks inside her shoes while Jessica grabbed a night shirt and put it on.

“By the way; I have the Miata tomorrow. We can drive to school then to our appointment.”

“That’s so cool. Can we go to the mall after?”

“Sorry, I promised my Mom we’d go there and strait back.”

“Darn.”

“I know,” Anne replied. “I’ll pick you up same time?”

“Ok.”

Anne Picked up her books and turned to the door.

“Anne?”

“Yeah,” she asked turning.

Jessica gently gripped Anne’s shoulders and kissed her. “I do like kissing you. ‘Night.”

“Night,” Anne whispered. “I like being kissed by you. Tomorrow?”

“Def.”

Anne left and made her way home.

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Mike fished for his keys as he made his way to his car in the campus parking lot. Finally working them out of his tight jeans he looked up and saw Consuela leaning against the driver’s door of his car.

“Hey sailor,” Consuela purred, “Care to buy a girl a cup of coffee?”

“Hey Consuela,” Mike replied, “Love to, just let me drop my books in the car.”
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“Ok,” She said and moved out of the way.

Mike dumped his books in the driver’s seat and closed the door.

“Discretion, ok Miguel,” Consuela said with a smile.

Mike returned her smile, “So no soul kiss in the parking lot?”

“Only if you want to keep walking upright.”

“That’s incentive enough. So, were you serious about coffee? The campus food court serves a really good frappe.”

“They got a Starbucks?”

“No, the small business school runs it for practical applications. It’s good though. I get one almost every day.”

“Sounds good.”

They walked casually not too close, but clearly together.

“I had several motives for stopping by today. First, to see how you are after getting knocked out. Second, to discuss last night. And third, well I just wanted to see you.”

“Ok. I’m glad you did. I’d like to understand what happened.”

Consuela laughed, “I’m glad I stopped by. You may have questions, but you don’t ask them. So let’s start with why.

“It’s been a long time for me and watching you try and spar with a hard on should have been comical, but instead I got aroused. Your erection didn’t go down even after you got knocked out. I was pretty amazed. You were clearly in need of relief, and I thought why not? He’s suffering and now so am I.

“So maybe that covers the why. Ok,” She asked.

“Ok,” Mike replied.

They walked on for a few minutes without talking. They reached the food court and Mike opened the

door. Making their way to the counter Mike asked what she'd like.

"Your usual."

Mike ordered and a few minutes later walked Consuela to a small booth by the indoor garden.

She tasted. "Oh that's good. Richer than Starbucks."

"MmmHmmm, they use whipping cream instead of milk. Add ice whip and you almost have a shake. Too rich for anything larger than a small," He grinned at her, "I didn't want you to think I'm a cheapskate."

Consuela laughed again. Mike loved to hear her laugh. For three years she'd been his instructor, then friend, then boss and finally lover. It was only last night that he'd heard her throaty , chuckling laughter.

"Anyway," she said continuing, "will there be another time? Definitely; and soon.

"I want you to understand something; I'm not looking for a relationship. I work nearly eighty hours a week; writing books, instructing, running the business. And I really don't want to spend the time it takes to nurture another's emotions."

Mike nodded. He too worked between seventy and eighty hours a week. School, homework, tutoring and of course instructing at her studio. He'd tried dating after he left to be on his own after high school. What she said was true; you couldn't meet the needs of romantic love and keep pace with this kind of lifestyle.

"I know what you mean, hence the year long dry spell."

"So, what? Fuck buddies, friends with benefits? We steal an occasional night or weekend if our schedules coincide. Can you do that?"

"Consuela, believe it or not I've never had casual sex. I've always been in a relationship when sex was involved."

"I can assure you Miguel," Consuela purred, "it will be anything but casual."

Mike blushed and laughed, "But you understand what I'm saying?"

“Of course I do. I’m not heartless,” She placed her fingers on his inner wrist. “I’ve done the one night stand a couple of times and regretted it in the morning. I don’t like sex with strangers, and I’ve made a few mistakes on that end. And I’ve slept with a friend once. That was a disaster. He wanted more than I could give. We both got hurt. So I want you and I to have limits we are both willing to live by.”

“I understand, but I’m going to have feelings for you.”

Consuela leaned back nodding. “I’m sure. And I’ll have them for you. I’ve never tried this, so it’s going to be a n education .”

