

Fred & Jackie - Naked in School *by DrWho*

Chapter 2 (Tuesday)

{{ This is a DRAFT copy }}

```
+-----+
| ( MF teen NIS 1st Oral Exhib ) |
+-----+
| View more stories online at:   |
|   http://www.asstr.org/~drwho/stories/ |
| DO NOT REPOST THIS STORY! Any archiving of the |
| story other than for personal use is hereby     |
| prohibited without express written consent from |
| the author. This story is fictional and is      |
| erotic by nature. If you are underage, it is    |
| illegal for you to view such material, or you  |
| do not like such material...get outta here!    |
+-----+
```

Jackie

I woke up this morning and I was freaking out bad. Why? Well, a bunch of reasons I guess. The whole running around school naked thing was definitely part of it, especially since it's going to be impossible to keep that quiet from my folks. The other part has to do with Fred and the stuff that happened by the creek last night.

I guess you could say I basically raped him last night. Sure, he's a guy and all and I doubt they (guys) would see it that way, but I do. I know how he feels about 'us', we're best friends and that's it. He considers me to be a sister more than a friend really and the way he acts proves it.

Now I'm worried that things are going to change, but in a bad way. I'll be the first to admit that I love him and not necessarily in a sisterly manner, which you may have already figured out by now. He's had my heart for as long as I can remember and for a while I even felt like I would say 'I do' if he asked.

But that's not something likely to happen. While I love him, the more and more I think about it the more and more I see that we're not meant to be together like that. Sure, we'll probably wind up harassing each other when we're both barely able to walk on our own, but it'll be as friends.

My step-mom asked if everything was all right this morning while we ate breakfast, guess all the shit on my mind was bringing me down more than I thought. I just told her some BS about having a big test or something later today and that I was too busy concentrating on it. Not sure if she bought it or not.

She did tell me Fred called and said he was coming by fifteen minutes earlier than usual, something about having to be there early today.

As I headed out of the house I noticed Pa's truck was back, so that meant all hell was probably going to break loose pretty soon. I sat on the porch and waited for Fred to pick me up, wondering if he had any bright ideas on what to tell the folks. I was also worried that he might be pissed over what happened last night.

Fred

What to do...what to do. Hi, my name is Fred Anderson and I'm stuck in what can only be described as a week from both heaven and hell.

Let's see...they're making me run around school with my best friend naked as the day we were born, submitting to any reasonable request that total strangers can conceive. Sound like fun yet? Didn't think so.

On top of that last night Jackie and I had sex. She's more a sister to me than anything else and it was definitely not something I had planned to do. I've known she's had a thing for me in the past and I'm not sure if this is related or more of a 'just happened' type of thing.

Then there's this girl whom I've had a crush on for a while, Leslie, which complicates things. See I somehow managed to ask her out yesterday and then last night I went and did something really stupid. Granted, Jackie kind of started the little romp down by the creek, but I could have easily stopped it.

What's even worse is the fact that my Pa and sister Anna made it home late last night. She'll be at school today and there's definitely no way we could hide our program participation from her.

Anna's a big tattletale, always has been. We get along all right, but she'll rat me out at the drop of the hat unless I manage to bribe her in some way.

So the whole time I showered and got ready this morning I was contemplating exactly what to do. Failed miserably, I might add.

I gathered my schoolbooks and went to find Anna, hoping to be able to talk to her and figure out some solution to all this mess.

As I got close to her room you could hear the unmistakable sound of that crap some people call music today...you know, the stuff real popular with teen girls. I think the band's name is 'The Backdoor Boys' or something like that.

"Anna!" I said, knocking on her door.

No answer.

"Anna!" I said again, a bit louder.

"Hold on," she replied a bit nastily.

A minute or so later she opened her door.

"Sorry, I wasn't dressed." She said, standing partly behind her door.

Now, I don't know about you, but to me the way she was currently dressed still didn't qualify as being dressed. All she had on was a bra and a very, very small pair of what might be considered panties...I think. Really, dental floss and a Band-Aid would probably be a better description. I decided the talk could wait.

"Ugh...sorry," I replied, trying not to stare.

I probably stood there for a good thirty seconds in a bit of shock while I asking myself 'Just when in the hell did she grow up?'

"What do you want?" she huffed.

"Oh, I need to get to school a bit earlier than usual." I replied. "So plan on leaving in ten or fifteen minutes."

"Ok," she replied.

After that I headed down to the kitchen to grab some breakfast. Anna came bopping in about five minutes later and went to the stove to make her a plate.

"Did I miss anything interesting yesterday?" Anna asked as she sat down at the table.

"Uh...no...not really." I barely managed to say. "Why'd you ask?"

