

Broad Cast

A girl named Barbara Blake had always made me feel a little wary of the consistency of the universe's methods. I lived in a middle sized town and went to a middle sized high school. I had high grades and low confidence, strong friendships but few friends. It all felt very... normal, I guess you could say. Not that I'm some kind of expert on what counts as normal, but it felt like the people around me weren't so very different from me, just different tunings on the same knobs.

Except, that is, for Barbara.

My school's not so small that it doesn't have its share of lookers, but Barbara was on a whole other playing field. A whole other universe, almost. She was royalty – in a literal way, actually. Homecoming queen three years running, shoe-in for her second prom queen, and – oh yeah – she was this year's Miss Teen California. That's right, she entered a beauty contest against hundreds of other bombshells from across this whole huge state, and won. Grace, curves, style... perfect genes and even more perfect grooming. Looking at her made one feel that one was an extra on a movie set, that no one and nothing else could be worthy of focus in her presence.

And she was my next door neighbor.

Not that we were friends by any means. We'd known one another since forever, but aside from occasional get-togethers with our families, we were acquaintances only. She wasn't allowed to date, a sore subject between her and her overprotective father – I know because my window looks out at hers. I'm convinced that her pneumatic breasts and incredible shouting capacity share the same explanation, that she filled those suckers with extra lungs. Rumor had it she was seeing a college boy on the sly, but I didn't believe them. I'm not trying to peep on her or anything – really, I'm not – but I spend a lot of time in my room, and even when there's no light in hers but the desk lamp she hardly ever shuts off, I can see her silhouette against the blinds. Suffice to say that I'd know if she were coming or going in the night.

As for her days... I knew almost nothing. I was in all honors classes, so I didn't see her in school except sometimes in the hallways, and she rode to school with her friends, so I didn't see her on the bus.

Until, one day, I did.

“Barbara?” It felt weird to say her name out loud, to her face, instead of in my imagination. How long had it been since we'd spoken? Three months? More? “What are you doing at the bus stop?”

“It's a public school bus, Jimmy. Am I not part of the public?” There was an unmistakable note of disdain for that group, despite her claim to membership.

I made myself maintain eye contact. It wasn't easy; we had the game against Northside tonight, and she was wearing her cheerleading uniform to school. Her pillowy breasts were

giving the threads on that thin cream-colored sweater as much of a workout as she'd be giving the dominant arm of every boy who looked at her wearing it.

“Sure, just, you usually don't is all.”

“Yeah, well, that idiot Jack wrecked his car last night, so now it's this or walking.” She grunted in displeasure, but even that was a delicate sound when it came from between those soft pink lips.

“Well, it's not coming for another ten minutes – I was just taking out the garbage. So, you know, if you didn't want to, um, wait. Out here. You don't gotta.”

“Eh. My dad's already up; the last thing I need is another lecture about how he disapproves of the new uniform. I'll cope.” For those who didn't believe in a generous god, I submit the best evidence I've yet encountered: the new cheerleading uniform. The attire was short enough that on the taller girls it would even show an inch or two of their bellies when their arms raised up, and with a skirt fully one and a half inches shorter. If they pivoted too fast, you could see half their thighs.

“Oh. Well, yeah. I was just gonna wait, too. If that's OK.”

“Suit yourself, Jimmy.” She didn't say anything else.

Ordinarily, I can wait for the bus with relative serenity, but Barbara's mere presence had my brain working in overdrive. I lasted almost half a minute before I had to fill the silence. “So hey, you know how I went to nationals this year for ARRL? Maybe you don't. I know my mom told your mom, but I dunno if she told you. Anyway, yeah, I did. And so yeah, I got this brand new scanning equipment to go with the transmitter I made over spring break. It's pretty awesome.”