“Ok,” Mike sipped his drink. “So weekends you said?”

Consuela’s bright black eyes danced as she laughed. Her full pouty lips exposed even white teeth. She wore only eyeliner and a dark, rich red lipstick. Her tan complexion glowed without the aid of more makeup.

“Ohhh, weekends. This one if you are available.”

“I am.”

“Good, now for the boss stuff,” She said as she reached into her bag. “I want to ensure you are ok to work tonight.”

She brought out a penlight and clicked it on.

“Focus on the light and follow it,” she shifted the light horizontally from left to right.

“Ok, good. No twitching.”

She’d held his wrist, monitoring his pulse for the last few minutes. It was around 150. It was high considering his level of fitness, and sitting down. She was sure it was because of her. She saw him glance up as he recognized someone. His pulse jumped, but fell to 70 or so. He’d been distracted by someone. Interesting, she thought, that’s not a usual reaction.

“Hi Mike, how are you doing? Whoooiiiis this?” Cassie asked with an affected lilt.

Damn it, Mike thought, when did she get back. Did she flunk out of State?

“Hi Cassie,” Mike said without getting up. “This is Consuela, my boss at the studio. Consuela, this is

Cassie.”

“Nice to meet you Cassie,” Consuela said smiling up at her. “Care to join us? I’m almost done.”

Cassie flounced toward Mike. “So how have you been? I transferred from State. I got tired of the party life and I got so tired of the frat boys. They never take no for an answer.

“I’m free this weekend so you can pick me up Saturday night. We…Why are you still holding his wrist?”

“I’m monitoring his pulse,” She said sweetly. She’d pulled a pen and pad out of her purse while Cassie was talking. She’d started taking notes on Mike’s reactions to this situation.

“I plan to be tied up this weekend, sorry.” He looked over to see what Consuela was writing, but couldn’t read it.

“Well, how about tonight? I’d love to have dinner at Abeulo’s. I’ll be ready at seven,” she said giving him dimples with her huge smile and walked off.

Consuela glanced up. She smiled a question.

Mike smiled and shook his head. He looked at Consuela again noticed how bright and exotic her dark eyes were.

Consuela noted his pulse picked up its former rate.

“So. Ex-girlfriend?”

“Yeah, senior year till we graduated. Then we broke up. I took it pretty hard, but then I started hearing about some of her antics on campus. Let’s just say…she was popular. She’s ‘transferred’ here,” he said with one handed air quotes, “because she flunked out. Not just the last semester. She was on academic probation for two semesters. Her parents have money.”

“She seemed sure you’d jump to rekindle something.”

“Yeah, she feels a certain level of entitlement. I probably helped her develop some of that. I was or at least thought I was head over heels in love. Anyway, I suppose it was after I moved out on my own and had to support myself I realized she was spoiled and immature.”

“Living on your own makes you grow up pretty fast.”

Mike sipped at his drink.

“Did you know your pulse dropped when you noticed her?”

“No. What does that mean?”

“Your pulse rises or falls for several reasons. For instance, sitting here with me your pulse was about 150. I like to think it’s because of me. Excitement? Maybe. Nervous? I doubt it, not after last night. What do you think?”

“Desire.”

“Good answer. You may not ask a lot of questions, but you usually have good answers.

“Anyway,” she continued, “it dropped to around 70 which is probably normal for you on coffee and sugar. So why? Pain, physical or emotional spikes your pulse rate. Care to guess?”

“Absence of any strong emotion?”

“Possible. What’s interesting is your pulse stayed steady throughout the entire conversation; even when you lied to her.”

“Who says I lied?”

“Omission is still a lie.”

“I said I plan on being tied up this weekend.”

“But that is simply an avoidance answer; it should have felt like a lie to you. But your pulse was steady. So either you are a psychopath or you didn’t lie.”

Mike blushed deep red . “I didn’t lie. She was talking, but I was still thinking about what we might end up doing sometime tomorrow.”

It was Consuela’s turn to blush. “You are really bad. If I tie you up I’ll drive you insane.”

“Hopefully.”

“Just so we understand each other, sex with me sometimes is ‘be careful what you wish for’.”

Mike gulped. “Maybe not this weekend then.”

“Chicken. Anyway, time to go to work.”