"Oh, just that Abby left a message on my cell phone yesterday and said something really interesting happened yesterday and that I'd have to see it with my own eyes to believe it." She replied.

"Is...that...all she said?" I asked.

"Yea, kinda weird if you ask me. She was all excited and giggling like crazy...whatever it was had to be 'big'." Anna replied, using her fingers to quote when she said big.

"Weird," I replied as I got up and took my plate to the sink.

"I'm going to run over and pick Jackie up so you can finish breakfast." I said. "So be ready to leave when you hear the horn."

"Ok," she replied.

I didn't waste any time as I headed out the back door to the truck, which had already been running. I threw my book bag into the bed then jumped in the cab and put the key in the

ignition. Seconds later I was on my way towards Jackie's house.

Yea, yea...I already know that you're wondering how it was running if I had to put my key in the ignition. Well, I bought one of those remote starter thingies a few weeks after Pa bought the truck. He was a bit annoyed, saying it was a waste of money. That is until he saw it in action a few times. After hopping into a nice warm truck one freezing winter morning, that is. Since then he's never complained about the thing, though he prefers to take a more meritable approach as to why it's a good thing.

See you have to let a diesel engine warm up longer before you drive it than you do a gasoline engine. If you don't, you could really cause some issues with longevity, not to mention it'll run like shit until it does warm up. So Pa sees the remote start thing as a good way to warm her up. Personally I just thought it was a cool thing to have.

Jackie was sitting on her porch reading a book when I pulled up.

Jackie

Fred came tearing down the driveway about five minutes after I sat down in the rocking chair on our porch. I closed the book I had been reading, then made my way out to his truck.

"Morning," I said as I climbed into the passenger's seat.

"Morning." He replied.

"Your sister up yet?" I asked.

"Yup...and there's a problem." He replied.

"Huh?" I asked, a bit worried.

"Her friend Abby evidentially left her a voice mail yesterday about something she'd 'have to see with her own eyes to believe'" He replied.

"Shit..." I murmured.

"Yup," Fred said.

"Is that it?" I questioned.

"That's all she said...but I get the feeling she knows more than that." He replied. "She was doing that eyes thing while she said it."

"Ught-O," I whispered as we started to pull out the drive towards the road.

"Yup...what's even weirder is when I went to tell her to be ready early today, she answered her door in her underwear." Fred said.

"Huh?" I replied, a bit shocked.

"And we're not talking about normal ones either...they were skimpy enough to make a cum drunk dumpster slut blush." He said.

"You sure your head's alright?" I asked, putting my hand on his forehead just to be sure.

"Um...yea, feeling just fine the last time I checked." He replied.

"How about the other one?" I asked quietly (while dragging my hand towards his crotch) before I realized just what I was doing and saying.

"WHAT?" He asked, almost running off the road.

"Uh..." I mumbled, unable to think of anything to say.

"Jackie, what the hell is going on?" He asked as we pulled into their driveway.

I was almost in tears now.

Fred stopped the truck right there at the end of his driveway and looked over at me. I just sat there staring out the window into the field.

"Jackie...please tell me what's going on." Fred said.

"Um..." I mumbled.

"Come on...since when did we have a problem talking to each other?" He asked.

"I'm horny." I finally spat. "Ok?"

"Ok..." Fred replied.

"Sorry...I...um...think I'm...um...loosing control." I whispered.

"What do you mean?" He asked.

"I can't help myself...all I want is sex." I replied, blushing.

"Oh...ok." Fred replied, almost laughing.

I of course hit him hard on the shoulder.

"It ain't funny!" I said.

"Sure it is." He replied.

He was still kind of laughing about it until he saw the look on my face...you know...the look of someone 'staring daggers' at someone else.

"Jackie, I sorry. I didn't mean anything bad or mean about it." He finally said. "It's just the way you said it...it was funny...that's all."

I thought about it for a few seconds then started to laugh myself. He was right, it was funny.

"You're right," I replied. "I guess it is a bit on the funny side."

"You ready?" He asked.

"Yup." I replied.

He drove down to the house and honked the horn. Anna came running out the front door a few seconds later and jumped in the back seat of the truck and we headed off towards school.

Fred

The whole trip in I tried to figure out how to handle the problem we were facing. I didn't have any luck at all.

We made our usual stop at the Starbucks in town for coffee. Anna ran in to get me a Mocha Joe, a Latté for Jackie, and an Espresso for herself.

"What are we going to do about her?" I asked Jackie as Anna was heading into the Starbucks.

"I have no idea." She replied.

"Thanks...you're a lot of help!" I grunted.

"How much do you think she already knows?" Jackie asked.

"Not sure...but I think it's a lot more than she lead me to believe." I replied.

"Maybe the truth would be the best choice here." Jackie replied.