I wanted to hit myself the moment I said something. Why on earth would even the deepest, most clueless layers of my subconscious think that Barbara Blake would be interested in my radio stuff? I braced myself to be ignored, but to my surprise, she turned to look at me, something that might have been interest sparkling beneath those perfectly sculpted eyebrows, twin seas reflecting a blue sky, scintillating under sunbeams of golden hair. “What's AARL?”

“It's ARRL – one A, two R's. Amateur Radio Relay League. It's all about reaching out to people all over the country – all over the world, really – and establishing communication.”

“Hmm.”

“I'm sure I've told you about it. I've been doing it since middle school. Don't you remember? You came over that one time and we played with my equipment for a few hours?”

“Oh, I must've forgotten.” She stroked her chin – oh, to be that chin! to be those fingers! – and glanced to my front door. “Say, if we have ten minutes, why don't you show me?”

My jaw was only kept from hitting the sidewalk because of the anatomical impossibility. “Really? You want to see my radio?”

“Do I need to ask twice?” From her tone – as well as the legend surrounding her – it was plain that she did not repeat her requests.

In hindsight, I should have heeded my inclination to incredulity. The idea that Barbara Blake wanted to go to my bedroom, to see my radio, to interact with me in any way whatsoever... I mean, I should have known, right? So when, in the middle of my explanation of the new SRF scanner, she dumped a glass of water square in the middle of the box...

“Why did you do that?” I howled as the radio sparked and squealed. Something inside was hissing, and a stench of melting plastic was quickly filling the room.

“Must have been an accident,” she said, already on her way out the door. “And by the way, Jimmy... Nobody cares, and don’t you ever talk down to me again. OK?”

I was late for school. Even if I could have caught the bus I was too intimidated by the thought of facing Barbara again. I tried not to let it throw off my day. Whenever I could find a free moment, I sketched out plans for how I could use my spare parts to repair the damages, and by the time I'd gotten home, I'd even convinced myself she'd done me a favor by giving me the push I needed to innovate.

Back at home, I worked on restoring my radio all through the evening. I tuned to the school's broadcast of the game, idly daydreaming about Barbara and that uniform between tinkering. Really, it kind of got me into this zen state of mind, where my hands worked without thinking. I'd attach a part, swap out a component, fine-tune a dial, all the while my mind occupied on nothing more complex than trying to pick out Barbara's voice cheering from the others issuing tinnily through my speakers.

At some point, the game ended. (Northside won.) I switched off the local station and started scanning broader frequencies. I wasn't having much luck, though. Whatever I'd done – and I'd have to spend some time tomorrow with daylight to help me peer into the nooks and crannies of the sprawling array of equipment – it seemed to have crippled my audio clarity, but I was picking up all sorts of bizarre signals closer by. It wasn't static, quite. Just some kind of incomprehensible rhythmic droning. What was I picking up? Could I be reaching prototype U.S. satellites? A covert Soviet signal? An anomaly from components inadvertently broadcasting at an ultra-low frequency?

I began rebuking myself for dreaming so big when it was most likely nothing more than a glitch in my equipment, but right then my investigations were interrupted by the sudden presence of a light in the window across the thin strip of lawn between houses. Barbara was home. I looked at the clock and saw it was already after eleven, a fact which was doubly confirmed when I took off my headset and could hear the thundering of Mr. Blake berating his daughter for violating her curfew. She yelled back that she couldn't wait to be out from under his roof, that he was a tyrant and a bully. Through the curtains, I could see two vague dark shapes storming to and fro across the room, obviously Barbara and her father arguing. Poor girl. My folks hardly ever yelled at me, usually only when I got caught up scanning the skies for signals past bedtime. Even then it wasn't anything like how Mr. Blake yelled. No wonder she had that mean streak in her. If I'd needed more reason than the mere sight of her to forgive her, Mr. Blake provided it to me.

Before long, he shouted his last, and the curtains momentarily parted in a sudden gust that I could only assume was the consequence of a slammed door. For just a moment I caught sight of Barbara, glaring angrily but with shimmering eyes, fetching as ever in her uniform. She was standing in front of her dresser, right next to the window.