Mike gathered the empty cups and napkins and started to get up, but Consuela stopped him.

“One last boss item. I need to know if you’ve lost your nerve or not so I’m going to challenge you to a sparring match.”

Mike froze, “I spar with you? Why not Gabe?”

“Because I’m the boss. And I’m better than Gabe.”

“I might hurt you.”

She laughed and took his hands in hers, “Not likely. I think you are worried about fighting a girl. You’re a nice guy and I think you were raised not to hurt or beat on girls.”

“True, and I know I might not land a punch, but there it is.’

“So to ensure you fight your best I’m going to give you a set of incentives or disincentives. If you don’t fight to the best of your ability, then you don’t get to have me ever again, and I’m going to demand you not pursue Anne. Believe me, I can make that stick. If you fight me with your best and lose anyway, then you can have me, but leave Anne alone. If you fight me to a draw, then you are where you are right now. You don’t have a choice here Miguel, Krav Magna is a weapon and it has to be wielded with confidence or not at all. You could get hurt or worse if you continue to instruct. So I need to know you haven’t lost your nerve. Do you understand?”

Mike swallowed the knot in his throat, “Yeah.” While Consuela talked, she lightly stroked his fingers. He’d become hard just from her touch.

“What if I win?”

“You won’t win,” she replied. “But I like the bravado.”

“You talked about incentives….”

“I’m not sure what more I could offer.”

“What have you never shared with anyone?”

Consuela froze for a moment. “You play a dangerous game, Hermano,” She said quietly. “There are some things I won’t do or share with anyone.”

“Sorry, forget I said anything.”

She laughed derisively, “Michael,” She said slowly, “never back away from me. I don’t have to like something to do it. Ok? I respect strength, both physical and character. So if you challenge me, never, never back down. Doing so tells me you’re afraid to lose. It tells me I’m not worth the risk. And I for one know better than that. That’s the only warning you get.”

“Then what do I get if I win?”

Consuela squeezed Mike’s hands gently. “My story. How I came to be me. I’ve only told my Father that story.”

“Ok,” Mike said quietly. “That’s huge thing I think.”

“Thankfully, you won’t ever know,” She said. Her eyes were large with hidden pain. It passed quickly and she smiled. “Time to go to work.”

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“Terrific Janice, I’ll be ready by nine,” Anne’s Mom was saying into her cell when she walked through the door. She waved at Anne and gestured for her to sit down at the island counter. Her mom talked for a few more minutes then hung up.

“Hi Sweetie, how was your day?”

“Good, yours?”

“Busy, work’s going good.”

Anne took her mom’s plate and served.
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“Thanks Anne.”

“This is good. Actually, this is the best.”

“Thank you sweetheart, I used fresh oregano this time,” she replied. She poured two glasses of wine and handed one to Anne.

“Thanks Mom,” she said and took a sip. “Mmmm, this is good.”

“It’s Australian, Yellow Tail? It was on sale and I figured what the heck.”

“It goes really well with the shrimp parm. So, who was on the phone?”

“Betty, she won a trip for four to Miami. It’s short notice; she has to go this weekend. She called to see if I wanted to go along. It’s good timing as far as I’m concerned. Old Man Winter is coming back tonight. Back down to the thirties with sleet tomorrow night.”

“Are you going , ” Anne asked. Inwardly she said, “Deus ex machina.”

“Duh.”

Anne laughed; she liked it when her Mother used adolescent vocabulary. She sounded silly, but that was ok.

“When do you leave,” Anne asked; thinking this would be perfect sleep over weather.

“Tomorrow afternoon. I’ll take a couple hours PTO. I’ll be back Monday night.”

“Cool, do you mind if Jess stays over?”

“No problem, besides Karen is coming along and she’ll feel better if Jess isn’t alone.”

“So I figure the rule no boys booze or drugs still stand. What about Mike?”

“Sure for tutoring. Of course if you want to have a threesome…..”

“Really? You don’t mind?”

“Of course I do. Just joking. Besides, if you want to sneak a boy over then I can’t stop you. But, your

conscience will.”

“Dammit.”

Her Mom laughed. “You’ll be good?”

“Yes Mom,” Anne replied with a sigh.

“Have some fun. Maybe a little wine; a long soak. Maybe you two can have your own girls’ night out.”