"Yea...I was worried that might be the only choice." I replied.

"Here she comes." Jackie said.

Anna got back in the truck, then handed us our drinks. I took a sip of mine while I drove on to school. We were still quite a bit early, so we sat in the truck and enjoyed our refreshments.

"How was the trip?" I asked Anna.

"Great!" She replied. "I had a blast and Jo-Jo was fantastic. We didn't win anything, but it

was a lot of fun.” (Jo-Jo is her horse.)

“Good.” I replied.

“Why did you have to get here early today?” Anna asked.

“No reason in particular.” I replied.

We chatted a bit more about the competition, before Jackie broke in with a question.

“Fred, I almost forgot... Tammy wanted to know if we could drop her an Amy off at the mall today after school.” Jackie said.

“Sure, I need to grab some things myself.” I replied. “Um...”

It was at that moment that I remembered something really important...some dirt I had on Anna, only she didn't know I had it. Some really good dirt that she would do absolutely anything to keep a secret from the folks, I'd bet.

“Anna, is Abby going to ride home with us today?” I asked.

“Yea...I think so.” She replied. “We're supposed to study for a test.”

“Is that what you call it?” I replied, grinning ear-to-ear.

“Huh?” Anna replied, looking stunned.

“You heard me,” I replied. “I never knew having oral sex with your girlfriend was considered studying.”

You know...the look on her face was PRICELESS. She couldn't even speak. Anna just sat there with her mouth wide open, blushing up a storm.

“What?” Jackie exclaimed, looking back and forth between me and a violently blushing Anna.

“Remember when I broke up with Tina?” I asked Jackie.

“Yea,” she replied.

“Well, after we broke up I went home. Ma and Pa were out that night, the other brats were at Aunt Becky's. When I was walking to my room, I heard some weird noises from Anna's room. She had left her door open and I saw her and Abby going to town, 69 style.” I replied.

Jackie just sat with, her jaw wide open. Anna was on the verge of tears.

“Please...Fred...don't tell the folks...I'll do anything...” She sobbed.

“Ok...well, first off...what exactly did Abby tell you about yesterday?” I asked.

"Um...she...um..." Anna tried to talk, but was blushing up a storm by that point.

"I'm waiting," I said.

"She said you had a big dick." Anna whispered.

"Really?" I laughed. Jackie burst into a fit of laughter at the last comment. "What else?"

"Just that and you were in the Program." Anna replied. "I swear that's all."

"Ok..." I replied. "What was with the way you answered the door this morning?"

"Uh...I...she...uh..." Anna mumbled. She was definitely embarrassed...hell, you could have stood her next to a fire truck and she would have blended right in...she was blushing so much.

"Out with it." I said, a bit forcefully.

"I...um...was...um...trying to...um...get...you...um...ex..." She murmured.

"Excited?" I asked.

"Uh...yea." She whispered, staring down at the floor of the truck.

"Why?" I asked, stunned.

"Abby said I should." She replied.

"Ok...did she say why?" I asked.

"She...um...said...er...thought...it would...uh...be...funny." Anna replied.

"Ok," I said. Can't say I bought it, but in the interest of time and all things considered, I figured it best left for another day.

"So...what should we do about all this?" I said.

"I dunno," Anna whispered, on the verge of tears.

"Tell you what, you agree to keep absolutely quiet about Jackie and I being in the Program and we'll just forget about this morning." I said.

"Ok...what about...you know...me and...Abby." She asked quietly.

"What about you two?" I asked.

"You're not going to tell, are you?" Anna asked.

"Why would I?" I asked.

"Because...um..." Anna said, but I cut her off.

"Because you fool around together?" I asked.

"Yea," she replied.

"I could care less if you two do or don't." I replied. "Just be really careful...you know as well as I do what Pa would do if he found out." I replied.

Anna just nodded.

Jackie

Holy shit, batman! Anna was a carpet muncher too...just what the hell is wrong with this world. I guess you can tell I'm a bit uncomfortable with that kind of stuff, even with my best friend being in a similar relationship.

To be honest with you, it doesn't bother me as much as I might lead people on to believe. It's not something I think I'll ever try, but I can't say it's something I'm totally against. Then again I never thought Fred and I would hook up either.

For some reason whenever stuff comes up on that subject, I get horny. I don't understand it...so my natural reaction is to fear it and act accordingly.

We headed into school, still with some time to spare. Anna took off to find her friends as usual, while Fred and myself made our way back to our Program Suite. Our clothing was removed quickly and put in the lockers.

"Why the hell didn't you tell me about Anna and Abby?" I asked Fred.

"Musta slipped my mind," he replied.

"Yea, sure!" I replied. "You not trust me or something anymore?"