She stood in that place often at this hour. It was where she usually changed into her pajamas, and, I had surmised, inspected herself in the mirror. I never knew if she was seeking imperfections, preventing them, or simply admiring their absence. Regardless, tonight was no exception, and I hastily switched off the light in my room to afford me the best view of that

haunting shadow theater that was Barbara's night time ritual. To kid myself into thinking I wasn't sitting here leering at her curtains, I put my headset back on and idly scanned for signals. The apparatus was getting a lot of that same weird noise, though my senses were focused almost exclusively on my neighbor.

With delicious, agonizing slowness, I watched as the shape of Barbara Blake, projected on her curtains by the light from a lamp on the far wall, stripped. She started with her skirt; she always started with her skirts. The triangle that had adorned her lower half slipped down and became nothing, and in its place was a pair of slender, but not skinny, thighs below a delectably curved bottom, a lower-case p written in the penmanship of flesh. While I was still straining my eyes for that imperceptible bump in her profile that was her underwear clinging to her skin, she began on the top. Still standing perpendicular to the window, I was treated anew to the sight of her profile winnowing itself down layer by layer. First went the sweater, leaving in its wake a nearly bare image with those two weighty breasts shoved into a forward-pointing cone by an industrial strength bra. Then that was shed as well, replaced by the outline of two round, proud breasts too youthful to submit to gravity but too mature to belong to a mere girl.

I watched as she casually removed the bobby pins from her hair, releasing those blonde waves – presently blue, on account of the curtain – to flow down her back. Tonight, as though karma were repaying me for this morning's incident, before retreating from the window, she cupped her breasts as if to test their weight. My god, what I wouldn't have given to see through that curtain in that moment. To see her touching her breasts was a reminder that they were there and could be touched. As she donned her nightgown, turned the light off and went to bed, I embraced that image, Barbara Blake squeezing her own voluptuous breasts, to get myself off – a common enough occurrence after these inadvertent teases. My imagination used the image on the curtains as a coloring book, filling in the details to create the picture. I doubted I was doing her justice.

I was just about finished when suddenly, my headset actually picked something up.

“Up yours.”

That was it. Those two words. They were in a feminine voice, quiet, even muffled, and delivered slowly. Nonetheless I could hear the passion in them. Who on earth was this? It was relatively rare to pick up a woman's voice at all, much less so clearly. It was one of the clearest signals I'd ever gotten, as clear as those government radios that set frequencies with a computer. Maybe someday I'd have a house big enough to fit a computer in it – wouldn't that be something?

My musings were interrupted when the voice spoke again.

“Up yours, Daddy. Can't... can't tell me whatta do.”

Who was that? I tucked my pecker away and tried to amplify the signal, but when I heard again, “Big girl now. Nah baby any more,” it was as clear as it was going to be.

I snatched my microphone and pressed the broadcast button. “This is Jimmy Fitzpatrick,” I began. Many broadcasters used a callsign, but I preferred my name. I liked to be a person rather than a station. “Who is this? Over.”

There was a pause, but I got a reply soon enough. “Jimmy? Jimmy? Over where?” It still had that slow, confused delivery, like she were drunk.

Meanwhile, I was trying to tell myself I couldn’t be hearing what I thought I was hearing. I didn’t even dare think it. “Um, I’m in Auburn, California. Where are you? Over.”

“I’m fighting with Daddy, Jimmy. Mean. Mad over stupid... stupid stuff.” She was having a hard time grasping at words.

“Stupid stuff? What kind of stupid stuff? Over.”

“What? Jimmy, you’re... fuzzy.”

I frantically adjusted my dials, boosting my signal as best as I could.

“What stupid stuff is Daddy mad about? Over.”

She seemed to hear me fine now. “Outfit. Looks good. Stayed out late.”