“We’ll do something like that I suppose. The weather is going to be pretty bad. What are you reading,” Anne asked when she finally noticed her Mom idly flipping through its pages.

“Oh, nothing. I’m looking for a replacement for my vibrator.”

“Moooooommmmmmm,” Anne shrieked in horror. “You can NOT tell me about that stuff.”

“Why, what do you know about these things,” she asked, sliding the catalog toward Anne.

Anne recoiled as if it were a snake and tried to shove it back. She only succeeded in turning more pages.

“I can’t believe…..what the hell is a rabbit?” Anne paused , the read the narrative.

Her Mom snorted, “Now you’re curious? Well, that’s my next vibe.”

“Why are you telling me this stuff?”

“Well, you’re a young woman now; not a child anymore. And, I realized we haven’t had this talk yet.”

“We’ve had the birds and bees talk. When I started my period.”

“That was the talk suited for a girl just entering puberty.”

“And now?”

“Suited for a woman who is probably thinking about sex a lot more often than Barbies.”

Anne took a steadying breath and said, “Ok, let’s talk.”

“First, I want to say I managed your virginity since you were fourteen; and now it’s your turn. Don’t waste it on just getting it over with. The first time is significant; even life changing. So don’t give it away, ok?”

“I’m not Mom. I’d like my first time to be special. I don’t know if it will be a boyfriend or a friend, but no drunken party.”

“That’s good. At least you’re thinking about a right time.”

“I think maybe Mike for my first time.”

“I had hoped you weren’t thinking about a whom. In the meantime; you can have a lot of fun with one of these,” she said pointing to a ruby red Rabbit. Don’t blush Sweetie; you’ve HAD to have taken a look at them by now.”

“Ok, I have, but I thought the umm, realistic looking ones would be better.”

Her mom pointed to the rabbit’s features. “See these little ears?”

“Yeah,” Anne said slowly.

“Well, they vibrate on either side of your clit. It’s supposed to be awesome. And the curve hits your g-spot.”

“Maybe you should order two,” Anne said blushing.

“I did.”

Anne blushed even redder. Knowing that her mom would surely know what she would be doing with something like this.

“What did you mean ‘managing my virginity’?”

“About the time you started puberty I got you involved in soccer, volleyball, basketball, dance, music lessons, and stuff like that. My goal was to keep you busy, divert your energy and try to keep your mind focused on something other than boys. But then, you started getting good; very good; especially soccer and volleyball and I thought maybe with your good grades you’d maybe get a scholarship. See, I thought the later your first time was; the more mature you’d be. And better to handle it

emotionally. I was worried you might adopt the attitude some of your friends had about sex. You know …. I t’s not a big deal. It’s best to just get it over with.

“ I had to see MY friends grieve over a regretful daughter who wasn’t prepared for the emotional aspect. Or worse, a pregnant daughter.”

Anne nodded quietly, “And now that I’m eighteen you think I’m mature enough? Is that why you are acting like this; being frank I mean?”

“Partly. But also I want to reassure you that you can talk to me. So let me get the sappy, mushy stuff out of the way, ok?”

“Alright.”

“I have always been so proud of you. Your athletic ability, how smart you are in school. And I dearly love the child you were and the girl you became. I can’t wait to know the woman you become. That is a person we’ll get to know together. Most importantly, Anne, I want to become a friend to that woman. To be more than just a mother that controls your waking hours, but a confidant and mentor. Do you understand what I’m asking?”

A tear rolled down Anne’s cheek, “Mom that’s the sweetest thing you’ve ever said to me.”

“Now stop, you’re going to make me cry too.”

Anne laughed and dried her eyes, “I hope I won’t disappoint you; ever, but lately sex has been on my mind constantly. I don’t know why. I’ve never really thought about it much. And now….If I can get five minutes alone with Mike….”

“I hope it takes longer than five minutes sweetie.”

“Any advice?”

“Be sure. And make sure you’ve given the pill time to work.”

“Anything else?”

“There 're some things you have to learn on your own.”

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“Excellent session…..dismissed,” Mike barked as the last class of the night wound down. He spun around and walked off the practice floor. He saw Consuela tighten her belt and step to the center of the floor.

“It’s time.”

Mike stepped to the center to face her. Stone faced he bowed.