"Nah, just like I said...it happened when me and Tina had just broke up and I had a lot of things on my mind at that time." Fred replied.

"I guess I can see that happening." I replied. "You think Anna will keep quiet about everything?"

"Yup," he replied. "She sure as hell doesn't want Pa to know about this morning...he'd kill her...and definitely doesn't want him to know about her and Abby."

The rest of the homeroom period was spent tweaking our homework. We left for first period with a few minutes to spare, to avoid as much groping as possible in the hallways.

Mr. Pimbleton gave us one of his famous pop-quizzes in Calculus. He really redefines the

pop in pop-quiz. Ten questions on them, and whoever gets all ten questions right gets a free pop from the soda machine in the teacher's lounge, on his dime. I firmly believe he should be nominated for teacher of the century for that idea.

I really enjoyed the caffeine in that Mountain Dew...Fred seemed to enjoy his Dr. Pepper as much. Only two other classmates managed to score a ten out of ten. They both got Lemonade...why they didn't grab something with caffeine in it, I'll never understand.

Fred was called to the office with ten minutes left in class. He left with a shocked look on his face; he's a good boy after all and never gets in trouble.

He made it back just in time to escort me to English. I asked him what that was all about, but he didn't have time to answer and said we'd talk about it later.

On the way to English I was attacked by a group of freshman boys. They grabbed just about every part of my body...one even tried to stick his finger up my ass. Fred growled at him and they all beat a hasty retreat.

Tammy sat with me in English. I immediately noticed that today the classroom was much warmer than normal. As the bell rung, we saw another student come in and take a seat at the teacher's desk.

"What's up with this?" I asked Tammy.

"Didn't you hear the announcement in homeroom?" She asked.

"No...we were in our suite and didn't have the TV on." I replied.

"Getting a little friendly, were we?" Tammy asked, grinning.

"No..." I said, blushing as I thought about last night's romp at the creek.

"Sure..." Tammy replied. "Anyway, seems the old hag keeled over and died last night from a massive stroke."

"No!" I replied.

"Yup, someone told me the cops found her sitting at a traffic light in her car dead as a door nail yesterday afternoon." Tammy replied.

The student who came in asked for everyone to quiet down.

"For those of you who don't know me, I'm Josh Waterford. Ms. Zeukihimer asked me to take over your class today." He said.

[Silence]

"If you haven't heard by now, Ms. Hagley passed away yesterday afternoon." He tried to finish, but most of the class was clapping and happy...talk about some morbid

motherfuckers.

"The school will be having senior AP English students filling in as substitute teachers for the remainder of the year." He finished, to a large round of applause.

After everyone quieted down, he continued.

"I'll be here on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Fred Anderson will be here on Wednesdays and Fridays. Molly Sacrutz will be here on Mondays only."

Tammy nudged me in the arm when he said Fred's name. The naughty part of my mind was going a mile a minute...reminding me that I've now officially slept with one of my quote unquote teachers!

Since this was sprung on him suddenly and he didn't really have anything for us to do, Josh told everyone to either work on other class work or talk quietly amongst ourselves. Most people choose the later, however Tammy and I used the time to study together for the History test scheduled later today.

As soon as Tammy and I made it into the hall after class, I had not less than ten hands roaming all over my body. Yet again, as soon as Fred showed up everybody fondling me disappeared...just when I was about to have another orgasm too.

I just stared at him real hard...ready to find the nearest somewhat sharp object and do my version of Loraina Bobbit on him. I think he figured out I was really pissed, cause the next thing I knew he was on his knees in front of me and his tongue was doing wonderful things as it made it's way around that area down there between my legs.

Just as my orgasm hit me, I saw Tammy's eyes popping out of her head. All I could do was throw my head back and moan my approval of Fred's efforts.

As I was coming down from mine, I felt Fred groan into my pussy. I looked down and saw that Tammy had managed to squeeze her head in between his body and my legs, giving Fred a wonderful blowjob. Seconds later Fred let out a groan and Tammy swallowed.

Somehow I found the sight of her swallowing highly erotic and started to get even wetter than I already was.

Fred

Ok...it was a split second decision on my part to go down on Jackie in the hall, but she looked to be really pissed at me and I'm sure she would have blamed me for scaring the boys away from her. Tammy going down on me was a pleasant outcome of the whole event.

I know she was really surprised when she saw what I did to Jackie, so I'm guessing Jackie hadn't let last night out of the bag yet. I'm sure that's going to happen soon though, given what just occurred between us.

Unfortunately our show didn't go totally unnoticed. With the cheers, hoots, and hollers from other students in the hall... we also got a weird look from the substitute computer teach... damn she's a hottie. I'm not sure if it was a good look or a bad look, as another person's reaction and presence worried me even more.