It couldn’t be. I’d thought I’d recognized that voice, but... what the heck was happening? There was no conceivable way she had a radio in her room. None.

“Um, what outfit?” I replied.

“Cheer...” she sighed, and it was a sigh that melted my doubts and calcified my erection. “Cheerleading.”

This was Barbara’s voice. How was I hearing her? Why did she sound like that? She was talking like she was drunk – or at least what I’d heard drunk people sound like in movies, having never been around actual drunk people. Or maybe not drunk, but...

Asleep. She sounded like she was asleep, like my dad when he fell asleep in his chair and we tried to talk to him. Mumbled, barely coherent.

“Um, is this Barbara? Over.” I asked. It couldn’t be. I knew without a doubt that Barbara didn’t have her own radio transmitter in her room, nor anywhere else. So how were we talking?

“Duh, Jimmy. You only live nexta me for, ya know, forever. Why you keep... over...?”

Holy *crud*. “Are... are you awake right now?” I omitted the “over,” barely. It was a deeply ingrained habit.

“Dunno. Feel awake.”

That was a no. Awake people would know. Was she dreaming? Was I hearing her dreams?

Good grief, was I *talking* in her dreams?! Exactly what had I built tonight?!

I decided to test it. Nothing so crazy, but just something to see how she’d respond. She was talking to me at all, which already suggested her dream state was different than her waking one. “I... I thought your cheerleading uniform looked good on you.”

“Yeah,” she agreed. “Looks good.”

No resistance. No objection to me saying something a little flirty. (Was that how people flirted? I really wouldn't know.) "I wish you wore it more often, honestly. Ov--" I stopped myself. The only resistance she'd exhibited to my talking in her dream had been the radio lingo.

"Mmhmm. Should wear more often."

I was feeling bold. And, to be honest, incredibly turned on at this weird, intimate exchange, intruding into her subconscious. "You look better when you're not wearing anything, I think."

I held my breath as I waited to see how she'd respond. If this was some sort of bizarre *Candid Camera* style prank, this would be when the Gotcha moment came. But it didn't. "Look good naked," she agreed.

I sat there, pondering this. Really, I was as much pondering as I was simply floored by what was transpiring. I was in Barbara Blake's dream. Lord knew she'd been in my dreams countless times, but I suspected this was my first time in hers, especially as a thinking, speaking, *real* person. Weirder, in the dream, she didn't seem to bear me contempt. If anything, she seemed quite agreeable. I'd been far too forward, and she'd only echoed my...

"You love the taste of olives," I said a moment later. "Olives are like... ice cream sundaes to you. They're soooo good. It's your favorite food."

Olives, I knew, were not her favorite food. Barbara in fact hated them. When we were younger, our families had had the occasional cookout together, and I still remembered how she'd shrieked upon finding olives in her food. She'd spit them everywhere and howled like she'd been poisoned.

"Olives...? Sooo yummy," she said. "Can I have some olives, Jimmy?"

Oh my stars, it *worked*.

My johnson, as it turned out, was thinking a good deal faster than any other instinct. "You love me," I said. When she didn't immediately laugh or rage at me, I quickly went on. "You've just realized it. You're totally head over heels, wild and crazy, bonkers for me."

"So in love with you," she said dreamily. Aptly so. "I love you, Jimmy. You lumme too?"

"You know I do, Barbara." Let's see, what else. "You think I'm so handsome, so cool. You can't wait to make out with me. And more," I finished quickly. No sense stopping there.

Now I should clarify that I'm not stupid. I didn't actually think this would have any effect on her waking self. After all, I'd had a dream when I was in grade school in which I'd invented a flatulence-powered rocket ship, yet I hadn't woken up and tried to fart my way to the moon. Still, to hear her echo my thoughts and desires... I could do this all night.

"Let's make out," she said back. "You're so cute, Jimmy..." She sighed.