Gabe; the senior instructor stood to the side and centered on them. He handed them what little sparring gear was used in Krav Mag. Padded head protection was buckled down; lightly padded fighting gloves cinched down. Lastly, awkward looking pair of fighting shoes was laced tightly. These covered the heels and ball of the foot.

“This fight will end when one of you taps out or are otherwise unable to continue. Landed blows and kicks will be scored by me and the other instructors. I will end the fight if I believe there has been a threatening injury. In the event of a draw I will be the sole arbiter. Any questions?”

There were none.

“Begin.”

They stood quietly for a moment then Consuela moved fluidly to Mike’s right. Her hands shifted slightly. She leapt, launching a spinning kick to Mike’s head. He dropped backwards while launching a counter strike at her pivot foot. She didn’t recover quickly enough and her foot was swept away.

Before she touched the ground she’d already rolled away from him. Thinking he had the advantage he pushed himself up and struck at her midsection. She’d anticipated his attack and neatly caught his wrist; used his own momentum to drag and flip him over her hip.

He fell heavily and felt a stunning blow against his jaw.

Seizing her tunic he turned the advantage of her movement and pulled her off balance. She fell on her back and he tried to pin her.

A knee to his ribs stole the breath from his lungs. They broke apart and circled each other looking for an opening.

Mike attacked with a flurry of punches to Consuela’s head and midsection. She smoothly blocked or

diverted all but the last two.

Shaken Consuela backed up two steps and sent a vicious roundhouse kick into his ribs.

Gonna feel that tomorrow, he thought as he fell and rolled into her legs hoping to knock her down.

In a springing dive she flipped over him, rolled on her shoulder and recovered her feet.

Again Mike launched bodily at her. He caught her in a tackle and threw her to the mat. He sent a knee into her ribcage.

She gasped and grabbed his tunic trying to tangle one of his arms. She punched twice; landing both blows.

Now the fight turned into grappling with short, sharp punches. Finally, Consuela succeeded in pinning him on his back.

She landed heavily on his chest with her knees planted on either side of his ribcage. Once firmly in place she began to squeeze inward forc e paralyzing his lungs. This was similar to how a rider controlled a horse. Except on a human t he knees pressed into the nerve bundles a few inches below the armpits causing immediate pain, while the pressure against the ribs paralyzed the diaphragm.

He tried to flip his legs up and grab her around the neck, but she was too far forward. He tried to roll her off, but her legs gripped him like a python. His head began to buzz as his air ran out.

In desperation, he bucked his hips high and tucked his calves under his butt. He forced his thighs downward and when his knees touched the mat he raised his upper body in a powerful crunch.

Consuela could feel herself rise as Mike rose nearly to a sitting position.

When he had enough leverage he stood and grabbed her by the waist. Spinning he tried to throw her off. Failing that, he began to punch.

Suddenly she launched backwards at the same time he flew backwards and crashed against the wall.

He tried to get up, but the thundering pain in his gut kept him down. Dimly he could feel a deep stinging pain just below his solar plexus. He touched the area and the sting became sharp and immediate; his hand was wet with blood.

Slowly he rolled to his knees and sat back on his haunches. He looked to see where Consuela was and found her a few feet away in a similar position.

Both stood and started forward….

“Enough,” Gabe barked. “It’s over.”

Breathing with difficulty; the nerves still screaming along his ribs Mike nodded.

He shuffled toward Consuela and held out his hand. She took it and hugged him while patting his back. He did the same.

Separating they looked at Gabe.

“I never thought I’d ever say this, but it’s a draw. Neither had a clear advantage and there was a good chance someone was going to get really hurt.”

Consuela nodded.

Gabe’s eyes switched between two sweaty faces, “Since I’ve never seen anyone break th at pin I think a new move was just invented,” he turned to the other instructors, “anyone disagree?”

After a quiet debate each instructor replied in the negative.

“Jace, take Mike to the locker room and get him cleaned up. See what’s bleeding,” Gabe said, turning to Consuela, “Boss? Anything broke or misplaced?”

“No. And nothing a good soak and a long weekend won’t fix.”

Gabe laughed, “Humor me and touch your toes, roll your neck and then do the same with your upper body.”

Consuela complied, “Happy? Nothing broken.”

“Good. I haven’t seen a fight like that in a long time. He’s good you know. Better than he should be with only three years under his belt.”