Standing a couple yards from us were my sister Anna and her friend Abby, both with shocked expressions on their faces. I motioned to Jackie, who turned her head towards them. They just turned away and walked down the hall.

Jackie, Tammy, and I made our way into our computer class and sat down to get started on our project. Joe was out sick again it seems, so we were short one member. Jackie was happy though, she got to use one of those new G5 towers instead of that slower iMac she always had to use.

I think the orgasm she had before class helped too, because by the time the double-period class ended and we had our group meeting we figured out we had two more days of work to do, tops. That made the rest of us ecstatic, of course. The project was turning out much better than we had imagined, under budget (zero dollars) and well ahead of schedule.

We all made our way to the cafeteria at the end of class, but our hopes for something tasty were temporarily dashed when we found Stromboli listed on the board outside. Ah well, can't expect hell to freeze over...can you?

After a quick conversation with Jackie, Tammy, Amy, and a few others...we decided to call in an order for Pizzas. I made the call on my cell-phone and ordered four larges. The total came to just under twenty-six dollars with tax and they said it would be thirty minutes until they arrived, so we found a table and chatted the time away. Luckily our lunch period is just over an hour and a half long.

Since there were eight of us eating pizza, everyone chipped in four dollars a piece and Jackie gave it all to the very surprised delivery driver. I guess he's never delivered pizza to a naked girl at a high school before.

By the time the bell rung for fifth period, everyone was full and happy. Jackie and Tammy left a few minutes early to drop the remaining three pieces of pizza off to Dr. Drew in the Art room before heading to their History class.

I made my way to Physics. About half-way there a small hand grabbed my dick and a sweet voice whispered in my ear.

"Miss me?" Leslie said.

"Maybe," I replied, turning to face her.

She gave me a mock frown, then started to slide her hand up and down my dick slowly, squeezing lightly every now and then.

"Keep that up and you're bound to get a surprise." I moaned.

“Nah...just making sure you need relief in class.” She replied, grinning mischievously.

A few moments later she let go of my dick and gave me a small peck on the cheek.

“Ask me to help, ok?” Leslie whispered in my ear.

I just nodded, shocked by what she had done. I was also feeling a bit guilty about the things that have happened with Jackie earlier today and last night.

I managed to make my way through the crowd to chemistry, my dick poking out hard as a rock the whole way. I sat my book and notebook on my desk, grabbing Leslie’s hand and lead the way towards the front of the room.

I guess Mr. Heckler knew what was coming, because he took a quick roll call then turned to us and said “Proceed.”

The next thing I knew Leslie was on her knees in front of me, gently gliding one hand up and down my shaft while the other was massaging my balls.

Seconds later I felt her kiss the tip of my dick, sending shivers throughout my body. She sucked half of it into her mouth and was massaging me with her tongue while she gently sucked, sliding her hand up and down the remaining portion of my shaft. Seconds later I lost it, unable to warn her and erupted into her mouth as she continued to suck, swallowing my load. I almost fell to the floor; my knees were so weak.

She let me ‘pop’ out of her mouth and looked up at me smiling. I couldn’t help myself, I grabbed her up off her knees and kissed her passionately on the lips, tasting myself on her.

Ok...so maybe ‘made out’ with her was a better description...our tongues were going into overdrive as I grabbed her ass, pulling her off her feet. We probably would have had sex right there had Mr. Heckler not cleared his throat loudly a couple of times to get our attention.

Leslie started to blush as the whole class gave us a standing ovation. We made our way back to our seats and class began. I really don’t remember any of it.

Somehow we both made it to Spanish...not really sure how, but we did. Luckily for us, Mr. Sanchez announced a ‘free-day’ and we just sat around doing nothing much. While everyone else talked and did other things, Leslie and I sat in a corner cuddling until the bell rung.

We kissed after class before we separated to go to our seventh period classes. I don’t really remember the walk there, so I’m not sure what happened...I think I was groped, just not sure. Sorry.

Jackie

After lunch Tammy and I dropped off the left over pizza to Dr. Drew...we figured he’d be happy to have something good to eat, which he was. I almost made it to History unscathed,

but right before we made it to the class room a Freshman asked to feel me up. He was definitely a virgin and had little or no experience with girls body, which Tammy picked up on fast.

Before I knew it, she was telling him exactly what to do and I was well on my way to a pleasant orgasm, which overtook me just as the bell rung.

He was a little embarrassed over the bulge in his shorts, especially after Tammy ran her hand over it. I think he came all over himself when she did that by the look on his face and the speed at which he ran down the hall and turned into a restroom.

History was pretty boring, we covered something about something...tells you how boring it was, doesn't it? I can't even remember what it was about! Tammy and I spent most of the period discretely passing notes to one another.