"You want me to see you naked," I said, trying to keep my voice low. My parents were sound sleepers, but if this happened to be the one night they woke up and came upstairs to see what I was up to, I'd have a lot of explaining to do if I were caught saying such things to my radio. "You want to be naked for me all the time."

(All the time? I asked myself. That was a bit much.)

She didn't answer, and I worried for a moment she had woken up, perturbed by these suggestions. I told myself that if she woke up, she'd never guess what had actually happened, and would think it was a weird dream and nothing more. Right?

Except instead, there was suddenly movement in my peripheral vision. Barbara's window.

Barbara's desk lamp remained on as usual, a habit she'd had since as far back as I could remember. Dim as it was, it didn't make for very exciting details from my perspective, as at best it might show that she got up to use the bathroom in the middle of the night. That was nothing more than a vague shadow on a dark screen, nearly shapeless. Nothing worth snooping on. But tonight, the silhouette, while difficult to make out distinctly, moved to her changing spot in front of the dresser. It was clearer than it usually was, and while fine detail wasn't really possible, I could nonetheless see enough to realize I was watching Barbara take off her clothes for the second time that night.

"Barbara?" I whispered, my mouth suddenly parched. "Did you just take off your nightgown?"

"Look good naked," she murmured. "Wanna be naked for you. You're sooo hunky. Make out with me?"

"Come on over here and I surely will."

The words left my mouth before I'd even thought about them. In the next moment, the shape against the curtain faded and then disappeared altogether. The movement was neither rushed nor eager, as if she were shuffling along like Frankenstein or something. It made sense, considering she was asleep. To the best of my knowledge, she had never sleep-walked before – so why was she now? Why wasn't she simply stripping in her subconscious mind, making out with me there? In a dream, she would normally just suddenly appear in her destination, not get up and physically try to go there.

But that seemed to be what she was doing. "Oh god oh god oh god," I mumbled to myself, not hitting the broadcast button. Barbara Blake was, by all appearances, on her way over to my house, completely naked. A thousand fears stampeded through my head. What if she tripped and hurt herself? What if her father saw her? What if the chilly night air and the wet grass snapped her out of it? What if someone drove by in the night and saw her? What if she went to the wrong house? What if she rang the doorbell and woke up my parents?

That last one, I quickly decided, was a problem I could at least do something about. As silently as I could, I hustled downstairs, carefully avoiding the creaky third and seventh steps. I needn't have rushed; when I got to the door, there was no sign of movement, no trace of Barbara's presence. Thank goodness. Maybe something had disrupted her dream, made her wake up and go back to bed. I pictured that, Barbara suddenly realizing she was standing naked on her front porch, blushing and hustling back to bed, those big, heavenly boobs flouncing every which way.

Then, suddenly, there was a sound that commanded my attention. Someone was twisting the doorknob. In a blink, I unlocked it, and stood back in time for the door to drift open.

Upstairs, I had been in Barbara's dream, but before me was a scene out of my own. There, on the other side of the door, stood my buxom, gorgeous neighbor, a thin bank of fog drifting across the neighborhood behind her, locking us into our own little world. She was fully, gloriously, nude. Her eyes were closed, or so nearly that they may as well have been. Her whole face bespoke total relaxation, devoid of emotion, a portrait of somber quiescence but for the fact that it was vertical rather than horizontal. It leaned slightly to her left, the muscles in her slender neck too droopy to hold it fully upright. The result was that her hair flowed down her left shoulder, low enough to obscure that breast, but not the right. It was entirely exposed, as was everything below it.

It was even better than my imagination. In fact, I was ashamed of my imagination just then, for it had so utterly failed to capture this. I thought of the women I'd seen naked in those magazines my father thought he'd hidden so cleverly. Even those women paled in comparison to this. Barbara loved the outdoors, and on most of her skin, it showed. She spent ample time at the beach, and her skin was a golden glow that complemented her golden hair perfectly. Except for her swimsuit parts. Her breasts, her mons pubis – and I would soon learn her butt as well – were each as pale as my own skin, almost linen white. Skin that had never before seen by the sun. Skin that had never before been seen by most anyone. Yet now, it was being seen by me.