“I know. I think he’s ready for the more advanced stuff we don’t usually teach.”

“The Mossad stuff,” Gabe asked with surprise.

“The Mossad stuff,” Consuela agreed.

Anne sat primly at her desk occasionally glancing at Mike. The session had been going for an hour and both acted as if Wednesday never happened. She’d been nervous about facing Mike. Could she even look him in the eye? Then he showed up with bruises, a puffy black eye and swelling along his jaw. As he limped upstairs he related his sparring match last night. He told her of the deep scratches on his abdomen. Turning his attention to her; he asked how her day was.

Anne blushed and spoke in general terms about her day and her ‘routine’ doctor’s appointment. She kept her appointment and gotten a prescription for birth control pills. It was better having a woman gynecologist; more comfortable; easier to talk to.

She thought this, but didn’t say it to Mike.

They talked quietly about her assignments and work she’d done.

“I hope I’ll make an A this time. My plans for spring break ride on it,” Anne said.

“I have no doubt about it. You’ve improve greatly. The truth is you just needed to take your time on your work. As long as you do that you’ll make that A.”

“Thanks Mike, that means a lot.”

Mike started to speak, but the chirruping phone announced he’d received a text.

From C: *Come over for dinner?*

From Mike: *Sure. When? Where?*

From C: *7:30 5721 Lakefront Rd. Take 581 north to the 4 way stop. Turn right. Take a right on Lakefront. I’m the house at the end of the cul-de-sac.*

From Mike: *Great. We’re almost finished here so I’ll leave in 20 min. Should be there 7:30ish. Need anything?*

From C: *Wine. 1 or 2 btls. Surprise me. Plan to stay the night. Weather’s changing so drive safe. Park*

in the garage.

“Girlfriend,” Anne asked.

“No, maybe…I don’t know. She’s never showed a romantic interest in me till a few days ago. She’s invited me to dinner. You don’t mind if I leave a little early?”

“No, that kinda works for me too. Jessica is coming over. Girls’ night in, especially with the coming weather.”

“I haven’t checked. Is it going to be bad?”

“Probably the last gasp; just to let us know who’s boss. Snow, sleet, freezing rain, but it’s supposed to pass by the morning.”

“So no late night driving then.”

“Probably not. Are you staying the night?”

Mike blushed, “On the couch if the weather’s bad.”

“Sure.”

Mike blushed redder.

“Anyway, it’s none of my business, but have fun.”

“Ok, I’ve got to go. I have to stop and get some wine.”

“Oh, check out a brand Yellow Tail. It’s pretty good. I’ve tried the merlot and zinfandel.”

“Cool, thanks,” Mike said as he packed up.

She watched through the curtains as Mike made his way down the sidewalk. She him stop and turn as Jessica called his name . They chatted for a few minutes. Jessica was making flirty motions as she talked. She was dressed in only a sports bra and running shorts. Her nipples stood out as the air dried her sweat. Mike was laughing in reply and looking at her friend.

She felt a stab of jealousy as she watched them flirt. And who was he going to visit? Irrationally, she’d

felt sure he'd be the one. That he'd sweep her off her feet and make her a woman. Now it looked like that wasn't going to happen.

She shook her head. No, she shouldn't feel jealous, Mike wasn't hers and she didn't have any right to be angry at Jess for doing the same thing she'd done.

Mike grimaced as he got into his car. He was in some pain it was clear. So maybe his date wasn't going to be any luckier.

She saw Jess disappear and heard the front door slam.

"Honey, I'm home," Jessica sang. "Wow, Mike looks hot now. Amazing how well he cleans up." Anne could hear her feet on the steps.

"He was limping. Did he pull a muscle fucking you?"

"Hey Jess, come on up. Nothing happened tonight. Dammit. Anyway he has a date. She's cooking dinner for him."

"He's such a food slut. Monday, make him your Mom's shrimp parmesan. Maybe then he'll bang your brains out."

Anne snorted laughter. "Jess, food is the way to a man's heart. I just want his cock."

It was Jess's turn to snort. "You really need to jump him. Monday, no bra, no panties. When he sits down straddle his lap and plant a big wet one on him."

"Shoulda done that tonight."

"Hey, look at what I brought," She opened her bag and tossed her clothes out. Digging deeper she held up a rabbit vibrator and a large life like dildo mounted on a ball.