"What s up with Fred giving you the tongue treatment in the hall?" Tammy's note asked.

"Ugh...I think he felt sorry for me...for...um...scaring the boys away." I replied. *"It kinda caught me by surprise."*

"You didn t seem that surprised." Tammy replied.

"Um...well...that s not exactly the first time we ve done something together." I replied. *"I gave him the big V last night."*

"You fucked Fred?!?" Tammy asked.

"Yea," I replied. Then I went on and told her about what happened at the creek last night.

"WOW!" She replied. *"How was it?"*

"Amazing..." I wrote back.

"Hmm...think he d be willing to give me a shot?" She asked.

"I dunno," I replied. *"He evidentially asked Leslie Maher out yesterday."*

"Damn my luck." She replied.

On the way to our German class I was stopped by some sophomore boys. They asked me to bend over and show them 'my goods', so I did. They ran away afterwards grinning like fools and slapping their hands together, evidentially proud of their accomplishment. Tammy and I just laughed at them, then made our way to the class room and found our seats.

We spent the majority of the German class listening to tapes of recorded conversations in German, trying to translate them. Oh joy!

After German, I met up with Fred near the door to the Art room. He was acting really strange...seemed to be in a daze or something.

"What's up with you?" I asked. "You seem to be out in space or something."

"Sorry..." He replied. "Leslie just kinda surprised me last period. I'll tell you about it on the way home."

Most of the class got their bowls back from the kiln...I got back my...nevermind. Dr. Drew suggested in a nice manner that I stick with digital art or with pencil and paper. I have to agree with him.

Fred and I made our way back to the Program Suite after the bell and put our clothes on, then headed to the truck. His sister Anna and her friend Abby were already there waiting for us. Tammy and Amy show up a few seconds later.

Fred

Jackie and I meet everyone at the truck after school. We managed to squeeze everyone in...it was a bit tight for the ones in the back seat but not too bad. It's days like this I'm glad I convinced my Pa to get a crew cab instead of an extended cab truck.

We managed to get out of the lot pretty quickly today, a rare occurrence. Nicole was a little mad about the crowding in the back seat, but we assured her it was only for a few minutes until we dropped Tammy and Amy off at the mall. Amy didn't seem to mind, since Tammy was on her lap.

After dropping Tammy and Amy off at the mall, we headed to my house. Jackie decided to stay there with us, since neither her nor I had any homework or studying to do.

Anna and Abby took off to Anna's room. Nicole planted herself in front of the TV and found some cartoons to watch. Jackie and I raided the fridge for some snacks.

The pickings were slim...Pa must have raided it himself...but we managed to find some left over lasagna to heat up. I put it in the microwave while Jackie ran out to the garage to grab a couple of pops. In case you're wondering, we keep Pa's beer, pops, and all the other beverages except for OJ and milk in another fridge in our garage.

The food hit the spot, I inhaled mine in seconds. Jackie took a bit longer, but cleaned her plate pretty fast for a girl. After we deposited the dirty dishes in the sink, we headed to my room to find something to do.

"What c'ha feel like doing?" I asked.

"I dunno," she replied. "Something to blow off some steam."

"Wanna run to the hill and shoot?" I asked.

"Yea...that might be fun." She replied.

"Ok, go grab a bag from the pantry and fill it with empty can from the garage. I'll get the guns and ammo." I replied.

While she did that, I went to my closet and grabbed my Ruger 10/22 .22cal rimfire rifle, my Winchester Model 94 .30-30cal rifle, and my Glock 23 .40cal pistol, it's holster, an a few spare clips. I grabbed a couple of boxes of ammo for each one, and met Jackie by the front door.

She threw the bag of targets in the bed of the truck, while I put the rifles in the gun rack on the back window.

"Going shooting?" Pa asked. He was heading back from the barn.

"Yes sir," I replied.

"What are you taking?" He asked.

"Grandpa's lever action, my .22, and the Glock so far." I replied. "Care if I take the shotgun and shoot some clays?"

"Do we have any clay pigeons?" Pa asked. "I thought me and the guys shot them all last week."

"No, I bought 4 more boxes at Wal-Mart on Saturday." I replied.

"Good, just save me a box if you don't mind. Joe might want to shoot a few later. He's coming over to work on his Jeep." Pa replied. "Wait an minute...I think we shot all the 12 gauge rounds we had, come to think of it."

"No problem, I wanted to take the 16 gauge over and under anyways. It's easier for Jackie to shoot than yours is." I replied. "Not as much of a cheat, either." I added, taking a stab at him.