I had only a moment to take all this in, because then she was walking inside. "Jimmy," she purred. She said only that one word before wrapping her entire body around me and kissing me. One hand on my lower back, the other behind my head, she held me to her soft lips like she was afraid I might escape. Fat chance of that. Her bared breasts splashed against my chest, the only things that were keeping the rest of our bodies even a little bit apart.

Eventually, the part of my brain not yet coopted by my crotch realized we were standing there with the door open right in the entry room of the house, where any night owl driving past might see us, where my parents would surely notice me if they opened their bedroom door and realized that the crickets sounded a wee bit too loud tonight. I gently pulled back and closed the door as softly as I could, Barbara all the while following me, a dopey grin on her face whenever it was forced far enough back to let her lips do anything but pucker.

We needed privacy, and there was only one good place for it. Such terror and elation commingled in me as I lead her up the stairs! Terror that I would be caught, but elation that I was leading the most beautiful girl I had ever seen to my bedroom. Mercifully, I could still hear my father snoring peacefully as I sealed my bedroom behind her.

"Let me look at you," I said softly.

Her eyes fluttered. "Nuh uh. Make out."

I froze. Why was she suddenly resistant? She hadn't refused anything I'd said earlier, when... I remembered my technology, then, and quickly snatched the microphone and pressed

the button. “You love being looked at by me, Barbara. You get so turned on when I look at your body.”

A grin that was equal parts pleased, sleepy, and smug, stole over that angelic face. Lord, but she ought to be in movies. My mother, in a well-intentioned effort to broaden my horizons, had once forced me to sit down and watch *La Dolce Vita*. I’d sulked my way through it... right up until I’d laid eyes on Sylvia, played by Anita Ekberg. Then, I was entranced – if not for the reason Mom had hoped. Even my Dad, who seldom commented on women’s attractiveness in front of his wife, said that she was “one hell of a good-lookin’ broad.”

My own broad Barbara was every bit as beautiful – she could be Anita’s little sister, really. Plus she was naked. Entranced, obediently standing before me with hands on her hips, spinning in place to show off a body that rightly belonged in Hollywood.

I switched on the lamp on my nightstand, throwing a shirt over it to minimize the risk of waking Barbara, and a towel at the crack of my door to minimize the risk of alerting my parents. I stared for some time, eventually working up the nerve to shed my own clothes and have a few tugs while I did so. I’d never been naked in front of a girl before, but she only smiled as I joined her in nudity. In fact, it was my neighbor herself who interrupted my self-amusement.

“Jimmy? You wan’ kiss more? Soooo horny,” she drawled.

Horny. Barbara Blake was in my room, naked, and horny. For me. Until that moment, I’d never consciously realized women could *get* horny. I hadn’t even known they had the word in their vocabularies. My god, she was actually teasing her fingers in front of the split between her legs. “Yes,” I said instantly.

She shuffled, one foot haltingly in front of the other, and sat down right in my lap, my cock happily trapped against the uppermost portion of the back of her thigh. Then she was kissing me again. For the life of me, I didn’t know if I was doing it right, or if *she* was even doing it right considering her state, but it was nonetheless divine. Whatever her sleeping state’s limitations were, desire was not one of them. To make out with Barbara was to be an object under the most intense scrutiny. Her hands roamed freely, caressing and kneading, while her mouth began on mine before wandering aimlessly around my face and neck, finally settling around my right ear.

I nearly strained a muscle in my arm reaching for the microphone on my desk, but I managed. Holding the button down, I looked her in those heavily lidded eyes and said, “You want me to touch you. You love being touched by me – especially on your boobs, and your butt, and your, um...”