You see...Pa always shoots clays with an auto-loading 12 gauge shotgun. It'll hold 3 rounds in the tube and 1 in the chamber. Me, I prefer a good old fashioned double-barrel shotgun. You only get two tries, but usually I never need more than that.

"Yea, yea...you just wait until you get to be my age sonny...then you'll understand. My eyes ain't what they used to be." Pa replied, laughing.

"Sure, blame it on your age." I replied, laughing.

"Well, you two have fun and be safe." He replied, as he walked into the house.

I followed him in and grabbed the 16 gauge from the case in our living room. After a quick stop in the storage room to grab some shells, I made my way back out to the truck. I stowed the shotgun on the rack, then we hopped into the truck and made our way to the barn. I ran in and grabbed 2 cases of clays, then put them in the truck while Jackie grabbed the cooler and filled it with some pops she grabbed from the house.

I got back in the truck while Jackie opened the gate to the field, which I pulled through. After shutting it, she joined me back in the truck. I pulled the shifter on the floor to 4-hi, then we started out towards the hill.

The hill is an area towards the east side of our property where we always shoot. The only way back to this side is through the fields, since we don't own the part that touches the road there.

We made it to the other side of the main field with relative ease. Jackie jumped out to open the gate for me. After I was though she shut it and jumped back in. We started back towards our destination and made it down the first big hill, but got stopped at the bottom.

There was a large tree that fell over the path, blocking it. It must have fell during that big storm we had Sunday evening. Otherwise, Pa would have had me come out and deal with it.

"Great!" I said, surveying the damage.

"Can we go around it?" Jackie asked.

"Normally, I might...but the ground is real soft from all the rain and I don't want to chance it. We'll cut it in half and drag the sections out of the way. Shouldn't take more than fifteen minutes." I replied.

"Ok," Jackie replied. "What do you want me to do?"

"Grab my gloves and a strap from the toolbox." I replied. "I'll get the chain-saw out and get it ready."

"Ok," she replied as we headed back to the truck.

After checking the blade oil and gas levels on the saw, I donned my safety glasses and gloves. I put it in choke and pulled on the cord. The engine sputtered. After putting it in half-choke, I pulled again and she came to life. I let it run for twenty seconds or so, then pushed the tab to run.

After cutting a section of a large brach off, I cut two smaller pieces about a foot long to stuff under the trunk. Then I made a relief cut in the top of the trunk and started the main cut from the bottom. About a minute later the tree was in two pieces.

Jackie wrapped the strap around one section while I played out some cable from the winch. We connected to strap and cable and I started retracting it. About two minutes later, that section was clear and we repeated the task with the other side. We grabbed everything and put it in it's place in the truck, then continued on to the hill.

When I got back in, I noticed Pa had alerted me on my phone.

[beep] "Pa," I said.

[beep] "Is that you running a chainsaw?" Pa asked.

[beep] "Yea, there was a tree that fell over the path at the bottom of the first hill past the gate." I replied. "I cut it in half and drug the sections out of the way for now."

[beep] "Green?" Pa asked, referring to the tree.

[beep] "Yes sir," I replied. "Should be good by fall though."

[beep] "Ok, I'll make a note of it." Pa replied. "By the way, I forgot earlier but Bo called from Mugsby's Garage...said something about an appointment tomorrow for the Silverado. What's wrong?"

[beep] "The dash alert popped up saying it was time for an oil change." I replied. "It's also pulling a bit to the left."

[beep] "Ok, have them change the axle, tranny, and transfer case fluid too." Pa replied.

[beep] "Will do." I replied. "He said he'd pick it up at the school lot on his way in tomorrow and have it done before classes were out, so I'll leave a note on the wheel."

After putting the phone back in it's holder, we set out again. Other than a really muddy section that required two tries, we made it there without any other problems.

While I set the rifles on the tailgate, Jackie headed downrange to setup the targets we brought. When she was done, we donned our glasses and ear plugs, then picked our arms.

I shot my handgun first, while Jackie grabbed the .22 rifle. Let me warn you now...that girl is deadly with any rifle, but especially so with that one. Phil, a friend of both of our Pas from the Marines found out the hard way once. He stayed with us a few years ago while on leave. Me, Jackie, my Pa, her Pa, and Phil went shooting one day.

Phil shot a score of ninety-two out of one hundred with my 10/22 on a standard NRA target at fifty meters, from a prone (laying down) position.

Jackie stepped up to do it and he seemed a bit surprised. We were only twelve at the time, and I was really protective of her. I got a bit pissed at a joke he made about it, so I bet him she'd beat him from a standing position. The wager was twenty dollars. He accepted.

Jackie shot a ninety-eight, leaving Phil with a wide-open mouth and me twenty dollars richer. I forgot to mention, Phil was a Marine qualified sniper. He did a hell of a fish impression that day.

Another example, we went rabbit hunting and she nailed one on the run at seventy-five yards with that very same rifle. I thought it was a fluke or just plain luck, but later in the day she nailed another on the run at fifty yards. I missed two on the run at closer ranges, probably thirty yards, with a shotgun that same day.

We were only fifteen yards away today, so she hit it every time. I managed to hit them most

of the time, but I think I did pretty good considering the distance and the fact I was shooting a pistol.

After running ten clips of thirteen rounds through the pistol, I changed to the .30-30 rifle and shot off about fifty rounds. Jackie finished off with the pistol, shooting five clips of thirteen rounds.

We put the rifles back in their racks and picked up the targets. After throwing them back in the bag in the bed of the truck, I grabbed the cases of clays while Jackie grabbed the shotgun and ammo. Then we shot some clays...and the shooting gods favored me. I hit forty out of fifty, Jackie hit thirty-six out of fifty. The shotgun, even the 16 gauge, is a bit large for Jackie...so it's not her best weapon.

Exhausted, we packed up everything and headed back. After dropping the remaining clays and cooler in the barn, we drove to the house. Jackie helped me clean all the guns and put them in their proper places. We took the spent cartridge cases down to the basement and separated them, placing them in their proper bucket for reloading. The .40cal cases had black marks on them, which meant they had been loaded three times already, so they were thrown in the trash.

Jackie

I ate dinner with Fred and his family that night. They were having chicken alfredo...and his mom makes a killer home-made alfredo sauce. I called home to make sure it was alright with my step-mom, who laughed and said sure...that her and Pa were having left-over any ways.

Anna's friend Abby was still there and ate with us. Afterwards, Fred and me went to his room to surf the net. Fred was in the middle of going through his e-mail, separating out the junk asking if he wanted to buy a house, increase the size of his dick, or get bigger boobs when there was a knock on the door.

"Come in," Fred said.

Abby and Anna opened it and stepped inside, closing it afterwards.

"What do you want?" Fred asked.

"What's up with you two?" Abby questioned. She's always been one to get right to the point.

"What do you mean?" Fred asked.

"I'm talking about your little show in the hall earlier today before 3rd period." Abby replied.

"Oh...that was just a spur of the moment thing." Fred replied.

"Sure," Abby said sarcastically. "I get those all the time and go down on a girl in the middle of the school hallway."

"I thought it was Anna that you went down on." Fred replied quickly.

"WHAT!" Abby said, almost screaming.

"He...uh...knows about...us." Anna said.

"You told him!" Abby replied, getting angry. "Wh..."

"She didn't tell me," Fred said cutting her off. "I saw you two in action not to long ago. You should really consider closing the door next time if you don't want to get caught."

"Oh..." Abby replied, blushing.

"Don't worry about it...just don't let our Pa find out...it wouldn't be pretty." Fred replied.

"No problem...my parents would flip too." Abby replied. "Um...is there any way you can give me a ride home in fifteen minutes?"

"Yea, I think I can." Fred replied.

"Cool, thanks." Abby replied. "Mark has to work late tonight."

Mark was her older brother who's a freshman at the community college.

Anna and Abby left to get Abby's stuff together.

"You want to ride with us, or do you want me to drop you off first?" Fred asked me.

"Drop me off," I replied. "I should probably be getting home anyways."

"Ok." Fred replied.

Fifteen minutes later Fred dropped me off at my house. I did my chores then headed to my room. After taking a nice long and hot bath, I slipped into PJs and curled up on my bed with a book. After reading four chapters I fell asleep.

Fred

After dropping Jackie off at her house, I headed towards town to drop Abby off. We made it most of the way there before either of us spoke.

"You're awfully quiet over there." I said to Abby. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing..." Abby replied.

"Bullshit," I replied. "What's the problem?"

"I'm just embarrassed...about....you know..." She whispered.

"What...me knowing about you and Anna?" I replied.

"Yea," she replied.

"It's not a big deal," I said. "As long as you two are happy."

"We are...well...kinda." Abby replied.

"Define kinda," I said.

"It's just...I...um...kinda...um...wonder about being...you know...with a guy." She replied.

"Well, then find you a guy and give it a try." I replied.

"Easier said than done," she replied.

"I find that kinda hard to believe." I replied. "In fact, I'd be very much surprised if you didn't have a ton of guys hitting on you all the time."

"I do...but they're all a bunch of immature boys." She replied, as we pulled up to her house.

"Thank's for the ride," she said.

"No problem. Good night," I replied.

"Good night," she said, closing her door after getting out.

I waited until she made it inside her house, then headed back towards my place. After doing a few menial chores, I spent the rest of the night screwing around on the net. Finally around eleven o'clock I went to bed.