“My pussy,” she supplied in a voice that was half exhalation, half moan. I was relieved she said it, because a strict gentlemanly upbringing had made it impossible for me to summon the syllables. She went on. “Love being touched. Touch me, Jimmy. Naked. So glad ‘m naked for you.”

My fingers trembled as they ventured forth. I don’t know why I was so nervous that this girl, who’d shown no hesitation or resistance to groping and kissing me every which way, would

suddenly awaken if I touched her back. That was how I felt, yet as my fingertips made contact with her left breast, the fear dissipated, blown away by a hurricane of satisfaction.

Her butt was very nearly as appealing. Soft, but not too soft, with an underlying firmness that bespoke her commitment to fitness. She was a cheerleader, after all – I’d seen her doing the splits many a time. She didn’t wake, though. Barbara must have been assuming these were all the logical sensations of a particularly erotic dream, so when I started drafting deeper and deeper toward that holiest of holies, she felt not perturbed, but rather impatient.

“Jimmy? Touch my pussy,” she murmured, sucking on my ear between utterances. “Please? Sooo horny, never been so horny before...”

With my heart pounding in my ears, I granted her (our, really) wish. It was the first pussy I’d ever touched, making this the latest in a growing succession of firsts tonight. I couldn’t believe how *wet* she was. They’d showed us a hand-illustrated diagram of female anatomy in sexual education class – how, how the moms on the PTA had rioted over that! – but they’d never told us girls would be so drippy. It was only then I realized that what I’d thought had been an itch on my leg had actually been her pussy trickling its juices down all over me. I’d been feeling it almost since she sat down.

My finger probed inside of her, and I was relieved that her sleeping self had the automatic reflex to reach back and guide me where she wanted me – her pussy went so much deeper than I’d thought at first! My mind was reeling at it – the texture, the moisture, the fact that these sensations belonged to none other than Barbara Blake herself – and I could feel parts of my brain awakening for the first time. Primal, very male parts, who joined with my existing brain to have me once more reach for the microphone.

“You want more, Barbara. You always want more from me. You love me so much, you can’t ever have enough from me,” I instructed her. Then, because these new parts of my mind were evidently either greedy or optimistic, I added, “Even when you’re awake, you’re going to feel this way. So in love with me. So horny for me. So eager for my touch, my...” I paused, having a difficult time saying the word to her. “My cock. You’ll be eager for my cock.”

To my delight, she parroted an interpretation of my words even as I was saying them. “Gimme,” she said petulantly. “Want cock. Wake up and want more. I love you, Jimmy. Gimme that cock. Wannit. Sooo horny.”

I lacked the strength to carry her, but luckily, she was only too compliant with my efforts to move her to the bed. I marveled once more – Barbara Blake, naked, in my bed, her hair splayed across my pillow, her impossibility of a body sunken into my comforter. Without hesitation she spread her legs like the cheerleader she was, and I climbed atop her, letting her pull me down for more kissing. It surprised me that nature seemed to know what it was doing so well, evidenced by my hips seeming to know exactly how to position themselves to put the tip of my johnson where my fingers had been mere moments before.

“Gimme, Jimmy,” she said in the firmest tone she’d yet managed.

As I slid inside her, I stopped caring if she woke up, if I got caught, if she was so mortified she moved away and I never saw her again. This would be worth it.

As it so happened, Barbara did not move away. When she arrived at the bus stop Monday morning, I smiled pleasantly. “Good morning, Barbara. Surprised to see you riding the bus again.”

She looked at me, then looked harder – not just at my face, but all of me, and I swear, there was the slightest flush in her tanned cheeks. “Eh, I just felt like taking the bus,” was all she said.

“Have a good weekend?”

“I guess so.” She paused to stifle a yawn. “Sorry about that. I haven’t been sleeping well – been having the weirdest dreams.”

“Oh yeah? About what?”

